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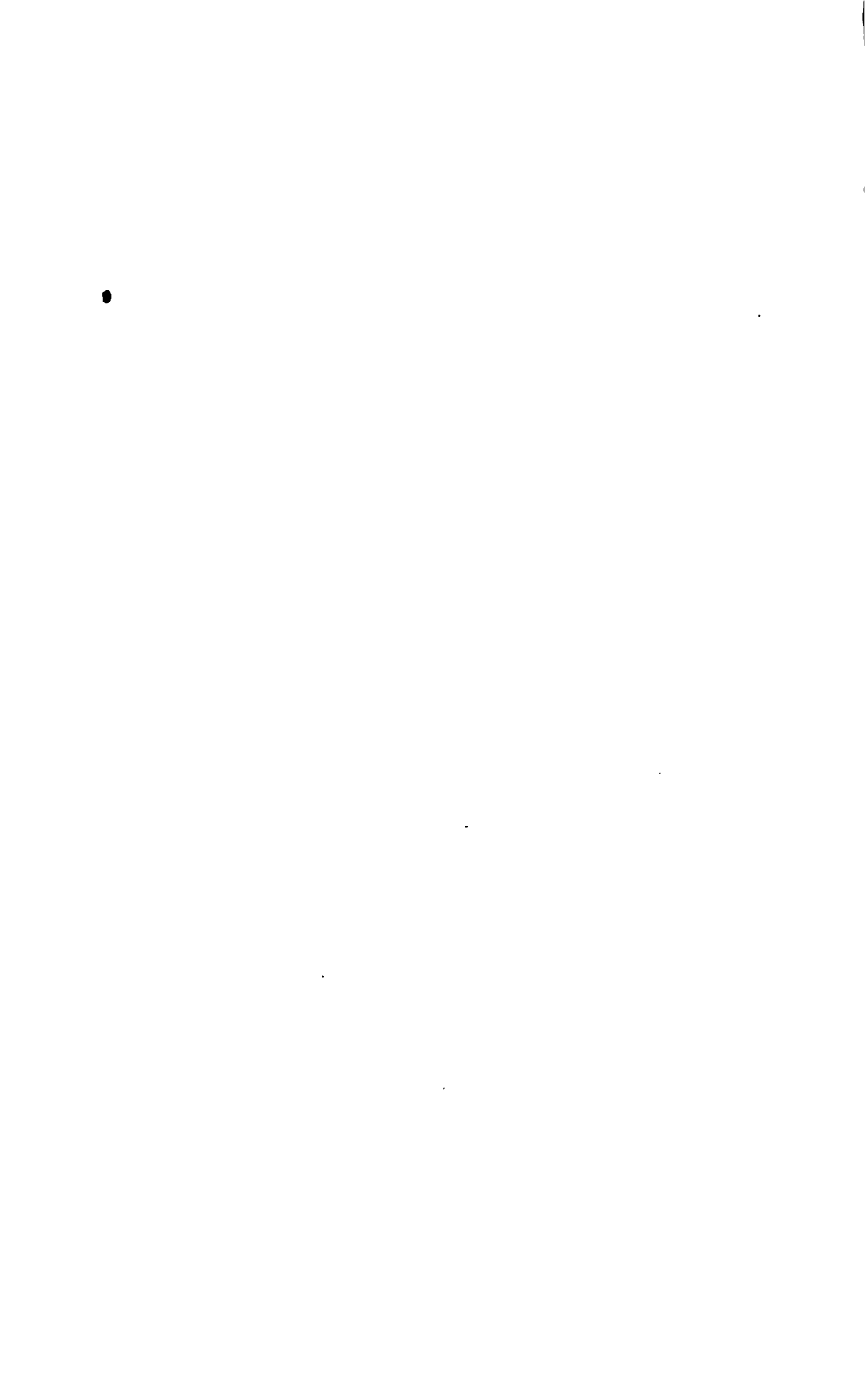
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THE

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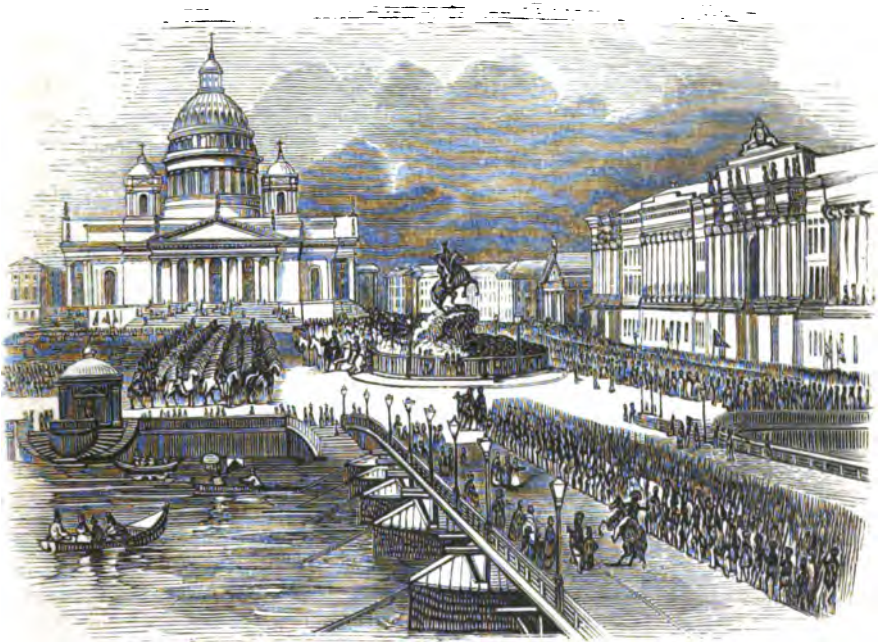
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THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1854.



SAINT ISAAC'S PLACE—STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT—SENATE.

A TRIP FROM ST. PETERSBURGH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

FROM the city of the Czar to the city of the Sultan! It is a trip worth taking even in these perilous times. You, reader, are gunpowder-proof in your snug retreat, and for "ourselves" if a bullet pierces "us," we shall write you no more letters! "That's all;" and certainly that is not much.

But before this catastrophe overtakes me, I will make sure of some notes respecting my present *locale*—this wonderful city. The day of my arrival I was overwhelmed with admiration. I was incessantly exclaiming, This is the most beautiful city in the world, as I viewed its magnificent *quais*, or found myself in the midst of its

immense squares, surrounded by its numerous monuments, or paced its streets so wide, so long, and so perfectly straight. But this impression grew fainter from day to day. I continued to admire what was worthy of admiration; but criticisms began to mingle with my eulogies, and it was often necessary to remind myself that St. Petersburg had only existed a century and a half—that in fact, notwithstanding the rigors of its climate, it is a hot-house plant forced into its present flourishing appearance by the ascendancy of its indomitable founder. Truth obliges me to acknowledge that I at last yawned in front of the very buildings which first delighted

me; and strolling through its straight and interminable streets, I have longed for some of the abrupt turns which one meets in the older quarters of Rouen, Venice, or Nuremberg. I am too much a lover of the picturesque, not to be wearied with straight lines and right angles. However, *chacun son goût*; and when my first fervors for St. Petersburg had congealed in the frost-breath, I nevertheless understood perfectly how it was capable of exciting enthusiastic admiration.

St. Petersburg, or the city of Peter, the first city on the continent of Europe in size, and the second in population, was first thought of by Peter the First, in 1703. In that year he made known his project of removing the capital of his empire from Moscow—from the august sanctuary of the Kremlin to the borders of the Gulf of Finland—to the uninhabited marshy plains of the Neva. Its situation, politically considered, was perhaps not well chosen. Statesmen, who look more at the future than at the present, allege that Peter committed a great blunder. In order to keep the Swedes in check, and to open a direct communication with Western Europe by the Baltic, he removed Russia, or at least her center of action, from the position to which she was suited by her origin and her character, and to which she was called by her designs, her interests, and her necessities. These knowing ones have also asserted that if ever the Czar succeeds in sending his fleets beyond the Bosphorus, (which a good Providence forbid!) if ever he places the Greek cross upon the domes of St. Sophia, the Russian empire with its two heads will inevitably be cut into northern and southern divisions, after the manner of the Roman empire, under the founder of Constantinople. All this may be true; but our business is not with politics.

As early as 1700, the Swedes had constructed a fortress at the junction of the Neva and the Okhta, which was a constant point of attack to the Russians for many years. At one time it was partly destroyed by an incendiary; but after a siege of some days, it was finally surrendered to Peter the Great, in 1703. Though it had only been regarded as a good military position, he seems immediately to have formed the project of making it the capital of his empire, for he commenced forti-

fyng it in good earnest, without waiting for the conclusion of peace to establish his new position, and without fear of the inundations to which he knew it was exposed.

In the spring of 1703 he gave orders for assembling in his new locality great numbers of Russian peasants, Tartars, Cossacks, Finns, &c., and gathered about him workmen from all parts of the empire. At the same time his troops were encamped on both banks of the Neva, the infantry on the north and the cavalry on the south. It was a great undertaking to supply these vast numbers with food. The surrounding country, ravaged as it had been for many years of war, contained scarcely any resources; and contrary winds frequently delayed the convoys, which were sent from the interior, across the lake of Ladoga. Provisions were scarce, and consequently very dear. With insufficient nourishment, exposed to cold and dampness, often nearly to their shoulders in the water, the poor workmen sunk under their fatigues and miseries, and it is computed that about one hundred thousand men perished. But these were small difficulties in the way of Peter the Great. During these preliminary arrangements, the Czar resided in a little wooden house, painted brick color, and hung with canvas. Some twenty years afterward, it was rebuilt in masonry, by order of its imperial occupant, and it is still in good preservation, the object of veneration to his people, and much visited by foreigners. To me, that little Dutch-built brick house has been the most interesting spot in St. Petersburg. This log-cabin of royalty contains three apartments—a dining-room on the left, a lodging-room on the right, and the center for a reception-hall: the latter contains three or four articles of furniture, made by the industrious hands of the Czar himself, who taught his subjects the use of several mechanical tools. Dressed in a coarse red vest, he here received the officers of his army, ministers of his empire, and foreign ambassadors. Almost the only ornament of the establishment, is a crucifix which was carried by Peter at the battle of Poltava. In an inclosure, by the side of the house, is a relic scarcely less precious; it is the little boat constructed by the royal carpenter at Saardam, which afterward became the model for his work-



WINTER PALACE.

men, and is now called the *Grandfather of the Russian Navy*. Tapers and lamps are kept burning day and night, on a kind of altar in the dining-room, and the entire building is completely tapestried with votive offerings. Some of these look singular enough to civilized eyes; the reader will agree with me, when I assure him, that among these were arms, legs, feet, hands, eyes, teeth, jewels, paintings, embroideries, &c. One might easily imagine himself in the chamber of the Virgin at Our Lady's of Loretto. The memory of Peter is preserved with a gratitude and admiration amounting almost to devotion; indeed, the Russians seem to regard him as a superhuman being.

Such is a glance, and we have time but for a glance at the origin of this great metropolis. It is not my intention to detail "Guide Book" items; nor to generalize only for old travelers—my route is novel enough to American readers, and, indeed, to any readers, to admit of some particularity. In some parts of the *present*

city, temples and palaces extend as far as the eye can reach; and many of these edifices are of such a size, that ten minutes' time is requisite to walk along but one side of their extent. Several of the public buildings contain a larger population than many respectably sized towns in Europe or America. The winter palace numbers six thousand inhabitants. The Hospital of the Infantry has four thousand beds at its disposal. Seven thousand children are in the Foundling Hospital. Some other buildings—such as the Admiralty, the Hotel of the Etat Major, and the Tauris Palace—occupy sufficient ground for separate towns, and yet the streets are so wide, and the squares are so vast, and the arms of the Neva are so extended, that, notwithstanding their grandeur, all these edifices look small. The perfect level on which they are built diminishes their apparent size still more. They are all of the same height. Architectural masses which deserved hills for their pedestals, are limited within the

same straight lines. Nowhere do you see a picturesque group of buildings. The monotonous aspect of the city is more noticeable in winter than in summer. When river, streets, squares, and houses are covered with their shroud of snow, the white walls of the edifices scarcely appear to belong to the earth; and the Palmyra of the north beneath its leaden sky seems but the ghost of a city.

In fact, St. Petersburg might be characterized by almost any European national designation but its own. It is French, Italian, English, or German, but not Russian. Moscow alone deserves that appellation, of which more when we revisit it. And yet springing up as we have described it, St. Petersburg is a somewhat faithful image of the nation and of the effect of its character, history, and institutions upon its society. This great modern European city, rising in the midst of an almost Asiatic country, uninhabited, uncultivated, destitute of laws, manners, arts and sciences, now, as then, presents the two extremes of society, without the intermediate class. There is no transition

between the nobility and the serfs—between excessive wealth and excessive poverty. Civilization is surrounded by barbarism. Science shines forth from the darkness of ignorance; in fact, the nineteenth century is seen in the midst of the thirteenth.

But let us stroll on with our local observations. One of the most striking features of St. Petersburg, is the number and variety of its spires: upon its large and numerous convents all kinds of belfries, turrets, and steeples may be seen. They amount to a national architecture, and their bright or painted points are a great relief to the monotonous edifices, piercing the air with arrows so sharp, that the eye can scarcely distinguish where the gilding fades into the brown of the polar skies. The spire of the citadel, and that of the Admiralty, are the most remarkable: the latter is gilded with ducats presented to Peter by the Republic of the United Provinces. These monumental needles appeared to me dangerously aspiring. I could not imagine how they were sustained in the air. They are essentially



MILK MAIDS.



PEASANTS FROM THE ENVIRONS.

Russian ornaments, and doubtless are imitations of the Asiatic. Just picture to yourself this immense collection of domes, (and every Greek church is obliged to have four belfries;) then imagine the various hues of this multitude of cupolae—some silvered, some gilded, some azure-colored, while the roofs of the palaces are painted a deep blue or emerald green; add to this, the magnificent squares ornamented with bronze statues of the emperors and distinguished characters of Russian history; inclose this colossal picture with a river of extraordinary size, which

reflects all these objects when calm, and covers them with its mists in storm, and you will have some conception of the splendor of St. Petersburg. Over the widest part of the river extends a bridge of boats, between the Champ-de-Mars, (where the statue of Suwarow is lost in space,) and the citadel which contains the ashes of Peter the Great, and his family. Recollect too, that the Neva, which is always full, flows through the midst of the city, inclosing an island bordered with splendid edifices, which are adorned with Greek columns, supported by granite

foundations and modeled from pagan temples. If you can bring all these objects definitely before you, you will understand how picturesque St. Petersburg must be, notwithstanding the bad taste of its borrowed architecture, the misty hue of the surrounding country, the total absence of inequalities of surface, and its lack of brilliant skies in the dull climate of the north.

The houses of St. Petersburg have, like the public edifices, a monumental appearance. Many of them contain two hundred families. Their appearance from the street gives you no idea of their size. This can only be understood, by observing the several parts of which they are composed, and the courts they inclose, which are sufficiently large for cavalry reviews. The inhabitants of course have little or no acquaintance with each other, and sometimes hours are spent in search of one of them.

Most of the houses of St. Petersburg are but one or two stories in height, though in the central streets they are somewhat more elevated. The Russians dislike lofty residences. Those of the upper classes have usually but one story. A few years since a speculator built four or five three storied houses, on the isle of Vasili; but it was impossible to let them. No one wanted the upper floor. Rents are exorbitant in the better parts of the city, as land is high, and the marshy nature of the soil renders the expense of foundations very great. Yet buildings are erected with astonishing rapidity; indeed, the time is so short from the commencement to the completion of an edifice, that it seems almost the work of enchantment. Let it be done as soon as possible is the only demand made of an architect. The inconstancy of the people equals their impatience. A dwelling is scarcely well finished, when alterations are commenced. For a dinner, a ball, or a party, the whole interior is sometimes transformed. A wing is added, or the partition removed in less time than more settled homes would demand for the purchase of a new article of furniture. The taste of the governmental authorities is, however, by no means a fixture, and it may be held responsible for much of this apparent fickleness; the window or door which was given as a model to-day may be prohibited to-morrow.

The Russians, like the Yankees, are essentially a nomadic race. The wealthy

classes cannot spend a year comfortably without hurrying from one extremity of the empire to another, just for the pleasure of a change of place. If circumstances make this impossible, they gratify their inclination by removing from room to room in their own habitations.

The streets of St. Petersburg are not in good order, though immense sums are expended on the repairs which are constantly necessary. The soil is too soft to continue well paved. During the winter, however, nature macadamizes the city better than human agency could do it. The snow and ice tend to form a pavement perfectly smooth and hard. But defend us from the thawing time, which generally occurs in May, that month so celebrated in the poetry of other lands. Horrible lakes of mud then fill the streets through which horses can only ford their way. Any one who has wintered here, sees the impossibility of removing the snow of a winter: as soon as the first breath of spring is felt, openings are made in the thickest and hardest masses for the melting waters, forming quite respectably sized canals. The dust is nearly as insupportable in summer as the mud in its season; the streets are so very wide and the squares such immense paved spaces, that it is impossible to water them, and the winds of Russia are as tyrannical as the reigning powers. No obstacle impedes them, and, like other tyrants, they abuse their authority. St. Petersburg pays the penalty of its magnificent distances in other inconveniences to which it is subject. In the warmest weather there is scarcely any shade during the day, and it is quite hopeless to illuminate it at night. Notwithstanding the darkness which covers the greater part of the city, it is perfectly safe at all hours; acts of violence against persons or property are as rare as they would be frequent in Paris or New-York, if these two civilized cities were left in the same obscurity for forty-eight consecutive hours.

To a stranger, the aspect of the winter nights is singular enough; every instant sleighs are darting out from the darkness on one side and immediately disappearing on the other. Gigantic shadows seem pursuing each other over the snows, and voices are heard and shouts are raised to prevent the collision of these unseen travelers. Upon the roofs of the houses,

at short distances from each other, may be seen round towers, of sufficient height to overlook the respective quarters of the city where they stand; they have little windows on all sides, and are surrounded by a gallery which is protected by an iron railing. Each is occupied night and day by two veteran watchmen wrapped in sheepskins, who give an immediate alarm to the police in case of danger by fire or flood. A red flag is the signal of the latter catastrophe, and a large red lantern of the former.

Omitting many details of interest, let us now glance at one or two of the most prominent edifices of this remarkable city.

I have been to the church of St. Isaac's, which may be selected as the best example of the ecclesiastical buildings of the city. It is not only one of the finest ornaments of St. Petersburg, but it is really one of the most magnificent modern churches of Europe. It is probably the last which will be constructed on such an expensive scale; the present century is too utilitarian, and very properly so, for such an undertaking. Though inferior in all respects to St. Paul's of London, or the Pantheon of Paris, neither of which bear any comparison with St. Peter's, it has the great advantage of its position over the two former. Instead of being surrounded with buildings which destroy the view, as in the case of the English cathedral, it rises from a square where one hundred thousand troops can be reviewed with ease. This immense space is surrounded with the most splendid edifices of the city; among which are the Senate, the government offices, the Winter Palace, and Admiralty; and it contains the statue of Peter the Great, and the Alexandrine column. The four principal avenues of the city diverge in opposite directions from the church: the first under a triumphal arch. Two others are the streets Vosnecenski and Garchovaia, and the last the grand perspective of Newski.

St. Isaac's is built entirely of granite marble, bronze and iron. Its foundations, which cost \$700,000, are granite masses of immense size. Its form is the Greek Cross, with the dome in the center, and four square chapels at each angle, surmounted with a belfry: it is three hundred and four feet in length, and one hundred and sixty-seven feet wide. It has four principal façades with porticoes supported

by pillars of red granite from Finland; each of these pillars is in one solid piece, sixty-two feet high, and about ten feet in diameter. The size and weight of the great bell harmonizes with the colossal dimensions of the building; it is an object of pride to the citizens and an attraction to visitors. The gilded dome, seventy-seven feet in diameter, is surmounted by a gilded cross and is surrounded with bronze statues of angels of colossal size. It can be seen at a distance of more than twenty miles. At Cronstadt it has the appearance of a new star attracting commerce to the capital.

Nearly all religions are represented in the Churches of St. Petersburg: Greeks, Armenians, Protestants, and Romanists all have their temples of worship. There is such a variety of them in the grand avenue of Newski that it has been called the Street of Toleration.

The most important as well as the most splendid of the edifices of St. Petersburg, is the Imperial Palace, distinguished as the Winter Palace from the former royal residence, built by the Emperor Paul, and now known as the Summer Palace. This magnificent structure is not twenty years old. In 1837 its predecessor was destroyed in a few hours by fire. This was intended to replace it. The original was designed by the Italian architect Bastrelli, in the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, and was inhabited by more than eight thousand persons. The superintendent of the imperial mansion, who had held his post more than twelve years, had never entered some parts of the building. It was a real labyrinth. Besides its regular and recognized officers, whole colonies of dependents secretly lived within its inclosure. During the winter, a corps of servants were employed to prevent the reservoirs from freezing, by means of red hot balls; behind the chimneys which served for this purpose the workmen contrived to build huts for their families, and it is said that fowls, goats, and even cows subsisted here, till a sudden *eclaircissement* destroyed the pastoral scene.

Eighty thousand workmen were employed on this palace, and for more than eighty years its possessors lavished embellishments upon it. So many valuable objects have rarely been collected together. In less than one night, velvets, damasks, tapestries, cashmeres, mirrors, amber, lap-



PEASANTS FROM ESTHONIA—GIRL IN HOLIDAY COSTUME.

islazuli, marble statues, pictures, all were consumed. The city was overwhelmed with the catastrophe. It seemed to share in the loss of the palace of the emperor. Many of the inhabitants spontaneously offered him a large part of their fortunes. Count Barinsky placed \$200,000 at his disposal. Two days after, Nicholas drove through one of the streets, alone, in a light droschski; a man with a long beard and a Turkish cafetan, ran to meet him, placed nearly \$20,000 in bank notes upon his knees, and disappeared without mentioning his name.

The emperor refused to accept these generous offers; but he promised that the edifice should be rebuilt, and the next day

his resolution was taken. He assembled his architects and told them that in precisely one year he wished to receive his court in a new palace. Some very natural objections were raised; but his subjects had learned the lesson of obedience, and in a year from the day that his orders were issued, he received his court within its walls.

Many of the workmen sacrificed their lives to this command of their sovereign; six thousand of them were shut up in saloons heated to thirty degrees in order that the walls might be quickly dried. Several died every day from the sudden transition to the colder temperature of the open air. Those employed in the

warmest parts of the building protected themselves in some degree by wearing caps on their heads containing ice.

The Winter Palace can scarcely be compared with any of the other royal residences of Europe. It somewhat resembles that of Madrid. The decorations of the interior are of almost incredible magnificence. The grand staircase is of marble overlaid with gold; in the *Salle Blanche* entertainments are given at which eight hundred covers are laid; the vast St. George's Gallery, all of sculptured marble, leaves nothing for the extravagance of a monarch to desire. One of the façades of this sumptuous edifice fronts on the Neva, with the custom house, the military academies and the fortress below it; the second is on the grand place of the Admiralty, from which the view extends to St. Isaac's; the third opens in front of the demicircle formed by the buildings of the *Etat Major*, where stands the Alexandrian column.

The fourth side is separated from the Palace of the Hermitage by a narrow street, which is crossed by three covered passages, uniting the two, like the Bridge of Sighs at Venice between the prison and the Ducal Palace.

The people of St. Petersburg regard the imperial residence with a singular mixture of confidence and terror. They know that it contains their destiny, their supreme law, the law which has governed their fathers and will govern their children. With their eyes fixed on it, they repeat their national proverb, "With the Czar is power, with the Czar is death."

The Hermitage, which escaped the fire of 1837, though united to the winter palace as we have described, was built by order of Catharine II. after the fashion of royalty in the eighteenth century. It is a kind of imperial museum, but does not contain all the pictures in the possession of the emperor; these are very numerous, of different schools and epochs, and many of the apartments of the winter palace are ornamented with them. Though it cannot



PEASANT GIRL OF FARGOLA, ENVIRONS OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

be considered a gallery, as it was intended by Catharine only for the decoration of her private residence, it has been enlarged by the taste of her successors, for their use, and may be regarded as an amateur cabinet—the cabinet of the Czars it is true, and, like their palace and their empire, it is grand and vast. Visitors must be provided with tickets of admission, and a kind of court costume is necessary, as no gentleman can enter except in a dress coat.

About two thousand pictures hang quite irregularly upon the walls of the Hermitage; but among them are many *chef-d'œuvres*, and some very remarkable copies from Raphael. There are also collections of statues, statuettes, busts, designs, engravings, and lithographs, medallions, coins, cameos, mosaics, enamels, miniatures, gold and silver carvings, jewelry, antiquities, &c. The private library of the Czars is in this building, numbering about one hundred thousand volumes.

It may be seen from this enumeration that an artist or learned man might spend

his life as agreeably as usefully, if allowed a cell in this colossal palace. I spent several hours among the treasures enumerated, and saw so many beautiful objects that only confused ideas of the whole remain with me. But I have not forgotten the celebrated rules of the Hermitage, composed, printed, and published by Catharine II. for the regulation of her interior republic. They are so characteristic that they deserve to be translated.

1. On entering the Hermitage, titles and rank are to be laid aside, with the hat and sword.

2. All pretensions founded on the prerogatives of birth are to be left at the door.

3. Be gay; but do not break or spoil anything.

4. Sit down, stand still, or walk, just as you please.

5. Converse moderately and not too loud, that others may not be disturbed.

6. Discuss without anger or passion.

7. Do not sigh or yawn, to interrupt the enjoyment of others.

8. Innocent games proposed by an individual of the company should be shared by the visitors.

9. Eat slowly and with a good appetite, drink moderately that each may have the use of his limbs on withdrawing.

10. Any person disobeying these regulations, upon the testimony of two witnesses, shall be obliged to drink a glass of cold water, (ladies not excepted,) and besides, to read, in a loud voice, a page from the *Telemachide*, (a poem of Frediakofsky.) Whoever neglects three of these regulations, during one evening, shall commit to memory six lines of the *Telemachide*. Any one failing in observance of the tenth rule, shall never after enter the Hermitage.

An odd mixture of freedom and tyranny this, certainly. The former could scarcely be excelled in the United States; and the latter is of a very rare character in absolute monarchies, for it is only laughable. But man was not made for a hermit, and the outer world calls us from the hermitage—yet, in spite of the name, one goes from it to silence and solitude in reëntering the streets of the city. The foreigner, accustomed to the tumult and crowd of London or New-York, is strangely struck with the quiet of the public



GIPSY AND CHILD.

places and squares of St. Petersburg. Vast spaces open before him, where, to his astonishment, a single drochski makes its way like a little boat upon the wide ocean. He wanders sadly through its interminable streets, with their walls of silent palaces, now and then perceiving a human being in the distance, like a marauder darting from a rocky ambush. The colossal proportions in which the city is built show that its founders were only occupied with a distant future. Rapidly as the population has increased, it is still quite insufficient to fill the space designed for it, or to give that life and bustle which belong to the capital of a great empire. Most of the time, but especially on fête days, and public displays, there is in the perspective of Newski, and the neighborhood of the Admiralty, some little resemblance to other capitals. This is the most beautiful and frequented street of the city. It is full three miles in length, and is perfectly straight for more than two-thirds of its extent, making but a slight deviation at one extremity. No part of St. Petersburg is more interesting to a stranger. Its commencement at the monastery and cemetery of St. Alexander Newski reminds you of solitude and death; but it soon conducts you past little low wooden houses to a cattle market. Here I always lingered, for it was generally filled with Russian peasants, clothed in the characteristic costume of the interior villages crowding around the liquor shops. Here, also, you see the various costumes of the lower classes; the milk maids; peasant girls and their lovers, from the environs; peasants even from Esthonia; the rustic girl of Pargola, spinning at her fruit-stand; and sometimes the Bohemian or Gipsy, with the unfailing baby.

The appearance of the dwellings changes gradually as you advance. Occasionally a two-story stone building is seen; the shops improve. Much of the clothing which has spent its youth in more central positions, finds its way to these suburban depots in its old age. The houses are painted red and yellow, in the old Russian style, and all the male inhabitants wear long beards and still longer *cafetans*. Still farther, are a few *isvoshshiks*, or coachmen, of whom more by-and-by, wanderers perhaps from the borders of the empire, with their shaved chins, short frock-coats, and less simple dwellings. After passing the bend

above mentioned, and crossing a bridge, you are in the midst of the city: some houses are three, and even four stories high; the signs covering them are more numerous and of a different character; equipages with four horses are displayed. Beyond the Fontanka Canal is the true aristocratic quarter. The crowd and noise increase; still more elegant equipages drive past you; princes and generals jostle each other on the pavement. From thence to the Admiralty extends an uninterrupted line of magnificent shops, palaces, and churches of every religion. For about two hours of mid-day this part of St. Petersburg rivals in every respect the fashionable promenades of other European capitals.

But the idler in the metropolis is not confined to the Newski; the Summer garden is a place of great resort. It has also beautiful trees, flowers, and grass, and the nicest care is bestowed upon it. It is so well situated in the center of the city, that if the land which it occupies were sold for building purposes, it would bring three and a half millions of dollars. It is the favorite resort of children with their nurses. It is quite delightful to see the little Cossacks and Circassians at their spirited sports. The girls are dressed in the French style as soon as they can walk; but the boys are attired *à-la-moujik*, as it is called, until they are seven or eight years of age, when they appear in European clothes. Their language is as interesting as their costume. The wealthier classes employ the best English, French, and German teachers for their children; and from these four languages, which they are constantly hearing, the little ones manufacture an idiom of their own, which is exceedingly diverting.

On the Monday of Pentecost, the garden presents a most animated scene. It was formerly a kind of market-day for husbands and wives. The sons and daughters of the merchants, in their gayest attire, meet there to see and be seen. The girls, accompanied by their mammas, form a blooming border to the parterres; while the young gentlemen, with floating *cafetans* and carefully-trimmed beards, walk up and down these dangerous files. Conversation, commenced by the parents, soon becomes general, followed by a brisk cross-fire of meaning glances, and a tumultuous fluttering of hearts. Eight days



NURSE AND COSSACK CHILD.

after, the paternal mansion is the scene of new festivities, and the wedding soon succeeds the betrothal. But this old custom is fast losing favor, and will doubtless become obsolete before the growing refinement of the country.

In autumn, all the numerous statues of the garden are covered with wooden cases to protect them from the rain and snow; all the trees and shrubs are enveloped in straw till the return of spring, when these and the great human family again throw off their winter coverings.

In a corner of the garden is the palace of Peter the Great: it is a little low, white house, covered with tasteless yellow bas-reliefs, nearly concealed from view by the large linden-trees surrounding it; it seems modestly shrinking before the magnificent edifices which overshadow it. Yet there was a time when it was the most beautiful building visible in the midst of the fishermen's huts of the desert city.

The population of St. Petersburg is much more varied than is generally supposed. The people are divided into two perfectly distinct classes; those who wear

uniform, and those who do not. Besides the military, which are very numerous, there is a garrison of sixty thousand men who are not allowed citizens' dress; indeed, more than half the civil population are never seen without the buttons and epaulettes of their office. Civil functionaries of every grade, all departments of the police, all professors of the university, teachers and pupils of the public schools, even the domestics of rich and noble families, wear a uniform. A dress of black or blue is regarded as a desirable distinction, though their wearers must yield precedence to the civil or military epaulettes in all public ceremonies. One or more crosses, the brilliancy of which can scarcely be exaggerated, adorn the uniforms of those who have been in the service of government for a long time. Some of these are the emblems of a nominal dignity; others are granted for a certain number of services. Decorations fall like dew from heaven upon the proud soul of the faithful Russian, and are most eagerly coveted by him. The subaltern's ribbon of Wladimir commands the respect of his



SUMMER GARDEN.

equals and inferiors; and the diamond star of the grand officer is exceedingly agreeable to him, most especially from the consideration it gains for him at the camp festivals. All stand with outstretched hand eagerly hoping and waiting as the cross of Stanislaus, Wladimir, or St. Anne, falls from the imperial chancery.

Whatever may be the cause, it is an unquestionable fact that there are few cities where finer men are seen than at St. Petersburg. Even the lower classes have beautifully regular features, Greek profiles, and forms strikingly supple and elegant. Another singularity of the city is the small proportion of females, which,

unlike other European capitals, is less than a third of the population. This scarcity renders them objects of universal attention, though they are less seen in public than in other cities of the continent; in fact, their lives were formerly spent in the same seclusion as the Asiatic women. This custom is still traceable in their habits, revealing, as do many other particulars, the origin of the people.

Nearly all countries have some term expressive of the habits and nature of the lower stratum of society, the mass of the people. It is much easier to ridicule the coarseness and vulgarity of this class, than to discover the good natural traits they possess in common with more cultivated human nature. France has her *canaille*; even the United States has been obliged to invent a term for the European paupers who crowd the cities of the New World; and politicians occasionally allude, as carefully as may be, however, to the great *unwashed*. Now it is not a little singular, that Russia employs precisely the same phrase for the lowest class of her population. The Russian *tshornoi narod*, literally signifies, *black people*; but the first of these terms is also synonymous with uncleanness, and the two words express something more than what Americans call the *unwashed*, for those to whom it is applied in Russia are utterly ignorant of the use of soap and water. They are also called *moujiks*. The superior classes have no character peculiarly their own, aside from the uniforms which distinguish them; but the *moujiks*, who wear the national costume, are the true type of Russian character. To see one is to see all of them, for they are alike throughout the nation. They have the same costume, manners, habits, and tastes; their food and houses are alike. Their ancestors were just what they are, and their descendants will be the same for centuries. The first view of a *moujik* is certainly repulsive. He looks more like a bandit than an honest man of peaceable employments. His hair and beard are long and uncombed; his voice is harsh; he delights in noise; sometimes he wears a coarse brown coat, sometimes a green or blue robe, and sometimes a sheep-skin: but in whatever garb, or wherever found, in city or country, the same insupportable odor invariably accompanies him, and if all other signs were wanting, this would

mark him as belonging to the *tshornoi narod*. Though his filthiness is an undeniable reality, his rudeness is only in appearance. If you address him kindly in simple language, you will soon see that he is good-natured, polite, and useful. He will salute you respectfully, and inquire how he can serve you; or he will perhaps remove the thick glove which protects his coarse hand from the cold, and after shaking yours most heartily, will give you all the information in his power.

The *moujiks* wear on their heads a cloth cap of singular form, or a hat expanding upward from its narrow brim, and flattened at the top, with some slight resemblance to a lady's turban: it is very becoming to young men, who wear the same long beard as their elders; indeed, nothing is so highly prized by this class as the beard; the dandy *moujik* keeps it carefully combed, but with the greater part it is tangled and filthy. It sometimes quite covers the breast, though it is occasionally cut below the chin; but whatever its length or quantity, it is of inestimable value to its owner. The hair falls down each side of the face, entirely concealing the ears, but is cut so short behind that the back of the neck is quite exposed, and no cravat is worn. It must be confessed that this style of wearing the beard and hair would not at all agree with our notions of elegance; but it harmonizes admirably with the floating *cafetan*, or robe of blue, green, or gray cloth. The ample folds of the *cafetan* are confined at the waist with a girdle of some striking color. The large boots of stout leather, round at the ends, and bearing more resemblance to the shape of the foot than ours, complete the rude but not ungraceful costume of the *moujik*.

The two besetting sins of this singular class are dishonesty and intemperance. A Connecticut Yankee would stand no chance with them—they would cheat him out of his eye-teeth; the number of thefts daily committed in the streets is incredible. The brandy consumed in the drinking houses of St. Petersburg alone amounts to the snug little sum of nearly fifteen dollars per annum for each of the inhabitants, including the entire population of women and children. When a Russian is drunk, however, as too often happens, he invariably preserves his good humor, and also his reason, in some meas-



PUNISHMENT FOR DRUNKENNESS.

ure, for it is very difficult to deceive him ; he becomes exceedingly affectionate to every one, even to his enemies, whom he embraces and salutes with overflowing tenderness. The more he drinks, the more rose-colored the world appears to him, and the more gayly he carols his foolish songs. He does not stagger through the streets, but walks straight

onward, like a perfectly abstemious man, till he falls flat in the mud, from which the police officer removes him. His punishment is as singular as his character. Every person, without distinction of sex or age, who is found drunk, is obliged to sweep the streets a certain number of hours a day, according to the nature of his offense.



LUTHER LECTURING.

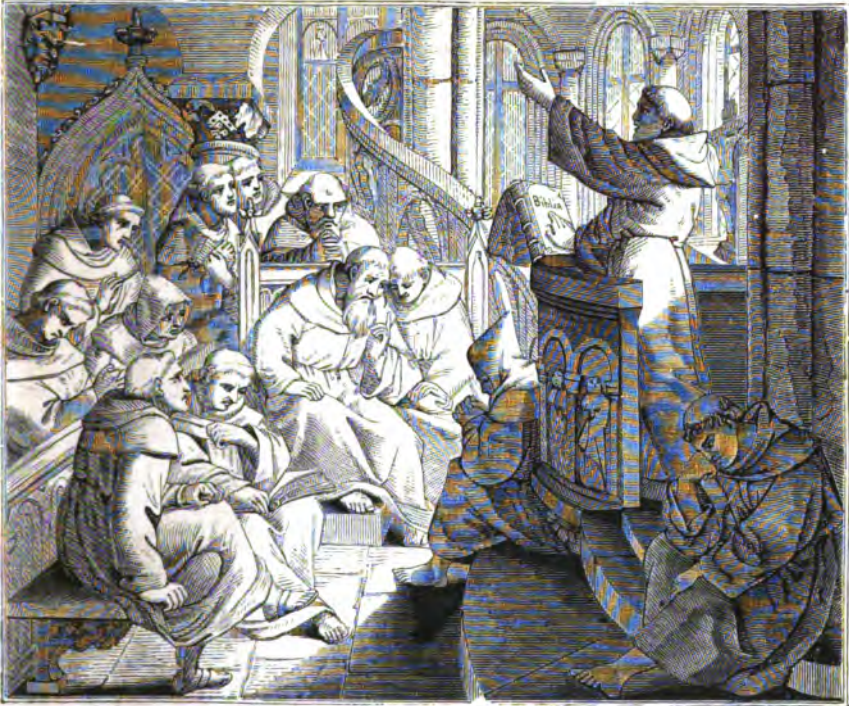
LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

LUTHER, AS BACHELOR OF ARTS, LECTURES ON PHILOSOPHY AND DIVINITY.

LUTHER, in his twenty-fifth year, steps from the monk's cell as teacher, into the lecture-room; the worst period of his mental troubles is past; the feeling of inward freedom strives for a first imperfect utterance.

Having been called in 1508 to the new university in Wittemberg, he there delivered his first course of lectures on philosophy, (on that of Aristotle,) and afterward another on divinity, (on the Psalms and the Epistle to the Romans.) "Here Brother Martin begins to study the Scriptures, and begins, at the High School, to contend against that sophistry which prevailed everywhere at that time." Among his hearers in the first row we see the first rector of the new university, Dr. Pollich

of Melrichstadt, physician to the Elector Frederick, and afterward also doctor of divinity. Of him Mathesius says: "Dr. Pollich, who was at that time a *lux mundi*, (light of the world,) that is to say, a doctor of laws, of medicine, and of monastic sophistry, would not forget even at table the arguments and conclusions of the monk. 'That monk,' he often said, as I have heard from the mouth of his brother Walter, 'will confound all the learned doctors, propound a new doctrine, and reform the whole Roman Church; for he studies the prophets and the evangelists; he relies on the word of Jesus Christ—no one can subvert that, either with philosophy or sophistry.'" According to Pollich, Luther himself said, "Let the doctors be the doctors; we must not hearken to what holy Church says, but to what Scripture says."



LUTHER PREACHING BEFORE STAUPITZ.

At the right hand of Pollich sits Johann Staupitz, vicar-general of the order of Augustine, and, as such, Luther's superior; indeed it was he who had called the latter to Wittenberg. Many years afterward, in 1528, Luther expresses himself as follows, writing to Staupitz: "Through thee the light of the gospel was lit up for the first time in the darkness of my soul."

LUTHER PREACHES IN THE MONASTERY BEFORE STAUPITZ AND THE OTHER BRETHREN PREPARATORY TO PREACHING IN THE PALACE AND TOWN CHURCHES.

LUTHER the teacher is also to have a cure of souls; the man of the school is to become the man of the Church. Unwillingly and fearfully did he comply with the wish of his friend Staupitz, that he should preach. "O, how I dread the pulpit! It is no trifling thing to speak to the people in the name of God, and to preach to them!"

His first sermons, until the town church was open to him, he delivered in the small ruinous chapel of his monastery, only thirty feet long and twenty broad. Myronius says, "This chapel might be compared to

the stable in which Christ was born. In this miserable building it was the will of God that his gospel was to be preached, and his beloved Son Jesus Christ, as it were, to be born again; not one among the cathedrals or other grand churches did he choose for these excellent sermons." "When I was a young preacher," says Luther himself, "I was fully in earnest, and would willingly have made all the world pious." "God has led me to it as he did Moses. Had I known all beforehand, he would have had greater trouble ere he had led me thus far. Well, as I have begun, I will go through with this work."

In front the gray-headed Staupitz sits among the hearers, listening attentively to the address of his spiritual foster-son. He lived to see the plant flourish which he had helped to rear.

LUTHER'S JOURNEY TO ROME, 1510.

A vow had led young Luther into a monastery; another vow (added to a commission from his monastery) took him to Rome. In the monastery, as on his pil-

grimage thither, experience awaited him : in each case to be grievously undeceived.

"In the year 1510," writes Mathesius, "his monastery sent him to Rome. There he saw the holy father the Pope, and his pompous religion and impious courtiers. This greatly strengthened him afterward."

Behold Luther in Italy. The hour that one first descends from the Alps into this glorious land is one of joy, of vast hopes ; and, indisputably, Luther hoped to confirm his faith in the holy city, and lay his doubts

on the tombs of the holy apostles. Nor was he without a sense of the attraction of ancient, of classic Rome—that sanctuary of the learned which he had so ardently cultivated in his poor Wittenberg. His first experience of the country is being lodged in a monastery, built of marble, at Milan ; and so as he proceeds from convent to convent, he finds it like changing from palace to palace. In all, alike, the way of living is lavish and sumptuous. The candid German was somewhat sur-



LUTHER JOURNEYING TO ROME.

prised at the magnificence in which humility arrayed herself, at the regal splendor that accompanied penitence ; and he once ventured to tell the Italian monks that it would be better not to eat meat of a Friday,—an observation which nearly cost him his life, for he narrowly escaped an ambush they laid for him. He continues his journey, sad and undecided, on foot,

across the burning plains of Lombardy. By the time he reaches Padua he is fairly ill ; but he persists, and enters Bologna, almost a dying man. The poor traveler's head has been overcome by the blaze of the Italian sun, by the strange sights he has seen, the strangeness of manners and of sentiments. He took to his bed at Bologna, in the firm expectation of speedy

death; strengthening himself by whispering in the words of the prophet and the apostle, "The just man lives by faith." In one of his conversations he displays with much simplicity the horror felt of Italy by the worthy Germans: "The Italians require no more to take away your life than that you should look into a glass; and can deprive you of all your senses by secret poisons. The very air is deadly in Italy. They close the windows with the greatest care at night, and stop up all the crevices." Luther asserts that both he and the brother who accompanied him fell ill through having slept with the windows open; but two pomegranates that they eat, with God's grace, saved their lives. He resumed his journey, passed through Florence only, and at last entered Rome. He alighted at the convent of his order, near the *Porta del Popolo*. "As soon as I arrived I fell on my knees, raised my hands to heaven, and exclaimed, 'Hail, holy Rome, sanctified by holy martyrs, and the blood which they have shed here!'" . . . In his enthusiasm, he says he hastened to every sacred spot, saw all, believed all. But he soon discovered that he was the only believer. Christianity seemed to be forgotten in this capital of the Christian world. The pope was no longer the scandalous Alexander VI., but the choleric and warlike Julius II.; and this father of the faithful breathed only blood and desolation. His great artist, Michael Angelo, represented him hurling his benediction at Bologna, like a Jupiter hurling thunder; and Julius had just given him an order for a tomb to be as large as a temple. "T was the monument, of which the Moses, among other statues, has come down to us.

The sole thought of the pope, and of Rome, at this period, was war with the French. Had Luther undertaken to speak of grace and the powerlessness of works to this strange priest, who besieged towns in person, and who but a short time before would not enter Mirandola except through the breach, he would have met with a patient listener! His cardinals, so many officers serving their apprenticeships to war, were politicians, diplomatists, or else men of letters, learned men sprung from the ranks of the people, who only read Cicero, and would have feared to compromise their Latinity by opening the Bible. When speaking of the pope, they styled

him *high pontiff*; a canonized saint was, in their language, *relatus inter divos*, (translated to Olympus;) and if they did happen to let fall an allusion to God's grace, it was in the phrase, *Deorum immortalium beneficiis*, (by the kind aid of the immortal gods.) Did our German take refuge in churches, he had not even the consolation of hearing a good mass. The Roman priest would hurry through the divine service so quickly, that when Luther was no further than the Gospels, the minister who performed service was dismissing the congregation with the words, "*Ite, missa est*," (Ye may go, service is over.) These Italian priests would often presume to show off the freethinker, and, when consecrating the host, to exclaim, "*Panis es, et panis manebis*." (Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain.) To veil one's head and fly was the only resource left. Luther quitted Rome at the end of a fortnight, bearing with him into Germany the condemnation of Italy and of the Church. In his rapid and saddening visit, the Saxon had seen enough to enable him to condemn, too little to allow him to comprehend. And, beyond a doubt, for a mind preoccupied with the moral side of Christianity, to have discovered any religion in that world of art, law, and policy, which constituted Italy, would have required a singular effort of philosophy. "I would not," he somewhere says, "I would not have missed seeing Rome for a hundred thousand florins," (which words he repeats three times.) "I should ever have been uneasy, lest I might have done injustice to the pope."

Of the outward show of the prince of the Church, he says, "Rome has now its pomps; the pope goes about in triumph, fine, richly adorned horses before him, and he beareth the host on a white horse."

Luther left the holy city with a sharp thorn in his side. "I would wish that every one who is to become a preacher had been first at Rome, and seen how matters are carried on there." "I have myself heard it said at Rome, 'It is impossible that matters can remain in that state; things must change or break down.'" Again, "Pope Julius said, 'If we do not choose to be pious ourselves, let us at least not prevent others.' I have heard say at Rome, 'If there be a hell, Rome has been built on the top of it.' Rome has been the most holy city; but now



LUTHER CONSECRATED DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

it has become the most unrighteous and disgraceful. Whoever has been at Rome knows that things are worse there than can be expressed in words, or believed."

LUTHER IS WITH GREAT SOLEMNITIES ORATED AND CONSECRATED DOCTOR OF DIVINITY AND TEACHER OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

ON the 18th and 19th of October, 1512, Luther was solemnly sanctified to his great work, as teacher of his Church and people.

Mathesius says, "Brother Martin was appointed on St. Luke's day doctor of the Holy Scriptures, and took the oath, and promised to study and proclaim them all his life; also to defend the holy Christian faith in writing and preaching against all heretics, so help him God!"

Luther says, "But I, Doctor Martinus, have been called upon, compelled to become a teacher, without any wish of my own, from pure obedience. I had to take upon myself the degree of doctor, and vow and promise to my beloved Holy Scriptures that I would teach and preach them faithfully in their purity. Teaching accordingly, popedom has come in my way, and wanted to stop me; the consequences whereof may be seen by all who have eyes."

Staupitz had had as much trouble to persuade Luther to accept the dignity of doctor as previously to persuade him to preach. To his many objections Staupitz replied, "It seems that our God will soon have much work to be done for him

in heaven and upon earth, and therefore he will need many young vigorous doctors to fight his battles. Whether you live or die, God has need of you in his councils."

Karlstadt presided at the solemnity as theological dean, (*decan.*)

LUTHER OCCUPIED WITH THE DUTIES OF VICAR-GENERAL OF THE AUGUSTINES, WHICH HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED TO HIM BY STAUPITZ.

To the mental preparation which Luther had already undergone, a greater experience of life and a more extended intercourse with his fellow-men was now to be added. As *locum tenens* for his friend Staupitz, he had an opportunity of acquiring the habits of active life.

"About this time Staupitz was dispatched to the Netherlands to bring relics from a monastery. In the mean time Luther received the office of vicar, which included the supervision of the monasteries of the Augustines, and the order to institute a visitation of them. For this purpose he traveled from one to the other, assisted the schools and admonished the brethren to study the Bible, and to live holily, peaceably, and chastely."

By the weight of all these labors for the eternal as well as the temporal welfare of those intrusted to his care, was the future head of the new Church to be prepared for the arduous duties of the spiritual government of the Church.

"The word of a brother repeated and made known from the Scriptures, and spoken in times of trouble and danger, is weighty and important." "If thou believe as firmly as thou ought," he writes in 1516, "then bear patiently with thy disorderly and erring brethren; look upon their sins as thine own, and whatever of good there be in thee, let it be theirs. If thou be a rose and lily of Christ, know that thy path must lie among thorns, and see that thyself become not a thorn through impatience, haughtiness, or secret pride."

On this journey of visitation already he became conscious in his inmost soul of his future calling; for when he learnt, in the monastery at Grimma, how Tetzl, the trafficker in indulgences, was carrying on his trade at the neighboring town of Wurzen, he exclaimed angrily, "I will make a hole in this drum, so God will!"



LUTHER AS VICAR-GENERAL.



LUTHER BEFORE CAJETAN.

It was the first distant lightning-flash, the premonitor of the coming storm. The Reformer was thus prepared for his work.

ILLUSTRATION IN FOUR COMPARTMENTS.*

[Below, Luther in the confessional refuses absolution to those penitents who rely on indulgences. To the left, Tetzel selling his ware and burning Luther's propositions (theses). In the center, Luther affixes his ninety-five propositions to the church-door. To the right, the students of Wittenberg burn Tetzel's reply.]

UNPRETENDINGLY began the greatest work of modern times by a German monk's affixing his ninety-five theses to the church-door at Wittenberg. But this unpretending beginning became soon the awakening cry to all Christianity.

"By Tetzel's, the seller of indulgences, audacious talk and abuse, he caused our

Luther to buckle on his spiritual armour, and seize David's sling and the sword of the Lord, which meant ardent prayer and the pure word of God; and relying for protection on his doctor's degree and his oath, he, in the name of God, assailed Tetzel and his indulgences, teaching boldly that they were dangerous delusions."

The fearless Tetzel had pushed rhetoric to the extreme limits of amplification. Boldly heaping pious lie on lie, he went into an enumeration of all the evils cured by this panacea, and, not contenting himself with known sins, invented crimes, devised strange, unheard-of wickednesses, of which no one had ever heard before; and when he saw his auditory struck with horror, coolly added, "Well, the instant money rattles in the pope's coffer, all will be expiated!"

Luther asserts that at this time he hardly knew what indulgences were; but when

* This engraving was inserted as a kind of frontispiece at the commencement of the series. — (See May Number.)

he saw a prospectus of them, proudly displaying the name and guarantee of the archbishop of Mentz, whom the pope had appointed to superintend the sale of indulgences in Germany, he was seized with indignation. A mere speculative problem would never have brought him into contact with his ecclesiastical superiors; but this was a question of good sense and morality. As doctor of theology, and an influential professor of the university of Wittemberg which the Elector had just founded, as provincial vicar of the Austin friars, and the vicar-general's substitute in the pastoral charge and visitation of Misnia and Thuringia, he, no doubt, thought himself more responsible than any one else for the safeguard of the Saxon faith. His conscience was aroused. He ran a great risk in speaking; but, if he held his tongue, he believed his damnation certain.

The artist represents in his sketch the church-doors at Wittemberg as symbolical of the great gate of the universal Christian Church, at which Luther knocks warningly and admonishingly with his propositions. Above his head we see the swan rising from the flames of the stake on which Huss suffered. The groups on each side, the flames lighted by Tetzl and by the Wittemberg students, indicate the warfare, the hidden beginning of which is shown in the confessional of Luther.

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LUTHER BEFORE CAJETAN.

LUTHER appears before the pope's legate, Cardinal Cajetan, at Augsburg, to defend his doctrine. Although kneeling reverently, according to custom, he courageously refuses to recant as he is ordered.

Angered by the obstinate German, the Italian flings the written defense at his feet,



LUTHER LEAVING AUGSBURG.

saying wrathfully: "Appear not again before mine eyes, unless thou recant."

"Because he sat there representing the pope," are Luther's own words, "he insisted that I should submit and agree to all he said; while, on the contrary, all that I said against it was contemned and laughed at, although I quoted the Scriptures; in short, his fatherly love went no further than that I must suffer violence or recant, for he declared he would not dispute with me."

The artist has sought to depict the moment in which Luther picks up the paper

which Cajetan has thrown down, while his friend Staupitz, evidently frightened at the wrath of the Church dignitary, tries to pacify both. (See engraving on preceding page.) In the above picture we see Luther, according to the advice of his friends, and assisted by Staupitz and Councilor Langemantel, leaving Augsburg at night through a small portal: "Staupitz had procured me a horse, and sent an old horseman with me who was acquainted with the road. I hastened away, without breeches, boots, spurs, or sword, and reached Wittemberg."



THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

IT was about the year 1783 that the Rev. Cornelius Winter, then in the prime of manhood, a zealous convert of Whitefield, and, like many other good men of the same class in those days, an itinerant preacher, added to his "circuit" the little village of Tisbury, in Wiltshire, England. Mr. Winter was a benevolent man, and fond of youth. At that time, indeed, he was settled in the town of Marlborough, and his circuit, unlike those divisions of the country bearing the same name under Wesley, was formed by himself alone. He resided permanently at the central station, and employed pupils of his own for supplying the village pulpits, if pulpits they were. In the days of his itinerancy, more properly so called, when his habits were more fully those of a Methodist, and his ordination and settle-

ment in a fixed abode had not made him altogether an Independent minister, he had often said that if he were ever settled, he would give some poor child a common education. Being settled with an income from his little church of £30 per annum, and married to a lady whose fortune brought in £25, the competence of £55 yearly encouraged him to carry the desire of his heart into execution; and he charitably took charge of the child of his deacon, a poor man—taught the child to decipher the alphabet, and persevered until he was made fit for business. Attracted by the fatherly solicitude of Mr. Winter toward this child, one or two other persons in inferior circumstances confided their children to his care; and on these beginnings rose the Academy at Marlborough. Mr. Winter could not be expected

to impart a finished education, inasmuch as he was originally but a servant man, and quite untaught; but partly under the care of Whitefield, and yet more by dint of self-discipline, he had acquired a tolerable amount of rudimentary and general knowledge. But his piety, benevolence, and unaffected earnestness in well-doing, made him an invaluable teacher of truths more precious than those of literature and science, and a foster-father to every youth that came under his care.

Among Mr. Winter's constant hearers in Tisbury, were a quarryman and stonemason named Jay, his wife, and children. One of these children, William, a boy of about fourteen when the congregation was first collected, and working with his father in the capacity of mason's laborer, used to listen with fixed attention to the plain, but affectionate discourse of good Cornelius Winter; and, as if drawn by the force of reverential admiration, got into the habit of taking a seat just at the foot of the pulpit stairs, where he could be near the preacher as he came in and went out. The good-natured smile of this boy won the attention of Mr. Winter, and as his mind rapidly unfolded, and his heart became affected by what he heard, an air of intelligence more keen than appeared in any of the rustic audience, induced him to notice him, speak to him, ascertain his name, and seek information concerning the occupation and character of his parents, and his own conduct. His "eye was upon him more immediately than upon any other in the congregation; his heart was unaccountably knit to him." "Why do you come here so constantly?" said he one day to the lad. "I don't know, sir, but I like to come," was the reply.

William Jay entered the hospitable dwelling of this man of God, wearing his working dress and iron-soled boots, rich with depositions of mortar, gathered during many a long day's hard work, and then the old coat and ponderous boots were not only exchanged for attire such as he probably had worn on Sundays, but the very boots and coat were laid up by his patron and Mrs. Winter, to be memorials of his original vocation; or, as one might say, of the rock whence he was hewed, and the quarry where he had wrought. And this was not the only remembrance of his humble beginning. Long after his

removal from the rude society of his father's fellow-workmen, it was currently related in Tisbury that he had set himself against their evil habit of profane swearing, and used to lecture them roundly thereupon, until people looked upon him as a young Methodist, and the rougher sort would make merry with him about his "*sarments*." And this plainly enough shows that before he forsook the hod for the lexicon, his mind and life were habitually under the power of religion. There is no record as yet extant of the time or manner when he first made open declaration of his determination to forsake the follies of the world: but there is this evidence, that he did rise above their influence; and it is but reasonable to regard him as a living fruit of Mr. Winter's gratuitous and self-denying toil as a village preacher. Let village preachers take heart, then, and venture to hope that their labors, humble as they are, may draw forth other brilliant ornaments of humanity, to shine in the great world; and give the first impulse to nascent luminaries, whose virtues shall enlighten other generations.

With a sort of fatherly pride, Mr. Winter entered on the charge of his rustic pupil, and already showed him to his friends, as if he had set it down for certain that he was the rudiment of a great man. Introducing him to a family, a member of which afterward became one of Mr. Jay's first and most devoted deacons in Bath, he is recorded to have laid his hand upon his head, and said, "There is more under this cap than you think for."

Strong was the attachment of Mr. Jay to his patron. The first volume that he ever wrote was a collection of letters, and a short memoir of his life, of which the first edition bears date April 1, 1808, and contains some very characteristic sentences. "I know not," he says, "whether there has been a wakeful hour since his death, (nearly eleven weeks before,) in which I have not thought of the deceased, or that I have written a page concerning him without tears; for tears have been my meat." But he also says, "I have labored with pleasure, and rejoice in the enterprise, from a persuasion that what I have written from the warmest affection and the highest regard, will be ratified by the public voice; and that I am doing good to others while I have an opportunity to indulge my own feelings, and to ac-

knowledge the obligations to my dear and honored friend and benefactor, which I shall never be able to discharge. To him I owe all my respectability in life, and all my opportunities of public usefulness."

And, on the other hand, Mr. Winter bears honorable testimony to the character and deportment of the youthful inmate of his family, telling him in one of his letters, that "to all that was amiable and kind in his dear friend, under God," that family was in part indebted for their happiness. He contributed his quota to it, and had his share in return. "O blessed villages!" exclaimed the good old pastor in a rapture of grateful recollection, "O blessed villages which were favored with your ministerial abilities! O highly favored Marlborough, whose streets were then occasionally thronged with them who went to and from the house of God, and had their hearts filled with joy and gladness! I bless the Lord for all he has since done for you and by you." The discipline of the house was easy; there was little or no academical formality; instead of lectures were familiar conversations and "breakfast and tea readings," and young Mr. Jay took his full share of village preaching, going into the highways and hedges, in good old style, to compel the attention of the ignorant and ungodly. The exigencies of those times, the extraordinary religious excitement that prevailed in almost all parts of the country, the laxity, too, of ecclesiastical discipline, both in the Established Church and out of it, with a powerful reaction against forms and rules which had superseded piety instead of guarding and guiding it, justified or suffered many proceedings which could not be often repeated with advantage, in such days as ours, and thus only can we account for the haste with which this young man was sent out to preach before he was sixteen years of age. Before he was twenty-one, he had preached nearly one thousand sermons. Mr. Jay himself, in after-life, would not probably have expoeed a youth to so severe an incentive to vanity; but he was under a tutor whose authority he felt bound not to dispute, and the state of the villages around was truly deplorable. Compassionating the multitudes who were "perishing for lack of knowledge," that venerable tutor sent his students to address them early. The rude rustics, too, required neither depth

nor accuracy; they only yearned after some knowledge of those cardinal verities which began to be dispersed over the land, on the wings of rumor, and crowded around any one, man or boy, whom they thought able to bring them more exact intelligence. But Mr. Jay's own account of this part of his life is better than any second-hand representation of it.

"In some of these villages I have preached down many a live-long Sabbath, in the homely cottage, on the green before the door, or in some open place in the road, or in a field hard by. How often have I wished to revisit all these hamlets! But, alas! how few should I now find alive, and who would be able to remember—what I was always then called—the boy preacher. Many of these places were supplied on week-day evenings, as well as on the Sabbath, as we could afford time and assistance. To many of them we walked on foot; from some of them we returned, for the want of accommodation, the same evening, whatever was the weather; and from none of them received we the least remuneration. We seldom encountered persecution. This depends very much always on the preacher; and our prudent tutor taught us not to rail and abuse, but simply to preach the truth, and to avoid the offense of folly, when we could not avoid the offense of the cross. I shall never forget with what eagerness and feeling these villagers received the words of life. The common people heard us gladly, and the poor had the gospel preached unto them; not by the 'poor man's Church,' but by those who *then* supplied their lack of service."

But we must now follow him into more public life. He was born, it must be noted, on the first day of May, 1769. Counting from the date to the time when Mr. Winter broke up his establishment at Marlborough, and removed to Painswick, where he was welcomed on the second day of August, 1788, we should say that Mr. Jay must have been a little over his nineteenth year when he entered on the duties of a Christian pastor. Gladly would he have sheltered himself from so heavy a responsibility, and avoided the assumption of that character for a year or two longer, for although he had been "a boy preacher," he was not self-confident. It was only as a youth that he, in common with others, perhaps not much

older, had pursued those cottage and field-preachings, and the studies and discipline of each day were counteractive of any vanity that might spring from the commendations of the ignorant. But it would seem that Mr. Winter had brought himself to the verge of difficulties, by self-renouncing charity to others, and it became necessary for his pupil, now thrown on the world, to seek some humbler settlement. Such a one he found in the village of Christian Malford. No doubt Christain Malford is a place where any common man might hide himself effectually, but this youth had made himself too well-known to be concealed. He had already won the respect of hundreds in that very neighborhood, and each time he raised his voice he added to his popularity. With a salary of thirty-five pounds per annum, he calculated on living humbly and happily in private lodgings, devoting his days to study, preparing for a wider sphere, and waiting until the lapse of time should bring him to an age that the world would accredit as mature. He tried to be obscure. But this might not be. Frequent applications to render occasional service, drew him into neighboring places, and threw him into an ever widening circle.

It was at this time, and before he had reached his twentieth year, that the Rev. Rowland Hill invited him to preach in Surrey Chapel. Perhaps the announcement of so youthful an orator might have been attractive to a large audience, but the hearers were far from being disappointed, and the crowd was so great that, after the service, he had to address, from a window of the chapel-house, a multitude that thronged the chapel-yard, and not being able to find admission to the sermon lingered there in hope of catching a glimpse of the young man, or hearing a word from his lips. He occupied the pulpit of Surrey Chapel several times, and addressed immense congregations. Once the Rev. John Newton was present; and after observing the germs of future excellence, and considering how strong must be the pressure of temptation to pride by such extreme popularity, he followed the young preacher into the house after service, and gave him some affectionate and faithful advice, which he treasured with gratitude, and often made respectful mention of in after life.

He also began to preach in Bath, where he supplied the pulpit on account of the sickness of the minister, whom he afterward succeeded, and there met with Lady Maxwell, who engaged him to officiate in her chapel. This severed him from the little congregation of Christian Malford, and brought him to the town with which his name will always be associated: for "Jay of Bath" can never be forgotten. Lady Maxwell invited him to take charge of this congregation; and, at the same time, the Rev. Mr. Tuppen, the Independent minister, for whom he had often preached, being on his death-bed, named him as his successor. The Argyle-street Chapel was then in course of completion: but Mr. Tuppen, for whom it was erected, did not recover to occupy it, and on Sunday, Oct. 4th, 1789, Mr. Jay preached the first sermon therein. Mr. Tuppen died February 22d, 1790; and on January 30th, 1791, Mr. Jay was ordained to the pastorate of that Church, and opened his ministry to the flock, now become his own, by preaching from the words: "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter," with allusion, no doubt, to the perplexity in which he had been involved by diversity of proposals and by conflicting views, both in himself and others. His honored friend and tutor, of all men the most proper for such a service, delivered the ordination charge.

Bath, it should be observed, was then a very different place from what it is now. It was far more celebrated. The baths were in the height of their reputation. There were the noble, the gay, the dissolute. The spirit of Beau Nash still haunted that theater of profusion and folly. Even the languishing came thither that they might struggle against death, amid the warbling of songs and the vibration of dances. It was a Paphos. Yet religion, as we have seen, had some genteel followers even in Bath, and it was a noble lady who had sought to enlist Mr. Jay's talent and fervor on its side: but even listeners to the gospel were fastidious. "For such a situation," to borrow the words of his friend, the Rev. J. A. James, "Mr. Jay was eminently suited. Attractive in personal appearance, with a voice of music, a demeanor that combined the simplicity of village manners with the inartificial polish of the city: and what was more than all, and better

than all, with a deeply-rooted piety in his own heart, and a rich unction of evangelical truth in his sermons, he was suited to the place and the place to him. His ministry soon drew upon him, not only the eyes of the citizens, but of those who came there as visitors; and as, at that time, Bath was not favored, as it happily now is, with evangelical ministrations in the pulpits of the Church of England, the pious, and many of the illustrious members of that communion, who came there either for recreation or health, were glad to avail themselves of the benefit of his acceptable public services and of his private friendship. Among these were Wilberforce and Hannah More. Unworthy attempts have been made to conceal the friendship of these distinguished individuals for Mr. Jay. His autobiography, however, will successfully draw aside the veil which has been cast over this subject, and prove how close was the intimacy between the liberator of Africa, the holy and lofty authoress of *Barley Wood*, and the minister of *Argyle Chapel*."

Nobles and bishops drove up to *Argyle Chapel* and heard him with delight. Senators and comedians, each in his own way, came to profit by his eloquence, which was as unaffected as it was devout; except, indeed, when with flashes of wit, and strokes of satire, that thickened as he advanced, he poured a ridicule upon prevailing vices that must have made some of his hearers contemptible in their own eyes, which was just what he desired. Never ashamed of his origin, he did not talk about it, with an idle ostentation of humility, but from the affluence which had fallen on him unsought, it was his care to supply his father and mother in *Tisbury* with all they needed for the comfort of their advancing age; and as long as they lived they were sustained by his filial care. "Is your name Jay?" said a stranger, who once found out the cottage, and was curious to enter the birth-place of the man who was at that time a prince of pulpit orators. "Ay," said the old man, "my name is Jeay." "Have you got a son?" "Yes, I've 'a got a son in Bath. That's *Passon Jeay*. Ay! bless 'im!" And then the old gentleman and his wife, with a simplicity like that inherited by the "*Passon*" himself, related at great length the bounties and the tenderesses of their noble and reverend child, who

loved and honored them no less than when he lived in that mean dwelling, and knew no vocation higher than his father's craft.

The even career of a preacher, however eminent, cannot afford much incident to his biographer. The most remarkable period of Mr. Jay's life was that which we have already traced; and all that now remains for us to do is to gather a few notices of his manner of preaching, his course of life, and the calm and glorious eventide in which that life closed.

His voice, as it has been truly said, can never be forgotten by one who has heard it once. Its fine barytone soothed the audience, and prepared the way for the teaching or admonition that should follow; and, while his eloquence was capable of great variety, he chiefly excelled in the expression of tenderness. His object was to produce impression, not indeed on the imagination, but on the heart; and, aiming at this, he threw aside, whenever occasion required, mere pulpit conventionalities. Curt, grave, impressive, he strove to concentrate as much meaning as possible within the compass of his sentences; and sometimes breaking off the current of thought, he would catch a conception fresh as it came, letting it serve his end even if it interrupted his argument. The first words of a discourse were often abrupt, and even foreign from the subject to be treated, but they served his purpose of winning the ear, and perhaps the heart, of some hearer at the same time. They were like an arrow just shot at a venture—a first essay of the elasticity of the bow that he was bending. And he bent that bow, and leveled those shafts, with an intensity of satisfaction that was apparent in every lineament of his expressive countenance, and fully justified a saying of his own, that he would rather be a preacher of the gospel than the angel that should blow the trumpet at the last day. And the soul, and emphasis, and music of his discourse was such that oftentimes, as we have heard, an accustomed hearer—one who knew and loved the man—confessed he could almost imagine, as the long-loved voice came upon his ear, that it was indeed the utterance of an angel. The sententiousness of his discourses was made happily subservient to their perspicuity, and tended to fix both sermon and doctrine on the memory. A beautiful

illustration of this was furnished, not long ago, by one of his congregation when on his death-bed. He was an aged man. For the last time he heard his pastor preach from these words: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." The old pilgrim returned no more to Argyle Chapel, but lay at home enjoying in frequent meditation the lessons he had learned there. This last sermon dwelt much in his thoughts. "I wish," said he, "I could give you some idea of a discourse so suitable to my present circumstances; but though my memory serves me, my speech begins to fail. But think of this:—

"1. My presence shall go with thee, to *guide* thee; and I will give thee rest from *perplexity*.

"2. My presence shall go with thee, to *guard* thee; and I will give thee rest from *apprehension*.

"3. My presence shall go with thee, to *supply* thee; and I will give thee rest from *want*.

"4. My presence shall go with thee to *comfort* thee; and I will give thee rest from *sorrow*."

Here was nothing scholastic, nothing labored; but here was the voice of a faithful shepherd, sounding in the memory and cheering the soul of one of his flock, while passing through the dark valley and shadow of death. "His speech," says a member of his congregation, and one who is himself no stranger to the occupation of a pulpit, "his speech is calm and steady, indicating a mind self-reliant, possessed, content with the divine majesty of his theme. As he speaks, you glide with him through a galaxy of light; and yet he seems indifferent to the graces or other arts of eloquence; never says a word too much, or a word too little: dreams not of a Demosthenes, yet is a Boanerges; reckons not of gaudy words, yet is

'When unadorn'd adorn'd the more.'

"How hushed is the assembly! With what power of conviction his plain, manly, devout sentences fix the soul upon his lips, the eye upon his face! Yet what he says, we almost fancy all knew before; but who could have spoken it like him? If we fancy we can, let us try. No; it is not a pastor's robe that makes a pastor's heart; and we believe the best eloquence is born there." During the greatest part

of his life he preached *extempore*, as it is called, but it would be more correct to say, without verbal preparation. Latterly, on great public occasions, he read his sermons, perhaps conscious of less of that buoyancy of spirit, which once rose freely to the height of the theme and overcame the exigency of the moment. Even in his ordinary discourses he aided his memory by short notes, but in private expressed regret that he had fallen into this new habit, finding it often a hinderance rather than a help. Every one who describes his manner, mentions the emphasis he threw into his reading. The simplicity of language in which a granddaughter of his own describes that perfection of a good reader, conveys a clearer idea of it than could be given in an elaborate description. "—walked down at seven to hear dear grandpapa. He preached a most glorious sermon upon 'the manifestation of the sons of God.' I doubt if you can possibly imagine our feelings when the venerable silver head appeared in the pulpit, and then bent in silent prayer. The expression with which he reads is wonderful—his words distill as the dew; so softly, *and yet so effectually* do they fall. His manner of emphasizing some passages gives you an entirely new view of them."

The last words—except the benediction—that he ever delivered in Argyle Chapel, were in a sermon on the morning of Sunday, July 25th, 1852, which closed in a manner that might almost seem prophetic. With great feeling he quoted these verses from the Apocalypse: "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." He made no comment, and how could he? But he pronounced these final words: "If this be heaven, O that I were there!"

His home was made happy by the charm of a lovely temper and pure example. Temperance and early rising helped to keep him alive to green old age, and some of his habits were peculiar. He rose at

six, breakfasted at seven, and took exercise after breakfast. In winter, or in rainy weather, his exercise consisted in chopping firewood. An amusing story is told of his wood-chopping. Lustily at work one morning in his cellar in Percy Place, the quick ear of a policeman caught the reverberation of his blows, and at length, fancying that some operation was going on inconsistent with his own notions of public order, the guardian of the peace roared through the grating—"I say, there, what's all this noise about? What are you doing there?" "What am I doing here! I'm chopping wood. Hasn't a man a right to do what he likes in his own house?" It can scarcely be necessary to say that the honest author of the "Address to Masters of Families," discharged, in his own household, the duties of a Christian master; and that the writer of the "Morning and Evening Exercises," ministered faithfully at his own domestic altar.

On the completion of his fiftieth year as pastor at Argyle Chapel, his flock held a sort of jubilee, and, on that occasion, a beautiful purse was presented to him, containing six hundred and fifty sovereigns fresh from the mint. Mr. Jay received the gift, and turning to his wife, who was present with him at the meeting convened on the occasion, addressed her thus:—"I take this purse, and present it to you, madam—to you, madam, who have always kept my purse, and therefore it is that it has been so well kept. Consider it entirely sacred—for your pleasure, your use, your service, your comfort. I feel this to be unexpected by you, but it is perfectly deserved. Mr. Chairman and Christian friends, I am sure there is not one here but would acquiesce in this, if he knew the value of this lady as a wife for more than fifty years. I must mention the obligation the public are under to her—if I have been enabled to serve my generation—and how much she has raised her sex in my estimation; how much my Church and congregation owe to her watching over their pastor's health, whom she has cheered under all his trials, and reminded of his duties, while she animated him in their performance. How often she has wiped the evening dews from his forehead, and freed him from interruption and embarrassments that he might be free for his work! How much also do my

family owe to her! and what reason they have to call her blessed! She is, too, the mother of another mother in America, who has reared thirteen children, all of whom are walking with her in the way everlasting."

When Mr. Jay had reached his eighty-fourth year, and was also suffering under an attack of a painful disease, he deemed it right to resign his pulpit. It was in April, 1853, that he sent in his final resignation. There had been some discomfort in the congregation, in consequence of difficulties that arose concerning the settlement of a co-pastor, or of supplies. But, with a generous cordiality, "the Church assigned him an annuity of £200 per annum for life, out of the income of the place." But he did not live much longer.

For many years, he had anticipated the end of his career. On his meeting a good old man once, this pithy colloquy took place between them. "How do you do?" said Jay. "I am longing to leave this world," said the weary pilgrim; "I am tired of it." "I am tired of it too," was the reply; "but I must work on, until it pleases God to give me rest." And later, he remarked, "that he had known, in his time, many excellent and eminent men, all of whom were gone into eternity; but," said he, "of late they all seem to stand nearer to me than they ever were." The truth is, that he was nearer them. The last hours of his life were calm.

"On my referring," says Rev. J. A. James, "to that expression in the ninety-first psalm, as applicable to his own case, 'With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation;' 'Ah!' he replied, 'I have known the fulfillment of every part of the psalm but the last verse, and I shall know that in an hour.'" That hour soon came. He departed December 27th, 1853.

SWEDISH NAMES.—Few of the Swedish peasants have surnames, and in consequence their children simply take their father's Christian name in addition to their own: for example, if the father's name be Sven Larson, his sons', in consequence, would be Jan or Nils Svens-son; and his daughters', Maria or Eliza Svens-daughter. The confusion that this system creates would be endless, were it not that in all matters of business the residence of the party is usually attached to his name.



THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

THEIR INSCRIPTIONS AND LESSONS.

WE noticed, last month, the volume of Bishop Kip, on the Catacombs of Rome. Notwithstanding the meagerness of their inscriptions and their very defective artistic execution, these memorials of primitive Christianity are exceedingly interesting and momentous for at least their negative evidence on certain ques-

tions of theological debate. We acknowledge ourselves indebted to Bishop Kip for much entertainment and no little instruction, and we yield to the temptation to lay before our readers, in a leisurely review, some outlines of the subject, aided by his data and engravings.

What is the history, what the inscrip-

tions and symbols, and what the lessons of these ancient cemeteries?

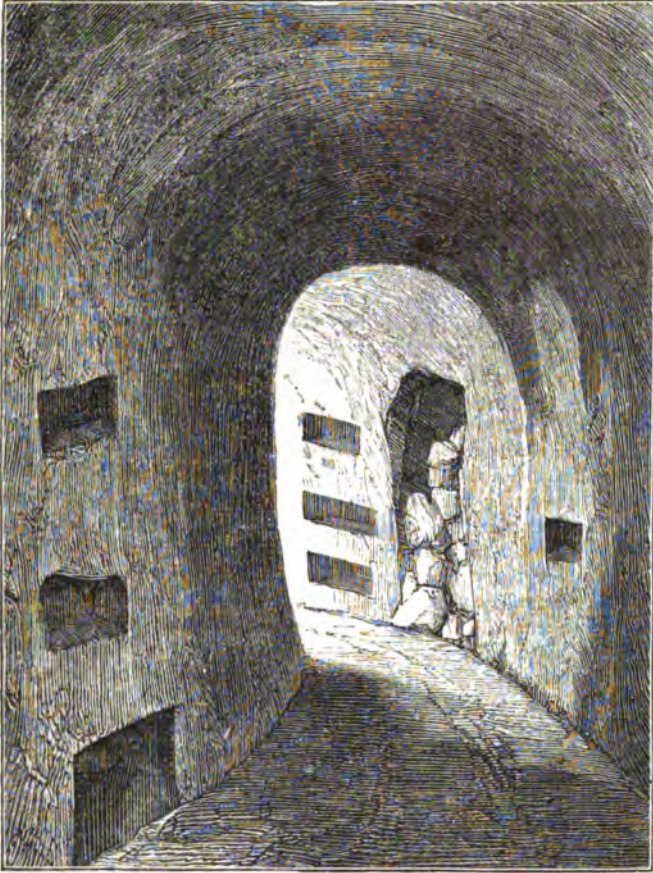
We propose, in answering these questions, to present a summary of the whole subject.

It will not be necessary, we trust, to ask the reader to excuse the roughness of our cuts; they would hardly be compatible with the subject and scenes of our remarks were they finer; they are used only as "illustrations," and we may be allowed to insert them, in addition to the more elegant engravings, given in other columns.

The ground-plan, already presented, may afford some idea of this subterranean city of the dead, and yet a very inadequate one, for it is an outline (from Arringhi's "Roma Subterranea") of only a portion of the immense labyrinth—that known as the Cemetery of St. Calixtus. At least *fifty* different cemeteries have been enumerated, and how far these may be connected by crypts and galleries is unknown; it is absolutely impossible to explore them thoroughly; the passages are exceedingly intricate, and many of them have been rendered impassable by rubbish, and then the peril from the caving in of the walls, rendering all return hopeless, haunts the explorer amidst their dark and endless mazes. Professor Silliman says that they extend twenty miles to Ostia, the port of Rome, in one direction, and twelve miles to Albano in another. Bishop Kip says: "It is certain that many miles from the church of St. Sebastian," where he entered them, "there are openings into the Catacombs; but whether they communicate with those which are entered at that place, it is impossible to determine. The probability is, that all this section of country without the gates of Rome is excavated so as to form a perfect labyrinth of passages. They resemble a subterranean city with its streets and alleys, and so encircle the walls, that they have been called 'the encampment of the Christian host besieging pagan Rome, and driving inward its mines and trenches with an assurance of final victory.'" Old Baronius describes them as they appeared in his day, when they were but partially explored. "They were," he says, "not only used for the purpose of burying the dead, (whence they derive their name,) but likewise in time of persecution as a hiding-place for Christians. Wonderful places are these! We

have seen and often explored the cemetery of Priscilla, lately discovered and cleared on the Salarian Way, at the third mile-stone from the city. This, from its extent, and its many various paths, I call by no more appropriate name than a subterranean city. From the entrance onward opens out a principal street, wider than the rest. Others diverge from it at frequent intervals; these again are separated off into narrower ways and blind alleys. Moreover, as is the case in cities, broader spaces open out in particular spots, each like a kind of forum, for holding the sacred assemblies; these are adorned with images of the saints. Apertures have likewise been pierced (though now blocked up) for receiving the light from above. The city was amazed at discovering that she had in her suburbs long-concealed towns, now filled only with sepulchers, but once Christian colonies in days of persecution."

Our countryman Cole, the artist, visited them during a sojourn at Rome: "I have seen that to-day," he says, "which will be a lasting subject of thought—which has made an impression on my mind that can never be effaced—the Catacombs of St. Agnes. The entrance, about two miles out of the Porta Pia, is by a flight of steps, partly antique, I believe. At the bottom, we found ourselves in a narrow passage cut in the tufa rock. On either hand were excavations in the walls, of various dimensions, which contain the bones of the early Christians. For two hours we wandered in these gloomy regions. Now and then we came to a chapel. The passages were, in general, about six feet wide, and from five to twelve high, arched, and sometimes plastered. The cells are in tiers, one above another. Many of them were open, and disclosed the mouldering bones of those who flourished in the first centuries of the Christian Church. Others were closed by tiles, or slabs of marble with cement, which appeared with the impressions of the trowel as fresh as yesterday. Here were the remains of the early martyrs of Christianity. You know them by the small lamp, and the little phial or vase which once contained some of their blood. These vessels were inserted in the cement that sealed up their graves. Impressions of coins and medals, and the date of the interment, are also to be seen in the cement, with in-



OPENING OF A GALLERY IN THE CATACOMBS.

scriptions marked with the point of the trowel, usually the name of the individual, with the words, 'in pace,' or 'dormit in pace.' What pictures cannot the imagination paint here! Yet nothing is so impressive as the reality; scenes where Christian hope triumphed over affliction; where the ceremonies of their holy religion were performed far from the light of day. The chapels are generally ornamented with pictures, some of which are in good preservation. They are rudely executed, but with some spirit."

We insert a rough engraving of the opening of one of the larger galleries. The light is seen at the entrance; on the right and left are examples of the graves, in three tiers; there is also a lateral passage blocked up to prevent the visitor from losing himself in its windings. Not far

from it, between two graves, is a small square hole, designed probably to contain the vial or cup mentioned by Cole, of which more hereafter.

Bishop Kip describes minutely the areas or chapels referred to in our quotation from Baronius. They are mostly mere expansions of the passages. The earliest are extremely rude, with the graves of the martyrs cut into the soft stone of the wall on every side. Here the first Christians of Rome held their simple worship, sheltered from the pursuit of the persecutor. It is not improbable, as Bishop Kip intimates, that men who had seen our blessed Lord, worshipped him here with the earliest Christians of the eternal city. In time these "chapels" were improved in their architectural style. Their stone roofs were elevated,



CHAPEL IN THE CATACOMBS—NO. I.

and holes excavated in them for the admission of light. These openings are yet frequently seen in the Campagna; they are mentioned often in the "Acts of the Martyrs." It is recorded, for instance, that a Christian maiden named Candida was martyred by being thrown through one of these light openings into the crypt and overwhelmed with stones.

Subsequently, when the Church had triumphed in the city, and fallen, alas, as well as triumphed, these refuges of her first heroes became the resorts of superstition and the scenes of votive honors. Some of the chapels were highly ornamented. As early as A. D. 400, the tomb of Hippolytus was decorated with "Parian marble and precious metals. The roof was extended and vaulted, and the skill of the artist exhausted in representing sacred subjects on the walls."

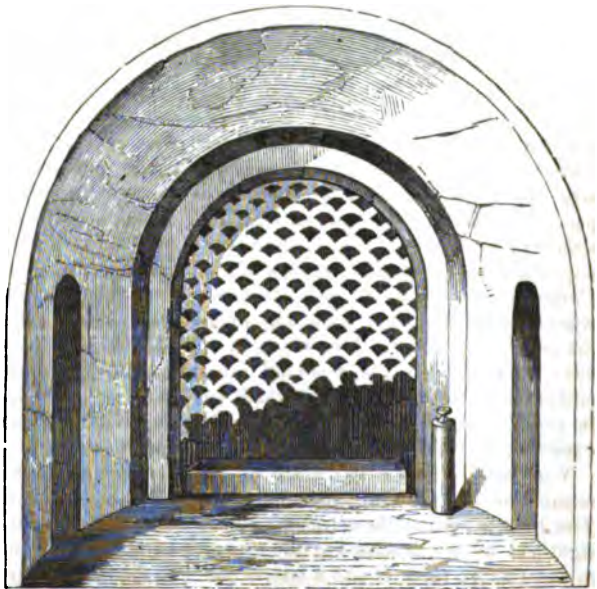
The above engraving of one of the later and improved chapels contrasts with the rude outline presented in our last cut.

It presents a noble architectural effect,— "An instance," says Bishop Kip, "of the 'arched monument,'— a grave cut like a sarcophagus from the rock, and an arch constructed above it."

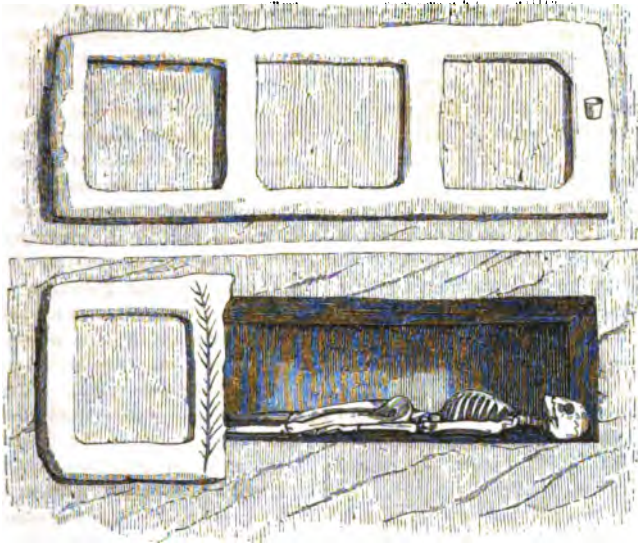
In the cut, which we give below, the recess for the body, at the extremity of the chapel, is partitioned by a cancellated slab of marble, which is now partly shattered. The largest of these chapels will admit about eighty persons.

We have already described the graves as inserted in the walls of the galleries. They were inclosed by a thin marble slab, sometimes by terra-cotta, fastened to the walls by cement. We give, on the opposite page, an engraving of two graves, one of which is open, exposing to view the skeleton remains; the other being yet sealed with three slabs of cotta. The reader will notice the cup and palm, rudely cut, perhaps scratched upon the stone by the trowel of the untutored mason, probably a poor member of the persecuted brotherhood. "It was thus," says Bishop Kip, "that on these slabs were cut the Christian emblems which the early followers of our Lord so much delighted to use, and there too they scrawled the brief epitaphs by which, in that age of fear and persecution, they marked the resting place of the brethren. While everything around speaks of suffering, it tells also of the simple earnest faith of men, with whom the glories of the next world had swallowed up all the pains of their brief mortal pilgrimage."

The bishop entered the Catacombs, as



CHAPEL IN THE CATACOMBS—NO. II.



GRAVES IN THE CATACOMBS.

we have said, at the Church of St. Sebastian; this section is considered by antiquarians to have been the earliest occupied by the Christians, and is therefore the most interesting to the Christian visitor. We may add Bishop Kip's description, to those already given from Baronius and Cole; he felt the inspiration of the place: "The intricate passages cross and recross, often not more than three feet wide, and so low that we were obliged to stoop. The difficulty of following them is greater from the fact, that they are generally constructed in three stories, so that you constantly meet with steps which ascend or descend. At times, however, they expand into apartments arched overhead, and large enough to contain a small company. On each side are cavities in which were placed the bodies of the dead, and small apertures where lamps were found. But few sarcophagi were discovered here, and these probably date from the fourth century, when persecution had ceased, and more of the higher classes had begun to hand in their adherence to the faith. Before this, no pomp or ceremony attended the burial of the Christians, when their friends hastily laid them in these dark vaults. They sought not the sculptured marble to inclose their remains, but were contented with the rude emblems which were carved

above, merely to show that for the body resting there they expected a share in the glory of the resurrection. Very many of the graves are those of children, and sometimes a whole family are interred together. The cavities were cut into the soft stone, just large enough for the body, with a semi-circular excavation for the head, and the opening was closed with a thin slab of marble. It was, indeed, a most interesting scene, as we followed the old monk with his trailing garments and noiseless tread through these dark and silent passages. On each side of us were the yawning graves. For a moment they seemed to open, as the taper we carried brought them into the little circle of light, and then, as we passed, they closed again in the darkness. We were wandering among the dead in Christ, who more than sixteen centuries ago were borne to their rest. Around us were the remains of some, who, perhaps, had listened to the voices of apostles, and who lived while men were still upon the earth who had seen Jesus of Nazareth, as he went on his pilgrimage through the length and breadth of Judea. It was a scene, however, to be felt more than to be described—a place in which to gather materials for thought for all our coming days, carrying us back, as it did, to the earliest ages of our faith—ages when the only strife was,

as to who should be foremost in that contest through which their Lord was to 'inherit the earth' The holy spirit of the place—the *genius loci*—seemed to impress itself upon all. They were hushed into a reverential silence; or, if they spoke, it was in low and subdued tones. Yet we were glad to ascend the worn steps, and find ourselves once more in the church above. We noticed, indeed, that the corners we turned in these intricate passages were marked with white paint to guide us, yet a sudden current of air extinguishing our lights would make these signs useless, and from the crumbling nature of the rock there is always danger of the caving in of a gallery, or some other accident, which might involve a party in one common fate. We were told, indeed, that no longer ago than 1837, a school of nearly thirty youth, with their teacher, descended into these Catacombs on a visit, and never reappeared. The passage through which they entered, and which has since been walled up, was pointed out to us. Every search was made, but in vain; and somewhere in these labyrinths they are mouldering by the side of the early disciples of our faith. The scene which then was exhibited in these dark passages, and the chill which gradually crept over their young spirits as hope yielded to despair, could be described only by Dante, in terms in which he has portrayed the death of Ugolina and his sons in the Tower of Famine, at Pisa."

Such is a rapid glance at this terranacta—these vast subterranean regions. Before referring more fully to their inscriptions and the deductions to be drawn from them, let us cast our glance back a little over their history. Their origin is lost in the obscurity of the distant vista. They are the remains of a period anterior to the founding of Rome. Under the name of *Etruscans*, historians speak of a people who, like the Aztecs of our own Continent, preceded all authentic history on the Italian peninsula. Ruins, massive ruins, which would have required these stupendous quarries, remain to attest their greatness; but their language is undeciphered—as unintelligible as that on the marvelous monuments of Central America. The museums of Italy are crowded with monuments of their art; but these reflect no revelation of their epoch. These amazing excavations about Rome are attributed to

them, and we doubt not most correctly; but when they were wrought no one can even conjecture. Similar evidences of a mighty primeval race are traced, not only throughout the southern part of Italy, but in Sicily, the Isles of the Mediterranean, in Greece and Asia Minor—Cyclopean and Pelagian monuments and the quarries whence they were derived.

The rocky earth about Rome is easily worked; it consists of puzzolana, "a volcanic or sandy rock, well adapted for the excavation of long galleries." At the advent of Christianity the disciples in the eternal city found in them at once asylums from persecution, sanctuaries for worship, and graves for their dead. They became, as we have quoted from an eloquent writer, "the encampment of the Christian host besieging pagan Rome, and driving inward its mines and trenches, with an assurance of final victory." It is probable that the *Arenarii*, or sand-diggers and quarrymen—the lowest class of the people—became the first Christians of Rome; they knew the labyrinthine passages of the subterranean city; and thus was provided a refuge for the Church in the "fiery trials" of its early persecutions. Bishop Kip, whose fervid and devout spirit seems always congenial with his theme, asks—"May we not trace in this the hand of a protecting Providence? The Church was about to enter the furnace of affliction, and to be encircled by the rage of the adversaries; here, then, had previously been provided a sure refuge, where it could abide until the storm was overpast. This was the cradle of the infant community. And, perhaps, we may go a step further, and assert, that while the Church in Rome owed much of the rapidity of its triumph to the protection afforded by the Catacombs, by furnishing a place of refuge where the faithful generally had a secure retreat, in later times the lessons taught by these ancient sepulchers must have long served to arrest the progress of innovation, as the Roman Christians beheld recorded, before their eyes, evidences of the faith held 'in their fathers' day, and in the old time before them.' That the Catacombs were, throughout, well known to the early Christians, is evident; for all parts bear trace of their occupancy. We meet on every side with tombs and chapels, paintings and inscriptions, and for three hundred years the entire Christian population

of Rome found sepulture in these recesses. The 'Acts of the Martyrs' relate many attempts made by the persecutors of the early Christians, to trace them in these retreats. But the entrances were so numerous, scattered for miles over the Campagna, and the labyrinths below so complicated, and blocked up in various places, that pursuit was generally useless. Occasionally, however, these efforts were successful, and the Catacombs became not only the burial-place of the martyrs, but also the scene of their last sufferings."

Several instances of martyrdom in the Catacombs are on record, and it is probable that terrific scenes of slaughter—the shouts of the persecutors and soldiery, mingling with the hymns, prayers and sobs of the hunted martyr throngs—were often witnessed by these solemn retreats. There is an inscription on a martyr's tomb which, with the usual brevity and simplicity of those records, refers affectingly to an incident of the kind. It is dated in the Fifth Persecution, A. D. 161.

"GENVA ENIM FLECTENS VERO DEO SA
CRIFICATVRVS AD SVPPPLICIA DVCTVRO
TEMPORA INFAVSTA QVIBVS INTEE SA
ORA ET VOTA NE IN CAVERNIS QVIDEM
SALVARI POSSIMVS."

"For while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O sad times! in which sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, afford no protection to us!"

Throughout the series of terrible persecutions which, in attempting to annihilate only sustained and kept pure the primitive Church of Rome, these caverns are often referred to, even in the edicts of the government, and it was sometimes proposed to destroy them, as the only way to destroy the ever resuscitating sect. Lord Lindsay (*Christian Art*, vol. i, p. 4) says eloquently:—"To our classic associations, indeed, Rome was still, under Trajan and the Antonines, the city of the Cæsars, the metropolis of pagan idolatry—in the pages of her poets and historians we still linger among the triumphs of the capitol, the shows of the Coliseum—or if we read of a Christian being dragged before the tribunal, or exposed to the beasts, we think of him as one of a scattered community, few in number, spiritless in action, and politically insignificant. But all this while there was living beneath the visible, an invisible Rome—a population unheeded, unreckoned—thought of vaguely, vaguely

spoken of, and with the familiarity and indifference that men feel who live on a volcano; yet a population strong-hearted, of quick impulses, nerved alike to suffer or to die, and in numbers, resolution, and physical force, sufficient to have hurled their oppressors from the throne of the world, had they not deemed it their duty to kiss the rod, to love their enemies, to bless those that cursed them, and to submit, for their Redeemer's sake, to the 'powers that be.' Here, in these 'dens and caves of the earth,' they lived; here, they died—a 'spectacle' in their lifetime 'to men and angels,' and on their death a 'triumph' to mankind—a triumph of which the echoes still float around the walls of Rome, and over the desolate Campagna, while those that once thrilled the capitol are silenced, and the walls that returned them have long since crumbled into dust."

After three hundred years of refuge, and suffering, and praying, in these dark intricacies, the sufferers triumphed. Their cause could not die. "Christianity," says Bishop Kip, "emerging from these recesses, walked boldly on the soil beneath which she had so long been glad to seek concealment." The labyrinth of rude alleys had become walled with the graves of martyrs—men, women, and little children—who had counted not their lives dear unto them in comparison with fidelity to their Lord; and now pilgrims resorted to them for meditation and prayer. Jerome records his visits with his Roman brethren. The dying, not now allowed to share the honors of martyrdom with the humble saints of the Catacombs, wished, nevertheless, to share their graves; and, writes our author, "Popes and prelates, kings and queens, emperors and empresses, the highest in rank and the most devout in life, or most penitent in death, were for some centuries interred in these crypts, in the neighborhood of the tombs of Roman slaves and criminals, Christian laborers and hewers of stone, and the early martyrs. Even from the remote parts of Europe, the bodies of illustrious persons were carried thither for sepulture, as, a few centuries later, princes and nobles commanded in their wills, that their bodies, or at least their hearts, should be carried to Palestine and buried in the Holy Land." Macfarlane gives the names of at least ten kings and emperors

who were buried there—ignoble though royal dust among the precious remains of the thousands of unknown martyrs whose "record," scarcely traceable on these walls, shines in living light "on high."

Bishop Kip traces, somewhat irrelevantly, perhaps, to his design, yet with much interest, the history of the Catacombs during the Middle Ages. The Huns under Attila, and the Goths under Totila, the Lombards and the Saracens, successively ransacked them for treasure; and during the medieval civil wars of Italy, the nobles and their feudal slaves often met in deadly combat in these silent and hallowed passages, which gleamed with the light of torches and echoed with the war shouts, "The Colonna! the Colonna!" and, "Beware of the bear's hug!" while along the walls might be seen, through the broken slabs, the skeleton faces of the dead—the dead who had braved the weapons of blood for Christ in life, and could not now be disturbed by their clangor in the hallowed sleep of death. Solitary pilgrims, too, in still later times, found their way to these quiet depths, with devout though sometimes superstitious hearts, to pray and to meditate. An inscription as late as 1321 is found with the following noble passage—noble in its heroic and poetic sentiment, though tinged with the ideas of the age:—"Gather together, O Christians, in these caverns, to read the holy books, to sing hymns to the honor of martyrs and the saints that here lie buried, having died in the Lord; to sing psalms for those who are now dying in the faith. There is light in this darkness. There is music in these tombs."

Subsequently the Catacombs became comparatively neglected, and indeed forgotten. Their entrances were blocked up by the caving in of the tufa, and not till the researches of Bosio in the sixteenth century were they reopened. That assiduous ecclesiastic devoted thirty years to exploring and recording the memorials of the labyrinth. It became his own sanctuary; and he spent so much of his time in its darkness, that it is said the "light of the sun was painful to his eyes." Since his day, successive antiquarians have continued the researches, some of them devoting their lives to the task. Boldetti spent more than thirty years in studying the tombs and crypts. The English and

the French have, within a few years, produced some valuable volumes respecting them, and the French government has provided for a magnificent work, which is to embody all the important results of the researches of a commission which it sent to the Catacombs.

Bishop Kip's volume is, we believe, the only one yet produced by our own country on the subject; it is a faithful, though a succinct account of these interesting antiquities, giving their history, with numerous descriptive specimens, and soberly-drawn deductions. The style of his treatise is most happily congenial with the theme; it is fervid and devout, and not unfrequently eloquent—well adapted to give not only a popular interest, but a salutary popular effect to the work. In a subsequent number we shall present illustrated descriptions of the tombs and symbols of the Catacombs; with some of the theological deductions which they afford.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE SUMMONS.

BY SMITH KELY, JR.

MERRIMKS I hear
Funeral bells my requiem toll!
Swells on my ear
The knell which summons my reluctant soul.

And must I die?
Thou spectral shadow with uplifted dart,
O pass me by!
Earth's glowing charms well satisfy my heart.

Take me not yet,
While round my path upspring the gentle flowers,
Whose leaves are wet
With sparkling pearls, scatter'd by vernal showers.

Let me live on,
Till winter's breath has blanch'd my head with snow;
When youth has flown—
And hope departs—O then, I'll gladly go!

In vain I pray!
Death's icy hand is feeling for my heart:
Fading away—
The flashing visions of the earth depart.

I come, O grave!
To wander blindly through thy murky gloom:
A guide I crave—
A light, to cheer the darkness of the tomb.

Trembling I trust
That He who thro' the Vale of Death has gone,
When life is hush'd,
Will guide me onward to a brighter home.

THE REFORMED—A TRUE STORY.*

MR. AND MRS. RAYMOND were raised in New-England, and were of the genuine Puritan stock. The mothers of both were left in widowhood during the revolutionary struggle, and the children passed the critical period of youth without the protection and supervision of the parent upon whom the most weighty part of family government depends.

They had "reached their teens" when the struggle of the "colonies" seemed to be hanging in very doubtful suspense. Mrs. Raymond's father died in the army, and her mother was left poor and dependent with a sickly infant at her breast. Ann was about fifteen when this event occurred, and upon her necessarily devolved a large share of the labor of the house, as well as the business out of doors. During "the hard winter," she was obliged to bring wood from the neighboring hill, chopping it with her own hands, to warm her mother's cottage. By this course of discipline, Ann acquired a hardness of muscle, a strength of purpose, and a power of endurance which never left her through a long life.

When young, Raymond was united in holy matrimony to Ann Taylor, at the house of the village parson; so far as pecuniary interests are concerned, their fortune was to be made "out of whole cloth." They had, indeed, an excellent web out of which to cut a fortune, for they were in the possession of nerves

* The only exceptions to the literality of the tale are the names of the persons concerned, the description of some of the localities, and a small draught upon the imagination for a portion of the circumstances which could not be supplied by authentic information.



"WILL YOU TAKE A GLASS?"

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

hardened by severe physical labor, and rendered elastic by the confidence which honesty of purpose and innocence of life inspire.

Some time between the close of the revolutionary war and the commencement of the nineteenth century, Mr. Raymond, with some half a dozen children, immigrated to "the new country," some fifty miles west of the Hudson, in the State of New-York. The fierce Mohawks had just gone off to Canada, and the fairest portions of the glorious "lake country" were occupied as the hunting-grounds of "the six nations." Mr. Raymond erected a log cabin in a glen, by the side of a beautiful little stream of pure spring water, the lofty forest trees waving in the breeze over his humble dwelling. By night the howling of the savage wolf would reverberate from hill to hill, and the scream of the panther would cause a quaking among the small herds of the neighboring farms.

Hard-handed labor and strict economy supplied the necessities of the little group, which continued to enlarge until it reached the goodly number of a dozen, save one. In the mean time the first of a new race of missionaries penetrated these interior and secluded regions, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond and two daughters became subjects of a great moral change. This constituted the commencement of the religious era of this family. Mr. Raymond's humble dwelling was thenceforward a sort of *Bethel*, or house of God. Here the weary itinerant often found a resting place, and here was often heard the voice of prayer and praise, and here the people were often collected together to hear the word of life dispensed in great simplicity and power.

The Raymond family finally acquired a character, which, however really enviable it was, nevertheless subjected the younger members to much small persecution from their young companions. The family altar was ever kept up, and the morning and evening sacrifice was a thing of course. Puritanical strictness was enforced upon all, and no immorality suffered to pass without a fearful *religious* reckoning. Religious things and religious people were never made matters of jest.

Withal, religion was here invested with charms, and not made inconsistent with good cheer and innocent amusements. Mr. Raymond had a generous soul within him, and a natural mirthfulness which rendered him an exceedingly agreeable companion to the young, and made him the life of his large family circle. He was a fine singer, and performed well upon the flute; and after the evenings were spent in the cultivation of sacred music, which was always followed by prayer, they all retired to rest in a delightful state of mind, fully appreciating the bliss of true domestic union and sympathy sanctified by a vital Christianity.

Henry was one of the younger sons, and when a small lad became the subject of religious influence, and gave good promise of a life of usefulness. All the elder brothers and sisters were now members of the same Church, and great concern was felt lest the childish heart of little Harry should be turned back again to the vanities of the world. Harry was good-humored and playful, and, withal, unsuspecting and heedless. He was not

dull nor slow to judge of the opinions which some entertained of his religious pretensions. At length the precautions and reserve which, however well meant, were doubtless premature and improper, seemed to him to indicate a want of confidence in his religious character, and seemed to chill the ardor of his feelings. Finally he lost his confidence, and began to mingle with frivolous and irreligious company.

Time wrought various changes in the Raymond family: death seized some of the most lovely of the circle, and others were settled in life and located at different points. Harry was now the oldest son who remained; and he, in the natural course of things, began to be thrown into business associations, which were by no means favorable to the pious and sober habits which characterized the family. He was what in common parlance would be called "a good fellow." He was never out of humor, never in a hurry, always ready to try his hand in a rivalry with the strongest and best who could be produced. Withal, he was a musician, and performed well upon several instruments, and was, of course, an object of interest and attention at military parades and other public gatherings.

Now it was that Harry Raymond began to fall under influences of a most deleterious character. The drinking habits of many of the circles with which he mingled, gradually wore upon his moral convictions, and upon his resolution to abstain, until he could take "a social glass" and become merry with those who were under the unholy excitement of the intoxicating bowl. The vigilant eye of true friendship looked with deep concern upon the perils to which poor Harry was now exposed, and of which he seemed not at all aware. But occasions of temptation were not frequent, and the general course of things was not materially varied for several years, and no very threatening events arrived, until he was united in marriage to Harriet Breen, an interesting girl of fourteen.

Mr. Raymond was now becoming somewhat advanced in years, and naturally wished to give up the burdens of business. He had possessed himself of a small farm, of which his son Harry now took the charge. Young Mrs. Raymond became an inmate of the family, and soon imbibed

the religious spirit which still prevailed among the remaining members of the family circle, which had now been extensively broken up. She found in old Mrs. Raymond a mother indeed—one who not only entered into all her sympathies, under the heavy and unexpected domestic trials which will soon be noticed, but who could give her spiritual instructions and consolation, as occasion required.

The practice of "taking a little" of the maddening draught increased upon Henry, until he occasionally became disguised, and was irregular in his return from the neighboring villages, to which he now made frequent visits under the pretexts of business. The terrible and long-expected event finally transpired. At a late hour Harry drove up and succeeded in getting into the house. His horses had been overdriven and neglected, and he was stupefied with drink and benumbed with cold. There were two individuals, who had occupied each a corner by the fire, in mute sorrow and breathless suspense, while the teapot sat upon the embers and the table was spread with what was necessary to supply the cravings of hunger. These two—the wife and the mother—were the first to give the needed help to the nearly helpless object of many hours of indescribable solicitude. When Harry had been conducted to his bed, with many expressions of kindness and sympathy, his two guardian angels retired—not to sleep, but to have their imagination haunted, during the remaining hours of the night, by the repetition of the scene which had passed before them. That was a night of anguish, of tears, and of prayers, which can only be appreciated by the Father of mercies, who fathoms the depths of human sorrow and counts the sighs of his children.

The day which succeeded was a gloomy one. A few words of most significant rebuke from the wife and the mother, and the down-cast countenance and sad pensiveness of old Mr. Raymond, which always expressed unutterable things, were met by a confused expression of the countenance, and a vague glancing of the eye in different directions, but with no angry words. It is enough—indeed too much—much more than I could wish—to say, that the same scene, with slight variations of circumstances, was occasionally repeated. Admonitions and tender expostulations ex-

torted promises of amendment, which were kept for a time, longer or shorter according to circumstances, but were finally broken.

The terrible, the astounding facts were brought to the knowledge of brothers and sisters abroad, and a sense of deep mortification, as well as a feeling of heart-breaking sorrow, passed through the entire family circle. Family pride was wounded, and, in some instances, some little indignation for the moment was indulged. Why is it that our lovely circle must be disgraced with one recreant member, and one who possesses so many excellent natural qualities, and for whom so much has been done by the providence of God, by religion, by friends? was often asked. But the matter finally resolved itself into a religious question, and resort was had to prayer and earnest personal appeal. All prayed to the God who has the hearts of all men in his hands for help in the great emergency, while wife, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, in turn, exhorted and warned Henry, in the most affectionate and melting strains.

About this time he received a letter from James, which concluded in this wise:—"And now, my dear Henry, I pray you to hear me willingly for a moment, in a matter which presses more heavily upon my heart, and is of more solemn interest to you than anything beside. You will anticipate the subject—it is *your course of life*. I trust you have not forgotten that you have a wife, parents, brothers and sisters, who naturally care for you, and feel a deep interest in what concerns your honor and happiness. Nor can you have altogether forgotten that you have a soul which will live when the world, and all within it, shall be consumed. But is your conduct consistent with anything like a rational conviction of these facts? Are you not breaking the hearts of the *wife* of your youth and the *mother* who bore you? Are you not mortifying and grieving all of us to death? More, are you not hastening to a premature and a dishonorable grave, and to an awful account after death? O, my dear brother, how can we give you up! Have mercy upon us—have some pity upon yourself—and break off your absurd and ruinous course—and turn about, while you may, and live. Could I take you in my arms this moment, I would bathe your brow with my tears, and would,

if you would allow me, bring you to our common Saviour, and see you again united to his fold. What, my dear Henry, shall I say to prevail upon you to forsake your ruinous course, and return to your duty? Let me assure you that prayers and tears will follow you to the last. God grant that they may not be swift witnesses against you in the day of judgment.

"As ever, your affectionate brother."

As Henry's eyes ran hastily over the lines of this letter, his heart palpitated, his countenance changed, first being deeply flushed, then turning as pale as a corpse—and when he had read the last word, his hand which held the letter fell into his lap, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. He rose up, and walked off to a retired spot, where he alternately wept immoderately, and made strong efforts to brace himself up, and recover his wonted indifference. He, however, resolved that he would never again be seen intoxicated.

This purpose was adhered to for several months; but, in an evil hour, he was again overcome, and now he seemed more fatally prostrated than ever. The efforts of friends were again renewed, and they finally succeeded in prevailing upon the object of their solicitude to "sign the pledge." Strong hopes were now entertained that Henry would not relapse. For months he was sober and industrious as ever, and the family seemed to think the danger had passed over, and felt their hopes assured.

The consternation of the Raymond family, and of their sympathizing friends, may be better imagined than described, upon the dreadful event of another lapse of poor Henry. Circumstances transpired, which are so common and well known that they need not be described, which proved more than a match for the strength of purpose and the power of conscience, which, in this case, had been too much relied upon, and down went the unfortunate victim of a rampant appetite, deeper than ever, into the mire of intemperance. Henry now lost his self-respect, and, to a most fearful extent, his respect for the feelings and admonitions of his friends. He spent days and weeks from home—he lounged about rum-shops and country towns, until he became an object of general commiseration.

Many now gave up Harry Raymond for lost. His youthful companion almost lost

heart, and scarcely knew how to brook the evils which she suffered. Old Mr. Raymond often groaned out, "Poor Harry is ruined—and, I fear, will never be recovered." But there was one heart that held out—supported by faith and hope—graces which had been tried as in the fire, and which, at this period of life, had ceased to falter. And whose heart was this but that of the *mother* of the unfortunate and apparently ruined victim of a monster vice? The heart of the *mother* felt most keenly the fearful situation of the object of her solicitude—she was not blind to his dangers nor his faults—she saw the impotency of human resolutions, and all motives founded upon mere self-respect or worldly prospects in a struggle with an overpowering appetite for the intoxicating draught; but she knew full well the efficacy of prayer. Her dependence was upon God alone, and not upon plans of man's devising. She never, for a moment, gave up "poor Harry;" but despite of all the discouraging circumstances which arose, she persisted in believing, and in declaring, that "her prodigal son would finally return."

In the mean time, no efforts were spared to awaken the conscience, to alarm the fears, and to rekindle the domestic feelings of the inebriate. Whenever he came home—at whatever hour of the day or night—under whatever circumstances—however degraded and disgusting his appearance, he always met a kind reception, and found prompt provisions made for his pressing wants. When he had recovered himself from a state of entire or partial intoxication, he was then kindly expostulated with, and urged to "stay at home," and give the family the pleasure of his company, and the benefit of his help upon the farm. These "cords of love" would restrain him for a while; but the stern demands of a morbid appetite would finally break them asunder, and the victim would again find himself bound within the folds of the monstrous serpent, whose coils are as crushing as those of the merciless anaconda, and whose venom is cruel as the grave.

Prayer was made unceasingly for poor Henry. He was formally remembered in the morning and evening sacrifice. His case was carried to God in secret by a large circle of relatives and acquaintances; and often in the social prayer meeting was fervent intercession offered up to God for

the same object by a score of earnest, believing Christians.

Several of Mr. Raymond's family were located in the neighborhood, and Catherine Dunbar was one. It happened that on a beautiful morning, Henry Raymond came to his sister's house unusually sober, especially considering that he had been absent from home for a week or more. While a breakfast was being prepared for him, he sat in the corner in a pensive mood, and, after he had taken his breakfast, he resumed the same position, and seemed lost in thought. Catherine finally interrupted his reverie with a proposition which seemed to astonish him. "Harry," said she, "come, go with me to the meeting this morning; we are having very interesting services at the church." "Me go with you to church!" answered Henry: "that would be of no use—*nobody cares anything about me.*" "Dear Henry," rejoined Catherine, "how can you think so! have we not all given you evidence enough of our regards, and our anxious desires for your welfare?" Henry hung his head, and with quivering lips and broken utterance, rejoined: "I am not fit to be seen in decent company;" and looking upon himself as though until that moment he had been perfectly insensible to the condition of his person, added: "Kate, I have yet a little too much pride to show my head in the church in such a condition as this." "You are right, Harry, perfectly right," answered Catherine, "and I can help you out of the trouble at once—wash yourself up, and I'll furnish you with a good suit of clothes. You and Thomas"—her husband—"are just of a size." "I don't know about borrowing a suit of clothes to wear to meeting," answered Henry. "My dear brother," rejoined Catherine, "it is no time for you to indulge in such foolish pride; this may be the last of your day of grace. Come now," said she, taking him by the arm, "do please me this time, and I will promise you that you will never regret it." Henry sat dumb for a moment, and then began to move as though he had consented. The suit was soon in readiness, and he was washed and shaved. The next hour he walked up to the church by the side of Catherine; and no little surprise was occasioned by his appearance.

The pious old couple had been heard, that morning especially, to pray that God would reach the heart of their miserable

son. They were seated when Henry entered; and it was to them the signal of a fervent ejaculation to God, that the wanderer might be awakened and reclaimed. The discourse was appropriate, and sank down into the hearts of many; and Henry Raymond was among those who felt "the word of God, like a hammer, breaking in pieces the rock." He, however, managed to hold up his head until the social prayer-meeting came on. At a particular stage of the exercises, old Mr. Raymond, with his melodious, tremulous voice, struck up—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy"—

when, quick as a flash of lightning, a thousand old associations were revived in Henry's mind. His heart began to melt; and when the old gentleman poured out a flood of melting melody upon the lines—

"If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call"—

the fountains of grief were unstopped, and poor Henry wept and sobbed aloud. A few encouraging words were whispered in his ear; and, after the service had closed, he returned with Catherine, silent and sad.

The circumstances had electrified the assembly, and constituted the principal topic of conversation on the way home. The pious hoped, and the careless were astonished: but none uttered a contemptuous word. One of Henry's companions, who was present, seemed to partake of the sympathies of the occasion. "Now," said he, "if Harry should take a religious turn, blame me if I think it would hurt him—for the fact is, he's getting a little bit too bad." Another rejoined: "If he should come out strong, won't they have a time over at the old man's? I should like to be there, and see them carry on about five minutes."

Old Mr. Raymond and his consort went home with an unusually quick step; and upon entering the cottage, the old lady said to Harriet, (who had remained at home, brooding over her troubles,) "Dear Harriet, what do you think? Henry was at meeting, and seemed much affected. 'Henry at meeting!' exclaimed Harriet, and leaning her head upon her hand, she sighed, and said no more.

When the tide of Henry's feelings ha.

subsided a little, he was the subject of severe temptation; and upon being prompted by Catherine to return to the meeting at evening, he said: "I think I'll not go this evening." "Go; yes, Henry, do go," answered Catherine. "The people," said Henry, "stared at me as though I had been an elephant; and I've no doubt they all know whose clothes I have on." "Do n't mind that, it's nobody's business, Henry; and, besides, I tell you they are all glad to see you there. Even Dick Simons made remarks upon the subject that would astonish you; and besides, now, just recollect that all is at stake—now you may turn the scale for woe or bliss by this one decision." Henry lingered, and Catherine implored—at one period he seemed finally to have resolved to decline attending the meeting that evening.—"Kate," said he, "just let me stay here and read the Bible, and I'll go again to-morrow." Catherine thought she saw the device of Satan in the proposition; and felt that it was the very point at which defeat would probably be fatal; and now she rallied and made a fresh assault. Throwing her arms around Henry's neck, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O, my dearest brother, can you thwart the hopes of father, mother, and Harriet—poor dear Harriet—by one fatal step. I have just learned that Harriet will be at the meeting to-night—and, O, how disappointed and grieved she will be!"—"Stop, stop, Kate!" said Henry, "I'll go, come what will."

He went to the meeting; and there were all the connections and neighbors in a state of breathless anxiety to see how poor Harry Raymond would shape his course. Harriet, pensive and trembling, took her seat in a retired place, as much out of sight as possible, and waited the issue. The matter in Henry's mind was now settled. He had already broke ground, and he must go on, or, in all certainty, be a fresh occasion of grief to his friends, be jeered by his companions in sin, and probably be forsaken by God, and soon plunged into irretrievable ruin. At a suitable time he arose, and, with a trembling voice, confessed his sins, and expressed his purpose to lead a new life. His story was brief, but it produced a wonderful effect upon the audience, and marvelously strengthened his own resolutions. He kaelt down, and gave vent to the feel-

ings of godly sorrow, while he audibly uttered the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Many encouraging words were spoken to the returning prodigal, while fervent prayers were offered up for his deliverance from the guilt of sin, and the power of an almost invincible habit.

The service closed, and Henry joined Harriet at the door, and they walked, arm in arm, to the cottage. When all were seated, Henry made a most humble confession, and was proceeding to "ask pardon" for all the wrongs he had inflicted upon their feelings, when old Mr. Raymond interrupted him with, "My dear Henry, say nothing about us; we have pardoned you, so far as we could, long ago: the most we are concerned about is that you have sinned against God. If he will forgive you—and we know he is both able and willing—all the rest will be soon settled." "Ah," responded Henry, "he cannot forgive me, as I see, without abandoning his justice; for if ever a sinner deserved to go to hell, I do." Tears coursed down the cheeks of the venerable patriarch, and while he was trying sufficiently to recover his feelings to respond encouragingly, and Harriet was groaning and sighing from the bottom of her almost broken heart, old Mrs. Raymond, not being able to restrain her deep emotions any longer, broke out in such strains as she alone could command, under circumstances so calculated to carry away all the barriers of feeling. "What!" said she, "God not willing to forgive you, when we, poor creatures, so little like him, could not have it in our hearts to retain the slightest sense of the wrongs you have done, only as they affect your happiness? This cannot be, my son. Like the father who ran to meet his poor, miserable son, while a great way off, your heavenly Father will meet you in mercy, and freely forgive you all. Yes, he will; I know he will;" and turning to the old gentleman, she respectfully, but earnestly asked,—“Father, shall we not have prayers?”

The old gentleman instantly bowed down, and all followed his example. He prayed in tremulous and plaintive tones, but in the language of assurance. When he had concluded, the venerable matron followed, in much the same strain, with the additional circumstance, that she humbly asked God now to fulfil the prom-

ise which he had so often brought home to her sorrowing heart, that he would "bring home his banished." When the old lady had earnestly and solemnly said "Amen," after a brief pause she said—"Now, Harriet, child, can you not pray?" Harriet uttered a few words and broke down.

"Dear Henry," said the old gentleman, "now pray for yourself." Henry ejaculated, "Save, Lord, or I perish. O my sins—my sins press me down like mountains! Canst thou have mercy upon such a wretch as I am?" and ended with broken utterances of sorrow, and some expressions which indicated an approach to despair.

All retired; but there was little sleep for the inmates of the cottage during that memorable night. In the morning old Mr. Raymond chose for the occasion the one hundred and sixteenth psalm. It was a perfect expression of the feelings of the penitent Henry. When all bowed down in prayer, the patriarch addressed the throne of grace in importunate and confiding language, particularly pleading the promises made to those who are of "a contrite spirit." This went to Henry's heart, and he arose from his knees with hope springing up in his soul; he saw "men as trees walking." Light increased through the day, and the following night found Henry Raymond a calm, confiding disciple, at the feet of Jesus.

Now the joy of the pious exhibited itself in the most free and tender congratulations. Henry Raymond was welcomed to the religious circles of the village, and all the privileges of the Church. All were glad, and all most cordially sympathized with the Raymonds. Even a certain class of wags seemed delighted, and often would remark, "A happy turn this for poor Harry." "Yes," another would add, "and I hope he will stick to his text." The news soon spread throughout the neighboring towns, and it was, of course, matter of remark with the different classes of persons, according to their tastes and moral sentiments. Some predicted that his religious career would be short, while others ardently hoped for better things.

The tavern keepers, for the present, at least, had lost a constant visitor; and one of these heartless men, upon hearing of the conversion of Harry Raymond, dryly

muttered out—"It is an ill wind that blows no good. I shall now be likely to get my grog bill, for Harry will go to work, and he's as honest a fellow as ever lived."

All was now right in the cottage. Henry set himself at work to improve the condition of things upon the premises, and to provide himself with decent apparel, while he lacked no aid which his wants required. His debts were soon discharged, and almost before he was aware of it, he had gained universal confidence. He was soon called upon, in turn, to lead the family devotions, and to take an active part in social meetings; and when he opened his mouth to speak or pray, all were silent and solemn. Many who, on other occasions, showed little regard for religion, were moved to tears by his affecting appeals, and were often heard to remark—"Harry is now sincere, anyhow, whatever he does hereafter."

All Henry Raymond's friends rejoiced at the marvelous change which had taken place in his life and conduct, but they "rejoiced with trembling." They did not immediately spread the matter abroad, by writing letters to distant members of the family, but prudently set themselves to surround the object of their solicitude with every encouragement and help to constancy.

In the mean time James, with a portion of his family, came to visit his parents, not knowing whether he should find Henry with the heart of a brother, if even alive. On reaching the neighborhood he met a friend of the family who, after identifying James Raymond, earnestly asked, "Have you heard from Henry lately?" "Not a word," was the reply. "Well, then," rejoined he, "I have good news for you. He is clothed, and in his right mind. He has experienced religion, and for the last six months has been as sober and respectable a man as there is in the town." This was "good news," indeed. What the character of the meeting and the visit was, the reader may judge.

And now I end my story by saying that Henry Raymond was assisted in the matter of improving his education by his brothers. He entered the ministry in due time, and, at the time of this present writing, for thirteen years has been a faithful and successful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

[For the National Magazine.]

REV. RICHARD M'ALLISTER.

MANY pleasing facts connected with the early history of Methodism are, no doubt, embalmed in the memories of its older ministers. They delight to relate them as illustrations of the work of God in its origin and early progress, and they generally interest, and not unfrequently edify their hearers. One such incident is in my possession, and I communicate it for the reader's entertainment, and perchance instruction.

Within the bounds of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Conferences, many yet remember the devoted Richard M'Allister. I knew him well. It is more than thirty years ago that I had the privilege of forming his acquaintance. Nearly three years I lived in his father's house, and the incidents I shall relate I received directly from the family or himself.

Archibald M'Allister, Esq., the father of Richard, was a man of note in his neighborhood. He had been an officer in the revolutionary army, and had something of the military in his character. To a genial warmth of feeling, ease, and cordiality of manner, and real kindness of heart, he added a considerable share of self-will. He was easily excited; but his passion soon died away, and left him subject to the kindest feelings.

His residence was at Fort Hunter, on the east bank of the Susquehanna River, six miles above Harrisburg, where he owned a handsome property, which still remains in the family. It is a romantic region. On the one side the majestic Susquehanna rolls its ceaseless tide of waters, which, chafed and irritated by the numerous rocks against which they perpetually beat in their passage, send forth a constant murmur, amounting in damp weather even to a roar. Some distance above the house, the river breaks through a spur of the Blue Mountain and makes a rapid descent, forming what are called Hunter's Falls. The channel of the river, though the stream is a mile wide, is very narrow, and is navigable for rafts and arks only a few weeks in the year; that is, in the freshets of spring and fall. The farm is surrounded by mountain ridges, green and well wooded to the top. The entire scenery is beautifully picturesque and wild. The road from Fort Hunter to Clark's

Ferry was one of the most romantic that I ever saw. In some spots it was truly sublime, the towering mountains rising abruptly from the water's edge. I say was; for the Pennsylvania Canal, made since that day, has very much changed its character. But it is wildly grand still; and no doubt many a voyager on the canal has felt his mind elevated to sublimity as, passing between the mountain base and the noble river, he has seen the immense masses of rock jutting out high above his head, threatening to fall upon him and crush him and his frail craft at once.

It was but a few years before I resided there that Methodism had been introduced into that neighborhood. I found two members of Mr. M'Allister's family (nieces) members of the Methodist Church; and also a daughter, but she was married and had removed to the state of New-York. Richard had already commenced his ministry. It is of this fact in his history that I am about to speak.

When the Methodist ministers first came into his neighborhood, Mr. M'Allister was strongly opposed to them. Nevertheless, he at length yielded so far as to allow them to establish meetings on his property, his tenants, and work people, and servants forming a considerable part of the congregation. At length his oldest daughter and youngest son united with this flock, at that time so feeble and lightly esteemed in the circle of his acquaintance. This was far from being agreeable to the father's wishes; but he was not implacable nor unreasonable. In fact he found that these people were not as he at first supposed, "setters forth of strange gods," but only "preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection." A decided change in his views took place, so that he at length gave land upon his estate to build a church, and contributed a large part toward the expense. Many still remember the old Fishing Creek Church, on what was then, and for many years afterward, Dauphin Circuit. An unostentatious church, to be sure, it was, nestling there in the valley, with the mountain streamlet gurgling by its side; yet to many souls is that little church dear, for it was radiant with more than worldly charms. To many it was as the gate of heaven.

Yet was Mr. M'Allister still far from possessing a sanctified or Christian spirit. This was a great grief to his eminently

pious and devoted children. Indeed, he barely endured their Christian life, and often gave painful evidence of his want of sympathy with them. It happened one day when he and Richard were engaged in their rural affairs on some part of the premises distant from the dwelling, that Mr. M'Allister, under a provocation, gave way to a burst of temper, accompanied with a profane expression, for which Richard reproved him. This so offended the father that he struck him, and ordered him instantly to leave his house. Richard took him at his word; went home, packed up a few things in a handkerchief, and, with his bundle on his arm, kissed his mother and departed, no one knew whither.

When his father came in, the first thing he did was to inquire for Richard. When Mrs. M'Allister, who was a most superior woman, as well as affectionate mother, related what had occurred, the father was struck dumb, not dreaming that what he had said in his haste would be literally taken. He loved his son, and thought with agony of his situation. It was the depth of winter. He had gone on foot, slenderly provided, as he knew he must be, with funds, without letters, a small supply of clothing, and but indifferently prepared to buffet with the world. He immediately ordered every horse from his stables, and sent a rider in every direction in search of the wanderer. But it was in vain. The river was frozen over, and Richard, unseen by the family, had crossed on the ice, and taken the road direct for Baltimore, where he had few acquaintances, if any; but where he had learned that the Methodist Church was strong and influential, and where he hoped to find or make friends. The journey came near to having a fatal termination. The ground was covered with snow, the road on that side of the river running up a wild valley but thinly settled, was not well broken, and walking was very laborious. Richard having traveled on foot most of the day, became completely exhausted. Providentially, a gentleman who knew him overtook him on the road, and seeing his pitiable condition, dismounted and gave him the use of his horse, until they reached a place of accommodation. Thus assisted he finally reached Baltimore in safety. After what was thought a suitable delay, a friend communicated the place of Rich-

ard's residence to his father, who immediately sent another son to bring him home, giving him every assurance of the utmost indulgence in his religious views and habits. After this, for some time, he walked his Christian path without hinderance or molestation.

Some time after this—I do not know exactly how long—Richard felt that a dispensation of the gospel was committed to him; and having obtained permission, he began to pray and exhort in social meetings, greatly to the satisfaction of his Christian friends and the Church.

Mr. M'Allister thought Richard not at all fitted by education for the work of the ministry. His two elder sons, intended for professional life, were liberally educated; the two younger, being intended for rural pursuits, received only good substantial English instruction. To undertake the responsible work of the ministry, with so slender an amount of intellectual culture, the father thought preposterous in the extreme. He was willing to send him to college and prepare him for the ministry in a branch of the Church possessing better opportunities for eligible situations; but this did not meet Richard's views. He was a Methodist. He was impatient to begin his work. His brethren and the officary of the Church saw that he had native talents,—sound judgment, clear views of theology, and especially a correct knowledge of the way of salvation,—and they saw him fitted in their view for immediate usefulness, and holding out great promise for the future. They were as earnest as Richard was that he should lose no time in commencing his ministry.

It was drawing toward the close of the conference year, and Richard was particularly anxious to obtain his recommendation from the Quarterly Conference, and be admitted into the ensuing Annual Conference in April; the father was equally anxious to prevent it. They both had a secret motive for this solicitude—and yet scarcely secret either, since each knew what was passing in the other's mind. The fact was, Mr. M'Allister's eldest son, George Washington, afterward well known as Colonel M'Allister, who, on completing his education, had gone to Georgia, had married and become wealthy, was expected with his family to spend the summer at his father's house. He was a

very superior man, of high accomplishments, finished education, and of noble, honorable, elevated sentiments and bearing. Richard feared as much as his father hoped from the influence of this highly cultivated but worldly brother. However, Washington arrived, and Richard was yet at home. His father had utterly refused to supply him with a horse and the necessary equipments for an itinerant minister. Richard feared the worst from the combined influence of father and brother. The father soon communicated his views to Washington, and, according to expectation, quite secured him on his own side. Washington had no idea that Richard should expose himself and disgrace the family by attempting what he considered him inadequate to perform.

It so chanced some little time after this, that Richard, who had already received a local preacher's license, and officiated occasionally in the neighborhood, had an appointment in the church on his father's estate. The father, hearing of it, told Washington that it would be an excellent opportunity for him to hear and judge for himself, when he had no doubt he would soon put an end to this preaching mania. All things being thus arranged, Washington placed himself in the congregation. Those who were present related to me the facts. Richard, instead of quailing before the keen eye that was so scrutinizingly bent upon him, only called more fervently upon his God, and threw himself upon his gracious aid. He was nerved to uncommon vigor. The opening services passed off without anything marked. After taking his text, the preacher soon began to show that he was not the novice that his brother had supposed. He handled his subject with skill, his ideas flowed freely, his language was correct and sufficiently copious, and after a time there began to breathe through his words a holy influence, a sacred power that touched the heart. Washington was first surprised, then astonished, at length amazed, until, forgetting where he was, as his hands rested on the back of the seat before him, he gradually and unconsciously rose upon his feet, his nether jaw dropped down, and thus standing upright in the middle of the congregation with his mouth half open, he listened in breathless attention to the sermon. As soon as the service was ended he returned to the house. The

father was waiting to learn the issue. "Well, Washington, what do you think of this preaching now?"

"Father," was the calm and serious reply, "if ever a man was called to preach the gospel Richard is; and he ought to preach; and if you will not give him a horse and saddlebags I will."

"O!" said the father—for his resistance was all gone—"if he must have a horse and saddlebags, I suppose I am the most suitable person to buy them for him."

Richard had no more trouble. He ran a brief but bright career. He was appointed first to the city of Philadelphia, I think by the Presiding Elder; he then traveled for a short season with one of the bishops, by whom he was appointed to Baltimore to fill a vacancy, and thus became attached to the Baltimore Conference. After traveling a few years, while stationed a second time in Baltimore, he married a daughter of Colonel Barry of that city, and the same year took the yellow fever, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He filled one or two appointments afterward; but his health utterly failing, he went to the South for change of climate, and died in great peace and Christian triumph at the house of his brother in Georgia, who subsequently became a pious man, and died the death of the righteous.

Thus rose, and shone, and set, "a bright particular star" in Methodism. He was not a meteor. His light was mild, gentle, and constant; "a burning and a shining light" he was, and by the brightness of his example many were guided into the way of peace. As "he that winneth souls is wise," and "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever," so shall many in the last day, while they admire and approve his choice, bless God that they were ever permitted to know that devoted and exemplary minister of Christ, Richard M^rAllister.

CHILDHOOD.—Childhood is like the mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

AN AWKWARD ADVENTURE.

ONE evening in the autumn of 185—, during a temporary stay at a muddy little fishing station near the junction of the river Avon with the Bristol Channel, an adventure befell me, which might have been attended with very untoward results, and which I shall relate as briefly as may be. I had taken my residence for a week or two in the neighborhood, for the express purpose of holding communication and exchanging occasional visits with an old friend and schoolfellow, the captain of an India trader then lying at anchor in the roads. We generally spent our evenings together, either on board his vessel or at my lodgings, but always separated about an hour before midnight. The old boatman, who two or three times a week rowed me off to the vessel and brought me back again, happened to be out of the way one evening at the accustomed hour; and while I was waiting, almost ankle-deep in the brown sludge which the receding tide leaves upon that coast, expecting his appearance, a decent-looking middle-aged man pulled toward me in the merest cockle-shell of a craft, and, touching his hat of glazed tarpaulin, volunteered to supply his place. Without hesitating a moment I stepped into the boat, and, seating myself in the stern, pointed to the "Bhurt-poor," lying about a mile and a half in the offing, and told him to pull away.

The season was approaching the equinox, and, the wind blowing fresh, my appetite for dinner sharpened as we got clear of the mud-banks, which, as the tide runs out, rear their broad backs above the surface in that part of the river. The sun had sunk nearly to the level of the mountain-tops in distant Wales, but was still shining brightly when I took my seat; but we had not proceeded a mile before a dark cloud rising in the west, from which quarter the wind blew, rapidly curtained him from sight, and twilight came on much more suddenly than usual. The black cloud was the precursor of an angry squall, and I could discern the advancing scud glooming over the waters at a few miles' distance. I did not relish the notion of being caught in it, as with it was also advancing, as usual, a heavy shower of rain, against which I had no defense, and I urged the boatman to pull away with a will. "Ay, ay, sir," said he, tugging at

the oars, "trust me for putting your honor aboard without a wet jacket."

For about two minutes the little boat, under the impetus of increased exertions, danced forward at a more rapid rate. Already I could see the hands on board the Indianan hastily furling some loose sails, which, as the vessel lay at anchor, had probably been let down for the purpose of repairs. I was watching the seaman-like evolutions of the crew, and marveling at the instantaneous disappearance of every rag of canvas, when I became suddenly aware that my companion had stopped rowing, and that the boat, under the influence of the receding tide, was drifting out of the right track. "Pull away!" I shouted, turning my eyes to where he sat, while the big drops from the black clouds, now right overhead, began splashing down like liquid bullets upon us. The man, however, neither moved nor spoke, but, with crossed arms, clasping the oars to his breast, sat stiff and rigid as death. His eyes were darting from their sockets, and glaring on all sides as though in an agony of terror; his mouth, firmly set fast, yet spluttered forth foam at the corners; his face, abnormally swollen, was of a livid black color; and the veins of his forehead stood out like an iron net-work, while the perspiration streamed off his head in a perfect torrent.

What to do I did not know. I concluded that the man was in a fit of some kind or other, and I feared momentarily, lest, in some sudden paroxysm, he should flounder overboard, and perhaps upset the boat, causing the destruction of us both. I would have given much to have had a friend with whom to advise; but advice was out of the question. While I sat deliberating, the squall burst upon us with unmitigated fury. The floods came down a perfect waterspout, and the winds tossed us about among the chopping billows to such an ugly tune, that in a few minutes the boat was nearly half full of water, and I was fain to take to baling out with all my might, making use of an old saucepan, rusty and shorn of its handle, which lay among the loose planks in her bottom. Still there sat the wretched waterman, rigid as a corpse, and apparently insensible to the assaults of the tempest. By this time it was so dark that I could see neither the "Bhurt-poor" nor the coast, and, what is more, did not know in which di-

rection to look for them. I could only see my companion's face by leaning forward and bringing my own almost in juxtaposition with it; and whenever I did this, the same horrified aspect met my view, and he invariably resented my curiosity by the utterance of a frightful guttural sound, expressive, if of anything, of terror, lest I should lay a hand upon him.

The squall fortunately soon mitigated in intensity, and seemed to settle down into a heavy rain. When I had baled out the water sufficiently to remove present uneasiness on that score—and it seemed to me that I had occupied hours in accomplishing it—I unshipped the rudder, and, by dint of no inconsiderable labor, paddled with it so effectually as to keep the boat's head to the wind. That was all I could do, and I could not do that very well, as an occasional sea that broke over the gunwale convinced me a dozen times at least. After tossing about in this miserable condition a considerable time, which seemed to me an age, I looked at my watch to see how long we had been out, and was amazed to find that not two hours had elapsed since we had started. I should hardly have been more surprised had the sun risen on the other side of the channel and ushered in the morning. My troubles seemed to have endured longer than the whole of the past day, and yet there were eight or nine hours to pass before another would dawn upon us. I began to fear that we should not survive the night; we were probably several miles from the nearest land, but in what direction it lay I had no idea. All that I knew was, that we were drifting down channel, and that down we must continue to drift till the tide turned, which I judged would not be for several hours. I bawled to my companion as loud as I could halloo—bantered him, consoled him, encouraged him, reasoned with him;—all, however, was to no purpose; not a response could I elicit. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to sit still and wait the issue. I was wet through to the skin—as thoroughly sodden as if I had been fished up from the bottom of the sea, and every now and then a terrible presentiment haunted me that to the bottom we were doomed to go before the morning.

How long I sat in this state, alternately baling with the rusty saucepan, paddling with the rudder, and gazing moodily at

the grim figure of the boatman, now half shrouded in the darkness, I have no distinct recollection, but it must have been a very considerable time. My reflections were none of the pleasantest. The vision of the captain's comfortable cabin, and his well-spread table furnished with the game we had shot together the day before, rose to my imagination, in tantalizing force; and there was I, transformed from a delighted and favored guest to a miserable castaway, at the mercy of a motionless image, who, for all I knew, might wake up into a raging madman, or die and stiffen in the position in which he sat, leaving me in the unpleasant predicament of having to account for his fate should I happen to survive him long. Morbid thoughts began to rise in my mind and to mingle with unworthy terrors, both of which I had a difficulty to shake off. At length I began to revolve the matter determinately, with a view to *action* of some sort. I could bear the horrible perplexity of my position no longer, and determined to do something, if possible, to bring it to an end. But what?—that was the question. I stood up and looked around. I fancied I could see a glimmering of light far away to the left, and thought that if I could get possession of the oars, I might succeed in making the land in that direction, particularly as the wind had now abated and the storm had ceased.

I cautiously laid my hand upon the man's shoulder, and felt for his fingers: they were hot as those of a person in a high fever. I endeavored to loosen the oars from his grasp, but I might as well have tried to snap them in pieces with my fingers; they were firm as though gripped in an iron vice. I felt his face and hair; both were hot and bathed in clammy moisture. In spite of the poor fellow's affliction, I grew exasperated with him for venturing out to sea, with the knowledge which he must have had that he was liable to such fearful visitations. Half in anger and half inspired with a sudden idea, I groped in the bottom of the boat for the old saucepan, found it, filled it with the cold brine, and dashed it suddenly in the fellow's face. The shock was instantly followed by a deep sigh and a rather violent gasping. Distressing as these sounds usually are, they were now grateful music to my ears, and without waiting more than a minute, I repeated the experiment. Di-

rectly afterward I heard the oars rattle in the rowlocks, and saw, as plainly as the gloom would permit, that the man was addressing himself again to his work, though in all likelihood he had hardly yet recovered his full consciousness. I spoke to him, but received no answer. I again filled the rusty saucepan and sprinkled water over his face with my fingers. At length he threw off his hat with one hand, shook himself, and with much difficulty stammered forth, "It's all right now."

"All right, do you call it? Whereabouts are we? and what o'clock do you suppose it is? and whereaway lies the Bhurtpoor?"

"Very sorry, your honor—how long is it we've been out?"

"Four or five hours—perhaps six; a pretty scrape you have let me into!"

"Very sorry, your honor; but we'll get picked up before long. Here's a smack a-comin'—she'll be down upon us in twenty minutes, and we'll be snug enough on board of her."

I could see nothing of the smack whose approach he announced; but as he assured me again and again that she was fast bearing down upon us, I was but too glad to believe it true. Sure enough, in ten minutes later I could discern her broad white canvas looming forward like an apparition, and soon my companion hailed her hoarsely, and received a reply perfectly unintelligible to me, through the captain's speaking trumpet. She did not, however, heave to, but came dashing past at five or six knots an hour, and seemed about to abandon us to our fate, with a coarse jest flung at us in passing. I had begun exclaiming against this abominable inhumanity, as I supposed it, but the poor boatman interrupted me with, "It's all right, your honor; we'll board her in two minutes." With these words he lifted something white into the boat, bawling out, "Heave-ho!" at the same moment, with the full force of his lungs. The something white was a floating-buoy attached to a long line which the smack had dropped for our convenience, and which, on hearing the signal, they now began to haul in with astonishing rapidity. For two minutes we cut through the water like a rocket, and the next ascended the hull of the smack, and dived down into her cabin, where a few rashers of Welsh bacon and a cup of steaming coffee restored our exhausted

strength and spirits. It was past one o'clock when we boarded the smack, and nearly three when she arrived at an adjoining seaport, the place of her destination. I was fortunate enough, through the recommendation of the captain, to find accommodation, in a house, for the night. Next morning I encountered the unlucky boatman, still pale and haggard, upon the quay, and sought to obtain some explanation of the wretched experience of the previous night. He was, however, most unwilling to speak on the subject, and but for the consciousness that he owed me some reparation for a wrong unintentionally done me, it was plain that he would not have uttered a word. As it was, my curiosity was but half gratified. He acknowledged that he was subject to occasional fits; but he had his living to get. He denied that he had had a fit last night, asserting that if he had he should have gone overboard immediately, as it would have required three or four men to hold him still. He said he saw me and all I did during the whole period, and heard, moreover, every word I spoke, which he could not have done had he been in a fit. From all I could understand of his description of the agonies he had himself undergone, he had felt the symptoms of an approaching attack, and, knowing that if it mastered him in the boat it must inevitably result in his destruction, had wrought himself up to a determined resistance, and in the danger and darkness of that sudden tempest had manfully battled it out with the dreadful malady that might else have merged us both in one common doom. The more I questioned him and revolved his answers in my mind, the more I became convinced that this was the truth. Doctors may, for aught I know, pronounce such an effort to be altogether vain; but I describe the facts of the case pretty much as they happened, and must leave those who differ with me in opinion to deal with the matter as they list.

The poor fellow would accept nothing for his services, but returned the offer with a dolorous glance of the eye, and a significant curl of the upper lip—and so we parted. Health and peace go with him!

The above narrative is no mere fancy picture, but, in all its main facts, is a true description of what actually occurred to the writer.

RELIGION OF THE POETS.

BURNS.

THE ravages which sentimentalism commits, and the various aspects which it assumes, are beyond what can easily be told; as well attempt

"To count the sea's abundant progeny;"

but in the end, they all leave man precisely where they found him, or rather they thicken the folds of that veil which blinds him, and renders his ruin more certain. Of the effects of this phase of religion, we cannot quote a better illustration than that which the life of the poet Burns supplies. He was trained by godly parents; and familiarized at once with the word, and the service of God. Many things occur in his writings to show that he was familiar with the vital doctrines of revelation, and knew what should have been their bearing on the life of man. When he would give solemnity, for example, to certain of his vows, he would inscribe on the blank leaf of a Bible the words, "Ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord:" and add, as if to augment the strength of the obligation, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths." Truth in one of its forms was thus ascendant in his mind; and were this all that we know of the history of his soul, we might conclude that revelation had acquired its rightful authority there,—that in the noble mind of that wondrous man, grace had added its influence to the gifts which dignified his nature.

It is requisite, however, to study his character more minutely; and, in doing so, we find how frail is every barrier—whether it be natural conscience, or rationalism, or sentiment and poetry—against the passions which tyrannize in the heart of unrenewed man. While Burns was yet an obscure youth, and years before he shone forth to amaze and dazzle so many, he wrote to his father as follows:—"I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid adieu to all the pains, and uneasiness, and disquietudes of this weary life; for I assure you, I am heartily tired of it; and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it." He proceeds to say, "It is for this reason, I am more pleased with the last three verses of the seventh chapter of the Revelation, than

with any ten times as many in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me for all that this world has to offer." Now all this is full of promise;—this enthusiasm would be hailed by not a few as constituting pure religion; and yet we know that he who wrote these sentences lived to outrage the truth which he professed to admire. It was mere emotion; there was no work of grace, no guidance of that Spirit who leads into all truth; and the whole was therefore the gleam of a meteor, not the shining of the sun. The melancholy which dictated such sentiments, inspired many of his verses in future years; and one cannot hear the wail of so noble a mind, as it closes one stanza with the words—

"But a' the pride of spring's return,
Can yield me nocht but sorrow;"

and another, exclaiming—

"When yon green leaves fade frae the trees,
Around my grave they'll wither,"

without detecting the impotency of the mere sentiment of religion, when the power and demonstration of the Spirit do not give direction and force to the truth. Gifts the most noble, and genius the most transcendent, only render man a more able self-tormentor, when grace does not illuminate and guide him. In sober truth, they are as unavailing as the Jup, the Dyan, the Tup, and the Yoga of certain Hindoo ascetics.

But these are only the beginnings of our proof regarding the insufficiency of mere sentiment. The same gifted man, endowed as he was with remarkable versatility and power, was the victim of a sorrow which refused to be soothed. Amid the blaze of his reputation he wrote:—"I have a hundred times wished that one could resign life, as an officer resigns a commission, for I would not take in any poor ignorant wretch, by selling out. Lately I was a sixpenny private, and a miserable soldier enough,—now I march to the campaign a starving cadet, a little more conspicuously wretched." And again, as if he would open up the very fountains of his chagrin, or display the extent of the moral distemper, which continued unhealed in his mind, he says:—"When I must escape into a corner, lest the rattling equipage of some gaping blockhead should mangle me in the mire, I am tempted to

exclaim, What merit has he had, or what demerit have I had, in some state of pre-existence, that he is ushered into this state of being with the scepter of rule and the key of riches in his puny fist; while I am kicked into the world, the sport of folly, or the victim of pride?" Now, the man who recorded these bitter and distempered complaints was the author of the following exquisite lines:—

"Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed:
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command."

Or these,—

"But, when in life we're tempest-driven,
And conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix'd in heaven
Is sure a noble anchor."

Now the instructive point here is, that while this gifted man could scatter gems around him like the brilliants emitted by the creations of Eastern fable, he was himself "poor, and wretched, and miserable,"—the sport of passion,—a thing driven of the wind, and tossed. And why? Was there no anchorage for such a soul?—nothing to teach that troubled mind, that, as all things are guided by Him who is love, all things are overruled for good to them that love him? Had he never learned, or was there no one at hand to whisper, that it is possible for man, instead of indulging such violent outbreaks against the ways of God, to say, "I have learned in all circumstances in which I am, to be therewith content?" Was there no power in the words, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven?" Alas for man, when poetry, or genius, or sentimentalism, however exquisite, is the only guide of his soul in trouble! In this gifted man's life we read with the clearness of a revelation of the impotence of genius, or any natural gift, to restrain the passions, or promote the real happiness of man. Power, whether intellectual or imaginative, only enables man to go more signally astray, when it is not under the control of a pure conscience and sanctified reason.

But, amid all his gloom and despondency, had Burns no internal guide to enlighten

and cheer him? Had he got no hold of the truth which conducts the soul, amid a thousand perils and trials, to serenity and repose? He had a godly father, and his early training was in the best school of religion. Had that no effect on his conduct and history? Beyond all controversy it had; but it was chiefly to deepen his wretchedness and give a keener poignancy to his sorrow. He was one of those who could admire the drapery of religion, while he neglected itself. Like Sir Walter Scott, and many more, he was shrewd and quick to detect the hypocritical pretence to godliness, but he had no discernment of the intrinsic power of truth; and hence, he was tortured to agony amid trials, even till he sometimes wished for death. Had he been utterly ignorant of religion, conscience might have been more easily appeased; but, knowing it as he did to a certain extent, yet setting it often utterly at defiance, he just heaped woes upon himself by his own right hand. The fearful gift of genius, like the fatal gift of beauty, may thus help on man's misery, unless it be controlled by the wisdom which comes from above; and even Dr. Currie was obliged at last to write of the man whom he loved and admired,— "His temper now became more irritable and gloomy. He fled from himself into society, often of the lowest kind. And in such company, that part of the convivial scene in which wine increases sensibility and excites benevolence, was hurried over to reach the succeeding part, over which uncontrolled passion generally presided. He who suffers the pollution of inebriation, how shall he escape other pollution?"

Yet Burns had a God whom he often professed to revere. He wrote new versions of some of the Psalms,—he is the author of some poetical prayers, as well as of poems, which one can scarcely read without tears; and from these we may ascertain what was the religion of Burns. And at the very most it was the religion of emotion or the imagination. The holiness of God formed no element in it; and because that was left out, it was a kind of pantheistic figment which was worshiped, and not the true Jehovah. The wondrous Alp-clouds which are sometimes seen at sunset fringed with gold by his light are brilliant, no doubt, and gorgeous, but they are not the sun himself; and, in like manner, the ideal creations of

men's minds, poetically attractive as they may be, are not the living and true God, though they are often substituted for him; and there is profoundest wisdom in the saying, that "those imaginations about the Godhead which make up a religion of poetry, are not enough for a religion of peace."

—*Chalmers*. And it is curious to observe how Burns had worn away the idea of God till it became evanescent and uninfluential. By his own confession, "the daring path Spinoza trod" was trod for a season by him; and his views of the Great One, were such as could not restrain a single passion, nor stand against a single temptation.

In one of his dedications he prays to the "Great Fountain of honor, the Monarch of the Universe," and that was his substitute for the great I AM. In a prayer on the prospect of death, he says,—

"If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates, I have done;

"Thou know'st that thou hast form'd me
With passions wild and strong,
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong."

In other words, the Creator of all—the very Being whom the author of that prayer, in the next stanza, calls "All Good"—was the origin of Burns's transgressions, for he was the creator of Burns's "passions wild and strong." It is thus that the Eternal is accused by his creatures; it is thus that blame is shifted from the criminal to the judge. The romance of religion: its "big ha' Bible"—its patriarchal priest—the simple melody of the songs of Zion,—all these Burns could admire, because there is poetry in them; but He whom the believer knows, was not his resting-place. O, let it be said in pity!—Need we wonder, though he who did so had to write,—"Regret! Remorse! Shame! ye three hell-hounds, that ever dodge my steps, and bay at my heels, spare me! spare me!" Let the following stanza be calmly considered, and then say what is the verdict which truth brings in?—

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Mialed by Fancy's meteor ray,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven."

We have another view of the religion of Burns presented in the following extract:—"Now that I talk of authors, how do you like Cowper? Is not the 'Task' a glorious poem? The religion of the 'Task,' bating a few scraps of Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and of nature,—the religion that exalts, that ennobles man." Now, had we no record of Burns's life, we might here conclude that, though anti-Calvinistic, he was devout in his piety, and pure in his life, like Cowper, whom he eulogized; but how completely must all moral perception have been dulled, when such admiration could be lavished upon a poet who was at so many points the very antithesis of Burns! And again we say, How naturally does such a state of mind lead man to exclaim in the end, as Burns once did, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul tossed on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading the next surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou give to a frame tremblingly alive to the tortures of suspense, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast? If thou canst not do the least of these, why wouldst thou disturb me in my miseries with thy inquiries after me?"

Such, then, is an exhibition of the native impotency of mere sentiment. The poetry of religion: its drapery—its music—its grand ceremonies, or its primitive simplicity—its gorgeous edifices—its ancestral associations, may all be admired; but none of these can charm man into holiness, or so change his heart as to guide to righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. The first biographer, and most charitable friend of Burns, was obliged to record that up to a period distant only a few months from his death, he could proceed from a sick-room to "dine at a tavern, return home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated, and by that process he hastened or developed the disease which laid him in his grave." His conduct, indeed, has drawn forth the highest censures of men who were neither prudens nor Puritans.* The mere poetry of religion was substituted for the truth, and the result was moral confusion, and many an evil work.

* See "Edinburgh Review" for January, 1809, on Lord Jeffrey's Contributions, Vol. III.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON.

BROAD and stately the St. Lawrence
 Rolls its billows to the sea,
 Feeling in its onward motion
 Thy strong pulse, Niagara :
 On its bosom nations' navies
 Float, in peerless majesty.

On its swelling current rolling,
 Through dark, towering Northern hills ;
 Taking to its bosom kindly
 Thousands of their laughing rills :
 Glorious river ! floating on thee,
 How the heart with rapture thrills !

Just above the Monte Royal,
 There a bay of beauty lies ;
 Where the mountain shadows mingle
 With the blue of northern skies ;
 And the borealis flashes,
 Like the light in beauty's eyes.

Here the village of St. Regis
 Circles round the bending bay ;
 Where the Indian mother watches
 Her young dusky charge at play ;
 And the buskin'd hunters gather,
 From the chase at close of day.

Bright the eddying current breaking,
 Sparkles on the whiten'd shore ;
 Now it drops like molten silver
 From the Indian's flashing oar ;
 While oft borne on evening breezes
 Comes Niagara's sullen roar.

Oft is seen, by summer's moonlight,
 O'er the waters, calm and blue,
 Fill'd with blushing, black-eyed lovers,
 Gliding on, the bark canoe :
 There love's magic spell is binding
 Fast in one fond hearts and true.

A thousand wigwams thickly cluster,
 Where the grassy bank retires ;
 A thousand stern and painted warriors
 Here had lit the council fires ;
 Gravely round the calumet passes
 Which sweet thoughts of peace inspires.

A friar from France had call'd them
 Near two hundred years ago,
 To listen to a message sent
 From the dreaded Manitou ;
 And the red men calmly listen
 To the oily words that flow.

Now he speaks of the Great Father
 Who sends them the waving corn ;
 Now of the suffering Nazarene
 To shame and scoffing born ;
 Of the garden's bloody agony—
 The scourge, and cross, and thorn,

Why swells the savage bosom ?
 Has the scared old warrior fears ?
 Why course those tears down dusky cheeks
 From eyes unused to tears ?
 'T is pity stirs the stoic soul,
 By the tragic tale he hears.

And now all tongues are raising
 Praise to the virgin one ;
 And cheerful hands are raising there
 A temple for her Son :
 They haste to bring their choicest gifts
 In many a battle won.

On a gently swelling headland
 Its lofty spire they rear,
 But from its tower no clanging bell
 Rings out the hour of prayer ;
 But the priest has said, " All this is vain
 Till a bell's sweet chime you hear."

Then the hunters ranged the forests,
 And watch'd the beaver's haunts,
 For furs, to bring the crowning gift,
 A bell from La Belle France :
 But what it was, is mystery—
 Like the visions of a trance.

In Paris gay 't was purchased,
 And baptized in Notre-Dame,
 Then shipp'd on board the Grand Monarque
 To cross the rolling main :
 And they waited till the leaves were sere ;
 But they waited all in vain.

With winter came a rumor—
 A British cruiser bore
 The Grand Monarque a prize away,
 With all her treasured store ;
 And the silver bell is captive held
 On stern New-England's shore.

The warrior loosed his bow-string,
 The chase the hunter leaves,
 The maiden ceased to tell her beads,
 The heart of childhood grieves :
 And wailings rise, as when grim death
 Of the first-born son bereaves.

But the priest has traced the captive
 To Deerfield's valley, where
 The sacred bell is held to call
 The Puritans to prayer !
 " St. Francis ! that a Christian bell
 Such sacrilege should bear !"

Then the council-fire was lighted
 At the ghostly father's call ;
 A thousand painted warriors came
 The bell to save from thrall :
 For the father says, " It burns in hell
 Till the pale-faced robbers fall.

" Holy virgin ! sleep the faithful
 While the boasting infidel
 Perform their sacrilegious rites
 With the tones of a Christian bell !
 While it pines in iron bonds away
 From the souls it loves so well.

" At the solemn hour of midnight,
 As I wander forth alone,
 Then come its bitter wailing
 On the wintry tempests borne.
 Ah ! my soul is sad within me,
 For my minstrel lost I mourn.

" Why lingers then the warrior ?
 Why sleeps the fearless brave ?
 Would ye rest, had the pale foe man
 Of your first-born made a slave ?
 In vain shall be your hunting
 Till the captive bell you save."

Wild rose the startling warwhoop
 From a thousand painted braves;
 And round the mystic war-dance whirls
 Like the whirlpool's troubled waves;
 Now, wo betide the pale-face!
 For blood the war-club laves.

The mystic rites are ended,
 And the banded warriors go,
 Through dark and tangled forests,
 Through storms of sleet and snow;
 Fell hate is burning in each heart,
 They seek the pale-faced foe.

Not for the love of conquest,
 Nor thirst for gather'd spoil;
 No proud ambition moves the soul
 To undergo such toil;
 But to bring a captive angel
 Back to a Christian soil.

On through the dreary deserts,
 Through sinking bog and fen;
 Midst howling wintry tempests,
 Press on these fearless men:
 The ghostly leader cheers the march
 With many a chanted hymn.

Quiet and still the sleepers
 That night in Deerfield lie;
 No watch is set, no danger fear'd,
 No dream that foe was nigh;
 But wildly shriek'd the wintry wind,
 As swept it swiftly by.

So sweetly sleeps the infant
 In the mother's close embrace;
 An angel's call is in its ear,
 For smiles are on its face;
 And soundly sleeps the weary sire—
 No fears his fancies trace.

A yell burst on their slumbers—
 'Tis the redman's warwhoop wild;
 The gleaming hatchet cleft the skull
 Of the mother and her child;
 The sleeping sire woke to see
 His home a burning pile.

The hissing flames are spreading,
 And fast the death shots fell;
 While high the din of conflict rose,
 For dear each life they sell;
 When wild and startling rose the tones
 Of the St. Regis bell!

"The virgin calls to vengeance!"
 The ghostly leader cries;
 "Let the doom'd heretics now find
 No mercy in your eyes;
 Now on her altar here we lay
 A bloody sacrifice."

The victor's shout was blending
 With those strange, mysterious tones;
 But richer in the savage ear
 Rose mingled shrieks and groans,
 As fast the surging flames inwrap
 Those peaceful valley homes.

Now bound upon their shoulders
 Is borne the wondrous bell;
 As back through drifting snows they march,
 With the scalp-song's echoing swell:
 But Deerfield groan'd for years beneath
 The woes which on it fell.

But long the way and weary,
 While the bell's full weight they bore;
 So with prayers and hymns 't was buried
 On Champlain's ice-bound shore:
 There slept the rescued captive,
 Until spring return'd once more.

But tales of stirring wonder
 Were spread the tribes among;
 The bell had recognized its friends,
 And loud its silver tongue
 Had cheer'd them, when the battle raged,
 And the victor's praise had sung.

So marvelous its mystic powers,
 No spirit, black from hell,
 But shrinks away in pale affright,
 When speaks the Christian bell.
 The miracles its power had wrought
 No friar's tongue could tell.

When spring return'd in beauty,
 With bird and blossom rare,
 Then march'd a band of stalwart men,
 The wonder home to bear;
 And the priest with holy water goes,
 To guard the treasure there.

Twilight was falling softly,
 On river, bay, and lawn;
 The wondering tribe, in mausings deep,
 Were to the forest drawn;
 They had waited for their friends' return,
 Since morning's earliest dawn.

But list! above the murmur
 Of the distant cascade's roar
 Comes breathing through the perfumed woods
 Strains never heard before;
 No tones like these had echo woke
 Upon their pebbled shore.

Now rose the victors' shouting—
 But with it, on them fell
 Tones clear and sweet, such as till then
 Ne'er caused their hearts to swell;
 When sudden, from all tongues was heard,
 "The Bell; it is the Bell!"

Down the St. Lawrence floating,
 When the sun has westward roll'd,
 St. Regis' graceful spire is seen,
 Like a shaft of burnish'd gold:
 As the vesper's notes are blending
 With the billows' murmuring swell,
 How sweetly o'er the waters float
 Thy tones, ST. REGIS BELL!

THERE is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these, like hell dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled—all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

IT would be difficult to find a more striking picture of the true *moral sublime*, than that presented in the "Declaration of Independence" of the North American Colonies, with its fifty-six appended signatures. Never before did human mind and hand give to the world a document producing such results upon the physical, civil, intellectual, and religious world. Immediately prior to the date of this instrument, Benjamin Franklin had been exerting to their utmost his unrivaled diplomatic talents to allay those feelings of animosity which subsisted between Great Britain and the infant colonies—mutual animosity occasioned by the oft-repeated acts of injustice exercised by the former toward the latter. Notwithstanding Franklin's righteous cause was so ably and eloquently advocated by those two far-sighted British peers, Chatham and Camden, parliament was inexorable, unyielding. Franklin's unsuccessful embassy was closed, and he directed his course homeward, arriving in Philadelphia in the May of 1775; he found that hostilities had broken out between the colonists and the British forces. It was in the spring of 1776 that the leading statesmen of America resolved to close this unhappy contest by an absolute and final severance of the colonies from the mother country—the colonies shall be placed under an independent government. No sooner has this been determined upon than the following members of Congress are appointed a committee to draft a Declaration of Independence, viz.: Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Livingston. This committee was appointed under the following resolution: "Resolved, That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that all political connection between them and Great Britain is, and of right ought to be, totally dissolved." Some discussion was had thereon; and when the vote came to be taken for its adoption, Pennsylvania and South Carolina were against it. Delaware was divided, and New-York did not vote on account of some informality in the instructions of her delegates. But by the time the final and decisive vote was to be taken, the delegates from all the colonies had either received

fresh intelligence, or more clear and distinct instructions, so that there was at last a concurrence of all the colonies, and on the 4th of July, 1776, all the members present, with one exception, immortalized their names by appending them to this now most renowned of all political documents.

We have seen that a committee of five were appointed to draft this paper; but its actual execution was by the nervous and energetic pen of that man of prescient intellect and unparalleled acumen, Thomas Jefferson. After the author has listened with some degree of impatience to the criticisms offered by his colleagues, and submitted to a few not very material alterations, the instrument is adopted substantially as first presented.

We need not here quote, in whole or in part, the production now before us; for on each return of the "Glorious Fourth" we all listen with rapt attention to its liberty-breathing sentiments, its soul-stirring strains, its spirit-thrilling language. Leaving the document, allow us a few words about the intrepid men who signed it, while English cannon were booming in their ears, British steel glittering before their eyes, and Jack Ketch's rope dangling over their heads.

If we count the names before us we shall find them fifty-six in number. *Fifty-six!* The number is significant. Some one has said of it—"The greatest fifty-six the world ever saw—all Europe could not lift it." Foremost of this grand galaxy is the firm, undaunted, and massive signature of "JOHN HANCOCK." Some wise-aces would have us believe that character may be read by an inspection of handwriting. Perhaps this would be no difficult task if—as in the instance now before us—there were circumstances sufficient to compel the writer "to throw his whole soul on the point of his pen." That such was the case on the occasion here brought to view is sufficiently evinced by the oral remark which immediately succeeded this bold act. It is a well-known historical fact, that in consequence of his resolute and unceasing efforts to rouse the colonists to war against British tyranny, John Hancock had so much incurred the resentment of the home government, that a reward of *one thousand pounds* had been offered for his apprehension. It was in allusion to this, when, having in such mammoth characters affixed his name to the

Declaration, he threw down the pen with the remark: "There! Johnny Bull can read that without spectacles; let him double his reward—I defy him!" His grateful country is, and ever will be proud of him.

At no great distance from the name of Hancock, we meet with the zigzag signature of "STEPHEN HOPKINS." Notwithstanding Mr. Hopkins belonged to the eminently peaceful society of "Friends," we believe, had circumstances required it, he would not have been slow to unsheathe the sword in defense of the liberties of his beloved country. The venerable patriot seized the pen with a palsied hand but with a dauntless spirit. Some one near him at the time, pointing to the irregularly traced autograph, remarked—"You write with a *trembling hand*." "Ah!" it was instantly replied, "but John Bull will find I haven't got a *trembling heart*."

Further along the list we meet with CHARLES CARROL, of Carrolton. At this time there were to be found in this section of the country quite a number of Carrols, and more than one of these zealous in the struggles of the day bore the Christian name of Charles. When Carrol had simply written "Charles Carrol," a member near him remarked, "There is not much danger for you, seeing there are others who bear the same name." "Is there not?" he replied, and immediately added, "of Carrolton," thus distinctly designating where might be found—if King George had any special desire to see him—the Charles Carrol, who had the audacity to shake his clenched fist in the face of the growling lion.

Such were the men of the time; but where did these heroes hail from? Which of the several bright stars of our grand constellation claims the honor of their nativity? We have entered upon this inquiry with some care. The following is the result of our investigation:—Virginia stands foremost. She gave nine. Next comes Massachusetts with eight. Maryland is next in the train with five. South Carolina, Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, and Connecticut, each contributed four. Delaware, New-York, and Ireland, each gave three. Rhode Island, England and Scotland two each. Maine, New-Hampshire, and South Wales, each one.

A few other facts connected with this

parchment may not be entirely devoid of interest. At the time it was signed, Benjamin Franklin was the oldest man; his age was seventy, he having been born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1706. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, was the youngest; his age was twenty-seven. He was junior to Thomas Lynch, of South Carolina, by but three months.

Whether John Morton of Delaware, or Butler Gwinnet of England, first descended to the tomb, we cannot now speak confidently: both died in 1777—Mr. Gwinnet May 27; the day or month of Mr. Morton's death cannot now be correctly ascertained. Charles Carrol stands forth with marked peculiarity on this list. Not only is he the only one who gives his place of residence, but he was the last survivor of the illustrious band, and also attained to a greater age than any of the rest, he being, at the time of his death, November 14th, 1832, ninety-five. Thomas Lynch, one of the two youngest at the time of signing, was also the youngest in death: he died about 1780, aged thirty-one. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on the *fourth of July*, of the same year, 1826; the former at the age of eighty-three, the latter ninety-one.

We have been able to ascertain the several ages of fifty-three of these distinguished men at the time they signed the Declaration. Their united ages present an aggregate of two thousand three hundred and thirty-six years, giving an average to each of forty-four years twenty-seven days. The aggregate years at death of fifty-two of this number, (the ages of the other four we have no means of correctly ascertaining,) is three thousand three hundred and ninety-one; average sixty-five. Three of these lived to be more than ninety; twelve more than eighty; twenty-one attained to more than seventy. Where else shall we look for such instances of longevity? It will be seen at once that the daring deed they had committed did not "frighten them to death."

Most of them lived to see some of the results of this first decisive blow for the complete redemption of their country. Some of them lived many years to enjoy civil and religious blessings, such as the universal Creator never yet vouchsafed to any other people he has made.

The present month calls us again to

commemorate these noble men. While we revere, cherish, and embalm their memories, let us most devoutly thank, adore, and serve that God who gave them for the rescue of our country in the time of her greatest peril. "He hath not dealt so with any nation, and as for his judgments we have not known them. Praise ye the Lord!"

[For the National Magazine.]

SKETCHES IN EUROPE.

ON a Monday morning, considered quite fair and bright for London, I took the train for Windsor, to visit the castle. The sun was struggling to force his beams through the double pall of fog and smoke which always overhangs the great city; the members of the Bull family were very generally in the street, felicitating themselves upon this dubious sunshine, the very best the metropolis ever gets; and the pedestrians, feeling it very 'ot, were crowding the shady side, when it would have been difficult for a Yankee to determine which side that might be. The engine darted off at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and the change of the atmosphere, of which we became quickly conscious, was as great, and almost as sudden, as that experienced in passing from a smoky room into one entirely free from that disagreeable vapor. London and its manufactured clouds were left behind, and only the haze belonging alike to every part of the island remained. My eyes seemed just to have emerged from a two weeks' eclipse, and winked and rolled about in astonishment at the great distance to which they could throw their glances; and my poor throat, which had been converted into a chimney, a receptacle for soot, a conductor of smoke, felt itself suddenly freed from the strangling incubus. And when the pure, soft, sweet country air breathed around me, and as it swept through my windpipe and expelled from it the last flake of soot, I felt as though some fairy, with a brush of the down of wild flowers, had passed through all the blackened air cells, and cleansed them, and now was sitting, full of glee, upon my shoulder, flourishing her tiny brush and warbling her song. "God made the country," but it was certainly not the country between London and Windsor—this is man-made; not, indeed, in the

sense in which man made London or Paris, but in the sense in which he makes a yard or a garden. It is yard and garden scenery. The fields are surrounded by fences and hedges precisely alike; the grass in one inclosure is just as high, just as thick, and just as green as that in another; the crops all appear to be equally good; and husbandry, like a grim and jealous guardian, watches every nook, as if to prevent a runaway match between nature and the smallest spot of earth, compelling even the fence corners to submit, like the other parts of the field, to the rude embraces of the plow, and to bring forth their fruit according to art. When I first saw the scenery in the neighborhood of the English metropolis, it made a very different impression upon my mind, and drew from me, in a letter to a friend, the following description. Speaking of our arrival in England, the letter says: "When we entered the channel we found it enveloped in a heavy fog, through which we made our way for a day and a half; at the end of which time, it partly cleared away, and disclosed a succession of the most beautiful landscapes my eyes ever lighted upon; not overwhelmingly grand like the mountain scenery of your native state, (Virginia,) but soft, gentle, charming. The farmers were just in the midst of their hay harvest, and the air, freighted with scent of the half-dried grass, was wafted to our famished sense across the waters of the Thames, and we drank it in as though the very spirits of the flowers had bathed their fragrant pinions in it. O, how delightful are the odors of the land after smelling nothing but salt water and being drenched in foam for sixteen long, long days! The fields lay fresh and green along the banks of the river; their surfaces looking smooth as floors, sloping away from the water's edge to what appeared to be higher lands, crowned for the most part with woods. And all through the fields themselves, here and there, were scattered clumps of beautiful forest trees, relieving by their height and their deeper green the more extended surface and brighter green of the fields. But the fields were not all covered with grass: the wheat field, ripe and ripening, was there, waving in golden beauty and beckoning the scytheman and reaper to come and gather its stores. There also, after a little more careful looking, I saw the fresh

ground itself, with no growth at all upon it, just prepared to receive seed, of what sort I knew not. I only knew it was a pleasing contrast with the monotonous blue of old ocean. About every half mile, on one side or the other of the river, a neat church might be seen, generally built of stone, with a tower, and surrounded by tall trees. There stood the farm-houses, there grazed the cattle—not like poor old brindle, confined to one spot on the deck of the vessel, and looking only in one direction, but roaming at will; and on the whole, there rested that peculiar mist or haze which never leaves these scenes for a single day. This last feature, the haze, you would think must mar the beauty of the English landscape; but the truth is just the contrary. It is true you see objects less distinctly; but for that very reason your view is the more delightful:—

“‘Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.”

England has no mountains of note, which distance can invest with enchantment, or clothe with azure; but what distance does in other lands, the haze does in England: it conceals the sharp angles, smooths the rough surfaces, and clothes in mild, soft, mysterious raiment of mingled light and shade every object on which it rests.” This was written immediately after the most intense longings for the sight of land of any sort, and amidst the joy of recovery from sea sickness; but still it contains much truth, and, indeed, may be considered entirely correct when the view one takes is open and extensive. The scenery on the way to Windsor was only seen a little at a time, and at great disadvantage—through the car windows.

But let us return to the cars, and engage the English in conversation. The railroad carriages, like everything else in England, are constructed on the close-communion principle; every man belongs to some particular class, distinctly marked, and must keep his place. Hence when you enter the cars you do not, as in this country, find yourself in a large open apartment, with fifty or sixty traveling companions, almost any one of whom you may engage in conversation; but in a small carriage with six or eight others, who, if they should be strangers to you and to one another,

will be as silent as if speaking were a crime. They must not speak, much less converse with these strangers, lest they should form an acquaintance which they might blush to be obliged to recognize in some other place. I always tried to break this spell of caste and suspicion; and candor compels me to say that, in every case, as soon as they knew me to be an American, they threw away all restraint, appearing anxious to receive information, and willing in turn to communicate.

“What river is this?” said I to a gentleman before me, as we crossed a sluggish stream about thirty yards wide, which, like a sick serpent, was slowly dragging its slow length through the tame scenery already described.

“This is the Thames,” said he.

In a moment I thought of the Mississippi and the other great rivers which traverse our vast country for thousands of miles, and then through their enormous estuaries pour their floods into the ocean, and feeling my bosom swell with patriotic pride, I unfortunately let fall the remark, “This, then, is your *great* river.” He answered with great delicacy and propriety:—

“We do not consider the Thames a great river on account of its size; but because there is more business done on it than on any other river in the world.”

I said nothing—what could I say? The same gentleman was not so fortunate in another part of the conversation. We were just coming in sight of the castle, which disclosed itself, perched on the edge of a bank about twenty feet high, when my interlocutor asked me if I had “observed upon what a *wonderful elevation* the castle was built?”

Our fate at Windsor Castle was such as ordinarily befalls sight-seers at great houses: we had to go through a great many apartments and see a great many fine pictures, which cost us no little laborious walking, tiresome standing, and hard looking; this last I consider decidedly more severe upon the traveler than anything else. The eyes become pained by the continual strain upon them, the colors seem to run together, and finally all the pictures come to look very much alike, and we feel disposed to shut our eyes with the exclamation, “Blessed is the man who first invented sleep!” The man who conducted us through the building set

out by admonishing us that we must keep our "hats off while passing through the palace." This of course was intended to remind us of the right of royalty to reverence and worship, and to assist in keeping up the hoary delusion that regal humanity is cast in a nobler and grander mold than that of the people. But the attempt is vain. I take off my hat with a republican smirk, fully satisfied that the principal difference personally between the queen and other honest women is to be found in the article of clothes.

After viewing the castle and the connected grounds, we took a chaise and started for Stoke Pogis Church, near Stoke Park, for several centuries the residence of the family of William Penn, the famous Quaker and founder of Pennsylvania. The estate has lately passed into other hands. This celebrated place is about five miles from Windsor, and in reaching it we drove over the smoothest road I ever saw—the vehicle was scarcely jostled by a single obstruction, nor the horses nor the view relieved by any kind of a hill. The surrounding country, though flat, still seemed to me to have an appearance of freshness and life about it, which I had not been able to find in the country between London and Windsor; but this difference may have been merely a fancy of my own, a bloom and sweetness shed upon the landscape from kindling thoughts and a heated imagination,—an inward change, rather than an outward diversity. I was no longer pent up in the cars, drawn by machinery, and assailed by sparks, but behind the live horses, with the top of the carriage down, the soft breezes gently fanning us, the light mildly scintillating in the hazy air, and the birds in the hedges by the wayside chirping time to the music of the horses' feet. Part of the way, too, I was thinking of William Penn: my fancy went back to the time when he made a part of the scenes before me; I could see him crossing these fields in his plain clothes, looking as trim and curt as the cropped hedges that skirted the way. But what excited me most of all was the memory of the poet Gray, to see whose grave I was making this pilgrimage to Stoke Pogis Church. His muse possessed me, and tenderly, yet powerfully excited me. He was looking across these very fields, with his eye fixed on those buildings in which he received the earlier

part of his education, when he penned the following lines of his beautiful ode "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College." These fields shaped and colored his inspiration:

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights, th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose towers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-wending way.
Ah, happy hills! Ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

Stoke Pogis Church stands in the midst of a field, a little off from the road. Its situation is beautiful and even romantic. In going through the field we passed a straw-thatched cottage which we took to be the sexton's house, a perfect model of neatness and taste, at least outside. Around the door-frame ran a flowering vine, starting so regularly from the ground on each side, running and winding and blooming to the top, and there uniting its tendrils so perfectly, that it seemed like a fixture, and made one think it must stay there always. In this door-way stood a well-looking, tidily-dressed woman, evidently in holiday trim—the descendant, perhaps, of her who made the "blazing" fire and "plied the evening care," alluded to in the verse—

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

We entered the church-yard, the place in which the poet wrote his *Elegy*, and where*

"— rests his head upon the lap of Earth,"

and there we saw the materials of that beautiful poem, scattered around us in every direction. There stood "the ivy-mantled tower," the steeple of the church, out of which the poet heard the moping owl complain to the moon. It is still almost entire-

ly covered with ivy ; and as we looked at it, what a mournful sweetness we seemed to hear and feel in the well-known stanza—

“ Save ~~that~~ from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand’ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.”

Yonder, still strong and green, stood “the yew-trees,” which lent their shade to the poet and his versæ ; and here, vying in height with the tower, flourished the “rugged elms,” both well known, at least by name, to every reader of English poetry. While we looked, the turf almost seemed to heave afresh, and the old trees, gently moved by the breezes, to murmur out—

“ Beneath these rugged elms, this yew-tree’s shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold’ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

At a little distance we saw

“ The lowing herd wind slowly o’er the lea,”

and had a remote, dreamy perception of music in the air, which recalled the line,

“ And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;”

while all around us, on stone and wood, with chisel and paint-brush, and in natural characters on grassy mounds which could not boast a stone, or even a piece of plank, were written

“ The short and simple annals of the poor.”

These graves, and their boards, and stones, and sod, in themselves contain the *disjecta membra* of the following stanzas—the soul of the poet was needed, not to create, but to put them together :

“ Yet ev’n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck’d,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.”

“ Their name, their years, spelt by th’ unletter’d muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.”

We had not informed ourselves before starting in what part of the yard the poet was buried ; and as we had no guide, we wandered about for some time, straining our sight to decipher the dimmest inscrip-

tions on the oldest and most discolored stones, if haply we might find the right one, which ‘by-and-by’ we did. We discovered a slab of sandstone in the wall of the church, on the outside, just under a window, bearing this inscription :—

“ Opposite to this stone, in the same tomb in which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of Thomas Gray, the author of ‘The Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard.’ He was buried here August 6, 1771.”

Just in front of this stone, and only a few feet from it, is the tomb alluded to. Gray’s name is not on it, although it contains his dust, which was placed here, with those of his mother and aunt, by his own direction. The marble shows the two following inscriptions :—

“ In the vault beneath are deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of Mary Antrobus. She died unmarried, Nov., 1749, aged 66.”

“ In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11th, 1758, aged 67.”

The poet himself was of course the surviving child, who, as the slab in the wall tells us, has so feelingly recorded his grief in the tombstone. We filled our pockets with memorials of the place, and took our leave. On our way out we found quite a stately monument, erected in honor of Gray, at the expense of a Mr. Penn. It stands in the field near the gate at which we entered, and is handsomely inclosed, the space in the inclosure being neatly laid off into walks and flower-beds, and filled with beautiful and well-cultivated flowers.

Thomas Gray was of humble origin, his mother being a milliner, and his father a money-scrivener ; though what may be the duties of this last-named profession I am sure I cannot say ; but if it meant *Knight of Gold*, which would be the highest distinction in this money-loving age, still he was of low birth, because his mother was a milliner, it being essential to the highest respectability to wear a fine bonnet, but not at all respectable to make one. And yet half the fine ladies and gentlemen have been made by the milliner and tailor, out of people who, but for their art, would have remained common. Through the exertions of his excellent

mother, Gray rose above the disadvantages of birth and fortune, and in spite of the churlishness and dastardly meanness of his father, secured a university education, and finally took his position in the front rank of the lyric poets of the world. This miserable father, influenced by jealousy, practiced upon his wife the most unheard-of cruelties, beating her sometimes until she was black and blue. He tried to ruin her business, and even threatened to destroy his own, that she might suffer the heaviest calamity in being obliged to recall her son from the university. This inhuman conduct no doubt imbibited the life of his son, sinking deep into his sensitive heart, aggravating his constitutional melancholy, and greatly enfeebling his health. Gray never mentions his father; but he loved his mother with doting tenderness, and after her death could never hear her name without deep emotion. In his will he left the following direction as to the disposal of his body: "First, I do desire that my body may be deposited in the vault made by my late dear mother in the church-yard of Stoke Pogis, near Slough, Buckingham, in Buckinghamshire, by her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined nor covered, and (unless it be very inconvenient) I could wish that one of my executors may see me laid in the grave, and distribute among such honest and industrious persons in the said parish as he thinks fit the sum of ten pounds in charity."

On Sabbath afternoon I started for church, taking some of the worst parts of London in my way, that I might see how they looked in their Sunday clothes. When I reached Smithfield, formerly the place of public execution, and enriched with the blood of some of the noblest martyrs, but now the great cattle-market of the city, I stopped to look about me. This is a great place for gin palaces. I stood here one evening when the shop windows were all a-blaze with gas, and counted, without moving, about a dozen of these dens. The dawn of the Sabbath had made no change; there were the "palaces" still open, and more crowded, both with men and women, than on any other day of the week. All distilled liquors sell at enormous prices in England. I remember once, when I had stiffened my sinews and made my feet very sore by walking, I sent the maid to get a pint of common

whisky, in which to bathe the suffering members, and supposing it to be cheap as at home, I gave her twenty-five cents to pay for it. She returned without it, telling me that a pint of whisky would cost sixty cents. I did get a pint of gin for thirty-seven cents. And yet these miserable people, so poor as hardly to be able to buy meat and bread enough to keep soul and body together, must have these strong liquors. As I stood at Smithfield, looking about me, I saw two boys fighting in a lot, a little off from the street, and a police officer leaning against the fence enjoying the sport. Advancing, I touched his elbow, and he instantly commanded the peace, and the boys scampered. This being settled between us, I asked him if he could direct me to some of the most degraded portions of the city, those most noted for wretchedness, filth and crime,—he answered in the affirmative, stating that the very worst places were near at hand, and offering to become my conductor. I passed through Union-court, Plumtree-court, Saffron-hill and Lily-st., a bouquet whose fragrance can never be forgotten. These names are a practical irony, intended to give, by contrast, additional pungency to the most offensive smells. They remind one of the useful and beautiful in nature—of delicate flowers and delicious odors—of exquisite textures, and charming shapes and colors, only to fill the eye with the most disgusting sights, the olfactories with steaming stench, and the soul with loathing and horror. I feel bound to protest, with all the energy of my reason and taste, against such a misappropriation of some of the best and sweetest of names. Wordsworth, in his poem of Peter Bell, says of his villainous hero—

"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

I am afraid it will be worse with me than even this: a lily will not be a lily, nor a plum a plum; and as to saffron, I fear it will become to my mind the permanent emblem of the wretched street that bears its name.

Union-court is about six or eight feet wide, with houses or rather kennels on each side, the abodes of men, women and children, though not fit for dogs. These people looked at us as though they thought I had brought the policeman for the pur-

pose of ferreting out a thief and recovering stolen goods. They presented, for the most part, the appearance of self-moving bundles of rags, principally corduroy, with caps and wretched human countenances at the upper end. Among this ragamuffin crew there was a decently-clad young woman, rather pretty, about twenty years old, with a fine healthy-looking child in her arms, seeming as happy in this sty, among her degraded companions, as though she had been in a palace. I would not have gone through this court alone for untold wealth; I might have been lassoed and dragged into one of the kennels and dispatched in a moment, before I could have let the world know anything about what was going on.

Plumtree-court, Saffron-hill, and Lily-street, were nearly as filthy as the place we have just described, but not so narrow, and as a matter of course containing more daylight. I walked through the two latter unattended. The shops were open: within, they were offering for sale shoes and old clothes; and without, with usual cries, *plums*, strawberries, onions, and the almost ubiquitous gooseberry. I confess that for a moment I almost doubted the respectability of my personal appearance when the dealers in old clothes saluted me with invitations to buy,—I did not know but that I might have come suddenly out at the elbows. Just in the center of Saffron-hill the government has built a handsome Gothic church, and hung out a sign, inviting the people of the neighborhood to come and have seats for nothing. I was very anxious to see what sort of a congregation would be at church in such a locality, but I could not wait.

I omitted to say that when the policeman was conducting me out of the last court, and just before leaving me in Holborn, he remarked, "If we meet my superintendent of police, and he asks me where I have been, you must tell him that a boy picked your pocket, and ran up into this court, and that you took me with you to get back your property." I made no answer. He repeated it. Still I made no answer. He repeated it a second time, telling me I might say that "the boy was dressed in corduroy." Thinking then it was time to speak, I replied that I was a conscientious man, and could not say that. He blushed and said, "O well, tell it as it was."

[For the National Magazine.]

THE MODEL PASTOR.

A SKETCH FOR A CANDIDATE, FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A SUPERANNUATED PREACHER.

YOU desire me to describe the ministry demanded by these times. This is no easy task for one who has never possessed much skill in delineating character, and, especially, as the subject to be sketched is a personage whom I have never seen, if indeed he is now living. A painful contrast between the limner and the picture is also a source of embarrassment; and in addressing myself to the work, I feel very much as a certain rustic preacher expressed himself, who, like the Great Teacher, entered the ministry, not from a university, but a carpenter's shop. On an important occasion, when about to preach a searching sermon, he said, "Brethren, I must hew to the gospel line, even if the fragments fly into my own face."

Without further preliminaries, I proceed to remark that the minister for these days, of course, is a man of undoubted and ardent piety. By this expression I mean, not merely that he is a man of amiable disposition, exemplary deportment, and unquestionable integrity, but of extraordinary devotion, that is, above the average tone of piety among the laity, and strongly resembling, if not fully equal to, that of the apostles. Firmly believing that it is the privilege of Christian ministers to attain as high degree of holiness as was enjoyed in the primitive Church, and that the times demand as complete consecration to God, he is satisfied with no standard of inward purity and practical zeal lower than that to which those holy men aspired; and thus, fixing his eyes upon these illustrious models, he presses onward in the pursuit of the same glorious mark.

There is a beautiful *symmetry* in the religious character of the subject of my sketch. His religion is not all theory, nor all emotion, nor all activity; but he attends equally to the head-work, heart-work, and hand-work of Christian obligation. He does not cultivate religious knowledge at the expense of heavenly charity, nor fervent zeal to the neglect of childlike humility; but while he aspires after the perfect love of John, and the chastened zeal of Peter, he cherishes the lowliness of Paul, who, though styled the

great apostle by others, esteemed himself as the least of saints. Accordingly, he neither voluntarily conceals, nor ostentatiously displays the grace of God bestowed upon him. He does not *make* his light shine, but *lets* it shine, because its nature is to shine, and to hide it under a bushel would be to defeat the object for which it was kindled. He lets it shine, however, not only in the utterance of good *words*, but in the exhibition also of good *works*; not by fitful impulses, like the flickering meteor, but in a steady, clear, burning flame, like the sun in the orient, which "shines more and more unto the perfect day." He does not often speak of himself; but when he does refer to his religious attainments or personal conflicts, he does it in such a manner that the most prejudiced hearer is convinced that his words are the legitimate offspring, not of spiritual pride, but of the constraining love of Christ.

While analyzing the elements of the moral character of the preacher for these times, his *simplicity* deserves special observation. By simplicity I do not mean merely, that as a religious teacher he successfully aims to adapt his public and private ministrations to the capacity of the illiterate as well as the learned,—the child as well as the sage,—and in imitation of Christ while addressing "common people," avails himself of common illustrations familiar to the masses, however offensive to the ear of the fastidious sentimentalist, who prefers elegant obscurity to unadorned truth. True, I mean this, but I mean more. I mean that there is not only a transparency about his *preaching*, by which his sermons are clearly comprehended, but that there is also a transparency about *himself*, so to speak, by which he is known and read of all men as an "Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." There is such an openness, frankness, and artlessness about all his movements, such a freedom in communicating himself and unvailing *his own* heart, as well as scanning the hearts of *others*, that, while enjoying intercourse with him, there is not the slightest room for the idea to insinuate itself in one's mind, that intrigue or ulterior design has any place in his heart, or that he in the least suspects us of selfish or unworthy aims.

The next noticeable feature in the minister for these times is his *studious habit*.

I do not assert that he is an *educated* man, for this is a very vague term, sometimes implying an extensive knowledge of mere *books*, and sometimes referring not so much to the actual acquirements, as to the *place* where his knowledge is acquired. Indeed, he makes no pretension of having *finished* his education, for he expects never to complete it, but to spend eternity in adding to his intellectual and moral acquisitions.

Knowing, however, that the present is an age when it may with peculiar emphasis be said that "many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased,"—a prolific age of literature, bold investigation, free inquiry, and skepticism, when men with strange recklessness are combatting antiquated notions because they are old, and eagerly seeking new inventions, not only in the arts and sciences, but even in religion—he feels it specially incumbent upon him as a faithful watchman discerning the signs of the times, to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints;" and hence finds it absolutely necessary, not merely to keep even pace with, but a respectful distance in advance of the current intelligence of the age.

It is true, in view of the brevity of life, and the vast treasures of knowledge now open for the inquiring mind, he sees it needful to hold his curiosity somewhat in check, and keeping his sacred commission in mind, he devotes his studious hours chiefly to exploring those fields of knowledge by which he can make the "fullest proof of his ministry."

With his eye ever upon this object, it may with propriety be said he is a *constant student*; a student everywhere; not only in his library, but his closet—in the pulpit, the parlor, and the street. Wherever he goes, he sees abundant materials for thought; he finds

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

There is nothing around, above, beneath, or within him, which his habit of close observation and patient analysis does not render available in preaching luminously and successfully the unsearchable riches of Christ. Thus it is that he understands the happy art of studying to advantage; of so "looking into the seeds of things," and habituating his mind by severe discipline to continuous and intense thought, that

when an unexpected and important public emergency drives him into his study, he is able to effect more there in a few hours, perhaps, than others of far greater native mental strength, but of different habits, can accomplish in as many days.

Again, the pastor for our times is a man of *large and comprehensive views*. He is not like the "one idea" men, whose creed is composed of but one article, and who can see only one side of a question; whose vision is confined within the narrow inclosures of one sect, or, if they venture to look further, can descry nothing but dangerous heresy or moral obliquity; whose reading is limited to one class of books, and who are incapable of comprehending or adapting themselves to more than one class of men, namely, those whose ideas are compressible into the same nut-shell as their own: but he has so disciplined his mental eye, that while in its far-seeing and admiring gaze it can comprehend whatever is lovely or of good report in the wide world of mind and matter in general within the range of finite ken; at the same time, with microscopic acumen, it can examine and classify the minutest object in particular, thus giving to each subject claiming his attention, its appropriate portion of consideration. His heart is as large as his vision is expansive; but while he has no fellowship with hoary bigotry, but recognizes a Christian brother who bears the image and exemplifies the spirit of Christ, whether he can or cannot pronounce the Shibboleth of his party, he is equally at loggerheads with precocious latitudinarianism, having little sympathy with those modern pseudo-reformers, who seek an antidote for the ills of society either by a total disorganization, or universal amalgamation of the different departments of the visible Church.

In connection with his liberal views, his moral *firmness* should be mentioned. Some suppose that in these quiet days of religious toleration, when a Christian profession is so fashionable, there is no great demand for decision of character even in an ambassador of Christ. This is a great error. Our great adversary, so far from being dead or even asleep, is no less malignant in spirit, and vigilant in action, than in the sad days when he instigated his servants boldly to open their fiery batteries upon the Church. As he has only changed his mode of warfare, to adapt it

to these more enlightened and temporizing times, no less moral firmness is requisite to resist his seductive flatteries, by which, on the enchanted plains of Ono, he courts a matrimonial alliance between the disciples of Jesus and the votaries of mammon, than in the eventful period when he sought the extirpation of vital Christianity by violence.

Another invaluable possession of the model pastor is *common sense*. Though there are some, perhaps, who tower above him in the splendor of their talents and profoundness of their learning, he is able to exert a wider influence and accomplish far more than they, by having a superior intellectual balance-wheel, by which his resources are more available, and for which he is indebted not so much to native gift, as to a judicious application of his mind to practical subjects, and the study of human nature by intercourse with practical men. In no age of the world has common sense been in greater demand than it is at present. Indeed, what avails rhetorical sense, and logical sense, and theological sense, or even spiritual, and every other kind of sense, without *common sense*? It is by the possession of this indispensable regulator, that the subject of my sketch is, by divine grace, enabled in his Biblical researches to avoid those whimsical, if not contradictory and absurd interpretations of Scripture which too often characterize the learned expositions of the present day. By this, amid the multitudinous reformatory movements, so called, each of which is clamorously demanding his special, if not exclusive patronage, as "*the great enterprise of the day*," he is enabled so to discriminate between the genuine and spurious organizations, as to be capable without hesitation of showing which are entitled to public regard as measures of real utility, and which should be branded as the offspring of imposition and fanaticism in these *spirit-stirring* times. By this element of mental character he intuitively understands what estimate to place upon the fulsome flatteries of his professed friends and the bitter vituperations of his enemies. By this, he steers in the happy medium between that species of prudence which is only another name for cowardice or indolence, and that fiery, self-consuming zeal which is not according to knowledge. And thus, also, he is able to make a ju-

icious distribution of his precious time ; not adopting the habit of those whose days and nights are so exclusively monopolized by their folios and *stilus*, that their public discourses diffuse more of the odor of the lamp than the redolence of holy incense, and are about as effectual in healing the broken-hearted as the random prescriptions of the bookish empiric who never condescends to examine his patients. Nor, on the other hand, does he follow the equally objectionable practice of those who, indulging an excessive inclination for society, or in compliance with the too-often unreasonable demands of their flock, are so incessantly gadding abroad that they become victims of mental dissipation, expose themselves to public contempt by undue familiarity, and cause even their starveling sermons sometimes mournfully to cry out : " O my leanness, my leanness !" In a word, by the harmonious combination of common sense and sterling principle, he is enabled so to regulate his intercourse with the world as to avoid alike the appearance of the self-complacent, haughty Pharisee, who despised others, and the time-serving ecclesiastical politician, who unscrupulously sacrifices, not only his own ministerial dignity, but the honor of his Master, for a savory mess of adulation.

My limits will allow me, at present, only to glance at a negative yet invaluable characteristic of the preacher for these times,— I allude to his freedom from what is commonly termed *eccentricity*. There are in these days not a few men of real mental strength and moral worth, whose influence is greatly circumscribed by the unfortunate possession of some repulsive peculiarities or oddities, denominated, in charitable parlance, *eccentricity*. Indeed, some men seem not only aware that they possess singularities which have no necessary or favorable relation to Christian character, but they even *cultivate* these peculiarities, if they do not glory in them. Not so, however, our model pastor. He affects no departure from the usual customs of enlightened Christian society, nor indulges in any quaintness or oddities in the performance of his solemn functions which are calculated to divert attention from his subject to himself, and excite the prejudices of many over whom a different demeanor might enable him to exert a happy influence : for he well knows that every

man, especially every Christian minister, is required to avoid not only palpable evil, but the very *appearance* of evil. He knows that if a preacher have peculiarities, whether natural or acquired, which are justly offensive to those who have an intelligent and correct idea of ministerial propriety, and which tend to abridge his influence, he is religiously bound, as far as possible, to get rid of them. Thus, if a man's habit is to be coarse, abrupt, and severe, in his communication with others, he should go to the footstool of the meek and gentle Saviour, and lie there until delivered from this infirmity, lest his boasted frankness and fidelity be mistaken for impudence and ill-breeding. If a man finds himself inclined to indulge unduly in witticisms, or in ludicrous story-telling, he should overcome such propensities at all hazards, lest, before he is aware, he finds himself reduced in public estimation to the level of the harlequin. If a clergyman, by early habit, is distinguished for such marked attention to his person and apparel, that his appearance in the pulpit at once excites the suspicion that he has spent far more time at his *toilette* than in his closet, he ought to get the better of his weakness, lest the ambassador of Christ be mistaken for a coxcomb, and the people, infected by his example, shall metamorphose the Church of God into a saloon of fashion. On the other hand, if he inclines so far to the other extreme as to appear singularly rustic, slovenly, or antiquated in his habiliments, he should conscientiously eschew such peculiarities at whatever cost, lest his negligence be construed into avarice, while his more charitable and tender-hearted hearers would be likely to spend the hour of his public administration in commiserating the poverty of the preacher, instead of meditating his subject.

When I was quite young, I heard a man hold forth who possessed not only the last-named peculiarity, but evidently cultivated other eccentric habits. As he disdained the occupancy of the pulpit, and took his position in the broad aisle, his entire outer man was visible to most of the audience ; but all that I can remember, besides, about him or his performance, were the huge patches of different colors of homespun which he had upon his knees, and his singular text, namely, "*There is death in the pot.*"

LOOK AT THE FACTS.

OUR DESTINY AND OUR DUTY.

THE sudden outspread of our country within a few years, with the numerous new and national consequences attendant upon it, has hardly been appreciated by most of its citizens, especially by Christian citizens. The politicians—the demagogues—have taken it into account, measuring well its bearings on their party schemes; but the friends of education and religion, they who have in their hands the most intrinsic elements of the national well-being, are they conscious of the stupendous outgrowth of the Republic—of the perilous elements of its population, of the almost inevitable, and we were about to say, immeasurable disproportion which will soon exist between that population and the provisions of education and religion which we are making for it?

Look at the facts, we repeat. In less than half a century from this date, *more than one hundred millions* of human souls will be dependent upon these provisions for their intellectual and moral nutriment. They bear now no adequate relation to the necessities of the land. Our larger communities are continually degenerating, our new territories make but a dubious moral progress. Ask yourself, then, the question, Christian citizen, if, after more than two centuries of religious and educational efforts, under the most auspicious circumstances of the country, we have but partially provided for twenty-five millions, how shall we in only fifty years meet the immensely enlarged moral wants of four times that number—of a *hundred millions*? The question is an appalling one—it is stunning. Our rapid growth, so much the boast of the nation, is, be assured, its most imminent peril—it is too rapid to be healthful; it is to be the severest test of both our religion and our liberties, for the one is the essential condition of the other. And yet it cannot, by any probable contingencies, be restrained. It has a momentum which will bear down, and overleap all the ordinary obstructions of population. We cannot want work, we cannot want bread, and where these exist, population must advance as inevitably as the waters under the laws of the tide.

And when we remind ourselves that so much of this popular increase is from abroad, that Europe is in an "exodus"

toward our shores—that its ignorance and vice, wave overtopping wave, rolls in upon the land, the danger assumes a still more startling aspect. *In about forty-six years from this day our population shall equal the present aggregate population of England, France, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Denmark.* A step further in the calculation presents a prospect still more surprising and impressive: *in about seventy-six years* (we use exact terms, for we reckon by exact data) from to-day this mighty mass of commingled peoples will have swollen to the stupendous aggregate of *two hundred and forty-six millions*—equaling the present population of all Europe. According to the statistics of life, there are hundreds of thousands of our present population—one twenty-ninth at least—who will witness this truly grand result. What have you, friends of education and religion, what have you to do within that time? Your present intellectual and moral provisions for the people are, as we have said, far short of the wants of your present twenty-five millions, and in seventy-six years you must provide for more than *two hundred and twenty additional millions*—and these millions, to a great extent, composed of semibarbarous foreigners, and their mistrained children.

Look at the facts, we again repeat. Ponder them, and let every good man who has a cent to give or a prayer to offer for his country feel that on us, the citizens of the republic, at this the middle of the nineteenth century, devolves a moral exigency such as, perhaps, no other land ever saw—an exigency as full of sublimity as it is of urgency, as grand in its opportunity as it is in (we were about to say) its magnificent peril.

Look at the facts, we repeat again. This immense prospective population—certain though prospective—is to be thrown out, by the almighty hand of Providence, upon one of the grandest arenas of the world. Here, on this great continent, girded in its distant independence by the Atlantic, the Pacific, the great tropic Gulf, and the Arctic—here, away from the traditional governments and faiths and other antiquated checks of the old world, it is to play its great drama of destiny—of destiny which, as we have shown, must numerically, at least, be in seventy-six years as potential as all present Europe, and how much more potential

in all moral, political, and commercial respects? What an idea would it be—that of all Europe consolidated into one mighty, untrammelled commonwealth, in the highest civilization, liberty, religious enlightenment, and industrial development—and this mighty revolution to be completed in seventy-six years from to-day! Who would credit the conception? Yet our republic will, in that time, more than realize the stupendous idea, if its unity and moral character be not sacrificed.

Look at its field. According to an official report, the following are its grand outlines. Pause a little on each of them:—

	Square Miles.
Area of the Atlantic slope, <i>proper</i> ,.....	637,100
Area of the Atlantic slope, including only the waters falling into the Gulf of Mexico east of the Mississippi.....	146,880
Area of the Atlantic slope, including only the waters falling into the Gulf of Mexico west of the Mississippi.....	183,646
Total of the Atlantic slope, or of the region whose waters fall into the Atlantic.....	967,576
Area of the Mississippi Valley, or of the region watered by the Mississippi and Missouri, and tributaries.....	1,237,311
Area of the Pacific slope, or of the region watered by rivers falling into the Pacific.....	778,266
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Total area of the United States and territories in 1853.....	2,983,153

This estimate is found to be even short of the truth; various official reports from the Land Office, and the aggregate of the census, show 3,220,572 square miles.

It is estimated from these facts that the territorial extent of the republic is nearly ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France united; three times as large as the whole of Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark combined; one and a half times as large as the Russian empire in Europe; one sixth less only than the area covered by the fifty-nine or sixty empires, states, or republics of Europe; of equal extent with the Roman empire, or that of Alexander, neither of which is said to have exceeded three millions of square miles.

What a theater is this for the achievements of civilization and religion! Surely

there should be "giants in these days" to enact worthy the enterprises of such a field; and, if circumstances make men, are we not to hope that the consciousness of this unparalleled destiny will enlarge and ennoble the intellect, the philanthropy and moral energy of the country to a scale of corresponding magnificence—will bring forth sublime examples of public devotion, of talent, and moral heroism?

Look at one other fact—a most interesting one—the large proportion of our *juvenile* population. It is a most impressive argument for the friends of education, and especially of Sunday schools. Where there is plenty of food, as there must indubitably be in this country, there will always be plenty of children. It is a beneficent, a beautiful law—but that remark only *en passant*. *More than half our present white population* are yet in what may be called the flower of youth. We almost literally present an example of national adolescence—the freshness, the ardor, the vigor, and the susceptibility of childhood and young manhood. The white population in 1850 was 19,553,068; that portion which was under twenty years of age, 10,130,731. Under one year, 537,661; between one and five, 2,358,797; five and ten, 2,704,128; ten and fifteen, 2,402,129; fifteen and twenty, 2,128,116. Total, 10,130,731.

Pause here, educators, Sunday-school teachers—all you upon whom devolves the instruction of the young of the country!—see you not that its destiny is in your hands? The population of to-day is to surpass all the millions of Europe in about seventy-five years; and you, yes, precisely you, hold within your power one-half of the population of to-day—one-half the present elements of the grand geometrical progression. Work out, then, with a tireless hand and a sublime consciousness, this mighty arithmetic of destiny. Half the basis of this immense future nationality is under your control—see you that it is founded in the everlasting principles of truth and right.

This is the first, because the most momentous lesson of the subject. We have not introduced our calculations to croak over them—they are grave, they are almost solemn in their importance; but they challenge us to action, not to despair. Never before was there a battle-field for humanity like this; never were the elements of good and evil set forth against

each other in a grander arena; never was humanity thrown out upon conditions more experimental, more free from the trammels of old institutions, of old traditions, of old lies. It must be mighty here—that is inevitable; but it will be mighty in the strength of its wickedness, like the antediluvian giants who brought the world to dissolution; or mighty in the virtues which shall subdue the world to the reign of intelligence, virtue, and liberty. You, the teachers of the young—you, unhonored as your office may be, lay a mightier hand upon this sublime future than any other heroes in the field. Acquit yourselves like men, then! The legislators of the land—its high places of power and of professional life, may do much for it; but its humble places of education—its *primary schools* are its true fortresses—"the cheap defense of nations," as Burke called them.

These calculations present a lesson, a startling one to the teachers of religion, and all its public agents in the land. It seems almost impracticable that adequate provisions of religion can be made for this rapid progress of population. Look at the facts here again, not to despond over them, but to arouse our sense of duty. According to the census returns, the aggregate "accommodations" of all the sects of the land for religion do not now amount to thirteen million eight hundred and fifty thousand; these include not only churches or chapels, but halls, &c., used for public worship. Deduct the Roman Catholics and other non-evangelical sects, and you have but little more than thirteen million "sittings." Hardly more than half your present population have, therefore, such accommodations—this after generations of effort and expenditure. How, then, are you to provide, in about seventy-five years, for two hundred and twenty additional millions? Does not the voice of Providence, like the trumpet of destiny, call upon you to arise to this great emergency? Did there ever pass over any Christian land a day like that which is now rising upon yours? Was there ever a period in which more energy, self-sacrifice, unresting labor, devolved upon the Church?

And how are we, in this comparatively brief period, to meet the national necessity for public religious teachers? The pulpit is the citadel of truth in the world. No free legislative halls can stand where

stand no free pulpits. Already the land suffers for want of preachers. The complaint comes from all its length and breadth. Every denomination utters it. The Christian ministry is unquestionably in a comparative decline throughout the country. Temporary causes may contribute to the melancholy fact—the absorption of our young men by money-making pursuits, through the recent excitements produced by the California mines, and the great consequent outbreak of all sorts of business. But independently of these interferences, how are we to provide, within seventy-five years, for the pulpits which shall be demanded by two hundred and twenty additional millions of people? Look at the question—pause over it.

We must look to God in incessant prayers that he would raise up laborers—but we must also look to ourselves. We must open our eyes to the overwhelming exigency; we must talk about it, write about it, preach about it, till we move the Church as in a crusade for the salvation of the land. The young men of the Church must be everywhere rallied to her pulpit batteries. They must be made to feel that an extraordinary providential call for them is reverberating all along its altars; that Protestant Christianity, with its consequences to civilization and liberty, here in its chief field on the earth, devolves its destiny upon them; that the hour has come for self-sacrifices and moral heroism such as no other modern age has seen in Christendom. This is not rhetoric, it is stringent logic—we have given the proofs, mathematical proofs. Display them everywhere in the Church—they will tell; they will rouse and rally the young manhood of our Protestantism to its great last battles. The incentives are sublime, the arena presents a territorial greatness, the exigency a moral grandeur which cannot fail to ennoble the youthful piety of the country. Popery, infidelity, popular depravity confront us here in an open field and challenge us to a pitched and conclusive battle. Who that loves the Church and his country can be indifferent to the call?

One more lesson. The religious philanthropy of the land must be redoubled, and that right speedily. It has been increasing greatly within a few years. In this respect alone we have a providential indication that we may pass safely through

the crisis. The idea of "systematic beneficence"—of the consecration of business life on the same principle as the consecration of missionary life itself—is dawning into the mind of the Church. There are now not a few successful Christian merchants and mechanics who feel that they are not *proprietors* but *stewards* of their property, and must give account in the "great day"—who are convinced they "are not their own," but belong unto the Lord, and that they have no more right to "live unto themselves," than has their Christian brother, the missionary, in the ends of the world. This is not a religious whim, it is a great logical principle of practical Christianity. It is the idea that is to save the world, and the lack of it has, more than anything else, postponed its salvation. It is yet to become general. The time will assuredly come before the millennium, when a rich, covetous man will find the floor of the Church of God burn beneath his feet—when her voice, taking up the calls of a perishing world, will cry out against him, "Let him be anathema maranatha!" when his own conscience will stifle his very prayers and smite him with confusion in the presence of his brethren. God speed that auspicious time! The world is now nearly all open for Christian propaganda. There are pecuniary resources enough in Christendom to cover the earth with the light of the truth. We need but to call out those resources, and this can only be done by enforcing everywhere the true idea of the *relation of Christian men to their property*. The pulpit, tracts and prize essays, are discussing it; they must discuss it more and more. A change amounting to something like a *revolution* must be effected in this respect. The moral prospect of our country, as we have shown it, demonstrates the doctrine overwhelmingly. Christian business men, look forth upon that prospect, and ask what your country and your religion demand of you under such circumstances? Labor in your workshops and your marts for the common salvation. Endow schools, promote publications, send forth laborers. It is a sublime opportunity for you; it will ennoble and sanctify from their sordidness the pursuits of your secular life; you will no longer live only to live, but for moral ends which will glorify both your life and your death. For you, who, as Christian men,

"look for the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour," any other life is a solecism, which will be fearfully refuted, if not now, yet in the hour of death or the day of judgment.

We have written these remarks with emphasis, but with sober and stern arguments, "mathematical arguments," as we have called them. How could such a subject be treated otherwise than emphatically? Was there ever a matter of greater urgency presented to this Christian nation? We are reluctant to dismiss it, and yet would not impair the effect of our reasonings by their length. The subject has its dark side, but we do not despond. Through the indifference of the Church of the land a fearful night may lower over our children, but we will hope otherwise. All the indications of Providence would seem to betoken the breaking up of heathenism and Mohammedanism, and the general triumph of the truth; let us then rather hope that "the night is far spent, the day is at hand; and let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light."

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

FOUND IN THE NURSERY OF HOLYROOD.

ONCE upon a time three children wandered off to seek their fortunes. The way was smooth before them, the bright sun shone benignantly upon their innocent faces, and the birds cheered them with sweet songs. Thus they danced merrily on till noon, when their feet grew weary, and turning aside from the path, they lay down and slept, till the shadows of the trees grew quite long. They then rose up refreshed, for the sleep of children is sweet, and went on their way rejoicing, till they reached the termination of their path, at a sandy beach that bordered on a wide and deep lake. And now their hearts were troubled; for, afar off, they saw the sun slowly descending into the water, and darkness was unfolding her dusky curtain. They were sorrowfully wandering hither and thither, hoping to find a new path, when the sound of wheels was heard, and a splendid carriage, drawn by white horses, caparisoned in velvet and silver, rolled swiftly along the beach. When it reached the children, the liveried coachman drew in the reins; a princess looked out of the

window, and beckoned for them to come in. Harold, delighted with so much magnificence, jumped quickly into the coach, without even kissing Edric or his dear little sister Maude, who were not as bold as their brother, but were afraid of the grand princess. The carriage passed rapidly on, and had scarcely disappeared, when a youth resting on a ball that carried him as swiftly as the wind, approached them, and said, "Come! and have glory and honor! Come! and obtain homage and applause! Come! and be famous—be great!" And before the wondering Maude could imagine what the youth had meant, Edric was riding away from his sister on the swift ball.

And now Maude sat down on a rock, quite alone; it grew darker each moment, and the great waves moaned sadly; but Maude was not frightened, for her innocent heart had power to protect her from harm, as she folded her hands and sat quite still, thinking so deeply of her dear brothers, that she heard no approaching foot-fall; and when she lifted her eyes, a serene, beautiful face was turned to hers; by her side sat a man whose garments were dusty, and who appeared to have traveled from a far country. He tenderly took the little hands of Maude between his own, and said, "Dear child, will you follow me? You can neither have riches nor honor, but trials and scorn, perhaps, instead; yet you will have a friend, always true, always willing and able to bestow all you need. His arms will be around you; he will bear all your griefs, and I am he." While saying these words, his countenance became as sweet and radiant as the face of the saint on the chancel at sunset. The golden head of Maude was bent upon her breast; her gentle face was wet with tears: but with a low, quivering voice, she said, "Yea, Lord!" And then she heard her friend say, "Look up, Maude! look up!" She raised her tearful but glad eyes; and there before her stood her Friend, clothed in robes of righteousness, surrounded by shining ones, and holding a crown of greater beauty than ever her simple heart had imagined; and she heard these blessed words: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Maude followed her friend closely; she walked in his footsteps; and while some ridiculed, and others wondered that she

should choose so hard a lot, she remembered the crown that was laid up for her.

At last the angel, called Death, came for these children; and as he approached, his shadow, Sickness, came before. It went first to Harold, to whom the princess had given many coffers of gold; but he was so afraid of losing his treasure, that he kept it in a deep vault, and hardly dared look at it for fear of being discovered. Whenever a human face met his, he trembled for his gold; they might suspect, he thought, and steal his treasure. It caused him constant unhappiness; and when Sickness came to warn him of Death, his misery increased sevenfold; he could not, would not part with his beloved gold; he was not ready for Death; nevertheless Death came, and the wretched Harold was obliged to leave his treasure.

The shadow then passed over Edric; he had become very famous: but there lived one who was yet above him in glory; and this rival he only aspired to surpass; then he would be perfectly happy. From the time that the figure on the ball, who was the spirit of Fame, had beguiled him from his sister, he had been aiming at only one step higher; but, alas! he was never contented with that which had previously been to him the ideal of perfect happiness. He begged to live just long enough to look down on his superior; but Death was unyielding; and after all his struggles for glory, he had not attained the greatness to which he had aspired.

Then came Death and his shadow to Maude, not as a terrible enemy, not as an inexorable tyrant, as he had seemed to her brothers; but a white-winged messenger of good-tidings—a guide to the portal of heaven. The shadow did not darken her soul, for she thought continually of those shining ones, and of her crown jeweled with stars; and when Death came, she opened her arms and welcomed him; and he led the child away from the thorny path in which she had so meekly walked, and left her at the entrance to heaven. And there, lifting up her eyes, she saw, standing within the portal, the holy and beautiful form which once appeared to her as she sat upon the rock; his robes were not now soiled, but white as the light; he extended his arms and she fell upon his bosom. He bore her into the midst of the holy ones, and gave her as a companion to them forever.



THE SOULS DEPARTED.

HOW peaceful is the dwelling-place of those who inhabit the green hamlets and populous cities of the dead! They need no antidote for care,—no armor against fate. No morning sun shines in at the closed windows and awakens them, nor shall unto the last great day. At most, a straggling sunbeam creeps in through the crumbling wall of an old, neglected tomb—a strange visitor, that stays not long. And there they all sleep, the holy ones, with their arms crossed upon their breasts, or lying motionless by their sides,—not carved in marble by the hand of man, but formed in dust by the hand of God. God's peace be with them! No one comes to them now, to hold them by the hand, and with delicate fingers to smooth their hair. They need no more the blandishments of earthly friendship. They need us not, however much we may need them. And yet they silently await our coming. Beautiful is that season of life when we can say, in the language of Scripture, "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." But of these flowers death gathers many. We shall see them all again, blooming in a happier land.

Yes, death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not long delay. They have gone before us, and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the

grave to welcome us, with the countenance of affection which they wore on earth; yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual! He spoke well who said that graves are the footsteps of angels! It was in an hour of blessed communion with the souls of the departed, that the sweet poet Henry Vaughan wrote those few lines which have made death lovely.—*Hyperion*.

THEY are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dress'd,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd
them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death! the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some sledged bird's nest
may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.



"I see them walking in an air of glory."

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep!

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up gave
room,
She'd shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective, still as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

[For the National Magazine.]

SONNETS:—JUSTICE—MERCY.

• JUSTICE.

ALL hail to thee! thou friend of honest men,
Whose hand inclines not to the rich or poor;
Thy ready sword is up to strike again
The selfish slaves it often struck before;

But still thy sword, O vengeful justice! falls
Full late at times upon the plundering crew;
The orphan's cry—the widow's wail appalls
The honest heart, whose hand, though poor,
is true.

Still retributive Justice has a settling day,
When all accounts must balance to a hair;
And though the wavering scales to selfish mo-
tives sway,

Our souls are surety for the just repair:
Hard hands may wring the heart's blood from
the poor,

But, O! like Abel's, once, it crieth at their
door.

—
MERCY.

O! meek-eyed Mercy! messenger of God,
Sweet is thy presence to the trembling soul—
To thee stern Justice yields her vengeful rod,
Repentance blesses meekly thy control.

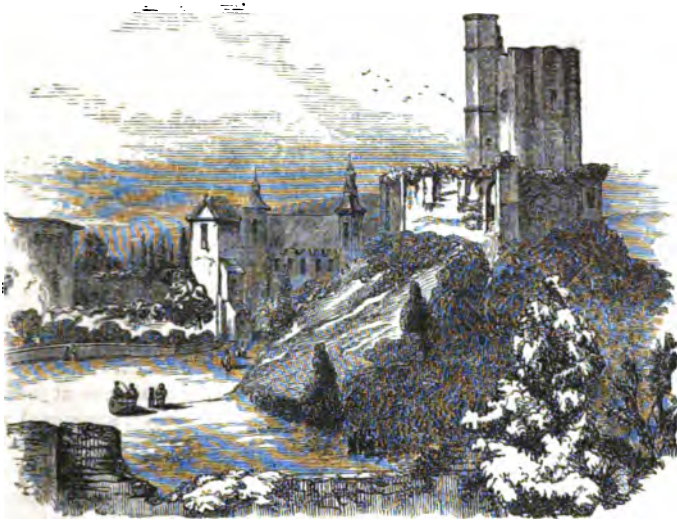
She pleads to God, weak, erring man to spare;
Her tears arrest the master's iron hand:—
Then how shall they, who turn a listless ear,
The God of mercy in their turn withstand?

For he that feels no mercy for his slave,
Shall plead in vain when death himself shall
come;—

There's no repentance past the gloomy grave,
There is no mercy in the silent tomb;

Then, O, be merciful to those that sue!
While God his mercy still extends to you.

S. H. D.



CHATEAU OF GISORS.

THE CRUSADES.

WE now come to the consideration of the third Crusade, and of the causes which rendered it necessary. The epidemic frenzy, which had been cooling ever since the issue of the first expedition, was now extinct, or very nearly so, and the nations of Europe looked with cold indifference upon the armaments of their princes. But chivalry had flourished in its natural element of war, and was now in all its glory. It continued to supply armies for the Holy Land when the popular ranks refused to deliver up their able-bodied swarms. Poetry, which, more than religion, inspired the third Crusade, was then but "*caviere* to the million," who had other matters, of sterner import, to claim all their attention. But the knights and their retainers listened with delight to the martial and amatory strains of the minstrels, minnesängers, trouvères, and troubadours, and burned to win favor in ladies' eyes by showing prowess in the Holy Land. The third was truly the romantic era of the Crusades. Men fought then, not so much for the sepulcher of Jesus, and the maintenance of a Christian kingdom in the East, as to gain glory for themselves in the best and almost only field where glory could be obtained. They fought, not as zealots, but as soldiers; not for religion, but for honor; not for the

crown of martyrdom, but for the favor of the lovely.

It is not necessary to enter into a detail of the events by which Saladin attained the sovereignty of the East; or how, after a succession of engagements, he planted the Moslem banner once more upon the battlements of Jerusalem. The Christian knights and population, including the grand orders of St. John, the Hospitallers, and the Templars, were sunk in an abyss of vice, and, torn by unworthy jealousies and dissensions, were unable to resist the well-trained armies which the wise and mighty Saladin brought forward to crush them. But the news of their fall created a painful sensation among the chivalry of Europe, whose noblest members were linked to the dwellers in Palestine by many ties, both of blood and friendship. The news of the great battle of Tiberias, in which Saladin defeated the Christian host with terrible slaughter, arrived first in Europe, and was followed in quick succession by that of the capture of Jerusalem, Antioch, Tripoli, and other cities. Dismay seized upon the clergy. The Pope, Urban III., was so affected by the news that he pined away for grief, and was scarcely seen to smile again, until he sank into the sleep of death. His successor, Gregory VIII., felt the loss as acutely, but had better

strength to bear it, and instructed all the clergy of the Christian world to stir up the people to arms for the recovery of the Holy Sepulcher. William, Archbishop of Tyre, a humble follower in the path of Peter the Hermit, left Palestine to preach to the kings of Europe the miseries he had witnessed, and to incite them to the rescue. The renowned Frederick Barbarossa, the Emperor of Germany, speedily collected an army, and passing over into Syria with less delay than had ever before awaited a crusading force, defeated the Saracens, and took possession of the city of Iconium. He was unfortunately cut off in the middle of his successful career, by imprudently bathing in the Cydnus* while he was overheated, and the Duke of Suabia took the command of the expedition. The latter



SEAL OF BARBAROSSA.

did not prove so able a general, and met with nothing but reverses, although he was enabled to maintain a footing at Antioch until assistance arrived from Europe.

Henry II. of England and Philip Augustus of France, at the head of their chivalry, supported the Crusade with all their influence, until wars and dissensions nearer home estranged them from it for a time. The two kings met at Gisors in Normandy in the month of January, 1188, accompanied by a brilliant train of knights and warriors. William of Tyre was present, and expounded the cause of the cross with considerable eloquence, and the whole assembly bound themselves by oath to proceed to Jerusalem. It was agreed

* The desire of comparing two great men has tempted many writers to drown Frederick in the river Cydnus, in which Alexander so imprudently bathed, (Q. Curt. lib. iii, c. 4, 5;) but, from the march of the emperor, I rather judge that his Saleph is the Cacadus, a stream of less fame, but of a longer course.—Gibbon.

at the same time that a tax, called Saladin's tithe, and consisting of the tenth part of all possessions, whether landed or personal, should be enforced over Christendom, upon every one who was either unable or unwilling to assume the cross. The lord of every fief, whether lay or ecclesiastical, was charged to raise the tithe within his own jurisdiction; and any one who refused to pay his quota, became by that act the bondman and absolute property of his lord. At the same time the greatest indulgence was shown to those who assumed the cross; no man was at liberty to stay them by process of any kind, whether for debt, or robbery, or murder. The king of France, at the breaking up of the conference, summoned a parliament at Paris, where these resolutions were solemnly confirmed, while Henry II. did the same for his Norman possessions at Rouen, and for England at Geddington, in Northamptonshire. To use the words of an ancient chronicler, (Stowe,) "he held a parliament about the voyage into the Holy Land, and troubled the whole land with the paying of tithes toward it."

But it was not England alone that was "troubled" by the tax. The people of France also looked upon it with no pleasant feelings, and appear from that time forth to have changed their indifference for the Crusade into aversion. Even the clergy, who were exceedingly willing that other people should contribute half, or even all their goods, in furtherance of their favorite scheme, were not at all anxious to contribute a single sous themselves. Millot relates that several of them cried out against the impost. Among the rest, the clergy of Rheims were called upon to pay their quota, but sent a deputation to the king, begging him to be contented with the aid of their prayers, as they were too poor to contribute in any other shape. Philip Augustus knew better, and by way of giving them a lesson, employed three nobles of the vicinity to lay waste the Church lands. The clergy, informed of the outrage, applied to the king for redress. "I will aid you with my prayers," said the monarch condescendingly, "and will entreat those gentlemen to let the Church alone." He did as he had promised; but in such a manner that the nobles, who appreciated the joke, continued their devastations as before. Again the clergy applied to the king. "What would you have



HENRY II. OF ENGLAND.

of me?" he replied, in answer to their remonstrances: "you gave me your prayers in my necessity, and I have given you mine in yours." The clergy understood the argument, and thought it the wiser course to pay their quota of Saladin's tithe without further parley.

This anecdote shows the unpopularity of the Crusade. If the clergy disliked to contribute, it is no wonder that the people felt still greater antipathy. But the chivalry of Europe was eager for the affray; the tithe was rigorously collected; and armies from England, France, Burgundy, Italy, Flanders, and Germany, were soon in the field. The two kings who were to have led it were, however, drawn into broils by an aggression of Richard, Duke of Guienne, better known as Richard Cœur de Lion, upon the territory of the Count of Toulouse, and the proposed journey to Palestine was delayed. War continued to rage between France and England, and with so little probability of a speedy termination, that many of the nobles, bound to the Crusade, left the two monarchs to settle the differences at their leisure, and proceeded to Palestine without them.

Death at last stepped in and removed Henry II. from the hostility of his foes,

and the treachery and ingratitude of his children. His son Richard immediately concluded an alliance with Philip Augustus; and the two young, valiant, and impetuous monarchs, united all their energies to forward the Crusade. They met with a numerous and brilliant retinue at Nonancourt in Normandy, where, in sight of their assembled chivalry, they embraced as brothers, and swore to live as friends and true allies, until a period of forty days after their return from the Holy Land. With a view of purging their camp from the follies and vices which had proved so ruinous to preceding expeditions, they drew up a code of laws for the government of the army.

These rules, which strictly prohibited gambling, and other vices to which the Crusaders were addicted, having been promulgated, the two monarchs marched together to Lyons, where they separated, agreeing to meet again at Messina. Philip proceeded across the Alps to Genoa, where he took ship, and was conveyed to the place of rendezvous. Richard turned in the direction of Marseilles, where he also took ship for Messina. His impetuous disposition hurried him into many squabbles by the way, and his knights and followers, for the most part as brave and as



PHILIP AUGUSTUS.

foolish as himself, imitated him very zealously in this particular. At Messina the Sicilians charged the most exorbitant prices for every necessary of life. Richard's army in vain remonstrated. From words they came to blows, and, as a last resource, plundered the Sicilians, since they could not trade with them. Continual battles were the consequence, in one of which Lebrun, the favorite attendant of Richard, lost his life. The peasantry from far and near came flocking to the aid of the townspeople, and the battle soon became general. Richard, irritated at the loss of his favorite, and incited by report that Tancred, the king of Sicily, was fighting at the head of his own people, joined the *mêlée* with his boldest knights, and, beating back the Sicilians, attacked the city sword in hand, stormed the battlements, tore down the flag of Sicily, and planted his own in its stead. This collision gave great offense to the king of France, who became from that time jealous of Richard, and apprehensive that his design was not so much to reestablish the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, as to make conquests for himself. He, however, exerted his influence to restore peace between the English and Sicilians, and shortly afterward set sail for Acre, with distrust of his ally germinating in his heart.

Richard remained behind for some weeks in a state of inactivity quite unaccountable in one of his temperament. He appears to have had no more squabbles with the Sicilians, but to have lived an easy, luxurious life, forgetting, in the lap of pleasure, the objects for which he had quitted his own dominions and the dangerous laxity he was introducing into his army. The superstition of his soldiers recalled him at length to a sense of his duty: a comet was seen for several successive nights, which was thought to menace them with the vengeance of Heaven for their delay. Shooting stars gave them similar warning; and a fanatic, of the name of Joachim, with his drawn sword in his hand, and his long hair streaming wildly over his shoulders, went through the camp, howling all night long, and predicting plague, famine, and every other calamity if they did not set out immediately. Richard did not deem it prudent to neglect the intimations; and, after doing humble penance for his remissness, he set sail for Acre.

A violent storm dispersed his fleet, but he arrived safely at Rhodes with the principal part of his armament. Here he learned that three of his ships had been stranded on the rocky coasts of Cyprus; and that the ruler of the island, Isaac Comnenus, had permitted his people to pillage the unfortunate crews, and had refused shelter to his betrothed bride, the Princess Berengaria, and his sister, who, in one of the vessels, had been driven by stress of weather into the port of Limisso. The fiery monarch swore to be revenged, and, collecting all his vessels, sailed back to Limisso. Isaac Comnenus refused to apologize or explain; and Richard, in no mood to be trifled with, landed on the island, routed with great loss the forces sent to oppose him, and laid the whole country under contribution.

On his arrival at Acre he found the whole of the chivalry of Europe there before him. Guy of Lusignan, the king of Jerusalem, had long before collected the bold Knights of the Temple, the Hospital, and St. John, and had laid siege to Acre, which was resolutely defended by the Sultan Saladin, with an army magnificent both for its numbers and its discipline. For nearly two years the Crusades had pushed the siege, and made efforts almost superhuman to dislodge the enemy. Various battles had taken place in the open fields with no decisive advantage to either party, and Guy of Lusignan had begun to despair of taking that strong position without aid from Europe. His joy was extreme on the arrival of Philip with all his chivalry, and he only awaited the coming of Cœur de Lion to make one last decisive attack upon the town. When the fleet of England was first seen approaching the shores of Syria, a universal shout arose from the Christian camp; and when Richard landed with his train, one louder still pierced to the very mountains of the south, where Saladin lay with all his army.

It may be remarked as characteristic of this Crusade, that the Christians and the Moelems no longer looked upon each other as barbarians, to whom mercy was a crime. Each host entertained the highest admiration for the bravery and magnanimity of the other, and, in their occasional truces, met upon the most friendly terms. The Moslem warriors were full of courtesy to the Christian knights, and had no other regret than to think that

such fine fellows were not Mohammedans. The Christians, with a feeling precisely similar, extolled to the skies the nobleness of the Saracens, and sighed to think that such generosity and valor should be sullied by disbelief in the gospel of Jesus. But when the strife began, all these feelings disappeared, and the struggle became mortal.

The jealousy excited in the mind of Philip by the events of Messina still rankled, and the two monarchs refused to act in concert. Instead of making a joint attack upon the town, the French monarch assailed it alone, and was repulsed. Richard did the same, and with the same result. Philip tried to seduce the soldiers of Richard from their allegiance by the offer of three gold pieces per month to every knight who would forsake the banners of England for those of France. Richard endeavored to neutralize the offer by a larger one, and promised four pieces to every French knight who should join the Lion of England. In this unworthy rivalry their time was wasted, to the great detriment of the discipline and efficiency of their followers. Some good was nevertheless effected; for the mere presence of two such armies prevented the besieged city from receiving supplies, and the inhabitants were reduced by famine to the most woeful straits. Saladin did not deem it prudent to risk a general engagement by coming to their relief, but preferred to wait till dissension had weakened his enemy, and made him an easy prey. Perhaps if he had been aware of the real extent of the extremity in Acre, he would have changed his plan; but, cut off from the town, he did not know its misery till it was too late. After a short truce the city capitulated upon terms so severe, that Saladin afterward refused to ratify them. The chief conditions were, that the precious wood of the true cross, captured by the Moslems in Jerusalem, should be restored; that a sum of two hundred thousand gold pieces should be paid; and that all the Christian prisoners in Acre should be released, together with two hundred knights and a thousand soldiers detained in captivity by Saladin. The eastern monarch, as may be well conceived, did not set much store on the wood of the cross, but was nevertheless anxious to keep it, as he knew its possession by the Christians would do more than a victory

to restore their courage. He refused, therefore, to deliver it up, or to accede to any of the conditions; and Richard, as he had previously threatened, barbarously ordered all the Saracen prisoners in his power to be put to death.

The possession of the city only caused new and unhappy dissensions between the Christian leaders. The Archduke of Austria unjustifiably hoisted his flag on one of the towers of Acre, which Richard no sooner saw than he tore it down with his own hands, and trampled it under his feet. Philip, though he did not sympathize with the archduke, was piqued at the assumption of Richard, and the breach between the two monarchs became wider than ever. A foolish dispute arose at the same time between Guy of Lusignan and Conrad of Montferrat for the crown of Jerusalem; the inferior knights were not slow to imitate the pernicious example; and jealousy, distrust, and ill-will reigned in the Christian camp. In the midst of this confusion the king of France suddenly announced his intention to return to his own country. Richard was filled with indignation, and exclaimed, "Eternal shame light on him, and on all France, if, for any cause, he leaves this work unfinished!" But Philip was not to be stayed. His health had suffered by his residence in the East; and, ambitious of playing a first part, he preferred to play none at all than to play second to King Richard. Leaving a small detachment of Burgundians behind, he returned to France with the remainder of his army; and Cœur de Lion, without feeling, in the multitude of his rivals, that he had lost the greatest, became painfully convinced that the right arm of the enterprise was lopped off.

After his departure, Richard re-fortified Acre, restored the Christian worship in the churches, and, leaving a Christian garrison to protect it, marched along the sea-coast toward Ascalon. Saladin was on the alert, and sent his light horse to attack the rear of the Christian army, while he himself, miscalculating their weakness since the defection of Philip, endeavored to force them to a general engagement. The rival armies met near Azotus. A fierce battle ensued, in which Saladin was defeated and put to flight, and the road to Jerusalem left free for the Crusaders.

Again discord exerted its baleful influence, and prevented Richard from follow-



RICHARD I. AND BERENGARIA.

ing up his victory. His opinion was constantly opposed by the other leaders, all jealous of his bravery and influence; and the army, instead of marching to Jerusalem, or even to Ascalon, as was first intended, proceeded to Jaffa, and remained in idleness until Saladin was again in a condition to wage war against them.

Many months were spent in fruitless hostilities and as fruitless negotiations. Richard's wish was to recapture Jerusalem; but there were difficulties in the way, which even his bold spirit could not conquer. His own intolerable pride was not the least cause of the evil; for it estranged many a generous spirit, who would have been willing to cooperate with him in all cordiality. At length it was agreed to march to the Holy City; but the progress made was so slow and painful, that the soldiers murmured, and the leaders meditated retreat. The weather was hot

and dry, and there was little water to be procured. Saladin had choked up the wells and cisterns on the route, and the army had not zeal enough to push forward amid such privation. At Bethlehem a council was held, to debate whether they should retreat or advance. Retreat was decided upon, and immediately commenced. It is said, that Richard was first led to a hill, whence he could obtain a sight of the towers of Jerusalem; and that he was so affected at being so near it, and so unable to relieve it, that he hid his face behind his shield, and sobbed aloud.

The army separated into two divisions, the smaller falling back upon Jaffa, and the larger, commanded by Richard and the Duke of Burgundy, returning to Acre. Before the English monarch had made all his preparations for his return to Europe, a messenger reached Acre with the intelligence that Jaffa was besieged by Saladin,

and that, unless relieved immediately, the city would be taken. The French, under the Duke of Burgundy, were so wearied with the war, that they refused to aid their brethren in Jaffa. Richard, blushing with shame at their pusillanimity, called his English to the rescue, and arrived just in time to save the city. His very name put the Saracens to flight, so great was their dread of his prowess. Saladin regarded him with the warmest admiration; and when Richard, after his victory, demanded peace, willingly acceded. A truce was concluded for three years and eight months, during which Christian pilgrims were to enjoy the liberty of visiting Jerusalem without hinderance or payment of any tax. The Crusaders were allowed to retain the cities of Tyre and Jaffa, with the country intervening. Saladin, with a princely generosity, invited many of the Christians to visit Jerusalem; and several of the leaders took advantage of his offer to feast their eyes upon a spot which all considered so sacred. Many of them were entertained for days in the sultan's own palace, from which they returned with their tongues laden with the praises of the noble infidel.

Richard and Saladin never met, though the impression that they did will remain on many minds, who have been dazzled by the glorious fiction of Sir Walter Scott. But each admired the prowess and nobleness of soul of his rival, and agreed to terms far less onerous than either would have accepted, had this mutual admiration not existed.*

The king of England no longer delayed his departure, for messengers from his own country brought imperative news that his presence was required to defeat the intrigues that were fomenting against his crown. His long imprisonment in the Austrian dominions and final ransom are too well known to be dwelt upon. And thus ended the third Crusade, less destructive of human life than the first two, but quite as useless.

* Richard left a high reputation in Palestine. So much terror did his name occasion, that the women of Syria used it to frighten their children for ages afterward. Every disobedient child became still when told that King Richard was coming. Even men shared the panic that his name created; and a hundred years afterward, whenever a horse shied at any object in the way, his rider would exclaim, "What! dost thou think King Richard is in the bush?"

THE OLD COCKADE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

IN the year 1831 I was spending an evening at the house of a general, who had been one of Napoleon's bravest officers. There were some other guests, and we were chatting sociably around the fire, when M. Louis Jacquet was announced, and we saw an extremely handsome young officer of marines enter. He seemed to be about twenty-two years old; his countenance was frank and open, his bearing singularly graceful, and his ensign's uniform—evidently quite new—was put on with much care and neatness. One portion of his costume, however, contrasted oddly enough with the rest. In the black, glossy cap, which he carried in his hand, was fastened an old, soiled, faded cockade. Involuntarily many eyes glanced curiously at this incongruous decoration; and our host, in a whisper, drew his wife's attention to this circumstance; to which she replied by a gentle smile. M. Jacquet blushed deeply, yet not with an air of shame or confusion, but rather with one of genuine modesty. And the general, taking his hand, said:—

"You are a brave lad, Louis."

The general's wife then took his hand; and the young officer kissed hers, with respectful tenderness.

This little scene interested us all, yet no one ventured to ask its explanation; when an old officer, who had been rather silent hitherto, suddenly rose, and said to our host:—

"So this is your Jacquet, general; and this is the real cockade!"

And taking the cap from its owner's hands, he looked at its battered ornament with strange fondness, while a tear rolled down on his gray moustache. Every one present then crowded round to examine the mysterious cockade, and asked the general to tell its history.

As he hesitated, the old officer said:—

"'T is a story which I am sure will interest you; and, with the permission of our host and his young friend, I will tell it."

No objection being made, he began thus:—

"After the memorable interview between Napoleon and Alexander, the former of these two emperors wishing to show to the other the troops which had

conquered him, a grand review took place. As Napoleon was inspecting, with a pleased eye, the ranks of his imperial guard, he paused before a remarkably powerful-looking grenadier, whose face was seared from the forehead to the chin by a deep scar. Pointing him out to the emperor Alexander, Napoleon said:—

“What do you think of the soldiers who can resist such wounds?”

“What do *you* think of the soldiers who can give them?” said Alexander, readily.

“They are dead,” said the grenadier; thus mingling in the conversation of the two most powerful monarchs in the world.

“Alexander then turning toward his mighty rival, said, courteously:—

“Sire, you are everywhere a conqueror.”

“Because the guard has done its duty,” replied Napoleon, with a friendly gesture toward the grenadier.

“A few days afterward, as the emperor of France was passing through the camp, he saw the grenadier, seated on a stone, with his legs crossed, and dancing a chubby boy of two years old on his foot. Napoleon paused before him; and the old soldier, without rising, said:—

“Pardon, sire; but if I stood up, Jacquet would scream like one of the king of Prussia’s sifers; and that would annoy your majesty.”

“‘T is well!” said Napoleon. “Your name is Jacques?”

“Yes, my emperor, Jacques. That’s the reason they call this little fellow Jacquet.”

“He is your son?”

“No, my emperor; his father was an old comrade of mine, who had his leg shot off, two months ago, and died on the field. His mother, who followed the camp, was killed by a saber-cut while she was giving her husband a drink. She had this baby tied on her back; and we found him, some hours after her death, roaring like a young bull, with his stomach as empty as the king of Spain’s coffers.”

“Then you have adopted the child?”

“I and my comrades. But as I was the first to find him, they have given him especially to me.”

“Napoleon looked for a moment at the grenadier, who continued to give Jacquet a lesson in riding, and then said:—

“I owe you something, Jacques.”

“Me, my Emperor? You have already given me a cross for this scar.”

“I owe you some return for what you said to the emperor Alexander.”

“Did I say anything uncivil to that emperor? Has he complained of me?”

“No, certainly; for I am going to reward you. Come! What do you wish for?”

“*Ma foi*,” replied Jacques, “I don’t wish for anything; but, my emperor, if you would just give some token to this little chap, it would bring him good luck.”

“Willingly,” was the reply. And Jacques, rising, took the child on his arm, and approached Napoleon, who was searching his pockets for some *souvenir*. He found some gold pieces, which he quickly put back; for it was not with money that he purchased his soldiers’ hearts. He sought again, and found nothing but papers. At length, in the pocket of his vest, he found his snuff-box, and offered it to the grenadier. Jacques began to laugh, and said:—

“What nonsense! Give a snuff-box to a child that can’t even smoke!”

“At that moment the emperor felt something pull his hat; and he saw that the child, raised on the soldier’s arm, had got his tiny hand into the loop, and was playing with the cockade.

“Hold, sir,” said the grenadier. “The little fellow is like your majesty—he takes whatever he chooses himself!”

“Well,” replied the emperor, “let him keep it!” And detaching the cockade with his own hand, he gave it to the child, to whom Jacques said, as he danced him in his arms:—

“Come, show his majesty that you know how to talk!”

And the baby, laughing and clapping his hands, stammered softly the words:—

“*Ong ive de Empeau?*”

From that day, Jacques followed his illustrious master through all his checkered fortunes, and accompanied him to the island of Elba. Jacquet was also in every campaign, sometimes strolling with the grenadiers, sometimes carried on a baggage-wagon, sometimes riding on his protector’s back. He had a miniature sword and uniform, and quickly learned to play on the fife; while Jacques, who loved and honored Napoleon above every human being, had taught Jacquet to do the same. The grenadier was at first greatly

puzzled as to how the child ought to wear the cockade; till at length he bethought him of inclosing it in a little case, which he hung around his *protégé's* neck, at the same time saying to him:—

“Mind, Jacquet, night and morning, when you say your prayers, always take out this relic and pray for a blessing on our emperor, who gave it you.”

“This the child never failed to do; constantly associating in his prayers the name of Napoleon with that of papa Jacques.”

“Years passed on: Napoleon was banished to St. Helena, the army was disbanded, and poor Jacques found himself thrown on the world in his old age, without any possessions but his cross and his little Jacquet. Louis—for by that name the boy had been baptized—has often told me how it pained his childish heart to see his brave father, who, a few months before, thought nothing of making a forced march of fifteen leagues while fully accoutered, now bending under the weight of a small packet of clothes, and dropping from fatigue after walking a few miles. Every day he became weaker. They generally passed their nights in stables; and Louis used to collect scattered handfuls of straw to cover the shivering limbs of the old grenadier. They lived principally on scraps of food given them by charitable innkeepers and peasants. One day the poor old man felt unable to rise from off the floor of a deserted hut where he had passed the night, and murmured as it were it spite of himself:—

“Jacquet, I am dying; get me a little medicine.”

“The child burst into a loud fit of crying, and then went out on the road to ask for alms; but he got nothing, and felt ready to despair, when suddenly a thought struck him; he fell on his knees, took out the case that contained his cockade, and sobbed aloud:—

“My God!—my God!—in thy great mercy send me some medicine for papa Jacques.”

“He continued to repeat these words as well as his tears would permit, until a gentleman who was passing by, stopped, and began to question him. The child, in an artless manner, told his history; and finished by saying:—

“Papa Jacques desired me never to part with this cockade. He said that it would always bring me good luck, and I

would rather cut off my arm than lose it; still you may have it, if you will only give me a few sous to buy medicine for him!”

“Much moved by what he had heard, the stranger answered:—

“My child, God, to whom you prayed so fervently, has left in France some old soldiers ready to share his gifts with their comrades. Take me to your father.”

“And this man?”

“This benevolent man,” interrupted the young officer, “this kind, good officer took me in his arms; me—a poor little mendicant! He caused Jacques to be carried to his house, restored him to life, and never allowed him to want for anything until his death, which did not take place for many years. As to me, he treated me like a son; and still each day loads me with his benefits!”

“And turning to the general and his wife, the young man embraced them both, while his eyes were filled with tears.”

“You have not finished the story, Louis,” said the general. “You did not say that I promised to restore to you the emperor’s cockade whenever you returned with an epaulette, gained as we old soldiers gained ours. And to-day, my friends, you see the cockade in his cap; for Louis was at the taking of Algiers, and his captain, who had taken him out merely as a recruit, has sent him home to me as an ensign!”

So saying, the general once more embraced his adopted son. We were all affected, and I saw another tear stealing down on the old officer’s gray moustache.

It is one thing for a man to have an interest in Christ, and another thing to have his interest cleared up to him. I do speak it with grief of heart, that even among such Christians that I hope to meet in heaven, there is scarce one in forty, nay, one of a hundred, that is groundedly able to make out his interest in the Lord Jesus. Most Christians live between fear and hope—between doubting and believing. One day they hope that all is well, and that all shall be well forever; the next day they are ready to say, that they shall one day perish by the hand of such a corruption, or else by the hand of such a temptation. And thus they are up and down, saved and lost, many times a day. —Brooks.

GUILTY MEMORIES.

“**R**EPENTANCE can do nothing to obliterate the past. It can only prevent such future misery as would have arisen from perseverance in sin. The memory of what has been must always remain. And the injury which sin has once inflicted upon the spiritual nature must always continue.” We have often met with such reasoning as this; and we think it depreciates vastly both the efficacy of repentance and the divine grace. What a prospect of the future does it open to us! Heaven, according to these conceptions, is only a kind of hospital for the sick. The lame, the halt, and the blind are there gathered together from the scene of earthly misery, and the moral nature must wear its wounds and scars forever. The song of redeeming love is to blend with regrets, and sighs, and reminiscences of guilt and sin.

Now we are unable to see what these words, pardon and forgiveness, mean, unless they have some reference to what has been; unless they imply the complete removal of our sins from us. Unless repentance, and the divine grace consequent thereon, have this retro-active efficacy, then we must expunge that word forgiveness from the Christian vocabulary, and with it the consoling idea which it represents.

But what are the declarations of the rapt prophet of the new dispensation, while visions of immortality are rushing upon his sight? “What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? . . . These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” Paul, though he reasons not from actual vision, puts forth in his own logical form the same doctrine of redemption; for he speaks of the old man, with all its sinful lusts and principles, as being *crucified, dead and buried*, that is, thrown off and

left behind in the past, and so henceforth having nothing to do with our future being.

And what is remission of sin? Not, as we are too apt to imagine, the suspension of deserved punishment, but the expulsion of sin itself from its seat in the soul. This is implied in the very term remission. It does not mean that crime shall not be punished, but that the principle of sin in the heart which prompted the crime is plucked out and removed forever. “Repent and be baptized, that your sins may be blotted out.” When, and by what means? “When the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.” That is, when the Holy Spirit shall so flood the soul as to expel its sins, and in place thereof to fill it with divine affections.

“But if we preserve our identity, shall we not remember what we have formerly been? and so will not the memory of our sins still come back to afflict and trouble us?” We shall remember so much of the past as we love to remember—so much, that is, as hath a living connection with the present. This, now and evermore, is a law of our spiritual being. “We remember what we love.” That will come back upon us again and again. What we cease to love recurs less and less. That mind which has indeed been redeemed, from which all unclean desires have been expunged, hath no longer any living connection with the sins which they produced. It will take no pleasure in living them over in recollection. The living will not be chained to the carcass of the dead. The good man lives over in the past just so much as is congenial with what he now is. But he is not yet perfectly redeemed, and so his past sins afflict him. When he shall be perfectly redeemed, the sinful past will be “dead,” and the absorbing pleasures and glories of the present will have no relation to the past but such as is peaceful and happy. We shall not preserve our identity in the absolute sense, for the old selfish nature will cease to be any part of our identity. That is dead and buried, while we are only “alive unto God through Christ Jesus our Lord.”—*Christian Register.*

THE end of a thing is better than the beginning. The safest way is to reserve our joy till we have good proof of the worthiness and fitness of the object.—*Bishop Hall.*

The National Magazine.

JULY, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WITH the present number we begin another volume. We renew our semi-annual bow to our readers, and hope to be able to salute each and all of them, and many more, at the end of the ensuing six months. Our publication has an important aim; it is endeavoring to accomplish it on the cheapest possible terms—cheaper, it is thought, than those of any other periodical of its size and execution in the land. Let every friend to cheap and wholesome literature then give us his hand. We ask, further, that every such friend would give us his personal aid by recommending the work to his neighbors and associates: show it, speak of its terms, and you can hardly fail of effectually promoting it. Among the attractions of the next volume will be:—

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Reader, if you are the friend of cheap and wholesome literature for "the people," we ask, and we trust not in vain, for your hearty patronage. No periodical of the land has received more emphatic indorsement from the press, or has warmer friends; and though the field has been prepossessed by gigantic competitors, commanding all the public appliances of the market, yet are we gradually finding a hearty reception into almost every section of the country, and our progress is none the less healthful, perhaps, for being steady and gradual. We shall labor to deserve increasing patronage by continual improvements. We tip our editorial hat to you then, good reader, and pass along to our work, confident of your good fellowship and good wishes.

The article on St. Petersburg, in our present number, is from a skillful hand—a Frenchman who writes from personal observation. The illustrations have been reproduced expressly for our pages, from good French engravings. We have an abundance of them prepared for the

future numbers of the series, and we doubt not that good judges of the art will admit them to be among the very best specimens of wood engraving yet seen in this country. A few of them may be familiar to the eye of the reader from other sources; these will, however, be but few among the many.

LAST DAYS OF JAY.—We give a sketch of the life of "Jay of Bath" in our present number. The writer alludes, in the conclusion of the article, to John Angel James's last interview with the venerable preacher. We observe in an English periodical a fuller account of that interview. Mr. James says:—

"We would not say there was nothing in his life that became him like its ending; but, rather, that his end became the holy, dignified, humble course he had always pursued. There was the same deep and unaffected humility; the same gleams of playful fancy, mingling with his deep seriousness, and which looked like gentle flashes of summer's lightning issuing from the clouds of sickness and disease that lingered on his horizon; the same affection beaming out on all around him; the same settled hope, and unraporous, untalkative, solid peace. The portions of God's word that he dwelt most upon, were such as these:—'O Lord, I have waited for thy salvation; let me not be ashamed of my hope.' 'Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.' 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.' On Christmas-day he plaintively said to a friend, 'This is a sorrowful Christmas-day; but I can say, 'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.' I will venture to allude to the last interview I was permitted to hold with him, which was a month before his decease. I was thus privileged, above most, in being allowed to see him just when his feet were touching the brink of the dark cold flood, and his eye was upon the stream; and I can assure you there was no shuddering to cross, nor casting back a longing, lingering look on earth. Having recovered from a burst of emotion on my entering the room, he conversed, as far as suffering would permit, with solemn cheerfulness and deep humility. The great truths which he had so many years preached in life were now the foundation of his hope, and the support of his soul in death. On my referring to that expression in the ninety-first Psalm, as applicable to his own case, 'With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation,'—'Ah!' replied he, 'Beza said on his death-bed, 'I have known the fulfilment of every part of the Psalm but the last verse, and I shall know that in an hour.' My experience,' he said, 'is contained in those words of David: "O God of my salvation, in thee do I trust; let me not be ashamed of my hope."' We then gathered around the domestic altar, in the sacrifice of which he joined with deep solemnity and emotion; and we parted till we shall meet in that world where death and the curse are known no more. Much could be told of the unruddied serenity, the uncomplaining resignation, and exemplary patience, with which he bore the weight of his long and grievous affliction. 'I mourn,' he exclaimed, 'but I do not murmur. O Lord, consider my affliction, and forgive all my sins.' There was a simple grandeur in his death that harmonized with the humility and dignity of his life."

The *New Quarterly Review*, which by the way is one of the smartest critical slicers now in England, has broken in upon the secrets of the London book trade most ruthlessly, and brought some of the cockney publishers "about its ears," like the buzzing stingers of an overturned beehive. It discusses the maltreatment of authors by the publishers, and does so with manful spirit and an evident acquaintance with the details of the subject. Of the fulsome *ad-captandum* strategy of modern literary advertis-

ing it gives the following good—we were about to say caricature—but that would not be correct—it is a specimen:—

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We congratulate the public upon the energy displayed by our traveler and their publishers. Three weeks only have elapsed since the battle of the Pruth was fought, and we have before us a history of that battle which may vie with Napier's descriptions of the battles of the Peninsula; and which is adorned with pictorial representations that are at least equal to the battle-scenes of Lorenzo Comendich.—*The Voice of Minerva*.

Who can the author be? All the world is asking. It is rumored that he is a general officer who fought at the head of his regiment in every one of these battles.—*The Grub-street Gossip*.

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The critic lashes the London publishers for their superciliousness, and sets off against it the good sense and practical tact of Brother Jonathan:—

"We have many complaints of this nature before us, but we prefer to instance what we mean by an anecdote told us by Mr. F—, the enterprising American publisher. The sharp, active, ubiquitous American rushed into our sanctum not long since to give us some information we had asked of him touching new American books. He was in a fit of most indignant disgust at English dilatoriness, English apathy, and especially at English gentility. 'You English,' said he, 'are above your business. I have been this morning to ———, and have been kept waiting half an hour, although my business was to buy his books. I went thence to ———, where they kept me waiting not quite so long; but when one of the partners did come to me, after I had told him my business, he turned round to a shopman, with half a lip and a drawl, and said, "Mr. So-and-so, do we publish the book Mr. F— wants?" "Your old country, sir, is getting gouty, and you are all so genteel that everybody thinks he must cut himself out to the pattern of the shadow of some lord. I should like to see the Boston bookseller who would have to ask his shopman what books he published." We cannot record the exact language of our energetic friend's indignation, but we know we laughed heartily, and asked whether we were at liberty to repeat the anecdote. "Repeat it! I wish you would. Repeat it to the almighty universe," he answered, and vanished."

BRYANT AND GILFILLAN.—The *London Athenæum* notices a new edition of our countryman Bryant's Complete Works, issued in Loudon and edited by Gilfillan. It says, "Here is an edition of one of the soundest and soberest of the American poets, under the guardianship of the loudest and most extravagant of British editors,"—the gentleman of whom it has been said, that 'he thinks himself a great painter because he paints with a big brush.' The Rev. 'Gorgeous' Gilfillan gives us a taste of his usual quality in an introductory essay; but he fails to throw any particular light on the subject in hand." Poor Gilfillan, like his contemporary, "Satan" Montgomery, finds no mercy among the English critics.

Jeremy Taylor said:—Hasty conclusions are the mark of a fool: a wise man doubteth—a fool rageth, and is confident: the novice saith, I am sure that it is so; the better learned answers, Peradventure it may be so, but I prithee inquire. Some men are drunk with fancy, and mad with opinion. It is a little learning, and but a little, which makes men conclude hastily. Experience and humility teach modesty and fear.

Pigtails and Powder.—The Romans began to cut their hair about A. U. C. 454, (300 years before Christ,) when Ticius Maenas introduced barbers from Sicily. Then they cut, curled, and perfumed it. At night they covered the hair with a bladder, as is done now with a net or cap. Eminent hair-dressers were as much resorted to by ladies as in the present day. A writer in the *English Quarterly Review*, discussing the caprices of fashion respecting the hair, gives us the history of the pigtail. The natural hair, powdered and gathered in a cue, at first long, then short, and tied with ribbon, became the mode—to rout which it required a revolution; in 1793 it fell—together with the monarchy of France. In the English world of fashion, the system stood out somewhat later; but the Gallomania Whigs were early deserters; and Pitt's tax on hair-powder, in 1795, gave a grand advantage to the innovating party. Pigtails continued, however, to be worn by the army, and those of a considerable length, until

1804, when they were, by order, reduced to seven inches; and at last, in 1808, another order commanded them to be cut off altogether. There had, however, been a keen qualm in the "parting spirit" of protection. The very next day brought a counter-order; but to the great joy of the rank-and-file at least, it was too late—already the pig-tails were all gone. The trouble given to the military by the old mode of powdering the hair, and dressing the tail, was immense, and it often led to the most ludicrous scenes. The author of the "Costume of the British Soldier," relates that on one occasion, a field-day being ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors must needs have their heads dressed over-night; and to preserve their artistic arrangement, pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, these poor wretches were forced to sleep, as well as they could, on their faces! Who shall presume to laugh, after this, at the Feejee dandy, who sleeps with a wooden pillow under his neck, to preserve the perfect symmetry of his elaborately frizzed head. Such was the rigidity with which certain modes were enforced in the British army about this period, that there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer. Even at the present day, certain naval and military orders are extant, regulating the trim of the hair, whiskers, &c., and defining what regiments may and may not wear the mustache.

THE POET MONTGOMERY (the poet, not the pseudo one) has gone to his final rest since our last issue. Venerable with years, saintly with virtues, a man of genuine genius, his death would be an occasion of mourning to all good men, were it not that even death itself is beautiful in its season; and a well-spent life should have its befitting conclusion. The London Times gives an outline of his long and upright career, from which we learn that he was born in 1771, at Irvine in Ayrshire. His father was a Moravian missionary, who, leaving his son in Yorkshire to be educated, went to the West Indies, where he and the poet's mother both died. When only twelve years old, the bent of the boy's mind was shown by the production of various small poems. These indications could not save him at first from the fate of the poor, and he was sent to earn his bread as assistant in a general shop. He thirsted for other occupations, and one day set off with 3s. 6d. in his pocket to walk to London, to seek fame and fortune. In his first effort he broke down, and for a while gave up his plan to take service in another situation. Only for a time, however, was he content, and a second effort to reach the metropolis was successful, so far as bringing him to the spot he had longed for, but unsuccessful to his main hope—that of finding a publisher for a volume of his verses. But the bookseller who refused Montgomery's poems accepted his labor, and made him his shopman. Fortune, however, as she generally does, smiled at last on the zealous youth, and in 1792 he gained a post in the establishment of Mr. Gales, a bookseller of Sheffield, who had set up a newspaper called *The Sheffield Register*. On this paper Montgomery worked *con amore*, and when

his master had to fly from England to avoid imprisonment for printing articles too liberal for the then despotic government of England, the young poet became the editor and publisher of the paper, the name of which he changed to *Sheffield Iris*. In the columns of this print he advocated political and religious freedom, and such conduct secured for him the attentions of the Attorney-General, by whom he was prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned; in the first instance for reprinting a song commemorating "The Fall of the Bastille;" in the second case for an account he gave of a riot in Sheffield. Confinement could not crush his love of political justice; and on his second release he went on advocating the doctrines of freedom as before in his paper and in his books. In the lengthy periods between those times and the present, the beliefs which James Montgomery early pioneered in England have obtained general recognition, and, as men became more and more liberal, the poet gained more and more esteem. He contributed to magazines, and, despite adverse criticism, in the *Edinburgh Review*, established his right to rank as a poet. In 1797 he published "Prison Amusements;" in 1805, the "Ocean;" in 1806, the "Wanderer in Switzerland;" in 1809, "The West Indies;" and in 1812, "The World before the Flood." By these works he obtained the chief reputation he has since enjoyed. In 1819 appeared "Greenland," a poem in five cantos; and in 1828, "The Pelican Island and other Poems." In 1851 the whole of his works were issued in one volume, octavo, and of which two editions are in circulation; and in 1853, "Original Hymns, for Public, Private, and Social Devotion." This venerable poet enjoyed a well-deserved literary pension of about \$750 a year. Like some others among the most genuine minds of English literature, his works have met with a better appreciation in this country than at home. He was engaged on a volume of his Miscellanies when he died. Carlton and Phillips, of this city, propose to issue, as we understand, a splendidly illustrated edition of his poems.

We have discussed at some length the subject of "Pulpit Oratory." The following brief, but very significant letter from Garrick to a theological student who had requested his advice on the subject, has "turned up" in the newspapers. It is a whole volume on oratory compressed into a paragraph:—

MY DEAR SIR,—You know how you would feel and speak in the parlor to a dear friend who was in imminent danger of his life; and with what energetic pathos of diction and countenance you would enforce the observance of that which you really thought would be for his preservation. You would be yourself; and the interesting nature of your subject, impressing your heart, would furnish you with the most natural tone of voice, the most proper language, the most engaging features, and the most suitable and graceful gestures. What you would be in the parlor, be in the pulpit, and you will not fail to please, to affect, to profit. Adieu.

D. G.

Punch says:—We would advise every father of a family, who has a daughter afflicted with a penchant for wearing one of the present absurdities, called, by courtesy, a bonnet, to forbear arguing the subject, but simply intimate that she had better not try it on.

CURIOSITIES OF BLINDNESS.—We have been exceedingly entertained by a long article in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, on "The Blind, their Works and Ways;" an article which we would lay before our readers in *actenoo* did our limits admit it. We cannot resist the temptation to condense some of its facts. Appalling as the privation of sight may be, it is not without some remarkable compensations. Other faculties, both of intellect and of sense, often seem to gain by it; and Dufau, a French writer, affirms that the blind seldom become imbecile and still less frequently insane. Profound thinkers practically admit that vision interferes somewhat with deep cogitation. Malebranche, when he wished to think intensely, used to close his window-shutters in the daytime, excluding every ray of light; and, for a like reason, Democritus is said to have put out his eyes in order that he might philosophize the better; which latter story, however, it should be observed, though told by several ancient writers, is doubted by Cicero, (*De Fin.* v. 39.) and discredited by Plutarch, (*De Curiosit.* c. 12.) Speaking on this point, M. Dufau (the manager of the famous French schools) says:—"When we wish to increase our power of attention, we shut our eyes, thus assuming artificial blindness. Diderot used often to talk with his eyes closed, and at such times became sublimely eloquent. There is now living in the County of York, England, a gentleman of fortune, who, though totally blind, is an expert archer; "so expert," says our informant, who knows him well, "that out of twenty shots with the long bow he was far my superior. His sense of hearing was so keen, that when a boy behind the target rang a bell, the blind archer knew precisely how to aim the shaft."

The tenacity of the memory of the blind is well known. This characteristic faculty is, according to Father Charlevoix, turned to good account in Japan, where the public records of the empire are committed to memory by chosen blind men. An old blind mat-maker in England can repeat Thomson's "Seasons," and one or two other long poems, besides having an almost equally ready knowledge of several of the Gospels. Very recently a son was added to a friend's family, and news of the birth was brought to the blind man, who instantly set about calculating how often the child's birthday would fall on a Monday up to the year 1900. In a short time he had accurately settled the matter. He is now, though upward of sixty, trying to learn to read. But his fingers have become hard and horny with work.

Men of genius have sometimes triumphantly thrown off some of the worst disabilities of blindness. Genius ever devises ways and means of its own. It has a thousand little contrivances unknown to the ordinary student, who is content enough to travel along the beaten road which others have fashioned for him. Saunderson, the blind mathematician's whole machinery for computing was a small piece of deal, divided by lines into a certain number of squares, and pierced at certain angles with holes large enough to admit a metal pin. With this simple board and a box of pins he made all his calculations; yet, in 1711, he was the friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and by his in-

terest was elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. It is most probable that he never beheld the distant orbs of heaven, yet with the highest skill he reasoned of the laws which control them; unfolding and explaining the nature and beauty of light which he could not behold, and the glory of that bow in the clouds which he had never seen. Thus also was it with Huber, the blind philosopher of Geneva. His discoveries in the honeyed labors of bees have equaled, if not surpassed, those of any other one student of nature. It remained for Huber, not only to corroborate truths which others had partially discovered, but also to detect and describe minute particulars which had escaped even the acute observation of Swammerdam. It is true that others supplied him with eyes, but he furnished them with thought and intellect; *he saw with their eyes*. Thus he clearly proved that there are two distinct sets of bees in every hive—honey-gatherers and the wax-makers and nurses; that the larvae of working-bees can by course of diet be changed to queens; thus also he accurately described the sanguinary conflicts of rival queens; the recognition of old companions or of royalty by the use of the antennæ; thus he explained the busy hum and unceasing vibration of wing ever going on in the hive, as being necessary for due ventilation. One of the last incidents in the old man's life that seemed to rouse and interest him, was the arrival of a present of *stingless* bees, from their discoverer, Captain B. Hall. Unwearied diligence, and love for his work, no doubt greatly aided him in all these discoveries; but genius effected for him what mere assiduity would never have accomplished. She taught him in a few minutes to swim the river of difficulty, while others spent hours in searching for a ford. It is the union of diligence and genius which has made so many a blind man famous among his brethren with eyes; not only the way to conceive, but the hand to carry out and achieve, in its own way, the plan of wisdom and of beauty. Thus Metcalf, the blind guide and engineer, constructed roads through the wilds of Derbyshire; thus Davidson ventilated the deepest coal-mines, and lectured on the structure of the eye; as did Dr. Moyes on chemistry and optics; thus Blacklock, poet and musician, master of four languages beside his own, wrote both prose and poetry with elegance and ease; thus, nearer to our own time, Holman the traveler, to whose labors we have already referred, has made himself a name far beyond the shores of Great Britain. We know not what Saundersons or Hubers the present generation is to see. One name equally great in another path of fame it already has: Prescott, the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, Mexico and Peru, &c., who, though not blind, has a defect of the eyes which prevents him from reading and writing, but whose literary labors have nevertheless delighted and instructed thousands both in the Old and New World.

Coleridge remarks that "a diseased state of an organ of sense will perpetually tamper with the understanding, and perhaps at last overthrow it. But when one organ is obliterated, the mind applies some other to a double use. Some ten years back, at Sowerby, I met a man perfectly blind—from infancy. His chief amuse-

ment was *fishing on the wild uneven banks of the Eden*, and up the difficult mountain streams. His friend, also stone-blind, knew every gate and stile of the district. John Gough, of Kendal, *blind*, is not only a mathematician, but an infallible botanist and zoologist; *correcting mistakes of keen sportsmen as to birds and vermin*. His face is all one eye." The eyes of Moyes, although he was totally blind, were not insensible to intense light. Colors were not distinguished by him, but felt. *Red* was disagreeable; he said it was like "*the grating of a saw*;" while *green* was very pleasant, and compared to "*a smooth surface*," when touched. In some instances blindness seems to have gifted the sufferer with new powers. A Dr. Guyse, we read, lost his eyesight in the pulpit while he was at prayer before the sermon; but nevertheless managed to preach as usual. An old lady of the congregation hearing him deplore his loss, thus strove to comfort him:—"God be praised," said she, "that your sight is gone. I never heard your reverence preach so powerful a sermon in my life. *I wish for my own part that the Lord had taken away your sight twenty years ago; for your ministry would have been more useful by twenty degrees.*" The old lady's judicial wish was rather a severe one; but of the correctness of her conclusion we are inclined to doubt. The detection of color by the touch of the blind is a mooted point. M. Guillie mentions several anecdotes of blind persons who had the power of discriminating colors by the touch. But, if the testimony of a large body of blind children can be relied on, the detection of color is utterly beyond their reach. Saunderson's power of detecting by his *finger* or *tongue* a counterfeit coin, which had deceived the eye of a connoisseur, is a totally different question. We are hardly aware how much of our dexterity in the use of the eye arises from incessant practice. Those who have been relieved of blindness at an advanced or even an early period of life, have been often found to recur to the old and more familiar sense of touch, in preference to sight; especially during the first few months after recovering their sight. Coleridge (in his *Omniana*) mentions a most remarkable instance of a blind man at Hanover, who possessed so keen a touch as to be able to read with his fingers books of *ordinary print*, if printed, as most German books are, on coarse paper.

Among the signs of "progress" which distinguish our day, none are more grateful to a beneficent mind than provisions for the relief of the blind, the dumb, the insane, and the idiotic. Our own country is now taking the lead in such humane endeavors. They are a blessing, not only to the poor sufferers themselves, but to the land which sustains them. Let us treat them everywhere with an unrestricted liberality. They are the truest exponents of our Christian civilization.

QUANDARIES.—Knocking at the wrong door, and hesitating whether you shall run away and say nothing about it, or stay and apologize. Crossing the road until you reach the middle, when you perceive a gig coming one way and a cab another; if you move on you are sure to be knocked down by one, and if you stand still you

may possibly be crushed by both. Finding yourself in a damp bed on a cold night; and cogitating whether you will lie still and catch your death, or get up and dress, and pass the night on two cane-bottomed chairs. Paying your addresses to a penniless fair one under the impression that she is an heiress; and, on discovering your error, having the option of marrying the young lady or being shot by her brother. Coming to four cross roads, one of which you must take at random, or just walk back a mile or two and inquire your way. Being blandly informed by a surgeon that you can either have your leg amputated, or leave it alone and die in a few days. Seeing a man by your bedside in the middle of the night, so that you may either smother yourself with the bed-clothes or allow him to do it with a plaster.

. RELIGION AND SECTS IN ENGLAND.—In the last census of England the religious statistics of the country were collected—much against the wishes of some of the members of the House of Lords, however, the Churchmen of which apprehended disparaging results. Horace Mann (a gentleman who seems to resemble one of our own noblest citizens, in genius as well as name) has published a masterly volume on the subject, under the direction of the Registrar General of the Kingdom. We have not seen it, but find in the *London Spectator* some of its most important facts.

This volume shows England to be amazingly cut up into religious sects—nearly, if not quite, as much as our own country. The National Church itself is thoroughly divided and subdivided into classes. Independently of the minuter subdivisions of recognizable sects, such as the "Trinitarian Predestinarians," the "Free Gospel Christians," or the "Supralapsarian Calvinists," Mr. Mann reckons thirty-six religious communities or sects—twenty-seven native and indigenous, nine foreign—besides a number of sects so small and unconsolidated that they cannot be included in the list, and separate congregations, of which there are many. Not a few of the last eschew sectarian distinctions. There are, for example, ninety-six which simply call themselves Christians. The proportion of the distribution is in some degree indicated by the number of buildings. Out of thirty-four thousand four hundred and sixty-seven places of public worship of all denominations, there are belonging to the Church of England fourteen thousand and seventy-seven churches, with ten thousand clergy, and an aggregate property estimated at more than \$25,000,000.

The National Church then does not possess half the places of worship, by a large fraction. It does not comprise a majority of the whole people: Mr. Mann, however, calculates that the attendance at its places of worship is larger than the aggregate of the Dissenters. One thing is clear, that if the majority ruled, according to our republican notions of sovereignty, the Anglican Establishment would be dissolved at once, and its stupendous burdens be thrown off the shoulders of the majority of the people.

We refer to one more interesting feature in these returns, a table showing the proportion per cent. of attendance to sittings; which is

remarkable in many respects. The highest in the list does not show a proportion of more than forty-five per cent. of actual attendance to the total number of sittings provided in places of public worship belonging to one sect; the lowest on the list shows that in one sect the proportion is only eight per cent. The highest figures apply to the Wesleyan *Reformers*; the next sect who distinguish their zeal by the assiduity of attendance are the Particular Baptists; the original Wesleyans stand much lower; the Church of England is sixteenth in the list, and only exhibits a proportion of thirty-three per cent.; the lowest but one in the list are the Jews, who like the Unitarians show a proportion of twenty-four per cent.; the lowest of all is the Society of Friends. The Dissenters appear to attend oftener and to bestow longer time on religious worship than members of the Established Church. In the unendowed sects, therefore, more use appears to be made of the places for public worship than in the Establishment. Mr. Mann carefully distinguishes those who might attend, from those who would be prevented by infancy, sickness, or engagement with inevitable duties; and he calculates that the total number of the population able to attend church is ten million three hundred and ninety-eight thousand, or fifty-eight per cent. on the entire population of England. Of those, however, who might attend, by every test of age, of personal freedom, and of access to sittings, but stop away altogether, it is calculated that the number is five million two hundred and eighty-eight thousand two hundred and ninety-four. This last is a great fact, and it is the subject of earnest inquiry.

The results of these statistics, though the *Spectator* and *Church Journals* try to construe them favorably, are decidedly unfavorable to national religious establishments. They afford new confirmations to the "voluntary principle." One of the greatest, perhaps the greatest experiment of our own land is this "voluntary" support of religion. Among ourselves its demonstration may be considered complete; the corroborative testimony of England cannot fail to give the experiment new interest to religious thinkers in all lands.

Dickens says:—Light, it is well known, promotes the development of animals and plants. Plants living in darkness do not become green, and human beings without sunshine do not become fresh-colored, and have not the true sparkle of life within their bodies. The morning light is supposed commonly to be most beneficial, and perhaps it is so. Rays of the morning sun are found by photographers to do their work more perfectly than any others. Pale, weakly, sleepy-headed people, should get out into the light, and love clear ground on which the sun beats cheerfully. Folks of an opposite kind, and those especially whose ways are the reverse of sleepy, may sometimes find their life better in the shade than in the sun.

Sometimes the world is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright

days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts nor in our hearths; and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

WHO READS AN AMERICAN BOOK?—Such was the satirical question of an English reviewer but a few years since. Now, London book-sellers are rivaling each other in American reprints, and Chapman and others issue large "American catalogues." An article in the last Westminster Review on De Quincy, opens with the following noticeable remark:—

"It is now some years since the all-powerful Sydney Smith was startled from complacent belief in his own infallibility by a young, unknown American traveler: 'We, on our side the Atlantic, often venture to revise your criticisms, and rejudge your judgments,'—was the astounding assertion of one who is now among the leaders of his country's senate. No wonder the great reviewer looked down with scorn upon the Yankee youth!—no wonder his admiring circle of dilettanti Whigs stood agast at the audacity of the speaker, and the strangeness of the remark! Times have changed since then; and now, even Sydney Smith would be fain to admit that among the many tests of the permanent merit of an English work, none, perhaps, is sounder than the judgment of an American public. Of this fact the English public is becoming gradually aware. It cannot but remember that Carlyle was recognized in America long before England had perceived his genius and his strength. It knows how the most graceful 'vers de société' in the language lay forgotten among dusty periodicals and reviews, till America had collected the poems of Mackworth Praed. It was America who first collected and republished the admirable miscellanies of James Martineau; and it was America who first republished the vagrant articles of the 'English Opium-Eater.'

Rev. Rowland Hill once said, on observing several persons entering his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling, "Many people are to be blamed for making religion a cloak; but I do not think them much better who make it an umbrella!"

The author of a "*Dissertation on a Salt-Box*," was Francis Hopkinson, of Philadelphia. It will be found in the first volume of Hopkinson's *Works*, Philadelphia edition of 1792. It was originally written for, and published in, the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, as a satire upon the examinations in the old Philadelphia College. It is entitled *Modern Learning exemplified by a Specimen of a late College Examination*. The first part is dedicated to "metaphysics," and commences thus:—

Prof. What is a salt-box?

Stud. It is a box made to contain salt.

Prof. How is it divided?

Stud. Into a salt-box, and a box of salt.

Prof. Very well! show the distinction.

Stud. A salt-box may be where there is no salt, but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

The student goes on and divides salt-boxes into "possible, probable, and positive salt-boxes." A possible salt-box is "one in the hands of the joiner;" a probable salt-box is "one in the hand of one going to buy salt, who has sixpence in his hand to pay the grocer;" a positive salt-box is one "which hath actually

and *bona fide* got salt in it." The examination then continues to investigate the merits of salt-boxes, under the heads of "logic, natural philosophy, mathematics, (which is illustrated by diagrams,) anatomy, surgery, the practice of physic, and chemistry." It is dated May, 1784, the time when it was written.

Francis Hopkinson was a member of the American Congress in 1776, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and an active politician in his day. He was the author of *The Battle of the Keys*, a satirical poem, composed while the English army occupied Philadelphia, which was very popular at the time, and is yet popular among the present generation.

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY OF FRIAR BACON, WHO WAS BORN IN THE YEAR 1214.—Bridges, unsupported by arches, will be made to span the foaming current. Man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean, safely breathing, and treading with firm step on the golden sands never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and behold a single steersman, sitting at the helm guiding the vessel which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars, and the

loaded chariot, no longer incumbered by the panting steeds, shall dart on its course with resistless force and rapidity. Let the simple elements do thy labor; bind the eternal elements, and yoke them to the same plow. "Here," says a certain writer, "is poetry and philosophy wound together, forming a wondrous chain of prophecy."

CURIOS TITLE.—A book was printed during the time of Cromwell with the following title: "Eggs of Charity, layed by the Chickens of the Covenants, and boiled with the Water of Divine Love—Take ye and eat."

"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."—In "Democritus in London, with the Mad Pranks and Comical Conceits of Motley and Robin Goodfellow," will be found the following note, which is the earliest authority we have for the above saying. It is dated 1682:—

"There is a proverb which has been of old, And many men have likewise been so bold, To the discredit of the Taylor's Trade, Nine Taylors goe to make up a man, they said; But for their credit I'll unriddle it t' ye: A draper once fell into poverty, Nine Taylors joynd their purses together then, To set him up, and make him a man agen."

Book Notices.

Dixon's Howard—Septem Contra Thebas—Demosthenes' Philippics—Talfourd's Works—Friends in Council—Companions of my Solitude—Hugh Miller's Two Records—Lucy Herbert—Merozin on Natural Goodness—Tweedie's Lamp to the Path—The Woodcutters of Lebanon—Mabel Grant—Voyage to the South West Coast of America—Miss Leslie's Receipts for Cooking—Mattison's Doctrine of the Trinity—The Knout and the Russians.

DIXON'S *Howard and the Prison World of Europe* has been issued in a neat and substantial 18mo. volume of four hundred pages, by Carter & Brothers of New-York. Dixon is a leading writer and also a practical laborer in the "prison discipline" measures of England. He has thoroughly sifted the materials for a memoir of Howard, and has brought to his task some new data of curious interest. Howard's life is well told, and the whole subject of prison reform is woven into the narrative with genuine skill. The volume is not only excellent for popular reading, but a sort of *vade mecum* for the advocates of prison reform. We regret that the American edition is abridged.

We have received from Munroe & Co., Boston, two specimens of new editions of classic works, which, as they come out under the editorial care of gentlemen south of "Mason and Dixon's line," are an agreeable novelty in textbook editorship. The first is *Æschylus's Septem Contra Thebas*, a tragedy which stands among the noblest remains of Greek literature. It is edited from the text of W. Dindorf, with ample notes by A. Sachtleben, of Charleston, S. C. Two-thirds of the volumes, at least, are devoted to the annotations, yet they do not supersede

the research of the student, but are cautiously brief and critical. The Greek text is highly creditable to the publishers. The same remark may be made respecting the text of *The I, II, III Philippics of Demosthenes*, issued by the same house and edited by Professor Smead, of William and Mary's College, Virginia. Professor Smead's historical introductions give the relations of these notable speeches, and his abundant notes (considerably more than three-fourths of the volume) make the reader familiar with the significance of allusions and of subtle idiomatic points, which otherwise would escape if not baffle his attention. Both works are very skillfully edited, and present the latest critical improvements and illustrations of the text.

We are indebted to *Magee of Boston* for a copy of Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s edition of Talfourd's *Critical and Miscellaneous Works*. It includes some thirty-two articles, several of which have never before been published in this country. The contents, of course, are sterling; but the paper is dark, the type small, and the portrait—from an old one by Sir Thomas Lawrence—too juvenile. We shall give an article in our next number on Talfourd, with a portrait of later date.

We must also acknowledge, and with no little satisfaction, the receipt from the same publishers of three volumes of the author of *Friends in Council*, &c., including the two volumes which bear that title, and also *The Companions of my Solitude*. There are some very questionable opinions in these works and some

marked weaknesses; but they are at the same time among the most suggestive books of the day,—genial, beneficent, large-minded, often subtle, and always lifting the reader up to an elevated, purified atmosphere of thought, and that too without the consciousness of constraint or effort on his part. They are most companionable books.

Hugh Miller, the self-taught geologist, lectured some time ago before the London Young Men's Christian Association on Moses and Geology, assuming that the Biblical cosmogony and that taught by geology can be reconciled only by the interpretation of the word "day," in Moses, to mean period—and a long period too. His lecture has been published by *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*, in a small, mailable volume, entitled *The Two Records*. It is lucid, and makes out a "strong case" for the geological hypothesis, and an equally strong one for the Bible. Hugh Miller is always sensible and always vividly interesting; there is a rare combination of the sobriety of science and the sensibility of the poet about him.

Lucy Herbert is the title of a juvenile volume issued by *Munroe & Co., Boston*. It is a capital little sketch of a "little girl who would have an education;" but we refer to it the more particularly, to commend its exceedingly beautiful mechanical execution. The engravings, eight in number, are unusually fine, and the typography and binding correspond. We believe that the appearance of a book—its artist and artisan style—is no small source of its influence on the tastes and culture of childhood. *Munroe & Co.* show that they understand how to appreciate the fact.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have issued a new work which we commend, with no little emphasis, to such of our readers as like close and luminous thinking. It is entitled, *Natural Goodness; or, Honor to whom Honor is due*, by Rev. T. F. R. Mercein. It is summarily an essay on the distinction between morality and religion, with "suggestions toward an appreciative view of moral men, the philosophy of the present system of morality, and the relation of natural virtue to religion." The volume teems with good thoughts, it abounds in striking passages, and is written in a style of much vigor, though at times it bears evidence of the verbal elaborateness which is usual to able minds while yet unpracticed in writing. No man who reads this book will close it without feeling that he has been communing with a mind of rare acuteness and power, and has been advanced in his appreciation of a most important subject.

Several of the productions of Rev. Dr. Tweedie—a Scotch author of some ability—have been published in this country. They are all characterized by a rare power to prepossess and carry along the reader—impressing him as well by their subtle, moral vitality, as by the clearness and force of their thoughts. *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*, have issued another of his works, entitled, *A Lamp to the Path*. It illustrates the uses of the Bible—the aids and comforts of religion—in "the heart, the home, and the market-place." Illustrations from the per-

sonal history of noted men are abundantly used. The book is quite popular in its adaptations.

Messrs. Carters have added to their " Fireside Series " two new and attractive little volumes: one is entitled, *The Woodcutters of Lebanon, and the Exiles of Lucerna*—by the author of "Morning and Night Watches"—a Jewish story, written with much ability, and avoiding skillfully the liabilities of a close imitation of oriental style. The other is entitled *Mabel Grant*, by Randall H. Ballantyne. It is a well-written story, with the best religious tone.

One of the most prolific presses of our city is that of *Redfield, Nassau-street*. Among other recent publications bearing its imprint, we have received a very interesting volume giving the *Narrative of a Voyage to the North-west Coast of America* in the years 1811-14, by Gabriel Franchere, translated by J. V. Huntington. Franchere was one of the employees of Astor, and narrates the interesting scenes of the voyage of the Tonquin, (sent out by that prince of merchants), the founding of Astoria, and his personal adventures in Oregon and the North-west generally. The book is of no small value for its historical data, and for its entertaining sketches.

Peterson, Philadelphia, has issued *Miss Leslie's New Receipts for Cooking*. We editors have stomachs like other men, it is to be preamed; but it can hardly be expected of us to be *au fait* in this kind of literature; an excellent authority at hand assures us, however, that Miss Leslie's books (notwithstanding "Mrs." would be more authoritative than "Miss," in such a case,) are among the very best manuals of the kind extant. The present one professes to contain everything valuable that is new or recent in the gastronomic art, and abounds in general counsels about good housewifery, that will strike all sensible men, at least, as exceedingly pertinent for their better halves.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have published a new edition of Mattison's *Doctrine of the Trinity*, a very comprehensive and yet minute dissection of the whole subject of Arianism. It meets the special objections of Unitarians, Hicksites, Universalists, Mormons, "Christians," "Newlights," &c. The work is of course designed to be popular in its style, both of language and of logic; but it displays throughout careful study and acute powers of analysis.

The Knout and the Russians is the title of another volume, called forth—in the American market at least—by the excitement of the "Eastern Question." It is a translation, by Mr. John Bridgeman, from the French of Germain de Lagny. De Lagny gives abundance of information respecting the Muscovites and their Czar, but his pen distills the very venom of prejudice. There are bad enough things, in all conscience, to be said against Nicholas and his bears; but this Frenchman begins, continues and ends, in one almost unmitigated strain of passionate abuse. The engravings are numerous, but poorly printed. Some of them, as the reader will notice, are taken from the same sources as those we give in our articles on St. Petersburg. *Harper & Brothers, New-York*.

Literary Record.

The Book Season in England—Silvio Pellico—Robert Owen—Confessions of a Converted Infidel—Bulwer's Works—Education in Turkey—United Association of Schoolmasters—British Museum—Villemain's New Work—Life of Jefferson—Count Gurowaki—Lever—New-York Historical Society—Lady Bulwer—A New Mormon Alphabet—Periodicals in Egypt—Autobiography of Lamennais—Autobiography of Talleyrand—Guizot's Life of Cromwell—History of the Salons of the Seventeenth Century—The Potiphar Papers—Theodore Parker—Lamartine—Literature in Liverpool.

We learn from *The London Athenæum*, that notwithstanding the excitement attending on war—excitements which are commonly supposed to supersede more peaceful interests—the promise of the book season in England is little, if at all, below the corresponding period in other years. Among the works announced for early publication, we find Dr. Waagen's "Treasures of Art in Great Britain;" General Nott's "Memoirs and Correspondence;" Mrs. Jameson's "Common-place Book;" and a "Hand-book for Turkey;" the last mentioned being one of Mr. Murray's series of Continental Hand-books; "The Life and Correspondence of Charles, Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada," by Mr. Kaye; the third volume of the "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox," edited by Lord John Russell, is in preparation; as are also the seventh and eighth volumes of "Moore's Memoirs." The Dean of Hereford has a volume in the press, "Lessons on the Phenomena of Industrial Life." A volume of "Original Letters," by James Boswell, is promised. A "Life of Amelia Opie" is announced as in course of preparation, from her own diaries, by Mrs. Brightwell. The third volume of Mr. Forster's "One Primeval Language;" "A History of the Papacy," by the Rev. J. E. Riddle, the "Latin Lexicographer;" "The Institutes of Metaphysics, or the Theory of Knowing and Being," by Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews. The second volume of Mr. Finlay's "History of the Byzantine Empire, including the Last Days of Constantinople under the Greeks;" and the third volume of Sir A. Alison's "History of Europe," are shortly to appear. Among the novels which are being prepared by lady-caterers for public amusement, are works by Miss Jewsbury, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Trollope, and the Author of "Margaret Maitland." To these promises we may add "The American at Home," by Judge Haliburton, and Colonel Landmann's "Military Memoirs."

Silvio Pellico has left behind him a number of manuscripts. They are in course of preparation for the press. A brother of the deceased poet has been left his literary executor. Among the manuscripts left there is an autobiography of Pellico, entitled "My Life before and after my Imprisonment."

"The Future of the Human Race," is the name of a pamphlet published by Robert Owen. It is based upon table-rapping and spiritual letter-writing. The old man, from being a downright unbeliever, has become a credulous fanatic.

"Confessions of a Converted Infidel, with Incidents of Travel," is the title of a forthcoming work, from the pen of Rev. John Bayley, of Virginia. It will contain an outline of his own life—the progress of his mind through infidel difficulties to faith and a life of Christian usefulness. Such works are the very best appeals to skeptics.

A collected edition of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's Poetical and Dramatic Works is in the press in London.

It is stated, on the authority of a work recently published in England, that, since 1846, a law of the Turkish empire requires every citizen, as soon as his children have reached their sixth year, to inscribe their names in the books of one of the public schools, unless he can prove his ability to educate them at home. At Constantinople, it is reported that there are now 396 free schools, frequented by 22,700 children of both sexes. There are likewise six secondary schools with about 1,000 pupils. In order to gain an entrance into these, five years must have been spent in the free schools. There is also a high school for young men, who are intended for public employments, a college for the same object, a normal school for the education of professors, an imperial college of medicine, a military, a naval, and an agricultural school. Of these schools the Sultan is superintendent, and he attends their examinations. The public libraries of Constantinople contain 70,000 volumes.

A permanent Exhibition is about to be opened in London by the United Association of Schoolmasters of Great Britain, containing specimens of educational books, maps, diagrams, models, and apparatus, and intended to assist teachers in the pursuit of their profession. Several educational Societies, publishers and authors of various works, it is said, have given their aid to the undertaking.

A large portion of the manuscript of *The Sentimental Journey*, in Sterne's own holograph, has been purchased for the autograph department of the British Museum, which has also obtained between sixty and seventy letters from Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, including the last he ever wrote to any one.

The first volume of M. Villemain's *Souvenirs Contemporains d'Histoire et de Littérature* has been published. It is occupied principally with a Memoir of M. de Narbonne, Minister of War under Louis XVI. He is not of much individual importance, but was intimate with de Stael, Napoleon, Fox, Lafayette, and others. Napoleon talked much and unreservedly with him, the records of which were given by Narbonne to Villemain.

Mr. Randall, our late Secretary of State, is engaged on a Life of Jefferson; the first volume of which, it is expected, will be published this month. It is understood that he writes with the full approbation of the Jefferson family, and that all its members have favored him to

the utmost with their recollections, and with the private family manuscripts of every kind in their possession. The memoir will contain a large amount of entirely new and interesting matter, especially in relation to the earlier portions of Mr. Jefferson's life, before he passed from Virginia into the wider sphere of national politics. Mr. Randall has also availed himself of Jefferson's papers in Congress, and of all other accessible authorities, which he has searched with diligence.

Count Gurovski's book on Russia has passed to a second edition. This work ought to be universally read, for it contains quite the fullest and most reliable account of the present condition of the Russian empire in print.

In the preface to "The Dodd Family Abroad," just completed, Lever holds out hopes of a run through the United States.

At a late meeting of the *New-York Historical Society*, the president announced, that he had received from the Rev. Mr. Chauncey a very interesting document connected with the history of the country. It was the original letter written by Commodore Perry to Commodore Chauncey, announcing his victory on Lake Erie over the British squadron. The president presented the letter to the society in the name of Mr. Chauncey, who is the son of the commodore.

Lady Bulwer has written a new novel, "Behind the Scenes," which is one of the termagant kind she delights in. There is a great deal of free portraiture in the work. Not content with using her nails upon Sir Edward, she exercises that prerogative upon his friends, and we have, accordingly, some sharply-scratched sketches of several literary celebrities. Disraeli comes in for his share of the angry woman's tongue; and Dickens receives an uncalled-for castigation, under the euphonious title of "Carlo Dials."

A new *Mormon Alphabet* has been invented, consisting of thirty-eight characters. The orthography will be so abridged that an ordinary writer can probably write one hundred words in a minute with ease, and consequently report the speech of an ordinary speaker without much difficulty. In the new alphabet every letter has a fixed and unalterable sound; and every word is spelt with reference to given sounds. So say the Mormons.

There is only one paper in Egypt—a small monthly sheet in the Arabic language, at four dollars a year. It is mainly devoted to "the powers that be," and every one in the employ of the Pacha is obliged to subscribe to it.

The *Abbe Lamennais* has left behind him a remarkable work, which is not to be published for ten years. It is a sort of autobiography—on the plan of Rousseau's famous Confessions, but eminently religious. In this, Lamennais is said to have faithfully recorded the story of his mind, ever since he entered manhood. Its political views are ultra-democratic. The manuscript has been bequeathed, with other property, to the writer's nephew, and the delay, in accordance with Lamennais's expressed desire, is the subject of regret in the literary circles of Europe.

Before long, we shall probably have the autobiography which Prince Talleyrand left behind. It was his wish that fifty years should pass between his death (which took place in 1838) and the publication of this work. But, as he did not expressly prescribe this delay, his family are understood to be disposed to diminish it, and Talleyrand's Autobiography will soon see the light. Of course, the old fox has not told the truth of himself and others. An apology for his political life is what we may expect.

The greater part of *Guinet's Life of Cromwell* is written with a reference to Louis Napoleon.

Cousin is writing a *History of the Salons of the Seventeenth Century*—which, if well handled, cannot fail to be interesting, as well as instructive. He commences with the Marchioness de Sablé, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

The London *Athenaeum* says: "Those *Potiphar Papers*, which mean to be droll, are to our eyes only dreary."

The first volume of a German translation of *Theodore Parker's* has appeared, containing his Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. A second edition of a former translation of his Ten Sermons on Religious Subjects is in preparation.

The Paris correspondent of a Washington paper having paid a recent visit to *Lamartine*, gives the following account of the poet-statesman:—

"I spent part of last evening with *Lamartine*. He lives in a pretty, but humble residence; and we found him surrounded by men of letters and distinguished persons of liberal views from every land. He is still a fine-looking man—his appearance and manner both remind one of Henry Clay—frank, bold, and fearless. We were happy to learn that his estate, which was deeply involved by the sacrifices he made for his country, is now, by his own extraordinary industry and perseverance, nearly relieved from debt. Besides many other literary occupations, he is engaged on a *Life of Washington*, which will be published within this year."

Liverpool has published an index to its literary tastes in the shape of a Report on the reading and readers at its various Free Libraries for the first quarter of a year. From this report we are glad to learn that the free readers of the great commercial emporium of England are not wholly given over to light literature. The books most in demand are biographies and histories:—of these, 8,576 volumes have been issued in the quarter. Novels come next in the list:—of these, 4,203 volumes have been issued. When it is borne in mind that novels are generally in three volumes, it will appear that the excess of solid over amusing reading in the *Liverpool* libraries has been noticeably great. In miscellaneous literature, the issues have been 868,—in geography and travels, 579,—in poetry and drama, 254,—in theology, morality, and metaphysics, 218,—in natural history, 181. In commerce and political economy only 18 volumes have been called for in the great commercial port, the second city of the great economical county,—while in science and art there have been no less than 215 readers. This is a curious fact. Among the novels, those most sought for—as was to be expected in a seaport—have been nautical novels. *Marryatt* has had more readers than *Scott*.

Fine Arts.

Egyptian Decorative Art—Benedetti Negri—Solography—Baron Von Humboldt—Westminster Palace—Leutze's Painting of Washington—Donizetti—The Mattau-phone—Collection of Models—Sir Isaac Newton—Roman Art—Portrait of Seward.

MR. WORNUM, a gentleman well known in the art and scientific world, recently delivered a lecture in London, on Egyptian Decorative Art. He considered the peculiar nature of Egyptian decoration as symbolical rather than æsthetic—the latter element being either received by them as secondary or forgotten. Mr. Wornum held that like all nations, and like the Greeks, they never separated form and color. Every inch of their walls was covered with colored intaglios, ingeniously cut into the stone, and not raised from its surface as in the Greek reliefs. Their favorite ornaments were the zigzag, the fret, (or lozenge,) the wave scroll, the cartouche, and the winged globe, all symbolical, and nearly all copied by the Greeks. It was, indeed, one peculiarity of Egyptian art that all nations seem to have drawn from it their types. The Jew in his seven-branched candlestick took the lotus cups and their mystic numbers; the Greek his zigzag honeysuckle pattern and fret. The zigzag was the Egyptian's emblem of the Nile—of water generally; the wave scroll of the sea in motion; the fret of the Labyrinth of Mæris, itself emblematical of the transmigration of the soul and its numerous stages of progression; the cartouche was a mere panel to separate hieroglyphics; and the winged globe was an emblem of the Divine Providence that overshadowed the world. Mr. Wornum finally proceeded to enumerate the Egyptian skill in all useful arts. Their vases and jugs anticipated all our excellences and even our defects; their easy chairs were easier than ours; their thrones of gold and ivory inlaid with choice woods; their seats of leather and cane were of all variety of graceful and of necessary shapes. It had been said that the Egyptians possessed locomotives; but though he could not go quite so far, it had been found that they had used our latest artifices in dyeing cottons.

Benedetti Negri, once a distinguished professor of singing, died lately, in his seventy-first year, having been born at Turin on the 5th of January, 1784. He was the favorite pupil of Bonifazio Asioli, and, at the age of twenty-two was appointed professor of the Conservatoire of Milan, on its foundation by Napoleon.

The advance made, of late years, in the beautiful art of *Solography* has been truly wonderful. Mr. Hawkins, of Cincinnati, has succeeded, after the most assiduous application, in perfecting the art of transferring to paper likenesses, and landscapes from nature, with all the accuracy of a daguerreotype and the fine effects of a steel engraving.

Baron Von Humboldt has nearly finished the fourth volume of the *Cosmos*, which will be illustrated with numerous plates got up under his direction. It is to be desired that the venerable *savant* would furnish illustrations also to the other volumes, to make this great work

complete. There exists an atlas to the first volumes of the *Cosmos*, got up by a bookmaker of Germany, who had the audacity to illustrate what the great *savant* himself would be scarcely able to accomplish.

From a return recently made to the House of Commons, it appears that \$148,000 have already been expended on the art decorations of the new palace of Westminster, and that \$125,000 more will be required to complete them.

Leutze, the artist, has finished the painting upon which he has been engaged for the last two years. The subject of it is: "Washington rallying his troops at the battle of Monmouth." This painting was enthusiastically admired at Berlin, where it had been exhibited; it was lately on exhibition at Brussels, and we may soon expect to see it in the United States.

A statue-monument, representing the Spirit of Harmony mourning, is about being placed in the chapel of Bergamo, in Italy, over the grave of Donizetti, the composer.

A musical instrument recently invented by Mr. Mattau, of Brussels, is creating some curiosity among the musical world at Paris. It takes its name from the inventor, and is called the Mattau-phone. It is said to be the result of fifteen years of labor. It consists of fifty-four glasses of different sizes, fastened firmly into a sort of wooden table, and played on by being struck with a sort of small mallet. The sounds thus produced are said to be at once clear and decided, and the Mattau-phone is declared to be particularly well-adapted for accompanying other musical instruments. It has been played upon, in public, by M. Michotte, a young Belgian, who has acquired great facility of execution, and gives rapid passages, as well as chromatic, with much success.

There is at present submitted to public inspection in the Museum of Art at Marlborough House, London, a small but exceedingly curious collection of models in clay and wax, said to have been found in a house at Florence, and believed to be original studies by Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Donatello, and other celebrated Italian sculptors.

It is proposed to erect a monument to the memory of *Sir Isaac Newton*, at Grantham, Lincolnshire, England, where he was educated, and near to which he was born.

The *Giornale di Roma* gives a statistical account of the exportation of works of art from Rome during 1853. The modern paintings exported were 290, valued at about 550,000 francs. The works of sculpture exported were 229, value about 740,000 francs. The old paintings exported were 107, value 53,000 francs; old works of sculpture 28, value 7,500 francs. Total 654 works, valued at 1,350,000 francs.

Elliott's fine full-length portrait of the *Hon. W. H. Seward* has been purchased for the sum of \$500, by Mr. Morgan, of Aurora, Cayuga Lake.

Scientific Items.

Geological Museum—Effects of Brimstone on Iron—Optical Telegraph—Physiological Investigations—Mineral Treasures of Tuscany—Electricity—A New Style of Enameling.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON and Mr. Greenough, the Father of Geology in England, have presented their valuable collections of minerals and fossils to the London University College, with a view of assisting in the completion of a *Geological Museum* there, of which the nucleus already exists. It is stated that several other eminent geologists have also intimated their intention of adding to the collection.

A bar of iron of almost any size, may be instantly sundered while hot, by the simple application of a piece of common roll brimstone. A knowledge of this fact will be useful, when some piece of iron work is required to be severed, but which, as is sometimes the case, is so constructed and situated that no ordinary chisel or cutting tool can be brought to apply. Holes may be instantly perforated through bars or plates of heated iron, by the application of pointed pieces of brimstone. This phenomenon is curious, although it seldom affords much practical utility.

A Polish physician at Kalefat has made a curious and important discovery of a species of camera, or optical telegraph, by which a perfect reconnaissance could be effected at an incredible distance. It could be used on horseback, and the Turks had as many as four hundred persons employed in this way about them.

Mr. Peter Browne, whose physiological investigations of the hair of the American pretender to the Bourbon crown was the subject of much scientific discussion, a short time since, has applied his theory to the question, whether the people whose remains are found in the mounds are identical with the existing race of American Indians. His conclusion is that they are, which he founds upon the identity of form between the horizontal section of the hair of the former, and that of hundreds of specimens of the latter. Mr. Browne divides the hair of the human family into the cylindrical, the oval, and the eccentrically elliptical, as characterizes the various races. He has examined the hair of the mummy of a young American Indian, supposed to be a female of about ten years old, from Pachacarnack, Temple of the Sun, five leagues from Lima, South America. This cemetery has not been used since the Spanish conquest, previously to which (according to Herrera) it was kept sacred for the nobles and other dignitaries of Peru. The hair of this Indian, which is in good preservation, is cylindrical, diameter 1-364 of an inch. He has also examined eight other ancient specimens of Indian pile, and finds similar results. On the other hand, he has submitted to the most critical investigations the hairs found upon the mummies of Egypt and Thebes, and has found them to be oval, without a solitary exception. These observations of Mr. Browne bear upon the very interesting question in ethnology, as to the

origin of the aboriginal inhabitants of America. Provided the hair theory be true, the favorite doctrine with many, that the Indians of this continent are descended from the Egyptians, must be false. The *autochthonous* origin of the aborigines of America is held by many on various grounds, which the theory of Mr. Browne would seem to confirm.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has recently conferred an order upon Dr. Charles Jackson, of New-England, for services in relation to the mines and mineralogy of the Island of Elba which belongs to his realm. The mineral treasures of Tuscany are once more attracting attention. Several old copper mines, which have been unworked for centuries, have been recently opened, and are yielding large rewards. There is also a quicksilver mine near Serravezza, and several iron mines produce abundantly. Salt is also produced in great quantities.

In the original experiments by Professor Wheatstone to ascertain the rapidity with which electricity is transmitted along copper wire, it was found that an electric spark passed through a space of 280,000 miles in a second. It has been determined that the rapidity of transmission through iron wire is 18,000 miles a second, while it does not exceed 2,700 in the same space of time in the telegraph wire between London and Brussels, a great portion of which is submerged in the German Ocean. The retardation of the force in its passage through insulated wire immersed in water is calculated to have an important practical bearing in effecting a telegraphic communication between England and America; for it is stated by Professor Faraday that, in the length of 2,000 miles, three or more waves of electric force might be transmitting at the same time; and that if the current be reversed, a signal sent through the wire might be recalled before it arrived at this side of the ocean.

Science may, indeed, be said to be but in its infancy. Every day brings forth its strange discovery, with its still stranger name. A peculiar style of enameling, called the *Galvano-plastic Niello* has been introduced. It consists in engraving or stamping figures on a plate of silver or gold, and then filling the incised lines, or impressed pattern, with a sort of enamel, differing, however, from true enamel, which is a kind of glass, by being formed of a mixture of the sulphurets of lead, silver, and copper. This mixture is of a black color—hence the name *niello* from *nigellum*, derived from niger, black—and when melted into the intaglio parts of a plate, gives it somewhat the appearance of an inked engraved copper plate. It is stated in scientific circles, that an improvement has already been made in the above, in which the figures are not produced by an enamel of sulphuret of silver, as in the original, but by a different colored metal: thus on a plate of gold may be produced fine engravings, the lines of which are in silver, and so on.

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THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

AMONG the deaths of "distinguished men" during the year, few, if any, will be more lamented than that of Justice Talfourd. In announcing it, recently, we briefly referred to his literary career; in presenting now a portrait of him, we have no additional critical remarks to make, but confine ourselves to the more grateful task of noticing his rare characteristics

as a man. The materials for a biographical sketch of Talfourd are yet meager; we hope that some one of his numerous literary friends (and no Englishman had more or warmer ones) will pay him the melancholy tribute which he paid so affectionately and worthily to his old literary associate, Charles Lamb. Meanwhile, we make up from what fragmentary

sources are at our command (chiefly the *London Spectator* and *Examiner*) a brief estimate of his character.

He was born at Reading in 1793. His father was a brewer; his mother, the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Noon, an Independent minister. Educated at the Reading Grammar School, under Dr. Valpy, young Talfourd came to London in 1813, and was a pupil of the late Mr. Chitty. He was called to the bar, by the Middle Temple, in 1821; and he married in the following year. Joining the Oxford Circuit, he made his way to the position of leader in a comparatively short period, and in 1833 assumed the Sergeant's coif. Elected in that year as member for Reading, he sat for the borough, in successive Parliaments, till 1841; and he was again elected in 1847. In 1848, while in the court-house at Stafford, the telegraph brought him intelligence that he was made a Judge of the Common Pleas. In private life he was much beloved; and among the testimonies to his character called forth by his death, is one by Mr. Justice Coleridge, delivered as a preface to his charge to the Grand Jury at the Derby Assizes:—

"He was sitting, as I do now, discharging the same duty in which I am engaged, and in the act of addressing the Grand Jury, when in an instant that eloquent tongue was arrested by the hand of death, and that generous unselfish heart was cold. Surely nothing can exemplify more strikingly the uncertainty of life. There he was sitting, as I am now, administering justice; people were trembling at the thought of having to come before him; but in a minute his function was over, and he was gone to his own account. Gentlemen, he was the leader of another circuit, and I believe had never visited this as a judge; he was probably not much known to you at the bar or on the bench. His literary performances you can scarcely be ignorant of; but, indeed, he was much more than merely a distinguished leader, an eminent judge, or a great ornament of our literature. He had one ruling purpose of his life—the doing good to his fellow-creatures in his generation. He was eminently courteous and kind, generous, simple-hearted, of great modesty, of the strictest honor, and of spotless integrity."

Of the last scene and especially the last speech, referred to by Justice Coleridge—one of the noblest illustrations of the noble heart of Talfourd—we find a fuller report in the *London Spectator*. He appeared in good health, and had taken his customary early walk on the morning of his death. He took his seat on the bench, and

proceeded to deliver the usual charge commenting on the moral indications of the district afforded by the calendar. The offenses were of a very painful character. There were few cases of offenses against property; but there were seven cases of rape, seven or eight cases of stabbing, and no fewer than thirteen cases of manslaughter; not, however, entirely from lawless violence, for some deduction must be made of cases showing a different species of criminality arising from the neglect in the management of machinery.

"But," he continued, "that which points to the deepest moral degradation—which shows what brutal passion, when aroused and stimulated by strong liquor, will produce, is the fact that there are no less than eighteen cases of highway robbery, which include about thirty persons not charged with that guilt. These crimes come—I will not say exclusively, but in the far greater majority—from that district of this county which is most rich in mineral treasure, where wages are high, and where no temptation of want can for a moment be suggested to palliate or account for the crime; on the contrary, I have observed in the experience which I have had of the calendars of Staffordshire, and which, as many of you are aware, extends far beyond the period of my judicial experience—I have observed that in times of comparative privation, crime has diminished; and at those periods when wages were high, and work plentiful, and when the wages were earned with a less degree of work, and when there was strong temptation to vicious indulgence, that then crime has increased almost in proportion to the state of prosperity by which the criminals have been surrounded. This is a consideration which should awaken all our minds, and especially the minds of those gentlemen connected with those districts, to ascertain whence it proceeds, and seek a remedy for so great an evil. It is also not to be denied, gentlemen, that the state of education—that is, such education as can be provided by Sunday schools and other schools—in this district is not below the average of that to be found in agricultural districts. One must, therefore, search for other causes of the peculiar aspect of crime presented by these places; and I cannot help thinking that it may in no small degree be attributed to

that separation between class and class, which is the great curse of British society, and for which we all, in our respective spheres, are in some degree more or less responsible. This separation is more complete in this district, by its very necessities and condition, than in agricultural districts, where there is a resident gentry who are enabled to shower around them not only the blessings of their beneficence and active kindness, but to stimulate by their example. It is so much a part of our English character, that I fear we all of us keep too much aloof from those dependent upon us, and they are thus too much encouraged to look upon us with suspicion. Even to our servants, we think that we have done our duty in our sphere when we have performed our contracts with them—when we have paid them the wages we contracted to pay them—when we have treated them with that civility which our habits and feelings induce us to render, and when we curb our temper and refrain from any violent expression toward them. And yet how painful the thought, that we have men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comforts, supplying our wants, and continual inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and tempers we are as little acquainted as if they were the inhabitants of some other sphere. This feeling arises from a kind of reserve, which is perhaps peculiar to the English character, and which greatly tends to prevent that mingling of class with class—that reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections—those gracious admonitions and kind inquiries which, often more than any book education, tend to the cultivation of the affections of the heart and the elevation of the character of those of whom we are the trustees. And if I were asked what is the great want of English society, I would say that it is the mingling of class with class; I would say, in one word, that that want is the want of sympathy.

“No doubt that the exciting cause in the far larger number of these cases—the exciting cause that every judge has to deplore in every county of this land—is that which was justly called in the admirable discourse to which I listened yesterday from the sheriff’s chaplain, ‘the greatest English vice,’ which makes us a by-word and a reproach among nations who in other respects are inferior to us, and have not the same noble principles of

Christianity to guide and direct them—I mean the vice of drunkenness. One great evil of this circumstance is, I think you will find, looking at the depositions one after another, that it is a mere repetition of the same story over again—of some man who has gone from public house to public house, spending his money and exhibiting his money, and is marked out by those who observe him as the fitting object for plunder, when his senses are obscured, and who is made the subject of an attack under those circumstances which enable the parties to escape from the consequences; because although the story may be perfectly true which the prosecutor in this case tells—although it may be vividly felt by him—yet he is obliged to confess—;”

As he spoke the last word, the judge fell forward with his face upon his book, and then swayed on one side toward Mr. Sansom, his senior clerk, and his second son, Mr. Thomas Talfourd, his marshal, who caught him in their arms. Dr. Holland and Dr. Knight, two magistrates on the bench, had rushed to his assistance; and these gentlemen with Lord Talbot and others carried him out, still wearing his scarlet robes. But medical assistance was useless; the attack had been so violent that in less than five minutes he was dead.

Sir Thomas Talfourd rose unaided to very high honors from the middle rank of life. He mastered by patient labor and incessant industry the desired vantage ground from which to exercise his various and remarkable powers. He was a brilliant advocate, an orator surpassed by few; he has connected his name as a legislator with two important acts of parliament; he was a liberal and earnest politician; he was a working man of letters, a subtle critic, a successful poet; he was a judge as competent to his high functions, and conscientious in discharging them, as any who has worn the ermine. Notwithstanding such varied successes, and the rank to which they bore him, there was that in the man himself which was far beyond them all. He never sank in his transitory vocation what in his nature was permanent and noblest. He did not forfeit what a man should live for, that he might the better succeed in life. In him it was not possible that mere worldly success or a selfish and satisfied ambition

should "freeze the genial currents of the soul." There remained with him to the last the great art of living happily by the great means of diffusing happiness. The variety of his own accomplishments qualified him to judge largely of those of others, and he never was more forward to praise than where he had himself gained distinction.

To say that he had no self-love would be to place him above human weakness, for this is a quality which resides in all men, with the difference that while it inclines some to please others, it inclines others only to please themselves. But with no less truth than feeling has a brother judge remarked of him, that the ruling purpose of his life was to do good to his fellow-creatures in his generation; and that it was this which made him always courteous and kind, generous, simple-hearted, of great modesty, of the strictest honor, and of spotless integrity.

What it was he left most impressed upon his listeners, in his displays as an advocate, was the grace, the charm, the interest with which his own character and temperament invested his subject, no matter how dull it might be, how dry and uninviting. Nor was he ever a slave to that kind of advocacy which merges all sense of right, and the reserves of personal honor, in the mere interest or the mere passions of his client. He never aspired to take rank among the bravoos of the bar. He did not hold that any sort of duty to his client could ever so absolve him from his duty to himself as to justify either the wicked perversion of truth or the solemn asseveration of falsehood. In common with the greatest ornaments of his profession he had a sense of its strict responsibilities, which entered into every part of his practice of it. Even while his own feelings and sympathies were in most eager unison with the hopes and fears he represented, the most susceptible feelings in an adversary might trust themselves to his delicacy and forbearance. And on those rare occasions in a professional life, of which he had his share, when a really high issue challenged him to corresponding exertion, his courage was as remarkable as his genius.

The world is seldom unjust to such a man as Talfourd. It welcomes freely what is so frankly and generously offered, and such qualities go far to inspire the

feelings in which themselves have originated. No man ever descended to the grave more widely honored and respected even by those who did not personally know him, or more tenderly beloved by those who did. Well was it said in the *Times* that the only pang he ever caused to those who had the happiness of his friendship was by his untimely death. Nor should we perhaps call that untimely which followed fifty-nine years of glad endeavor and high success; which was withheld till enough had been done for fame, and enough for at least the moderate wants of those most dear to him; and which came when he was solemnly engaged in his highest duties, and when words of mercy and peace were on his lips. The latest breath of one whose whole life was kindness, was spent in a solemn enforcement of the duty of kindness to others. He was urging upon his countrymen, on behalf of the fallen and the falling, the need in which we all stand of "a reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections," when, as we have said, his voice was hushed forever.

Noble indeed would such a doctrine have been, and most fit to be delivered, if it had been no more than it was meant to be, a voice of mercy from the judgment seat, a voice of justice perhaps more true than speaks in many a judicial sentence. But the lofty pleading of the judge was also the true and personal conviction of the man. He was discharging his official duty; but he was urging not less the lesson of his own generous life, when he attributed the frequency of crimes to the denial of that best education which is given by the sympathy that should exist between high and low, by the active kindnesses and the gracious admonitions that ought to bind us more nearly to classes from which habits of reserve keep us now too proudly aloof. He was speaking that which he knew, and his breath, were it to cease forever during his grave utterance of that warning, could not expire in a strain more sweetly accordant with the whole life's music that had gone before. That such *should* be the end was the will of God; and never did robed and ermined judge, dying thus in open court in the fulfillment of his duty, meet a death so like that of a hero. With Talfourd's name the memory of his last hour can never cease to live.



MON PLAISIR, PETERHOFF.

A TRIP FROM ST. PETERSBURGH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

BEFORE leaving St. Petersburg for the south, let us jot a few more observations, hastily and casually, but not the less truthful on that account; for how else can we daguerreotype a great metropolitan panorama like this?

At every corner of the streets and squares of St. Petersburg is a station-house, as it would be called in New-York. Here it is called a *boutki*; and it is quite a snug, little domestic establishment, with cooking and sleeping accommodations for three policemen, or *boutschniks*, whose home it is while they are in the service. Each of them alternately acts as house-keeper for his companions, providing the meals and keeping the fires in good order. Meanwhile the others are not idle: one patrols his round, wrapped in a gray cloak, and armed with a halberd; while his comrade stands ready to take any offender arrested by him to the general office. None of these situations are sinecures in Russia, for there are superior officers whose duty it is to see that every *boutschnik* is at his post. The streets are faithfully *watched* during the night; and, as

far as personal safety is concerned, no European capital can be compared with it. It is very rarely that any disturbance takes place, though thefts are almost innumerable. The paternal consideration shown to thieves by the police is really touching; only let a robbery be politely done without noise, or quarreling, and nothing is to be feared from these guardians of the city. We doubt if there exists a genteeler set of thieves; they seem to be entirely ignorant of those vulgar resorts of blows and brutalities which characterize their class elsewhere. They take your purse as delicately as your friend would take your hand; and the loss of your watch is not discovered till you wish to ascertain the hour, when you find, instead, that a dainty little instrument has gently filched it from its resting-place. If the possessor does not detect his loss, can he complain that the police fails to do it for him? Nevertheless, they are not always on as good terms as might be supposed from this state of things. Knowing ones in St. Petersburg would explain this seeming inconsistency with the old proverb,

that "two of a trade," &c. It is very certain that many thieves are detected, punished, and despoiled of their ill-gotten gains; but it is also equally certain that the loser seldom recovers his property. Indeed, so well is this understood that losses of this kind would never be reported, were it not compulsory to do so. Those experienced in such matters, when they complain, refuse to receive the missing article on any terms, well knowing that it will never be returned, unless redeemed with quadruple value.

The sagacity and daring displayed by these violators of the eighth commandment would honor a better cause. A story is current here respecting the loss of a costly vase by one of the city authorities. After many months of unavailing search, a policeman called at the owner's residence in his absence, with a request from him that the pedestal, which was equally valuable with the vase, should be sent to the police-office, where he was waiting, in order to identify the discovered treasure. But vase or pedestal were never identified by the owner. The audacious thief had donned the police uniform, and applied at the house of the head officer, carrying off in broad daylight the remainder of his plunder by his bold stratagem.

The old adage of honor among thieves is everywhere quoted; but the religion of this class is certainly more questionable; yet Italian banditti scrupulously keep the prescribed Church fasts, and a Russian robber would refuse to kill or eat a pigeon, because the Holy Spirit descended in its form upon the person of the Saviour. So these sacred birds are almost innumerable in the city. They understand their position so well, that they scarcely disturb themselves for the most furiously-driven equipage.

Another characteristic class of St. Petersburg are drochkis-drivers, or *isvoshtshik*, belonging to the moujiks already described. Hired vehicles are not, as elsewhere, peculiar to cities. They are everywhere in Russia, in the villages as well as in the larger towns. They are not a luxury only, but an absolute necessity; for the most accomplished pedestrian would soon weary of traveling the interminable streets, where a full half-hour is necessary to walk the length of three public buildings. Altogether too

much time is consumed in arriving at objects of interest in this manner, not to mention the inconvenience from the snow, the dust, and the mud in their seasons.

A single glance will bring all the assistance you require; indeed, if you stop to look at anything in the street, half-a-dozen drivers are proffering their services, at as many prices as there are voices raised on the occasion. The moment your bargain is made with one of these volunteers, he becomes the butt for his rejected companions, who assure you that he is so drunk he will be unable to sit upright ten minutes, that he will take you to the wrong place, or his horse will fall at the first corner. The victim, however, bears it all coolly, laughs in his beard, and tells you not to be afraid, he will take good care of you: and he keeps his word; for, as a class, they are generally very obliging and faithful to their promises. It is, however, always necessary to arrange the terms when you engage them, as there is no legal rate by which their prices are regulated, although they are seldom unreasonable in their charges.

Most of them begin their career in the same manner, engaging when very young with some proprietor, and retaining the situation only long enough to acquire the means of commencing business independently. Once provided with a horse and drochkis, the *isvoshtshik* will make his way in the world. If he does not succeed in St. Petersburg, he goes, with true Yankee enterprise, from city to village till he does succeed. No enormous sum is requisite to secure the independence of these tough characters. The vehicles they drive are the only homes known to many of them; they are apparently perfectly indifferent to changes of temperature, often spending entire days, and even nights, in the open air. Notwithstanding all these privations, as a class they are the best-natured fellows in the world, frequently transporting a pedestrian across one of their wide, muddy streets gratuitously. If one is alone, you will almost always find him extended on his back, gayly warbling an air remarkable for nothing but its simplicity, probably learned in the forests where he was born. They are very social, however; and it is quite amusing to see half-a-dozen of them chatting, joking, or wrestling together till the signal of the passer-by transforms them into jealous rivals, with an inexhausti-

ble vocabulary of abuse to hurl at each other.

The horses are as tough and as good-natured as their drivers, and as unmindful of cold or heat; they eat and sleep when and where they can. They carry, like the Arabs, their sack of grain about the neck, and bundles of hay can always be purchased whenever they have time to eat them. They start off with a brisk trot, however tired they may be.

The manner in which these enduring animals are treated soon betrays the nationality of the driver. The German, who makes little use of his tongue with any one, communicates with his horse only by means of whip and reins. The Finlander sits like a statue, occasionally growling *naw, naw*, between his teeth in various intonations. The Livonian cries

nooa when his horse stops short, or obstinately takes the wrong direction. The Polander is the most excitable; he is constantly moving, jumping up and down, whistling, shouting, shaking the reins, cracking the whip, and, with all kinds of grimaces, producing sounds of which no other language could convey an idea. The Russian, on the contrary, seems to pride himself upon his persuasive eloquence. He never strikes anything but the shafts or some part of the harness to give gentle warning to his steed; but he talks with him, in the tenderest tones, addressing him with all kinds of pet names. "My brother, my friend, my love, my little father, my white pigeon," he says, as he recommends him to turn right or left, or to hasten his pace.

The moment your agreement is made with an *isvoshtshik*, he becomes your serf; and if you are tyrannically inclined, you can indulge yourself to your satisfaction. He never speaks to you but with uncovered head; he obeys all your orders; he hears your reproofs humbly and submissively; and if you choose to handle him with a cane he cannot help himself, for he is not his own master. The slightest in-



ISVOSHISHIK (COACHMAN).

jury to a pedestrian, whether resulting from carelessness or unavoidable accident, is punished by Russian law with the whip; and if one is knocked down, the unfortunate driver is condemned to exile and confiscation in addition. Notwithstanding this severity, and the spaciousness of the streets, accidents are not unfrequent in St. Petersburg, for the upper classes are fond of driving as rapidly as possible, and, like other fast people, they are exceedingly vain of distancing their fellow-travelers. *Shiväge!* they shout, at the top of their voices, to hasten the speed of the helpless *isvoshtshik*, who is obliged to obey, though he risks the cruellest penalties for the gratification of these unreasonable whims.

But I have not yet described the peculiar vehicle of this peculiar class. In winter, of course, it is a sleigh, and every one knows what a sleigh is; but one must travel in Russia to understand the odd affair for which it is exchanged when the snow disappears and the mud commences. The *drochki* is a low, open, four-wheeled wagon, with a leather-covered stuffed seat, extending lengthwise, upon which the traveler sits, as upon a saddle, his

feet resting on a kind of stirrup on each side, but without any support for the back or head. Quite an apprenticeship is necessary to preserve a dignified equilibrium on the rough and badly-paved streets of St. Petersburg. A good degree of skill is also necessary in the management of the cloak, which is the only protection against the wind, snow, rain, and mud. Of course, no female ever employs one of these barbarous vehicles, unless it may be a domestic; but gentlemen of the highest rank use them unscrupulously whenever it suits their convenience.

In most parts of St. Petersburg quite elegant carriages may be hired, but at very high prices. It is said most of them belong to government officers, who transform their private equipages into a means of replenishing their purses during their absence from the capital. This would seem an extreme measure in any other country, but here every variety of character and appearance are such matters of course, that no one is shocked by it.

St. Petersburg might not inaptly be termed the city of contrasts. All European nations are represented in it, their varying costumes and ceremonials producing an effect almost dramatic. The religious observances are very striking. On Friday, which is the Mussulman Sabbath, the turbaned Turk, the black-bearded Persian, and the closely-shaved Tartar may be seen sauntering to their places of worship; the Jews, in their black silk cafetans, throng to their synagogues on the following day; while Sunday belongs to the various Christian sects, who have also many high festivals during the week. Here the Lutherans are performing their annual penitence, and entire families of Germans, accompanied by their servants, make a pilgrimage to their church; and now, with all the bells of the Greek belfries ringing out their peals, the wives and daughters of the Russian merchants display their richest attire in some grand religious procession. On fete-days, or emperor's days, as they are called here,



MARKET OF FROZEN PROVISIONS.



TEA ON THE ISLAND OF KRESTOFKI.

the city presents a most animated and picturesque appearance, displaying all the varieties of costume between Paris and Pekin.

The shops of St. Petersburg depend more on the display of their contents to attract customers, than upon large-lettered signs and flaming hand-bills. If the real objects are inconvenient for exposure, pictures of them take their places. The butcher has the signs of his occupation, with his portrait, or that of an ox, suspended in a conspicuous position. The baker shows specimens of all the varieties which he produces. Other trades indulge themselves in symbolic devices. The barber's is a most complicated collection of designs. The blood is represented spouting from the white arm of a fainting woman, while a phlegmatic philosopher is enjoying the lathering process without the slightest manifestation of sympathy with the touching scene at his side; the whole is bordered with a kind of arabesque formed of drops of blood, and a barbarous combination of dental and surgical instruments.

The people of St. Petersburg are capricious and extravagant; so the mer-

chants have an easy time of it, for everything sells,—good, bad, and indifferent. One of the finest squares in the city is occupied by an immense, low, quadrangular building, which is the most important center of trade; it is called the *Gostinnoi Dvor*. In the numerous shops which it contains, every possible variety of merchandise may be found; every passer-by is urged to enter and examine the tempting wares. About ten thousand tradesmen, including peasants, are collected here. It has the appearance of a perpetual fair.

An excursion to the Tshukin Dvor, another of the great bazars of the city, afforded me infinite amusement. This establishment, and another of similar character, contain, perhaps, five thousand shops; and everything is Russian within the inclosure—buyers, sellers, and goods. In the midst of the motley and filthy crowd collected there, one might easily imagine himself transported back to the middle ages. The number of chapels within its precincts nearly equals the drinking-shops; but the piety learned in them does not improve the morals of their frequenters. Over the shops are also sacred images of the Virgin,

St. John, &c., and brazen crucifixes. Lamps are kept constantly burning before them, but no other fire or flame of any kind is allowed within the inclosure. It is closed at dusk, and left to the care of the police, and to watch-dogs chained to their stations.

Amulets find a ready sale in these places, for, besides adorning their churches, houses, chambers, and doors with them, the Russian hangs them about his person to keep his Satanic majesty at bay.

Whichever way you turn, some characteristic spectacle meets your eye. Here a bridal outfit, from the slippers up to the flowery wreath for the head, attracts your attention; there a display of dried fruits is arranged so tastefully as to tempt the pencil of an artist. Here is a broker's table, covered with glittering coins, untouched by the thieves, numerous and expert as they are. Still further on is a pastry-stand; but beware how your eyes linger in that direction. It is covered with *pirogas*, a kind of cake eaten hot with oil, greatly esteemed by the natives. If you indulge the slightest glance toward the cloth, beneath which they are concealed, one of them is quickly seized, plunged in a pot of oil, sprinkled with salt, and offered to you with the air of a prince. No Russian in a sheep-skin robe could resist such a temptation. Seated on a bench provided for the purpose, he regales himself with these delicacies till his black beard glistens like polished ebony.

My eyes and ears were more agreeably entertained in the bird-market than my palate would have been with the *pirogas*. Every description of game is here found in the greatest abundance. The profusion of winter is even greater than that of summer. All provisions are then brought into the city in a solid state. On the shores of the Baltic, partridges from Saratoff are eaten, with swans from Finland, heathcocks from Livonia, and bears from Lapland. The sale of frozen meat is one of the curiosities of St. Petersburg; fish, flesh, and fowl are transformed into marble, and the tradesman makes his sales with hatchet in hand. It is a great misfortune to him and the poor farmer if the winter is *bad*, which means *mild*, in Russian parlance. Provisions are so abundant and cheap, that the slightest suspicion destroys the sale of the choicest produce. With a sudden thaw, savings for months

are sometimes melted away. In such circumstances everything is rigidly examined by the police, and summary work is made of the condemned articles, which are either buried or thrown into the Neva.

The suburbs of St. Petersburg are crossed by the sixtieth degree of north latitude. Certainly, since the creation of the world, no city has appeared in such size and splendor, within so short a distance of the eternal ices of the poles. It is doubtful if such an attempt could have succeeded elsewhere. In the same parallel in which the imperial palaces are erected, surrounded by their gardens, the Ostiaks of Siberia scarcely find sufficient moss for the nourishment of their rein-deers; and the Kamschatkans are drawn in sleighs by dogs over ice which never melts. The same parallel touches the southern point of Greenland and the Esquimaux territory, on the American continent. From the calendar, not more than ninety pleasant days can be expected out of the year in this northern region, and many of these are cloudy and severe. At noon the sky is almost always gloomy; but the mornings and evenings are superb, the atmosphere and the apparently shoreless ice of the river are illumined with flashes of light—celestial fire-works which are never seen in any other capital of the globe. Twilight, which lasts here full three-fourths of the time, is full of picturesque effects; the summer sun, which disappears a moment at midnight, seems to swim on the edge of the Neva's bed and the low lands surrounding it, darting into the upward space rays of fire, which would make the poorest landscape beautiful. The emotion awakened by these novel scenes is not the enthusiasm produced by the rich vegetation of more southern climates, but something like the mystery of dreams—of a half-waking state, full of hopes and memories.

Many things are wanting for the composition of a legitimate picture in these situations; but nature is more powerful than art over the imagination, and ministers in some way under almost every zone to the instinctive necessities of the soul. The vicinity of the poles, reduced to the last degree of barrenness, has, nevertheless, eloquent interpretations of the Creator's designs.

In the delta of the Neva forty islands may be counted, though several of them

are quite uninhabitable on account of the annual inundations to which they are exposed. They were formerly all unhealthy marshes, covered with oaks, pines, or worthless brush-wood, but they are now the favorite promenade and summer residence of the inhabitants of the city. Each of them has a particular appropriation. Kammenoi is the aristocratic island; it is covered with Swiss, Italian, Chinese, English, and Gothic villas, and to the curious presents a specimen of the most eccentric architecture of all times and of all people.

The Germans have taken possession of Krestofski; it is their favorite resort for smoking and tea-drinking. It is not entirely destitute of Russian establishments; but the cafés, the dairies, the saloons, are easily recognized as German.

Krestofski is the resort of the lower orders of Russians. It has some fine views of the Gulf of Finland from the avenues which have been cut through its primitive pine forests. It is the favorite spot for the sports of the *moujiks*, who there amuse themselves with swings, slides, songs, and social chats, over the smoking *somovar* or tea, which is an invariable accompaniment in such festivities. The "Celestials" themselves can hardly exceed the Russians in their enjoyment of this favorite beverage. It is the only presentable article in the execrable hotels of the empire. Even those of its capital are sadly deficient in almost everything essential to a traveler's comfort; but the most miserable inn or tavern of the furthest interior can set before him a better cup of tea, than he will find in any other European country. The explanation of this is, that instead of transporting it by sea, as is necessary elsewhere, by which the original delicate aroma of the plant is exchanged for something much less agreeable, it is brought here by

caravans on an overland route. Every year, in the month of July, immense quantities of it are sold at the great fair of Nijni Novgorod, on the Volga, from whence it finds its way through the country from the White to the Black Sea, from the Baltic to the Caspian.

The preparation of the beverage is worthy of its quality. None of the infusions presented in elegant china from stately urns at aristocratic tables, can compare for a moment with the *somovar* of a Russian peasant. The upper classes in the larger cities have elegant saloons, where, lounging on luxurious divans, they can sip their favorite drink over their newspapers. The preparation in these places is yellow-tea, made from the flowers of the plant; but little shops are to be found every few steps where good black tea is sold, or it is hawked about the streets, and for a trifling sum those whom it refreshes in summer, can be warmed by it in winter. It is the invariable demand in all journeys and pleasure



TEA SELLER.



FETE AT PETERHOFF.

parties; and this, and the air, are the only two things in Russia which are common to the human race, to the rich and poor of the country. I wish it was in my power to add, that the intoxicating drinks were displaced by it.

My first excursion beyond the walls of St. Petersburg was to Peterhoff, which, as its name implies, originated with the great Peter, whom the nation delights to honor. The city which sprung forth at his word, as at the touch of a magician, had scarcely risen from its marshy foundation, when the Czar began to plan delightful summer residences in its environs.

The situation of Peterhoff, at the mouth of the Neva, is one of the finest imaginable. Upon an elevated cliff overlooking the sea, to which the royal park, several miles in extent, descends in terraces, it

presents some of the grandest views I have yet seen in Russia. The coast of Finland may be seen in the distance; still nearer the Marine Arsenal of the island of Cronstadt, with its granite ramparts defying the waves; while to the right you discover the white walls of Petersburg, with its painted roofs and numerous gilded spires, which resemble a flaming forest in the slant rays of the setting sun. Majestic forests offer their refreshing shade. Magnificent flights of steps conduct you over the terraces, everywhere ornamented with temples, statuary, fountains and cascades. Amid all these splendors I was most interested in the oaks and lindens planted by the hand of the great founder of St. Petersburg.

The building originally planned by him now forms the center of the palace; it has been enlarged, restored, and embellished

in every succeeding reign, and is consequently deficient in architectural character. It is still of insufficient dimensions for the accommodation of the imperial family. Several smaller residences have been appended to it: among these are the pavilion of *Mon Plaisir*, the little palace of Marley, the English palace, presented to the empress by her husband, and occupied at the festival by the foreign ambassadors and invited guests of the court.

To see Peterhoff in its glory, it should be visited on the 13th of July, which is both the birth and wedding-day of the empress. It is celebrated by festivities truly national in grandeur and extent. St. Petersburg transfers itself to this delightful locality. It is said that six thousand carriages, thirty thousand pedestrians, and innumerable boats usually leave the city to partake the enjoyments given by the court. The village contains only a small number of houses, and a room in one of them at this season would command any price. Everything is therefore brought into requisition for the crowd; immense tents are spread; carriages and carts, encamped in and around the royal domains, are the lodging-places of whole families; while many more repose unsheltered around large watch-fires, forming a most striking and grotesque bivouac.

A military parade is one of the ceremonials of the day, and the troops are cantoned around the palace. Their uniforms, mingled with the graceful national garb, give a most picturesque effect to the crowds wandering over the beautiful grounds. Officers, soldiers, merchants, serfs, and noblemen, all seem overflowing with enjoyment.

At seven o'clock in the evening the royal apartments are thrown open to the people. The Autocrat of all the Russias allows his subjects these few hours of democracy, and the reddest republican could not be dissatisfied with the perfect appearance of equality. The national garb of the *moujik*, and the floating *cafetan* of the merchant, are mingled indiscriminately with the jeweled and costly robes of the courtiers and diplomatic corps. The official and military uniforms are concealed beneath a kind of Venetian mantle; for this is intended to be a masked ball.

You think it is quite impossible for another individual to find entrance in the crowd, when, at the sound of the music,

the imperial family make their appearance. The delighted people fall back, and an ample space is opened for the free passage of the royal cortège. The noble figure of Nicholas leads the empress in the *Polonaise*. This can scarcely be considered a dance; it is merely a promenade to the sound of music. It is continued for an hour or two by the court through the magnificent saloons, concluding always in the apartment where it commenced. The people, though at the height of enthusiasm, are quiet and well behaved, never for a moment impeding the movements of the imperial procession.

At ten o'clock the ball closes, and the empress gives the signal for the illumination, which is the most brilliant exhibition of the festival. The whole scene, as far as the eye can reach, is suddenly lighted up with a splendor exceeding the dull daylight of the north; for it is said here that the Czar makes the sun turn pale. Eighteen hundred men are employed to light the two hundred and fifty thousand lamps, producing an effect so magical as to be indescribable. Immediately in front of the palace balcony is a canal, extending a great distance through the park to the sea. This is bordered with lights so numerous, and reflected so clearly from its surface, that it seems like a stream of fire. Every fantastic device conceivable is blazing before you; vases, arbors, obelisks, wheels, pyramids, columns, cascades, are flashing light all around you. The trees seem transformed into forests of diamonds. The waters of the fountains are flaming with all the hues of the rainbow. The fairy creations of the Thousand-and-one Nights no longer seem unreal amid the dazzling, bewildering, almost blinding light.

The royal family, and the court next, make their appearance in very odd and original state-carriages. They are long, open, highly gilded, with antique harnessings. They are capable of accommodating about eight persons comfortably; but the occupants are placed back to back, thus allowing the crowd, which is as thick in the park as it was just before in the palace, another opportunity of seeing their rulers. Nothing can be more striking and picturesque than this procession, which divides itself into two parts, disappearing in opposite directions, but frequently crossing each other's path in the blazing avenues. One may well rub his eyes to



assure himself that he is not in fairy-land ; and they must be rubbed hard to recall what is nevertheless true, that only a few degrees further north the year is divided into two days and two twilights of three months each. Such is a glance at what may be called the mere splendor of royalty in Russia. We are taking but glances, and must hasten on, for we know not how soon the agitations of war may drive us out of the country.

Before taking leave of it, I must indulge myself with a few words in regard to one more illustration of Russian life—the Easter festival. Among the holidays of the Greek Church, none is more popular than

this. It is celebrated with great magnificence, far exceeding any display of the Romish Church, even in the Eternal City, because the entire population are actively and seriously engaged in it ; it is made a duty to assist in its services, not to heighten the splendor of the parade, but from motives of sincere devotion. Skepticism has not yet found its way, to any extent, amid this young and confiding people. Faith is still in their midst, blind and full of errors, but nevertheless

earnest and sincere. She may be recognized, debased and perverted it is true, where the kneeling crowd through the altars, striking the breast, or humbly kissing the



ground before the crucifix, or some saint's image.

Easter is, in Russia, the time of festivity and congratulation, like Christmas in England, and New-Year's in Paris and New-York. For six weeks after its celebration all letters commence with the sacred words, "Christ is risen." The only salutation heard between friends during the same time is, "Christ is risen;" and the response is invariably, "He is risen indeed." This formula is used precisely as our New-Year's and Christmas felicitations are exchanged, only it is much more universal.

Another custom which comes with this sacred holiday is still more peculiar. When the officiating priest pronounces these magical words of the Church, it is the signal for a joyful and universal embrace. Relatives and friends kiss each other, of course; but that is not all—for the time all men are equal, all are brethren. Servants kiss their masters, serfs kiss their lords, *moujiks* kiss the noblemen, and the poor kiss the rich. The ceremony invariably comprises three kisses on the cheeks, in allusion to the Trinity. Within and without, the sound of kissing is universal, interrupted only with the congratulation, "Christ is risen," and the glad response, "He is risen indeed." The accompanying illustrations will give some idea of the laughable positions in which tall and short, fat and lean persons, find themselves in these affectionate demonstrations.

More solid manifestations of love and charity accompany this general joy. To give at this time is a duty, and it is no disgrace to ask. In every house, according to the means and station, money, food, and clothes are distributed to the needy. Preparations are made for these charities on a large scale. Gifts of love and friendship, and social visits are also exchanged. The great fair of toys and Easter eggs is a peculiar feature of the time. It is held on the place of the Admiralty, before the *Gostinnoj Dvor*: notwithstanding the vast space of this locality, it is thronged from commencement to close.

During the last week of Lent, the Russian churches are crowded with all classes and all ages, performing their devotions, which comprise confession and the receiving of the communion. This is formally enjoined, not only by ecclesiastical

canons, but by civil statutes, which very strictly enforce the communion service, at least once a year, upon all persons employed by the government, whatever may be their rank or occupation. The penalty of neglect of this command is a severe reprimand, and, in some cases, removal from office.

The Saturday which precedes Easter is consecrated to a household ceremony well understood in the latitude of New-York: this is a general house-cleaning, and preparation of cakes, meat, and colored eggs, which are to be served to visitors the next day, with wine and liquor. Fashionable people content themselves with a formal exchange of visiting cards.

The bakers, who are almost all Germans, prepare cakes of enormous size for these occasions; some of them in imitation of eggs, sufficiently capacious to be filled with any quantity of confectionary. There are also porcelain eggs ornamented with ribbons, which are afterward suspended to the crucifix or image of the tutelary saint, before which a lamp is kept burning in devout families.

The Russian people are generally quite abstemious; their diet consists usually of black bread and sour cabbage, cooked with a little meat. But they balance this abstemiousness in food by frequent and copious draughts of brandy. During the six weeks of Lent, abstinence from meat is rigorously maintained; during the last two, even the lower classes eat only dried mushrooms, cooked and seasoned with oil. Scarcely any amusements are allowed—the theaters are shut, dancing is prohibited, and concerts are the only recreations of the people. The capital is crowded with musicians, and there are often several concerts a day, all well attended, for the eager multitude rush from one to another with inexhaustible interest. In this, as in everything, their enthusiasm is as capricious as it is extravagant. The favorite of to-day is forgotten to-morrow.

From the first Sunday of this festival to the following Sabbath, detachments of the different corps of cadets, military schools, and troops of the garrison present themselves in the square in front of the palace, to make their congratulations to the imperial family. The emperor and the grand duke proceed from rank to rank, bestowing upon the soldiers the paschal kiss.



LUTHER'S DISPUTATION WITH DR. ECK AT LEIPZIG, 1519.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

IN Augsburg Luther had contended with the proud prince of the Church of Rome; at Leipzig he was to defend his doctrine against the men of the schools in learned debate. On this occasion he spoke the decisive word to Dr. Eck: "I do not recognize any man as the head of the Church militant but Jesus Christ only, on the ground of Holy Scriptures." "For Luther, like the true Samson, pulled down the pillar on which the Romans rested the power of the pope, and said, 'that the text on which Dr. Eck relied—Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my Church—did not refer to St. Peter, still less to any of his successors, but to the Lord Jesus Christ, who was the true rock on which Christianity might stand against all the attacks of hell.'" (Mathesius.)

The two principal warriors, Luther and Eck, stand opposite each other in the hall of the Pleisenburg, the first advancing boldly to the attack, the other dexterously turning aside each blow, but cunningly enticing his opponent to further advances.

At Luther's side sits the youthful Melancthon, in silent, anxious thought, while the more lively Karlstadt seeks to assist his own weak memory by referring to books. In the centre of the hall Duke George of Saxony is listening attentively to the disputants, until, at the words of Luther, "that even some of the propositions of Huss and of the Bohemians were perfectly Christian and evangelical," he angrily cries out, "Plague take it!" At his feet sits his one-eyed fool, wildly staring at Dr. Eck. Artists and poets



LUTHER BURNING THE PAPAL BULL.

are fond of introducing into matters of solemn import, agreeable equally to legend as to history, some amusing trait of human folly, as in this case, into the midst of the princes and warriors of the Church, the court-fool of an earthly prince.

LUTHER BURNS THE PAPAL BULL.

NEITHER cardinals nor doctors, neither negotiations nor disputations, could adjust the quarrel. A rupture ensued: Rome condemned the Wittemberg doctor; the doctor solemnly declared the Roman judgment to be naught.

When the bull of condemnation reached Germany, the whole people was in commotion. At Erfurth the students took it out of the booksellers' shops, tore it in pieces, and threw it into the river, with the poor pun, "A bubble (*bull*) it is, and as a bubble so it should swim." Luther instantly published his pamphlet, *Against*

the Execrable Bull of Antichrist. On December 10, 1520, he burnt it at the city gates, and on the same day wrote to Spalatin, through whom he usually communicated with the elector:—"This 10th day of December, in the year 1520, at the ninth hour of the day, were burnt at Wittemberg, at the east gate, near the holy cross, all the pope's books, the *Decree*, the *Decretals*, the *Extravagante* of Clement VI., Leo X.'s last bull, the *Angelic Sum*, Eck's *Chrysoprasus*, and some other works of Eck's and Emser's. Is not this news?" He says in the public notice which he caused to be drawn up of these proceedings, "If any one ask me why I have done this, my reply is, that it is an ancient practice to burn bad books. The apostles burnt five thousand deniers' worth of them." The tradition runs that he exclaimed, on throwing the book of the *Decretals* into the flames, "Thou hast tormented the Lord's holy one; may the ev-

erlasting fire torment and consume thee!" These things were news, indeed, as Luther said. Until then, most sects and heresies had sprung up in secret, and conceived themselves fortunate if they remained unknown; but now a monk starts up who treats with the pope as equal with equal, and constitutes himself the judge of the head of the Church. The chain of tradition is broken, unity shattered, the *robe without seam* rent. It must not be supposed that Luther himself, with all his violence, took this last step without pain. It was uprooting from his heart, by one pull, the whole of the venerable past in which he had been cradled. It is true that he believed he had retained the Scriptures for his own; but then they were the Scriptures with a different interpretation from what had been put upon them for a thousand years. All this his enemies have often said; but not one of them has said it more eloquently than he himself. "No doubt," he writes to Erasmus in the opening of his book, *De Servo Arbitrio*, (The Will not Free.)—"no doubt you feel some hesitation when you see arrayed before you so numerous a succession of learned men, and the unanimous voice of so many centuries, illustrated by deeply read divines, and by great martyrs, glorified by numerous miracles, as well as more recent theologians and countless academies, councils, bishops, pontiffs. On this side are found erudition, genius, numbers, greatness, loftiness, power, sanctity, miracles, and what not beside? On mine, Wiclif, Laurentius Valla, Augustin, (although you forget him,) and Luther, a poor man, a mushroom of yesterday, standing alone with a few friends, without such erudition, genius, numbers, greatness, sanctity, or miracles. Take them all together, they could not cure a lame horse. . . . *Et alia quæ tu plurima fando enumerare vales*, (and innumerable other things you could mention.) For what are we? What the wolf said of Philomel, *Vox et præterea nihil*, (a sound—no more.) I own, my dear Erasmus, you are justified in hesitating before all these things; ten years since, I hesitated like you. . . . Could I suppose that this Troy, which had so long victoriously resisted so many assaults, would fall in one day? I solemnly call God to witness that I should have continued to fear, and should even now be hesitating, had not my conscience and the truth compelled

me to speak. You know that my heart is not a rock; and had it been, yet beaten by such billows and tempests, it would have been shivered to atoms when all this mass of authority was launched at my head, like a deluge ready to overwhelm me." Elsewhere he writes: ". . . Holy Scripture has taught me how perilous and fearful it is to raise one's voice in God's church, to speak in the midst of those who will be your judges, when, on the day of judgment, you shall find yourself in presence of God, under the eye of the angels, all creation seeing, listening, hanging upon the divine word. Assuredly when this thought rises to my mind, my earnest desire is for silence, and the sponge for my writings. . . . How hard, how fearful to live to render an account to God of every idle word!" On March 27, 1519, he writes, "I was alone, and hurried unprepared into this business. I admitted many essential points in the pope's favor, for was I, a poor, miserable monk, to set myself up against the majesty of the pope, before whom the kings of the earth (what do I say? earth itself, hell, and heaven) trembled? . . . How I suffered the first and second year. Ah! little do those confident spirits who since then have attacked the pope so proudly and presumptuously, know of the dejection of spirits, not feigned and assumed, but too real, or rather the despair which I went through. . . . Unable to find any light to guide me in dead or mute teachers, (I mean the writings of theologians and jurists,) I longed to consult the living council of the Churches of God, to the end that if any godly persons could be found, illumined by the Holy Ghost, they would take compassion on me, and be pleased to give me good and safe counsel for my own welfare and that of all Christendom; but it was impossible for me to discover them. I saw only the pope, the cardinals, bishops, theologians, canonists, monks, priests; and it was from them I expected enlightenment. For I had so fed and saturated myself with their doctrine, that I was unconscious whether I were asleep or awake. . . . Had I at that time braved the pope as I now do, I should have looked for the earth instantly to open and swallow me up alive, like Korah and Abiram. . . . At the name of the Church I shuddered, and offered to give way. In 1518 I told Cardinal Caietano, at Augsburg, that I would thenceforward be

mute ; only praying him, in all humility, to impose the same silence on my adversaries, and hush their clamors. Far from meeting my wishes, he threatened to condemn everything I had taught, if I would not retract. Now I had already published the Catechism to the edification of many souls, and was bound not to allow it to be condemned."

LUTHER'S RECEPTION AT WORMS.

LUTHER is led from the quiet cell of the cloister, from the lecture-rooms of the university, from the midst of his powerfully-roused community, upon a yet greater scene : all Germany looks upon him as upon no other ! The monk, the preacher, and the teacher of Wittemberg has become *the man of the German nation*.

Therefore does the artist represent him, in this picture, in the midst of his people, who joyfully greet the man upon whom they found their hopes ; old and young, men and women, high and low, clergymen and laymen, all unite in one group.

Beside Luther in the carriage sit his friends, Amsdorf, Petrus von Suaven, and

the monk Pezenstein ; Justus Jonas and many Saxon noblemen, who had gone to meet him, follow on horseback. Thousands of people from all ranks accompany him to his abode in the "Deutschen Hof."

ABOVE, LUTHER PREPARING HIMSELF BY PRAYER FOR HIS APPEARANCE BEFORE THE EMPEROR AND EMPIRE.

The principal scene shows Luther and Frondsberg at the entrance of the Imperial Hall.

But this waving flood of the people, which on that day bore him upward so mightily, is not the principal nor the strongest shield of his heart. This beating, warring heart appeals to a higher protection,—to the eternal Rock amidst the flood of time and of nations.

Streets and hostelries have become quiet, the masses which to-day shouted his welcome are silent ; but he seeks to compose his mind with music, and by gazing upward into the sacred stillness of the starry sky. He prays :—

"Almighty, eternal God, how poor a thing is this world ! how little a matter will cause the people to stand open-



LUTHER'S RECEPTION AT WORMS.



LUTHER PREPARING HIMSELF BY PRAYER FOR HIS APPEARANCE BEFORE THE
EMPEROR AND EMPIRE.

THE PRINCIPAL SCENE SHOWS LUTHER AND FRONDBERG AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE IMPERIAL HALL.

mouthed! how little and mean is the confidence of man in God! Do thou, O Lord, assist me against all worldly wisdom and understanding; do this, thou *must* do it, thou alone! It is not indeed my cause, but thine own; I myself have nothing to do here and with the great princes of this world. But it is thy cause, which is just and eternal; I rely upon no man. Come, O come! I am ready to give up even my life patiently, like a lamb; for the cause is just; it is thine, and I will not depart from thee eternally. This I resolve in thy name: the world cannot force my conscience. And should my body be destroyed therein, my soul is thine, and remaineth with thee forever."

The evening afterward, when he was about to appear before the emperor, he met at the very threshold of the hall the knight George of Frondsberg, who, laying his hand upon Luther's shoulder, said kindly, "Monk, monk, ('Mönchlein' being a caressing diminutive,) thou enterest upon a path, and art about to take up a position, such as I and many other commanders have never braved even in our most serious battle-array. If thou have right on thy side, and be sure of thy cause, then go on, in the name of God, and be comforted; God will not forsake thee!" Thus spoke, if we are to believe in tradition, the knight of this world to the spiritual knight,—the military hero to the hero of the faith; he spoke with noble modesty, as the inferior to the higher warrior.

The two protecting figures above, to the right and left of Luther, represent two other German knights: Hutten, with his harp and sword, and the laurel-wreath of the poet on his brow; and his friend, the valorous Sickingen, with the general's baton in his hand. They were ready to protect their "holy friend, the unconquerable theologian and evangelist, at Worms, by their word and their sword," if necessary.

LUTHER BEFORE THE EMPEROR AND THE EMPIRE, 1521.

THE decisive moment has come! Before the emperor and the empire Luther is to prove whether the power of conscience is stronger in him than any other consideration. And it was stronger. "My conscience and the word of God," he says, "hold me prisoner; therefore I may not nor will recant! Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me. Amen!"

"I was summoned in due form, and appeared before the council of the imperial diet in the Guildhall, where the emperor, the electors, and the princes were assembled. Doctor Eck, the official of the Bishop of Trèves, began, and said to me, 'Martin, you are called here to say whether you acknowledge the books on the table there to be yours?' and he pointed to them. 'I believe so,' I answered. But Doctor Jerome Schurff instantly added, 'Read over their titles.' When this was done, I said, 'Yes, these books are mine.' He then asked me, 'Will you disavow them?' I replied, 'Most gracious lord emperor, some of the writings are controversial, and in them I attack my adversaries. Others are didactic and doctrinal; and of these I neither can nor will retract an iota, for it is God's word. But as regards my controversial writings, if I have been too violent, or have gone too far against any one, I am ready to reconsider the matter, provided I have time for reflection.' I was allowed a day and a night. The next day I was summoned by the bishops and others who were to deal with me to make me retract. I told them, 'God's word is not mine, I cannot give it up; but in all else my desire is to be obedient and docile.' The margrave Joachim then took up the word, and said, 'Sir doctor, as far as I can understand, you will allow yourself to be counselled and advised, except on those points affecting Scripture?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'such is my wish.' They then told me that I ought to defer all to the imperial majesty; but I would not consent. They asked me if they themselves were not Christians, and able to decide on such things? To this I answered, 'Yes, provided it be without wrong or offense to the Scriptures, which I desire to uphold. I cannot give up that which is not mine.' They insisted, 'You ought to rely upon us, and believe that we shall decide rightly.' I am not very ready to believe that they will decide in our favor against themselves, who have but just now passed sentence of condemnation upon me, though under safe-conduct. But look what I will do: treat me as you like, and I will forego my safe-conduct and give it up to you.' On this, Baron Frederick von Feilitzsch burst forth with, 'And enough, indeed, if not too much.' They then said, 'At least, give up a few articles to us.' I answered, 'In God's



LUTHER BEFORE THE EMPEROR AND EMPIRE.

name, I do not desire to defend those articles which do not relate to Scripture.' Hereupon, two bishops hastened to tell the emperor that I retracted. On which the bishop * * * sent to ask me if I had consented to refer the matter to the emperor and the empire. I replied that I had never, and would never, consent to it. So I held out alone against all. My doctor and the rest were ill-pleased at my tenacity. Some told me that if I would defer the whole to them, they would in their turn forego and cede the articles which had been condemned by the council of Constance. To all this I replied, 'Here is my body and my life.' * * * Then, after some worthy individuals had interposed with, 'How? You would bear him off prisoner? That can't be'—the chancellor of Trèves said to me, 'Martin, you are disobedient to the imperial majesty, wherefore you have leave to depart under the safe-conduct you possess.' I answer-

ed, 'It has been done as it has pleased the Lord. And you, in your turn, consider where you are left.' Thus, I took my departure in my simplicity, without remarking or understanding all their subtilities."

Next to the young Emperor Charles sits his brother Ferdinand: at their sides the three spiritual and the three temporal electors—the wise Frederick of Saxony sits in front; opposite, on the bench for the princes, we see Philip of Hesse looking attentively at Luther. Dr. Hieronymus Schorf stands behind him as his legal adviser; opposite to him, at the table covered with Luther's works, we see the imperial orator and official of the Archbishop of Trèves, Dr. John Eck; nearer to the emperor, the Cardinal Alexander holds in his hand the bull containing the condemnation of Luther. In the background are seen the Spanish sentinels who mocked the German monk as he retired from the presence.



SUNSET.

Is it the foot of God
 Upon the waters, that they seethe and blaze,
 As when of old he trod
 The desert ways,
 And through the night
 Fearful and far his pillar pour'd its light ?

O for quick wings to fly
 Under the limit of yon dazzling verge,
 Where bright tints rapidly
 In brighter merge,
 And yet more bright,
 'Till light becomes invisible through light !

What wonder that of yore
 Men held thee for a deity, great sun,
 Kindling thy pyre before
 Thy race is run,
 Casting life down
 At pleasure, to resume it as a crown !

Or that our holier prayer
 Still consecrates thy symbol, that our fanes
 Plant their pure altars where
 Thine Eastern glory reigns,
 And thy bright West
 Drops prophet-mantles on our beds of rest ?

Here, watching, let us kneel
 Through the still darkness of this grave-like
 time,
 Till on our ears shall steal
 A whisper, then a chime,
 And then a chorus : earth has burst her prison,
 The sign is in the skies ! the Sun is risen !

[For the National Magazine.]

CHARITY.

O, OPEN-HANDED, open-hearted maid !
 Whose silent bounties ever ceaseless flow,
 Thy generous hand to poverty convey'd
 The sweetest blessings of the earth below.
 "God loves a cheerful giver," and, like love,
 The more we give, the more we still receive ;
 Our mite's at interest in the land above,
 We only lend what charities we give ;
 And they who hoard their useless thousands-up,
 While hundreds round them, helpless cry for
 bread,
 Shall drink, at last, the dregs of that cold cup,
 Whose bitter draught their fellow-mortals fed,
 For earth belongs, with all its wealth, to God,
 And he that robs him well deserves the rod.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

THEIR INSCRIPTIONS AND LESSONS.

IN a preceding article we gave a description and brief history of the Roman Catacombs. We propose now to present some examples of their inscriptions and symbols, preparatory to the deductions to be hereafter drawn from them respecting theological and ecclesiastical questions.

We have already referred to the simplicity, we should, perhaps, say meagerness, of these epitaphs, and of their almost total lack of artistic style; the reader must not therefore follow us in our reverent walks among them, with any exaggerated or fastidious expectations. They speak but the more affectingly and powerfully to the Christian heart by their direct, their humble and unpretending speech. They prove to us, what Christ assumed to be the glory and demonstration of our faith, that *the poor had the gospel preached to them*. They prove to us, too, what the history of the Church generally attests, that the poor are not only the first but the purest fruits of the faith; and there, in those dark and labyrinthine aisles—the great subterranean cathedral of Rome—hallowed by the saintliest memories of primeval Christian worship, of heroic suffering, and of innumerable martyrs, what a contrast have we with the superb, but meretricious pomps of the fallen Church above them!

We give an engraving of one of these earliest Christians—one of the fossors, or quarrymen. The inscription reads:—“Diogenes the Fossor, buried in peace on the eighth before the kalends of October.” Maitland, in explaining it, cannot avoid some suggestive and very relevant remarks: “On either side is seen a dove with an olive branch, the common emblem of Christian peace; the pick-ax and lamp together plainly designate the sub-



“Diogenes the Fossor, buried in peace on the eighth before the kalends of October.”

terranean excavator; while the spike by which the lamp is suspended from the rock, the cutting instruments and compasses used for marking out the graves, and the chapel lined with tombs among which the fossor stands, mark as distinctly the whole routine of his occupation, as the cross on his dress his Christian profession. The painting is on a retiring part of the wall, and beneath it is the opening of a grave. From the instruments represented in this valuable painting, as well as from the testimony of authors, we conclude that the fossors were employed to excavate and adorn parts of the Catacombs. A great portion of their work must have been connected with the chapels, which were very numerous, and afterward became elaborate in their details. This rude attempt of a cotemporary artist to represent the occupation of a poor Christian, employed in burying in secret the deceased members of a community to whom no place on the face of the earth was granted for their long home, suggests some serious reflections on the change which Christendom has since undergone. Could we imagine the humble Diogenes, whom we see engaged in his melancholy task, to

look out from the entrance to the crypt, and behold, in their present splendor, the domes and palaces of Christian Rome—to see the cross which he could only wear in secret on his coarse woolen tunic, glittering from every pinnacle of the eternal city—how would he hail the arrival of a promised millennium, and confidently infer the abolition of idolatrous service! Glowing with the zeal of the Cyprianic age, he hastes to the nearest temple to give thanks for the marvelous change: he stops short at the threshold; for by a strange mistake he has encountered incense, and images, and the purple-bearing train of the Pontifex Maximus. What remains for him but to wander solitary beside the desolate Tiber, by those 'waters of Babylon to sit down and weep,' while he remembers his ancient Zion!"

Such was the estimation in which these humble men—the grave-diggers of the martyrs—were held, that old Jerome says: "The first order among the clergy is that of the fossors, who, after the manner of holy Tobit, are employed in burying the dead."

This underground city, larger even than the one above, doubtless had a vast population—a class the very lowest, it is probable, among the urban masses of the empire. Our fine dreams of classic culture and luxury are relevant only to the higher grades of Greek and Roman life. The lower strata of the masses, like these *arenarii* and fossors, were but the more depressed and crushed by the superincumbent pressure of luxury and magnificence. To them the new religion, with its humble but angelic virtues, its humane sympathies, and its pledges of future and eternal deliverance, could not but be acceptable. Hence the first prayers to the "unknown God" uttered in the eternal city were breathed in these dark caverns of toil, and the first hymns of Christian hope and gratitude flowed along these dreary mazes.

The earliest inscriptions everywhere bear testimony to the illiteracy of these poor but devout men. They are often mere scratches, the letters presenting all kinds of irregularities. The orthography is so bad in some instances as almost to defy the

attempts of the learned to decipher it. The Latinity is often utterly barbarous. Bishop Kip gives examples. Here is one:—

DOMITI
IN PACE
LEA FECIT

DOMITI IN PACE. LEA FECIT.

Domitius in peace. Lea erected this.

Roughly carved upon the alab, says the bishop, over which its letters straggle with no attention to order, it tells plainly that it was placed there by the members of a persecuted and oppressed community.

Here is another of an old saint, who selected, himself, his resting-place among his departed brethren. The Latinity is so imperfect as to puzzle the antiquary—

X
MRTURUS
UIXLTANUDN
XÇIELEXITD
JMMUIUSINPACE

"In Christo. Martyrius vixit annos XOL.
Elaxit domum vivas. In paca.

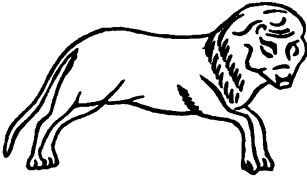
"In Christ. Martyrius lived ninety-one years.
He chose this spot during his life. In peace."

Here is another, whose irregular letters show the effect of an unskilled but affectionate hand to record, in hasty brevity, perhaps in momentary apprehension of the persecutor, a name and a blessing for a departed disciple.

LEGISIORSYCESSOINPACE

Legurus Successus. In peace.

In some instances an emblem for the name was rudely drawn, as being more intelligible to the unlettered survivors of the family of the departed, than the literal inscription. The lion was hastily carved,



to show them where "Leo" [lion] slept, and even the outline of a young pig was necessary to designate the resting-place of young "Porcella" to her untaught family.

One of these irregular scratches (probably inscribed at an early date) shows at once the unskillful art yet sublime faith of these men "in caverns of the earth," of "whom the world was not worthy." The formula D. M. S., with the monogram of our Lord interplaced, (of which more directly,) and the repetition of the monogram at the end with the Alpha and Omega, tell us what was the "orthodoxy" of that day. The old heathen formula, D. M., which they used for *divis manibus*, it has been argued, was retained with a Christian meaning as applied to our Lord, and is to be interpreted *Deo Maximo* :—

D M S

VITALIS DEPOSITA DIAESABATV KLVG. O
QVIXITANNISXXXMESSIIIPECTOMM MARITANVISXDIESXXX
M

Secred to Christ, the Supreme God.

Vitalis, buried on Saturday, Kalends of August. She lived twenty-five years and three months. She lived with her husband ten years and thirty days.
In Christ, the First and the Last.

It is not possible to ascertain the earliest interments in the Catacombs. The oldest date yet discovered is not, however, later than forty years after the death of our Lord, under Vespasian :—

"VVESPASIANO III COS IAN."

An architect, who was a martyr for the faith, and who had been employed by the emperor, is commemorated at about the same date, showing how early the new religion had won its way to the west, and that its very infancy there was baptized

with blood. The first consular date is in the ninety-eighth year of the Christian era; the next was under the consulship of Surra and Senecio in A. D. 107 :—

"N XXX SVERRA ET SENEQ COS."

From these early dates down to the beginning of the fifth century, it is believed that "the whole Christian population of Rome" found here their final resting-place, and we have reason to suppose that the Christian population of the city very soon became immense; for at an early period, when the metropolis included above a million of souls, complaint was made that the heathen temples were deserted through the popular prevalence of the new faith. It is estimated that there are at least seventy thousand epitaphs in the Catacombs, besides the countless number of uncommemorated interments. Thousands after thousands of martyrs were laid to rest there. One of the inscriptions reads, "This is the cemetery of Priscilla, in which are the bodies of three thousand martyrs who suffered under the emperor Antonine." Prudentius, in his Hymn on the Martyrdom of Hippolytus, refers to the *polyandria*, or tombs for a multitude of the dead. "Many sepulchers," he says, "marked with letters, display the name of the martyr, or some anagram. There are also dumb stones closing silent tombs,

which tell only the number interred within,—so that we know how many human bodies lie in the heap, although we read no names belonging to them.

I remember finding that no less than sixty were

buried under one mound, whose names Christ alone preserves, as those of his peculiar friends."

On one of these polyandria is the inscription :—

"MARCELLA ET CHRISTI
MARTYRES
COCCCL."

"Marcella and five hundred and fifty martyrs of Christ."

This probably refers not to the number of the dead actually inclosed, but to the

number who perished in the persecution in which these suffered.

The *Lapidarian Gallery* of the Vatican is now the studio for antiquarian researches among these inscriptions. Some years ago, the most important tablets, amounting to some three thousand, were placed on the wall of one side of this extended corridor, and there they stand in expressive contrast with the sepulchral records of heathen Rome, which are displayed on the opposite wall. The inscriptions, if such they can be called, on the former, are, as we have said, often merely scrawls; in other instances, they are cut into the soft material from half an inch to four inches in height; the lettering is usually tinged with a red color. The pagan epitaphs are on splendid marble tablets; they are elegantly executed, both in their Latinity and their sculpture. "I have spent," says a French author, Raoul Rochette, "many entire days in this sanctuary of antiquity, where the sacred and profane stand facing each other, in the written monuments preserved to us, as in the days when paganism and Christianity, striving with all their powers, were engaged in mortal conflict. * * *

And were it only the treasure of impressions which we receive from this immense collection of Christian epitaphs, taken from the graves of the Catacombs, and now attached to the walls of the Vatican, this alone would be an inexhaustible fund of recollections and enjoyment for a whole life."

Not more contrasted is the style of execution on these two walls than their moral significance. The pagan epitaphs and emblems are pompous and rhetorical, but hopeless and mostly destitute of moral dignity; the confronting Christian testimonials are as brief, and as direct as language could well make them; and yet, by a simple word, often express the fullness of religious hope and peace. The splendid mythology of Greece could decorate the life of the old Roman, but it could not arm him against death; his philosophy and his heroism might fortify him somewhat against it, but only as they did against "Fortune." He might sternly defy it, but he could not welcome it. Mabillon found the following pagan epitaph in Rome:—

"PROCOPE · MANVS · LEBO · CONTRA
DEVM · QVI · ME · INNOCENTEM · SVS ·
TVLIT · QVAE · VIXIT · ANNOS · XX
POS · PROCLVS "

"I, Procope, lift up my hands against God, who snatched away me, innocent. She lived twenty years. Proclus set up this."

How contrasted is the following, found by Sponius:—

"QVI DEDIT ET ABSTVLIT
OMINI BENEDIC
QVI BIXIT ANN
PACE CONS "

"The remainder of this inscription," says Maitland, "has been destroyed, as far as mere perishable marble is concerned; but the immortal sentiment which pervades the sentence supplies the loss. Like a voice from among the graves, broken by sobs yet distinctly intelligible, fall the few remaining words upon the listening ear: '—who gave and hath taken—blessed—of the Lord—who lived—years—in peace—in the consulate of—.'"

This moral contrast strikes the eye throughout the Lapidarian Gallery. On one of the classical epitaphs a bereaved mother cries out as in a hopeless agony:

"ATROX O FORTVNA TROCI QVAE FVNERE
CAVDES
QVID MIHI TAM SVBITO MAXIMVS
ERIPITVE."

"O relentless Fortune, who delightest in cruel death, Why is Maximus so early snatched from me?"

While on the opposite wall looks down upon the spectator this simple, but sweet passage, speaking volumes:—

"ACCERSITVS AB ANGELIS VII · IDVS IANVA."
"Borne away by angels on the seventh Ides of January."

And not far off is this rude, but beautiful sentence:—

GEMELLA DORMIT
IN PACE

"Gemella sleeps in peace."

Blessed contrast! Christian reader, does not its simplicity and yet ineffable significance touch your heart, as no pompous rhetoric could? Stephen, says the sacred narrative, "fell asleep" under the missiles of his persecutors, and the apostle speaks of "them that sleep in Jesus:" you read the same sentiment

here, unqualified by the augmented terrors of the imperial persecutions. Penetrate the dark aisles of the Catacombs, and you will find there, amidst innumerable other instances, a broken tomb in which the slow decay of ages has left the configuration of the body in mere dust, and yet on the broken slab still speaks out the all-significant, never-failing sentiment :—



"Valeria sleeps in peace."

"Domus Eternalis," the "eternal home," is ever recurring on the pagan tablets; regrets of life unrelieved by hopes of the future. At best they affect but an Epicurean or Anacreontic lightness :—

"D · M
TI · CLAVDI · SECVNDI
HIC · SECVM · HABET · OMNIA
BALNEA · VINVM · VENVS
CORVMPVNT · CORPORA ·
NOSTRA · SED · VITAM FACIUNT
B · V · V · "

"To the divine manes of Titus Claudius Secundus, who lived fifty-seven years. Here he enjoys everything. Baths, wine, and love, ruin our constitutions, but—they make life what it is. Farewell, farewell."

So in this, where life is looked upon as a play :—

"VIXI · DVM · VIXI · BENE · JAM · MEA
PERACTA · MOX · VESTRA · AGETVR
FABVLA · VALETE · ET · PLAYDITE
V · A · N · LVII · "

"While I lived, I lived well. My play is now ended. Soon yours will be. Farewell, and applaud me."

Look up to the rude scrawls on the opposite tablets; what a new and pure and loving faith do they reveal!—

"DORMITIO ELPIDIS."

"The sleeping place of Elpis."

"VICTORINA DORMIT."

"Victorina sleeps."

"ZOTIOVS HIC AD DORMIENDVM."

"Zotius laid here to sleep."

"IN PACE DOMINI DORMIT."

"He sleeps in the peace of the Lord."

"RELIOTIS TVIS LACES IN PACE SOPORE
MERITA RESVEGIS TEMPORALIS TIBI DATA
REQVETIO."

"You, well-deserving one, having left your [relatives,] lie in peace—in sleep. You will arise; a temporary rest is granted you."

And trace along the unpretending slabs; there you read :—

"NICEFORVS ANIMA
DVLCIS IN REFRIGERIO."

"Niceforus, a sweet soul, in the place of refreshment."

And yonder :—

"ARETVSA
IN DEO."

"Arethusa, in God."

And still further :—

"ESSE IAM INTRE INNO-
CENTIS COEPISTI."

"You have already begun to be among the innocent ones."

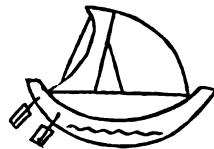
And yonder again, in a rude outline with its simple emblems, is a parent's loving tribute to his pious child, consecrated, not lost in death :—

Q VALER SABINAS
DVXIT ANNOS VIII MENSES
VIII DIES XXII
VIVAS IN DEO DVLCIS

"VALE SABINA VIXIT ANNOS VIII MENSES VIII
DIES XXII. VIVAS IN DEO DVLCIS."

"Farewell, O Sabina; she lived eight years, eight months, and xxii days. Mayst thou live sweet in God."

And there, with its emblem of a ship, is a fond, a yearning tribute of parental affection for a Christian maiden, departed in her bloom, but in peace :—



"NABIRA IN PACE ANIMA DVLCIS
QVI BIXIT ANOS n XVI M V
ANIMA MELEIEA
TITVLV FACTV
APARENTES SIGNVM NABE."

"*Nevra, in peace, a sweet soul,
Who lived sixteen years and five months:
A soul sweet as honey.
This epitaph was made
By her parents—the sign, a ship.*"

Natural as well as Christian affection speaks everywhere—"A most loving wife—she lived in peace." "To the blessed Paul, his brother Hedulales"—"Aurelia, our sweetest daughter"—"Our son, dear, sweet, most innocent, and incomparable."

Several interesting inscriptions refer to conjugal attachment:—

"To Claudius the well-deserving and affectionate, who loved me. He lived twenty-five years, more or less. In peace."

"Cecilius the husband, to Cecilia Placidina, my wife, of excellent memory, with whom I lived well ten years, without any quarrel. In Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Saviour.

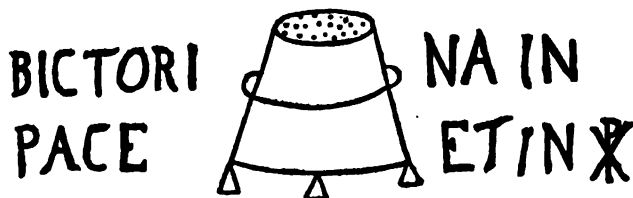
"To Domina, my sweetest and most innocent wife, who lived sixteen years and four months, and was married two years, four months, and nine days: with whom I was not able to live, on account of my traveling, more than six months. During which time I stewed her my love, as I felt it. None else so loved each other. Buried on the 18th before the Kalends of June."

"Sweet Faustina, may you live in God."

And yonder is the affectionate tribute of a Christian lady to one who, though her servant, was also her sister in Christ:

"Here lies Paulina in the place of the blessed. Paeta, to whom she was nurse, buried her, an amiable and holy person. In Christ."

And still further is a rough but striking figure: it represents, according to Boldetti, one of those caldrons of boiling oil in which the martyr was sometimes immersed—a baptism of agony—it spoke only of excruciating torture and death to the Christians of the Catacombs, and this martyr was a woman, one of their wives or daughters; yet how unpretendingly they lay her down in her rest after the deadly anguish:—



"VICTORINA IN PACE ET IN CHRISTO."

"Victorina in peace and in Christ."

We feel reluctant to leave this view of the subject—there is something inexpressibly touching and even beautiful to us in these brief and humble inscriptions; and their significance is enhanced even to

moral sublimity, when we consider the dismal subterranean realm whence their mute speech comes up to us from the silence of ages, and the terrible tragedies, that set history itself aghast, from amid which, like angel whispers of benediction, they come upon our ears. Reader, we know not how you consider them, but we confess to the weakness of tears, as we trace them on this page for your perusal, and we do feel like taking up the strains of praise that once swelled amid the groans of martyrs and the sobbings of the bereaved along these winding arches—to Him "who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." One of the most affecting facts about these inscriptions is the total absence of revenge, or complaint against their relentless enemies. Scenes were constantly occurring in the Colosseum which must have made angels veil their faces with their pinions: old men, little children, beautiful and saintly women, denuded and cast in among commingled tigers, lions, bulls, elephants, snakes—gored, stung, tossed, and torn asunder amid the shouts of hundreds of thousands of spectators. Their humble brethren gathered their bleeding fragments when the multitude had retired to other scenes of vice, and placed them here to rest, with these simple words of love and hope, or at most exclaiming, in their tears, as we quoted from an inscription, in our last, "O, sad times, in which sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, afford no protection to us!" "The absence," says Bishop Kip, "of every feeling but those of trust and hope, is most remarkable in these epitaphs. No word of bitterness is breathed against their persecutors,

by whom their brethren had been doomed to death. Succeeding generations relied upon distinguishing the tombs of the martyrs, more by the emblems placed over them, uncertain as this test was, than by

the words of the inscriptions. In very few cases is the manner of their death mentioned. We believe there is but a single instance of one picturing martyrdom to the eye; and that is the representation

of a man torn in pieces by wild beasts." "To look at the Catacombs alone," says Rochette, "it might be supposed that persecution had there no victims, since Christianity has made no allusion to suffering." And D'Agincourt says:—"The Catacombs, destined for the sepulture of the primitive Christians, for a long time peopled with martyrs, ornamented during times of persecution, and under the dominion of melancholy thoughts and painful duties, nevertheless everywhere represent in all the historic parts of these paintings only what is noble and exalted, (*des traits heroïques.*) There is no sign of mourning, no token of resentment, no expression of vengeance; all breathes softness, benevolence, charity." And well did the pilgrim from whom we quoted in our last, and who penetrated these caverns more than five hundred years ago, inscribe on one of the crypts:—"Gather together, O Christians, in these caverns, to read the holy books and to sing hymns. . . There is light in this darkness. There is music in these tombs."


Arrighi, in his *Roma Subterranea*, discusses through twenty chapters the inscriptions of the martyrs of the Catacombs. Whenever an allusion is made to the sufferings of the victims, it is heroic but brief. Sometimes the epitaph ends with an affecting intimation that a beloved hand had contributed the memento. Here is a tribute from a bereaved wife; there is heroism as well as affection in it:—

"PRIMITIVS IN PACE QVI POST
MVLTA ANGVSTIAS FORTISSIMVS MARTYR
ET VIXIT ANNOS P. M. XXXVIII CONIVC. SVO
PERDVLCISSIMO BENEMERENTI FECIT.

"Primitius in peace. A most valiant martyr, after many torments. Aged 88. His wife raised this to her dearest, well-deserving husband."

The following is from a humbler hand, but one that did not disdain to acknowledge her lowly relation to the noble martyr:—

ΘΗΣ ΒΑΡΣΗΑΥΣ ΟΥΛΛΗΕ ΠΥΙΧΥΣ ΗΥΟΥ
ΝΑΤΥ 9 ΤΤΡΩΘΗΕ ΕΥΝΟΑΜΗΘΗΚΤΩΤΑ
ΟΥΗΕ Η ΟΥΡ Τ ΗΡΤΤΑΚΕ
ΥΟΦΛΑΡΡ ΟΥΑΡΕ ΟΥΤ



"Hic Gordianus Gallie nuncius, jugulatus pro fide, cum familia tota. Quiescut in pace. Theophila ancilla fecit."

"Here lies Gordiana, deputy of Gaul, who was murdered, with all his family, for their faith. They rest in peace. Theophila, his handmaid, set up this."

Here is one which indicates that it was set up while a persecution was actually raging. It is very characteristic, expressing at once faith, sadness, and heroism:—

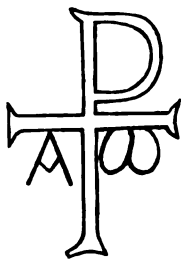
"TEMPORE ADBRIANI IMPERATORIS MA
RIUS ADOLESCENS DVX MILITVM QVI
SATIS VIXIT DVVM VITAM PRO OHO
CVM SANGVINE CONSVNSIT IN PACE
TANDEM QVIEVIT BENEMERENTES
CVM LACRIMIS ET METV POSVERVNT
I. D. VI."

"In the time of the Emperor Adrian. Martus, a young military officer, who had lived long enough, when with his blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well-deserving set up this with tears and in fear, on the 6th, Ides of December."

There are some emblems on the tablets which are supposed to have allusion to martyrdom, though not without dispute. Among them is the ungula, or hooked forceps, which is usually regarded as an instrument of torture, some of which have been found within the tombs, and are now shown in the museum of the Vatican. Another is a hooked comb, which it is contended was used in tearing the flesh of the martyrs. The palm by itself, which is found on so many tombs, is now allowed by most writers to be no certain evidence of martyrdom. It was rather a Christian emblem, showing the triumph over sin and the grave, in which every true follower of our Lord had a right to claim his part. Another is the cup, which was often found without the graves, and is represented in some of the engravings we have already given. It was contended that this was placed at the martyr's grave filled with his blood. But while in writers of that day we find abundant evidence of the care of the Christians in collecting the remains of their friends and the blood shed in martyrdom, it was that they might possess the latter as a precious memorial. There is nowhere a mention made of their burying it. The furnace is also frequently found as an emblem. It is sometimes in this shape. This is said by some writers to signify, that the individual suffered death by fire, or that these were caldrons filled with boiling oil in which the martyr was immersed. It is exhibited in another form in an engraving given elsewhere.



Among the inscriptions in the Catacombs the monogram of the name of Christ is the most frequently seen. It consists of a cross bisected by a P. It is thus explained:—"The Greek letter X (Ch) resembles our X, and is the first letter in the word Christ. The Greek letter P (R) resembles our P, and is the second letter in that name. The sign, therefore, of the X, with the P passing through its center, was precisely the same as if we for the name of Christ wrote the abbreviation *Chr.* placing the *r* between the *c* and the *h*. It was not properly a symbol of anything, but simply a contracted name—a monogram. Of this we have further confirmation in the fact, that even to this day we use the same sign as a contraction of the word Christ; for we write Xtian for Christian, and Xmas for Christmas. But after a time, taking the the X as a cross, and by the change of shape called decussation, it was thrown out of its natural form into that of a cross.



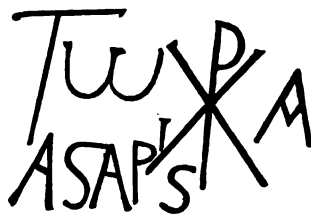
Yet, even then, to show that it was looked upon rather as a monogram than a symbol, we find the top often turned into the letter P, (R,) and the Greek letters Alpha and Omega attached. This monogram, placed upon a tomb, indicates that its occupant had peace in Christ the crucified, the first and the last."

Bishop Kip gives an engraving of a seal ring which was found in the Catacombs, and which represents the monogram as supported by two doves. He gives also



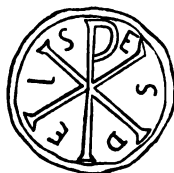
a rudely-sculptured design, which presents (probably through the ignorance of the sculptor) the symbolical letters as in-

verted: the name of the deceased is blended with the letters and the monogram:



it reads therefore:—"Tassar, in Christ, the First and the Last."

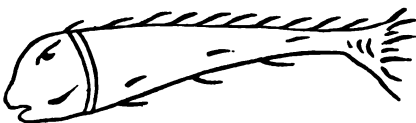
"Boldetti," says Maitland, "found upon the plaster of a grave, the impression of a stamp an inch and a half in diameter:



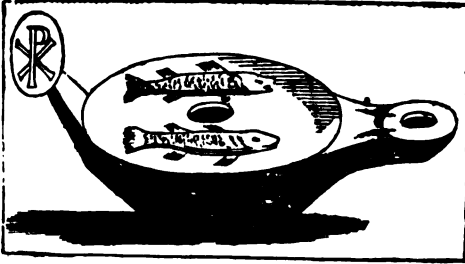
"Christus est Deus."

some zealous adherent to the true faith, probably in Arian times, had 'set to his seal' that 'Christ is God.}'

The spectator in the Catacombs and the Lapidarian Gallery is struck with the frequent occurrence of the fish as an em-

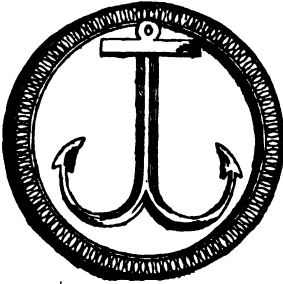


blem, and when the emblem is not used, often the Greek word for it is inscribed. "The idea," says Bishop Kip, "was originally derived from the Greek word for fish, *ἰχθῦς*, which contains the initials of *Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτῆρ*, JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, THE SAVIOUR. Among the religious emblems which St. Clement (A. D. 194) recommends to the Christians of Alexandria, to have engraven on their rings, he mentions the fish." It was generally used among the Christians during the persecutions, because while it expressed the fundamental idea of their faith, it was almost beyond any possible detection by their enemies. A lamp was found in the Catacombs which represents both the emblem

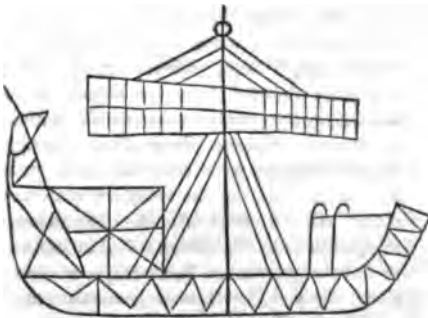


of the fish and the monogram of Christ's name.

The anchor is also a device which is very common on the tablets, indicating that the voyage of life was over, and the departed safely reposing in the final harbor.



"A similar idea," says Bishop Kip, "undoubtedly dictated the choice of a SHIP as one of their most common emblems, and which the Church of Rome has re-



tained to this day. It was supposed to be sailing heavenward, and they referred to the expression of St. Peter—'So shall an entrance be ministered unto you abun-

dantly'—which they endeavored to illustrate by the idea of a vessel making a prosperous entrance into port. It was not a symbol confined to the Christians, but was with the heathen also a favorite emblem of the close of life. It may be seen at this day carved on a tomb near the Neapolitan Gate of Pompeii. Perhaps, from them the early fathers derived it, yet they gave it a Christian and more elevated meaning. The al-

legory of the ship is carried out to its fullest extent in the fifty-seventh chapter of the second book of the 'Apostolical Constitutions,' which is supposed to have been compiled in the fourth century. It is represented also on a gem found in the Catacombs, where the ship is sailing on a fish, while doves, emblematical of the faithful, perch on the mast and stern; two apostles row, a third lifts up his hands in prayer, and our Saviour, approaching the vessel, supports Peter by the hand when about to sink. It was probably one of the signet-rings alluded to by Clement of Alexandria, as bearing the *ναῦς οὐρανοδοραμούσα*—the ship in full sail for heaven. Sometimes the mast was drawn as a cross, in allusion to our Saviour."



The dove was a familiar emblem of the meekness and peacefulness of the new faith. It is often accompanied with the word *Pax*, peace.

Besides the *Palm*, so common on the tombs, which we have already mentioned, there were also the *Stag*, to show "the hart which thirsteth after the water brooks;" the *Hare*, symbolizing the peaceful, retiring Christian, pursued by persecutors; the *Lion*, sometimes for the proper name "Leo," at others symbolizing the "Lion of the tribe of Judah;" and the *Phoenix* and *Peacock*, emblems of the resurrection.



The *Crown*, signifying victory, is often carved on the tablets, sometimes joined with the monogram of Christ. We give



below an example of the *Crown and Palm*, surrounding the monogram.

Such are specimens of the *Inscriptions and emblems* of these remarkable monuments. The reader will be struck by both their simplicity and purity. There is no intimation among them all of the innumerable superstitions and monstrous symbolism of the Papal Church. The primeval integrity of the faith—the faith once delivered to the saints—was still maintained: there is no mariolatry here—not a word of it—no invocation of saints—no prayers for the dead—no allusion to purgatorial fires. The most elementary ideas of the faith expressed in the purest symbols—symbols which were evidently used chiefly as abbreviated forms of expression—the briefest, the most unpretending commemoration of the martyrs, without prayers or worship to them; simple expressions of sorrow, resignation, heroism; of faith, hope, charity, intermingled with momentary, but touching utterances of natural affection—such are the characteristics of these records in stone—records of the greatest era and the greatest nobleness in the history of human nature. But of the Scriptural and theological lessons taught by these memorials, we shall treat in our next.



“FL·IOVINA·QVAE·VIX
·ANNIS·TRIBVS·D·XXX
·NEOFITA·IN·PACE·XI·K”

“Flavia Jovina, who lived three years and thirty days—a neophyte—in peace.
(She died) the eleventh before the Kalends....”

ENVY—ITS EVIL EFFECTS.

THE envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to those who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valor and wisdom, are provocations of their displea-

sure. What a wretched and apostate state is this; to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is emphatically miserable. He is not only incapable of rejoicing in another man's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage.

[For the National Magazine.]

SKETCHES IN EUROPE.

WE visited the Tower, the old palatial fortress of the English kings, said to have been built originally by Julius Cæsar, though it is well known that no part of the existing structure dates further back than the time of William the Conqueror. To the man acquainted with English history from his youth, no place on earth is so full of strange, mysterious, fearful interest as this. Here formerly stood the throne of almost unlimited power and of boundless ambition,—here, in these prisons, the groans of the prisoner and the clanking of his chains greeted the ear and chilled the blood,—here rolled from the block the heads of many of the chief nobility of the land, merely to gratify royal thirst for blood,—here, too, were the saloons of luxury and gayety where fashion sat enthroned, and lust and pride and vanity regaled themselves with dainty dishes and choice wines, and arrayed themselves in gorgeous trappings, and where the tread of the dance made echo to the stroke of the instrument of death, and its music mingled with the prisoner's moan. As we went in, the past seemed to return—the former inmates of the place seemed to spring up from their ashes and dust and blood, and become our attendants; and haughty forms of noble and royal dames, of kings and knights in their coats of creaking steel, and of headless trunks of men and women, seemed to form our retinue, and to follow us through the various apartments.

We had to buy tickets, one for the apartment containing the royal jewels, and another for the armories, and had for our guide a man in the dress of the time of Henry VIII., called a warder. His coat was of scarlet cloth, trimmed with copper lace. In the armories are rows of figures, representing, for the most part, certain characters of English history, mounted on chargers, and clad in various sorts of armor, according to the age to which they belong. Some of these coats of mail were beautiful and ingenious specimens of what is called chain-armor, and a few of them were plated with gold. Some suits of armor weighed as much as a hundred pounds, and a few of them are worn by the figures representing the very knights for whom they were made, and by whom

they were used in battle or in the tournament more than a hundred years ago. Arms of various descriptions, of every age of the world and of every country, from the slender arrow to the two-handed sword; from the clumsy matchlock to Colt's revolver, all hung around the walls, and fantastically wrought into stars and sunflowers; thus converting the deadly instruments of man's ambition and cruelty into symbols of calmness and peace. We were in the prison in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for sixteen years, and from which he went forth to die, a victim to the treachery of a pusillanimous king. The Earl of Essex, the chief favorite of the virgin queen, was also confined in this room, and was beheaded within the walls of the Tower: the very ax which severed his head from his body was shown us: it bore considerable resemblance to the common broad-ax used by our ship carpenters. We also saw in the same room the block on which Lord Lovat was beheaded, the last person who suffered death in that form in England. This relic was hollowed out on two sides, in order to make room for the breast on one side, and for the chin on the other, and that the neck might lie firmly upon the wood and be severed at a single stroke. There are three deep cuts in the block; but whether they were all made in the decapitation of Lovat, we cannot say. To lose the head at a single blow has generally been very much desired by persons about to die this death. Monmouth, at his execution, besought the headsman to keep a steady nerve, and to finish him at a single stroke; but such was the depth of the poor man's sympathy for the people's favorite, that he played the part rather of an awkward butcher than of a skillful executioner: it required seven strokes of his trembling and hesitating hand to complete the desperate task. Sir Walter Raleigh, however, seems to have felt but little interest in the manner in which the headsman might perform the last offices for him; for when that functionary politely asked him how he would have his head laid, he promptly replied, "If the heart is right, it matters but little about the head." The iron collar, with the goads inside; the thumb-screws, and several other instruments of torture, the remnants of a barbarous age, and now no longer in use, except perhaps secretly in some of the papal states of Europe, were

objects of great interest to us as Americans. We were thankful that our country had no such past as that to which these things belong. These goods have no doubt been forced into many a neck; and these screws have excruciated many a hand, and perhaps wrung confession, true or false, from many a tongue.

Before entering the apartment containing the crown jewels, we were required to lay aside our canes and umbrellas, lest such mischievous articles should break the glass case containing the treasured toys. These consisted of a golden walking-stick of one of the kings; scepters of gold, crowns decorated with gold and diamonds; the golden communion service, used once a year upon the occasion of the visit of the royal family to the Tower, when Mr. Melville, who is chaplain here, preaches and administers the communion; and finally the silver gilt baptismal font, out of which the royal children are baptized. I had a very strong impression that the queen's state crown, consisting of a cap of purple velvet, inclosed by hoops of silver and decked with uncounted diamonds, as also with a splendid ruby and a sapphire, would have made a most excellent smoking cap. It made me think of my *meerschau*m.

We leave the Tower with its prestige of ancient and bloody memories, its mailed and mounted knights, its thumb-screws and heading-axes, its trumpery of royal baubles and useless wealth, and proceed to an institution of modest pretensions, the offspring of modern benevolence, and the parent of a thousand blessings to multitudes of the most wicked, degraded, and neglected inhabitants of London. "Field Lane Ragged School and Night Refuge for the utterly destitute," was founded about twelve years ago; and from the smallest beginnings, the corresponding streams of liberality and usefulness flowing into the treasury of the school and out among the victims of wretchedness and crime, have been constantly deepening and widening, until it now holds a place among the indispensable charities of the metropolis. The Earl of Shaftesbury is the president, and the Duke of Argyle vice-president; and without touching our hat to their titles, or intending in any way to inveigh against the constitution of our country, which forbids letters of nobility, we give it as our opinion, that such dukes and earls are of some use—that this sort

of ducal government ought to have been thought of earlier in the history of the world. These gentlemen do not hold their offices as sinecures, merely to throw the shadow of their names over the society, but they attend its meetings, and labor to promote its interests.

The school embraces infants, boys, girls, men, and women, appropriately divided into industrial and reading classes, some meeting at night, others in the daytime. We ascended the gallery where the scholars were employed at their tasks, mechanical and literary; and the spectacle that met our eyes was at once grotesque, ludicrous, and affecting. There sat a boy looking as though he had never been washed in his life, except in the mud of his native gutters; his hair lying, or rather standing in no particular way; his eye wearing a strange glare as if unaccustomed to be so near the gaslight, his shirt split down the back, and his left leg protruding from his trowsers, which were rent from the pocket to the hem at the bottom. He was sitting in the midst of his equals, tailor fashion, essaying to restore the fallen fortunes of his corduroy jacket, and seemed to be making his maiden effort to bring his sight and the point of his thread to a simultaneous bearing upon the eye of his needle. I pitied his trowsers, thinking it would be a long time before their turn could possibly come. But there was the patient teacher rendering all needful assistance. This lad was only the culminating figure of a series possessing similar characteristics of person, garb, and skill—the topping out of a pyramid of rags. The rest—whether tailoring, cobbling, or studying—needed only to look at him to see what they themselves had been when they first entered the school, and to which they still made the nearest possible approach—a finished ragamuffin. Yonder, a seat or two off, sat a man apparently fifty years old, with a countenance as vacant as a pasteboard, with his eyes fixed upon a card containing the letters of the alphabet, and by his side another of equally unpromising appearance, and but little younger, laboring to fathom the mystery of his b-a b-a-s. And here, just by my side, in his second or third visit, sits a dirty, little squinting German Jew, who does not even know where or who his parents are. Near Charley, the poor little Jew, is a young man of about twenty-

two or three; his countenance is one of great gentleness, though bearing the infallible marks of poverty and suffering; he eyes little Charley with great tenderness, as our question draws from him the confession that his parents are unknown to him, and he hesitatingly ventures the remark:—"If Charley knew his parents he might still be like some of the rest of us. I know my father, but he can do nothing for me; sometimes he may have a little job, and then again, perhaps, have nothing to do for days together."

At a tap from the principal everything stops,—hammering, sewing, and reading,—and scholars and teachers all join in singing a hymn and in prayers, and then return to their work. "The lodge for the utterly destitute" is in the same building, below, and its sleeping arrangements consist of a number of boxes or berths, each just large enough to contain one person. All comers are received and allowed the use of a berth and a blanket, together with the luxury of a good bath, which has a most civilizing effect, for filth is the evidence of degradation, and when it is removed the difference between a loafer and a gentleman is sensibly diminished. Besides the lodging, they receive a six ounce loaf of bread morning and evening. This is poor boarding and lodging, and is intended to be so; they wish to avoid encouraging vagrancy and idleness, and therefore they only make the night lodge a little better than remaining in the street. When we left, which was after the time for closing the lodge, we found a large number of poor creatures at the door who had reached the place too late, and begged us for a penny or two to get into some cellar where they might pass the night.

St. Paul's Cathedral is said to be the largest building in the world devoted to Protestant worship. It is five hundred feet long, over four hundred feet high, and cost about four millions of dollars; all collected as a tax upon the coal brought into the port of London. It deserves, therefore, as the guide-book says, to wear, as it does, a smoky coat. I accomplished the feat and brought off the honor of ascending the more than six hundred steps, and putting my head into the ball, which is said to be large enough to contain eight persons. We descended from the garret to the cellar, from the ball to the crypt, where are the graves of many of the most

renowned personages of English history—Wren, the architect of the building, Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, and many others, of not much inferior note. Nelson is buried in a sarcophagus which was prepared by Cardinal Wolsey for the burial of Henry VIII., and his coffin was made of a part of the mast of one of the ships taken by the hero in the battle of the Nile. His friend, Ben Hallowell, had it made, and presented it to him with the remark:—"I send it that when you are tired of this life you may be buried in one of your own trophies." Sir Christopher Wren, of whose comprehensive and elegant genius the Church is at once the monument and the product, was deeply mortified by an innovation upon his plan. The Duke of York, afterward James II., true to those popish instincts which blinded him to everything else and which finally proved his ruin, persisted in putting in the side oratories, so as to have them ready for the Romish service, at the new era which he hoped soon to install. Wren wept to see his beautiful work disfigured, but the duke persisted in the popish botch. The Duke of Wellington's body was taken down into the crypt through an opening in the marble floor, though he might easily have descended by the flight of steps down which his predecessors and ourselves were compelled to go. This was a mark of special honor; he who had cut his way through the mighty armies of the enemies of his country, and had brought the proud conqueror of Europe, scarce less than archangel fallen, to the dust at his feet, cannot but die, die like other men, like other men he must decay, and be buried out of the sight of his friends, but the prestige of his name outlives the vital spark; the nation wails and all the Church bells of Europe respond; the procession moves toward the sepulcher, followed by masses of human beings as immense as those that had obeyed his nod and followed him to victory on the embattled plains; and as he had forced his way to distinction through a path such as no other Briton had ever trod, the marble floor of the grandest church in the kingdom, which had never before been disturbed for the proudest name in history, must be torn up, making for him a highway, proud and strange, down to the dust of the grave, and leaving the still rent and gaping pavement to testify of the vast distance between

nim and every other British soldier, and of the nation's unbounded admiration. Wellington is the one man honored by the English nation; his memory seems as fresh and fragrant in the hearts of the people now as when they first sung their anthems of praise for the victory of Waterloo. There are more monuments in London erected in honor of him than of all others put together. Europe has no man to fill his place, nor is she likely soon to have, unless the present war should produce another "Iron Duke," who, not content with shutting up the czar in his own territories, shall enter St. Petersburg with his army, and dictate terms of peace to the autocrat in his patrimonial halls.

The church and the sepulcher are much more generally and closely united in London than in our American cities. True, we have our country church-yards, where the sleep of the dead seems to lend its intense stillness and religious solemnity to the simple services in the inclosed meeting-house; even in our populous towns there are connected with churches some small cemeteries through which improvement has not yet driven his desolating plowshare; but these are fast disappearing before the advances of a Vandalism which, hyena-like, tears up the graves and exposes the anatomies of our ancestors to the profane gaze. We are rapidly adopting the old Athenian policy of burying our dead out of the city. Very soon the last trace of the thought of death and the sepulcher will be lost from the associations of the city church, and every city preacher will be compelled to catch his inspiration on Sunday morning somewhere else than among the tombs of the former members of his flock. No swelling mound will catch the eye, and send seriousness to the heart of the thoughtless youth as he enters the house of God; no stately monument or unchiseled lowly stone will read lessons of the vanity of riches, and the equality of the rich and the poor in the communion of death. In London the case is far different: every church has its grave-yard; all the walls of the older churches are covered with inscriptions and epitaphs; even the outside of the building is sometimes thus marked, and literally every stone on which you tread within the yard is a monument, whose record has been partly or wholly worn away by the feet of several generations of worshippers. In these churches

not only the minister preaches, but the floor, and yard, and walls also; rocking beneath the step, and meeting the eye, they echo back the words of the lively preacher. In attending service in these places, one is reminded of the lively figurative passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews: "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," &c.: the dead seem to gaze upon us from their rows of tablets and monuments as from a gallery. Let it not be supposed, however, that one can go down into the damp crypt of St. Paul's and see the moldy shrines, or drag one foot after the other up the hundreds of steps and put his head into the ball, all without charge: the lessons to be gathered from the tombs are considered by the government so valuable, and the struggle with gravitation in ascending to the ball so excellent and healthful an exercise, as to be worth about eighty cents of our money. The English government is Protestant, and therefore does not deal in relics, that is, not in detail, nor for religious purposes; but she is willing, for secular purposes, to show you whole ranks of her departed saints and heroes if it can only be made to pay. "From nothing nothing comes," is a prime axiom of English economy, whatever place it may hold in their philosophy. It may be partly owing to these enormous entrance fees at many places in London that the French have charged the English with having no God but the shilling, which, although we say nothing of its divinity, is certainly an object of national favor and universal pursuit among them. You go nowhere for nothing, get nothing for nothing, and very little for the adored shilling. But I ought not to indulge in this ill-natured strain against the British, for I have since found out to my sorrow, that if you can get more for your shilling in France, Germany, and Switzerland than you can in England, the people of the latter country are less likely to resort to low, fraudulent arts for the purpose of emptying the traveler's pockets than their continental neighbors.

Before we leave the neighborhood of St. Paul's, let us step across into that semicircular row of buildings, known as St. Paul's Church-yard, containing some of the finest shops in London. The largest among them in the drygoods line, and the largest in that line in the city, is the estab-

lishment of Messrs. Hitchcock, inferior, in its outward appearance, to Stewart's, in New-York, but employing as many as a hundred persons. The enterprising and excellent proprietors have connected with the house, a library and a chapel, (a regular chapel, fitted up with seats and pulpit,) and employ a preacher at a salary of about five hundred dollars a year, whose duty it is to minister dayly to this unique and most interesting congregation, preaching a short discourse, accompanied with prayer, every morning. We had read of the church in the house; but here was one in a shop, or store; here was a preacher, not to the University or Senate, but to clerks and salesmen as such—a house of worship, an altar, a sacred desk, in the midst of piles of broadcloth, silk, and calicos. After this our readers will not be surprised to hear that the "Young Men's Christian Association" had its origin in this house—a worthy offspring of so good and pure a place. "Of this man it shall be said, He was born in her."

We can scarcely conceive of a worse predicament for an honest man, than to be in the English metropolis without money; and yet such instances are, no doubt, very numerous; there are many people in London without money. Such was very near being my own case. I kept my draft in my pocket, as my friend Mr. Read did his, until I had almost entirely emptied my *porte-monnaie*; and then we went together to the bank to establish each other's identity, and get our money. To my utter discomfiture, I found that my bill of exchange was drawn at three days after sight, and that the bank allowed itself three days grace besides, so that it would be six days before I should get my supplies. I only had two or three gold dollars left, which was absolutely nothing before the demands of cabs, omnibuses, and sight-seeings, not to mention a considerable bill which my landlady was expecting in a day or two at most. I walked the streets moodily, thinking of the thousands of poor fellows in the great Babylon who had no money, and that I was one of them. I looked scrutinizingly into the faces of the multitudes who were passing me, and all seemed absorbed in themselves, at least it was plain that none of them were thinking of me, and that it would be impossible to borrow a farthing from one of them. The case was, of course, not desperate, but it was

awkward. I might have obtained money by getting my bill of exchange shaved, but of that I never thought; I might, perhaps, have borrowed a little of the new friends I had made in the city, but the acquaintance seemed too recent, and my feelings revolted at the thought. I was not in want, but felt a sympathy I had never known before with those that were. I was "neighbor to him that fell among thieves." A happy thought brought instant relief. I remembered that a friend in New-York had given me a letter to one of the bankers of London, as a provision against contingencies, by which I might get any money I wanted. The smoky air seemed to clear up a little.

We attended a "tea meeting" at the Sunday-school rooms of the Hackney-Road Chapel; the object of which was the payment of a church debt. At these meetings tickets are sold at sixpence or a shilling apiece; different families send tea-trays and bread and butter, and the company eat and drink, and engage freely in conversation. When the meal is over, which is necessarily frugal, the president takes the chair and the speaking begins, which is as free and jocular as the conversation had been; and finally the begging, by propositions, somewhat after our own style at anniversaries, ends the meeting. We mention this, however, merely as an illustration of the eating propensities of the English. They have a healthy climate and good constitutions, and therefore, as a general thing, good appetites; so that it is an easy matter to get them together around smoking tea-pots and piles of buttered slices of good English bread. A gentleman in Paris, who had frequently been in England, asked me if I had observed the difference between the clothing of the London and Parisian poor. I replied, I had noticed that the former were ragged, while among the latter I had not seen a single person who was not clothed in whole garments, which were mostly clean. His explanation strikingly illustrates the characteristics of the two nations: the English are the people for good cheer, and roast beef and plum pudding are the national emblems; the French are the people for good clothes, dictating the fashions to the civilized world. The Frenchman will be well dressed, whatever becomes of his stomach; and the Englishman will be fed, let go as it may with his back.

[For the National Magazine.]

QUIETISM IN FRANCE.

THE boasted uniformity of the Church of Rome is well known to be much more nominal than real. The name is, indeed, the same everywhere; and so, to some extent, is the external form; but as to material doctrines, there are among its votaries even greater and more violent antagonisms than any that divide the various sects of orthodox Protestants. But especially is the whole Church of Rome divided into two great sections, relative to the essential nature of religion itself. Of these, one division, comprehending the great mass of all social ranks, led on by the politic and interested great, who draw after them the unthinking multitude, embody religion in forms, and use it as a means of personal aggrandizement, and of security to political and ecclesiastical placements. The other section, comprising only a remnant, are endowed with a deeper spirituality, and are possessed by more exalted conceptions of the nature and designs of religion, considering it a matter of personal experience and of soul-compelling vitality. These two classes severally constitute the ecclesiastical and the mystical religionists of Romanism; and they have, to a good degree, their corresponding classes among Protestants.

Mysticism, in its better sense, is as old as Christianity, for it is of its very substance and vitality. In this sense, the New Testament is a mystical book. He who talked to the Jewish ruler of the necessity that a man should be "born again," that he might see the kingdom of heaven,—who declared the union of his disciples with himself to be like that of the branches with the vine, a vital and life-giving union,—and who promised to his believing ones a perpetual conscious communion with the Father, the Son, and the Spirit,—was certainly a teacher of high mysteries. The author of the Pauline epistles, was certainly a mystic, not only when he wrote of "dreams and visions," but especially when he declared to his brethren in Christ, "Ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost." St. John's Gospel and Epistles are full of spiritual mysticisms: they treat of things beyond the range of sensible observation—of things unknown to man's discursive faculties, of which only faith can take cognizance, and

with which only the rectified reason can discourse. Mystery is, indeed, an essential element in all real religion, whether the object of such religion be true or false. A modern divine has remarked, as justly as forcibly, "A religion without a mystery is a temple without a divinity." Just as far, therefore, as any ecclesiastical body retains the vital principles of religion, so far does it embody and set forth mysteries, and is itself a system of mysticism.

It will not be denied, we presume, by any but the most extreme anti-Romanists, that the Church of Rome retains in her bosom, to a very considerable degree, both the truth and the spirit of Christianity,—that whatever may be thought of the hierarchy, the Church, as a whole, embraces essential Christian truths, and embodies among its individual members many sincere worshippers. And, if so, there cannot fail to be with such a yearning for a deeper spirituality, a higher life, than is found in merely outward ceremonies and observances. Nor has the Church of Rome at any time wholly repudiated such spiritualism. It is evident, however, that when once we pass beyond the boundaries of sensible knowledge, and enter the regions of things transcendental, there is great danger of mistaking our guides, and of following our own fancies instead of the teachings of that Spirit which alone is able to lead into all truth. To those who have the Bible in their hands, and have learned to make it their sole authoritative rule of truth and duty, this danger is not imminent, since, by the word of God, every movement of the spirit may be brought to an infallible test. Not so, however, with those who enjoy not this advantage. With them the active forces of spiritual religion are constantly in danger of being either subjected to priestly superstitions, or of running into fanatical extravagances.

The mystical party in the Church of Rome has been known and recognized during the whole period of its history; but in the latter part of the seventeenth century it received a peculiar and monstrous manifestation. Michael de Molinos, a Spanish monk, residing at Rome, by his ardent piety and devotion obtained a great reputation, and made a considerable number of disciples. A book, published by him in 1681, called the *Spiritual Guide*, greatly alarmed the doctors of the Church, and

was esteemed dangerous alike to the faith and the morals of Christians. According to his views, "the whole of religion consists in the perfect calm and tranquillity of a mind removed from all external and finite things, and centered in God; and in such a supreme love of the Supreme Being, as is independent of all prospect of interest or reward." As to the practice of religion, he taught, that "the soul, in pursuit of the supreme good, must retire from the impressions and gratifications of sense, and, in general, from all corporeal objects, and imposing silence upon all the motions of the understanding and will, must be absorbed in the Deity." From this the disciples of Molinos were called *Quietists*, and his system *Quietism*, though it differs only in its form and verbal dress from the systems of the older mystics. As this system seemed to make religion a work of the interior life, in opposition to the teachings of the Jesuits, it was construed as a censure of the practices of the Church, and therefore violently opposed, especially by the Jesuits, and by the French ambassador at Rome. Though favored by the ruling pontiff, and many other persons of rank, Molinos was unable to resist the storm that was raised against him. His doctrine was condemned, and he ended his days in prison.

But this triumph over the new spirituality achieved by the Jesuits, aided by the emissary of the French monarch, was doomed to be a very brief one. Mysticism was soon after revived in the French capital itself, and its contagion spread widely into the highest grades of society, and even invaded the private household of the great monarch. Only about five years after the publication of the *Spiritual Guide* of Molinos, Madame Guyon returned to Paris, after having spent several years in traveling from place to place,—to Geneva, to Marseilles, to Turin, Gex, and to Grenoble,—inculcating the spiritual in religion, and drawing all who would be led by her to the culture of the interior life. Her course had not been unobserved from the high places of the French court and the hierarchy; but though the monarch and the more politic of his Churchmen were little pleased with her peculiarities, there were others, not a few, who decidedly sympathized with her earnest spiritualism. Her social rank, the goodness of her heart, and the irreproachable purity of her life,

all united to increase the interest that her erratic course of conduct and the mystical character of her conversations tended to inspire. Though resembling Molinos in many things, she was no disciple of his; for it is not certain that she had any considerable knowledge of his writings. She derived her ideas of religion, for the most part, from her own feelings,—always a most delusive and unsafe guide,—and described its nature to others as she felt it herself. While abroad she had become acquainted with the Duchess de Chevreuse, who now received her with much cordiality, and introduced her to her sister, the Duchess de Beauvilliers, and other ladies of rank. These two ladies were daughters of the great Colbert, and seem to have inherited no small share of their father's intellectual greatness, which in them was combined with the softening influences of piety. Their husbands, both of whom occupied high offices in the state, sympathized with them in their religious tendencies. They, too, became personally acquainted with Madame Guyon, and with her religious views and opinions, and learned to esteem both her piety and the strength of her understanding.

Madame Guyon possessed, to an almost unparalleled degree, a fascinating influence over the minds of those with whom she came into contact. Her wit, her personal beauty, and her felicitous powers of conversation, adapted her to shine in the most refined society; but when she discovered, back of these, the earnest workings of a soul absorbed in holy contemplations—when her words, half understood, seemed to speak of the mysteries of a hidden life, and her whole manner and history set her forth as one actuated by a spirit of which the world has but little knowledge, the effect of all these facts combined became strongly and powerfully great. Accordingly, her conquests in the highest circles of Parisian society were both more rapid and more complete than had been those which she had made among the rustic inhabitants of the provinces. She soon numbered among her acquaintances, and, of course, to a good degree among her disciples, persons equally distinguished for rank, piety, and learning.

Father La Combe, her early disciple, and subsequently her spiritual director, had returned to Paris with her; and while she was engaged in making disciples among

the higher classes, he was impressing the masses by his earnest eloquence and evangelical zeal. Though scrupulously canonical in all his proceedings, his teachings seemed unlike those usually dispensed by the Church. He said little or nothing against ceremonies and observances; but by dwelling chiefly upon the inward power of religion, he made them appear relatively unimportant; and as he constantly insisted on the efficacy of faith as the great instrument of salvation, his instructions seemed to supersede the necessity of merely formal observances. The movements of this evangelical Barnabite were all this time carefully watched from a high point of observation. The new spiritualism, notwithstanding its inoffensive form and canonical conformity, alarmed and exasperated the king. He listened willingly to the statements of La Combe's enemies, but allowed him no opportunity to answer them; and presently the zealous monk was arrested on a royal warrant, and cast into the Bastille; and to justify this act of tyranny, certain dark intimations were given out, designed to blacken the good name of both La Combe and Madame Guyon.

The imprisonment of La Combe was not sufficient to quiet the fear of his enemies. They indeed very well understood that, though he was the ostensible head of the new spiritualism, another, though less conspicuous, was really the more efficient agent; and accordingly it was determined that she also must be in some way so disposed of, that she should be incapable of doing further harm. Menaces, vituperation, and slanders most foul, having failed to reduce her to silence and submission, in January, 1688, she was arrested by an order from the king and confined in the convent of St. Marie.

At this time there was in Paris a lady greatly distinguished for piety and good works, Madame de Miramion, who was well known in the highest circles of Parisian society, and had been especially favored in her efforts by the king. Among the establishments that shared the attention of this excellent person was the convent of St. Marie, and here her visits very naturally brought her to a personal acquaintance with the history and the person of Madame Guyon. Her real story, so unlike what had been received from common fame, her apparently deep devotion, and the charm of her conversation,

greatly affected the benevolent lady, and induced her to endeavor to effect her liberation. She first interceded with Madame de Maintenon, with whom she was on terms of intimacy, and, with the assistance of some others of the distinguished friends of the prisoner, succeeded in making so favorable an impression on her mind, that she consented to bring the subject before the king, and the result was the liberation of Madame Guyon after an imprisonment of eight months.

Madame de Maintenon, through whose good offices this favor was obtained, was a person whose history, character, and position were alike remarkable. Born in the prison of Niort, where her father was confined for an offense against Cardinal Richelieu, she was at a very tender age removed to America with her parents, who settled in the Island of Martinique. In her eleventh year her father died, when her mother returned to France, leaving her daughter a pledge in the hands of her creditors; but the child was soon after sent home also, and committed to the protection of an aunt at Poitou. Her education had been hitherto in the Protestant religion; but an order from court was at length obtained to remove her from these influences; when, being placed under the care of a relation of the opposite faith, her conversion was effected by the united agencies of artifice and persuasion. At twenty-five years old she was married to the poet Scarron, who was a wit and a favorite at court, but old and deformed. Nine years after she was left a widow, without property or friends, or any other means of subsistence than her own efforts, and the aid of benevolent strangers. For ten years she endured this state of privation, when, through the influence of the king's mistress, Madame de Montespan, she was first made a royal pensioner and soon after appointed governess to the infant Duke de Maine. Madame Scarron, when she entered the court of Louis XIV., was in her forty-sixth year. Her life had been one of painful vicissitudes, which, together with her early education, had given her a deep seriousness as well as great energy of character. The courtiers were half amused and half horrified by her plainness of attire and the straightforward earnestness of her manners. The king's pension was received with unmixed satisfaction; but she had a strong repugnance to

a residence at court, as wholly unsuited to the life of piety that she desired to lead. The king was at first little pleased with the extreme gravity and reserve of the proposed governess, but yielded to the importunity of his favorite, and commanded her to be brought to the court. His repugnance to the reserved and severe governess, however, gave way by degrees, or rather passed into respect and admiration. He then offered her the means to purchase the princely estate of Maintenon with its dependant marquise; and when this was done, he publicly addressed her as *Madame de Maintenon*.

The place held by Madame de Maintenon, though full of responsibility, was yet a humble one; but a more elevated position was soon after assigned to her, and the royal favor toward her more distinctly marked. The king's career had for a long time been one of open profligacy, to the great scandal of religion and good morals, for which he had been admonished with unusual freedom by some of his bishops. No one was more earnest in the purpose to recall him to a sense of duty than was Madame de Maintenon, who now willingly availed herself of her growing influence to effect that purpose. Calling to her assistance the celebrated Père la Chaise, she with him approached the haughty monarch, and reminded him that though he was still in the full vigor of manhood, his youth was already spent, and that it now became him to attempt something toward his eternal salvation; nor were the appeals thus forcibly presented without their happy influence. From this period dates a marked revolution in the manners of the court of Louis XIV. The piety, the rigid propriety of manners, and the indifference to displays and amusements, that at first rendered Madame de Maintenon the butt of the courtiers' jests, at length became the ruling fashion of the court; while the removal of the king's mistress, and the death of the queen—the amiable but unfortunate Maria Theresa—and the inflexible virtue of the new court favorite, led at length to her marriage with the king. Thus strangely elevated to the second place in the kingdom, Madame de Maintenon behaved herself with great prudence; meddling but very sparingly with public affairs, she employed the influence of her position to promote works

of charity, and to extend the influence of piety. Her favor was therefore readily obtained for Madame Guyon, and her influence with the king proved sufficient to accomplish what probably no other means could have effected.

Upon her enlargement, Madame Guyon went to reside with her benefactress, Madame de Miramion, where she continued for more than a year, and resumed, to some extent, her former practice of giving religious instruction to such as desired it. With the lapse of time the flames of her enthusiasm somewhat abated, but its fires became more intense. Formerly she had inculcated many duties, and embodied her ideal of piety in the form of activities; but now her mind and heart became intensely and exclusively occupied with one all-pervading notion—*pure love*—a state of holy, quiet, and rapturous contemplation.

It was during this period that she first became acquainted with the Abbé de Fenelon, afterward the renowned Archbishop of Cambray. Few names in the history of the race are surrounded with so bright a radiance as that of Fenelon, for which he was probably about equally indebted to his constitution and his personal virtues. His person is described as strikingly expressive and imposing. He was tall, thin, and well made, and of an open and benevolent countenance, his eyes beaming with intelligence and benignity, and his entire expression presenting a wonderful harmony of alluring gravity, and a kind of solemn gayety bespeaking alike the theologian, the bishop, and the nobleman. As a speaker he was eloquent and argumentative, captivating the hearts of his hearers while he convinced their judgments, and charming them to believe rather than compelling them by the authority of his arguments. He was also of a gentle and quiet cast of mind, but fervidly zealous in any cause in which he became really interested.

He was descended from the illustrious family de Salignac, in Navarre, and was himself the son of the Count of La Mothe Fenelon. His education had been directed by his uncle, the Marquis de Fenelon, of whom the great Condé used to say, that "he was equally qualified for conversation, for the field, or for the cabinet." The youthful Fenelon made an early choice of the ecclesiastical state, and his studies were directed accordingly;

and coming to Paris he became attached to the order or congregation of St. Sulpice. Impelled by the ardor of his spirit, he desired to join himself to the Jesuit Missions in Canada, and though his biographers generally agree in saying that this purpose was never carried into effect, yet more recent developments give plausibility to the contrary opinion. No account is given of him for the three years immediately succeeding his ordination, while his name is mentioned by Father Hennepin among the missionaries at Montreal.

Upon the revocation of the edict of Nantz, in 1685—a consummation toward which all the measures of the government for many years had tended, but which was at last granted under pretence of religious zeal, at the solicitation of Père la Chaise and Madame de Maintenon—a simultaneous effort at proselytism was made in every part of the kingdom, and especially in the south of France, where the Calvinists were most numerous. The method of proceeding was to send out the missionary with crozier and missal, accompanied by a band of soldiers; to enforce the required conformity and hasten the work of conversion. These soldiers were generally mounted, and from this circumstance the term “dragooning” became one of common use for forced conversions.

To the honor of the clergy of France, it is said that many of them condemned not only the horrors of St. Bartholomew's day, but also the whole system of coercion in matters of religion, and among these none more decidedly than both Bossuet and Fenelon. The missionary portion of the work was approved by both of them, and Fenelon gladly devoted himself to that work, having Poictou assigned him as the field of his operations; but before he would enter upon his task he required as an indispensable condition *that the dragoons should be removed from the province, and that military coercion should cease.* While occupied in this mission he first heard of Madame Guyon; and though the reports that reached him were greatly perverted, yet he seemed to see in these imperfect statements of her doctrines a deeper spirituality than he had before heard of, but for which he had long felt a painful, though indefinite longing. Returning to Paris, he passed through Montargis, the place of her nativity and frequent

abode, where he heard a strong and unanimous testimony to her piety and active goodness: but when he came to the metropolis he was surprised to find her imprisoned on a charge of heresy, with a dark intimation of other crimes of the nature of which nobody seemed to be definitely informed. With characteristic boldness and independence, he determined to suspend his opinion till by certain knowledge he should be prepared to judge rightly in the matter.

Soon after Madame Guyon's release from imprisonment, Fenelon saw her at the house of a mutual friend, the Duchess of Charost. The expectations of the ardent young abbé were greatly excited, and all his soul awakened with interest; and the fair enthusiast saw in him a prize worthy of her utmost endeavors. Their conversation, in which they naturally and by mutual though tacit consent, assumed the relations of teacher and inquirer, turned chiefly upon inward religion. Fenelon found his own heart attesting the want that this new power proposed to supply, and probably he was not a little affected by the fascinating manners and earnest eloquence of his fair instructress, around whose history was thrown a kind of romantic shading of peculiar sorrows. He accordingly retired not a little impressed by the interview. The impressions thus begun, were increased by subsequent interviews. Madame Guyon became greatly interested for Fenelon's conversion to her own faith and experience, and conceived herself in some way so united to him, by a kind of spiritual magnetism, that his perplexities and indecisions deeply affected her; till at the end of eight days her spirit rested in the assurance, though she had not heard from him, that the desired work was accomplished in him. All these exercises and impressions were reported to Fenelon as they occurred; and though he hesitated for a while to outrun his reason in the matter, yet he presently surrendered his judgment to his feelings, and became a thorough convert to the system of his instructress—its excellences and its faults.

Fenelon's high reputation at the court at this time is attested by the mark of royal confidence given in his appointment to be the preceptor of the young Duke of Burgundy, the king's grandson, and presumptive heir to the throne. This

appointment was unsought by Fenelon, but granted at the instance of the Duke de Beauvilliers, whom Louis had made governor of his grandchildren. The duty thus devolved upon Fenelon was at once the most responsible and the most difficult and delicate conceivable. The young duke was of a fierce and intractable temper, and through want of proper government he had become irritable, impetuous, and impatient of control; while his intellectual powers were strong and the force of his will almost entirely ungovernable. But the preceptor proved himself equal to the task assigned him. His learning, his personal accomplishments, his unrivaled powers of persuasion, his piety, and all his accidental advantages, were devoted to his new duties. For the instruction of his royal pupil he wrote several of those works which remain to perpetuate his memory and shed luster upon his name. His Fables and Dialogues were prepared on special occasions, and were designed to reprove some fault into which the prince had fallen, or to commend to his imitation some needed virtue. As a more complete system of instruction for his illustrious charge, he composed "Telemachus," which, though not given to the public till many years later, was rehearsed by the author to the prince, thus mingling amusement with grave and earnest instruction.

We have seen that Madame Guyon had been released from her imprisonment, at the convent of St. Marie, by the favor of Madame de Maintenon. Soon afterward she was brought into contact with her illustrious patroness. Though gifted by nature and refined by cultivation, and endowed with whatever wealth could purchase or royalty bestow, the wife of the greatest monarch in Christendom confessed that she was unhappy,—that there was still in her heart a "dreadful vacuity." Her occasional interviews with Madame Guyon increased her own unhappiness, and also served to assure her that there was a source of comfort to which she had not access. So deeply was she interested in the matter, that she had the lone victim of persecution and slander brought to the palace of Versailles, where, like Herod with John the Baptist, or Felix with St. Paul, she would listen to her story of the "interior life," and her exhibitions of the victorious power of faith.

The institution of St. Cyr, for the education of young females of families of rank, whose poverty rendered them unable to procure such advantages for themselves, had been founded by Madame Maintenon some time previously, and was now as dear to the *quasi* queen as was Carthage to the wife of Jove. Here she spent her seasons of repose and meditation, preferring its sacred quiet to the pomp and splendor of Versailles. Here also she brought Madame Guyon, that, in this seclusion, she might learn more fully from the suspected heretic the nature of that mysterious "interior life,"—that *pure love* and *holy quiet* of the soul, of which she had heard in part. Liberty was also given her to converse without restraint with the inmates of the seminary, and, as might have been anticipated, the new doctrine soon spread through the whole community, producing no little seriousness, which was not unmingled with some extravagances. This affair aroused her old enemies from the false security into which they had fallen; when, perceiving that a storm was gathering against her, she, at the advice of her friends, retired into absolute obscurity, where she remained for some months,—the place of her retreat being known to but few of her adherents. The opposition to her and her doctrine, however, were not allayed by her retirement; and it seemed now the fixed purpose of her adversaries that their condemnation should be final and complete.

The growing notoriety of the new doctrine, and especially the character and rank of some of its more recent adherents, began to alarm the dignitaries of the Church. At this time Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, at the full maturity of his intellectual manhood, was enjoying the plentitude of an unrivaled reputation, which he had earned in the service of the Church,—of which, as to his native kingdom, he was acknowledged to be the ablest and most illustrious defender. He had not been unmindful of the earlier indications of the storm that was now manifestly impending; but the time for action had not yet arrived. Perhaps, indeed, after so many victories had been won by him, against some of the first champions of Christendom, he may have disliked to enter the list against this new disturber of the Church's peace. But the extent to which the contagion had already spread, and the fact that many

very considerable persons were implicated in it, at length availed to overcome his scruples. But he who had so skillfully, and so much to his own satisfaction, exposed "the variations of the Protestant Churches," was not ignorant of the fact that these were no less irreconcilable variations in the Roman Catholic Church. He accordingly proceeded with great caution and commendable moderation. He first proceeded to thoroughly acquaint himself with the particulars of Madame Guyon's doctrine, by consulting her writings, and by personal conversations with her. At their interviews, after he had examined her books, Bossuet stated his objections, and she endeavored to commend the censured doctrines to his understanding; and when at any time she failed, she attributed it to "his imperfect knowledge of the way of the Holy Spirit." Meantime the agitation concerning her doctrines continued without abatement. They were very generally looked upon as novelties; and, with the Church of Rome, the charge of novelty is equivalent to that of heresy. Conscious of her integrity of purpose, and confident of her ability to demonstrate the orthodoxy of her opinions, she petitioned the king, through Madame de Maintenon, for a commission of learned divines to examine the whole subject, and report the result. This request was granted, and Bossuet, with Noailles, Bishop of Chalons, and afterward Archbishop of Paris and a cardinal, and M. Tronson, the superior of the seminary of St. Sulpice, were named as the commissioners,—the whole affair very clearly evincing the importance attached to the matter in question. To this commission Madame Guyon submitted all her writings, and to facilitate their inquiries, as well as to present her case to the best advantage, she drew up, with almost incredible labor and with much ability, a paper, which she called her "Justifications," in which she endeavored to fortify her positions from the writings of a great number of ecclesiastical authors of undoubted orthodoxy, extending over the whole period of the Church's history.

The commissioners first met some six months after their appointment, (August, 1794,) but only Bossuet and Noailles were present. The Duke de Chevreuse accompanied Madame Guyon to the place of the session, but was not allowed to be present at the examination. It was soon perceived

that Bossuet had come to the investigation in a state of mind unfavorable to the fair enthusiast. He seems, indeed, to have rallied all his giant energies to confound her in debate; and also to have so far forgotten his own sense of propriety and decorum, as to stoop to a degree of insolence in the examination. Noailles was differently affected toward her; and though he said but little at the formal inquiry, at a private interview a few days afterward, he spoke kindly to her, but advised her to live as much retired as possible, on account of the clamors of her enemies. She also soon after waited upon M. Tronson, who likewise, after examining her very carefully, dismissed her with strong expressions of satisfaction. Bossuet, too, acknowledged himself generally satisfied with her explanations, though he still hesitated as to several important matters. It is indeed not strange, that Bossuet and Madame Guyon did not see alike as to the subjects under examination; it is more strange that they approached each other in their views as nearly as they did, which could have been effected only through a mutual and earnest desire for an accommodation. Their minds were cast in dissimilar molds; their habits of thinking were essentially unlike, and their several stand-points so remote from each other, that the same objects presented to each very different aspects.

The system of Quietism, whose elements had been cherished by the Mystics from the times of the primitive Church, and which had been elucidated and reduced to a system by Molinos, was at this time widely diffused in the Romish Church. The system of Madame Guyon, evidently for the most part original with herself, was very nearly related to that of Molinos, though, admitting her own explanations, she avoided the more objectionable features of his system. The prevalence of this system, rather than anything immediately connected with the person as to whose opinions the commissioners were directed to make inquiry, was the occasion of the great interest that was felt in the affair. Under the circumstances no condemnation could ensue against either the opinions or practices of Madame Guyon; but the reverend commissioners felt themselves obliged to take some measures to stay the progress of the heresy.

(To be continued.)

THE RELIGION OF THE POETS.

THOMAS MOORE.

WHAT were Moore's religious principles?—and what was his religious life, as exhibited in his poetry? In seeking an answer, we may safely follow the friendly verdict of Lord John Russell: he would be dead to genius, to the beautiful in poetry, to the exquisitely pathetic in sentiment, or the melodious in rhythm, who can for a moment deny to Moore one of the highest places among our sons of song. Lord John is not averse to place him side by side, though in a separate sphere, with Byron, Burns, and Scott, and we do not dispute the decision. Brilliant talents, ever-sparkling wit, an affection to those whom he loved, whether parent, wife, child, or friend, which refused to be damped by adversity, or diminished by distance, all signalized Thomas Moore. The man who could write to his mother twice each week during his whole public life, as Moore punctiliously did, must have been possessed of an affection as deep as it was persistent; and one loves him for that, far more than for the beauty of his verses, or the exhaustless fertility of his genius. His independence also, of which his friendly biographer says that he "would not sully its white robe for any object of ambition or of vanity," commands our homage, especially when we know that he was often pressed by poverty, and had not seldom to purchase by the labors of the brain what was needed for the wants of the body. That much conceded, however, we fear that we have nearly exhausted our praise. Throughout his life we miss the fear of God; we cannot see the recognition of the great remedial system, and the principles which spring from it. We trace a generous and a gifted nature through its meanderings on earth toward eternity; but the ever-present *One* in whom we live, and move, and have our being, has not his place in that heart. Amid all that is beautiful in affection, or exquisite in taste, God is an exception, the Redeemer does not appear; all proceeds much as if he had never alighted on our world to take away sin, and guide men to purity and virtue.

But hear his noble biographer speak of the poet's "strong feelings of devotion, his aspirations, his longings after life and immortality, and his submission to the will

of God;" of "his love of his neighbor, his charity, the Samaritan kindness for the distressed, his good-will to all men." Hear Lord John continuing, "In the last days of his life, he frequently repeated to his wife, 'Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God.' That God was love, was the summary of his belief; and that a man should love his neighbor as himself, seems to have been the rule of his life."

Now, in all this, it would appear that the poet of Ireland was much in the habit of keeping the first, and the great commandment—love to God; and the second, which is like unto it—the love of our neighbor as ourselves: and did facts warrant the conclusion, O, who would not rejoice in the verdict! But *do* facts warrant the decision? Ah, no. We follow Thomas Moore from land to land, and see him through decade after decade of his life. We see him amid the tropical glories of Bermuda, and the grandeur of some of the noblest scenes in North America. We accompany him to Italy, and the sunny South—the lands which have "the fatal gift of beauty." We notice how he luxuriates amid such scenes: how he weeps for very joy at sunset among the Alps; or stands in awe, as if "the fountains of the great deep had been broken up," before Niagara. Everywhere he is captivated with

"The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills;"

and everywhere he pours forth poetry beautified all over with exquisite versification, with deep passion, and with eager patriotism. Lord John Russell may be right when he speaks of his "longings after life and immortality;" but it does not appear that it was the life and immortality brought to light in the gospel.

And it is just here that faithfulness to the truth of God commands us to enter a solemn protest against what passes so often for devotion, especially among our poets. It is not by the poetry of religion that men are prepared to grapple with the ill, or master the temptations of life; it is by the grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ: and wherever that simple truth is ignored, the Christian will lodge his protest, even though the error be held by a genius like that which exalted Moore among the sons of fame.

And we notice that the religion of sen-

timent, or poetry, is utterly insufficient to fortify man for the rude onset which virtue must sustain in life. Nay, the most exquisite of our poets, the men whose "feelings of devotion" were the deepest, or in whom "the poetry of religion" was the presiding power, were alternately the victims and the dupes of something far worse than folly. This was notoriously the case with Burns, with Byron, and many more; and the poet Moore is no exception to the general law. His noble biographer attempts, indeed, to defend his licentiousness; but surely a Christian child can understand the strange incongruity between confessed "licentiousness" and deep "feelings of devotion." It may be true that Horace was very licentious, and that, notwithstanding, he is "the delight of our clerical instructors;" but what has the heathen Horace to do with a professing follower, as Moore was, of the holy Saviour of the lost? Or was it safe in one breath to confess that some of Moore's poems "should never have been written, and far less printed;" and in the next breath to palliate their licentiousness—their offense against all that is pure and holy—by gently "classing them with those of other amatory poets who have allowed their fancy to roam beyond the limits which morality and decorum would prescribe." A strange concession that, regarding one whose devotion was so deep, whose charity to all men was so like the good Samaritan's! Even Moore himself has confessed to the wildness of his verses; and we must ask again concerning such "melodious advocates of lust," in the name and for the honor of true devotion, can it coexist with a licentiousness which modesty dare not quote, a wildness which even self-love cannot disguise? To argue on that supposition is to do all that man can to degrade devotion; it is to mingle the heavenly and the human, the pure and the polluted; it is to ensnare the ignorant and efface the eternal distinction which God has appointed between the religion which comes from heaven, and the religion which originates in the heart of man. Another poet has said that "the man, woman, or child, who is not delighted with the songs of Burns, be their virtues what they may, must never hope to be in heaven;" and it is not an uncommon sentiment, we fear, that the poetic temperament, with its "fine

frenzy," and its "longings after life and immortality," is a preparative for heaven—a substitute for that holiness of nature and of life which the holy God requires, and has made rich provision for imparting to man.

We are aware of the aversion which many feel thus to uncover the sins of the gifted, and we feel it. We are alive to the appeal not to drag their frailties from their dread abode. But truth has stronger claims than the memory of gifted men. Against all attempts to vindicate them at the expense of truth, or upon its ruins, we must again and again protest; and when the man who is thus defended could vindicate his attacks upon religion as Moore did, by quoting Pascal, and saying, "There is a wide difference between laughing at religion, and laughing at those who profane it by their extravagant opinions," we must beware lest that be the name by which worldly men assail the true religion of God, the truth which the Saviour taught, which Paul and John taught, the very truth which came from heaven to guide men to its glory and its God.

If we turn to Moore's own views of purity, we find him saying in his preface to "The Loves of the Angels," that he had "tried allegorically to shadow out the fall of the soul from its original purity, the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of the world's perishable pleasures, and the punishments both from conscience and divine justice with which impiety, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of heaven are sure to be visited." And since Moore has told us so, we must believe that he meant what he said. But has he done what he attempted? Nay, does not the very poetry to which these words form a preface, rank among the most impure and seductive in our tongue? Have not the licentious quoted them, and felt their licentiousness increased? Has not the libertine gloated over them, and deemed his libertinism excused? Such productions, indeed, emanating from one who is eulogized for his devotional feelings, and his longings after life and immortality, are only a fascinating way of scattering firebrands, arrows, and death. It is Satan in the garb of an angel of light; the meretricious, the polluting, and the gross, veiled with the flimsy covering of

exquisite versification, or adorned with the brilliants of fancy.

But this man, the summary of whose creed is said to have been "God is love," and the rule of whose life was good-will to all, has enabled us to judge by another test besides his poetry. He once fought a duel; and there are incidents connected with that transaction which shed a very lurid light upon his feelings of devotion. When preparing for his work, which might have been one of blood, and which was so in the eyes of God, it does not appear that he was checked by any consideration but the state of his finances. He was too poor to rush on the instant to assail his antagonist, or he says he would have done it. And when he sat down to write his challenge, he is careful to tell that he couched it in such phrase as made compromise or apology hopeless. "You are a liar; yes, sir, a liar," were the words which one, whose creed was, "God is love," hurled against the man who had accused Moore of attempting to corrupt his fellow-men by his grossly licentious poetry. For the duel he bought ammunition, he says, "for a score;" and after the combatants became the laughing-stock of a kingdom, Moore deliberately says, "Though the business were to be gone through again, I should feel it to be my duty to do it." My duty, he unconsciously means, to shed blood; my duty, to run the risk of appearing before my God charged with a double murder—my own, and that of a fellow mortal. Nay,

"My bosom's lord sits lightly in its throne,"

were the boastful words which Moore quoted on a review of the whole. O how deep the delusion which blinds the heart of man, if things like these be deemed compatible with a creed whose summary is "GOD IS LOVE!"

In the thirty-one poems which Moore has called his "Sacred Songs," what hint is there to tell the soul of the way to pardon and to peace? The religion of emotion is there; but where is the foundation, truth? Truth is named. The gospel is likened to sunrise; and we are told in lines worthy of Moore, that

"As fresh the dreaming world awoke,
In truth's full radiance then:"

but withal, we find nothing to which the earnest soul can cling for one moment of

solid hope. It is fed after all upon flowers, not upon truth; it is regaled with poetry, not with the good tidings of great joy; and the question, "How shall man be just before his God?" or, "Who shall bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" disposes forever of all the beauties which so brilliantly sparkle in the "Sacred Songs." Were man only a mourner, and not a sinful mourner, Moore might soothe; but there are sorrows which lie too deep for his appliances. It is the Spirit of God that is the Comforter, as it is the Son of God that is the Saviour; and to neither the one nor the other does the author of the "Sacred Songs" even once distinctly point us.

It is not a little instructive to read in the same volume with the "Sacred Songs," certain malicious lampoons upon Sir Andrew Agnew, in connection with his endeavors to secure the rest of the Sabbath inviolate to man. One of them begins—

"As sung in his easy chair of late,
On a Sunday evening Sir Andrew sate,
Being much too pious, as every one knows,
To do aught of a Sunday eve but doze,
He dream'd a dream, dear holy man,
And I'll tell you his dream as well as I can."

Another begins:—

"Puir, proffigate Londoners, having heard tell,
That the deil's got amang you, and fearing 't is true,
We has sent you a man that's a match for his spell,
A chiel o' our ain, that the deil himsel
Will be glad to keep clear of—one Andrew Agnew."

The man who discharged such verses against one of our truest patriots is said, we repeat, by his noble biographer to have been signalized by his "feelings of devotion," and a "Samaritan charity."

It is too apparent how ineffectual the poetry, or the mere sentiment of religion, must ever prove in repressing the sinfulness of man's heart. It may trim the exterior; it may adorn the coffin; it may place gaudy trappings on the hearse; but it cannot cleanse the sepulcher: and when the light of God's truth is admitted into the dark chambers, then, like the action of the solar microscope upon a drop of water, it brings to light many hideous, monstrous, and misshapen things. But do we pronounce any verdict on the dead, while we thus unmask the insufficiency of their religious opinions? Nay, they stand or fall to their own Master. In Moore,

for instance, we judge the poetry, the opinions, not the man. Tried he often was by poverty and crosses of many kinds. Things took place in his history which he says, "might have put the nine Muses to flight;" and his closing hours were clouded with many woes. Death after death bereft him of those whom he loved with all the ardor of his nature; and as blow after blow descended, he seemed to feel and to love what he had formerly sung:—

"O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!"

Amid these crowding sorrows, who dare say that He who is full of grace was not sought and found? We are far from daring to say it; but this we must say, that judging from the whole tone of his poetry, Moore was one of those who exercised a blighting influence on the morals of his country. The phase of his religion or devotion was spurious, because it was not Scriptural. It was destitute of the basis of truth: he is, in short, a beacon to warn us to keep far from the spot where he shines.

THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN OWEN.

THE last production of Owen's pen, (observes Dr. Thomson,) was his "Meditations and Discourses on the Glory of Christ." It embodies the holy musings of his latest days, and in many parts of it seems actually to echo the praises of the heavenly worshippers.* We may apply to Owen's meditations, as recorded in this book, the words of Bunyan in reference to his pilgrim,—“Drawing near to the city he had yet a more perfect view thereof.” It is a striking circumstance that each of the three great Puritan divines wrote a treatise on the subject of heaven, and that each had his own distinct aspect in which he delighted to view it. To the mind of Baxter the most prominent idea of heaven was that of rest; and who can wonder, when it is remembered that his earthly life was little else than one prolonged disease?—to the mind of Howe, ever aspiring after a purer state of being, the favorite conception of

heaven was that of holy happiness—while to the mind of Owen, heaven's glory was regarded as consisting in the unvailed manifestation of Christ. The conceptions, though varied, are all true; and Christ, fully seen and perfectly enjoyed, will secure all the others. Let us now trace the few remaining steps that conducted Owen into the midst of this exceeding weight of glory.

Lord Wharton was one of those noblemen who continued their kindness to the Nonconformists in the midst of all their troubles. His country residence at Woburn afforded a frequent asylum to the persecuted ministers; just as we find the castles of Mornay and De Plessis in France opened by their noble owners as a refuge to the Huguenots.

During his growing infirmities, Owen was invited to Woburn, to try the effects of change of air; and also that others of his persecuted brethren, meeting him in this safe retreat, might enjoy the benefit of united counsel and devotion. It appears that while here his bodily infirmities increased upon him, and that he was unable to return to his flock in London at the time that he had hoped; and a letter written to them from this place gives a vivid reflection of the anxieties of a period of persecution, and a most interesting specimen of Owen's fidelity and affection to his people in the present experience of suffering, and in the dread of more.

His infirmities increasing, he soon after removed from London to Kensington, for country air: occasionally, however, he was able still to visit London; and an incident which happened to him on one of these visits presents us with another picture of the times. As he was driving along the Strand, his carriage was stopped by two informers, and his horses seized. Greater violence would immediately have followed, had it not been that Sir Edmund Godfrey, a justice of the peace, was passing at the time, and, seeing a mob collected round the carriage, asked what was the matter. On ascertaining the circumstances, he ordered the informers, with Dr. Owen, to meet him at the house of another justice of the peace, on an appointed day. When the day came, it was found that the informers had acted so irregularly, that they were not only disappointed of their base reward, but severely reprimanded and dismissed. Thus

* "Weakness, weariness, and the near approach of death, do call me off from any further labor in this kind."—*Preface to Reader.*

once more did Owen escape as a bird from the snare of the fowler.

Retiring still further from the scenes of public life, Owen soon after took up his abode in the quiet village of Ealing, where he had a house of his own, and some property. Only once again did persecution hover over him, and threaten to disturb the sacredness of his declining days, by seeking to involve him and some other of the Nonconformists in the Rye-House plot; but the charge was too bold to be believed, and God was about, ere long, to remove him from the reach of all these evils, and to hide him in his pavilion, from the pride of man, and from the strife of tongues. Anthony Wood has said of Owen, that "he did very unwillingly lay down his head and die;" but how different was the spectacle of moral sublimity presented to the eyes of those who were actual witnesses of the last days of the magnanimous and heavenly-minded Puritan! In a letter to his beloved friend, Charles Fleetwood, on the day before his death, he thus beautifully expresses his Christian affection, and his good hope through grace:—

"DEAR SIR.—Although I am not able to write one word myself, yet I am very desirous to speak one word more to you in this world, and do it by the hand of my wife. The continuance of your entire kindness, knowing what it is accompanied withal, is not only greatly valued by me, but will be a refreshment to me, as it is, even in my dying hour. I am going to Him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me with an everlasting love,—which is the whole ground of all my consolation. The passage is very irksome and wearisome, through strong pains of various sorts, which are all issued in an intermitting fever. All things were provided to carry me to London to-day, according to the advice of my physicians; but we are all disappointed by my utter disability to undertake the journey. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but whilst the great Pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible, that he will never leave us, nor forsake us. I am greatly afflicted at the distempers of your dear lady; the good Lord stand by her, and support and deliver her. My affectionate respects to her, and the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency. I rest upon it that you do so, and am yours entirely,

"J. OWEN."

The first sheet of his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ" had passed through the press under the superintendence of the Rev. William Payne, a dissenting minis-

ter at Saffron-Walden, in Essex; and on that person's calling to inform him of the circumstance on the morning of the day he died, he exclaimed, with uplifted hands and eyes looking upward, "I am glad to hear it; but, O brother Payne! the long-wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world." Still it was no easy thing for that robust frame to be broken to pieces, and to let the struggling spirit go free. His physicians, Dr. Cox and Sir Edmund King, remarked on the unusual strength of the earthly house which was about to be dissolved; while his more constant attendants on that consecrated hour were awe-struck by the mastery which his mighty and heaven-supported spirit maintained over his physical agonies. "In respect of sicknesses, very long, languishing, and often sharp and violent, like the blows of inevitable death, yet was he both calm and submissive under all." At length the struggle ceased; and with eyes and hands uplifted, as if his last act was devotion, the spirit of Owen passed in silence into the world of glory. It happened on the 24th of August, 1683, the anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Day;—a day memorable in the annals of the Church of Christ, as that in which two thousand Nonconformist confessors had exposed themselves to poverty and persecution at the call of conscience, and in which heaven's gates had been opened wide to receive the martyred Protestants of France. Eleven days afterward, a long and mournful procession, composed of more than sixty noblemen, in carriages drawn by six horses each, and of many others in mourning-coaches and on horseback, silently followed the mortal remains of Owen along the streets of London, and deposited them in Bunhill-Fields, the Puritan necropolis.

PAUL was a man as strong in natural and acquired parts as any living, and he knew how to word it and to carry it in as lofty strains as any that breathed; yet who more plain in his preaching than Paul? It hath many a time made my heart sad, to think how those men will answer it, in the day of Christ, that affect lofty strains, high notions, and cloudy expressions—that make the plain things of the gospel dark and obscure.—*Brooks.*

[For the National Magazine.]

WYOMING.

ITS SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

A PLEASING melancholy lingers around those places which are hallowed by the dim traditions of the past. Few spots in all the wide domain of the free American states can boast a more fascinating loveliness, or a more tragic history, than Wyoming. The Susquehanna flows into Wyoming at the north through a narrow pass in the mountains, and is soon swelled by the waters of the Lackawanna, flowing through another pass at the north-east, when, after winding and murmuring through the luxuriant plains, the stream bursts its rocky barriers at the south, gliding or plunging on to the sea. The valley itself is about twenty miles long by five miles wide—a little Paradise guarded by the wild gigantic mountains of Pennsylvania.

Some time in the summer of 1749 Wyoming was visited by Count Zinzendorf, supposed to be the first white man who penetrated to this lonely spot, the surpassing beauty of which was known to the distant colonial settlements only by Indian reports.

Near "Toby's Eddy," where, in the twilight, the traveler looks with rapture through the foliage upon the broad still river, did this pious Moravian pitch his tent, with the high and holy purpose of bringing the Word of Life to the dwellers in the wilderness. A story of thrilling danger is told of the good old man. It is well authenticated, and illustrates the Indian character. The mission of the stranger seemed so incredible that the children of the forest could not believe it. They could not see why, except for gain, this roving pilgrim would brave the ocean, and seek out their secluded home. They resolved to destroy him suddenly and secretly. For this purpose, two Delawares crept toward his tent in the twilight, still and deadly as panthers. No defense was in their way, but unsuspecting innocence—no arm interposed but Providence. With a blanket for the door of his tent, the count sat writing, his gray locks being slightly agitated by the night zephyrs: when, to the surprise and terror of the observing savages, a rattlesnake, which had been warmed into activity by the fire, crept over one of his legs, but inflicted no in-

jury. The Indians fled back precipitately, and told the strange circumstance to their tribe, and from that hour the pious Moravian was to them an angel from heaven.

Wyoming was a favorite retreat of the Indians, and at this time, when it first became known to the whites, was claimed by the celebrated Iroquois, or Six Nations. From certain mounds which the oldest sachems found existing in the valleys, with giant oaks, hundreds of years old, growing upon them, it is quite certain that a very ancient people, exhibiting the traces of a higher civilization, once laid in this region the foundations of empire. So great was the attachment of the Indians to this spot, it was not till after repeated solicitations they could be induced to sell it to the white man.

The settlement of Wyoming by the whites, constitutes an era in its history. The people of Connecticut claimed this region under the grant of an old English charter, dated 1662. The Pennsylvania colony claimed the same land under an English charter, dated 1681. The reader will perceive that the Connecticut claim has the priority of the other by nineteen years. In addition to this, the Connecticut people purchased the land of the Indians, at a meeting of the chiefs of the Six Nations, held at Albany, July 11, 1754. Whatever might be said in favor of either of these claims, their collision caused a most disastrous and protracted civil war. The first Connecticut settlers in 1763 were either massacred, or driven off by the Indians. The next party that came on from New-England, found that the Pennsylvanians had fitted up a block house and several huts, left by the first settlers, on the east side of the river, at Mill Creek, about one mile above the present town of Wilkesbarre, and had taken possession of the valley. The Yankees invested the block house and dispossessed the occupants. They were in turn dispossessed, with all the formalities of law, (for the contest was partly *legal*, partly *warlike*.) and twice within sixty days were they thrown into Easton jail, from which they contrived, without fail, to liberate themselves by their wit or their daring. The leading men among the Yankees were Captain Lazarus Stewart, Major John Durkee, and Colonel Zebulon Butler. The principal leader of the Pennymites was Captain Amos Ogden. A writer for

one of the popular magazines, recently characterized this contest as highly ridiculous. Either he had never read a correct account of the facts, or had not sufficient penetration to appreciate them. The importance of a conflict is not to be estimated merely by the numbers engaged in it, but by the principles involved, and by the courage, the sufferings, and the exploits of the parties.

The following instance of personal daring will illustrate the truth of the last remark. On one occasion Colonel Butler had invested the log fort of the Pennsylvanians, by placing a guard on both sides of the river. The besieged, thus cut off from the water, were reduced to the lowest straits, when their leader, the daring Ogden, sought relief by a stratagem. Tying his clothes in a bundle, on the top of which he placed his hat, he glided at night into the river, and floated down on his back, drawing his clothes gently after him by a cord. The attention of the guard was attracted, as he had anticipated, to a dark object in the water, when, in an instant, the blaze of many rifles had pierced it with bullets; but as the object floated on with the same quietness as before, they let it pass; and, in three days, Ogden was in the streets of Philadelphia, beating up for volunteers. The first Pennymite war lasted three years, and was followed by three years of peace, in which the New-England settlers, left in the undisturbed possession of the valley, reaped plentiful harvests from their fields of inexhaustible fertility, and—thanks to their Puritan habits—founded the school, the church, and the forum; debated in town-meeting, prayed, and sang, and passed resolutions, to encourage the Continental Congress in their first stand against British oppression.

The increasing prosperity of the settlers of Wyoming aroused the slumbering jealousy of the state of Pennsylvania, and another expedition was raised against them, under the command of Major Plunket, a man of some little daring, but of no prudence, and, above all, of no knowledge of the danger and cost of his contemplated enterprise. In the middle of winter, the expedition started up the Susquehanna, the provisions being carried in boats on the stream. A mild season left the current unclogged with ice, and they reached the southern pass of the valley,

where they found their way disputed by Colonel Butler, who, in a perfectly warlike manner, had thrown a breastwork across the plain, and concealed sharpshooters along the rocky side of the mountain. After some vain attempts to cross this line, with the loss of several lives, the formidable army retreated down the river, and thus 1775 closed the last warlike demonstration of the Pennsylvanians against the New-England settlers of Wyoming.

While this war of claims was going on within the very territory in dispute, the "Susquehanna Company"—which had been organized to sell land and make settlements in Wyoming—endeavored to enlist the legislature of the state of Connecticut in their favor. Colonel Dyer, a lawyer and statesman of considerable eloquence and ability, plead the cause of his oppressed brethren, and painted, with the hues of Paradise, the beauties of their valley home. It was after one of these impassioned appeals to the legislature that a wit gave expression to the following rhyme:—

"Canaan of old, as we are told,
Where it did rain down manna,
Was not half so good for heavenly food,
As Dyer makes Susquehanna."

So far was this dispute carried, that both parties sent over to England an appeal to the king, and we may well imagine that the eloquence of Colonel Dyer, who plead his cause before the king's bench, was not a little efficacious in creating that popular interest, which induced Coleridge and Southey, in 1794, to form the project of emigrating to

"Where Susquehanna pours his untamed
stream."

Probably the same cause turned the attention of Campbell to the spot he has rendered immortal by his beautiful Gertrude.

The troubles which broke out between the American colonies and the mother country, drew the attention of the king from this dispute to weightier matters, and turned the solicitude of the states from local animosities to the struggle for national existence. The cannonading of the Revolution rolled into Wyoming from distant battle-fields with mysterious and prophetic thunder.

But danger now threatened Wyoming from another quarter. The ablest men were drafted from the valley to serve

among the troops, to be raised by the state of Connecticut, without proper regard to the fact that this region, being on the frontier, was exposed to constant attacks from the war-parties of the Six Nations, who were now in league with the British. It was rumored that an attack was meditated upon Wyoming, to cut off the defenseless inhabitants with one fell stroke. A few hours flow of the swollen waters of the Susquehanna would bring canoes into their midst from the very heart of the Indian territory. Gen. Schuyler wrote to the board of war on this subject, and the soldiers enlisted from Wyoming prayed to be released, to fly to the defense of their families; but all in vain—they were detained; and, by unaccountable delays, the portentous cloud was permitted to gather and burst upon the doomed inhabitants of the valley.

It is not necessary to follow out the heart-sickening particulars of the massacre. Let it suffice to say, that the battle was fought on the western bank of the Susquehanna, July 3, 1778. Three or four hundred ill-armed soldiers, under the command of Colonel Zebulon Butler, marched out from "Forty Fort," and after proceeding perhaps a mile, came up with the enemy, about six hundred combined British, Tories, and Indians. The British were led by Butler, who, it is said, came out with a silk handkerchief around his head, which was shot off during the battle. The Indians were commanded by Brandt,* and were placed in ambush, so as to outflank the little band, around whom the yells of these grim warriors rang from rank to rank at regular intervals. An order from Colonel Denison to turn and face the Indians was mistaken for a signal of retreat. In vain Colonel Butler rode through the scattered remnant of his band, exclaiming, "Do not leave me, my children; let us rally, and victory may yet be ours!" But few escaped, some by swimming across the river, and others by concealing themselves in the bushes until night enabled them to flee unobserved.

* It has been denied by Colonel Stone and others, that Brandt was present at the massacre of Wyoming, or had any part in the outrages perpetrated upon her inhabitants. But Charles Miner, by far the best historian of the valley, in accordance with the oldest and most reliable traditions, maintains that Brandt was there.

The fort was given up the next day, and the desolation of the fair fields, lighted up by midnight conflagration, spread untold gloom upon a few defenseless ones, who preferred to try the perils of a pathless wilderness, in preference to the clemency of their foes.

The misfortunes of Wyoming at length attracted the attention of General Washington, and Major-General Sullivan was sent, in 1779, with an adequate force to march through Wyoming, northward, to the territory of the Six Nations. Strong efforts were made by the enemy to divert this expedition, but in vain. Onward it went, a dread thunderbolt of wrath, crushing all before it. Every philanthropist must deprecate the horrors of war, whether they are seen in the massacre of Wyoming, or in the march of Sullivan to the Indian towns on the shores of the beautiful lakes of New-York, burning the homes and harvests of the Iroquois, and turning their Paradise into a desert.

We might notice here, if space would permit, the many adventures of the brave inhabitants, both before and after the battle—how captives rose upon their captors, and struggling against fearful odds, slew their foes and escaped—how from the caves, and gorges, and thickets of the mountains that overhung the valleys, the Indians descended like hungry eagles, and then disappeared in those wild fastnesses, baffling all pursuit. Thus Frances Slocum, a little girl of five summers, was snatched from the very shadow of a fort, and borne to the banks of the Miami, where she became an Indian queen, and was found by her brothers and sisters after their parents were dead, but could not be persuaded to leave her barbaric solitude. All these strange adventures, in which truth surpasses fiction, will linger in the history and traditions of Wyoming with a melancholy pathos, deepening with time.

Last of all, let us glance at Wyoming of the present. The valley is quiet, soothing, and beautiful. To study its beauty, one must not be in haste. He must not leave his impressions to be marred by a rainy day, or the moodiness of a fatigued traveler. He must sail upon the bright Susquehanna, or bathe in its crystal waters, or stroll along its banks in the twilight, or watch in the enchanting moonlight the broad luxuriant meadows,

appointment was unsought by Fenelon, but granted at the instance of the Duke de Beauvilliers, whom Louis had made governor of his grandchildren. The duty thus devolved upon Fenelon was at once the most responsible and the most difficult and delicate conceivable. The young duke was of a fierce and intractable temper, and through want of proper government he had become irritable, impetuous, and impatient of control; while his intellectual powers were strong and the force of his will almost entirely ungovernable. But the preceptor proved himself equal to the task assigned him. His learning, his personal accomplishments, his unrivaled powers of persuasion, his piety, and all his accidental advantages, were devoted to his new duties. For the instruction of his royal pupil he wrote several of those works which remain to perpetuate his memory and shed luster upon his name. His Fables and Dialogues were prepared on special occasions, and were designed to reprove some fault into which the prince had fallen, or to commend to his imitation some needed virtue. As a more complete system of instruction for his illustrious charge, he composed "Telemachus," which, though not given to the public till many years later, was rehearsed by the author to the prince, thus mingling amusement with grave and earnest instruction.

We have seen that Madame Guyon had been released from her imprisonment, at the convent of St. Marie, by the favor of Madame de Maintenon. Soon afterward she was brought into contact with her illustrious patroness. Though gifted by nature and refined by cultivation, and endowed with whatever wealth could purchase or royalty bestow, the wife of the greatest monarch in Christendom confessed that she was unhappy,—that there was still in her heart a "dreadful vacuity." Her occasional interviews with Madame Guyon increased her own unhappiness, and also served to assure her that there was a source of comfort to which she had not access. So deeply was she interested in the matter, that she had the lone victim of persecution and slander brought to the palace of Versailles, where, like Herod with John the Baptist, or Felix with St. Paul, she would listen to her story of the "interior life," and her exhibitions of the victorious power of faith.

The institution of St. Cyr, for the education of young females of families of rank, whose poverty rendered them unable to procure such advantages for themselves, had been founded by Madame Maintenon some time previously, and was now as dear to the *quasi* queen as was Carthage to the wife of Jove. Here she spent her seasons of repose and meditation, preferring its sacred quiet to the pomp and splendor of Versailles. Here also she brought Madame Guyon, that, in this seclusion, she might learn more fully from the suspected heretic the nature of that mysterious "interior life,"—that *pure love* and *holy quiet* of the soul, of which she had heard in part. Liberty was also given her to converse without restraint with the inmates of the seminary, and, as might have been anticipated, the new doctrine soon spread through the whole community, producing no little seriousness, which was not unmingled with some extravagances. This affair aroused her old enemies from the false security into which they had fallen; when, perceiving that a storm was gathering against her, she, at the advice of her friends, retired into absolute obscurity, where she remained for some months,—the place of her retreat being known to but few of her adherents. The opposition to her and her doctrine, however, were not allayed by her retirement; and it seemed now the fixed purpose of her adversaries that their condemnation should be final and complete.

The growing notoriety of the new doctrine, and especially the character and rank of some of its more recent adherents, began to alarm the dignitaries of the Church. At this time Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, at the full maturity of his intellectual manhood, was enjoying the plenitude of an unrivaled reputation, which he had earned in the service of the Church,—of which, as to his native kingdom, he was acknowledged to be the ablest and most illustrious defender. He had not been unmindful of the earlier indications of the storm that was now manifestly impending; but the time for action had not yet arrived. Perhaps, indeed, after so many victories had been won by him, against some of the first champions of Christendom, he may have disliked to enter the list against this new disturber of the Church's peace. But the extent to which the contagion had already spread, and the fact that many

very considerable persons were implicated in it, at length availed to overcome his scruples. But he who had so skillfully, and so much to his own satisfaction, exposed "the variations of the Protestant Churches," was not ignorant of the fact that these were no less irreconcilable variations in the Roman Catholic Church. He accordingly proceeded with great caution and commendable moderation. He first proceeded to thoroughly acquaint himself with the particulars of Madame Guyon's doctrine, by consulting her writings, and by personal conversations with her. At their interviews, after he had examined her books, Bossuet stated his objections, and she endeavored to commend the censured doctrines to his understanding; and when at any time she failed, she attributed it to "his imperfect knowledge of the way of the Holy Spirit." Meantime the agitation concerning her doctrines continued without abatement. They were very generally looked upon as novelties; and, with the Church of Rome, the charge of novelty is equivalent to that of heresy. Conscious of her integrity of purpose, and confident of her ability to demonstrate the orthodoxy of her opinions, she petitioned the king, through Madame de Maintenon, for a commission of learned divines to examine the whole subject, and report the result. This request was granted, and Bossuet, with Noailles, Bishop of Chalons, and afterward Archbishop of Paris and a cardinal, and M. Tronson, the superior of the seminary of St. Sulpice, were named as the commissioners,—the whole affair very clearly evincing the importance attached to the matter in question. To this commission Madame Guyon submitted all her writings, and to facilitate their inquiries, as well as to present her case to the best advantage, she drew up, with almost incredible labor and with much ability, a paper, which she called her "Justifications," in which she endeavored to fortify her positions from the writings of a great number of ecclesiastical authors of undoubted orthodoxy, extending over the whole period of the Church's history.

The commissioners first met some six months after their appointment, (August, 1794,) but only Bossuet and Noailles were present. The Duke de Chevreuse accompanied Madame Guyon to the place of the session, but was not allowed to be present at the examination. It was soon perceived

that Bossuet had come to the investigation in a state of mind unfavorable to the fair enthusiast. He seems, indeed, to have rallied all his giant energies to confound her in debate; and also to have so far forgotten his own sense of propriety and decorum, as to stoop to a degree of insolence in the examination. Noailles was differently affected toward her; and though he said but little at the formal inquiry, at a private interview a few days afterward, he spoke kindly to her, but advised her to live as much retired as possible, on account of the clamors of her enemies. She also soon after waited upon M. Tronson, who likewise, after examining her very carefully, dismissed her with strong expressions of satisfaction. Bossuet, too, acknowledged himself generally satisfied with her explanations, though he still hesitated as to several important matters. It is indeed not strange, that Bossuet and Madame Guyon did not see alike as to the subjects under examination; it is more strange that they approached each other in their views as nearly as they did, which could have been effected only through a mutual and earnest desire for an accommodation. Their minds were cast in dissimilar molds; their habits of thinking were essentially unlike, and their several stand-points so remote from each other, that the same objects presented to each very different aspects.

The system of Quietism, whose elements had been cherished by the Mystics from the times of the primitive Church, and which had been elucidated and reduced to a system by Molinos, was at this time widely diffused in the Romish Church. The system of Madame Guyon, evidently for the most part original with herself, was very nearly related to that of Molinos, though, admitting her own explanations, she avoided the more objectionable features of his system. The prevalence of this system, rather than anything immediately connected with the person as to whose opinions the commissioners were directed to make inquiry, was the occasion of the great interest that was felt in the affair. Under the circumstances no condemnation could ensue against either the opinions or practices of Madame Guyon; but the reverend commissioners felt themselves obliged to take some measures to stay the progress of the heresy.

(To be continued.)

then sets vigorously to work again. At last the great conception is upon the paper. He turns it most seriously, and with the air of a man doing a very great favor to the crowd. The picture produces a burst of laughter. The pencil-manufacturer does not laugh, but continues solemnly, to the sounds of his organ in the buggy, to exhibit his production. Presently, however, he closes the book with the appearance of a man who is satiated with the applauses of the world. A moment afterward he opens it a second time; puts the point of the pencil to his tongue, and looks eagerly at the people. He is selecting some individual, sufficiently eccentric and sufficiently prominent to be recognized by the general assembly when sketched. He has caught sight of one at last. He looks at him intensely, to the irrepressible amusement of the spectators, who all follow his eyes with theirs. The individual selected generally smiles, and bears his public position very calmly.

"For mercy's sake do not stir!" the artist fervently ejaculates, as he sets vigorously to work. This proceeding in the open street, conducted with the utmost gravity, and with the most finished acting, is irresistibly ludicrous. As the portrait advances toward completion, the organ plays a triumphant melody. In five minutes a rough and bold sketch has been produced, resembling only in the faintest manner the original—yet sufficiently like him to be recognized, and to create amusement. As the artist holds up the portrait, to be seen by the crowd, he again rings his little bell to silence his musical attendant in the buggy.

And now he dwells emphatically upon the virtues of his pencils. He declares that they are at once black and hard. He pretends, once more, to detect an air of incredulity in the crowd. He is indignant. He seizes a block of oak—informs his imaginary detractors that it is the hardest known wood—and, with a hammer, drives the point of one of his pencils through it. The wood is split, the pencil is not injured:—and he tells his imaginary detractors that even if they are not in the habit of using pencils for art, they are at liberty to split wood with them for winter firing. All they have to do is to buy them. This is, of course, a very popular point in the performances. The next is the display, to the melancholy grind of the organ in

the buggy, of a huge box full of silver money.

This box is opened and exhibited to the crowd as the astonishing result of these wonderful pencils. And then the charlatan goes through all that pantomime which usually describes a man utterly tired of all the enjoyments wealth can give him. He seizes a handful of the money, and then lazily drops it into the box. He throws himself back and pushes the box from him, to indicate that he is tired of riches. At last he jumps up, and seizing a five-franc piece, raises his arm to throw it among the spectators: but he is prevented, apparently, by a sudden impulse.

"Once," he explains, "I threw a five-franc piece in the midst of my customers, when it unfortunately struck a man in the eye. That accident gave me a lesson which I should do wrong to forget to-day."

So he closes the box; throws it to the bottom of the carriage, and calls upon the crowd to become purchasers of pencils which will never break, and which are patronized by the most distinguished artists. The droll thing about this performance is, that the pencils sold really are good, and that they actually did obtain honorable mention from the English Exhibition Committee in eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

The crowd having decided to purchase or reject the merchandise of this extraordinary pencil-manufacturer, are soon drawn away to the occupant of another elegant carriage. Truly, this little licensed space at the back of the Louvre presents odd pictures to strangers.

This is a serious business. The crowd are listening to a lecture on teeth, and on the virtue of certain drugs for the teeth, the composition of which the lecturer alone knows the secret of—a secret that has been rigidly handed down in his family from the time of the ancient Gauls. He is a well-known dentist in Paris, and is in partnership with his father. The senior dentist remains at home to perform operations of dental-surgery, which are the result of the remarkable advertising system pursued by the young man in the carriage. The business, I am led to believe, is a most flourishing one in the cité; and, when the father was young, he himself was *his* father's advertiser.

The scientific gentleman now haranguing the crowd, is certainly the worthy

representative of his parent. It is reported, indeed, that the man is a skillful dentist. At the present moment he offers to prove his dexterity upon any individual present who may be troubled by a refractory tooth. He looks about eagerly for a patient. Presently a boy is thrust forward to be operated upon. The poor little fellow is rapidly hoisted into the vehicle. To suffer the extraction of a tooth in an elegant drawing-room, or in the privacy of a fashionable dentist's apartment, is not a pleasant operation, even for a man with the strongest nerve; but to have a singularly happy illustration of the ills to which teeth are subject, drawn from your head, and exhibited to a crowd of curious strangers, is an ordeal from which all people, save philosophers and small French boys, would shrink with horror. The little victim, however, does not seem to be ashamed of his public position. He seats himself in the presence of the crowd, and allows the operator to fasten a towel about his neck, without displaying the least nervousness. The business-like manner of the operator is very amusing. He looks upon the boy only as a model. When the patient is fully prepared, he displays him to the crowd with much the same expression as that adopted by all parental exhibitors of wonderful little children. The operation is then performed, and the boy's head is rapidly buried in a convenient basin. This accomplished, the dentist, with an air of triumph, begins to sell his tooth-powders, and other toilette necessities, and to refer the crowd to his father's establishment.

We pass the conjuror to enjoy the performances of the sergeant of the old guard. This sergeant is represented by an old, care-worn looking poodle—a poodle that appears to be utterly tired of the world—to have exhausted all the enjoyments of two ordinary poodles' lives, and to take good and evil fortune now with equal calmness. This canine representation of the old guard is dressed—so far as his poodle's proportions can be adapted to those of the human form—in the regimentals of the old Imperial soldiers, and his long gray mustaches and shaggy beard give to his head an appearance not altogether dissimilar to his assumed character. He stands upon his hind legs; he carries his musket with military precision; his most conspicuous fault, which he seems to have abandoned

as quite insurmountable, is his tail. True it is a very little tail; but there it is, and he cannot help it. His master, or superior officer, is an old man, with silver hair, enjoying the advantages of a singularly even pair of silver mustaches. The master and the subaltern appear to have a family likeness. The master is dressed in a blue blouse and wide trousers, and wears a low, half-military cap. In his hand he carries a little drum and a whip.

The poor old guard as he walks round the circle formed by the people, to the time of the drum, looks wistfully at his officer, and sadly at his officer's whip. To describe the military movements through which the old guard passes would be as tedious to the reader as they are certainly tedious to the poodle; but the officer is really impressive. He is a serious old man, with a military severity in his look. He talks to the poodle in a voice of thunder, and comments on the slightest laxity of discipline with tremendous earnestness. He reminds the old sergeant (who absolutely looks conscious of his disgrace) that he is an unworthy representative of the emperor's noble veterans. He tells him that he has twice been fined for drunkenness, and that he spends every sou he gets in cognac. The sergeant looks very much ashamed. And then the anger of his officer rises to a terrific pitch. The end of the matter is, that the sergeant goes through all the forms of a military trial, and is condemned to be shot. The severe old gentleman then solemnly beats his drum, and, with a mournful look, places the condemned soldier in the position he is to occupy while his sentence is carried out. The poodle, with a hang-dog look, then suffers his master to fire a percussion cap at him, and falls dead. But the business does not end here. The old man proceeds with the utmost gravity to bury the sergeant with military honors. Aided by a little boy, he carries the defunct slowly round the circle, and then sings a dirge over his grave.

After the funeral, the dog wakes to a lively air, and performs a country dance with his serious old master. The animal is a character, but his master is a study. His age, his dignified manner, the imperious seriousness with which he goes through the military forms, the well-acted pathos with which he pronounces the old sergeant's sentence, the severity with

which he rebukes any levity in the people, and the insensibility to ridicule with which he dances the country dance, are perfect in themselves. And, as he talks to the dog, his ingenuity in carrying round his discourse to money matters, and to the duty which his spectators owe to themselves not to forget the little ceremony of throwing a few centimes into the arena, is a matter which gives zest to the performance. He never appeals directly to the people—he seldom recognizes them in any way; he talks *at* them in an incidental way, to the old sergeant.

Another public exhibitor claims popular attention behind the Louvre. He is said to share a goodly proportion of Parisian patronage, and to be rewarded with an indefinite number of centimes. His performance is at once rapid and astonishing.

All he does is to break a huge stone—to crumble it up into small pieces. He begins by declaring to the crowd, that this process may be performed by a blow of the hand. He lets the crowd examine the stone he is about to crush with a blow of his mighty arm; all are satisfied that it is a solid mass. He places it upon another stone, and, with one blow with his naked hand, shatters it to atoms. This performance is, of course, both rapid and astonishing; and sagacious men have endeavored to account for it by explaining that the underneath stone is so arranged that the whole force of the blow falls upon one point, and so acts like a sharp instrument,—a pickax, for instance. This may be the right or it may be a wrong interpretation of the performance; but that it is a legitimate thing—that there is no cheat about it—I am well assured.

This last exhibition behind the Louvre sent me away thinking seriously of the strange things to be seen in the byways of Paris, where few strangers penetrate. Indeed, these licensed street performers form a class peculiar to the French capital. Their ingenuity is as extraordinary, as their knowledge of French taste and sentiment is truthful. From the prosperous pencil-manufacturer down to the old man who carries a magic-lantern about the neighborhood of the Luxembourg every night, for hire, all the people who get their living in the streets of this giddy place are worth loitering in a byway to see and to hear.

READINGS ON RATS.

WHEN science was younger than she now is, and less able to distinguish between being and seeming to be, certain of her followers, who fancied themselves learned in natural history, used to find marvelous attributes in some of the animals they wrote about. For reasons not easy to discover, they seldom mentioned rats without expressions of fear or abhorrence, giving the creatures credit for more than human intelligence. There was no wickedness that rats were not ready to perpetrate. Then there appeared to be strange relations between the cunning rodents and human beings, investing them with a mysterious character, not only in the eyes of the multitude, but in the opinion of students. At times, they were more than half suspected to be agents of the Evil One.

Southey, in his *Doctor*, remarks that whatever man does, rat always takes a share in the proceedings. Whether it be building a ship, erecting a church, digging a grave, plowing a field, storing a pantry, taking a journey, or planting a distant colony, rat is sure to have something to do in the matter; man and his gear can no more get transported from place to place without him, than without the ghost in the wagon that "sitted too." How is it that rats know when a house is about to fall, or a ship to sink? Where did they learn to carry eggs down stairs, from the top of the house to the bottom, without breaking? Who taught them to abstract the oil from long-necked flasks, by dipping their tails in, and then licking the unctuous drops from the extremity? What precedent had they for leading a blind companion about by a straw held in the mouth, and how did they know he could not see? All these are questions, requiring no small amount of ingenuity to answer.

As with nations, so with rats; one tribe comes and dispossesses another. The rats that used to gnaw the bacon in Saxon larders in Alfred's reign—that squealed behind the wainscot when Cromwell's Ironsides were harrying royalist mansions—that disturbed the sleep of George I.—were a hardy black species, now seldom seen, and doomed, apparently, to become as rare as the dodo. Like the Red Men in presence of the Palefaces, they have had to retire before the Norwegian rat,

larger in size, and brown in color. Notwithstanding all the popular notions on the subject, it is difficult to explain why this was called the Norwegian rat; for it did not come from Norway. It may surprise those who are sticklers for the Scandinavian origin to know, that this rat was brought to England from India and Persia in 1730. In 1750, the breed made its way to France; and its progress over Europe has since then been more or less rapid. When Pallas was traveling in Southern Russia, he saw the first detachment arrive near the mouth of the Volga in 1766. The species multiplies so rapidly, breeding three times a year, each litter numbering from twelve to twenty, that a single family, if kept out of harm's way, would produce nearly a million in two years. No wonder they drove out our aboriginal black rat! In Ireland, they did more: they killed the frogs, once numerous in that country; and since the diminution of the croaking race, the waters, as the peasantry say, have been less pure than formerly. The Isle of France was once abandoned by the Dutch, because of the prodigious increase of rats: human life was hardly safe from their attacks. After making themselves comfortably at home in England, the country of their adoption, they sent colonies across the Atlantic—rat empire, like man's empire, taking its course westward. In the West Indies they found congenial quarters, no cold, and plenty of food; and, multiplying in consequence at an astonishing rate, they became a destructive and intolerable pest, till the inhabitants were obliged, in self-defense, to poison them with arsenic and pallets of cassava. The remedy was attended by dismal results, for, tormented by thirst after eating the poison, the rats swarmed down to drink at the streams, and falling in, the water was poisoned, and a great mortality followed among the cattle that drank from the same rivers. Besides this check, they have many natural enemies in the islands: the *Formica omnivora* is not the least formidable: a battalion of this species, known as the Raffles' ant, makes but short work in clearing a plantation of every rat. At one time, the negroes used to catch the rats and expose them for sale in the markets of Jamaica, where the black population were always willing purchasers. The Chinese, too, have a weakness for "such small deer;" and it is a

standing bit of fun on board ships lying in Canton harbor, to catch a rat, and hold the struggling animal up by the tail in sight of the celestial crews in the tea-lighters alongside. A shout is immediately set up, and no sooner is rat flung from the ship, than an uproarious scramble follows for possession of the coveted prize. Much mischief has at times been done on board the West India steamers, by rats gnawing their way into the mail-bags, and making free with the contents. In one instance, a will written on parchment was devoured all but the seal, greatly to the vexation of the individual at Demarara to whom it was addressed:

The Greeks knew a good many things; but if naturalists are to be believed, they did not know either the Norwegian rat or the black rat: a large-sized mouse was their familiar pest. Where the black rat originally came from is a mystery. Some suppose it to be a native of America. But how did it get here? Did it swim across Behring's Straits, and traverse the whole continent of Asia? One cause of its present rarity, besides the invasion mentioned above, is that it brings forth not more than five or six young at a time, and only once a year.

There are about one hundred species of rats, large and small, audacious and harmless; very few, however, are devoid of the mischievous propensity. Nine inches is a respectable length for a Norway rat; but the *giant rat* of Malabar is twenty-four inches long—one-half body, the other half tail. The *hamster* species swarms in the southern provinces of Russia, and has settlements in Hungary and Germany. They are excessively fond of liquorice, whether wild or cultivated, and find abundance of either in those countries, committing sad havoc in the plantations. For winter use, they store up in their burrows from twelve to one hundred pounds of grain in the ear and seeds in pods, all well cleaned and dried. The hamster is about the size of the Norway rat, but with a tail not more than three inches in length. It has a pouch in each cheek, not seen when empty; but when full, they resemble blown bladders coated with fur. These pouches are the animal's panniers, and are generally carried home well filled from foraging expeditions, when they are emptied by pressing the forepaws against them. Dr. Russell, who dissected one of these rats, found the

pouches filled with young French-beans, packed one upon the other so closely and skillfully, that the most expert fingers could not have economized the receptacle to greater advantage. When taken out and laid loosely, they formed a heap three times the bulk of the creature's body! The hamster, moreover, is brave as well as prudent, and shrinks from no enemy, be it man, horse, or dog: mere size has no terrors for it. If facing a dog, the rat empties his pouches of their contents, and then inflating them to the utmost, gives such a big, swollen appearance to his head and neck, as to present a most extraordinary contrast to his body.

The two sexes live apart in their habitations—the males in one set of chambers, the females in the other; a practice which again shows analogy between rats and some human sects. The peasants dig down to the burrows in winter, and seizing the stores of grain, and the torpid rats, they eat the flesh of the latter in some places, and sell their skins. In Germany, rewards are given by the authorities for all the rat-skins brought in; and it is on record in the town-hall of Gotha, that not fewer than one hundred and forty-five thousand were paid for during three seasons.

Somewhat similar in habit is the *economic rat*, which is found inhabiting the American Asiatic shores of the Arctic Ocean. This species generally form their abode in a turfy soil, where they excavate chambers a foot in diameter, with a flat arched roof, and at times thirty entrance-passages ramifying in different directions. Besides the lodging-vaults, they dig others, to be used as store-houses, and employ themselves during the summer in filling these with edible roots; and so careful are they over the task, that if the least trace of damp appears, they bring out the roots again and again on sunshiny days till they are sufficiently dried. Like their German congeners, they are exposed to pillage, especially in Kamtschatka, where the natives in winter often run short of provisions. They are found also in Iceland; but food being scant in that inhospitable country, the *economic* foragers have frequently to cross and recross rivers and lakes in their search for provant. Olafsen relates that, on such occasions, "the party, consisting of from six to ten, select a flat piece of dried cow-dung, on which they

place the berries they have collected, in a heap in the middle; and then, by their united force, drawing it to the water's edge, launch it, and embark, placing themselves round the heap, with their heads joined over it, and their backs to the water, their tails pendent in the stream, and serving the purpose of rudders."

Numerous small animals have been classed by some naturalists as rats, just as in the United States every insect resembling a chafer or beetle is called a "bug." Thus the ichneumon becomes *Pharaoh's rat*, and the lemmings, which appear at times in the north of Europe multitudinous as locusts, are set down as rats. Lemmings, however, are lemmings, and not rats, though where they come from is still a mystery. The learned Munster, in his *Cosmography*, says they have been "manifestly observed by the inhabitants to descend and fall with some feculent showers," which is certainly a very summary way of accounting for the phenomenon, if it were but true. According to old Pontoppidan, the peasants in one part of Norway used to hold a fast-day once a year, trusting thereby to get rid of the pest of rats, mice, and lemmings; and he gives the form of an exorcism used on such occasions, beginning with the words, *Exorcizovos, pestiferos vermes, mures, &c.*

There is another character in which rats have figured: they were once regarded as symbols of witchcraft. In Scotland, if by any chance a rat was ever seen on a cow's back, poor Brindle always "dwined away" as an inevitable consequence. Then they showed themselves impressible by a strange charm or spell. We have all heard of the Irish Whisperer, who could quiet the most restive and intractable horse by a whisper into his ear. Well, it appears that the bards of Ireland—that is, the hereditary race, not the interlopers—had the power of rhyming rats to death, as it was called; in other words, they put the creatures out of existence by reciting certain rhymes near their haunts. That there was something in this, may be gathered from the frequent allusions to the practice by writers within the past four hundred years. Shakspeare makes Rosalind speak of it in words that seem to anticipate a modern theory; and Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*, has—

"Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats,
In drumming tunes."

In the *Rhythmes against Martin Mar-Prelate*, also, the possibility of rhyming rats to death is indicated in the lines—

"I am a rimer of the Irish race,
And have already rimde thee staring mad;
But if thou cease not thy bold jests to spread,
I'll never leave till I have rimde thee dead."

And again, a mention of the practice is to be found in Sir Philip Sidney's writings; and Swift, with covert humor, says, rhyming to death was a power that continued to his day. May we not add, to ours?

The potency of the spell was supposed to consist in the satire, more or less pungent, conveyed in the lines. Satire has always been dreaded in Ireland; so much so, that laws were made against it at an early period. Rats, too, have been much dreaded, and not without reason; for in the newspapers of our own day, we sometimes read of infants being attacked by these predaceous animals. Many in Ireland regret that St. Patrick did not banish them with the snakes. Belief in the effect of the rhyme has held its ground even to the present century.

[For the National Magazine.]

NO LIGHT.

✓
ALL nature seems alive to-day;
The bright and happy earth doth smile;
The sky like some resplendent sea—
The world like some enchanted isle!

Look up, O man! how bright and blue
The soft and balmy air doth lie
In yon far realms—its azure hue
Like depths of light in woman's eye!

See yonder clouds!—resplendent sight!
Dread, piled like Alpine rocks on high;
From battlement and shining height
Bright banners waving in the sky!

See yonder roll the purple seas,
Whence strains of sweetest music pour,
Entrancing with their melodies
The list'ners on this alien shore!

Look up, O man! a voice doth seem
O'er those far waters dim to brood—
And sounds are breaking like a dream,
From sky and air, and wave and wood!

O, would that on this broken heart,
As on the radiant world to-day,
You bright and glowing orb would dart
Its sweet and life-awakening ray!

Like to the wreck of yon fair pine,
Whose fresh and rinded roots lie torn,
Is this poor shatter'd heart of mine—
It knows no more the breezy morn!

Nor verdure of returning spring,
Shall e'er its bitter grief assuage—
Nor music's breath, nor fancy's wing,
Awake its perish'd foliage!

Nor sun—nor star—nor sail—nor shore,
Long while hath met this weary eye:
The darkness and the deaf'ning roar
Of restless waters—far and nigh.

O, such my bitter memories—
Else seen, nor heard, nor sound, nor form,
Like one forsaken—on life's seas
Lone driving through the night and storm!

O, what if then, at such a time,
My spirit fold her weary hands,
Like pilgrim in some torrid clime,
Who sinks upon the desert sands!

• • • • •
O, speak not thus—though anguish sharp
Transfix thee with its keenest dart,
And stormy wind may sweep that harp,
Whose chords traverse the human heart!

O, even then, at such a time,
When thy despairing heart is faint,
O, thou canst make thy part sublime,—
Submit, and utter no complaint.

There is a balm for every wound—
And spring will surely come again—
The morning come—and music's sound
Awake thee with its joyous strain!

O, ever cloud, and sky, and star—
And field, and flower, and balmy air,
Persuade me—though, in realms afar,
Eternal light doth shine somewhere!

And on the mind—with broken mast,
Now drifting on the boundless sea,
The radiant day shall break at last,
In time, or in eternity!

•
Then be not sick nor faint of heart,
And do not say that hope is dead;
Hope never dies—can ne'er depart—
The heavens bending overhead.

Life's no gala—its light doth glance
From iron helm and armor steel'd—
And sounds that move some to the dance,
Are bugles on the tented field.

Ay bugles, bugles blowing loud,
The squadrons closing near and far—
And steel, like lightning from the cloud,
Each sabre gleaming like a star!

Not a gala, nor conflict light,
But battle like the raging sea—
And every soldier in the fight
Must face its loud artillery!

Then be a man—O, join the strife!
Thy way yon ensign red with blood—
Thy leader is the LORD OF LIFE—
Thy comrades all the brave and good!

J. C. S.

THE HEEL OF TYRANNY—THE TERRORS OF JESUITISM.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER many narrow escapes, and not a little kind attention from the country people, the boys arrived at a part of the country which the geographical studies of the elder enabled him to recognize.

"This is the Kuhstall," said Rudolph.

"I do not see anything so very particular about it," replied Hans. "Why do they call it the Kuhstall?"

"There was a great war once, which lasted thirty years; and because the plains were plundered of everything that could be found, they say the peasants drove their cattle into these glens, and that this rock formed a shelter for them."

"Is that the reason why so many fine people come to see it?" said Hans.

"There is the path by which it is ascended; let us go up, Rudolph."

"We had better not," said Rudolph; "it is getting very late, and besides, I think, from the appearance of the sky, we shall soon have a storm."

"O, we need not stay long; and, as to a storm, it has looked dull all day: I dare say it is nothing but heat."

"Well, go along, then; but we must make haste. When we get a little higher, I will look out for a cottage, where we may ask for a night's lodging, for I think we cannot reach the next village before nightfall, even if the storm should keep off for another hour or two, which does not seem very likely."

So they went up, and looked about them, and then Hans scrambled out of the track to see if he could find anything else, for he thought there must be something more than rock and wood to bring people so far as they had been told visitors came to inspect the Kuhstall. They stayed longer than they had intended; and the first thing which reminded them of their imprudence was the low, growling thunder, which announced that the storm, which had been threatening for hours, was on the point of bursting.

"It is a long way off," said Hans; "perhaps we shall not have much of it."

He had scarcely spoken, when there was another and louder peal, then another and another, and at last one of such terrific violence, that it seemed to shake the solid rock on which they stood. It was

accompanied by large drops of rain, which fell with heavy splash faster and faster around them.

"It will rain in torrents directly," said Rudolph. "Is there no place of shelter we can get into? for it is vain to think of going on in a storm like this."

"Look," cried Hans, "there is a hollow in the rock just above us; we can easily climb up there, and we shall be quite dry."

"Up with you, then," said Rudolph; "there is no time to be lost, for I have no desire to get wet if I can help it."

Hans scrambled forward with his usual agility; but either his haste made his footing insecure, or he was startled by another peal of thunder, for he slipped and fell.

"O, my foot!" he cried, as he tried to rise.

They were fortunately near their intended place of shelter, and Rudolph managed to drag him inside, secure from the rain, which soon poured down, as he had anticipated, in torrents. He placed Hans in a recumbent position, with his back against the rock; and, having disposed the injured limb on the ground, as carefully as he could, he hoped that in a short time the pain would abate, and that Hans would be ready to go forward as soon as the violence of the rain should cease. But, far from abating, it seemed to increase, and Rudolph anxiously examined the foot, in order to ascertain the amount of injury it had sustained. It did not appear that any bones were broken, but the foot and ankle were becoming alarmingly swollen, and there seemed little probability that Hans would be able to walk any more that night. What was to be done? This was the most perplexing dilemma in which they had ever found themselves, and at first Rudolph did not know how to act. The only plan that occurred to him was to leave his brother in the little cavern, and go himself in search of assistance. But to this Hans vehemently objected.

"O, do not leave me!—pray, do not, Rudolph," he said: "we can do very well here till morning, and then I dare say my foot will be better, and I shall be able to walk again."

"I am afraid not," said Rudolph; "and it will be worse from stopping in this damp place. You see the rain has beaten

in already; and if it should continue to fall during the night, we should not be able to keep ourselves dry."

"But it does not rain nearly so fast as it did," returned Hans.

"No, but it looks still less likely to clear up, and I think the wind is rising. I am afraid it is going to be a very rough night."

"O dear, what shall we do?" said poor Hans, beginning to cry, for his courage gave way under the pain he was enduring, combined with the unpleasant alternative before him of being left alone for some time in that desolate place, or of passing the night exposed to wet and cold. "I wish we had never come here!"

"So do I," said Rudolph, "but there is no use in wishing that now. I am sure you had better let me go and look for a house. If I can find nobody, I will come back before dark. But I am almost sure to meet with some one who will come and help me to carry you to a better shelter. Do let me go."

After a time, Hans gave a reluctant consent, and Rudolph rapidly descended the rock, carefully observing, however, the turns which he took, and, for additional security, marking some of the trees on the way, that he might be certain of finding the spot again. He was soon in the road through the valley, and walked on, looking anxiously around for some trace of human habitation. He walked without seeing any sign of a house, till he dared go no further, and was preparing, with a heavy heart to retrace his steps to the cavern, when he observed a light, apparently at no great distance, among the dark pine-trees. It seemed not yet dark enough to light a candle in a cottage, and Rudolph was a little puzzled to determine what this might be. Nevertheless, the sight of fire was an indication of the neighborhood of man, and, without hesitation, he directed his steps toward the spot whence the light proceeded.

The rain again fell fast, and the wind blew with terrific violence, hindering him not a little. This delay and his ignorance of the road, caused his progress to be so slow, that it grew nearly dark while the light yet glimmered at a distance. He began to feel seriously uneasy when he reflected on the uncomfortable situation of poor Hans in his solitary cavern. He knew how timid his brother was, and that

he would really suffer much from being quite alone in that desolate spot, surrounded by the darkness of night and the terrors of the storm. He would fain have returned to him now, but he had rambled so far from the beaten track, that it would have taken him a long time to find it again; he therefore determined to pursue his original design, and, if possible, reach the fire, feeling tolerably certain that he should meet with assistance. Buffeting the wind, and bending his head before the pelting rain, he struggled forward, and at last gained the light, which had gleamed at such a distance, and which he now found to proceed from a charcoal kiln, close to which stood a rude hut, constructed of the boughs of fir-trees, the solitary dwelling of the charcoal-burner. The door of this simple edifice opened readily at Rudolph's cry for admittance, and he found himself hurried into the hut before he had time to explain the object of his visit.

"Come in, whoever you are," was the first greeting from a rough voice; "it is not fit for a dog to be abroad on such a night as this. Come under shelter!"

But shelter was not what Rudolph wanted, though he looked as if he needed it. Pale with fatigue and anxiety, and drenched with rain, he presented a wretched spectacle to the eyes of the charcoal-burner and his wife. But he did not think of himself. His whole soul was intent on Hans, and his anxiety and terror on his account had by this time risen to a most painful height. In a few hurried but moving words, he explained his brother's situation, and concluded by begging the charcoal-burner to accompany him back to the Kuhstall, and assist him in conveying the poor boy to a place of security and shelter. But, at this request, the man shook his head with an expression of mysterious terror on his countenance, which Rudolph found it impossible to understand.

"Poor lad," he answered, "I am sorry for him. But go out to-night, I cannot, and dare not. Stay here till morning, and then I will go with you to fetch him."

"Morning!" cried Rudolph. "O, he will die with pain and fright before morning. If you have any pity, go with me now, before he quite despairs of my return; the storm will not harm us."

"It is not the storm, boy, it is those

who ride on it, that we have to fear," was the answer. "It is a gale like this"—and the speaker lowered his voice, as if afraid of being overheard—"that brings out the wild hunt, and Hakelberg has little mercy on those who cross his path, when it pleases him to lead the chase."

"For pity's sake, come with me!" cried Rudolph; "and, trust me, good angels will keep you from all that is evil, while you are engaged in a work of mercy."

"Listen to him, husband," said the woman; "he is right. Nothing can harm you while you are doing a good deed, and it is a good deed to help yonder poor child."

But the husband only shook his head, and Rudolph, in despair, turned to leave the cottage alone.

"Stay!" exclaimed the woman, rising, and offering her husband the baby she held in her arms. "Take the child, and I will go with the boy, and do all I can to help him!"

The man pushed the child away with an impatient gesture:—"If nothing else will serve, I must go," he said; "but remember, youngster, I shall not be to blame, if you and I find cause to wish that we had never undertaken this adventure."

Rudolph took no notice of this speech; he was too happy at having obtained assistance, and returned as cordial thanks as if it had been rendered with the best grace in the world. Once on the road, it was not long before they reached the Kuhstall, from which the kiln was not far distant. Rudolph had been so long in reaching it, because, in consequence of his complete ignorance of the country, he had taken a very circuitous road. Arrived at the rock, they ascended by the path which Rudolph well remembered, and then he looked anxiously for the spot where they had first diverged from it.

"Here it is, I am sure," cried he; "this is the old stunted oak that I marked: it was the last—but it is so dark, that I cannot see the notch I made in the bark."

One of the pine torches they had brought with them was lighted, and the mark was found. They then pressed onward, and reached another tree, which Rudolph recognized, and now he was sure he could not be very far from his brother's place of shelter. He shouted "Hans!" but the gusts of wind, which were still violent, would have been sufficient to pre-

vent the sound of his voice from being heard in the cavern, even if it had been much nearer than it really was. They continued to ascend until they saw by the torch-light the mouth of the little hollow. Rudolph scrambled joyfully up, calling his brother's name, and speaking words of comfort. His companion followed with the torch; but, just as Rudolph reached the entrance to the cavern, the light was extinguished by a sudden blast.

"Never mind, Hans; we shall have another light in a moment," cried Rudolph. "How tired you must be of waiting! But you shall be taken from this dismal place directly."

No answer was returned. The inside of the cavern was perfectly dark, so that no object could be distinguished within; but if Hans were there, how strange that he did not speak! Could he be asleep, amidst all the roaring of the storm? Rudolph did not hear him breathe, but it might be that the noise of the wind was sufficient to account for that circumstance. In his feeling of vague apprehension, Rudolph's hands trembled much, that he let the torch fall, and it was a second time extinguished. His companion again struck a light, and rekindled it. Then he hastened into the cavern, and discovered, with such a feeling of disappointment and dismay as he had never before experienced, that it was quite empty. One hope still remained; this might not, after all, be the same spot in which Hans had been left. No doubt, there were many similar fissures in the rock, and, in the darkness, it was very easy to mistake one for the other. This certainly was very like the one Rudolph had lately left, and it had every appearance of having been recently occupied, for there were still traces of footsteps on the loose sand which had blown into the chasm. There was one way to clear up all doubts: Rudolph remembered that, as he went out, he had marked a stump, which stood at the mouth of the cavern, with a large notch. He ran to look, and there indeed he found it! He threw himself on the ground in a paroxysm of despair and grief. The charcoal-burner shook his head: he had little doubt as to what had become of the lost one. He felt as sure that Hans now made one of the train of the Wild Huntsman, as if he had with his own eyes seen the fiery troop pass by and carry him off.

How could it be otherwise, exposed on such a night, and in such a place, the very haunt of those terrific spirits! Strange to say, the honest man did not feel so much oppressed by his fears, now that he had, as he thought, such excellent reason for believing them well-founded. Perhaps he took the disappearance of the boy as a proof that the fiend had already visited this spot, so that there was little danger of his returning that night; or he had become excited and interested in the search, and was moved to compassion by the distress of Rudolph. At any rate, he recovered his self-possession, and exerted himself kindly in the boy's behalf. He roused him from his posture of despair, and again they examined the rock, and again called out the name of Hans. But it was with little hope, for Rudolph was tolerably certain that this was the right cavern, and he knew that Hans was too lame to leave it without assistance. Even supposing such assistance to have been at hand, it was extremely improbable that he would have availed himself of it, as he knew that his only chance of again meeting with Rudolph lay in remaining where he had been left, as his brother would surely return to seek him there.

After some time spent in this useless labor, his new friend persuaded Rudolph to go home with him for the night, and to defer further search until the morning. The storm having considerably abated, and the fears of the charcoal-burner having subsided in a corresponding degree, he became more talkative, and could not help giving his companion broad hints of what he conceived to be the fate of his unfortunate brother. When he saw the effect which these hints produced, (for Rudolph had his share of the superstition of his country,) he tried to counteract it, by supposing causes for his disappearance so unlikely, that they only made the previous supposition seem more probable.

On their return, they found the good woman watching anxiously for them, and, when she heard the issue of the expedition, she felt almost as much distressed as if the missing one had been a friend or relative of her own. She had made ready a bed for the lame boy, and mixed a lotion prepared from herbs, which she considered an infallible remedy for sprains and bruises. But all her labor had been vain; so she consoled herself by comforting Rudolph

to the best of her power, and by endeavoring to find some cheering probability to account for the disappearance of his brother. He could not be far off, she said; no doubt he had fallen into the hands of some kind person, who would take care of him, and apply a remedy to his hurt. They could not fail to have tidings of him in a day or two.

All this her husband answered by shaking his head ominously, but nevertheless it gave Rudolph courage, and made him feel more hopeful. Still he could not help recurring to the subject of the Wild Huntsman as soon as they were seated at supper, for there is a kind of fascination in anything that fills us with distress and horror, which prompts us to make it a subject of thought and conversation. Rudolph shuddered when he thought of Hakelberg, and of the possibility that Hans might have been carried off by him; yet he could not desist from putting all kinds of questions concerning the manner of the goblin's appearance, his power and his achievements. Now that his host was under the shelter of his own roof, and no longer disturbed by the noise of the storm, he was less unwilling to be communicative than when they were abroad on the Kuhstall.

"Did I tell you what happened to two young fellows in the wood hard by?" asked he of his anxious listener.

Rudolph thought not; what was it?

"Why, you see, they were two bold young fellows, especially the younger, and they were accustomed to pass through the wood every evening to meet their sweethearts. Neither storm nor tempest hindered them, though the neighbors often cautioned them, that, when the wind blew and the thunder rolled, the Wild Huntsman was abroad; and it is dangerous to cross his path, as all the world knows well enough. But the lads only scoffed at this good advice; and one night—I should think, from what they say, much such a night as this—they set out as usual. When they were in the midst of the forest, they heard strange sounds, at first distant, and high in the air. These sounds approached gradually, and, when near enough to be distinguished, the cry of hounds in full chase was heard, accompanied every now and then by the halloo of the huntsman; but such a cry and such a halloo were never heard from earthly dog

or mortal man. Well, what think you did this simpleton, the younger of the lads, do? Why, at the moment the demons were close upon him, he returned the cry, and hallooed right boldly to the infernal host. He had reason to repent his folly!"

"What happened to him?" asked Rudolph.

"The whole pack swept by—(awful fiery forms they were, such as his comrade never forgot to his dying day)—they swept by, horse, and man, and hound. When they had passed, there was no trace left of him who had dared to make so free with him. He was gone too, and was heard of no more."

"What was thought to have become of him?" asked Rudolph.

"Some say he had to take the shape of a fiery dog, and that he is compelled to go foremost every time it pleases the Wild Huntsman to lead forth his pack."

"Do you think it is true," asked Rudolph, "that the Wild Huntsman was once a man, and that what he now does is the punishment of his wicked deeds on earth?"

"Yes, that's true enough. But, as to who or what he was when in the body, it is not quite so certain. We in Saxony call him Hakelberg, and they say that such was his name on earth. Some say he was a Sabbath-breaker; but most believe him to have been a proud Saxon prince, who loved the chase so well, that he cared not what torments he inflicted on those who killed the game, or in any way transgressed the forest-law. It makes one sick to hear of his cruelties. But he has his reward; he has enough of hunting now, and I should think would be glad to be at rest again!"

"What does he hunt?" asked Rudolph, trembling.

"All bad things," interrupted the housewife; "witches, thieves, and murderers. He has no power over the innocent and the good."

Rudolph felt relieved, for, if so, Hans could not have become the victim of the spirit. He thanked the good woman in his heart for this comfort. His eyes thanked her too, and she seemed to understand him; but as neither spoke, the honest host had no opportunity of contradicting them. He admitted that the class which his wife had named was generally

considered to be more especially the object of the Wild Huntsman's pursuit, and the matter having thus been placed on a footing more agreeable to Rudolph's feelings, they went to bed.

It was long before Rudolph could find any rest. Tired as he was, the thought of Hans drove sleep far away. He bitterly regretted that he had been tempted from his brother's side; he reflected on the uncertainty of the poor boy's fate, and his probable sufferings. Then the terrific idea of the Wild Huntsman would still obtrude itself; and, against his reason, he could not help connecting the mysterious disappearance of his brother with the tales he had heard of that frightful apparition.

Although their notions of a purer faith had not entirely dispelled in Rudolph's family the proneness to superstition which was universal in their country and in their age, Casper's acquaintance with the Scriptures had given him an exalted idea of the character of God, and he had represented the Supreme Being to his children as the only object of their fear and worship—their infinite, all-powerful Preserver and Friend. It could not be, then, that wicked spirits were allowed to work their will on an innocent and defenseless child, and so Rudolph decided again and again; but superstitious terrors, once entertained, haunt the mind long after the understanding has proved them to be groundless. Again and again, therefore, did the image of Hakelberg present itself to his imagination while he lay awake, and again and again, in still more fearful distinctness, did it disturb his uneasy slumbers.

Now the Wild Huntsman himself was glaring on him; now his fiery train hurried by, and trampled him under foot; then, O horror! in one of the pack he recognized his unhappy brother, who looked at him as he passed, as if to reproach him with his dreadful fate.

Harassed by these terrific visions, Rudolph was glad when the day dawned, and the inmates of the hut were once more awake and stirring. As soon as it was sufficiently light, he prepared to renew his search on the Kuhstall, and after thanking the kind people with whom he had passed the night for their hospitality, he would have said farewell. But they would not hear of parting so soon with their guest. "As long as he continued in

the neighborhood, the roof which sheltered them should shelter him;" and it was only after a promise that he would return in the evening, that they allowed him to depart.

All that day he prosecuted his fruitless search. He climbed every peak, he penetrated every fissure, he made every echoing with the name of Hans; but all in vain. Weary and dispirited, he returned at night to the hospitable hut of the charcoal-burner.

It was not necessary to ask him how he had sped, for his dejected countenance told his tale too well.

"Don't be cast down, my poor boy," said his kind-hearted hostess; "to-morrow will bring you better luck."

The next day he again explored the country, and made inquiries of every one he met with in a wide circuit, but to no purpose. No one knew anything of a person answering to his description of Hans. His tale was listened to by some with indifference or incredulity; by others, with interest and sympathy. These were the more numerous, and to some of them Rudolph ventured to put the half-despairing question—What could he do?

The most sensible advice which he received was, that he should proceed to Dresden, where there was a hospital for those who were accidentally injured, and where it was not improbable that some compassionate traveler might have placed the disabled boy.

On this course Rudolph decided. He could do no good by lingering about the scene of his misfortune, for he now felt sure that Hans was not in the neighborhood; and besides that, he did not like to intrude longer upon his kind host and hostess, who, he thought, could ill afford their generous hospitality. Accordingly, the next morning he took his leave, followed by the good wishes of the honest charcoal-burner and his wife, who promised to keep him in remembrance, and to do their best to succor Hans, if chance should ever throw him in their way.

CHAPTER VIII.

No one can tell how desolate Rudolph felt when thus, for the first time, he set out on his journey quite alone. It was at such times that Hans and he had been accustomed to congratulate each other, and to calculate how much of their jour-

ney yet remained to be accomplished. Every league they passed over used to be a subject for rejoicing, for it brought them nearer to the goal which they so ardently desired to reach. Now, Rudolph regarded his progress with indifference, sometimes almost with regret, for the thought would recur, that perhaps, after all, Hans might be somewhere in the neighborhood, and if so, by leaving it, he was losing the only chance of their reunion. He never thought of pursuing the journey alone—of joining his parents without his brother. His mission now was to seek Hans, and the complete uncertainty he was in as to how to begin the task made his young heart sink within him.

He had walked a long way, when he entered a village, and began to think of rest and refreshment. His mind was so much occupied, that he paid little attention to his bodily wants, and thought little of husbanding his strength, an object which he had always kept in view when he had Hans to take care of as well as himself. But now he felt so indifferent about everything, that it was only from the excessive fatigue which he experienced that he became conscious of having prolonged his march beyond its accustomed length.

Sounds of merry music greeted him as he walked sadly and slowly up the little street, and he soon encountered a procession, so gay with its holyday dresses and bunches of flowers, that he knew it at once to be a wedding. But he did not look for the bride and bridegroom among the gay assembly. His attention was completely engrossed by the music, for he had immediately recognized the tune to be one which Conrad Birnstein had taught him more than a year ago. It was a particular favorite with Conrad, who always said it should be played on his wedding-day; and it was an old promise that Rudolph should bear his part in the performance.

All this, and much more, came into his mind at the sound of the well-known air, for what awakens old thoughts and feelings like a familiar strain of music?

These recollections contrasted painfully with his present desolate situation. One moment he felt as if he could cry; then he had a strange disposition to laugh; and, as the band came near, prompted by a

sudden impulse, he put his instrument to his mouth, and joined in the melody. The musicians nodded, and signed to him to take his place among them. He complied; but they had not proceeded far, when the bridegroom, stepping out of his place in the procession, approached the boy, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said, in a hurried voice, "In the name of Heaven, who are you?"

Rudolph looked round, and as soon as he saw the person that addressed him, the flute dropped from his hands, and he threw himself passionately into the young man's arms, exclaiming, "O, Conrad, Conrad, is it indeed you!"

"Rudolph Wolfgang!" cried Conrad, who scarcely knew whether to be pleased or terrified at the sudden appearance of his young friend among the bridal train, "where have you come from, and how did you get here?"

These questions would have taken some time to answer, even had Rudolph been sufficiently composed to reply coherently. But this was neither the time nor the place for confidential communications, as they both remembered, when the first surprise was over.

Strange to say, Rudolph was the first to recover himself. He broke from Conrad and Grete, for the latter was almost as much affected by the sight of him as her husband, and saying, "You know, Conrad, you always said I was to play at your wedding," he took his place among the musicians, and the march was resumed in the same order as before this unexpected interruption.

"This is strange, Grete, is it not?" said Conrad, as he walked by the side of his bride. "We had just been talking about Berchtesgaden, and thinking of those who would have been around us if we had all been at our old home. This boy came into my mind with the rest, and when I saw him walking just before us, and playing the very tune I myself taught him, I almost thought it must be his ghost, or some false spirit that had taken his likeness."

"And it is neither the one nor the other," answered Grete, "but himself in his own person. I long to know his history, how he came here, and where he is going. Poor fellow! he looks ill; I am afraid he has a tale of sorrow to relate!"

"Most likely," said Conrad, sadly; "we hear little but tales of sorrow from our unhappy countrymen."

"But we may be able to do him some good," said Grete, cheerfully; "and if so, it will be pleasant to have one Berchtesgaden face near us on our wedding-day; will it not, Conrad?"

Conrad agreed that it would. He rejoiced to see Rudolph, he said, and he would rejoice still more if he could be of any service to him, for indeed it was too probable that he stood in need of assistance.

(To be continued.)

A MUEZZIN-SONG.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Noon is coming: brightly gleaming
Sunshine, without cloud or screen,
Sends its golden banners streaming
O'er dark heath and woodland green.

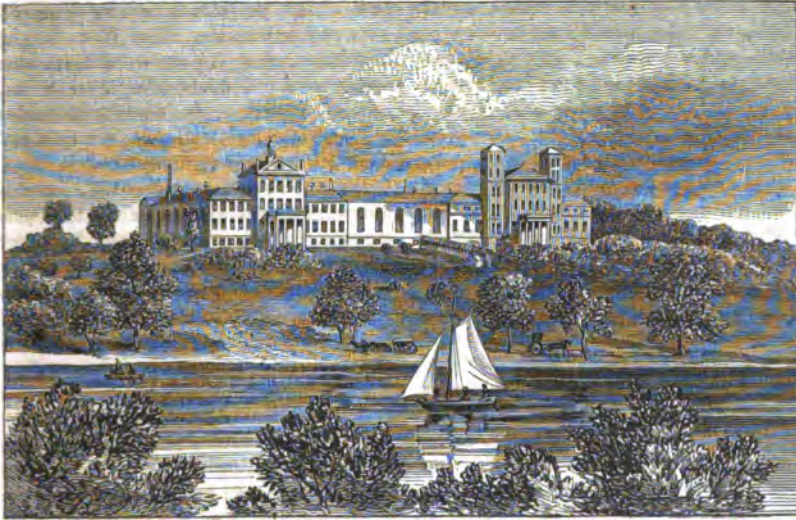
Day is on us, light around us,
Life with all its varied hum;
Up and work! for rich and poor,
There is one without the door
Calls for "labor" evermore!

Up! Night's alumbers, which have bound us,
Break: for Day is come!

Twilight cometh: birds are winging
Treewards to their leafy inns;
Cattle lowing, milkmaids singing—
Lo! the bat its flight begins.
Twilight brings the merry voices
Of the village fife and drum;
But, pale Evening, too, hath duties,
Leisure loveth thought's grave beauties,
And the hymn, which never mute is
In the thankful mind, rejoices
That gray Eve hath come!

Night is coming: upward gazing,
What a field of stars is there!
Prayer its humble hands is raising,
Whispering words that wander—*Where?*
Ask not! They shall reach a hearer
Where God's music ne'er is dumb!
Work, and hope, and smile, and pray;
Pass thus manfully the day,
Thanking Him for health, and say,
"Earth's rest near, and Heaven's rest nearer:
"T is well that Night hath come!"

And the Night will pass: in shadow
One would never rest for aye;
In dark lane, as on light meadow,
Welcome is the dawn of day!
Labor calls: even thou shouldst labor,
Thou, the Rich! for there are some
Who, poor and sick, thine aid require—
Clothing and food, a roof, a fire—
Which thou mayst give them. Then as-
pire
To help the helpless! Lo, thy neighbor
Calls thee: Morn has come!



SCHOOL OF REFORM, WESTBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS.

THERE are few things more hopeful in the present aspect of the times than the multiplication and extension of Houses of Refuge and Reformation for Children and Youth. Those who have observed with much care the various processes by which a depraved character is built up, can appreciate, in some degree, the importance of any means to interrupt them. But it is only those who have seen and known the incorrigibility of a finished rogue, that can put a proper estimate on early reformatory influences.*

On the other hand, there is no sight on earth more pitiful than that presented by a large class of the children, especially the boys, of our cities and more considerable towns—with ignorant, vicious, and wretched parents; ever engaged in a running fight with hunger; with miserable sleeping places, even if they have a home; with little or no education; breathing from the first a corrupting atmosphere; taught and often forced to lie and steal; the moral nature, in addition to its own proclivity, always urged in the wrong direction, and the gentle affections and higher aspirations of susceptible childhood crushed down under the oppression of cruelty and crime. What manner of chil-

dren must these be! "I have seen enough of the poor and desolate," says the Hon. Theodore Lyman, "to be long ago convinced, that many of the persons that go to jails, houses of correction, and state prisons, are originally led there in consequence of the ignorance, or the poverty, or the neglect, or the dissolute habits of parents, or from the want of proper guardians in their youth; in other words, from being exposed in some way to a temptation, that they had either not knowledge enough, or resolution enough to resist." Who can look into the faces of these little street merchants and vagrants without feeling a keen pang and an inward conviction that there has been unpardonable neglect somewhere. Scarcely a characteristic mark of childhood is to be seen; the buoyant step, the ingenuous look, the plump cheek, the ringing laugh, have given place to the long, measured tread of a man, the broad stare of the knave, the emaciated and precociously mature face of one familiar with fasting, toil, and disease, and the coarse shout of the street. This is one of the class so quaintly and truly called "anybody's child—a little fiend, a social curse, a hypocrite, a liar, a thief." "If," says the author of the above sentence, "the state had long ago made somebody accountable for the child, and taken upon itself the duties of the parent, anybody's

* *The Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline* for April, 1854.

necessary buildings, and to elaborate a system of government and discipline. In their report to the next legislature, they set forth this noble object as the leading idea of the school: "to take those who might otherwise be subjected to the degradation of prison discipline, and separate them from vicious influences; to teach them their duty to God and their fellow-beings; prepare them to earn an honest livelihood by honorable industry, in some trade or agricultural employment; and to give them such an intellectual education as will fit them properly to discharge the common business of life." During the session of this commission they received from a gentleman—who with a modesty equaled only by his munificence, withheld his name from the public—ten thousand dollars for the promotion of the interests of the new institution, and a proposition to bestow ten thousand more if the state would grant an equal amount, an offer that was at once responded to by her representatives. But this was not the limit of this extraordinary anonymous endowment. It being thought desirable at a later date to annex an adjoining farm, the twenty-five hundred dollars required for its purchase came from the open hand of the same donor, who had veiled his face from the public acclamation, and the sincere gratitude and admiration of the community. And even this was not all. In the month of July, 1849, the Hon. Theodore Lyman died at his residence in Brookline, Mass., honored and lamented by all that knew him, leaving in his will the princely sum of fifty thousand dollars, in addition to all his former donations, as a legacy to the school. Thus from one truly Christian gentleman, the state received the ample sum of over seventy-two thousand dollars, for the purpose of reforming the wretched and tempted children of the commonwealth. A gift so unostentatious, so noble, and so well-distributed, is rarely recorded in the annals of our charities. It is not within the province of the human mind to measure the good that will be accomplished by this benevolent act, or to number the benedictions, from the lips of those ready to perish, upon the memory of this philanthropic man. A simple bust in the beautiful chapel of the institution is the only visible representative of the donor; but the whole massive pile of buildings is his

noblest monument, and his memory among the boys will ever be "like ointment poured forth."

General Lyman had felt the importance of this state movement for the reform of juvenile offenders, from his active participation in the Farm School, of which corporation he was, for a number of years, the president. This institution, an illustration of which has been provided for us, by Moses Grant, Esq., the vice-president and energetic patron of the school, is a private charity, receiving no aid from the state or city, and established by generous individuals, at first in the city itself, and afterward removed to Thompson's island, in Boston harbor, the whole of which is owned by the corporation. Its object is to secure the education and reformation of boys, who from the loss of their parents, or from other causes, are exposed to extraordinary temptations, and liable to become vicious, dangerous or useless members of society. In this institution manual labor is coupled with careful mental and moral instruction; and from the fact of the isolated position of the island, the restraint and discipline of the boys is easily secured, without severity, and more indulgence in recreation can be allowed than if upon the main land. From 1835 to 1852 there were seven hundred and thirty admissions, an average of about fifty a year. These boys are indented to farmers or mechanics in the country, where their advancement in education and improvement in moral character justify their removal. The number of inmates is now limited to one hundred. The success of this experiment in the unmis-taken reformation of many of the youths, and their heartfelt gratitude when, in mature life, they could appreciate the kindness that saved them from destruction, prepared General Lyman's mind for a wider field of effort, and he at once seized upon the occasion offered by the inquiry on the part of the state to accomplish this object. In his anonymous letter accompanying the offer of the second ten thousand dollars, he says, "I put a great value on the State Manual-Labor School, and am exceedingly desirous not only that it should begin well, but that it should meet with undoubted success, and deserve and secure the approbation and support of the community. For I do not think that a measure, costing an equal

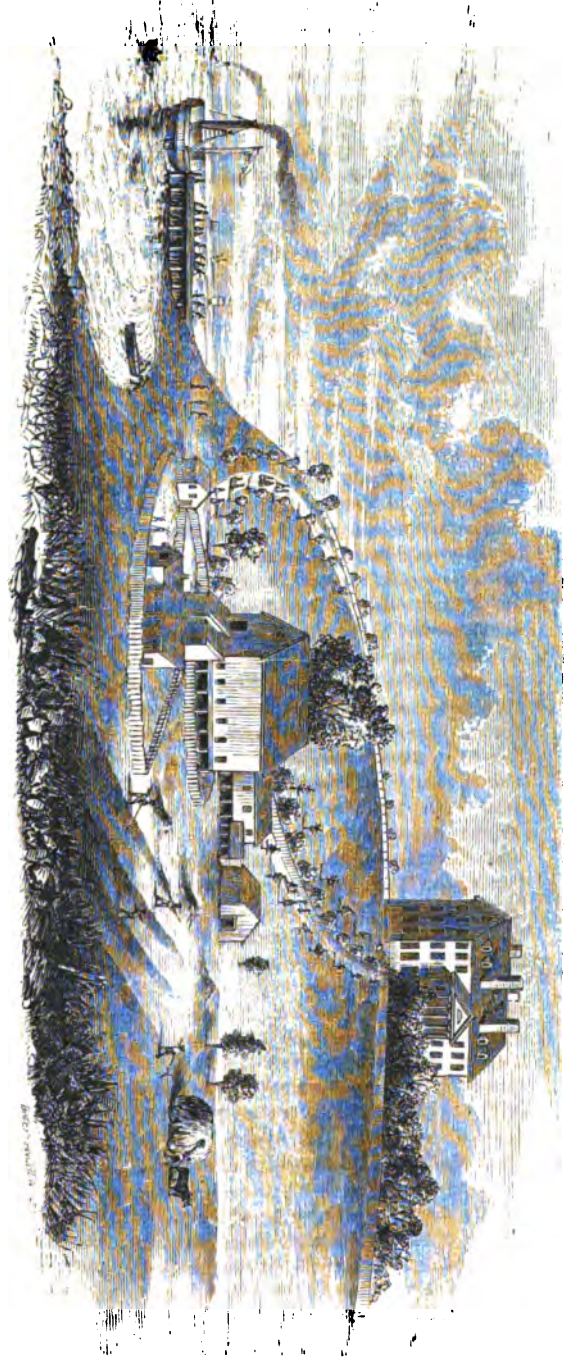
amount of money, care, and attention, could have been devised that will in the end diminish, to a greater extent, crime and suffering in the commonwealth."

In the selection of a site, in the agricultural town of Westborough, upon a farm of over two hundred acres, two miles and a half from the village, which is upon the Boston and Worcester Railroad, and in about the center of the population of the state, the commissioners were peculiarly fortunate. A fine sheet of pure water forms one boundary of the farm, and the land rises by a gentle ascent from it to a height that overlooks the surrounding country. Upon this beautiful and healthful eminence the buildings have been erected. The farm is capable of high culture, and is well stocked with the different varieties of fruit. After considerable inquiry it was concluded to erect an edifice equal to the accommodation of three hundred boys, and the necessary officers; the question having been thoroughly discussed and settled as to the impropriety of having girls who had been arrested for crime, or were exposed to it, in the same building. It was not supposed, however, that the whole capacity of the edifice would be required for a number of years.

In order to keep up the idea of a *school* rather than a prison, and to awaken the confidence of the boys, and at the same time provide adequate restraint for the incorrigible, a prison yard with its high fence was

avoided, by erecting the building in the form of a hollow square, including the playground within the quadrangle—the

FARM SCHOOL, THOMPSON'S ISLAND, BOSTON HARBOR.



surrounding sides being the school-rooms, workshops, officers' rooms, and dormitories. As will be seen from the illustrating cut, reference was had to the requirements of good taste in the design and external appearance of the building. It has not the aspect of a house of correction, but rather the appearance of a university. The first impression of the boy as he approaches it will be peculiarly cheerful; and his last look as he goes from it to the home which it has procured for him will leave a grateful and lasting trace of beauty upon his memory.

It was a delicate question to decide upon the age of admission. In the experiment of the Farm School it had been found that success, almost without exception, turned upon the youthfulness of the boys. After sixteen years of age the attempt to reform became very uncertain. This period was, therefore, fixed upon as the maximum limit, within which boys committed in the various courts might be sent to the school. As an additional security against an accumulation of incorrigible and hopelessly depraved youth, it was required by the special law provided for the government of the school, that the courts should pronounce upon the offenders sent to the institution an alternative sentence to the house of correction; and the law also gave the trustees the power of rejection and removal. So that, if the young criminal proved refractory, he could be at any time placed in the county jail, for the period of his alternate sentence by the judge. Experience proved, in a few years, what might have been judged *a priori*, that the hope of reformation would depend largely upon the period during which the boys enjoyed the advantages of the school. When they were sentenced for a short term, they were more obstinate, continually dwelling upon the expectation of release, and were but little benefitted by the training of the institution. Those that came young and were sentenced for their minority, or until thorough reformation, have been the most promising subjects for testing the full power of the reformatory processes. All the inmates are sent thither by legal authority and by a direct sentence of the court; but vagrancy and stubbornness, and disobedience to parents, when the complaint is made by the parent or guardian, are considered offenses against the law sufficient to justify a sen-

tence to this school. Indeed, it has been found that boys sentenced for stealing, and like offenses, are not nearly as desperate and hopeless as those who, for lack of parental discipline, have been sent thither as stubborn or refractory. It is a remarkable fact that, in the first year of its operation, one hundred and ten boys, about one third of the whole number, were committed for this offense. The second report says:—"Generally there is more hope of reform in the lad guilty of some petty larceny, or even of a higher offense, than of the really stubborn child, made so by injudicious parental training. Many lads have been led into theft under strong temptations, frequently owing to parental neglect, who readily yield to wholesome discipline and instruction, and to the parental care exercised over them in the institution."

When boys are committed for their minority, it is not expected that they will remain in the school for any longer period than is needful to prepare them to make good farmers and mechanics by apprenticeship. At the earliest hour of safety they are sent into rural districts, and placed in the hands of reliable men, who become responsible for them, and who can, at any moment, if they manifest evil tempers, return them to the school. For this reason they do not make the learning of a trade in the institution a prime object. They have forms of labor best adapted to the age and condition of the boys, to induce habits of diligence, and for exercise and discipline—such as boot-sewing, carpentering, farming, cutting, making and mending clothes, and the domestic work of the institution; but everything is intended to be preliminary to the acquiring of a trade *after* leaving the institution.

The daily routine is as follows:—"Rise at five or half-past five o'clock, according to the season of the year, and after attending to their morning duties, repair to the chapel for religious exercises; breakfast at six or half-past six; labor from seven to ten; school from that time until twelve; then one hour for play and dinner; commence work again at one, and continue until four, when they have another hour for play and supper. From five to seven is for school again, and from this time until their bed time is for examination of the misdemeanors of the day, moral in-



WORKROOM—SHOEMAKERS.

struction and devotional exercises." Thus, four hours are devoted to school, six to labor, eight and a half to sleep, and five and a half to recreation and miscellaneous duties.

In a little more than a year after its opening, the building that was thought to be adequate to the wants of the state for a long period was filled to its maximum number, three hundred and sixteen being enrolled upon its list; and the trustees were obliged to give notice to the officers of justice, that they could not receive more until vacancies occurred. Of the success of the first year's experiment, the managers say, "We can already, in looking over our three hundred boys, select not a few who are giving hopeful evidence that they have been stayed in their career of vice and crime; that new thoughts and better feelings are fast finding place in their bosoms; and that they are forming resolutions, which if strengthened by right example and timely encouragement, will make them a future blessing to the society, whose fundamental institutions their former training was rapidly preparing them to lay waste and destroy. It is a somewhat unexpected fact that of the above number of boys, one hundred and sixty-eight were the children of American parents—more than one half of the whole number committed.

Early measures were taken to enlarge

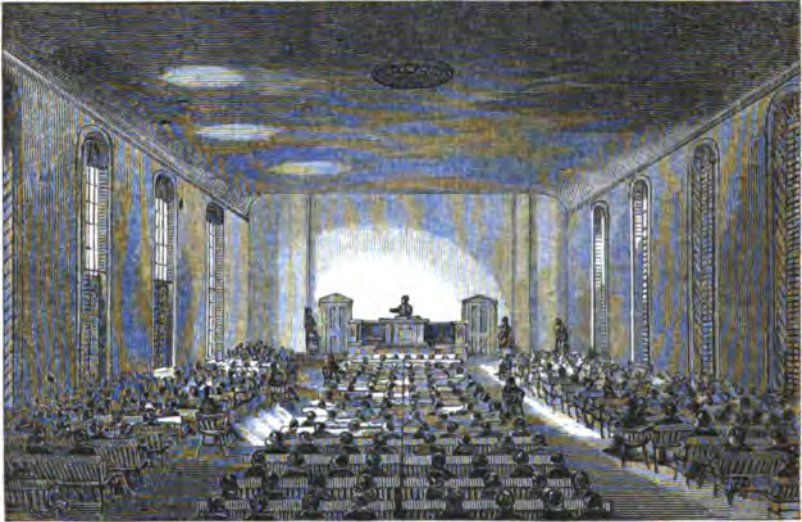
the building; and an addition equal to the original structure, combining improvements suggested by experience and securing one of the finest and most commodious chapels to be found connected with any reformatory establishment in the world, was built, the boys aiding in the manual labor. This addition increased the capacity of the institution so far as to admit of the proper training of five hundred and fifty pupils; and at the present time the school lacks but one hundred of its complement; and by the end of the year it will be full again. "Five years have elapsed," says the last report of the trustees, "since the opening of the institution. Nearly one thousand boys have been subjects of its discipline, of whom six hundred have gone forth to their various places in the community, many of them, we have reason to believe, carrying hence characters and principles that justify the confident expectations of their future usefulness and respectability."

While the utmost precaution has been taken to have the building guarded with adequate fastenings, and to have the boys conscious of the presence and careful observation of their officers and teachers, a much greater amount of indulgence, it has been found, can be safely allowed them, than was at first supposed to be practicable. Labor on the farm has been made a reward of good behavior. Boys who

had justified the confidence reposed in them by previous good conduct have been permitted to work by themselves in distant parts of the farm, under one of their own number, as a monitor to direct in the work. It is worthy of remark that the boys themselves frown upon any attempt to betray this confidence. If on any such occasions any one should propose to escape, in their own language, "they would be down upon him;" and when any one has fallen in this respect, "he never hears the last of it" from his fellows. Last season they were permitted to go out several miles for berries, and never forgot on their return to bring a noble basketful, in addition to the rest, with no ordinary pleasure, for the superintendent. In answer to a question that the writer asked of the gentleman who so worthily fills this office at the

present time, how often his confidence had been betrayed, where indulgence had been allowed? his answer was, "Not once!" Says the former superintendent:—

"We dayly send boys to the village, to mill, and to town around us, on business. Some of those who were sent for larceny, have been trusted to pay and collect bills. Most of the carting of our supplies has been done by the boys, taking the entire charge of a two-horse team. Though our confidence has been generously bestowed, it has ever been rewarded by their faithfulness. We grant them many privileges for good conduct, such as excursions on our beautiful pond in a boat, in summer, and sliding and skating in winter, inviting them to spend a few hours in our parlor, occasionally taking tea with us, or accompanying us to ride. We depend much more upon appeals to reason and representations of the consequences of a life of vice, than upon any punishment. Much more can usually be gained by kindness and



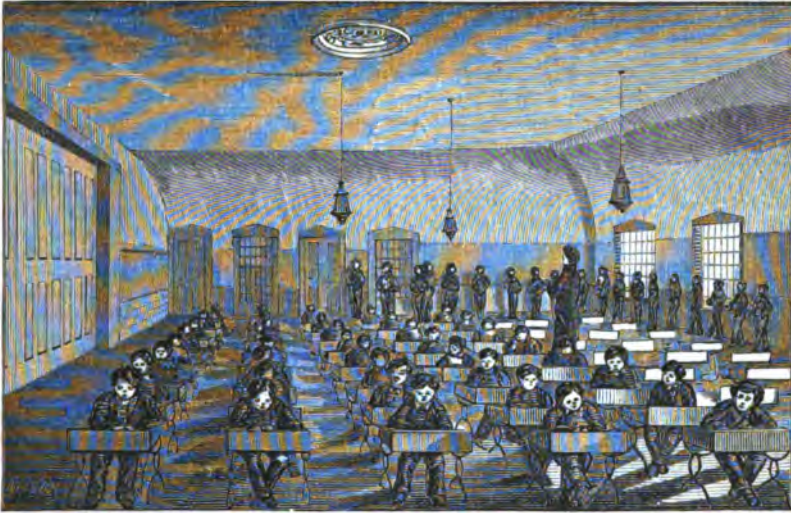
CHAPEL.

appeals to conscience, than by any other means. Boys of this class generally have but little self-respect, therefore great effort is made to lead them to respect themselves. Thus treated, they do not regard themselves as in the confinement of a prison; they become interested in our affairs, and speak of *our* farm, *our* cattle, &c., as though they were interested in their proper management."

The first object of the superintendent is to win the confidence of a new comer, and to learn the history of his life, so that he may be better prepared to apply the suitable moral remedies to his case. In

the stillness of the night, just after retiring, when the little fellow feels more intensely than ever the loneliness of his situation, he stands by his bedside, and taking him by the hand, kindly calls him by his name, and gives him a favorable opportunity to disclose the whole history of his short life. The kind paternal voice awakens the warmest response in the heart of the boy: he almost involuntarily calls him father, and a new relation is formed between them.

The religious discipline of the institution



SCHOOLROOM.

rests in the hands of the chaplain, whose only business is the "cure of souls," and few have a more delicate and responsible parish than the most excellent clergyman who now officiates at the Reform School. Public services are held in the chapel twice on the Sabbath, at which the officers are always present, as well as others who reside in the vicinity—the presence of these older persons having a favorable influence upon the boys. The exercises, however, are conducted with special references to their wants. "The most practical truths of divine revelation are selected as themes for discourse." In these services the boys often manifest deep interest.

A Sabbath school is also held on the Sabbath, the teachers of which are obtained from the village Churches. A more interesting school is not to be found in the state. In addition to the public religious services, private interviews are frequently sought by the chaplain with the boys, on which occasions the most intimate personal relations are secured, and sincere disclosures of the prevalent states of feeling are freely made. Earnest religious advices and directions are given during these interviews; and, says the chaplain speaking of them, "I have always been heard with respectful attention, and frequently asked that such interviews might be repeated." Of the success of these

reformatory measures he thus expresses himself:—

"The thorough reformation of these youth, then, is not a visionary scheme, which we may desire, but not expect to see realized. There are, indeed, some,—though the thought be a sad one,—whose conduct does not authorize us to expect a harvest from the good seed which we are endeavoring to sow, but for whom we may nevertheless labor in hope. This number, however, is comparatively small. We may believe that by far the larger number, penitent for the past and determined for the future, will be restored to the bosom of society."

"An extremely ignorant and unpromising boy was committed about fourteen months since. The unfavorable domestic influences by which he had always been surrounded, and the viciousness of his past life, together with the habitual recklessness both had induced, allowed but faint expectations of his reformation; but he soon applied himself to his books with avidity, is now among the most advanced boys in his English studies, and has been pursuing the study of Latin three months, with a perseverance and success that indicates no common superiority of mind. The ferocity of the lion is changed to the mildness of the lamb. He is a model of diligence and integrity; equally desirous to know and to perform the right for the right's own sake, and is respected and beloved alike by the officers and the boys."

The death of one of the boys is thus touchingly described by the same pen:—

"My last interview with one of them, was but a few hours before his death. He seemed dwelling as much in the future as in the present; now pouring out his own soul in prayer, now desiring that he might be remembered by

others at the mercy seat. There were times when he seemed lost in his own contemplations; and these were more protracted, as he drew nearer and nearer to the close of his life. But the intervening moments were spent in repeating such passages of the sacred Scriptures as his memory had treasured in health. It was in the last of these lucid intervals, that he opened his eyes, already dim and unexpressive, and repeated those beautiful words of the Saviour: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' There was no hesitation or faltering. They were the last words that could be distinguished with certainty. I have no doubt they were learned in the State Reform School."

The boys for educational purposes are arranged in six principal divisions, according to their proficiency, under separate teachers, and their progress in the ordinary branches of an English education is very encouraging. Indeed, upon examination, they will compare favorably with most country schools, although many of the boys entered the institution without a knowledge of the first steps in study. In addition to their studies, they are eager to use all the facilities offered by the school for reading—they seize the newspapers sometimes sent to them with the utmost avidity. The great lack at the present moment in the establishment is a library sufficiently full to meet this extraor-

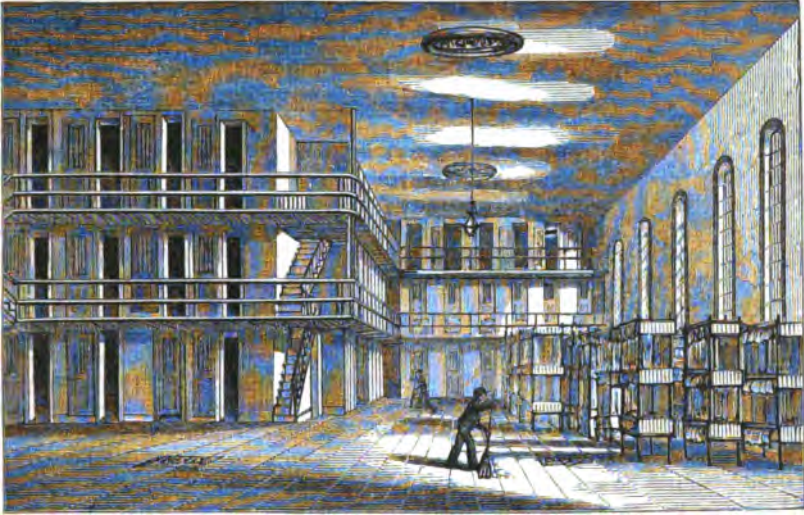
dinary craving for knowledge. We cannot believe that the citizens of Massachusetts will long allow this imperative want to exist. Upon asking questions during a late visit, in reference to the current affairs of the times, the prompt answers of the boys showed the interest they had taken in public events, and the faithfulness of their teachers in their instruction.

The arrangement of the inmates for labor last year was after the following division:—Number in the stitching shop, 74; contractor's shop, (shoes,) 73; tailor's shop, 85; farming, gardening, and outdoor-work, 48; laundry, scrubbing, and work about the house, 44; kitchen, cooking, and baking, 16; miscellaneous, 4.

The laundry work performed by the little fellows is exceedingly well done; specimens of ironing for the officers were shown us, that we have rarely seen surpassed. All the clothes for the boys are cut and made by those of them that work in the tailor's department. There is an air of neatness pervading every department. The dormitories are lofty in the ceiling, well ventilated, and inviting in their appearance—the sleeping-places in the open hall being allotted to those whose behaviour and character justify special indulgence. In each division is an officer's bed. The appearance of the boys is a significant evidence of the wholesomeness of their training. A cheerful, cleanly,



LAUNDRY.



DORMITORIES.

healthful aspect presents itself to the eye as you look down upon them from the chaplain's desk. When they enter, the majority are haggard, ragged, emaciated, and vile in the extreme. Last winter, several lads were taken from one of the crowded dwellings of poverty and vice upon Broad-street in Boston, and sentenced to the school. A more disgusting and painful picture could hardly be conceived—uncleanly, hatless, shoeless, pinched with hunger, their feet bleeding. One little fellow said as he crept up the steps, "My feet are so cold, I cut myself." He meant that he was so numb, that he could not manage his feet, as he trod upon the frozen earth and ice; sensation having in a degree ceased, he mangled his feet every step he took. In a short period, with the cleansing processes, the comfortable clothing, abundant food, and wholesome sleep, these lads could not be distinguished from the others in their appearance.

And these boys, many of them, are among the brightest minds in the commonwealth. Many of them will make their mark upon society if God continues their lives. There are high determinations set in motion in their breasts during the hours of their Christian training. Quite a number of former inmates are now in academies, seeking an advanced education with a brave ambition for the future.

The state has not only saved herself from the evil which these active minds, if perverted, would have accomplished, but has purchased for herself an incalculable amount of good.

An interesting illustration of this we learned from Mr. Talcott, the present superintendent: the young man referred to was under his care in the Reform School in the city of Providence. S— was arrested for breaking into a bank, and was sent to the school upon an alternate sentence of two years in the state prison. When committed he could read and write, but beyond this his education had been entirely neglected. His associates having previously been of the very lowest class, his mind had become fearfully depraved. His reading had been of the most impure description; and in the compositions which he had written himself and preserved, he had closely imitated the spirit of the vile prints that he perused. A few volumes, and newspaper scraps, and some of his own productions he brought with him in a bundle to the institution. He gave them up with much reluctance, and wished to have them carefully preserved until his term should expire; for, said he, "I would not lose them for anything." About a year after this he said to Mr. Talcott, "If you have not looked over those papers, pray do n't; but burn them. They are neither fit for you nor any one else to look

upon. I wonder how I could ever take delight in such stuff." The first three months of his stay in the institution, he spent chiefly in endeavoring to effect his escape, and made little or no advancement in his studies. He commenced with the simplest arithmetic in the school; and after giving up the idea of escape, he began to study right earnestly. In mathematics he studied, in course, about all the authors used in our colleges, members of the faculty of Brown University taking a special interest in his case; and when he left the institution he was reading the "*Mécanique Céleste*" of La Place. He also made great proficiency in history, geography, philosophy, and chemistry, besides obtaining quite an insight into the Latin, Greek, and French languages. He so far secured the confidence of the officers of the school, that he was permitted to go to the city unattended, and was often placed in charge of other boys. S— is now employed as a civil engineer in the western part of Massachusetts, and we append with great satisfaction, a portion of a letter recently written by him to Mr. Talcott:—

"I am now engaged in a business that suits my notions of things exactly—engineering. All the old mathematical theorems that have long been dormant in my cranium will now be roused to vigorous action. Arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, surveying, and the calculus, will now help me to master my profession. O! how happy I feel sometimes, when, engaged in some abstruse calculation, I arrive at the solution! Tell all your boys to *study hard*. Tell them to persevere, to conquer! I wrote you in my last that I had been down to the Reform School, but I did not tell you how I felt when I grasped the hand of my old teacher. Recollections of Reform School days crowded thick and fast upon my memory. And while I gazed and beheld the change, my eyes were moistened. O! thought I, thrice consecrated spot! You recollect the day when the officers brought me to be placed under your care. O, happy day! when I was taken from the dregs of society, unlettered, uncultivated, rude, filthy, and profane, and placed under such sacred influences! It seems to me if there ever was a sphere in life where a man could do good, and enjoy himself, it is yours. What is it to live, but to do good? How much better a person feels after doing a good action!

"I am coming to see you this summer; until then adieu.

"Your affectionate pupil."

There now, what say you in reference to "anybody's child?" Is he worth the saving? What would this high and proud spirit have accomplished of evil, if it had

finished its preparatory discipline in the state prison instead of the School of Reform?

At the dedication of the institution, Honorable Horace Mann remarked in his address, if *one* boy should be effectually reformed, and be led to the choice of a virtuous life, as the result of all the expense and toil incident to the establishment and support of the school, the compensation would be ample. "Did you notice that expression?" said one gentleman to another. "I did." "Did you not think it rather strong?" "Not if *my* boy should be the one that was saved." Let us not forget that "anybody's child" is *our* child; and that its salvation is worth every trial and all expense.

We have presented this outline of one of the noblest charities of the age, as an example for other states. It is the true philosophy respecting crime—*prevention rather than cure*.

LORD JEFFREY.

THERE was no one of the friends of Lord Jeffrey's later acquisition for whom he had greater admiration or regard than Mr. Macaulay; and he testified the interest which he took in this great writer's fame, by a proceeding which, considering his age and position, is not unworthy of being told. This judge, of seventy-four summers, revised the proof-sheets of the two first volumes of the History of England, with the diligence and minute care of a corrector of the press toiling for bread; not merely suggesting changes in the matter and the expression, but attending to the very commas and colons—a task which, though humble, could not be useless, because it was one at which long practice had made him very skillful. Indeed, he used to boast that it was one of his peculiar excellences. On returning a proof to an editor of the *Review*, he says:—"I have myself rectified most of the errors, and made many valuable verbal improvements in a small way. But my great task has been with the punctuation—in which I have, as usual, acquitted myself to admiration; and indeed this is the department of literature in which I feel that I most excel, and on which I am most willing now to stake my reputation!"

MODERN BRITISH ORATORS—DANIEL
O'CONNELL.

IT was on a bright September morning, in the year 1835, that we left the little red-tiled village of Pitlessie, in Fife, for Edinburgh, to be present at the O'Connell Festival.

Arrived, we lost no time in securing what was the main desire of our heart at the time, a ticket for the O'Connell Dinner. Thursday, the 17th of September, the day of the festival, dawned in keen, but somewhat cold splendor. We were up early, and wandering with high expectations through the crowded streets; for, although it was autumn, Edinburgh was in flood, and the center of all its multitudes and of all its material grandeurs was for the day Daniel O'Connell. Every group was talking of him, every eye we saw told that the soul within was thinking of him, either for or against, and you heard the very poorest, as they passed you, breathing his name.

It was a sublime and affecting spectacle, to see what Carlyle has called the loyalty of men to their sovereign man! For O'Connell was, for the time, the real king, not only of Ireland, but of Scotland, nay, of Britain. It was arranged that, ere the dinner in the evening, there should be a preliminary meeting on the Calton Hill, where the greatest of out-of-door orators should appear in his own element, and have the blue sky for his canopy. It was the most imposing spectacle we ever witnessed. We stood, in common with some hundreds more, on a platform, separated from the general crowd, and surrounding, at no great distance, the still more elevated spot on which O'Connell and a few of his committee and friends were stationed. The day was clear and bright when he began his address. The scene, all who have stood on the Calton Hill can conceive. By and by, first a hum among the multitude, then a sudden departing of its wave, and then a cheer, loud, universal, and long-continued, announced that HE was there. And quietly and suddenly as an apparition, up stood the Czar of Ireland, in the presence of fifty thousand Scotchmen, and of the grandest scenery in Scotland, tall, massive, clad in green; his bonnet girdled with gold—with those eloquent lips, and that indescribable eye of his. "Will this immense multi-

tude hear him?" was a question we overheard asked by a gentleman, at Rentoul of the "Spectator," who was standing immediately before us. "They'll hear his arms, at least," was the reply. The cheers had now subsided, and a death-like stillness obtained. After an address to him, which had been hurriedly read, he commenced his speech with a serene dignity and depth of tone which no language of ours can represent. His first words were, "Men of Scotland, I have news for you; I have come to tell you the news. The Tories are beginning to repent that they have permitted the Reform Bill to be passed, and I believe their repentance is *very* sincere." What struck us first about the address, was the simplicity of the style. It was just the after-dinner talk of a gifted man produced to the ear of thousands, and swelled by the echoes of the hills. But such talk, so easy, so rich, so starred with imagery, so radiant with wit, and varying, so freely and so quickly, from the ridiculous to the sublime, from the stern to the gay, from coarse abuse to lofty poetry, from bitter sarcasm to mild insinuating pathos! What struck us next, were the slowness and excessive richness of his tones and cadences. Such a voice we never heard before or since. It seemed to proceed from lips of ivory. The tones were deep, lingering, long-drawn out, with sweetness and strength strangely wedded together in every vibration of their sound. The words, as he uttered them, "*Red Rathcormac*," still ring in our ears. And then, Rentoul had prophesied truly: his arms, as he kindled, seemed to become inspired. Now he waved them both aloft over his head; now he shook one of them in the air; now he folded them, as if they had been eagle's wings, over his breast; now he stretched them out imploringly to his audience; and it was all so thoroughly natural! His abuse and sarcasm were, as usual, exceedingly fierce, but accented by the music of his tones into a kind of wild harmony. He called Peel, we remember, "the greatest humbugger of the age, and as full of cant as any canter whoever canted in this canting world." Yet, mixed with all this truculence, there were passing gleams of truest pathos and poetry. He alluded to the glories of the scene around him in terms of enthusiastic admiration, and quoted—giving thereby a thrill to our hearts which we feel at this

moment again there—the words of Scott in “Marmion:”—

“Where is the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?”

About the middle of his speech the sky became overcast; a black cloud, with rain, hailstones, and a muttering of thunder, came over the assembly, and the thought occurred to us, “What a catastrophe it were, and how the Tories would exult, did an arrow of lightning leap from that darkness, and slay O’Connell, in this the very culmination of his triumph?” But it passed away, and the September sun shone out again gloriously on the stalwart form of the Titan, who closed his speech by depicting the coming of a day when Ireland and Scotland should be reconciled, and when the “Irish mother” would soothe her babe to rest with

“Scots wha ha’e wi’ Wallace bled.”

The effect of this touch at the time was indescribable, although, on reflection, we thought that a war-song, though the finest in the world, would be a strange lullaby for a child. The multitude, as he ended, seemed to heave out their feelings at one loosened heart, and although there were tumultuous cheers, they seemed but a faint echo of the deep emotion. And although the breaking up of a crowd is always intensely interesting, from the various sentiments and opinions expressed by the various groups, the sudden analysis of one immense body into its constituent parts, and the emblem supplied of the last awful separation which is to take place after the general judgment, yet we seldom mingled in any dissolving multitude with such emotion. Every one seemed not only pleased, but moved to the depths of his being, and filled, for the time at least, with a determined purpose to prosecute the cause which the great orator had plead.

The hour for dinner came. It took place in the Canonmills Hall. Good speeches were delivered by Dr. Bowring, James Aytoun, Dr. James Brown, and others. But, compared to O’Connell, they seemed all schoolboys learning to speak in a juvenile debating society. His speech was not, of course, equal to that of the morning. It wanted the accessories. Instead of mountains, he was surrounded by decanters, and had wine-glasses before him, in place of seas! Yet it showed

quite as much mastery. What struck you again about his style and manner, was its exquisite combination of ease and energy, of passion and self-command. Again, the basis was conversation, and yet, on that basis, how did he contrive to build energetic, although unlogical thought, fierce invective, sarcasm which scorched like grape-shot, and touches of genuine imagination! We noticed the power with which he used the figure of interrogation. His questions seemed *hooks*, which seized and detained his audience whether they would or no. His first sentence was, “I am not going to make you a speech—I am going to ask you a question—what brought you all here?” Altogether it was Titanic talk. Its very coarseness was not vulgar, but resembled rather the coarseness of some mighty Tartar prince like Tamerlane. And then his voice! Again that wondrous instrument, which Disraeli admits to have been the finest ever heard in Parliament, rolled its rich thunder, its swelling and sinking waves of sound, its quiet and soft cadences of beauty alternated with bass notes of grandeur, its divinely-managed brogue, over the awed and thrilled multitude, who gave him their applause at times, but far more frequently that “silence which is the best applause.” We left with this impression—we have often heard more splendid spouters, more fluent and rapid declaimers, men who coin more cheers, men, too, who have thrilled us with deeper thought and loftier imagery; but here, for the first time, is an orator in the full meaning and amplest verge of that term—*lotus, leres, et rotundus*.

This, indeed, we think was the grand peculiarity of O’Connell. As an orator, he was artistically *one*. He had all those qualities which go to form a great speaker, united into a harmony, strengthened and softened into an essence, *subdued* into a whole. He had a presence which, from its breadth, height, and command, might be called majestic. He had a head of ample compass, and an eye of subtlest meaning, with caution, acuteness, cajolery, and craft mingling in its ray. He had the richest and best-managed of voices. He had wit, humor, sarcasm, invective, at will. He had a fine Irish fancy, flushing up at times into imagination. He had fierce and dark passions. He had a lawyer-like acuteness of understanding. He had a

sincere love for his country. He had great readiness, and had also that quality which Demosthenes deemed so essential to an orator—action; not the leaping, and vermicular twistings, and contortions, and ventriloquisms, and ape-like gibberings, by which some men delight the groundlings and grieve the judicious, but manly, natural, and powerful action. And over all these faculties he cast a conversational calm; and this rounded off the unit, and made his varied powers not only complete in number, but harmonious in play. Hence he “moved altogether, when he moved at all.” Hence, while others were running, or leaping, or dancing, or flying with broken wing and convulsive effort, O’Connell was content majestically to *walk*. Hence, while others were screaming, or shouting, or lashing themselves into noisy fury, O’Connell was simply anxious to *speak*, and to speak with authority. A petitioner is loud and clamorous; a king may be quiet and low in utterance, and yet his very whispers be heard. On *this* hint O’Connell spake. For, unquestionably, a king he was among a peculiar people. Since Cromwell, or perhaps Burns, no man has been born in Britain whom nature did, by divers infallible marks, more distinctly destine, whether he were ever to be crowned or not, to be a monarch—to rule, whether with a scepter, or a sword, or a tongue, great masses of men—than Daniel O’Connell. The subtlety in his eye was that of a Northern despot. And his high stature, his dignified carriage, and his massive brow, all seemed to bear the inscription—“This man is made to reign.”

Morally, we do not rate him high; for he was false, reckless, and a self-seeker. But, as a man of intellect and energy, or, at least, as a powerful popular force, we doubt if Ireland has yet produced his match; and *more* than any other, is he her representative man. The really great *men* of that country (we speak not so much of her writers or orators) have been Berkeley, Swift, Burke, and O’Connell. Berkeley, however, although an Irishman by birth, had little relationship with his birth-place in his feelings, predilections, or style of thought; he belonged not to Ireland, but to earth;—rather he was the “Minute Philosopher” of the Universe. Swift obtained vast power in Ireland, through his talents and the terrible energy and des-

peration with which he wielded them; but, although in it, he was not of it. He hated his native land with a hatred only inferior to that with which he regarded the men in England who had compelled him to rusticate there; and of the Irishman there was little or nothing in his constitution; at best, he was only a dried specimen of the class—the gigantic fossil of an Irishman. Burke’s universal genius carried him up clear and high above his native bogs, and made him free of

“Whatever clime the sun’s bright circle warms.”

He left Ireland early; his soul, manners, and mental habitudes had left it before, and never returned. But O’Connell, while not to be named with Berkeley in subtle thought; while not to be named with Swift, the Demon of Common-sense, in inventiveness and Satanic power, or with Burke in depth, comprehension, richness, and grandeur, excelled them all in his knowledge of his country, in his sympathy with it, in his determination to link himself with its fortunes, and in power of popular effect, not to speak of his religious creed, and of the influence it gave him over the minds of “seven millions.” Just as certainly as Burns or Scott was the Genius of Scotland; the ideal of its powers, tendencies, weaknesses, and passions; the express image of most that was noble, and of much that was ignoble, in its idiosyncrasy—so surely was Daniel O’Connell the express image of an Irishman; the biggest beggarman in a land of beggars; the calmest, yet most powerful orator in a kingdom of eloquence; the craftiest scion of a crafty race; the most self-seeking and the most patriotic of a people who love “the sod” and themselves with an identical affection.

To dwell at length upon the faults of this extraordinary man’s eloquence, or of his career, is not necessary. Suffice it to remind our readers, that his language was often blotted by personalities, and his counsels marred by indiscretion; that he griped at the gains of patriotism with an avidity, an earnestness, and a perseverance, which justified the general charges brought against him, and that special nickname in which his image stands up before the view of many as in a niche of shame; and that his last journey, to “hide his head under the petticoats of the Pope from the great Fact of Death which was coming upon

him," as Carlyle said of him, was nearly as foolish, as for millions to confront eternity with bare head, blaspheming lips, and without either fear or hope, belief in the devil or in God, in the antichrist or in the Christ. Nevertheless, nothing discovers to us more the energy of O'Connell's genius than his vituperation. Witness his onset on Disraeli: unjust though that in many points was, yet it was so powerful, so refreshing, and so original, that you fancied the spirit of the author of the "Legion-Club," or of him who wrote the "Irish Avatar," to have entered O'Connell for the nonce. It was a touch of genius worthy of Swift or of Byron, to call Disraeli the "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." All men, great and small, can call names. But there is the widest difference between the vituperation of a porter, and that of a poet—between a kick given by an ass from below, and the stroke dealt by an angel from above. The one recoils from the object of assault, and impinges upon the stupid assailant; the other rests on the brow, the scar of an irresistible and supernal blow. The one strikes, the other strikes *down*. The one, to use the words of Christopher North, is "like mud thrown by a brutal boor on the gateway of some glorious edifice;" the other is a flash of lightning from on high, which can neither be repelled nor replied to, but leaves a Cain-mark on the devoted brow, which may be its only passport into future ages.

In 1828, the name O'Connell was a name of reproach. His talents were underrated; he was spoken of as a mere "mob-orator;" his own kind of vituperation, only destitute of its vital force and burning genius, was applied to him without mercy; every small prophet was predicting, that, as soon as he entered Parliament, he was sure to "find his level." In 1830 he became a senator; in 1831 he was listened to as the first orator in the House of Commons; and in 1835, as he stood on his proud pinnacle on the Calton Hill, he had become (Wellington not even at *that* time excepted) the most noticeable and powerful man in the country—the most loved by his friends, and the most dreaded by his foes. And had not some selfish elements mingled with his motives, and some imprudences characterized his conduct, he had been as broad a benefactor to his kind, as he was a special deliverer to

his caste. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. Still, he has left behind him a reputation so wide and wondrous, that we may almost call it fame. He has proved what a single man may, and may not do. He has driven the notion of the capacities of individual power almost to its extreme point. Never, since the days of Oliver Cromwell, was there in Britain a man who exerted more power, who was more of, and who, on the whole, deserved more to be a monarch. The fact that he failed, instead of teaching us the lesson of his weakness, ought to teach us a lesson far more true, wide, and instructive—this, namely, that all merely human power, unless supplemented from above, is utterly incapable to produce any result which shall deliver the world permanently from any one of its *primal* evils; and that, out of the broken fragments of the statue of an O'Connell, we should proceed, as out of all similar half-finished or totally-wrecked structures, to rear a shapelier fabric, and to inscribe upon it no earthly name, past, present, or to come, but the simple and sublime words—"To the coming One, even Jesus, the Prince of the kings of the earth, who shall come, will come, and will not tarry!"

EARTHQUAKE UNDER THE TROPICS.

THE impression which the first earthquake makes upon us, even if it is unaccompanied by subterranean noise, is an inexpressibly powerful and quite peculiar one. What moves us so powerfully is the disappointment of our inherent faith in the repose and immutability of the firm solid earth. A moment destroys the illusions of a life. We are undeceived as to the repose of the earth, and feel transported within the sphere of destroying unknown powers. We scarcely trust the ground on which we stand; the strangeness of the occurrence produces the same anxious uneasiness in animals. Pigs and dogs especially are overpowered by it; the crocodiles of the Orinoco, generally as dumb as our little lizards, leave the agitated bed of the river, and rush howling into the forests. To man, an earthquake appears as something omnipresent, unbounded. We can escape from an active eruption, or from a lava stream flowing toward our dwelling; but during an earthquake wherever one flies seems the hearth of destruction.

The National Magazine.

AUGUST, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

GEOLOGICAL MONSTERS.—One of the most interesting, as well as instructive sections of the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham is that which contains examples of the organic remains of the "Pre-Adamite World," as discovered by geologists—huge, fantastic monsters, of amazing magnitude and shape. We have now in preparation some articles and engravings respecting these marvels which, we doubt not, will interest our readers; meanwhile we learn from the London *Athenæum* a fact or two about the method of constructing the Crystal-Palace imitations. Restorations, sketch-models to scale, either a sixth or a twelfth of the natural size were first made, and such attitudes were given to them as Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins's long acquaintance with the recent and living forms of the animal kingdom, enabled him to adapt to the extinct species he was endeavoring to restore. Clay models built of the natural size by measurement from the sketch models were then made, and when they approximated the true form, the author in every instance secured the anatomical details and the characteristic features of each specimen. Some of these models contained *thirty tons of clay*, which had to be supported on four legs, as their natural-history characteristics would not allow of recourse being had to any of the expedients for support allowed to sculptors in ordinary cases. In the instance of the iguanodon, this was no less than building a house upon four columns, as the quantities of material of which the standing iguanodon is composed consists of four iron columns, nine feet long by seven inches diameter, six hundred bricks, six hundred and fifty five-inch half-round drain-tiles, nine hundred plain tiles, thirty-eight casks of cement, ninety casks of broken stone, making a total of six hundred and forty bushels of artificial stone! This, with one hundred feet of iron hooping, and twenty feet of cube inch bar, constituted the bones, sinews, and muscles of this large model, the largest of which there was any record of a casting having been made. What a scene must the earth have presented in the far-off epoch, when this and similar monsters peopled its partially developed regions!

HANS ANDERSEN.—A Dresden correspondent of a London paper writes as follows, respecting this world-renowned "Story-Teller:"—"Yesterday the poet Andersen arrived here, from Copenhagen, on a tour to Italy, accompanied by a young Danish nobleman confided to his care. Andersen was very well-looking, and in good spirits. He went to the house of Frau Von Serre, who had invited his friends to meet him, and among them the poets Gutzkow, Auerbach, Hammer, Otto Roquette, and the well-known traveler, Neigebauer. Andersen is tall and lank; he surpassed in size everybody in the room. He expressed great satisfaction in seeing again so many well-known faces, and put on a great liveliness of manner, not altogether becoming

to him. He will only stay a few days, and then go on to Venice; for, unfortunately, he is compelled to hurry, in order to be home again, after a lapse of two months, as his proof-sheets are waiting for him. He speaks German very badly, and by no means fluently; still, when telling one of his charming little fairy-tales, his mistakes are so *saute*, and his manner is so well adapted to the thing, that they bear a thousand times' repetition. Singularly enough he has met Dickens here, who was never before in Dresden, we suppose."

WHIPPING THE DEVIL ROUND THE STUMP.—President Allen of Girard College addressed a large assembly in Faneuil Hall, at the "Collation" of the Unitarians, during the last Boston Anniversary Week. In the course of his remarks, he presented some interesting explanations of the manner in which religious instruction is given in the college. Girard's will, it will be recollected, puts some very scandalous restrictions on religion in the institution. A clergyman is not allowed to cross the threshold to peep even at the ugly statue of the old sinner which deforms the noble architecture around it. The managers and instructors seem to be able, nevertheless, to give a really Christian character to the institution. Dr. Allen remarked that his reverend and learned friend (Dr. Lathrop) had asked him some questions with regard to the school, and he had that gentleman's permission to answer these questions to the audience. The Girard College for orphans was instituted under peculiar restrictions, which had brought upon it a great degree of odium from large classes of our community. The institution was opened six years ago, with many misgivings; its proceedings had been watched with the deepest interest; it had gone abroad that this was to be an *infidel* institution, and that the Bible could not be read there—and that there was to be no moral or religious instruction. But though they had "no religion to boast of," yet they tried to give such moral and religious instruction as laymen could give. He would try to explain their system. Girard's will required that the pupils of the institution should be instructed in chemistry and natural philosophy—but it named no text-books in these sciences—and they had assumed that they must use the books recommended by the highest authority in that department of learning. So the same will required that the boys should be instructed in the purest principles of morality; but no text-book was prescribed—and the officers of the college took it for granted that, *here also*, they were to use the book recognized as of the highest authority by the greatest number—the Bible, and the Bible was read daily there, without note or comment. The founder also required the teaching of astronomy, and the other high sciences; but this could not be done without a previous instruction in the elementary departments of mathematics necessary to enable a boy to understand astronomy; so they had assumed the right to teach conic sections, in order to teach astronomy. On the same principle, in order to teach morality, we must first teach that without which morality can have no basis or sanction—and therefore we teach religion. This might be termed whip-

ping a certain person, not to be named, "round the stump;" but no matter round what he is whipped, provided only he be roundly whipped. President Allen then proceeded to give some account of the religious exercises in Girard College on the Sabbath. These consisted of family worship, in singing hymns and reading a portion of Scripture, and in prayer, sometimes written and sometimes spontaneous; using no sectarian forms, and giving no sectarian instructions; and also in religious services, including discourses on moral and religious subjects. Although *clergymen* were not allowed to officiate, yet laymen could conduct such services and exercises. The boys also had appointed hours for reading, and for walking and recreation; and these exercises were varied with the view to make the Sunday both interesting and profitable to them. They recognized Christianity as the law of the land; and if a Jew or a Mohammedan pupil should enter their institution, he would be required to conform to these regulations.

When we were last in Philadelphia we found that our old friend, Cummings, of the *Evening Bulletin*, had, the previous Sunday, been "whipping roundly" the above nameless personage, at the institution. If he does it as effectually as he whips the times with his editorial scourge, he ought to be "pressed" into the Methodist itinerancy forthwith. Right glad are we, and the public, doubtless, also, that the whimsical will of Girard can thus be met by lay ministrations. We have no fear of the results.

NEW-YORK OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL.—This noble charity was opened in May, 1852, since which time (being little more than two years) over sixteen hundred patients, with diseases of the eye, have received gratuitous advice and medicines, at an expense of only about \$1,300, being less than one dollar for each patient, including rent of building. The majority of these patients have been cured or relieved—a degree of success which is unparalleled in the history of any similar institution. Many of them, but for the relief here obtained, would have now been inmates of the Blind Asylum or the Alms House, and thus been a permanent expense to the citizens of New-York. The hospital at present is located at No. 6 Stuyvesant-street, near the junction of Ninth-street and Third Avenue. The apartments, however, are too small for the purpose of carrying out the benevolent designs of its founders. Such, indeed, has been the rapid increase of patients within the last six months, that it was found indispensable to appeal to the state for aid. The legislature has recently appropriated \$5,000 for the purpose of building an Ophthalmic hospital, provided an additional sum of \$10,000 is raised in this city. We hope it will be forthcoming from our benevolent citizens. This is a true, economic charity. It is "prevention," though by a process of "cure." Drs. Stephenson and Garrish are the attending physicians. The enthusiastic and successful devotion of Dr. Stephenson to ophthalmic surgery has secured him remarkable success. We notice, in the public papers, the announcement of a deserved testimonial, which the classes attending his lectures lately made him—the

presentation of the case of the celebrated Luer's ophthalmic instruments, which was on exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—The following hymn, composed for the Whit-Monday festivities of the Manchester Sunday-School Union, is believed to have been the last composition of the lamented poet, James Montgomery:—

Welcome, welcome, glorious day,
When the children, year by year,
All in Whitsuntide-array,
On their festival appear:
Not with sound of trump and drum,
Nor death-weapons in their hands,
Though with banners spread they come—
Humble, peaceful, happy bands!

With the gospel-message shod,
Fearless faith their seven-fold shield,
And their sword the word of God,
Who shall foil them in the field?
While a holy war they wage,
Through strange perils and alarms,
Satan's malice, wiles, and rage,
And the world in Satan's arms.

Prince Immanuel at their head,
These, where'er they face a foe,
By their teacher-captains led,
Conquering and to conquer go:
Still a self-renewing race,
As the elder rise in life,
Young recruits supply their place,
To maintain the endless strife.

For till Time his roll hath seal'd,
And the dead in Christ arise,
(Heaven, and earth, and hell reveal'd
Unto all created eyes.)
Soldiers, valiant for the truth,
Shall this holy war prolong;
Men and angels, age and youth,
Sing the Church-triumphant's song.

Learn we now that wondrous strain,
In our schools, our homes, our hearts,
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain!"
In all languages, all parts:
Then the countless chorus swell,
Round his throne, with glad accord,
Never more to say, "Farewell!"
But, "Forever with the Lord!"

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS IN ENGLAND.—We gave in our last number some interesting deductions from the late "Census Survey of England." A very full and elaborate review of the returns of that census has been published in the *Reformer's Hand-Book*, London, from which the following important conclusions are clearly deducible:—

1. That the state having taken upon itself the charge of the nation's spiritual interests by "establishing" a Church—such Church assuming to be the only authorized religious instructor of the people—does not, in fact, provide places of worship for more than one half (about) of those for whom such accommodation is required.
2. That twenty years ago this deficiency was much greater, and that the extension of the resources of the Establishment which has taken place during that period, has resulted, not from state-support, but, almost exclusively, from the spontaneous liberality of its members, and that, therefore, the Church of England has grown stronger as a Church since it has become, in a pecuniary respect, less of an establishment.
3. That notwithstanding all the supposed advantages—legal, pecuniary, and social—possessed for centuries by the Church of England, those who dissent from it, besides contributing to the support of the establishment, and in spite of past persecution, have erected a greater number of religious edifices, and provided nearly as many sittings.
4. That Dissenters, being unfettered by state restrictions, and not enervated by state patronage and wealth, display a greater amount of religious activity, and work their religious machinery more extensively than the members of the Establishment.

5. That in the large towns, where there is the greatest amount of mental activity, and which have an increasing weight in influencing the national policy, dissent from the Established Church decidedly preponderates; the two most important counties, Lancashire and Yorkshire, manifesting that preponderance in the greatest degree.

6. That Wales, while much poorer than England, is better provided with the means of spiritual instruction, and that as the result of voluntary effort—the "Poor Man's Church" being maintained by the poor man himself and not by the state.

7. That England has a national Church to which two-thirds of the nation do not belong; and that the appellation "Church of England" is a misnomer.

8. That this establishment taxes all other religious bodies, and places them at a serious disadvantage, and yet they do one-half its work at their own cost.

Such results must have powerful effect on the voluntary question in England. There is *mathematical* demonstration in them.

VOLTAIRE—THE VILLAINY OF HIS CHARACTER.

—One of the worst works in any language is Voltaire's poem on Joan of Arc—an obscene production in which that noble heroine is villified with a vulgarity which, we should suppose, could be learned only in the vilest brothel. Some new fragments of the great infidel's correspondence have recently been exhumed in France. Not the least curious is a note written to Professor Jallabert. The professor was also a magistrate, and having seized, in the exercise of his functions, some copies of the poem that were in circulation, had sent them to Voltaire, expressing his surprise that such things should be attributed to him. The answer was as follows:—

"I return you, sir, the rhapsody which you have had the goodness to confide to me. I thank you for your attention. None but a rogue of the lowest order could have written the *greater* part of those verses, especially those on which I have written a little note. The valets of Paris are more successful when they make verses in our ante-chambers. If I could find out the unhappy being who has put forth these stupid impertinences, I would beat him to death. Excuse my just indignation against the low scoundrel who is the author of this rubbish. I am persuaded that you share my just anger. When will you come and sup with us, and make us forget by your amiable society and by your virtue all these abominations?—VOLTAIRE."

The note alluded to is as follows:—"What lackey has written the greater part of these verses—above all, these? What scamp of the dregs of the people can have written this insolent rubbish?"

If these fragments be genuine, it must be confessed that they add an additional touch to the character of the philosopher of Ferney. Voltaire was capable of the profoundest hypocrisy as well as of almost every other vice—hypocrisy only the worst for its badinage.

GHOSTS—HOW THEY ARE CREATED.—

The literature of "supernaturalism" has grown largely within a year, some of its most valuable productions tending however to dispel the old superstitions which amused or crazed our forefathers. The last careful work of the kind, and one of the best, is Mr. Radcliffe's "*Fiends, Ghosts, and Spirits*," published by Bentley, London. Mr. Radcliffe attributes many so-called

ghosts to the diseased action of the bodily organs, which, at times of painful excitement or general ill-health, possess the power of giving an appearance of reality and "outness" to the conceptions of the mind. This, like the rest of his arguments, has received many previous and convincing expositions; but Mr. Radcliffe has collected a great number of cases of hallucination, which may be read with interest and profit. The following is very much to the purpose:—

"A gentleman with whom we are acquainted happened, when young, to have a severe fall on the head. After this accident and until he attained the age of eleven years, he was subject to visions of brilliant and variously colored light, when he retired to bed at night, and all light in his room had been extinguished. Occasionally these visions were so gorgeous and resplendent that he is accustomed to compare them to the jeweled decorations of the palaces of the genii in the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments.' When about eleven years of age he got possession of a volume of legends and romances, which was pregnant with supernatural events and personages; and a friend injudiciously gave him a work full of ghost-stories, and entitled, 'News from the Invisible World.' These works he read with avidity, and the effect upon the mind was such that henceforth his nightly visions were transformed into foul, horrid, and often variously colored specters, rendering the period of time intervening between retiring to rest and sleep, one of unmitigated terror, and it became necessary to have a light constantly burning in the room until sleep occurred. After the twelfth year the intensity of the visions rapidly diminished, and at length only occurred when he turned himself upon his face in bed. In this position a sensation as if the bed had passed from under him occurred, and his eye formed the center of a circle ofimps which whirled rapidly round it. The number of these specters next began to diminish, and by the time he was fifteen years of age, but one remained, and this appeared only occasionally. This solitary specter gradually lost its fiend-like form, and assumed that of a respectable-looking old Roman, clothed in a toga; and it at length vanished to reappear no more. * * * The spontaneous appearance of light in the visual field, in this case, formed the substratum upon which the mind molded the specters; and it is interesting to remark the influence which the perusal of a volume of legends and ghost-stories, and subsequent classical studies, had in determining the form of the phantasma."

Here are some of the hallucinations of great men, who, from the brain-excitement in which they constantly live, are peculiarly subject to such tricks of the senses:—

"Spinnello, who had painted the Fall of the Angels, thought that he was haunted by the frightful devils which he had depicted. He was rendered so miserable by this hallucination that he destroyed himself. One of our own artists, who was much engaged in painting caricatures, became haunted by the distorted faces he drew; and the deep melancholy and terror which accompanied these apparitions caused him to commit suicide. Muller, who executed the copper-plate of the Sixtine Madonna, had more lovely visions. Toward the close of his life the Virgin appeared to him, and thanking him for the affection he had shown toward her, invited him to follow her to heaven. To achieve this, the artist starved himself to death. Beethoven, who became completely deaf in the decline of life, often heard his sublime compositions performed distinctly. It is related of Ben Jonson, that he spent the whole of one night in regarding his great toe, around which he saw Tartars, Turks, Romans, and Catholics climbing up, and struggling and fighting. Goethe, when out riding one day, was surprised to see an exact image of himself on horseback, dressed in a light-colored coat, riding toward him."

Of the terrible and bewildering effects of the opiate called *Asachik*, Mr. Radcliffe relates that the sense of hearing "becomes, occasionally, so developed, that a word pronounced low, or a slight movement, sounds like a peal of thunder." He says further:—

"In the state induced by haschiah, the singular and fantastic forms which those under its influence, and the parties surrounding them, have appeared to undergo, are of great interest. 'The eyelashes,' writes one gentleman, 'lengthened themselves indefinitely, and rolled themselves as threads of gold on little ivory bobbins, which turned unassisted, with frightful rapidity. . . . I still saw my comrades at certain moments, but *deformed*, half men, half plants, with the pensive airs of an ibis standing on one foot, of ostriches flapping their wings, &c.'—'I imagined that I was the parrot of the Queen of Sheba, and I imitated as well as I was able the cries of this praiseworthy bird.'"

The same gentleman "thought he could look at will into his stomach, and that he saw there, in the form of an emerald, from which escaped millions of sparks, the drug he had swallowed." Here is some of the raw material of which ghosts are made.

ORGANIC CHANGE.—At the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a resolution of Dr. W. A. Smith was adopted, giving the college of bishops the privilege of presenting their objections to any rule or regulation adopted by the General Conference, which, in their opinion, is unconstitutional, and requiring a subsequent vote of two-thirds in favor of the rule or regulation so objected to, to pass the regulation.

MACBETH'S CASTLE.—A correspondent of *The Athenæum* says:—"In the summer of 1852 I went to the top of Dunsinane Hill along with the "neighboring clergyman," a most accomplished gentleman. Of Macbeth's Castle, the "Great Dunsinane," nothing remains; there are, however, three mounds, which we imagined to be the site of "the outward walls" where the banners were ordered to be hung out:—

"Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, 'They come.'"—*Macbeth*, act v, sc. 5.

When we came to the foot of the hill, we discovered that there was a very fine echo; and surely Shakspeare knew that this was the case, or else some one told him, for he makes Macbeth say to the doctor:—

"I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again."—Act v, sc. 8.

BIRDS SPEAKING ENGLISH.—A traveler in South America, speaking of the birds of his native land, says it is pleasant to notice that, into whatever strange countries they may have wandered during winter, and whatever strange tongues they may have heard, they nevertheless come back *speaking English*. Hark! "Phoebe! Phoebe!" plain enough. And by-and-by the bobolink, saying, "Bob o' Lincoln," and the quail, saying, "Bob White." We have heard of one who always thought the robin said, "Skillet! skillet! three legs to a skillet! two legs to a skillet!" A certain facetious doctor says the robins cry out to him as he passes along the road, "Kill 'em! cure 'em! physic! physic! physic!"

JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT'S "Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New-Mexico, California, Chihuahua," &c., has been published, in two volumes, by the Appletons. It is an interesting and instructive work, replete with incident and adventure. We quote

the following pleasing description of the log-houses of a small German colony, which he found on reaching the Guadalupe River:—

"Among these, I was not a little surprised to find one occupied by a gentleman of learning and taste, with a choice library of scientific books around him. In chemistry and mineralogy, his collection was particularly rich; and even in other departments of natural science, as well as in history, voyages, and travels, it would have been a very respectable one in our large cities, where books are easily procured. Some good pictures, including copies from Murillo, evinced his taste in the fine arts. There was no floor or glass windows to this humble dwelling, and as much daylight seemed to come through the openings in the logs as through the windows. A plank table, chairs covered with deer skin, and a rude platform, on which was spread a bed filled with corn husks, and destitute of bed-clothes, constituted the furniture. The walls were covered with books except one spot, where were arranged twelve rifles and fowling-pieces of various kinds, with other paraphernalia of a genuine sportsman; while here and there, jutting out from a projecting corner or log, were sundry antlers, evidence of the skill of the occupant. For want of closets and drawers, these antlers served to hang his clothes on.

"On entering this primitive dwelling, we found its owner, Mr. Berne, busily engaged upon his meteorological table. He received us with kindness and suavity of manner; and we found him, as well as several others of his countrymen who had entered, communicative and intelligent. They had been here two years, and formed part of a large colony of Germans who had settled in the vicinity. By invitation, we called at an adjoining house, equally primitive with that before described. On the rude wall hung some beautiful pictures, while other articles of taste, and a cabinet of minerals, had their appropriate places. Here, too, was a fine harpsichord, from which we were treated to selections from the most popular composers, played with an expression and feeling which indicated a master's hand. . . . It is pleasant to meet such emigrants. They bring cheerfulness and contentment with them, and impart to the pioneer population by which they are surrounded that love for refined enjoyments in which it is so often deficient."

JEREMY TAYLOR says:—"Marriage has in it less of beauty but more of safety than the single life; it hath not more ease but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world."

A FRENCHMAN IN AMSTERDAM.—A Parisian, who, by some means, had found himself in Amsterdam, had his attention attracted by a remarkably beautiful house near the canal. For some moments he silently gazed on the edifice, as if lost in admiration; then suddenly turning round, he addressed himself in French to a Dutchman who stood beside him:—

"Pray, sir, may I ask, To whom does that house belong?"

The Hollander answered him in his own language:—

"*Ik kan net verstan*," (I do not understand.)

The Parisian not doubting he was understood, took the Dutchman's answer for the proprietor's name.

"O, O!" said he, "it belongs to Mr. Kaniferstan! Well, I am sure he must be very agreeably situated! The house is most charming, and the garden appears delicious! I do n't know that I ever saw a better! A friend of mine has one like it, near the River Choise—but I certainly give this the preference!" He added many other observations of the same kind, to which the Dutchman made no reply.

When he arrived at Amsterdam, he saw a most beautiful woman walking on the quay, arm in arm with a gentleman. He asked a person who passed him who that charming lady was; but the man, not understanding French, replied:—

"*Ik kan net verstan*."

"What, sir!" exclaimed our traveler, "is that Mr. Kaniferstan's wife, whose house is near the canal? Indeed this gentleman's lot is enviable, to possess such a noble house and so lovely a companion!"

The next day when he was walking he saw some trumpeters playing at a gentleman's door, who had got the largest prize in the Dutch lottery. Our Parisian, wishing to be informed of the gentleman's name, it was still answered:—

"*Ik kan net verstan*."

"O!" said he, "this is too great an accession of good fortune! Mr. Kaniferstan proprietor of such a fine house, husband to such a beautiful woman, and to get the largest prize in the lottery. It must be allowed there are some fortunate men in the world!"

About a week after this, our traveler saw a very superb funeral. He asked whose it was.

"*Ik kan net verstan*," replied the person of whom he inquired.

"O gracious!" exclaimed he; "poor Mr. Kaniferstan, who had such a noble house, such an angelic wife, and the largest prize in the lottery! He must have quitted this world with great regret! But I thought his happiness was too complete to be of long duration!"

He then went home, reflecting on the instability of human affairs.

IDLENESS.—Old Burton says that idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion on which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy.

FREAKS OF THE BRAIN.—It is curious, sometimes ludicrous, to observe the freaks which the brain plays in an "abnormal condition," as the doctors say.

Dr. Gooch relates the case of a lady who, in consequence of an alarm of fire, believed that she was the Virgin Mary, and that her head was constantly encircled by a brilliant halo. Dr. Uwins gives an account of an intellectual young gentleman, who, from some morbid association with the idea of an elephant, was struck by a

horrific spasm whenever the word was named, or even written before him; and to such a pitch was this infatuation carried, that elephant paper, if he were sensible it were such, produced the same effect. A similar case is told of a gentleman, who, on narrowly escaping from the earthquake at Lisbon, fell into a state of delirium whenever the word *earthquake* was pronounced in his hearing. The Rev. John Mason, of Water Stratford, England, evinced in every thing sound judgment, except that he believed he was Elias, and foretold the advent of Christ, who was to commence the millennium at Stratford. A lady, twenty-three years of age, afflicted with hysterical madness, used to remain constantly at the windows of her apartment during the summer. When she saw a beautiful cloud in the sky, she screamed out, "Garverin, Garverin, come and take me!" and repeated the same invitation until the cloud disappeared. She mistook the clouds for balloons sent up by Garverin. The Rev. Simon Brown died with the conviction that his *rational soul* was annihilated by a special fiat of the divine will; and a patient in the Friends' "Retreat," at York, thought he had no soul, heart, or lungs. There was a tradesman who thought he was a seven-shilling piece, and advertised himself thus: "If my wife presents me for payment, don't change me." Bishop Warburton tells us of a man who thought himself a "goose pie;" and Dr. Ferriday, of Manchester, had a patient who thought he had "swallowed the devil." In Paris there lived a man who thought he had, with others, been guillotined; and when Napoleon was emperor, their heads were all restored, but in the scramble he got the wrong one! Marcus Donatus tells us of one Vicentinus, who believed himself too large to pass one of his doorways. To dispel this illusion, it was resolved by his physician that he should be dragged through the aperture by force. This erroneous dictate was obeyed; but as he was forced along, Vicentinus screamed out in agony that his limbs were fractured, and the flesh torn from his bones. In this dreadful delusion, with terrific imprecations against his murderers, he died. The singularity, and indeed the mischief of many of such cases is, that they are *monomaniacal*, the patient being rational on all other subjects, and, therefore, when the hallucination relates to a matter of speculation, in science, in theology, say, it often has a grave result, being taken as rational matter of inquiry or the poor "cracked" author being held responsible as a heretic, and, in former times, burnt alive, with devout zeal by his orthodox brethren. We have fallen upon more merciful times, and assuredly need them much, for madness is amazingly rife among us.

A CURIOSITY.—The following curious sentence is said to have been taken from a volume of sermons published during the reign of James I. of England: "This *dial* shows that we must *die all*; yet notwithstanding, *all houses* are turned into *ale houses*, our *cares* into *cazes*, our *paradise* into *pair o'dice*, *matrimony* into *matter of money*, and *marriage* into *merry age*, our *divines* into *dry vines*: it was not so in the days of Noah—O, no!"

Book Notices.

Gold and the Gospel—Black Water Chronicle—Dr. Dempster—Scott's Daniel—Bow in the Clouds—Camp-Meeting Manual—Plurality of Worlds—Chesney's Russo-Turkish Campaigns—Sunshine on Daily Paths—Fern Leaves—Hunter's Select Melodies—The Bride of the Iconoclasts—Works of Rogers—Armenia—Miss Strickland's Lives—Bird's Calvary—Recreations of Christopher North—A Defense of the Eclipse of Faith—Protestant Church in Hungary—Greece and the Golden Horn.

A VERY valuable book has been issued by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*, entitled *Gold and the Gospel*. It contains two prize essays on the "Scriptural duty of giving according to means and income." They discuss fully the *Biblical doctrine* on the subject, and present it so distinctly that the book cannot fail of a profound effect. These essays are making a stir in England. It is certainly a hopeful sign of the times that the subject of "systematic beneficence" is assuming so much interest in the Christian world. It is precisely in this idea that we believe lies the chief hope of the Christian movements of the age. The world is yet to see a practical *revolution* on this subject.

Redfield, New-York, has sent us *The Black Water Chronicle*, an amusing sketch of "An Expedition into the Land of Canaan," a section of Western Virginia, in Randolph County. It was undertaken by "five adventurous gentlemen, without any aid from government." The region invaded by these unrivaled heroes—"fillibusters" against panthers, bears, and wolves—is exceedingly romantic in its scenery and sporting opportunities; and the profound historian who has undertaken to record the memorable expedition, rivals, in some respects, the extraordinary claims of the venerable Diederich Knickerbocker, that ever-to-be-venerated historiographer, who has preserved from oblivion the history of New-York, "from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch Dynasty." The book is full of rollicking humor, and presents a large amount of information respecting a very interesting portion of the "Old Dominion."

We have received a very able *Discourse on the Ministerial Call*, addressed, by request, to the members of the Biblical Institute, Concord, N. H., by Rev. Dr. Dempster. While the style of the address is highly ornate, its tone of thought is vigorous and sober. We have not before seen the peculiar topic of the ministerial call more thoroughly sifted, or more intelligibly presented.

Daniel: a Model for Young Men, is the title of a substantial octavo, containing a series of lectures which were delivered in New-Orleans, by Rev. Dr. Scott, and introduced to the public by the Rev. Dr. Sprague. The book is too large to be very inviting to young men. It is replete, however, with good sense. The salient points of the prophet's history are well presented, and its lessons strikingly drawn out.

Monroe & Co., Boston, have issued a new edition of *Briggs's Bow in the Clouds*, a book not of the strictest accordance with some of our

theological opinions, but full of refreshing thought and noble sentiments, on the darker problems of human life. Some nine of the present discourses were not in former editions, and they are among the very best of the volume, as their titles will suggest. Among them are "Sorrow incidental to Man's Greatness," "The Ministry of Nature to Human Grief," "Action, not Repose, the Heavenly Rest," &c.

Everything has its peculiar literature now a days, not excepting the Methodist camp-meeting. *Degen, Boston*, has sent us the *Camp-meeting Manual, a practical book for the camp-ground, in three parts*, by Rev. B. W. Gorham. It is a curiously complete little affair, giving the history of such meetings, defending them against objections, telling you how to "go to camp-meeting," how to behave there, and how to return; and detailing with much practical good sense, the "requisites of a good camp-meeting," and all desirable suggestions respecting "tents," "buildings," "fixtures," &c.

The Plurality of Worlds is the title of a very remarkable book, reprinted from a London edition, by *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*, and prefaced by an introduction from President Hitchcock, of Amherst. The design of the volume is to dispute the hypothesis that the stellar worlds are inhabited. The argument is both geological and astronomical. It is strikingly plausible, and pretty effectually upsets the *common reasonings* in favor of the other worlds being inhabited, except in respect to Mars and Venus. We do not, however, believe in the author's theory; it appears to us an amazing fallacy; but we were not aware before of the great amount of plausible argument with which it can be defended.

We are indebted to the same publishers for another "valuable addition to our literature," on the Eastern question—*Chesney's Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829*. It goes over the localities of the present war, and describes the actual state of affairs in the East; and in an appendix gives the diplomatic correspondence of the four powers, and the secret correspondence between Russia and England. The whole subject is made intelligible by excellent maps. The book will effectually aid the reader to appreciate the present posture and probabilities of the "Eastern Question."

A very interesting compilation of articles from *Dickens's Household Words*, entitled *Sunshine on Daily Paths*, has been published by *Peck & Bliss, Philadelphia*, and is for sale at Clark, Austin & Smith's, Park-Row, New-York. They consist of papers of a curious character, revealing "Beauty and Wonder in Common Things," and are illustrated by eight original and very good engravings. Charles Dickens, perhaps, wrote not one of these pages; but as he is the responsible editor of the *Household Words*, we have his indorsement of them, and the reader will pronounce them fully worthy of his pen.

Miller, Orton & Mulligan, Auburn and Buffalo, have issued a second series of *Fern Leaves*, from *Fanny's Portfolio*. They are all new pieces, and are illustrated by eight full page engravings. The first series, and the *Little Ferns*, had a sale, within six months average time of their first publication, of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies. Fauny Fern's popularity arises entirely from her intrinsic merits as a writer—her naturalness, wit, good sense, and good sensibility. Her books are everywhere, and deserve to be.

Higgins & Perkinpine, Philadelphia, have issued a new edition of *Hunter's Select Melodies*, a little volume that comprises many of the best hymns and spiritual songs in common use, but which are not found in standard Church hymn-books. It is a "curiosity of literature;" there are some specimens of outré composition, some of real doggerel, perhaps; but the book, as a whole, abounds in genuine melodies and in the most striking sentiments of religion. The translations from the mystic devotional poetry of Germany are especially good.

The Bride of the Iconoclasts, is the title of a poem by a young writer, as we learn from the preface, published in very neat style by *Monroe & Co., Boston*. There are evidences of a juvenile hand about it, but also of real poetic genius; a skillful use of language, a fine faucy, genuine sentiment, with occasional obscurity and other remediable faults. A fervent devotion to the "divine art" will, we think, secure enviable success to this young author.

Lord Byron in his time called *Samuel Rogers* the master of the living poets, and still the venerable bard lives on in his elegant residence, surrounded by all that art, and taste, and wealth can furnish for the enjoyment of a green old age. The volume of his works lately issued by *Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston*, is edited by *Epes Sargent*, and issued in a style to which the fastidious elegance of the author could not object, while its price will place it within the reach of all. It contains the complete poetical works of Rogers, and a Prefatory Memoir by the editor gives the critical articles of *Mackintosh* and *Jeffrey*.

Messrs. Harper have issued *Armenia—a Year at Erzeroom and on the Frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Persia*, by *Robert Curzon*. Whoever has read *Curzon's* "Monasteries of the Levant," will eagerly seize any volume from his pen. The one now presented to the public relates to a country which is dayly increasing in importance as the theater of events upon which the eyes of the world are fixed. The author was attached to a commission composed of Russians and English, appointed at the request of the Turkish and Persian governments to fix the boundary line of the two countries. It was hoped that this might end the border feuds which have existed between the two countries almost from time immemorial, rendering the whole region unsafe for travelers, and consequently almost unknown in civilized lands. It is a book one will not readily close, till he has reached the final sen-

tence, and his only regret will then be that there is no more of it.

We have received from *Messrs. Harper* the fourth volume of *Agnes Strickland's Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses*. It contains the biography of *Mary Stuart*, and is one of the most interesting volumes of the series.

Dr. Bird's Calavar; or, The Knight of the Conquest, has been republished, in excellent style, by *Redfield, New-York*. It ranks among our best indigenous works of fiction, having passed through three editions, and survived fourteen years—a considerable longevity, certainly, for a romance now-a-days. It is founded upon the invasion of Mexico by *Cortes*, and describes with much power, and as much historical accuracy, the first campaign of the conquest.

We are indebted to *Magee, Boston*, for *Wilson's Recreations of Christopher North*, as published by *Phillips, Sampson & Co.* The whole of these favorite sketches are included in one volume. The mezzotint portrait is excellent, but the type and paper are execrable—at least for so fine a work. It is like setting jewels in pottery.

Redfield, New-York, continues his fine series of *Simm's* works. The last volume we have received is *Katherine Walton, the Rebel of Dorchester*. It is a sequel to the "Partisan," which we lately noticed, and illustrates revolutionary life in *Charleston, S. C.*, as his "Partisan" and "Mellichampe" illustrate the interior scenes of the movement. There is a remarkable historical accuracy in the fictions of *Simm's*, and they have done more than any other writings to bring out the resources of history and romance in the South.

Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, have published *A Defense of the Eclipses of Faith*, by its Author, a rejoinder to Professor *Newman's* "Reply." Also, *Newman's* "Reply," together with his chapter on the "Moral Perfection of Jesus," &c. The whole field of this spirited controversy is thus laid open before the reader. Of course, *Rogers* is the victor; his rejoinder is overpowering.

Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, have published *The History of the Protestant Church in Hungary, from the beginning of the Reformation to 1850*. It has special reference to *Transylvania*, but presents a comprehensive and valuable, if not very entertaining outline of Protestantism throughout *Hungary*. *D'Aubigne* introduces it; we wish he had written it, for it lacks his graphic and dramatic skill.

President Olin's Greece and the Golden Horn is out, with an introduction by *Dr. M'Clintock*. Written some years ago, it is yet decidedly the best description of the modern Greeks in the market. Though a rascally race, they present some most interesting aspects. *Dr. Olin's* sketches are abundant in the variety of their details. They are marked by sober good sense, and his usual breadth, accuracy, and elaborateness of thought. We have already referred to this work; it deserves an extensive sale.

Literary Record.

Boston Letter—Methodist Episcopal Church, South—Griswold's Poets and Prose Writers of America—Discovery of Galileo's Commentaries on Dante—Royal Society of Literature—Encyclopædia of American Literature—Lamartine—Newspapers in Turkey—Oliver Goldsmith's Works—Quicksands on Foreign Shores—Spiritualism—Macaulay—Cobbett's Articles—The Old Printer and the Modern Press—Reid's Scalp Hunter—The Athenæum.

Our Boston correspondent sends us the following literary epistle:—

BOSTON LETTER.

The town has adjourned to the country. Only those poor fellows whose business or poverty forbid their *agoras* at the height of the dog-star, hover, ghost-like, about the heated brick walls of the city. In all airy places, upon the mountains and by the sea-side, crowds of these refugees from heat and business are thronging.

The multitude of books, cool and comfortable duodecimos, which have been gathering upon bookshelves with such unprecedented rapidity during the past six months, a long appalling and appealing rank, pleading clamorously for a hearing, now have a fair chance to receive their proper attention. Under the trees, and in shadowy verandahs, between genial conversations, they may now step forth and present their claims to an undisturbed reading. The call will soon be for readers; books are so cheap who can help buying them? But to read them, a man must have as many heads as Briareus had hands. The question will be asked soon, who reads American books? for a very different reason from that which occasioned its first utterance.

The amount of volumes published in Boston for the few months past has been unprecedented: and they are most of them really valuable additions to the library, meriting a permanent place and a careful reading. Our largest booksellers are looking about for more ample quarters, their present shelves refusing to bear up the rapid and large editions pouring from the press. Phillips, Sampson & Co., who have heretofore conducted their business in chambers, in a few months move "up town," as you would say in your city, to occupy a noble granite front store on Winter-street. The large rooms in the new building will afford accommodations for their immense publishing business, while the lower story will form the most elegant retail book-store in the city, and their counters will exhibit the gathered current literature of the English tongue. They have quite a number of new works in the press, every week introducing through their establishment some fresh claimant upon the public attention. The History of England, in thirteen volumes, by Lingard, the Catholic, is now being published at short intervals, it having been delayed for a few months back by the urgent demand for other publications. It forms an excellent and cheap library edition. The volumes of Talford & Campbell, which fall under your critical pen, will be re-stereotyped and issued in a more worthy dress. The present editions, however, are very respectable for the marvelous cheapness at which they are offered. The wonderful blacksmith, who has been covering England with his "Olive Leaves," and seeking to secure cheap international communication, in order to attain a permanent peace, has just issued from their press a volume of miscellanies, entitled, "Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad"—pleasant and profitable reading. A graceful Memoir of Mr. Burritt, by Mary Howitt, introduces the volume, and it is illustrated by an excellent engraved portrait of the *polyglot* author. "Blessed are the peace-makers" in these days of "wars and rumors of wars," and this benediction rests eminently upon the head of Elithu Burritt. The volume upon the "Poets and Poetry of Greece," a noble octavo by Mills, consisting of popular lectures upon the poetic literature of classic Greece, with admirable English translations, deserves, and undoubtedly will enjoy, a generous reception among the reading community. By a mutual arrangement with J. C. Derby, of New-York, the books of the two establishments bear a common imprint, and the volumes of your spirited bookseller enjoying the circulating medium of P. S. & Co.'s large business. Under this arrangement, the excellent

volume of Dr. Olin, covering the scene of the seat of the present European struggle, "Greece and the Golden Horn," has been issued and has been very cordially received by the press and the public. This has been followed by the "Morning Stars of the New World," graceful biographies of the discoveries of our continent, and by a volume for the season, redolent of the forest and vivacious in its record of personal recreations and adventures, called "Hills, Lakes, and Forest Streams," a lively description of a sporting excursion in the counties of Northern New-York.

Our near neighbors, Jewett & Co., who have long beguiled their customers into our Crescent-street, have been crowded by their increasing business out of Cornhill, and have taken one of the finest stores upon Washington-street. With the increased facilities which they will enjoy in their new establishment for the retail trade, we may readily imagine that it will have few superiors in the country under the management of its enterprising proprietors.

Gould & Lincoln are taking a moment's breath in the publishing department, and yielding up their groaning presses to the reprinted editions of the valuable volumes they have lately published. The "Plurality of Worlds" has made an uncommon impression upon the thoughtful portion of the reading community. It may not succeed in depopulating the stars, but it will serve to chasten speculative philosophy, and suggest a limit to the human fancy. I notice that the English answer to the work is announced by two of your New-York publishers—Carter and Harper—as well as by our respected Boston firm. As Carter has purchased early sheets, he undoubtedly will usher in the new volume to the American field of the controversy.

There is one of our book establishments that is not obnoxious to the prevailing spirit of change. There it stands, with the same homely and inviting presence that it has borne for years, right under the shadow of its venerable friend, the "Old South" Meeting House, all windows and doors upon the two streets of which it marks the corner, its shelves and extended tables crowded with all the rarities of the season, and ordinarily surrounded with those that prepare the reading matter from the raw material, or those whose ample income allows the expensive luxury of rare editions and richly illustrated volumes. Here Ticknor & Co. receive their multitudinous friends and patrons, and offer the numerous and excellent editions of the poets of the nineteenth century, which they have been busily collecting for the last few years. This must be the height of the season for these works. So portable, just fitted to the carpet-bag, and so wonderfully adapted to grove and mountain reading and to sea-side recreations. They have lately published one of the most characteristic of New-England tales, which first charmed the readers of Putnam's Magazine, and will be a traveling companion of many others during the summer tour, in its present beautiful form. It is called "Wensley," and is also styled a "Story without a Moral," which, after all, is the most serious objection which rests against this order of literature. They have also issued in their elegant style of publication, "Atherton, and Other Tales," by Mary Ensell Mitford, author of "Our Village." It is illustrated by a beautiful steel engraving, from an original painting in the possession of Mr. Field, of the delightful authoress—one of the pleasantest faces of age that we have looked upon, full of thought and covered with sunshine, although exhibiting a few lines significant of the severe physical pain to which she has been subjected. The principal story is marked with all the graces of Miss Mitford's style, although it was composed and written under circumstances of almost incredible prostration and pain. It is a rural, moral tale, as are the others published with it—true to the charming scenery of England and to its social life.

Upon the opposite side of Washington-street we naturally enough tarry a moment before the inviting windows of Little, Brown & Co.'s great law and foreign bookstore. It is a temptation that one with a small capital ought not to allow himself often to fall into. The gravity of many of the works, and the immense rows of portly octavos and quartos fairly subdue one's spirit, and we step more gently, and find ourselves on the point of raising our hat as we walk along by their side. A more goodly collection of the library editions

of foreign classics is perhaps not to be found in the country than is presented here. A new American book, "Ames's Life and Works," edited by his son, Seth Ames, Esq., in two octavo volumes, meets you and holds your eye upon its beautiful pages and rich contents, as you enter. Few names have a more fragrant reputation in American annals for patriotism and eloquence than Fisher Ames. In their press they announce a work that will excite attention, both from its subject and its author: "Brownson's Spirit Rapper," designed to show the connexion of spirit manifestations with mesmerism, socialism, revolutionism, magic, &c., by O. A. Brownson. "Plutarch's Lives." Partly from Dryden's translation, and partly from other hands. The whole carefully revised and corrected. With some Original Translations by the editor, A. H. Clough, Esq., late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, 5 vols. 8vo. "Norton's Translation of the Gospels." A translation of the Four Gospels, with Notes, by Andrews Norton, 3 vols. 8vo. "Pierce's Mechanics." A Treatise on Analytic Mechanics, by Benjamin Pierce, LL. D., Perkins Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Harvard University, 1 vol., 4to. "Lyell's Manual of Geology." New edition. Manual of Elementary Geology; or, the Ancient Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, as illustrated by Geological Monuments, by Sir Charles Lyell. Fifth and entirely revised edition. Illustrated with maps, plates, and wood-cuts. 8vo., cloth.

The same firm have made arrangements with Murray, the well-known English publisher, for a supply of his fine edition of the "British Classics," now in course of publication, by which they are enabled to furnish them at a great reduction from the English price. The following volumes will be forthcoming at an early day:—"The Works of Oliver Goldsmith," edited by Peter Cunningham, F. S. A., with vignettes. To be completed in 4 vols. "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," with Notes, by Milman and Guizot. Edited with Additional Notes by William Smith, LL. D. Portrait and maps. To be completed in 8 volumes. "The Works of Alexander Pope," containing nearly one hundred and fifty unpublished Letters. Edited by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, assisted by Peter Cunningham, F. S. A. 6 vols., 8vo. "The Works of Dryden and Swift." Thoroughly revised and edited. Based upon the editions of Sir Walter Scott. "The Works of Joseph Addison." Edited, with a new Life and Notes, by the Rev. W. Elwin, B. A. 4 vols., 8vo. "Johnson's Lives of the Poets." Edited, with Notes, by Peter Cunningham, F. S. A.

In a previous letter, we referred to a movement among the "Franklin Medal-Scholars" and the "Charitable Mechanics' Association," to erect a statue to the philosopher and statesman, in his native city. The committee charged with the preliminary work has secured funds adequate to authorize them to engage an artist and adopt a model of the statue. Mr. Richard S. Greenough has been selected, and the evidence which he has already given of his capacity justifies the expectation that he will execute a work that will be worthy of its subject, and of the city that has thus sought to express its respect for an honored former resident. In the model prepared by the sculptor, the face and head have been copied from the original bust of Franklin, by Houdon, taken for Mr. Jefferson, and now the property of his granddaughter, resident in Boston. He is to be represented in the costume of the times, in the dress he wore at the time he signed the Treaty of Peace in 1783, the identical clothes having been preserved as most valuable relics, and accurately copied by the artist. It is proposed to have the four sides of the pedestal to represent, in bas-reliefs, as many prominent events in Franklin's life: the first, "Franklin working his press;" the second, his "Experiment in electricity;" the third, "Signing the Declaration of Independence;" and fourth, "Concluding the Treaty of Peace." It is also proposed that these bas-reliefs be intrusted to different artists. If the statue is executed in the spirit of its design and model, it will be a most admirable work of art, and an expressive tribute to our Franklin.

You will recollect the fearful storm in April, 1851, which swept away the iron foundations, with the superincumbent lighthouse and its occupants, from Minot's Ledge, outside of Boston harbor. This exposed ledge, the scene of many wrecks, has been unprotected with a light since the time of this dreadful casualty. But now the United States engineers have surveyed the ledge, and reported that the base will permit of the construction of a stone lighthouse of sufficient dimensions to resist the force of the most powerful wave, and immediate measures will be taken to commence the work.

Our noted East Boston ship-builder is now at work upon a clipper ship of the first class, and of two thousand five hundred tons' capacity. She is intended for the trade of James Baines and Co., of Liverpool, and is to bear the honored name of its constructor, "Donald M'Kay."

It is reported that Mr. M'Kay is about to build a beautiful yacht of about ninety tons, which he intends as a present to the Emperor of Japan. She is to be named the "Queen of the Orient."

In several of our towns we have had serious discussions upon the "Bible question in Schools," and in every instance the Bible has been retained. In Winchester, by a very large majority, the request of the Catholics to give up the Bible was refused; and in Holliston, the committee have ruled that where a child objected to read the Protestant version, he should be excused. A public meeting was called, and after many spirited addresses, the following resolution was passed, with only a few dissenting voices. The school committee, however, at once resigned:—

Resolved—That it be the sense of this meeting, that while no blame attaches to the school committee in regard to the reading of the Bible in our schools, yet, in view of the fact that the Bible furnishes the only safe foundation of moral instruction, and in view also of the repeated encroachments of the Catholics in various parts of our country, as well as in our own town, in regard to schools, we deem it the duty of our committee to direct, under all circumstances hereafter, that the Bible be uniformly read in all our schools by all the scholars thereof of sufficient acquirement to read the same intelligibly.

The last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, provided the following large literary corps for the ensuing four years:—

Book Committee—Messrs. M'Ferrin, Hamilton, Green, Gardner, and Evans.

Editor of Sunday-school Books, Tracts, and Books of general catalogue—Dr. T. O. Summers.

Editor of Lady's Companion and Sunday-school Visitor—L. D. Huston.

Quarterly Review—Dr. D. S. Doggett.

Nashville Christian Advocate—Dr. J. B. M'Ferrin.

Richmond Christian Advocate—Dr. L. M. Lee.

Southern Christian Advocate—E. H. Myers.

Holston Christian Advocate—S. Patton.

St. Louis Christian Advocate—D. R. M'Anally.

New-Orleans Christian Advocate—H. N. M'Tyeire.

Memphis Christian Advocate—J. E. Cobb.

Texas Christian Advocate—C. C. Gillespie.

California Christian Observer—Dr. Jesse Borning.

A resolution was adopted, giving liberty to the book agents to publish, if they think it advisable, a monthly magazine of a high literary character.

Ages of English Periodicals—The Edinburgh Review is just 50 years old; the Quarterly, 34; the New Monthly Magazine, 33; Blackwood, 38; and Fraser, 24.

Dr. Griswold's two works, the Poets and Prose-Writers of America, are about to pass to a new edition, with the preparation of which for the press he is now engaged. The addition to his list of poets is considerable, several new competitors for poetic fame having made their appearance within a few years past. On the new edition of the Prose-Writers, Dr. Griswold, it is said, is bestowing a good deal of pains, writing over some parts of it, and making it in every respect more complete.

The Tuscan *Monteur* announces that Signor Sigli has discovered in Florence Galileo's Commentaries on Dante, which were supposed to

have been lost. They are in the autograph of the philosopher, and will doubtless be given to the world in due time.

At the last meeting of the *Royal Society of Literature* in London, the Rev. D. J. Heath read a paper, "On the Select Hieratic Papyri," published by the British Museum, in 1844, in the deciphering of which he has lately been making considerable progress. Mr. Heath believes that he has succeeded in discovering that some of these, as the fifth and sixth of the Anastasi collection, which belong to the reign of Menephtah II., narrate the exodus of a "mixed multitude" from Egypt, and probably that of the Jews themselves. In the commencement of his paper, Mr. Heath gave several reasons why he imagined that the exodus did really take place during the reign of this Menephtah II., though, if his theory be true, the date of that event is brought down as low as B. C. 1312; and he stated that he had been led to this conclusion by perusing some remarkable papers, contributed by Miss Corboux to the "Journal of Sacred Literature." The contents of these papyri Mr. Heath showed to be very various, each new subject being, generally, distinguished by red-letter headings; some are verses, sung by the tutor to the royal youths in the harem; some are official orders to different officers; some are praises, not only of kings but of individuals. In one instance there is a psalm, by a royal psalmist, and some are plain historical statements. The dates appended to some of the paragraphs are those of the copyist; for the same paragraphs are sometimes repeated in different handwritings. Mr. Heath then proceeded to give various portions of the papyri translated, but necessarily in a very fragmentary form, in illustration of his theory and belief with respect to their contents.

Scribner, of this city, will soon issue a work entitled, "An Encyclopedia of American Literature," embracing personal and critical notices of authors, with passages from their writings, from the earliest period to the present day, with portraits, autographs, and other illustrations.

M. de Lamartine has a new work in the press, a "History of Turkey," of which a notice has appeared in the *Paris Constitutionnel*.

Newspapers in Turkey.—Constantinople has thirteen papers, Smyrna six, and Alexandria one. Servia is rich in its periodical press, having eight papers, while Wallachia and Moldavia have only four. In all there are thirty-four newspapers in the Ottoman empire.

Murray, the celebrated London publisher, has issued a new edition of *Oliver Goldsmith's Works*, edited by Peter Cunningham, (John Murray,) containing the "Bee," the "Essays," collected from various periodicals by the author, and first published by him in 1765, unacknowledged Essays, and miscellaneous prefaces, introductions, and other papers.

A work of fiction, referring to *Conventual Institutions*, by a member of the family of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, (Whately,) will shortly be published, entitled "Quicksands on Foreign Shores."

Judge Edmonds, *Dr. Dexter*, and *O. G. Warren*, are out with a new monthly, (*The Sacred Circle*), devoted to *Spiritualism*. But this, like nearly all the "Spiritual" organs, (there are eight of them in the United States,) assumes the truth of the "spiritual" hypothesis, but does not undertake to prove it. It is a work for the elect, and not for unconvinced inquirers.

Mr. Macaulay has been elected President of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in the room of the late Professor Wilson.

Cobbett's articles, from his once celebrated "Register," on the "Reasons for going to war with Russia in defense of Turkey," have been reprinted in London, and are creating quite a sensation.

"The Old Printer and the Modern Press," is the title of a work recently published by *Murray*, of London. The author, *Charles Knight*, is a "fast" and amusing writer, full of anecdote and mirth. He reviews the history of literature in all its phases; sneers at patronage, and abuses the British Government in no measured terms for creating a people that rush to casinos and sottish beer-shops instead of being purchasers of weekly volumes. As a specimen of the manner in which he handles his subject, we give the following amusing notice of the transformation of rag into paper:—

"The material of which this book is formed existed a few months ago, perhaps, in the shape of a tattered frock, whose shreds, exposed for years to the sun and wind, covered the sturdy lots of the shepherd watching his sheep on the plains of Hungary;—or it might have formed part of the coarse blue shirt of the Italian sailor, on board some little trading-vessel of the Mediterranean;—or it might have pertained to the once tidy *camicia* of the neat straw-plaiter of Tuscany, who, on the eve of some festival, when her head was intent upon gay things, condemned the garment to the *strucceuolo* (rag-merchant) of Leghorn;—or it might have constituted the coarse covering of the flock-bed of the farmer of Saxony, or once looked bright in the damask table-cloth of the burgher of Hamburgh;—or, lastly, it might have been swept, new and unworn, out of the vast collection of the shreds and patches, the fustian and buckram, of a London tailor; or might have accompanied every revolution of a fashionable coat in the shape of lining—having traveled from St. James's to St. Giles's, from Bond-street to Monmouth-street, from Rag Fair to the Dublin Liberty, till man disowned the vesture, and the kennel-sweeper claimed its miserable remains. In each or all of these forms, and in hundreds more which it would be useless to describe, this sheet of paper a short time since might have existed. No matter, now, what the color of the rag—how oily the cotton—what filth it has gathered and harbored through all its transmutation—the scientific paper-maker can produce out of these filthy materials one of the most beautiful productions of manufacture."

There are two translations of *Captain Mayne Reid's* "Scalp Hunter" on sale in Paris; and of one of them there are two editions. The *Mouquetaire*, in a review of the work, pronounces the author equal to Cooper, and original in the same field where that romancer was so successful. *M. Allyre Basean*, the translator of the edition thus eulogized, certainly understands and seizes upon the singularly vigorous and picturesque Western American-English better than any other Frenchman who has applied himself to the task.

The *Athenæum* is at present edited by *Mr. Heyworth Dixon*, author of the "Lives of Penn, Howard, and Blake;" the first undertaken to counteract the slanders of *Macaulay* in his "History of England."

Fine Arts.

The Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers—Washington at the Battle of Monmouth—Niagara Falls—Mary Russell Mitford—Francesca da Rimini—Discovery in Greece—Death of an Artist—Ancient Art.

Lucy's prize picture, *The Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers*, is exhibiting at Exeter Hall, London. The little band of Independents, who quitted Holland after twelve years of exile, has here started into life. The sympathetic interest excited by this historical work proves that lofty aim and conscientious pursuit bear their own reward. It will, we understand, shortly be sent to this country for exhibition.

Washington at the Battle of Monmouth.—A correspondent of a New-York journal, in writing from Berlin, states that the point of time which Leutz, the artist, has seized, in his historical picture of Washington at the Battle of Monmouth, is that of his encounter with the retreating troops, and his stern reprimand to Lee. He rides fiercely up, with his sword raised in his right hand, his countenance indicating astonishment and determination, mingled with suppressed passion. Immediately behind Washington are Lafayette and Hamilton. On the left is the figure of a soldier, who has dropped in a state of exhaustion upon the green margin of the pool. His eye is fixed upon the water, his right hand extended toward it as if vainly attempting to reach it; his left hand is clasped around the arm of a hardy, sun-burnt, "leather-stocking" character, habited in the wild garb of a Western trapper. His strongly-marked and weather-beaten face is turned, with an expression of great interest, toward the Commander-in-Chief. The foreground upon the right is occupied by the figure of a dying youth, supported by a brother-in-arms of a stately form and bearing: the intense interest with which his eyes are bent upon the dying man—as well as the contrast in years—would at once suggest to the mind the relation of father and son. The ghastly hue of death is suffused over the features—the eyes are set. The father's hand is pressed upon the breast of the dying man as if to be sure that the spark of immortality still lingered in its earthly tenement. Immediately in front a soldier is introduced dipping water with his hat for the relief of the sufferer. As a whole, I can hardly believe that this work is calculated to add greatly to Mr. Leutz's reputation as an American historical painter, particularly when contrasted with his very successful picture of Washington crossing the Delaware.

Mr. Gignoux, of this city, has completed a painting of Niagara Falls for Baron Rothschild. It is a winter view of the Falls, and conveys a most faithful picture of the cataract in the midst of its icy grandeur.

A critic in the north alludes, in handsome terms, to the portrait of *Mary Russell Mitford*, which has lately been on exhibition at the Athenæum Gallery, at Boston. He says, that "a more engaging picture of the features of old age is not often seen. The clear, brownish, florid complexion—the eyes blue, with an ap-

proach to gray, sparkling with wit and kindly feeling—the broad forehead, from which her silver hair is neatly brushed behind her cap, betoken a fullness of years, with an unimpaired youthfulness of feeling. Miss Mitford has already passed the age of sixty-five."

The well-known picture of *Francesca da Rimini*, by *M. Ary Scheffer*, now at the Gallery of French paintings in London, is to be sent for exhibition to this country.

Several remains of antiquity have lately been discovered in Greece. At Megara, two columns and part of the pavement of a small temple; at Athens, a triangular pedestal, bearing a winged spirit on each of its sides. A statue of Jupiter and the torso of a priestess are also mentioned.

One of the most distinguished artists of America, *Mr. Wright*, died at his residence, in this city, last month. The most beautiful medals in gold, silver, or bronze, which have ever been struck in this country to commemorate the deeds of our military and naval heroes, or to illustrate memorable events in our history, and to preserve in durable form the lineaments of American statesmen, have been the work of *Mr. Wright*. The Congress of the United States, the states of New-York, Virginia, and other members of our confederacy, have testified to his superiority of taste and skill as an artist, by employing him to execute medals which they have awarded to citizens distinguished for their military and civic services.

A valuable collection of *Works of Ancient Art* has recently been sold in London. It includes amphoræ, statuettes, bronzes, fibulæ, vases, masks, lachrymatories, cameos, Etruscan pottery, terracottas, gems, ancient jewelry, marbles, ivories, armor, marqueterie, mosaics, Venetian and German glass, and Raffaele and Faenza ware. Among the more curious specimens may be mentioned a pair of Etruscan ear-rings formed of hollow ovals of flat beaten gold; an Etruscan bronze of a group of small figures witnessing an execution; a bronze trough from Xanthus, supposed to have been an incense burner; a bronze lamp from Cumæ, intended for suspension, ornamented with bosses of lions' heads, and an Etruscan vase, the bottom of which was formed by a wild beast's head and jaws. We may add to this list a small gold statuette of Cupid, and some ancient vases of semi-opaque Greek glass, found in a tomb at Ruvo, very pearly and iridescent from long corrosion; and some curious bracelets, bullæ, necklaces, and tirings of Greek workmanship. Of the luxurious fifteenth century work there were some rich instances. Of these, the best was a silver shrine, twenty-five inches high, containing a figure of St. John, and attended by cherubim, angels, children holding festoons, and decorated with fruit and flowers; and a baronial salt-cellar, surmounted by a figure of Fame, surrounded by Cupids riding on dolphins.

Scientific Items.

Meteorological Observations—Cutting Steel—Printing Paper—Gold in South Africa—Electricity—Mineral Resources of the West—Marble Quarries.

CAPTAIN FITZROY, of the English navy, has been appointed superintendent of the newly-created office for analyzing and tabulating the uniform system of meteorological observations. "This," says the *London Athenæum*, "is an important result of the excellent proposition made by Lieutenant Maury, on the part of the United States Government, for an extensive international series of maritime meteorological observations on a uniform plan."

There is, says the *Scientific American*, a method of sawing or cutting hardened steel, which is not as generally known as it should be. A circular piece of common thin iron plate, or sheet iron, being adjusted to a lathe, or by other means put into a violent rotary motion, will readily cut off a file, a cutting tool or tempered steel spring, without drawing or reducing the temper. There is much mystery in the wonderful effect of this buzz, and its cutting property is attributed to electricity. It answers a very convenient purpose, however, when the shape and form of articles are required to be altered without effecting their temper. It furnishes a convenient method for cutting teeth to large saws, but objectionable on account of the newly-cut surface being left so hard that they cannot be readily filed by a common file.

The growing demand for *printing paper*, and its present high prices, render it necessary that some new material should, if possible, be brought into use, which, from its abundance and cheapness, may recommend it to the manufacturer. To this end several of our most able scientific men are devoting their time, and with satisfactory results; for it has been discovered that in the southern and western states, south of the 30th degree of latitude, a plant is grown from which printing paper may be manufactured in greater quantities and of a finer quality, than is now made from all the materials now used in the manufacture of that article. The plant flourishes best in damp soils and a humid atmosphere. Under the most advantageous circumstances, it grows from six to ten feet in height, and will yield several tons to the acre. The stem, like hemp, requires to be stripped of its bark, leaving a core of a beautiful whiteness, with a fiber of the full length of the plant, very strong and pliable. Experiments on a limited scale have recently been made with it, in the manufacture of a cloth used for bagging, with highly favorable results. In texture it bears some resemblance to manilla, though it is not so harsh, and is more readily converted into pulp.

Gold in South Africa.—It has been known for several years that copper to some extent was to be found in the country of the Namaquas, or, as it is called, Namaqualand; but, owing to the barrenness of the country, the scarcity of water, and the consequent difficulty of transport to the coast, it was doubted whether it could be profit-

ably worked. An enterprising mercantile firm has, however, tested this, and is reaping its reward, the ore collected being found to be of a very rich description, and the difficulties of transport much less than were at first anticipated. It has been lately discovered that some of the copper ore collected contains a portion of gold, thus greatly enhancing its value, even if the more precious metal be not found in large quantities, as by many it is anticipated it will be. The foregoing remarks refer to the Namaqualand—a country bounded by the South Atlantic Ocean, the Great Orange River, and the district of Clanwilliam. In the sovereignty, or country north of the Orange River, small nuggets of gold have been discovered in the quartz rock, with which that country abounds, and many people are "prospecting" in that direction; and further to the north, in the country occupied by the Dutch farmers, some similar discoveries have been made, but it is said a law has been passed by the "Volksraad," excluding all Englishmen from the right to search for it.

Dr. Robert de Lambelle, a distinguished physician of Paris, announces that a shock of electricity, given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence, and returns the sufferer to life.

From an article in a late number of the *American Phrenological Journal* we clip the following on the mineral resources of the West:—

"The mineral wealth of the West is beyond all computation. The greater portion of this vast valley is underlaid with rich beds of coal. Practically inexhaustible are these mines of wealth. They crop out at short distances; show themselves along the ravines and river bluffs; exhibit their sooty lines on the hillsides, inviting attention to their beds of wealth. They will afford fuel for thousands of years for all who may wish to use it. Next to coal, iron is the most widespread mineral of the West. Its mines are practically inexhaustible. It is found in almost every state, and in some in great profusion. In the arts of civilization, iron is by far the most useful and valuable mineral yet known. In many places the iron ore of the West is very rich, containing sometimes as high as ninety per cent of iron. There is probably iron enough in the West to make all the railroads and all the factories and iron utensils that will ever be needed in the valley, should it be as densely populated and highly civilized as we have contemplated. Next to iron, lead is the most plentiful metal. It is found in numerous places. The lead mines of Illinois and Missouri alone will produce enormous quantities of this valuable mineral.

"Copper is found in some parts in abundance; and some silver has been found. And yet the West is comparatively unexplored. The speculator and the huntman have passed over it, but the eye of science has yet revealed but little of its mineral wealth. The whole underground West is one grand lime-kiln, in which are interspersed its varied beds of minerals; and the greater portion of the soil is ready to be made into bricks of the best quality. Stone, brick, and lime, are almost as plenty as soil and water."

A German sculptor, established in the ancient city of Athens, has again discovered those celebrated kinds of marbles, the *red and green antique*, the quarries of which have been lost from time immemorial. He has discovered the red antique on the southern part of the chain of the Taygetus, and the green on the northern side of the island of Tinos.

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.



DONALD M'KAY.

ABOUT ten years since, the writer of this sketch, then a resident in the beautiful town of Newburyport, Mass., became acquainted with its subject. Mr. M'Kay had just established himself in business, and won the confidence and respect of the citizens of the place. His fine marine models, his thorough workmanship, and his vigorous business habits had begun to attract the attention of the merchants of New-York and Boston, and his shipyard was fast filling with mechan-

ics, whose incessant blows echoed along the banks of the Merrimack. His increasing business gave a new impulse to nearly all mechanical labor in the town, while the noble ships that were successively launched, returned a generous recompense to the laborers. The presiding genius who excited and controlled all this fervor of business, causing the shapeless and disjointed timbers to rise up, by a thousand hands, into the most harmonious proportions, was at that time a young man

of about thirty-five. Always in the midst of his workmen, or upon his knees in his draughting loft, "laying down," with mathematical exactness, his vessels, he might easily be recognized as the ruling mind in the yard. About the medium size in his stature, abstracted in his appearance as if conning some new design; with his lips pressed quite resolutely together, speaking rapidly and with unmistakable precision when the occasion called for it; always active, with every faculty on guard to perform its duty at the moment required; with a noble forehead, a fine eye, and a frank and hearty courtesy. Such was Mr. M'Kay as he impressed us upon our first acquaintance with him: It was impossible to be with him, even for a short time, without carrying away the impression that you had met with, not merely a master of his profession, but a bold and successful explorer in new lines of mechanical enterprise.

Mr. M'Kay has excellent blood in his veins; he is of Scottish origin, and was born in Shelburne, N. S., in 1809. His parents are still living to share with him the merited honors which he has won by his business triumphs. His early years were employed upon a farm, and his opportunities for acquiring an education were very limited. The quiet life of the farm, however, did not satisfy the restless cravings of his mechanical genius. At the age of nineteen, in connection with his brother Laughlin M'Kay, afterward the accomplished commander of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, he commenced his career as a shipbuilder in the construction of a fishing-smack. At the age of twenty-two, alone and without testimonials, he presented himself at the yard of Mr. Jacob Bell, the veteran ship-builder of New-York, lately deceased, and was taken into his employment. Mr. M'Kay's extraordinary natural endowments now began to develop themselves, and no opportunity was permitted to escape him for making himself a thorough master of every branch of his business. While connected with the yard of Bell and Westervelt, the threatened collision with France, during the administration of General Jackson, gave occasion to unusual activity in the navy yards. Mr. Bell recommended Mr. M'Kay to the Naval Constructor at Brooklyn Navy Yard; and here, from a thousand men, he was selected as a foreman of a

gang of employées, ordered upon some more delicate and important portion of the work. A strong "Native American" feeling—or rather a jealousy of superior ability sheltering itself under this party guise, and never more undeservedly expressing itself, (for although not born within the limits of the Union, there never was a truer American or more hearty republican,)—beginning to render his position in the Navy Yard uncomfortable, at the suggestion of his fast friend Mr. Bell, who appreciated his worth, and perhaps saw the promise of his future eminence, he engaged a yard in Newburyport, and commenced his labors for himself upon the Merrimack. His first packet-ships, the largest that had hitherto been launched upon this river, (constructed for New-York firms,) for their perfect proportions, beauty of model, and thorough workmanship, at once attracted the attention of merchants, while their extraordinary sailing qualities confirmed the favorable impressions first produced. Here he launched his earliest "sharp ship," the *Carrier*, which, upon its first voyage to Rio Janeiro, surpassed in the shortness of the passage all previous trials. The extraordinary fleetness of this vessel brought Mr. M'Kay into general notice in the mercantile community, and established his reputation as an original and highly successful builder. At the completion of the *Joshua Bates*, for Train and Co's. line of Liverpool packets, through the suggestion of Enoch Train, Esq., the much respected head of the firm, he purchased one of the yards he now occupies in East Boston, and, much to the regret of the citizens, left the shores of the Merrimack for Boston harbor. He now constructed in rapid succession the well-known line of Liverpool packets, numbering twelve splendid vessels, ranging from one thousand to twenty-one hundred tons.

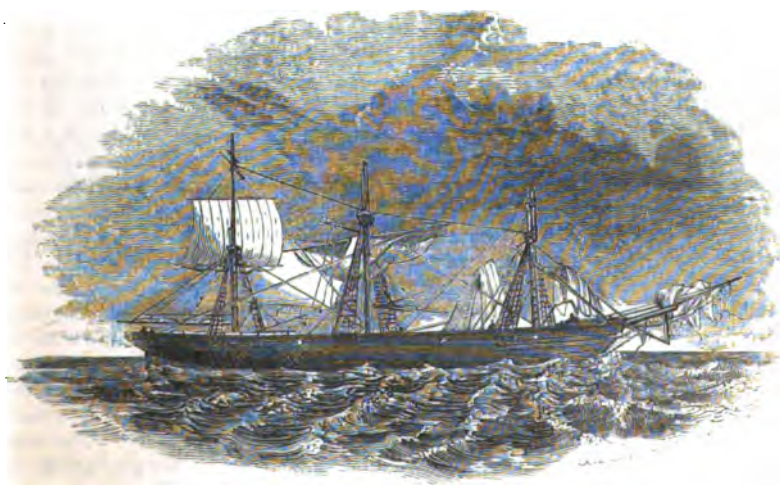
A new occasion for the genius and skill of Mr. M'Kay was offered in the opening of the new and extraordinary market upon the Pacific. In the wonderful rush of passengers, and the great demand for the transportation of freight, two ends were to be sought in the construction of vessels intended for this trade—speed and capacity. From the yard of our builder leaped forth the *Staghound* for its ocean race; and this fine clipper was followed by the appropriately named *Flying Cloud*,

a ship of the most perfect proportions, with a carrying capacity of seventeen hundred tons, and as fleet as the winds that swelled her sails. On her first passage she not only made the quickest run from New-York to San Francisco, but attained the highest rate of speed of any sailing vessel up to that period on record. The passage was made in eighty-nine days, and she ran three hundred and seventy-four geographical miles in twenty-four consecutive hours. She has since exceeded *herself*, in her last voyage making the distance in eighty-eight days, discharging her cargo of two thousand tons of merchandise, and sailing again for China, on the ninety-ninth day after leaving New-York—an unparalleled performance in the nautical world.

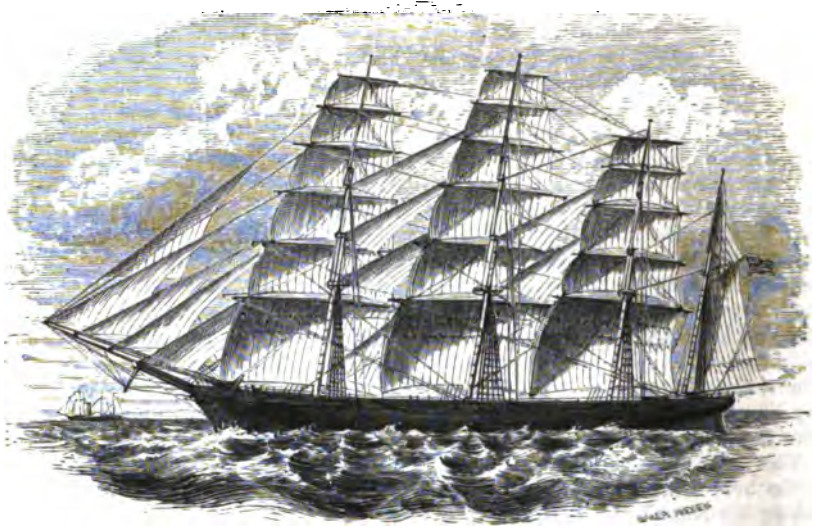
This remarkable success, placing him at the head of his profession, and establishing his fortune as a builder, (for his contracts now reached the utmost limits of his facilities for building, although large additions were made to his yards,) did not satisfy his merely stimulated ambition. He carefully reviewed all his past works, and analyzed their results, and came to the conclusion that perfection in modeling had not yet been discovered. Again he was found in his draughting-room, laying down, from the model which imbodyed the results of his previous cogitations, the lines of his new nautical triumph. In due time a noble vessel of two

thousand four hundred tons, at the time the largest, longest, and sharpest merchant ship in the world, to which he had given the well-merited title of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, glided from her ways, and hastened to assume her propesied supremacy over the vast mercantile fleet. Up to this time, vessels of this size had been considered too large and expensive for any trade; and even doubts of their safety in the conflicts of the seas were harbored. No merchant would adventure his capital in this ship; and, against the advice of his friends, the courageous builder, confident in his calculations, built her upon his own account, investing in her all he was worth. During her construction, he made himself familiar with the details of the California trade, and when he had completed his ship, he was prepared to load her on his own account.

It was especially favorable for the success of the enterprise that it could be intrusted to such judicious hands as his brother, the well-known Captain Laughlin M'Kay, who promises to earn as rich a reputation upon the sea as his brother upon the shore. The success of the enterprise fully justified the confidence of the designer in the practicability of his plans. It was an intuition of genius which his extraordinary mechanical skill and indomitable perseverance brought to a happy consummation. Her passage out to San



THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS.



THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

Francisco, as a whole, was not so short as that of the *Flying Cloud*, yet she was seven days in advance of the entire clipper fleet, which sailed about the same time; although, as seen in the illustration, she was dismasted in the Pacific, at about the latitude of Valparaiso, in a gale of wind. And here the peculiar capacity and seamanship of her master found an occasion for their exhibition. Probably no vessel, so thoroughly dismantled, was ever refitted without making a port. Captain M'Kay, however, at once set himself with his crew to the task of replacing the lost spars and rigging, at sea, without turning aside from his voyage, and accomplished his purpose in the most successful manner. On her homeward passage, this ship made one of the greatest runs ever recorded. In twenty-four consecutive hours she made four hundred and thirty geographical miles, fifty-six more than the greatest run of the *Flying Cloud*, and in ten successive days she ran three thousand one hundred and forty-four miles. Her next passage also, from New-York to Liverpool, although made under very unfavorable circumstances, was the shortest ever made by a sailing vessel. In eleven months her gross earnings amounted to \$200,000, and the noble vessel was then sold to her present English proprietors at the builder's own price. Her achievements since, on her route between Liverpool and Aus-

tralia, have fully justified her early reputation.

Our builder had not yet reached the height of his ambition. "Experience had shown that the passage to California had been lengthened by the tremendous westerly gales in the vicinity of Cape Horn; and that, to combat these gales successfully, vessels of greater size and power than any which had yet been built were necessary. His incessantly active mind again grappled with the problem, and the wonder of the times was the result, in the form of the memorable "Great Republic," the largest ship afloat built for any active service. When she reached the water, she was preëminent above all others in her form, fastenings, internal arrangement, and useful and ornamental accommodations. From her keel to her pennant, every modern nautical improvement of any practical value, and many devised by her ingenious builder himself, were introduced in her construction. A sumptuous palace for the passengers, officers, and centennial crew, she still opened immense vaults between her decks for the bestowment of freight. She was of four thousand five hundred tons register, and of full six thousand tons stowage capacity. The wonderful harmony of all her proportions reduced the impression of her immense size, made upon the first view; and only by comparing her with surrounding objects—



LAUNCH OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

ordinary ships seeming quite like pleasure-yachts by her side—could her full admeasurement be apprehended. Her length was three hundred and twenty-five feet—quite a long journey from her transom to her bow, and requiring no ordinary human lungs, even in a calm, to make the voice reach from one to the other. The breadth of the ship was fifty-three feet, and the depth thirty-nine. She had four masts for the spreading of her mighty wings, and four decks for the strengthening of her sides and the covering of her merchandise. Her mainmast, which was forty-four inches in diameter, reached at its summit the distance of one hundred and thirty-one feet. It is a curious item to record the amount of the principal material entering into her construction:—

“Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scatter'd here and there, with them,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees,
Brought from regions far away—
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke:”

Of hard pine, one million five hundred thousand feet entered into her immense mass; two thousand and fifty-six tons of white oak; three hundred and thirty-six and a half tons of iron; fifty-six of copper, exclusive of sheathing. Fifty thousand days' work were expended upon her hull, equivalent to the labor of one man for one hundred and thirty-seven years. Fifteen thousand six hundred and fifty-three yards of canvas were used for her sails. Her crew was composed of one hundred men and thirty boys. This mighty vessel also was Mr. M'Kay's sole adventure. Into her immense sides he poured his hard-earned wealth without stint, while all others stood aloof, hesitating at the experiment. No ordinary interest was felt on its success. The bulletins issuing from time to time from the press were eagerly perused, and public curiosity had reached an unusual height before the vessel was completed. The island portion of the city, where it was towering up upon its stocks, was constantly visited by crowds, and the well-known courtesy of the builder was tested to its utmost by the constant inquiries of curious visitors:—

“Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashion'd strong and true,—
Stemson, and keelson, and sternson-knee,—
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!

And around the bows and along the side,
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful to form, and strength
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loom'd aloft the shadowy hulk!”

But when the hour of launching arrived, the harbor presented a most extraordinary and sublime spectacle. Boats of every description, and steamboats, loaded to their last capacity, sailed to and fro in the vicinity of the stately ship. Wharfs, bridges, vessels, house-tops—every convenient spot overlooking in any degree the object of general interest—were black with spectators:—

“All is finish'd! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launch'd!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanch'd,
And o'er the bay
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.”

Quietly among the crowd of workmen and of personal friends, moved the presiding genius of the whole scene—the “master,” who had with his own hand prepared

“The model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.”

Some expressed their fears lest the launch should not be successful. “Did he fear no accident?” they asked. “Was he sure all was right?” “*Could he launch her?*” He might have been pardoned for a little impatience. “Launch her!” said he; “I could place her upon the top of Bunker-Hill Monument, if it were necessary to do so.” Never was a launch more successful—so sublime, so enrapturing. Let Longfellow utter it in his noble song:—

“Then the master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves.—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms:
And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seem'd to say,
‘Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!’”

It was supposed that this noble ship would make her first voyage to California; but her vast capacities were finally filled for Liverpool, and no ordinary national pride was felt in view of the impression which she would make upon the merchants and masters of England, when she should reach their ports, under the command of her gallant captain, late of *The Sovereign of the Seas*. But this voyage she never sailed. She was ingloriously burned at the wharf in New-York, when chafing upon her fastenings, all ready for the sea. What will be her fate, or future transformation, remains yet to be seen. But not a "smell of fire" passed over her builder's hopes and plans. A large ship, second only to herself, *The Champion of the Seas*, was in the process of construction, and has since been launched and sent to the English firm by whom she was ordered—a model and an illustration of American skill. The reputation earned by these ships has brought into Mr. M'Kay's hands a vast amount of European orders; and his yards are now pressed to their utmost power to execute them. He has himself planned, and is rapidly constructing, a new line of packet-ships, to run between Boston and different European ports. The vessels will be of the first class; and we can readily imagine how popular a line, both for passengers and freight this must be, prepared at this hour of the maturest experience of the builder, combining every advantage that human invention has secured to the marine art; elegant in accommodations, fleet as the wind, and as strong as timber, iron, and copper can render them. During the past ten years, a fleet of ships, some forty or more, any one of which would be a reputation for a man, has been issuing from the yards of Mr. M'Kay—all of them marked with the genius of their builder, and defending his fame in every successive trip.

It is an interesting fact, that not one of his ships has ever put into a port in distress, or cost the underwriters a dollar for repairs, in consequence of any defect in its construction.

In the prime of his manhood, with an abundant capital, a rich experience, and the spur of extraordinary previous success, it is a safe prophecy that, if his life is spared, wonderful advances will yet be secured in the naval art, and the wind will

yet be a powerful competitor with steam in the carrying business upon the high seas.

It is grateful to record, what may already have been inferred, that in private life, and as a citizen, our great builder illustrates all the genial and generous traits of character that belong to, and adorn the true Christian gentleman. Success, then, to his noble enterprises! And may he long live to give wings to a commerce, which, if sanctified by the gospel, will become the evangelizer of the world. In the present condition of the world, commerce, in its great arena of navigation, is among the chief means of civilization and progress. Such a genius as Mr. M'Kay's is of more value to the race than that of the great soldier, or even the great statesman; we take pleasure, therefore, in paying this tribute to his merits.

[For the National Magazine.]

SING WITH THE HARP.

BY J. G. LYONS.

MINSTREL! my spirit is sorely dejected;
Take down thy harp from its place on the wall;—
Long has it slumber'd untuned and neglected,
Long has its voice been unheard in the hall:
Tyrants have triumph'd, and all have contented;
Orphans are wrong'd, and the spoiler is glad;
Just men have perish'd, and none have lamented:—
Marvel not thou that my bosom is sad.

Teach thou the sorrowing chords to awaken
Thoughts of the dead, who for ages have slept;
Martyrs that shrank not though scorn'd and forsaken;
Bards whom the people have honor'd and wept:
Harp thou of heroes, the valiant, the chainless,
Bleeding for rights which the weak have betray'd;
Sing thou of goodness, the lowly, the stainless,
Burning her incense unseen in the shade.

When thou hast told of the lost and the dying,
Bid thou thy strain of lamenting to cease;—
Sing thou of Him, on whose promise relying,
Guilt may have pardon, despair may have peace:
Sound thou of worlds where the seraph is sweeping
Harpstrings unworn by the war-notes of men;
Lands of delight, where no mourner is weeping;
So shall my spirit be tranquil again.



LUTHER CARRIED OFF BY HIS FRIENDS.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

LUTHER CARRIED OFF BY HIS FRIENDS ON HIS RETURN,
1521.

NEITHER Spaniard nor Roman was to lay hand on the teacher of the German nation, so strong in the faith; German fidelity and noble princely care had prepared for him a secret asylum.

"But because Luther had been outlawed by the emperor, and excommunicated by the pope, God inspired the wise Elector of Saxony to give orders, through confidential and trustworthy persons, to take prisoner for a time the outlawed and excommunicated Luther, as the pious servant of God, Obadiah, the teacher of King Ahab, kept one hundred priests for a time concealed in a cavern, and fed them, while the Queen Jezebel sought their life. Our doctor consented to this step at the anxious desire of good people."—*Mathe-sius*.

While all is indignation and rage at Worms, that the daring offender should have been allowed to escape, the time is gone by, and he soars invisibly over his enemies from the heights of the castle of Wartburg. Happy and safe in his dungeon, he can return to his flute, sing his German psalms, translate his Bible, and thunder at the devil and the pope quite at his ease. "The report gains ground," writes Luther, "that I have been made prisoner by friends sent from Franconia;" and, at another time, "I fancy it was supposed that Luther had been killed, or condemned to utter silence, in order that the public mind might relapse under that sophistical tyranny which I am so hated for having begun to undermine." However, Luther took care to let it be known that he was still alive. He writes to Spalatin: "I should not be sorry if this letter were



LUTHER TRANSLATING THE BIBLE.

lost by some adroit neglect on your part, and should fall into our enemies' hands. . . . The priests and monks who played off their pranks while I was at large, have become so alarmed since I have been a prisoner, that they begin to soften the preposterous tales they have propagated about me. They can no longer bear up against the pressure of the increasing crowd, and yet see no avenue by which to escape. See you not the arm of the Almighty of Jacob in all that he works, while we are silent and rest in patience and in prayer! Is not the saying of Moses herein verified, *Vos tacebitis, et Dominus pugnabit pro vobis*, 'The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace?'

Captain Berlepsch and Burkard Hund, Lord of Altenstein, with their servants, stopped Luther's carriage in a hollow way near the castle of Altenstein, in the direction of Waltershausen, and carried him off. His companion, Amadorf, had to

proceed alone, Luther's younger brother having fled, alarmed at sight of the approaching horsemen.

LUTHER BEGINS HIS TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE AT THE WARTBURG.

THE heroic monk has suddenly vanished from the busy market-places of the world; we find him in the quiet chamber of a Thuringian castle disguised as Master George, absorbed in the study of that volume which, since the dark days of Erfurt, had become the shining star of his life. This book was now to speak in the German tongue to German hearts; such was Luther's resolution, and his labor in his Patmos.

"While our doctor was kept quite secretly at Wartburg, he was not idle, but pursued dayly his studies and his prayers, and devoted himself to the Greek and Hebrew Bibles, and wrote many consolatory letters to his friends."—*Mathewus*.

"In the meantime," he writes, "I intend to translate the New Testament into our mother tongue, as our people wish. O that every city had its own translator, so that this book might be in the hands and hearts of every one! . . . I have taken upon myself a burden which surpasses my strength. Now only I perceive what a translation means, and why hitherto no one has ventured to put his name to one. It is to be hoped that we may give to our Germany a better translation than the Latins possess. It is a great work, well worthy that we should all labor thereat."

Luther dates his letters, *From the region of the clouds; From the region of the birds; or else, From amidst the birds singing sweetly on the branches, and lauding God day and night, with all their strength; or again, From the mountain; From the Island of Patmos.* It is from this, his wilderness, (*ex eremo meâ*), that he pours forth in his sad and eloquent letters the thoughts which crowd upon him in his solitude. "What art thou doing at this moment, my Philip?" he says to Melancthon; "art thou not praying for me? For my part, seated in contemplation the live-long day, I figure to myself the image of the Church, while the words of the eighty-ninth Psalm are ever present to me, *Nunquid vane constituiati omnes filios hominum?* 'Wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?' God! what a horrible spectre of God's wrath is this abominable reign of the antichrist of Rome! I hate the hardness of my heart which does not dissolve in torrents of tears, mourning over the sons of my murdered people. Not one is found to rise up, take his stand on God's side, or make himself a rampart unto the house of Israel, in this last day of wrath? O, papal reign, worthy of the lees of ages! God have mercy upon us!" (May 12th.)

BELOW, LUTHER'S DEPARTURE ON HORSEBACK FROM THE WANTBURG.

To the left above, Luther and the Swiss students in the inn called the Black Bear, at Jena. To the right, Luther in the circle of his Wittemberg friends recognized on their entrance by the Swiss students.

The spiritual knight left his Patmos armed with his best weapon,—his Bible. The news of the disturbances and confusion at Wittemberg bereft him of all peace in his solicitude.

"I come," he wrote to his prince, "to

Wittemberg under a much higher protection than that of the elector. In this business the sword neither can nor ought to assist. God alone must here work without human care or interference: therefore he who hath most faith will in this matter protect most."

In this confidence he had begun his journey; and thoughts like these occupied his mind most likely when, at Jena, in the inn called the Black Bear, he opened his heart so cheerfully and affectionately to the two Swiss students, Johannes Kessler and Rütiner, from St. Gall.

One of them, Kessler, has described this meeting: "In the sitting-room we found a man sitting alone at a table, a little book lying before him: he greeted us kindly, and called us forward to sit beside him at the table; he offered us drink, which we could not refuse; but we did not imagine he was other than a horseman, who sat there dressed according to the custom of the country in a red cap, simple breeches and jacket, a sword at his side, holding with his right hand the pommel of the sword, with the other his book. And we asked him, 'Master, can you tell us whether Martin Luther be at this time at Wittemberg, or at which place he may be found?' He replied, 'I am well informed that Luther is not at this time at Wittemberg; but he is soon to be there. Philip Melancthon is there, however; he teaches Greek, and Hebrew also, both which languages I would truly recommend you to study, for they are necessary for understanding the Scriptures.'

A few days later these Swiss men meet the same horseman at Wittemberg, at the house of their countryman, Dr. H. Schurf, by the side of Melancthon. "When we were called into the room," relates Kessler, "behold, we find Martin, as we had seen him at Jena, with Melancthon, Justus Jonas, Nicolaus Arnsdorf, and Dr. Schurf, all telling him what has happened at Wittemberg during his absence. He greets us smilingly, points with his finger, and says, 'This is the Philip Melancthon of whom I spoke unto you.'"

LUTHER CHECKS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE IMAGES OF SAINTS, 1522.

A new epoch, a yet more severe struggle, was now to begin for Luther. He had to prove to the world whether he could main-



LUTHER AND THE STUDENTS IN THE INN.



LUTHER RECOGNIZED BY THE STUDENTS.



LUTHER'S DEPARTURE FROM THE WARTBURG.



LUTHER CHECKS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE IMAGES OF SAINTS.

tain the idea which animated him, even against the false deductions which others had drawn from it; whether he could meet and check the divisions among those who had hitherto been his adherents. From the seed of his doctrine "of the liberty of the Christian," there threatened to shoot up a harvest of the wildest fanaticism, if he should not root it out at the right moment. Already had Karlstadt and the enthusiasts of Zwickau begun to distract, by their iconoclastic mischief, the young community at Wittenberg.

But Luther interfered, and preserved the liberty of the gospel. "Do not change liberty into compulsion," *Machet nur nicht aus dem Frei sein ein Muss sein*, he exclaimed, "that ye may not have to render an account of those whom you have led astray by your liberty without love." "As I cannot pour faith into the heart, I neither can nor ought to force or compel

any one to believe; for God only can do this, who alone can communicate life to the hearts of men. We are to preach the word; but the result must be as God pleases. Nothing can come of force and command, but pretence, outward show, and the aping of religion.

"Let us first of all seek to move the heart: wherever the heart and the mind of all are not moved, there leave it to God; ye cannot do any good. But if ye will carry out such base precepts, I will recant all I have written and preached; I will not stand by you. *The Word hath created heaven and earth and all things; that Word must do it, and not poor sinners like ourselves.*"

The artist makes the soothing power of Luther's preaching strikingly evident, by representing him in the midst of the iconoclasts, arresting their wild proceedings.

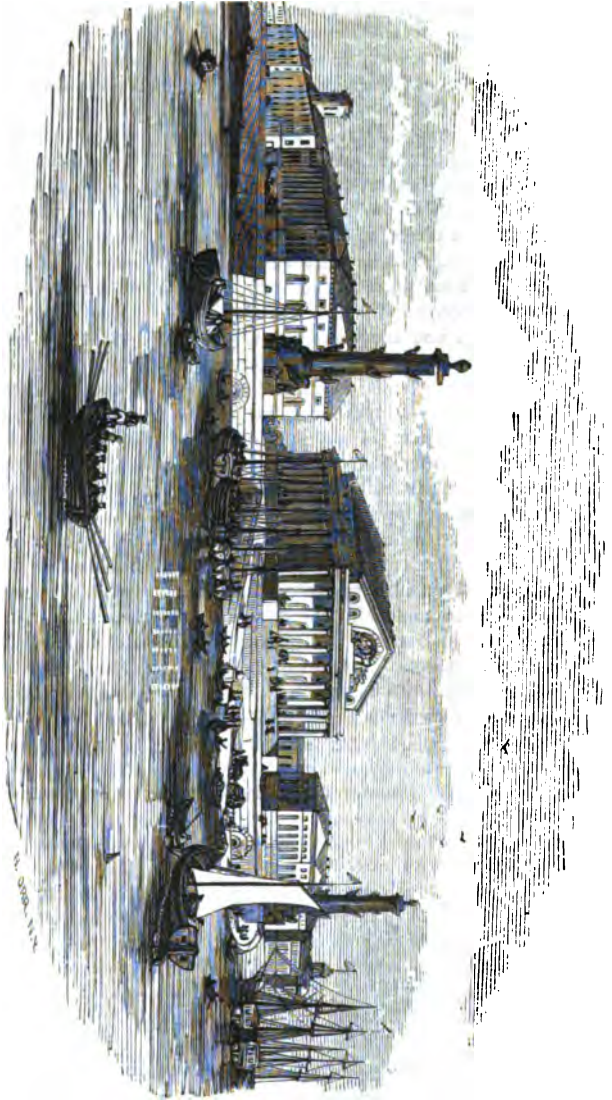
A TRIP FROM ST. PETERSBURGH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE preparations being made for my departure southward, I wiped my spectacles, mounted a drochaki, and ordered a drive once more among the principal public edifices—my final adieu to them. The wide streets, the magnificent palaces, the huge and even fantastic churches, with their colored domes and gilt-tipped arrow spires, the varied populace and variegated costumes—all formed a phantasmagoric picture amidst which I was whirled about by my *isvoshtschick*, until it almost seemed the illusion of a dream. But, alas! there are always downright realities to break in upon our finest reveries. The traveler, courteous reader, has to deal somewhat in money—in *cash*. I assure you it is a real matter of fact, however dubious it may seem. In Russia, especially, is it a fact. About to depart, I had to bethink myself of my money-belt, and having some preparatory financial transactions to look after, I

suddenly dashed my dreams, bethought myself of my departure, grunted a profound guttural to my driver, (as much like his own as possible,) and ordered him to the Bourse and the Custom House.

I found nothing in my own fiscal matters to entertain you with, but I soon saw that I had passed by, in former observations, one of the most interesting features of this marvelous metropolis, and now it was too late for more than a glance at it. The

THE BOURSE OR EXCHANGE.



Bourse stands upon the island of Basili, in the Neva. The Russian word *biesha*, which answers to our Exchange, is applied to all places of business assemblage, even to the squares where hackney coaches have their position. If you wish to see the Exchange, properly speaking, you must add the word *Hollandaise*, for it is thus distinguished in St. Petersburg, probably because the position it occupies was where the first Dutch merchants settled, when

they came into the country, by the invitation of Peter, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It has one of the finest situations in St. Petersburg, for it stands quite isolated, upon a vast circle formed by massive granite quays. A colossal group of statuary ornaments the principal front, in which Neptune is the most conspicuous figure. It is surrounded on all sides with immense Doric columns, forty-four in number, supporting the roof. At two points of the elevation, presenting magnificent views, stand two columns of immense height, adorned with marine designs in iron, surmounted with colossal vases, which are filled with inflammable substances, and must present a splendid appearance at the public illuminations.

The interior is divided into a large hall, and eight smaller apartments for different purposes. There is nothing remarkable about the former, save its colossal dimensions, and an altar at its furthest extremity, upon which tapers are constantly burning. The Russian merchants always bow their heads to it upon entering the building, and frequently prostrate themselves before it, to implore the protection of the saints in their business enterprises. What a sight! thought I to myself. Was it really an altar to Mammon? That depends upon the heart! Were these innumerable hearts—beating with the love and calculations of gain—were they more eager for the sanctification than for the success of their schemes? A temple or an altar is what the mind makes it, and

this shrine is one of idolatry, if any on earth is.

The habitual frequenters of the Exchange are not distinguished by their elegance; the Polish Jews, Tartars, and Bokharians who crowd it, certainly have neither the language, manners, nor exterior of our custom-house officers. They are a very interesting study, however, for those who know how to interpret their silent pantomime. Prodigious money operations take place here. What is spoken aloud is of little importance, but the whispered words within these walls will awaken echoes in the most distant parts of the globe.

But our *devoirs* having been paid—our purse replenished—let us away from this Pandemonium of Mammon—away to the southward! I traveled by the mail-post or diligence from St. Petersburg to the ancient capital of the empire, preferring it to the railroad, because I wished to see the country more deliberately. I found this mode of conveyance rapid, comfortable, and cheap. The route between the two cities is barren and uninteresting; the low, sandy level is diversified occasionally by green fields, thickets of ferns or firs, a village or a marsh. No scene impresses itself upon your memory: the verdure and fine coloring of the south are utterly wanting; and the expanse before you fails to give the ideas of sublimity which are so frequently remarked in the prairie scenery of America, for the least obstacle, a house or tree, conceals miles



TRAVELING IN RUSSIA.

of the country, with the horizon which terminates it.

There is little variety in the villages. Two lines of cottages are regularly arranged at a certain distance from the highway. They are all alike, built of clumsy-shaped pieces of wood, with the gable end toward the street: notwithstanding this tiresome uniformity, there is an air of competence, and even comfort, about them, which cannot fail to interest the traveler. They are rural, and pervaded by the calm of pastoral life, though unpicturesque in appearance. Occasionally, however, some little picture, with its poetic associations, engraves itself upon the memory. The sketch of a peasant family, which we give on the following page,

represents one of those scenes of domestic life, which are always beautiful and poetic in themselves, even in the midst of the most barren surroundings. The young wife and mother wears the national *kokochnik*, a kind of diadem, which entirely covers the head and hair. The *kokochnik* of the young girl is open at the top, and in this she probably won her husband at the *praznik*, or village fete, which is the rendezvous of the betrothed and of those who wish to become so. That her youngest child may enjoy the pale rays of the oblique sun, she is seated at the door of the *isba*, which her husband, with the assistance of his relations and neighbors, built in a very short time. The ax was almost the only implement employed in its construction: its foundations, walls, roof, and staircase, are all cut from the neighboring forests; no bricks are used, except for the stove which warms the house, and which is also the common kitchen, and in winter the family sleeping-place—for the Russian peasant is ignorant of the luxury of beds. During the brief warm season he reposes upon a bench, and



COURIER AND DRIVER OF MAIL COACH.

the stove serves him for the long cold nights of winter. The houses of the villagers are generally sufficiently ample, and comfortably built, though the domestic animals are quite universally the occupants of the lower floor.

Beyond the village there is little to interest the traveler. Perhaps you meet a caravan of merchandise, consisting of some thirty or forty vehicles, laden with the produce of Europe and the East; perhaps a government courier or *feldjager* flies past you in his *telega*. This is a kind of live telegraphic communication. The bearer of the dispatches is usually as ignorant as the electric machine of the nature of his errand; he delivers the message with which he is charged to another automaton as ignorant as himself, who awaits him at his station fifty, a hundred, or perhaps a thousand miles distant. The *telega* is the only vehicle capable of resisting the roads of Russia, when sleighs are rendered useless. But if this strange conveyance can endure the execrable roads, who can endure the *telega*? The death-ponalty is nominally abolished

in the Russian empire. Instead of sentencing a man to lose his life, he is condemned to receive a certain number of strokes from the rod, the stick, or the knout, though it is well understood that the first stroke of the latter may be rendered as surely fatal as that of an ax. I have always marveled that among the punishments invented by the fertile brains of despots in Russia, the *telega* has been overlooked. But why are not criminals doomed to travel a hundred leagues in a *telega*? I would answer for any one's death at the end of the journey. No description could give an idea of the tortures inflicted by these barbarous vehicles. They are small, uncovered,

with two seats destitute of springs, or protection of any kind. The front one is occupied by the postillion or coachman, and by a strange good fortune in this country, he is changed at every relay; but imagine the condition of the poor *feldjager* upon the back seat. To say that he is shaken, knocked and jolted is to say nothing; he is literally and continually tossed in the air, like Sancho Panza in the blanket. One of the minor liabilities of this mode of traveling is the danger of having the tongue severed by the abrupt and violent contact of the teeth.

Sometimes groups of prisoners are met on their way to Siberia. The very word almost chills one's blood with horror; and the sight of those who are condemned to this terrible journey, and the subsequent fate of the exile, is not easily forgotten. Yet so absolute is the power of the autocrat, that a word from his lips fixes the doom of any one of his subjects in those desolate regions. I have been told that two hundred and fifty thousand victims of his vengeance are thus expiating their



RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

offenses against his sovereign will. Many of these have excited the Czar's displeasure by political opinions or slight misdemeanors, which would pass unnoticed elsewhere.

The peasants seen on the route from St. Petersburg are generally the property of the crown. As far as material and animal life is concerned,—and this is what is understood by happiness in Russia, as in most unenlightened countries,—their position has many favorable points. During the frequent famines which often decimate the country, the crown serf is secure of nourishment for himself, his family, and his cattle. If the absence of physical or moral suffering is a test of enjoyment, he may, perhaps, be considered as happy as the free peasants of any other European country. Yet it is scarcely possible that one of the latter class could be found so miserable and degraded as to be willing to change places with the Muscovite serf, though he has always enough to eat, is comfortably warmed in winter, and is never disturbed by any of those mental anxieties

PRISONERS FOR GEORGIA.



of the future which harass the lives of the poor. He is gifted by nature with a robust constitution, and possesses all the elements of that negative happiness which depends upon ignorance of every sentiment of human dignity. But when everything is admitted in regard to the material provision made for him, it cannot be denied that with the limited requirements to

which he is trained, his condition is scarcely above that of the brutes.

Of the two classes into which these unhappy beings are divided, those who belong to the government are considered much more fortunate than those who are the property of the nobility. Not more than half the annual tribute or *obrok* is demanded of the former, and much better

provision is made for them in times of scarcity or disaster. On the other hand they may be drafted to labor on the public works, or summoned to military service at any time. It is said here, however, that the soldier is always *free* under his country's colors. You will see by this what a Russian's idea of freedom is; to me it would seem rather a questionable exchange from one kind of slavery to another; but after eight years in the army, the serf returns home a free man, that is, what is left of him.

One of the first movements of the present emperor was to issue an *ukase*, which empowered the serf with the right of making contracts: this made liberty attainable; for by the purchase of the land from which he pays his annual tribute to his owner, he becomes a freeman, that is, as free as any one can be in Russia, who is not a serf. The imperial treasury even furnishes the loans for this purpose; for which three per cent. interest, and three per cent. of the capital is annually required. Though about thirty years' time is generally necessary for the entire payment, many serfs have, even at this price, become possessors of the very limited liberty attainable under the absolute government of Russia. A woman only becomes free by marriage with a free man.

Russian aristocracy has one peculiarity which distinguishes it from that of other European countries: nobility is not exclusively an accident of birth; any freeman may possess its privileges by entering the civil or military service of the government. There is, however, a distinction which clings to even this apparently republican idea of rank: the nobleman's son may obtain the highest honors in a few months after entering upon his duties, while the commoner's promotion is attained only at the end of twelve years; unless, indeed, he has an opportunity of distinguishing himself. Such occasions are not unfrequent for those who are seeking them, or are rich enough to buy them. Any free-born citizen may become a member of the fourteenth or lowest order of the *Tchin*, or privileged class, by entering the service of the state in any capacity. This facility of obtaining the privileges of nobility has created a kind of subaltern aristocracy odious in itself, and terrible in its effects upon the character of the people. Great numbers stand ready to

seize any situation which will free them from the continual vexations which they are subjected to by the aristocracy. The number of offices must be multiplied to meet this demand, and the salaries must be proportionally diminished. The employé cannot live without means, and consequently he helps himself to a sufficiency. Whatever contradictions may be found in writers regarding this country, one uniform testimony will be borne on the corruption and venality in every department of the administration. It is said that the Czar declares himself to be the only person throughout his empire who does not steal! The traveler, De Lagny, says:—

"The existence of this man of genius has, ever since his accession to the throne, been one continual struggle with the venality and corruption which crush his empire; for his penetration discerned the evil long before it was pointed out to him. On one occasion, he resolved to probe this evil with all the energy of an honest heart. He charged two intelligent men belonging to his staff of secretaries—two Germans from Courland, in whom he placed implicit confidence—to investigate most thoroughly all the branches of the public administration; to observe, to see, to judge everything for themselves, and boldly to take the soundings of this ocean of corruption, however deep it might be. The will of the Czar is law, and is often attended with beneficial results. The task was no easy one; thousands of obstacles were shattered to pieces and overcome. The work was long; and, contrary to his expectations, conscientious. It is true, that it would not have been easy to disguise the evil. The portrait was not flattered. Instances of bribery, shuffling and venality were pointed out to the Czar without any respect for persons. Names were written in full, and proofs were abundant. The sore gaped as wide as a gulf. Punishment was out of the question, for it would have been necessary to let the knout fall upon the noblest shoulders in his empire, and his vengeance almost everywhere—to open the gates of Siberia to the majority of those who surrounded him—for, figuratively speaking, the very doors of his palace threatened to fall, eaten away with corruption! The Czar threw the report into the fire.

"The very same evening, weighed down with grief, he went, according to his usual custom, to the house of one of his favorite ministers, Count ——. The sombre, discontented air of the autocrat, completely stupefied the mind of the favorite, who, in a stammering voice, plucked up sufficient courage to ask his august master what had occurred to affect his mind to such a degree, and stamp upon his face the marks of such profound sadness. The Czar, with that sharp, abrupt tone, for which he is celebrated, related to his minister-general all he had just learned, told him the revelations recently made, and exclaimed with concentrated indignation:—



RUSSIAN MERCHANT.

"Every one robs throughout the empire! Every one around me robs! In whatever direction I choose to glance, I behold pilferers and robbers! There is only one person, a single one, who can walk proudly with head erect. Of this person, at least, I am sure," he added, looking at his favorite very fixedly and very strangely.

"Count —, imagining that the emperor was alluding to him, bowed and bent himself almost to the ground, in order to thank his most august master for having had the goodness to think him an honest servant.

"But the Czar, striking his breast, added the following words:—

"And that person who does not rob is myself! I am the only person throughout the empire who does not steal!"

Merchants and private citizens are held in the lowest contempt by the nobility, and every opportunity is seized for heaping insult and injustice upon them. They are divided into three classes, or *guilds*, regulated by the amount of capital they possess. The limits and privileges of each guild are defined with the strictest exactness. Imagine one of the merchant princes of your country subjected to a tax of more than two thousand dollars for the right of driving a carriage like the aristocracy! The emperor has made many efforts to revolutionize public opinion in regard to the commercial interests. He has even granted them many of the pre-

rogatives which belong to the nobility alone; but he has been unsuccessful. The only way of conferring proper consideration upon them is, by opening to merchants the privileged orders upon fixed conditions, without subjecting them to the service of government. It is certainly very difficult to comprehend why an individual who develops the commerce and industry of his country has not as much right to its titles and privileges as the chancery secretary, whose life is spent in deceiving his superiors, and robbing all who have any business connections with him.

But let the autocrat of all the Russias find his own way out of the difficulties surrounding and accumulating about him. My present occupation of sight-seeing is much more to my taste.

On the morning of the third day, with the first rays of the rising sun, Moscow, with its walls, towers, and churches, was seen in the distance.

The first impression of this ancient capital, shining in the vast solitude which surrounds it, is not easily forgotten. It is the only object animating the barren and ocean-like waste of country in which it is situated. The peculiarity of the picture is heightened by the dim poetical associations which hang over it, and by the singularity of its architecture, which has no designation and no known model.

The allegorical ideas associated with the appearance of the Greek churches, give interest to the spectacle. Their summits are invariably composed of several towers, varying in form and height, but never less than five in number, and often much more numerous. The bell-tower is in the center, and it is always the highest, the four smaller ones surrounding it with respectful deference. Their forms sometimes remind you of a head surmounted with a pointed cap; some of the gilded and painted belfries are like a bishop's miter; others are like a gemmed tiara, or a Chinese pagoda, or a minaret. Frequently they are little round cupolas terminating in a point. They are all surmounted with a large gilded cross, wrought in such complicated designs, that it is quite like filigree work. The number and arrangement of the bel-

fries have a religious significance, representing the degrees of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. The center turret symbolizes the patriarch, his radiant head raised between heaven and earth, surrounded with his priests, his deacons, and sub-deacons. The theological idea is always scrupulously preserved, and understood by the initiated, though the fantastic and varying forms give no hint of design to the careless observer. Chains, brilliant with gold or silver, unite the points of the crosses on the different-sized spires, producing an effect in the changing light, of which no painting could give an idea. A lively imagination can easily transform the grotesque collection of towers on every sacred edifice into a solemn assembly of ecclesiastics, or a cohort of phantoms hovering over the city.

I must not omit another most striking peculiarity in the aspect of Russian churches. The mysterious domes, besides the orna-

ments described, seem almost incased in armor, so complicated and elaborate is the labor betowed upon them. The most brilliant colors are employed in representing upon this multitude of spires, scales, spangles, enamel, stripes, plaids, and the dazzling effect in the sunlight can never be imagined by those who have not seen it. The effect of the gorgeous hues streaming from the summits of these masses of architecture, in the midst of the solitary waste environing Moscow, is like some magical illumination of the desert by gigantic gems. The play of the light upon the aerial structures produces a kind of phantasmagoria at mid-day; and it gives to Moscow a different aspect from any other European city. You can fancy what an appearance the sky must have amid these dazzling hues; it is as radiant as that of an antique painting glowing with gold.

I was more agreeably employed than in



CHURCH OF ST. BASIL.

THE KRIMLIK AT MOSCOW.



counting the number of these wonderful edifices; for, as you will have seen, I have little to do with details. In my opinion, figures should always be in a book by themselves; but for the benefit of statistically-inclined readers, I will mention that the number of churches in Moscow has been variously stated by different writers to be between 484 and 1,600! This is reliable! So much for travelers' statements, your testy readers will exclaim; those who doubt my assertions had better verify them for themselves.

A few more remarks upon the general appearance of Moscow must suffice. The extent of the city causes an abundance of illusions, before you become familiar with its locality. Forests, lakes, and fields, are comprised in its limits, and its edifices are quite distant from each other. Its gorgeously-roofed churches form a semicircle to the eye; and when seen for the first time in the setting sun, resemble a fiery rainbow or an aureola spanning the city.

At a short distance from the gates, all my fine fancies vanished. I stopped before the very real and clumsy castle of Petrofski, built by Catherine II., in the oddest taste, after a modern design, its white walls overloaded with red ornaments. The style is intended for Gothic; but it presents none of the beauties, but only the extravagancies of this order. The building is perfectly square, with a regularity of plan which does not render its general aspect more imposing. It is the residence of the emperor during his visits to the ancient capital.

Your disenchantment is complete after you have passed Petrofski. Indeed, by the time you enter Moscow, you are ready to inquire how all that you admired so much in the distance has disappeared. You wake as from a dream and find yourself in one of the most prosaic cities, for it really does not possess a single meritorious work of art. Seen as a whole, and at a sufficient distance, it appears like a type of Asiatic life invested with all the poetry and mystery of the East; but you find it in detail a large commercial city, inharmonious, clumsy, badly built, badly paved, and sparsely populated,—a miserable copy of the European world.

Amid the chaos of brick, mortar, and plaster in which I found myself, I still preserved my faith in the Kremlin, and

immediately upon my arrival hastened to see it. Eager as I was to penetrate its inclosure and visit it in detail, I found myself at its very threshold gazing with wondering eyes upon the church of St. Basil, or, as it is sometimes called, the Cathedral of the Protection of the Virgin. The title of cathedral is very lavishly bestowed by the Greek Church; every monastery has one, and there are several in every city. This is certainly one of the most singular, if it is not the most beautiful monument in all Russia. You will see by the sketch that it is a collection of turrets of an unequal height, forming a kind of bouquet, or rather a group of various fruits; or, still better, an enormous crystallization of a thousand hues, shining in the sunlight like Bohemian glass, or like the most brilliant enamels. Scales of golden fish, skins of serpents, dragon heads, altar ornaments, and the garments of the priesthood are represented upon them; the arrows surmounting them are painted like the richest brocade; in fact, they bear quite a resemblance to gaudily dressed people. The roof between the spires glitters with colors of indescribable brilliancy, dazzling to the eye, and fascinating, by their novel effect, to the imagination. This fantastic edifice was founded in 1554, by Ivan the Terrible, as an expression of his gratitude to heaven for the taking of Kazan. His pious offering was finished by an act which gave him a new claim to his too well-deserved surname. When the monument was completed, Ivan asked for the architect who had drawn the plan and directed the labors. After lavishing his praises upon the work, he inquired if he believed himself capable of erecting a still more beautiful building. Gratiified by the encomiums bestowed by the monarch, and with the consciousness of his genius glowing within him, the artist truthfully replied that he was certain he could do himself more justice in another structure. Ivan the Terrible then ordered his eyes to be put out, as a punishment for not displaying his utmost power in obedience to his commands, and also to prevent the construction of another edifice superior to it in beauty.

The tower of this church affords one of the finest views of the general appearance and situation of the ancient capital. Like Rome, it extends over the declivities of several hills: but here all comparison ends;

nothing in Europe, probably nothing in the world bears any resemblance to the singular spectacle. Two circumstances render the picture strikingly peculiar. In the first place, the roofs are not covered with tiles, slate, wood, or thatch, or any material employed in other countries. They are all metallic, and all painted red and green. The blending and contrast of these two brilliant colors is still more increased and diversified by the innumerable domes and spires, belfries and minarets of every form, which shoot up from amid this gay groundwork with still more brilliant and glittering colors into the air.

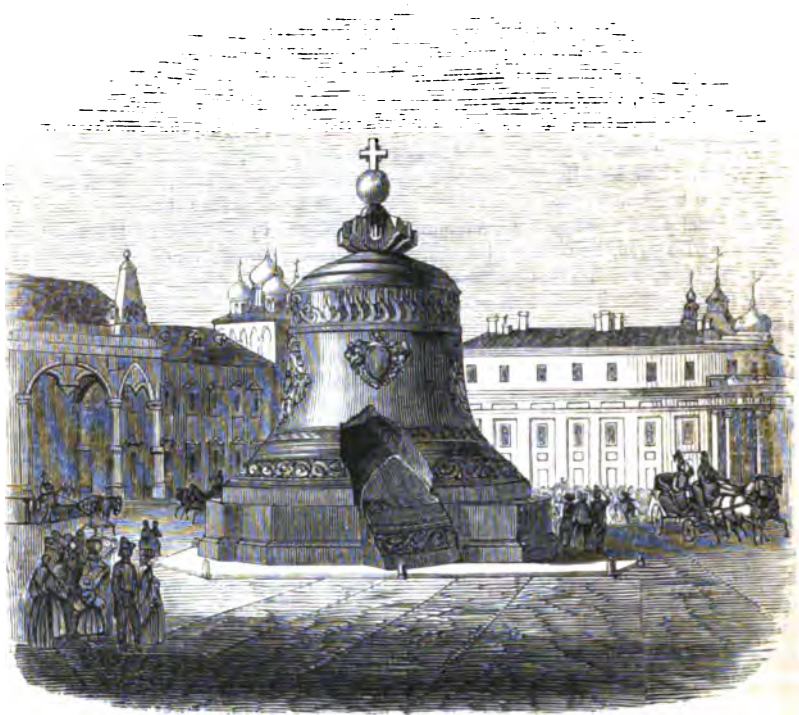
Moscow was called for a long time the Great Village, and both words were applied with equal propriety. It is one of the largest cities of Europe in extent, being about twenty-seven miles in circumference. In some quarters and in some relations it still preserves its village character. In the immediate neighborhood of the Kremlin there are some regular streets and the houses are connected; but elsewhere they are quite isolated, and surrounded with courts and gardens. In some of these dispersed dwellings, which really unite what your papers so often advertise—the conveniences of a rural and city residence—reside the old Muscovite nobility, in the patriarchal style of their ancestors, from time immemorial.

The Kremlin is the political as well as the religious sanctuary of Moscow. All the remembrances of its early history are gathered about it, up to the time when Peter the Great, in his triumphal career, gave Russia her place among European nations. The exact origin of the Kremlin is unknown; even the signification of the word is scarcely decided by etymologists. It has been traced to *krem*, a stone; but it is doubtful if there is anything locally significant about it, as several other Russian cities have their Kremalins. It is probably a general name, like the *Alcazar* of Spain, which originated from the *El Kasr* of the Arabs, signifying a fortified palace. The Kremlin serves the same purpose, inclosing and protecting, in the royal residence, all that is most dear and sacred to the nation. Among its temples are many remains of another kind. The old palace of the czars is still in existence, not less strange and grotesque from its foundations to the ceiling than the Church of St. Basil. Here also is the ancient palace of the

Patriarch, with all the transactions and all the books of the Holy Synod; the Senate and the Arsenal, the Treasury or Armory, in which twenty halls are crowded with objects incalculably valuable in themselves, or on account of the memories associated with them; among them are thrones, scepters, crowns, jewels, arms and armor, standards, crucifixes, crosses, and official insignia of every kind. Among other curiosities, I was shown the scepter and globe sent by Alexander Comnenus to one of the great Muscovite princes; the throne of Ivan III.; the crowns of the kingdoms of Europe and Asia annexed to that of Russia; the clothes which Peter the Great wore at Pultava; and the litter on which Charles XII. was carried at that battle which decided the fate of the two rivals. The artillery pieces taken from the French, or rather left behind, in the frightful retreat of 1812, are ranged before the arsenal.

In the very center of the Kremlin are four churches, describing a perfect square, forming the true metropolitan sanctuary of Russia. The oldest is that of the Annunciation, which dates back to 1397. Its arches were decorated with frescoes by two monks, at different epochs, and the paradise which it represents displays a strange reunion of saints and sinners, according to our ideas. Side by side with St. Peter and the other evangelists, we find Aristotle, Ptolemy, Socrates, Menander the comedian, and Anacharsis: as the latter was a Scythian, that is almost Russian, I was not so surprised at his good fortune. The good monk artists must have been "liberally" inclined; a Roman monk would have consigned these famous heathens to the same hell with Cain and Judas Iscariot.

The Church of the Archangel Michael was formerly the sepulcher of the czars; but Peter the Great disinherited Moscow of her dead as well as her living princes. He founded in his new capital a new series of imperial tombs. In the Church of the Assumption, which is the first of the three cathedrals, repose the ashes of the ancient patriarchs, the former popes of the Greek Church. It was formerly the place of coronation for the czars, and the ceremony is still perpetuated in it. It contains a tribune or pulpit, never entered except by the aristocracy when the holy oil was poured on the brows of the autocrats, in-



THE GREAT BELL.

vesting them with all the power that man can exercise on earth.

But the churches of Moscow, though numerous and ancient, in their form and structure bear no comparison to the other famous ecclesiastical edifices of Europe. They are generally small, low and narrow; even the most celebrated ones are only chapels surmounted with domes and belfries. They are of all forms and all colors, and, seen from a distance, many of them resemble little pagodas of Saxony porcelain. In some of them you trace the hand of an Italian architect, who transfers a little of the grandeur of the Roman temples to the form adopted by the Greek. They appear still smaller than they otherwise would, because they are divided almost in halves for the separation of the cloister or place of the sacred images, which is entered only by the priests during service, and which no female eye can ever penetrate.

Somewhat like the Church of St. Mark's at Venice in form and proportions, the Greek edifices also resemble it in the

richness of its internal ornaments. Ancient Byzantine pictures cover all the walls, all the arches, and all the cupolas. Most of these images are covered with metallic plates, something like turtle shells, often of gold or silver, upon which is carved the drapery concealed by them; the entire walls appear covered with these shells of precious metal, while the head or hands of the poor saints beneath seem to be emerging from some purgatorial hole. The most ancient and revered of these relics are inclosed in cases, or under a magnificent dais of massive gold or silver; they are crowded with votive offerings of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, of such size and value that they would honor the treasury of a king.

Europe has more celebrated bells than might be supposed by one who has not interested himself respecting them. But the largest, the heaviest, and the most famous, is one of the wonders of the Kremlin, universally known as the *Queen of Bells*. This mountain of metal is almost an object of worship to the Rus-

sians. Its weight and dimensions are as variously stated as the number of churches belonging to the holy city, as Moscow is here called. Measurements were made of it by order of the Emperor Alexander; and reduced to English terms, it is twenty feet high, and weighs four hundred thousand pounds, nearly two hundred tons. The tongue is fourteen feet long. It was suspended upon huge wooden beams, which were destroyed by fire the same year; a piece seven feet in height was broken from it at the time, as represented in the engraving. This pride of the Muscovites was cast during the reign of the Empress Anne, from a former bell, with the addition of many thousand pounds of metal contributed by her, and many thousands more from the people and nobles, who came from all parts of the empire with gold and silver ornaments, plate, jewels, &c., as offerings to this national monument. Within the present century it has been placed upon a granite pedestal at the foot of the tower of Ivan Veliki. An inscription upon it states all the dates in reference to its predecessor, the time of its casting, hanging, &c., and bas-reliefs represent the empress, in her coronation robes, between St. Peter and Anna the Prophetess. It is said that forty or fifty men were necessary to move the tongue.

The true splendor of Moscow dates from its destruction in 1812, when the inhabitants decided to fire their holy city, rather than see it profaned by its foreign enemies. In that last and sublime effort of savage heroism, Tartar Rome, as Madam De Stael calls it, presented itself in a new aspect, and from its utter ruin arose its real grandeur. It was like the serpent who deserts his old envelop only to array himself more brilliantly; or like the gold which comes purified from the crucible; or shall I grow poetical and compare it to the phoenix, rising from its funeral pyre younger and more beautiful than ever. It is unquestionable that in a few years after its suicidal destruction in 1812, Moscow was changed from a city of wood to a city of stone; for by this term they dignify bricks in Russia. This rapid and magnificent resurrection, as also that of London after the great fire of 1665, and Lisbon after the earthquake of 1755, certainly proves that merely physical calamities can never entirely efface cities or

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empires from the earth; the moral faults alone of nations can prove the destruction of their works, their names and memories.

I have thus introduced you to Moscow, with observations *en route*. Your limits will not allow me to grow tedious. More anon.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE day of the Lord is at hand, at hand;
The storms roll up the sky;
A nation sleeps starving on heaps of gold,
All dreamers toss and sigh.
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the day is darkest before the morn
Of the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God;
Chivalry, Justice, and Truth:
Come, for the Earth is grown coward and old;
Come down and renew us her youth!
Freedom, Self-sacrifice, Mercy and Love,
Haste to the battle-field—stoop from above,
To the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
Famine, and Plague, and War;
Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Miarrule,
Gather—and fall in the snare!
Hirelings and Mammonites—Pedants and
Knaves—
Crawl to the battle, or sneak to your graves,
In the day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and whine for a lost Age
of Gold
While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer can dare.
Each past Age of Gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work
to do
In the day of the Lord at hand.

Is not that a great burst of heart, flashing
with the true light—effervescing with
the spirit divine? Is it not a genuine
lyrical bubbling of the soul with song?
And here is a snatch of music in a rich
minor key, that has haunted my brain ever
since I first heard it:—

SONG.

O, the merry, merry lark, was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea;
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
As my child's laugh rang through me!
Now, the hare is snared, and dead beneath the
snow-yard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea;
And the baby in its cradle in the church-
yard
Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

THEIR INSCRIPTIONS AND LESSONS.

IN our last number we gave examples of the *symbols* of the Roman Catacombs. There is another class of sculptures and paintings, found among these interesting memorials, which may be called pictorial Scripture lessons. Bishop Kip gives numerous examples of them; many more, indeed, than Maitland: but as the latter writer discusses them more fully, we shall depend upon the bishop mostly for our illustrations, while we refer chiefly to the English author for our comments. The student of these invaluable antiquities should possess both works, if not, indeed, Boldetti's *Osservazioni* and Arringhi's *Roma Subterranea*.*

These pictorial remains are interesting in two respects: first, for the light they throw on the theological and ecclesiastical characteristics of the primitive Church; and secondly, as illustrations of early Christian art. Maitland devotes an elaborate and entertaining chapter to the latter view of them; we shall confine ourselves mostly to their religious suggestions, for suggestions only shall we find among them—yet mostly important ones, in a negative respect, at least. Let us then resume our reverent walks in these hallowed aisles of what may be called the subterranean cathedral of ancient Christianity—walks which we trust the reader has hitherto found suggestive to his heart as well as instructive to his theological inquiries, and which we hope he will not find fatiguing or irksome before we finally retire from them.

After a day's stroll among the pompous temples of modern Rome, and a "morning with the Jesuits," discussing her claims to traditional authority, what should we expect to find on descending to these consecrated caverns—what but representa-

* Arringhi's work is the chief authority on the subject. Bishop Kip has consulted him extensively. He says that there is but one copy in this country; his, however, is a mistake. New-York readers will find a copy in the Astor Library, as also the great work of the French Commission.



HEAD OF CHRIST IN THE CATACOMBS.

tions of the Virgin and Child, the Assumption, Peter with the keys, popes crowned with tiaras, priests with sacerdotal robes, monks *en costume*, images of saints and martyrs worshiped by prostrate groups, burning candelas, smoking censers, holy water, Rosaries, Relics, Invocations of saints, appeals to the spectator to pray for the deliverance of the departed from the tortures of purgatory, and, above all, crucifixes with their horrible signs of anguish, their crowns of thorns, and blood-dripping wounds? But what do we find? Not an indication of these, literally not one, except among the additions, made unquestionably after those ages of fiery trial in which the Church found here alike its sanctuary and its cemetery.*

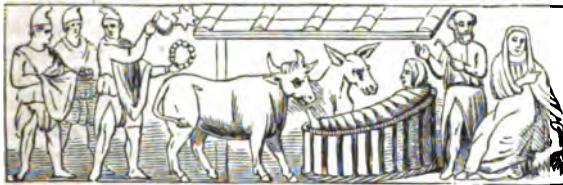
Besides the simple and purely evan-

* It is an interesting and significant fact, that the word cemetery—a *sleeping-place*—was first applied to the grave by the early Christians. "In this auspicious word," says Maitland, "now for the first time applied to the tomb, there is manifest a sense of hope and immortality, the result of a new religion. A star had risen on the borders of the grave, dispelling the horror of darkness which had hitherto reigned there: the prospect beyond was now cleared up, and so dazzling was the view of an eternal city 'sculptured in the sky,' that numbers were found eager to rush through the gate of martyrdom, for the hope of entering its starry portals."

gical symbols which we have described, the first Christians covered these rude walls with pictured lessons from the Holy Scriptures. They were poor, unlettered people; books were rare among their class; the sacred writings especially were yet circulated in few and precious copies. Selecting, therefore, their most striking incidents and lessons, they pictured them for the instruction of themselves and their children, on the sepulchers of their departed brethren. They are as abundant, almost, as the inscriptions on the tombs of old Egypt. They present an outline of both the Old and New Testament history. Bishop Kip gives numerous examples. Contemn not their rude art, Christian reader: it remained for the Church of a later date to lose, in the "idolatry of art," the reverence of divine truth; this "noble army of martyrs" sought for themselves and their children only the simple meaning and sanctifying power of that truth.



as standing in the Jordan, while the Baptist administers the water with his hand.



The "hart panting after the water-brooks" is pictured on the banks of the stream, for these spiritual-minded men were ever ready to suggest some symbolical instruction to the spectator.

We find the outlines of Christ's history often repeated. The Nativity was a favorite subject. We give a copy of a bas-relief of it from a sarcophagus in the cemetery of St. Sebastian. It represents the child in the manger, the oxen, the magi, and the star of Bethlehem.

"Another common representation,"

We insert also a much older representation of the Adoration of the Magi, given by Bishop Kip from the cemetery of St. Marcellinus. The "wise men" in both instances wear the Phrygian caps.



The baptism of Christ is portrayed in one of the best paintings yet found in the Catacombs: it represents him



says Bishop Kip, "is that of our Lord placing his hand on the head of a child and blessing it. The one which we give is copied from the cemetery of St. Callistus."



We frequently meet, too, with our Lord's triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, the people with palm-branches and strewing their garments in the way, while Zaccheus, who is the unfailing accompaniment in this scene, is seen in the tree. With his early followers, this was not only an exhibition of our Lord's triumph in the days of his flesh, but it foreshadowed

also his ultimate entrance as the King of glory into the New Jerusalem.

The representation which we give is the most elaborate we have met with. It is taken from a sarcophagus in the Vatican.

The miracles of our Saviour, however, were the subjects on which the early Roman Christians most delighted to dwell. Strangely represented, indeed, yet always in such a

way that we at once recognize the intention and design.

In the following cut our Lord is portrayed by the untutored artist, at the time when "a certain woman, which had an issue of blood for twelve years, came in the press behind and touched his garments; and Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned about in the press and said, 'Who touched my clothes?'" It is on a sarcophagus. We copy it on account of the accompanying views. It brings before us a specimen of church architecture in the end of the fourth century, to which period the details of this picture enable us to refer it with tolerable certainty. We see before us a complete Christian basilica, (apparently the same





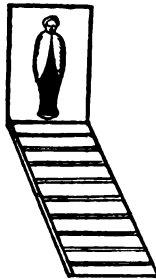
one repeated in several positions,) with the circular baptistery at the side, yet detached from it. At the end of the building, on the right, we see the terminating absis. Before the doors hang those vails which are even now common in the Italian Churches, to aid in preserving an equable temperature, and to which St. Augustine refers as used at the entrances of pagan schools, (as he expresses it,) 'serving to conceal the ignorance that took refuge within.'"

The cuts which we give above represent the cure of the blind man, and the paralytic to whom Christ said, "Take up thy bed and walk."

The raising of Lazarus, says Maitland, was used as a symbol of the resurrection; it was there-

fore a favorite subject. Bishop Kip gives three engravings of this miracle, showing the progress of art in the Catacombs: the first is a bare outline "scratched on the slab, just sufficient to represent Lazarus coming forth from the tomb, though, perhaps, it would be unintelligible, were it not for other representations with which to compare it. The second, though also rudely done, is executed with more care, while the figure of our Lord is introduced as summoning Lazarus forth to life. In all these he is intended to be portrayed as 'bound hand and foot with grave-clothes.'

"The last one, from a later sarcophagus, is well carved, as far as each individual figure is concerned, though all rules of proportion are set at defiance in the





relative size of our Lord, the mummy-like figure of Lazarus, and his kneeling sister."

The improvement in artistic style is shown also in the following cut of the denial of Peter, though, as the bishop remarks, we should be unable to define the subject were it not for the accompaniment of the cock.



It will be noticed that our Lord is represented without a beard, as in most of the preceding cuts: it has been remarked that the first Christians delighted to exhibit him in the freshness and gentleness of youth. The new faith was to them essentially cheerful, down among these dark caverns, notwithstanding the horrors of persecution which attended it in the gay and magnificent city above them. They habitually avoid the crucifix, though they adopt the cross. The agonies of the former, as we have said, are never seen on these walls; and the cross itself is wrought into the monogram of Christ, and usually ornamented with cheerful

symbols—with flowers, palms, crowns, and wreaths.

Christ himself, when represented either in the historical parts of his life, or in any symbolical character, is almost invariably portrayed with agreeable and benign accompaniments. According to Bishop Kip, the most frequent character in which he is exhibited is that of the "Good Shepherd." He is then pictured with the dress and staff of a shepherd, surrounded by his flock, and by olive trees with doves among their branches. We give above an engraving of one of these scenes from the cemetery of St. Callistus.

We insert one more cut of these Biblical lessons, because it affords us an example of the perversions—the "pious frauds"—with which the Papal Church has abused these testimonials of Christian antiquity. It is a representation of the five wise virgins, taken from the cemetery of St. Agnes. They are going forth to meet the bridegroom with vessels of oil in their left hands, and all of them, except the foremost, bearing palm branches, the signs of festivity. The first figure carries a candle—one of those commonly used by the Roman people. "Plutarch," says Bishop Kip, "speaks of their being used at marriages; and as they were borne in



procession by the lower class, on the occasion of these festivities, they naturally introduced one of them in illustrating this parable." The lamps probably were lighted when they entered the house. 'We were once looking over *Rock's Hierurgia*, a standard Romish work, describing the Sacrifice of Mass, when, under the head of "Blessed, or Holy Water," we met with an engraving of this picture, with the following account:—

"A fresco-painting in the Catacombs at Rome attests the practice among the primitive Christians of sprinkling holy water at their religious assemblies.

[Here follows the engraving given.]

"In the Catacombs of St. Agnes out of the Walls. (See Bottari, *Roma Sottterranea*, tom. iii, p. 171, tav. cxlviii.)

"On the ceiling of one of those sepulchral chambers, which have their entrance at the Church of St. Agnes, out of the Walls, are depicted five figures, each holding in one hand a vase, denominated *stivulus*, similar to those in which the holy water is at present carried about in our ceremonies. Four of these figures support in their right hand branches, as it would appear, of the palm-tree; but the fifth bears elevated a tufted aspergillum, which exactly corresponds to the one which is still employed at the ceremony of sprinkling holy water."—*Rock's Hierurgia*, p. 463.

"We would first remark, that Bottari did not write the *Roma Sottterranea*. It was the result of thirty years' labor by Bosio, and was edited after his death by Severano. It was translated into Latin, and again published by Arringhi, as the *Roma Subterranea*. Bottari wrote '*Sculpture e Pitture Sagre*.' We confess we were rather startled at this picture and its plausible exposition, as in none of our own researches on this subject had we found any trace of the use of holy water. However, we turned, as directed, to the *Roma Subterranea*, and there, at their own reference, we did find this picture engraved. But unfortunately for them, in this work, the joint production of several distinguished Roman writers, it is described as the five wise virgins. The 'tufted aspergillum' proves to be a *candella*, while a few strokes of the engraver had rendered the flame more similar to a tuft. To give the title of the picture in the very words used in the *Roma Subterranea*:—*Prudentes quinque virginis olei vasa cum lampadibus deferentes*, (five wise virgins carrying vessels of oil with lamps.) We have had

some practice in detecting Romish frauds, yet we never remember to have seen one more beautiful than this in its design and execution."

The history of the Roman Church is full of such frauds. It has even falsified the sacred text.

Such are the New-Testament subjects presented in the pictorial ornaments of the Catacombs of Rome. The most striking scenes of the Old-Testament history are given with similar detail—rudely, but with no accompaniments indicating the superstitions to which art has been devoted in the later Church of Rome. We trace here and there an indistinct proof of the impression upon the rude artist of the pagan art which surrounded him; he borrows from the story of Deucalion for his pictures of Noah, and from that of Andromeda for his favorite story of Jonah and the fish; but he never anticipated the themes upon which medieval and modern Rome has lavished alike the most splendid art and the most barbarous superstition.

These remarks lead us to the topic which yet remains to be considered in our review of the subject. Let us then, Christian reader, before we finally leave these consecrated galleries, sit down by one of those "horizontal graves," described by Prudentius, as "the altar for those who pray," and review and collate our observations. Let us inquire what was primeval Christianity as here revealed, and let us not forget to interrogate the martyr Church beneath, respecting the purity and orthodoxy of the aggrandized Church above.

First, then, we have been struck, in all our wanderings in these gloomy caverns, with the benignity, the charitable, the almost cheerful piety that speaks from their walls. The fact has been referred to before; it is not unworthy of a further allusion. "There is," as the old pilgrim of the middle ages from whom we have heretofore quoted, scratched on these walls,—“there is light in this darkness, there is music in these tombs.”

How warmly the natural affections speak in these brief, broken sentences! How strong and decided are the abrupt utterances of the hope, or rather the assurance of the resurrection! How humbly and resignedly the lacerated remains of the martyrs are brought from

the Colosseum, and laid here to rest! No bitter expressions are recorded on these tablets, no revenge threatened, no design or right of future self-vindication even intimated; a modest word of heroism, a scarcely whispered sob of grief falls upon the ear; "to die" in any way was "gain" for them; to die thus was to "be more than conqueror." "*In Christ*," says a tablet of one of these martyrs,—"*In Christ*, Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars—his body rests in this tomb." It was not the custom to distinguish the graves of martyrs in those days of Christian modesty and humility. There are but five epitaphs of the kind out of seventy thousand in the Catacombs, and these exceptions are all (unless we except one which some consider doubtful) on the graves of men, though it is well known that many women, noble as well as humble, suffered. "It was," says Maitland, "the martyr's widow who broke the customary silence, and in her bereavement sought consolation in perpetuating the triumph which had cost her so dear. 'Primitius in peace, after many torments a most valiant martyr. He lived thirty-eight years, more or less. His wife raised this to her dearest husband, the well deserving.'" Though an exception to the general rule in such cases, it vindicates itself as it vindicates the heart of woman.

And recall the many expressions of universal charity uttered along these walls as from the lips of the first saints—the earliest testimonies of the spirit of the Gospel. Over one of them is inscribed his name and age, with a single sentence added; but it is comprehensive enough: it is, "Friend of all men." Over another we read:—

"In Christ. On the 5th before the Kalends of November, slept Gorgonius, friend of all, and enemy of none."

We have noticed the cheerful representation of the cross with its garlands and crowns—the absence of the crucifix. Maitland gives an elaborate account of the gradual degeneration of this beautiful emblem into the Papal representation of agony. Bishop Kip abridges the narrative. "We find the cross," he says, "nowhere in the early inscriptions of the Catacombs, except as it has been already copied in these pages, in its simplest form of two straight lines. If any addition is made, the same simple form of the cross is preserved, only it is represented as crowned

with flowers, or with a dove, the emblem of peace. For in that age it was a token of joy—a sign of gladness—a pledge of the Christian's victory. It took centuries for it to become what the Church of Rome afterward portrayed it, a thing of tears and suffering—a subject to enable the artist to display the height of intense agony. Yet, thus, at last, it grew into a wretched representation of the passion, into a crucifix with figure the size of life, smeared with the imitation of blood, and surmounted by a crown of actual thorns. And yet, as we have said, we can easily trace on the monuments of antiquity, the steps by which the cross grew into the crucifix and the bleeding agony of our Lord. The first addition was a lamb placed at its feet. The next stage was our Lord, clothed, extended on the cross, but not nailed to it, his hands uplifted in prayer. Then came the delineation of the sufferer fastened to the cross with four nails, yet still living, and with open eyes. It was not till the tenth or eleventh century that he was represented as dead. This is the progress of the change, as stated by Cardinal Bona, a view, the correctness of which has been acknowledged by most subsequent writers. It is a view certainly sustained by all the symbols in these crypts. 'The Catacombs of Rome,' says Milman, 'faithful to their general character, offer no instance of a crucifixion, nor does any allusion to such a subject of art occur in any early writer.'

As there is no crucifix, of course that transfer of worship from the risen Christ to the agonized and degrading exhibition of him on the cross, which, next to the worship of the Virgin, now constitutes the devotion of the Catholic world, finds no example, no sanction in the Catacombs. "The symbolism of the first four centuries," says Maitland, "is uniformly joyful and triumphant: Pilate may set a seal upon the sepulcher, and the soldiers may repeat their idle tale; but the Church knows better: her Christ is living, and, thinking rather of his resurrection than of his death, she crowns the cross with flowers. The primitive symbols were also as rudimentary as they were cheerful: two crossed lines recorded the whole story of the passion."

Our Lord is everywhere represented on the graves of his devoted disciples, his birth, his miracles, his offices, but never his death,

except by the simple or decorated cross. He is generally pictured, as we have shown, in the bloom of young manhood, without a beard. The exceptions are comparatively few, and always among the later dates. We give, at the head of this article, one of these exceptions, as, at least, a curiosity of Christian antiquity—a supposed portrait of Christ. The Church has always felt an interest in the slight traditions respecting his appearance. One of these traditions declares Luke to have been a painter as well as a physician, and ascribes pictures of Christ and his mother to the evangelical artist—the models, it is said, of the well-marked types of their earliest portraits. Eusebius, writing in 320, speaks on the authority of a Syriac manuscript of a portrait of Christ, sent to King Agarus of Edessa, a pretended copy of which has been well known among antiquarians. The still more ancient one we give above, resembles that of the Jupiter Tonans of the Vatican Museum.

9. The religion of these early saints was eminently one of "faith in God." They believed in the resurrection, but they referred it to his infinite power; and though they commemorated their dead, it was not with superstitious ideas of any mysterious connection between the sepulchral preservation of the body and its final restoration. Consecrated burial, in the sense of modern Rome, was an absurdity of later times. We differ entirely from Bishop Kip on this subject. He remarks at length, and, we think, quite irrelevantly on the subject, and quotes the following epitaph:—

"MALE PEREAT INSEPVLTVS
JACEAT NON RESVEGAT
OVM JVDA PARTEM HABEAT
SI QVIS SEPVLCHEVM HVNO
VIOLAVERIT."

"If any one shall violate this sepulcher,
Let him perish miserably, and remain unburied;
Let him lie down, and not rise again;
Let his portion be with Judas."

Maitland affirms that such sentiments are found only toward the middle ages. Referring to the similar heathen imprecations, he says: "Nothing of this sort is to be found in the inscriptions of the ancient Church, though, toward the middle ages, even this remnant of paganism found its way into Christianity. The worst epitaph of the kind which has been preserved is the one quoted above, given by Arringhi."

He also quotes another of similar character, and remarks: "It would appear that these horrid imprecations were dictated by a fear lest the resurrection should be impeded by the dispersion of the remains: or that difficulties might be thrown in the way by the superposition of a second body. Such feelings were not known to the ancient Christians, with whom the practice of burying husband and wife in the same bisomum was general. Ignatius hoped to be so completely devoured by the beasts, that no fragment should remain to tempt his friends into danger. A curious epitaph found at Verona, probably not older than the seventh century, states why Felicianus wished a tomb reserved for himself alone, (Gruter:)—

"To the Divine Manes of Felicianus of Verona. I, Felicianus, of Verona, have consecrated this tomb for myself. I, who lived restless, being now at length dead, rest unwillingly. Do you ask why I am alone? That in the day of judgment I may more readily arise, without impediment."

"Thus," adds Maitland, "it is seen that the practice of defending property by imprecations originated with the pagans, and was not, for several hundred years, suffered in the Church."

We regret that on such equivocal grounds, and with Maitland by him, Bishop Kip should give any countenance to a superstition which is worthy only of Popery, and which so grossly materializes the sublime idea of the resurrection—a superstition, which, in its irrational and dogged pertinacity, has circumscribed the very grave with an insurmountable wall of exclusiveness and bigotry throughout the whole realm of Romanism.

3. These memorials of the "primitive Church" give a decisive though negative contradiction to the whole Mariolatry of Romanism. The worship of the blessed virgin—"blessed" to us all, in accordance with her own prediction"—has become the essential characteristic, the universal idolatry of Popery; overshadowing, if not superseding the worship of God himself, and of her own divine Son. It has led to the most blasphemous and ridiculous pretensions and disputations in the Church. Mary is exalted even above the hereditary moral lot of humanity. The doctrine of the "immaculate conception" has for ages been upheld by

o "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

prelates, popes, kings, councils, and universities. The Councils of Basil in 1439 and of Avignon in 1457 declared it, and the University of Paris enacted in 1497 that no one should be admitted to the degree of Doctor of Divinity who did not bind himself by an oath to defend it.*

Butler enlarges with characteristic relish upon the theme:—"Almighty God therefore was pleased to preserve this holy Virgin from contracting any stain of sin, whether original or actual. Her interior beauty was never sullied with the least spot, and charity or the divine love never suffered the least remission or abatement in her soul. It is an *undoubted truth*, in which all divines are agreed, that she was sanctified and freed from original sin before she was born, and that she was brought forth into this world in a state of perfect sanctity. Some have thought it more consonant to the sacred oracles that she was thus sanctified only after her conception, and after the union of the rational soul with the body. But it is the most generally received belief, though not defined as an article of faith, that in her very conception she was immaculate. It is needless here," he adds with artful evasion, "to produce the passages of Holy Scripture usually alluded to by theologians, and other proofs by which this assertion is confirmed. It is sufficient for us, who desire, as dutiful sons of the Church, to follow, in all such points, her direction, that she manifestly favors this opinion, which is founded in the clear testimonies of the most illustrious among the fathers, in the decrees of several particular councils, and the suffrages of most learned and eminent masters of the theological schools."

And this irrational and ridiculous assumption, without the sanction of even a dubious intimation in the Scriptures, we hear affirmed by the highest authorities of Popery in this age and in this country. The last great assembly of Catholic prelates, held at Baltimore, gravely discussed it, and reindorsing it, sent to Rome for a renewed edict of the Vatican against the protest, with which the enlightened common sense of the age generally though tacitly opposes it.

But while Rome above thunders the absurdity, and bids the world bow down to the deified woman, Rome in the Catacombs speaks resistlessly, though silently, against the blasphemy. The virgin is represented with "the child Jesus" of course, as in the pictures of the Advent, but always in the most modest and humble guise. There is not an instance of prayer or praise offered to her among all these primitive inscriptions—not one. "In the Lapidarian Gallery," says Maitland, "the name of the Virgin Mary does not once occur. Nor is it to be found once in any truly ancient inscription contained in the works of Arringhi, Boldetti, or Bottari. Should any exception be discovered, it will not weaken the astonishing contrast existing between the ancient and medieval Churches in this particular. Comparing the absolute non-existence of Mary-worship, in the primitive Church, with the inconceivable extent to which it has since been carried, we cannot fail to wonder, and to inquire anxiously what gave rise to the change."

Thus, then, by the mute testimony of "Christian antiquity," coming forth from the buried Church of primitive Rome, is dissipated at once the thickest cloud of idolatrous incense that hangs over the altars of the modern and fallen Rome. You have innumerable examples of pray-



* See Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, vol. iv, p. 682. Am. Ed.

ing figures—some of them very graceful; but they usually stand with outstretched hands and upward gaze; none bows before the cross, the Virgin, or any other created thing.

"We are thankful," writes Bishop Kip, "that Rome thus bears within her own bosom the proof of that early piety from which she herself has wandered—that the spirit of the first ages is so indelibly stamped on the walls of the Catacombs, that no sophistry can explain away its force. There the elements of a pure faith are written 'with an iron pen, in the rock, forever;' and the Church has only to look to 'the hole of the pit whence she was digged,' to see what she should again become. Would that she could learn the lesson."

4. Equally decisive is the negative evidence on many tombs in the Catacombs against the worship of other saints. Walk now through the gorgeous churches of Rome above—everywhere you see wrought in painting, sculpture or architecture, the adoration of saints; every date of the calendar, nearly, is rubriced with the rife idolatry: walk through the ancient aisles of Rome beneath, hold up your torch along these galleries, and among the thousands after thousands of the inscriptions of the first centuries, you read not one ascription of worship, not one invocation to Peter or Paul, or any other saint. Not until about the middle of the fifth century do you find an approach to the profane custom, and then it only shows itself in a simple and spontaneous entreaty, to be remembered in the supplications of departed relatives.

5. In like manner do we look in vain for any evidence of the doctrine of Purgatory, that boundless resource of terror and extortion to modern Rome. These inscriptions speak only of the immediate blessedness of departed saints. "In the place of refreshment," they say; "Among the innocent ones;" "Borne away by angels;" "Domitianus sleeps in peace;" "Romanus rests in peace;" "One who lives in God;" "Victorious in Christ;" "Has gone to dwell in Christ;" "Not dead, but lives above the stars;" "Snatched home eternally on the twelfth day before the kalends of January." Such are the only intimations of Purgatory left us by these primeval saints.

6 Corresponding with and confirm-

atory of this view of the question, is another important fact, viz.: the total absence of prayers for the dead. There is nothing that can fairly be interpreted into such prayers through all these primitive records—nothing more than an occasional and abrupt expression of feelings which are spontaneous to us all, at the burial of the dead—a slight form of benediction on the departed, such as, "God refresh thee;" "Mayest thou live in the Lord;" "Be of good cheer;" the last sentence added probably for the eye of the devout spectator. If the puerile attempt should be made to construct such sentences into "prayers for the dead," there is one notable distinction, at least, to be stated, viz.: that those entreaties for prayers from the spectator for the departed, which are scattered all over the cemeteries of the Papal world, are nowhere seen here. The fact is decisive of the right interpretation of the passages we have quoted, if indeed any criterion were necessary.

Thus, then, falls another of the gigantic corruptions of Rome—one of its main resources of revenue and of popular superstition.*

7. The foulest demoralizations of Popery have flowed from the celibacy of the priesthood; it is a crime against Scripture and against nature, and has received a fearful retribution. The Scriptures teach us that the priest should "be the husband of one wife," and that even Peter, the pretended head of the Papal hierarchy, was married. Here, again, the Catacombs also refute modern Rome; they abound in evidences that "the sweet charities" of married life belonged to the priests as well as the people. Married bishops and presbyters are often mentioned by Eusebius; the Council of Nice recognized them, and here we find cotemporaneous testimonies disclosed among the graves of the saints beneath the very city whose edicts now go forth over the whole world to deny and degrade the holy rite. We read the following attestations both of the fact and of the beautiful affections which adorn it:—

"*LOCVS BASILI PRESB ET FELICITATI
EIVS SIBI FEORRVNT.*"

"The place of Basil the presbyter, and his Felicitas. They made it for themselves."

* See in Seymour's "Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome," a conclusive discussion of this subject.

"OLIM PRESBYTERI GABINI FILIA FELIX
HIC SVSANNA JACET IN PACE PATRI
SOCIATA."

"Once the happy daughter of the presbyter Gabinus,
here lies Susanna, joined with her father in peace."

"LEVITAE CONIUNX PETRONIA FORMA
PVDORIS HIS MEA DEPONENS SEDIBVS OSSA
LOCO PARCITE VOS LACRIMIS DVLCEBVS CVM
CONIVGE NATAE VIVENTEMQVE DEO CRE-
DITE FLERE NEFAS DP IN PACE III NON
OCTOBRIS FESTO VC CONSS."

"Petronia, a deacon's wife, the type of modesty.—
In this place I lay my bones; spare your tears, dear
husband and daughters, and believe that it is forbidden
to weep for one who lives in God. Buried in peace,
on the 8d before the Nones of October, in the concu-
sitate of Festus, (l. a. in 472.)

And even as late as the middle of the
fourth century, according to Maitland, we
find the following inscription on the grave
of a bishop of Rome:—

"My wife Laurentia made me this tomb: she was
ever suited to my disposition, venerable and faithful.
The Bishop Leo survived his 80th year."

8. There is no recognition, among the
earlier inscriptions, of the papacy of Peter,
now so fundamental in the hierarchical
system of Romanism; and his image, with
the keys, now everywhere to be seen
throughout the Papal world, will be looked
for in vain among the earlier monuments
of the Catacombs.

9. Summarily—you find among these an-
cient testimonies no indorsement of those
multitudinous *ritual* corruptions which have
become universal in the Papal Church.
You look in vain, as we have already said,
for the tiara and keys of the pope, the
censer, the rosary, the burning candles,
the adoration of the host, religious pro-
cessions, or even the priestly habiliments.
Bishop Kip thinks he finds, in the last
respect, an indorsement of the simple
and dignified robes of the modern Anglican
Church: the question is not, we suppose,
deemed of any vital importance, by either
Anglican or anti-Anglican Protestants;
be that as it may, we must take the liberty
of correcting the bishop's statement, as a
matter of fact. "We have mentioned,"
he says, "the resemblance which struck
Mr. Cole, between these and the garments
now in use in the Episcopal Church.
The resemblance is certainly much greater
to our surplice and stole than to the short
garment used under that name in the
modern Church of Rome. We will give
one as a specimen, taken from the ceme-
tery of St. Callistus. It is of a priest in
the attitude of prayer, and we think the



fact we have mentioned will at once strike
the most casual observer. Thus it is that
we glean from these memorials on the
rock and in the caverns the characteristics
of the early Church."

Had the bishop turned to his own
engravings he would have found the same
type of costume almost universal in the
Catacombs. Even the quarrymen have
it; in some instances, abridged to suit
their labor, in others quite complete: it
is, in fact, the common Roman smock.
His picture of the Five Virgins the reader
will observe to be another example; he
would not certainly admit that they were
arrayed in priestly robes. He tells us
in his preface that his "great authority
has been Arringhi." Arringhi's pages
abound in representations of *women*, carved
on the tablets of their husbands or chil-
dren, in precisely this costume and
precisely this attitude, (that is, with the
praying arms extended in imitation of
the cross.) He represents even little
girls in the same dress, and he repeats
again and again that they are females.
The great French work (Catacombs de
Rome, par Louis Perret, &c.) contains
numerous examples, and pronounces them
women.

We have thus seen what authority
modern Rome finds in primitive Rome.
In like manner could we pass through the
whole series of papal blasphemies and
pretensions; at every interrogation, a
host of absolute and resistless refuta-
tion comes up from the entombed Church.
It is negative, to be sure, but *the more
absolute and resistless on that very ac-*

count; for if there had been positive hostility recorded against any of these pretensions, then there would be evidence that they were at least extant—that they had partisans—that the suffrages of the Church were divided on the subject: but Popery cannot find even this slight consolation in the Catacombs. Her martyrs, there beneath the superincumbent mass of her modern corruptions, though dead yet speak—and they speak but one stern, unambiguous verdict—it denounces everything peculiarly papal—it affirms everything distinctively Protestant. It is indeed a marvelous fact of divine providence that thus beneath the very foundations of Rome, provisions should be made for the subversion of her whole structure of superstition and imposture—that while she was multiplying and consolidating her corruptions, and could have readily despoiled these ancient testimonies against her, they were for a thousand years kept concealed, and that now when the progressive civilization, which has become the law of the age, contests everywhere her pretensions, the explorations of the Catacombs show her to be undermined with the means of her refutation and overthrow—evidences which will compel her to acknowledge that if evangelical Protestantism is heretical, then was the Apostolical Church of Rome heretical.

With these striking, though very briefly sketched results, the reader will not complain that we have devoted a portion of our pages to this curious subject. It is becoming an occasion of profound interest to the theological world. The late magnificent publication of the French government will enhance much this interest. We hesitate not to express the opinion that the Catacombs of Rome are, next to the Bible itself, the most important armory of Protestantism in its controversies with Popery.

We are happy to say, in conclusion, that American students will find in the Astor Library all the important authorities on the subject, (as, indeed, on most archaeological questions,) including the great French publication. They will find there, also, a courtesy on the part of the librarians which enhances even the pleasure afforded by such abundant facilities. Meanwhile we again commend Bishop Kip's volume as the best primary book on the subject.

[For the National Magazine.]

QUIETISM IN FRANCE.

MADAME GUYON—MADAME DE MAINTENON—BOSSUET—
FRELKOP.

QUIETISM as a system of doctrinal and practical piety, or rather *pietism*, is somewhat difficult to be understood, and much more difficult to be explained. It is so intimately related, both as to its form and its origin, to whatever is most excellent in true religion, that not unfrequently has the spurious been mistaken for and cherished as the genuine, while on the other hand there is often danger that in attempting to destroy the counterfeit, the true spirituality shall be cast down and destroyed also. It is well observed by Bossuet, that the errors of the Quietists arise rather from an exaggeration of what is in itself good, than from their adoption of principles intrinsically erroneous. Their primary error consisted in making the Divine Being and his perfections, viewed apart from their relations to men, the objects of the soul's supreme affection. This love they accounted pure in proportion as it was unmixed with any regard for the temporal or external welfare of its subject, and it was never pure or perfect until, in complete self-abnegation, the soul becomes totally indifferent to pain or pleasure, life or death, eternal perdition or eternal glory.

The exercise of this love consists in the contemplation of the Divine Person and his attributes, in which the soul should become elevated in its conceptions and feelings above the range of its own thoughts, into a holy ecstasy. Then a devotional silence ensues, which is the most profound and elevated style of worship. This quite surpasses and renders valueless the outward forms of worship, and therefore these are discarded as worse than valueless. To lie passive in his Maker's hands was the sole duty recognized by the Quietist. A prayer for any good thing, or the deprecation of any evil, would be a species of rebellion against the will of God, and quite inconsistent with that quiet submission to which he aspired. His resignation was to rise to a sublime indifference; and, indulging the horrible fancy that such a sacrifice would be acceptable to God, he offered himself to the wrath of God for time and eternity. And yet this terrible self-immolation had with him the

assurance of the most sublime recompense. Even in this life his soul was to be so joined to the divine essence as to lose in some sense its proper individuality, and in the life to come to be lost in his fullness.

These sublimated notions of religion produced in the Quietists results just the reverse of what a careless observer would have anticipated. Instead of exalting man to God, they degraded God to man. Instead of the solemn expression of filial adoration that aspires from the depths of the spirit, "Hallowed be thy NAME;" low, grotesque and unseemly familiarities are found to characterize their devotional language, and their expressions of the soul's pure love are often most offensively amatory. Their statements of doctrine too were loose and unsatisfactory. A new terminology was invented by them; or, when they employed words in common use, such words were applied in a new and unusual sense. All their writings needed to be interpreted in order to be understood; and when this was done, it was generally found that their strange jargon had either expressed nothing unusual, or else something objectionable.

Still it was seen and confessed that, as had been the case in former times, many of the most devout and exemplary were either Quietists themselves or favorers of Quietism. The Quietists themselves for the most part protested against the pernicious consequences attributed to their doctrines, while none could deny that their writings contained much that was truly excellent. It was, however, equally plain that the tendency of their doctrine was to disparage, not only merely ecclesiastical observances, but also the means of grace enjoined by Christ and his apostles. It assumed for man a capacity for contemplative devotion which the word of God does not suppose, nor our knowledge of human character justify. And after all due concessions as to the blamelessness of the chief Quietists, the influence of the system upon most minds was found to be unfavorable to healthy and rational piety, and often to good morals.

Such was the system of pietism that these venerable ecclesiastics—a set of men who, for learning, piety, and zeal for the truth, would compare favorably with the dignitaries of any state-Church, since the days of Constantine—perceived to be

spreading like a leprosy in the Church of which they were the guardians. To endeavor to stay this plague seemed to them an imperative duty. The commissioners, therefore, retired to the country residence of M. Tronson, at Issy, near Paris, and there, after a full examination of the subject, in which they were assisted by Fenelon, they drew up and signed thirty articles, adapted to the circumstances of the Church at that season. In them they make no allusion to Madame Guyon, or her doctrine, but rather set forth positively the doctrines of the Church upon the questions involved in the subject of Quietism. They inculcate the active virtues, the duty of prayer, and the use of means of grace; the necessity of seeking the pardon of sins, and of laboring to secure everlasting life; they teach that acts of duty and devotion are not derogatory to the highest state of perfection, but are rather to be considered means for the attainment of that end; that prayer should be specific and formal as well as general and of the spirit, and that it was especially needful to include in our contemplation of the Divine Being the great work of atonement by Christ. These articles were submitted to Fenelon for revision, who slightly amended a few of them, and then added his own name to those of the royal commissioners; and soon after Madame Guyon did the same.

About this time Fenelon, who was now recognized as the rising sun of the French Church, as Bossuet had some time since passed his meridian, was nominated archbishop of Cambray. The threatened disturbance, it was hoped, had been effectually quelled, and only good feeling prevailed among these eminent ecclesiastics. At the request of Fenelon, Bossuet, who gladly availed himself of the opportunity to indicate his regard for the new archbishop, officiated at the consecration.

Soon after the close of the conference at Issy, Madame Guyon, as if confident of the power by which she had obtained such decided advantages over such minds as La Combe, Fenelon, and Madame de Maintenon, proposed to place herself under the immediate care and inspection of Bossuet. Accordingly with his concurrence she removed to the Convent of St. Marié, at Meaux, where Bossuet also resided. But the power of the charmer

failed in this case, because the minds of the parties were quite out of sympathy. One day, after a few weeks' residence, she received from the hands of the bishop a copy of a "pastoral letter," which he had just drawn up, in which, though she was not alluded to personally, certain opinions favored by her were condemned as "prevalent errors," which she was required to indorse. This she declined to do, unless she should be permitted to qualify her assent; and that the bishop would not agree to. She then appealed to his good faith, and as she had in all confidence placed herself under his oversight, she prayed him not to abuse his *paternal* relation to her, by compelling her to violate her conscience. Bossuet answered sternly,—“I am a father—but to the Church,” and peremptorily demanded her compliance on pain of excommunication. She however modestly, but firmly refused. He then asked her to declare her dissent from some things found in La Combe's book of devotions, which she also declined. The same demands were subsequently repeated, and compliance again refused. Yet Bossuet confessed to the prioress of the convent, that he found nothing censurable in either her opinions or her conduct; but that her enemies tormented him, and wished him to find evil in her.

This favorable feeling toward her he expressed more fully, when, at the end of six months, as she was about to return to Paris, he gave her a paper certifying the goodness of her conduct and character; and at her departure, he invited her to come and reside permanently in his diocese. But her return to Paris was the signal for new commotions; her enemies were clamorous against her, the king was offended with her, and Madame de Maintenon was carried along with the prevailing current. About this time Bossuet came to Paris, but lacked the manliness to vindicate the right against such influences; and as if to complete his own humiliation, he now wrote to her asking back the recommendation he had before given her; and because she refused to do this, he too became her avowed enemy. Perceiving now that she was no longer safe, she left her place of residence, and assuming another name, rented a dwelling in an obscure portion of the city, where she remained concealed for five months; till, her retreat having been ascertained by the police,

she was arrested and committed to the Castle of Vincennes.

In these strange proceedings, the victim is perhaps not more deserving of our commiseration than the guilty authors of her sufferings. Louis had long devoted his royal authority, with intense ardor, to the establishment of religious uniformity throughout the kingdom, and through the pertinacity of a portion of his subjects who persisted in obeying God rather than man, he had become irritated and morbidly sensitive upon the subject. Guilt is proverbially cowardly, and accordingly he trembled at the shadow of dissent and non-conformity which he fancied he saw in the vagaries of an eccentric but entirely harmless woman. The case of Madame de Maintenon was still more pitiable. Her yearning heart had been drawn to appreciate in some degree the spirituality for the testimony of which Madame Guyon was now in bonds; but she was the wife, *not the queen*, of the king of France, and the time had come when she must choose the reproach of Christ or the riches of Egypt. She had chosen,—O, how unwisely! The same feeling must possess one's mind in considering the cases of the bishops Noailles and Bossuet. They had both of them borne decided testimony to the goodness of Madame Guyon's character; but they were the king's bishops, and lacked the courage to assert the rights of Christ's ministers. No doubt they felt their own degradation, when thus compelled, against their judgments, and consciences, to condemn what they had before approved.

The subject of spiritual religion at that time excited much interest among many persons of rank in Paris and throughout France. Madame de Maintenon boasted that she had made piety the fashion—though it is but too evident that this fashionable piety was only *piety* after a fashion. The royal profligate, after drinking the cup of pleasure to its dregs, had cast it aside, and from surfeiting became an ascetic. The theaters were abandoned, and the churches thronged by the brilliant array of the most profligate court in Europe, while courtiers and courtesans were all eager to learn the dialect and practice the observances of ecclesiastical piety. Of this state of things no one was more fully cognizant than Bossuet himself. He saw too that there was a deficiency

in the ministrations of the Church, and he had endeavored in some degree to remedy it in his own preaching. But he was reaching that time of life when excess of prudence too often degenerates into a vice. The Church, he apprehended, was in danger,—not because religion had become the fashion, but because of the existence of an uncanonical piety among the people,—and he who had so often and so successfully done battle in her defense, felt called upon once more to come to her rescue. But it was a service for which he felt but little desire; one that promised him much labor, and very little reward.

Bossuet accordingly drew up a treatise designed to cover the whole ground of controversy, and at once expose the fanaticism of Quietism, and yet keep inviolate the spiritual in religion. His treatise he styled "Instructions concerning the States of Prayer," which, when completed, he submitted to the judgment of his episcopal colleagues. M. Godet, the new Bishop of Chartres, and M. de Noailles, who had recently been made Archbishop of Paris, gave their ready approval to the book; but there were reasons why the Archbishop of Cambay should hesitate. He greatly desired to propitiate the good will of the Bishop of Meaux, with whom his relations were becoming rather critical; he also saw very much in the book with which he most heartily concurred; yet he felt that as a man of honor, and especially as a Christian, he could not give it his unqualified approval. To its doctrinal teachings he made but few objections, though with some of its expressions he was not pleased; but it was full of personal invectives against Madame Guyon, which he believed to be uncalled for and unjust. Others, he said, might innocently do what he declined, for they were only partially acquainted with the case; but as he knew the whole matter, he could not do it without criminality.

The refusal, however, was given in the most unobjectionable manner. He remarked that "he did not see any shadow of difficulty between himself and the Bishop of Meaux, on the fundamental question of doctrine." He also firmly, but modestly declared his settled confidence in the purity and excellence of character of Madame Guyon, and gave it as his settled conviction, gained in close conversations with

her, that *her writings, strictly interpreted, were not a proper index to her religious opinions.* This, his final decision, was sent by Fenelon to Madame de Maintenon, by whom it was, of course, at once laid before the king. Bossuet's book was therefore given to the public; but among the names of his approving colleagues, that of Fenelon was not found—and thus the hitherto concealed division became public. None of Fenelon's colleagues and distinguished friends condemned his course in this matter except Bossuet; but they required of him such a statement of his opinions as would effectually vindicate him from the charge of Quietism. He accordingly drew up with all convenient dispatch a treatise which he called the "Maxims of the Saints concerning the Interior Life." This book bore the marks that distinguish everything that proceeded from the pen of its author. In manner it was gentle and conciliatory, but firm and dignified. It was pervaded by a sweet spirit of piety, adapted equally to captivate the heart and to gratify the intellect. It was immediately hailed with great satisfaction by the same eminent persons who had approved of the book of Bossuet; but the Bishop of Meaux, unused as he was to rivalry, to say nothing of defeat, was little gratified at the state things had assumed. He knew, too, that he was secure as to the royal favor in this matter; for the king had no favor for Madame Guyon, and but little for Fenelon. The talents and virtues of the new archbishop commanded the respect of the haughty monarch; but there was a severity in Fenelon's virtue, and a majesty in his moral character that made the proud and debauched potentate ill at ease in his presence. Thus sustained, Bossuet openly expressed his dissatisfaction with Fenelon's explanations, and so the breach became open and confessed.

Seldom has theological controversy called out two such champions to contend against each other, and seldom have the matter and circumstances of an intellectual tournament presented so many points of interest. Each combatant had his own peculiar advantages, and both were unequaled, except each by the other. Against the matured intellectual manhood of Bossuet stood the earlier vigor of Fenelon. If the former excelled in the force of his argumentation, the latter possessed the more fertile imagination. While the one

spoke with the authority of a man accustomed to command; the other, even more effectually, commanded by his gentleness and affability. Bossuet's naturally strong passions had been sharpened by frequent controversy, and his mind rendered exacting by the homage that had been paid to him; Fenelon's natural gentleness of spirit—a gentleness, however, that had no connection with intellectual weakness,—had been cultivated by self-discipline, and heightened by piety. Both were eminently eloquent, as speakers as well as writers; and here, too, their characteristic differences again appeared: Bossuet was argumentative, vehement, and overwhelming,—often silencing when he failed to convince, and compelling assent when he did not fully persuade; Fenelon made no pretensions to authority, nor seemed to wish to compel belief, but with a persuasive eloquence that concealed the compact structure of his arguments, charmed the hearts and won the understandings of those whom he addressed.

At first the disputants were divided by apparently only unimportant misapprehensions; but, in fact, there were between them great and irreconcilable differences; so that when once the strife was begun, the hope of reconciliation was at an end. Either party could fortify his position by abundant authorities, and each had a portion of truth on his side. Bossuet came down upon his antagonist with an avalanche of arguments, invectives, sarcasms, and lamentations, as if his whole soul was shaken by its pent-up fires; yet was there method and terrible directness in the application of his powers. Fenelon stood firm and self-possessed in the tempest that raged around him, and shook from him the thunders that fell harmlessly upon his head; and in his turn dealt blows that were hard either to parry or resist. For a while the conflict was carried on at its sublime elevation; but at length passion prevailed over reason, and personal criminations took the place of arguments. Bossuet was unused to this kind of opposition; his pride was mortified, alike by its force and its pertinacity, and at length his fears were excited as to the final issue. A desperate effort seemed to be needed, and, forgetting what was due alike to himself and his cause, he attacked the private character of his antagonist, attempting to sustain his allegations by divulging

remarks said to have been made in private and confidential conversations, or found in private letters, and by insinuating much more than was explicitly declared. Fenelon met this vile assault with the withering dignity of insulted virtue. He mourned the humiliation of his venerable and illustrious opponent, who had come down from his elevation to become a fabricator and retailer of low slanders; and especially he lamented the disgrace which the episcopal office was likely to suffer by the exhibition of two of its incumbents, engaged in accusing each other of scandalous crimes. And then returning to the question at issue, with the skill of a practiced controversialist, he fairly turned the tide of battle against his antagonist.

From being a mere question of theology, the controversy became a personal quarrel. On one side were the controversial reputation of the Bishop of Meaux, and the king's disfavor toward Madame Guyon, now exasperated to madness, and seeking to vent itself in the ruin of her good name and that of her friends; on the other were the honor and unsullied virtues of the Archbishop of Cambrai. Against Fenelon were arrayed the disciplined powers of the veteran controversialist of Christendom, backed by the zeal of the court and the applause of the sycophantic crowd; while he stood alone, supported only by his conscious integrity and the force of his intellect, made doubly effective by the charm of evident, though unostentatious piety. Yet had the contest been left to be determined in this wise, it seemed evident that his triumph would have been complete. Indifferent beholders were enchanted by his eloquence and lofty virtues; the pious were charmed by the sweetness of his spirit; and the learned confessed the force of his reasoning; while his antagonist virtually conceded to him the palm of victory, by resorting to criminations.

The controversy had been a long and severe one; and when all its circumstances are considered, had resulted less disastrously to Fenelon than might have been feared. Bossuet's treatise on Prayer had been followed by Fenelon's "Maxims of the Saints." In these works the two champions took their several positions, though the books themselves were not properly controversial. After these followed a skirmishing warfare of letters,

and pamphlets accompanied by a large amount of court-gossip, and oral disputation between the partisans of the two interests. Presently Bossuet, with whom authorship was a profession, came out with a book, the "*Account of Quietism*," in which all his mighty powers of argument, wit, satire, and ridicule, were brought to bear against the whole body of so-called Quietists, and especially against Madame Guyon, La Combe, and Fenelon, each of whom in succession was submitted to the scathing and withering operation of the terrible and unscrupulous eloquence of the veteran ecclesiastical gladiator. The effect was everywhere manifest, and apparently annihilating. In less than six weeks from the receipt of Bossuet's book in his exile at Cambrai, Fenelon had prepared his reply, and placed printed copies of it in the hands of his friends at both Paris and Rome.

"A nobler effusion of the indignation of insulted virtue and genius," says one of Fenelon's biographers, but a great admirer of Bossuet, "eloquence has never produced. In the first lines of it Fenelon placed himself above his antagonist, and to the last preserves his elevation. 'Notwithstanding my innocence,' says he, 'I was always apprehensive of a dispute of facts. I knew that such a dispute between bishops must occasion considerable scandal. If, as the bishop of Meaux has a hundred times asserted, my book be full of the most extravagant contradictions, and the most monstrous errors, why does he have recourse to discussions, which must be attended with the most terrible of all scandals? But he begins to find it difficult to establish his accusations of my doctrine; the history of Madame Guyon then comes to his aid, and he lays hold of it as an amusing tale, likely to make all his mistakes of my doctrine disappear and be forgotten. The secret of private letters written in intimate and religious confidence, has nothing inviolable to him. He prints letters which I writ to him in the strictest confidence. But all will be useless to him; he will find that nothing that is dishonorable ever proves serviceable.'"

The effect of the *Reply* was greater even than that produced by Bossuet's attack. Fenelon's triumph seemed to be complete. "Never," continues the same writer, "did virtue and genius obtain a more complete triumph. Fenelon's reply, by a kind of enchantment, restored to him every heart. Crushed by the strong arm of power, abandoned by the multitude, there was nothing to which he could look but his own powers. Obligated to fight for his honor, it was necessary for him, if he did not consent to sink under the accusa-

tion, to assume a part still more imposing than that of his mighty antagonist. Much had been expected from him; but none had supposed that he would raise himself to so prodigious a height as would not only repel the attack of his antagonist, but actually reduce him to the defensive." None was more sensible of the advantage gained by Fenelon than Bossuet himself, and his *Reply to the Reply* was rather an attempt at self-justification than a further attack. But his concessions were neither full nor ingenuous, and Fenelon's brief *Remarks* on these partial reparations of past wrongs closed the war of books. The controversy was exhausted, and the public interest, which had been kept up to an unusual degree of tension for several years, at length wearied, and subsided into comparative indifference.

But this was not permitted to be the case until authority as well as argument had been made to do its utmost. The course things had taken seemed to make an appeal to Rome necessary, and to this both parties willingly assented. The papal throne was then occupied by Innocent XII., and moderate counsels prevailed in the Vatican. The pope was especially solicitous that the matter should be settled at Paris, and had notified the French monarch to that effect; but Louis was a party to the controversy, and would be heard. Accordingly the appeal was made in due form, and a commission of twelve theologians was appointed to examine Fenelon's book; but these having had twelve sessions, found themselves unable to agree upon any decision, and were discharged. The matter was then referred to twelve cardinals, but with no better success; when a second congregation of cardinals, after fifty-two painful sessions, at length made out, yet not unanimously, to present several propositions from that book, as "censurable;" but not a few of the cardinals openly defended Fenelon's doctrines. The controversy was thus reproduced at Rome, and each party found champions in the sacred college. The pope would have gladly dismissed the whole affair as trivial and vexatious, but he was constantly buffeted by the French king, and a decision against Fenelon demanded, with the most indecent effrontery. At length, at the end of two years, under the pressure of intimidation from Paris, twenty-three sentences were selected, which, as explained

by Fenelon's enemies, were pronounced "erroneous;" but nothing was decreed against Fenelon himself.

But Louis did not consent to await the tardy action of the sacred college, nor to limit his own actions by their determinations. While the controversy was at its height, Fenelon received an order from the king to repair to his diocese, *and remain there*; and, one after another, all his friends were dismissed from the public service, and his own name, as preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy, was struck from the rolls by the king's own hand; and as a refinement of malicious meanness, a son of Madame Guyon, a youth equally innocent and ignorant of Quietism, who held the office of lieutenant in the guards, was dismissed without cause, by a royal mandate. But when the long-delayed condemnation came, it was so far robbed of power to harm, as to seem rather an acquittal—and also a further disappointment awaited the enemies of the persecuted archbishop. Fenelon received the letter of condemnation with characteristic meekness, acknowledging the authority from which it proceeded, and without recanting anything he had before affirmed, he read from his own pulpit the sentence of condemnation.

During the progress of these exciting controversies in the high places, the humble name from which the whole arose was almost forgotten by the public; but the eye of power was still upon her. From the castle of Vincennes Madame Guyon was transferred to Vaugirord, whence a year later she was taken to the Bastille. While at Vaugirord a crowning effort of cowardly malice was made to effect her ruin. She was visited by Archbishop de Noailles, accompanied by the curate of St. Sulpice, who read to her a letter purporting to come from Father La Combe, and addressed to herself, in which certain gross improprieties were alluded to as having occurred between them. They then earnestly conjured her to confess her faults and seek forgiveness. Her stern dignity in this time of trial affected favorably the minds of these ministers of wrong, and they left her with mingled emotions of indignation for those who had so basely imposed a forgery upon them,—of shame for themselves, and of both pity and admiration for her. It seems that La Combe, worn out by the

rigors of a protracted imprisonment, had become demented. The letter in question had been written for him, but his signature was genuine, for while on the passage from his prison to an asylum for the insane, it had been procured from his own hand. He soon after died a complete maniac. Such were the efforts put forth, not only to asperse the reputation of Madame Guyon, but chiefly to blast the spotless name of Fenelon, and justify the vile innuendoes of Bossuet.

Madame Guyon passed four long years in the Bastille, having only her maid-servant, who also had become her disciple, for her fellow-prisoner; and here her frail constitution was greatly impaired, and her buoyant spirit subdued by the rigors of a protracted incarceration. The excitement connected with her name and doctrines having subsided, she was then taken out of prison and banished to Blois, where she passed the remainder of her days. The vigor and animal spirits of her youth had departed, and the vapors of her fanaticism had dispersed, but the genial glow of her piety was unabated, and her faith had become rectified without losing its luminous radiance. Her exile became to herself a Patmos, in which holy communings gave solace to her weary spirit, while many a pilgrim from distant provinces sought out her resting place, to hear from her own lips her heart-warm precepts of faith, hope, and love; till, at the age of nearly threescore and ten, she breathed out her spirit in sweet resignation to her God, by whom she had been so strangely led, and so graciously sustained.

Fenelon too was an exile, but only such as was quite consistent with the high duties he had assumed when he accepted the episcopal office. In the quiet of his diocese he had ample opportunity to apply to useful ends those shining qualities which might have adorned a court, but which were not less adapted to bless a rustic peasantry. Here opportunity was given him to inculcate in a practical form that *pure love*, for the defense of which he had suffered so much, and to see demonstrated on the simple minds of his people its wholesome influences. He moved among them as an angel of light; he condescended to their humble condition; he opened to their understandings the sublime verities of the Scriptures, and so completely enshrined himself in their affec-

tions, that succeeding generations spoke familiarly of him as "the *good* archbishop." Strangers from all parts of Europe visited him, and all were received with the same genial but unostentatious hospitality. His former pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, though forbidden, on account of his grandfather's hatred of Fenelon, to visit his old preceptor, retained the most lively and affectionate regard for him,—a feeling which Fenelon very fully reciprocated.

Thus, loved by all who were capable of being pleased with exalted purity of character, and venerated by all who could appreciate true greatness, lived Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, till, in 1715, at sixty-five years old, he rested from his works. A halo of pure, unearthly glory surrounds his name; no other star shines with a more lovely radiance in all the galaxy of the eminent dead.

We have thus conducted the reader through one of the most remarkable periods in the history of religion since the time of the Reformation. It presents in its chief actors a very interesting group of characters, and it is not without impressive lessons for us who, under better auspices, and with better prospects, find reviving around us aspirations for that "perfect love" which breathes through the pages of Fenelon.

The merits of the matter in controversy in this celebrated affair have doubtless suffered by the manner in which the controversy was conducted. Very often has a good cause been sacrificed by the intemperate zeal and the unscrupulous proceedings of its advocates, as well as the worse made to appear the better cause, by being associated with and defended by persons whose characters and manners effectually commend whatever they approve. Such, to a very great degree, was the case in this affair. There is good reason to believe that Bossuet and his associates, not excluding Fenelon, believed that a dangerous practical heresy was involved in the system to which the influence of Madame Guyon was giving currency, and that they honestly believed that it was their duty to correct the threatened evil. Nor was the course pursued by the royal commissioners toward Madame Guyon illiberal or severe. It was not till Bossuet had felt an influence

from Versailles, that he departed from a course that was honorable alike to his head and his heart; then he consented to sacrifice the bishop to the courtier, and to persecute as a heretic a woman who bore his own certificate to the excellence of her life and character. At this point his politic but unprincipled course contrasts most painfully with Fenelon's generous self-abnegation, in defense of erring but injured innocence. But, like many other generous but impulsive spirits, Fenelon's failed properly to discriminate between Madame Guyon's personal excellences and her religious opinions.

In the beginning of the controversy between Bossuet and Fenelon, the ground of truth was with the former rather than the latter. Bossuet's *Instructions on Prayer* contained a sound, discreet, and judicious body of instructions; and, apart from its attack on Madame Guyon, it was an honor to the heart of a Christian bishop. Fenelon's *Maxims of the Saints* was also a work of real merit, and especially valuable for the deep tone of spirituality that pervaded it. But it contained many passages of both doubtful orthodoxy and of unsafe practical tendency. Its mysticism is everywhere manifest; nor would the court of Rome have hesitated to condemn the book at once, had not more objectionable mysticisms been canonized in former times. It is true, that by explanations and qualifications, the language used could be made to indicate an unobjectionable sense. But it has been very justly said, that "what is only true with an explanation, is untrue without it;" and judged by this rule there was doubtless much in the *Maxims of the Saints* that was not true. It is readily granted that neither Fenelon nor Madame Guyon fell into the practical errors, which have been indicated as the legitimate results of the system they favored. This is much to their honor personally, but nothing to the vindication of their teachings. Others, not a few, have been so led astray; and a system is not to be judged exclusively by its influence on the character and life of its originators, but rather by its diffused influences upon its disciples.

It is a practical truth of much importance, that a right state of the heart tends mightily to correct the aberrations of the intellect, while corrupt passions and appetites inevitably obscure the understanding.

By the influence of the former of these tendencies, Madame Guyon, after having followed her imagination into the wildest vagaries, was brought back to sober religious truth, and Fenelon's too warm fancy was kept from either injuriously affecting his own religious character, or rendering him, after the first slightly eccentric movement had been corrected, any other than the safe, as he was eminently the sympathizing Christian teacher. By the latter, Bossuet was driven to dishonor his own good name, and to damage the truth he espoused, through his intemperance of spirit and heartless vindictiveness. To contend, even for the truth, with such as Fenelon, were a difficult and almost thankless task; but to do so in the spirit and style of Bossuet, though with an angel's intellect, would betray the cause attempted to be defended.

The whole controversy was probably much less an affair of religion than an intrigue of the court; and it is well remarked of a certain grave divine of that age, that he "appears always to have a smile on his countenance when he mentions Quietism;" and Leibnitz observes, that "before the war of words began, the prelates should have agreed on a definition of the word *love*, and that would have prevented the dispute."

The development of mysticism made on this memorable occasion was, after all, much less erratic or intense than what has appeared at other times; but the great names of the parties engaged in the controversy to which it gave rise, render it memorable in history. The whole affair is full of instruction for the thoughtful. It teaches the essential spirituality of religion, which may indeed exist shut in by ecclesiastical barriers, but it is perpetually rising above and breaking over them. It also shows the tendency of the human heart, even when impelled by its religious instincts, to run into fanciful and pernicious errors; and even in its abjuration of self, to deify the imagination, the emotions—the self. It demonstrates most clearly that only under the steady light of the word of God, of the Bible, expounded from the pulpit, read in the family, and studied in the closet, can the religious instincts of the heart be permitted to operate freely without endangering the salvation of the individual and the peace of society.

[For the National Magazine.]

SMALL THINGS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

ALWAYS the arms of God are about us, upholding and protecting and guiding us to that which is best for us. Sometimes afflictions come; but who shall say that in their time these are not good for us—that they are not the discipline which perfects us? Every step, crooked as well as straight, seems to me to bear us forward on our immortal journey. This is but the dawning of the long life, and we walk as it were in twilight shadows; but before us we see the day brightening and whitening, and we feel that as more light flows in upon us, we shall turn less frequently aside from the way of truth and righteousness.

And while we cannot but mourn over the weaknesses and frailties of ourselves and of our fellow men, we feel that they have their uses, for God would have made nothing altogether worthless—and the starry heavens and the flowery fields, has he not made them all? And if he gave the stars their motions, and makes the sun to rise and set, and fills the slender rim of the moon to a golden fullness; if he makes the seasons to come in their time, the winter and the harvest; if he opens the blue eyes of the violets, does he not also make the thistle bloom, and give the berries of the sumach their sourness? If we recognize God's providence in the sunshine, shall we not see it also in the storm? And while the heavens are darkened shall we not feel that—

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face?"

Surely afflictions spring not from the dust: short-sighted at best, we cannot at all times see their uses, but we doubt not but that the morning will come when it is night, and we think not the sun is extinguished when the mist covers up his face, and why should we feel that love has forsaken us when sharp pains torment us? Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and he scourgeth every soul whom he receiveth. It is the tacit theory of many that God is the author only of what we term great things—that he cannot come down to attend to the small things which belong to life; but, to my mind, no thought is so beautiful as that all our

wants are known, and all our prayers answered,—

That with great systems for his care,
Beyond the furthest worlds we see,
He bends to hear the earnest prayer
Of every sinful child like me.

And, after all, how shall we say what is great and what is small? with our puny little hands shall we measure things, and say this is the work of Divinity, and beautiful and good; and this is a little or a bad thing, and came into the world we know not how? for we can find but one great Originator, and must ascribe to chance or accident those things which we think unworthy of God's care; for if they are beneath his care, they could not have been fashioned by his hands.

I said, we know not what is great and what is small; for all things that are, are necessary to the great system of things—nothing is out of place, nothing worthless.

In the mechanism of men we find the rivet and the screw as useful as the iron bar and the heavy beam; and if we wrench them away, we see directly how the most ingenious contrivance tumbles apart; and yet in the divine architecture we audaciously find superfluities.

Heaven shield us from arrogance and vain presumption, and temper the right spirit of inquiry with more of the profitable faith of little children! Our Father knoweth what is best for us, and he doeth all things well; and that which seems evil is, perhaps, our best good. We are too much given to lean away from the bosom of Providence, and hug to our hearts a creed. We are too much disposed to listen to the teachings of men, and not to that voice which speaks to our hearts from out the heaven of heavens. We let go the hand of the angel, and grope our way blindly, and so are lost.

Give us, O our Father, more of the child's faith! Teach us how to recognize thee in thy works; for the trees that shadow us are of thy planting, and thy name is written in the flowers. The brook talks in silver syllables of the plenitude of thy mercies; the ripe harvest bows its heavy head before thee; and the sea, gnawing the brown sand in wrath, moans back from thy reproving hand, and is still showing us that thou art mightier than thy mightiest works. For myself, I recognize God's goodness and greatness more in lit-

tle things, than in those which are so above me. I feel his providence more surely in the bright little flower at my feet, than in the cold planet that is so far away. I can pluck the one and fold it in my bosom, and taste its sweet odors in the air; while the other excites only my wonder and my worship, but warms not so well my heart with gratitude. The soft green grass that is pleasant to my feet, warms my nature to thankfulness more than the golden pavements which poets tell us are waiting in the skies. The arms of a kind mother or a fond sister shelter me better, while I am here, with my earthly needs and nature, than the wings of the seraphs—just as the harvest apples and the wheaten loaf nourish me better than would the food of angels.

I am not of those who regard this life as a small and worthless thing. To me it is a great and a glorious thing to live: to breathe the common air is a luxury—to eat and to drink are pleasant—to see the sunset and the sunrise is grandeur enough to dazzle my mortal vision—and to buy love with love is the filling all my nature with ecstasy. True, I am but an atom in this world even, but I am sure there is within me an immortal soul, and I am sure He who made it will keep it, and that its little light can no more go out, than the brightest star in heaven. Nature, that stands closest to the spoken inspiration of the prophets, shows us that nothing can perish. Matter takes new forms; the green leaf fades and falls, and resolves itself back to the brown earth; but the matter is not lost, and the life-principle that shot the greenness up into the sunshine is not lost, but the earth teems again, year after year, with the same freshness and beauty. If anything were perishable, all could be perishable; but as the material is indestructible, except by divine miracle, shall we not conclude the spiritual is also immortal? for the soul is better than the body.

I said this life was a good life; and that the spiritual life is higher and better than the mortal life, does not contradict it: the lower rounds of the ladder are as useful as those at the top, inasmuch as the topmost can only be gained by means of the lower, and this life, as it were, is the lower round of existence. The spirit which shall wing its way through the long ages of eternity, is here in its chrysalis state.

The grain of wheat decays before the bright blade opens ; and this material form must decay before the wings of the spirit expand.

The present needs of this immortal germ must be cared for, in order to educate it for higher needs : the culture it receives here is not lost upon it ; for every accession of knowledge is a mark on its immortal nature.

They whose lives have been good and pure are ready at death—or rather, when the great change comes—to hear the “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter now into rest.”

And it is the disregard of little things in this life which sends ultimately so many where there is weeping and wailing. The neglect of one little duty ends not with that neglect ; but the consequences it involves are incalculable.

Good and earnest work is good and earnest prayer, and good and earnest prayer is good and earnest work ; and God hears and answers one as well as the other : the flowers, and the grass, and the harvest, and the garden, are the answer to the prayer of labor ; and faith, and righteousness, and peace, are the answer to the earnest breathings of the soul. It is a little thing to put a flower-root in the ground ; but if the little work be neglected, the glory of the blossom will never bless our eyes : it is a little thing to say, Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name ; but forgetfulness of it leads to forgetfulness of God, and the soul that forgets God is a great way from the kingdom.

Neglected kindnesses in the household lead to neglect of duties in the greater actions and busier tumults of life ; and so criminals are made, and scaffolds darken the bright meadows, and prisons frown from the smiling tops of the hills. It is a bad, a dangerous doctrine to teach, that this life is nothing ; and that it is good to shift off the mortal coil, and go away from its working and waiting. The better life that waits us should comfort our pilgrimage, and not with its shining darken the glory of the earth.

It is, I affirm, a bad doctrine that this life is an insignificant—a hard life, and to be got over with as little trouble as may be, for the mischief it leads to is beyond all calculation. Who will bestow care on that life which they feel to be worthless,

destined to be burned up in the fire, or crushed out in the grave, or, at best, a hard apprenticeship, going into freedom only through death.

“An angel’s arm can’t snatch me from the grave—ten thousand angels can’t confine me there.” There is a long bright journey before us ; and the transient darkness of the tomb precedes but a little the breaking of the eternal day. Every good action I do brings its reward ; every upward step is one more in the long progress ; every earnest prayer draws me nearer to heaven, and every sinful deed darkens the splendor of eternity.

We are in a nursery—and pain, and sorrow, and disappointment are the instructors that we needs must have ; but we must not feel that we are shifting blindly because of our afflictions, or that God forgets us because of our nothingness in comparison with the great universe.

The hairs of our heads are numbered, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice.

The oak-tree was in the little brown acorn once—the broad wings of the eagle in the small egg—the freed spirits were once children as we are—the Redeemer of the world lay in a manger.

Earth would be, indeed, the beginning of heaven, if men realized the importance of small things—if they could remember that the greatest achievements of genius resolve themselves into little and obscure points—that the happy household, which is a sweet type of heaven, is made happy by little offices of kindness—and that the Master said to the diseased man, “Wash and be clean.” It was a little thing.

RESTLESS HABITS OF THE CALMUCKS.

—Besides those Calmucks who are under the dominion of the Russian crown, there are several divisions of the tribe, each governed by separate princes. One of the most celebrated of these has built a palace on the shores of the Volga, not far from Astrakhan. This appears to be the nearest approach to a settled habitation that any of these restless beings have attained to ; and so great is their dread of a more composed life and industrious habits, that when they are angry with a person, they wish “he may live in one place and work like a Russian.” They live chiefly upon horse-flesh and churned mare’s milk, from which a kind of spirit is distilled.

THE RELIGION OF THE POETS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"THAT which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God." Such is the verdict of the Judge of all upon many of the points regarding which men are most harmoniously agreed. We adopt it in all its extent to guide us in the remarks which we are now to offer regarding the productions of one whom myriads delight to honor.

The gifts and genius of Sir Walter Scott have, perhaps, been more extensively admired than those of any man that ever lived. For obvious reasons, Homer cannot be compared with Scott in this respect; while even Shakspeare, who admits no rival near his throne, has not addressed himself to so many of the multiform aspects of our wondrous nature, as did Sir Walter Scott. In consequence of this, he seems to form a class by himself, and we are far from wishing to detract by one iota from what all must concede who have hearts to feel, or understanding to estimate the highest attainments of genius. But just in proportion to our readiness to concede the unchallengeable ascendancy of Scott, should be our watchfulness lest his power be employed to injure the truth. In *that* respect, our duty to the sacred cause demands that we should enter a solemn protest against whatever would tamper with the holy, or degrade the divine; and after many years of close familiarity with the writings of the great novelist and poet, we are deliberately of opinion that his influence has been very detrimental to the cause of truth, in multitudes of minds. We now design to offer some illustrations of this opinion, so unhesitatingly announced, regarding one of the world's most brilliant and honored idols.

And we observe, first of all, that certain of Scott's productions elaborately endeavor to lower the reputation of some religious men. The author professes, indeed, to laugh only at their foibles, and, like Moore, he held it to be one thing to laugh at these, and quite another to laugh at religion itself. True; but then Scott's oblivion or ignorance of what true religion is, apparent in page after page, leads him to represent as foibles what is the very truth of God, or expose as fanaticism such

doctrines as are found in passage after passage, in the writings of Paul. Earnest religion—that which teaches man to endure all, to take joyfully the spoiling of his goods, or not to count his very life dear to him, that he may finish his course with joy—is constantly the butt of Scott; and some of the most distorted of his characters are elaborately drawn, so as in effect to discountenance truth. His writings, in some places, thus attempt to laugh men out of their religion—to do by a sneer, or a joke, or a caricature, what Claverhouse did with his persecuting hordes, or Lauderdale with his iniquitous sentences on the judgment-seat.

Scott says, indeed, in a letter to Lord Montague, (1824,) in regard to "zeal in religion," that "mortals cannot be too fervid;" but then the remark is connected with the state of religion at Cambridge about the time when Simeon had disarmed the enmity of many, and rendered evangelical religion an honored instead of being a persecuted thing; and it was to warn a nobleman against that that Scott wrote as he did. In early youth, he had been a hearer of one of the most devoted ministers in Scotland, the friend of Whitefield, the correspondent, we think, of Jonathan Edwards, in short, one of the men who were raised up by God to revive his own work in the northern division of Great Britain.

The lessons of that man, however, enforced by the devoutness of Scott's mother, and the steadfast consistency of his father, could not reconcile the future novelist to the truth of God in its *personal* or energetic power. How could they, when one of his early boon companions wrote of Scott, "Drunk or sober, he is always a gentleman;" and adds, "He looked excessively heavy and stupid when he was drunk, but he was never out of good-humor!" All that is recorded in his life by his son-in-law, without one expression of regret, or warning; and if such tendencies were carried forward into life, we need not wonder, though that form of enthusiasm which Simeon so largely promoted at Cambridge was viewed in the light of a beacon on a rock by Sir Walter Scott. We know not his *design* in certain of his writings, and do not pretend to judge of it; but viewing them as now public property for good or for ill, we see much in them to make earnest religion

ridiculous—to do with it what Nero did with the early Christians when he covered them with pitch and other combustible materials, and then set fire to them to illuminate his gardens by night. Men are thus tricked or laughed out of their religion; and talents which rank among the most noble ever bestowed upon man are employed to amuse by impieties, to thicken the incrustation by which man's heart is enabled to ward off the truth, or prevent the young and the unthinking from ever seriously contemplating the religion of holiness and of God. Viewed in this light, we are disposed to place Scott side by side with Burns in the detriment which he did. His genius, we repeat, and repeat again, stands confessed; we yield to none in admiring it; but that does not palliate the general tone of his writings. Nay, it makes us deplore the more that such gifts should be so employed in lowering the reputation of religious men, and casting the halo of genius round the doings of the despot or the profligate. "Men who had been betrayed, insulted, harassed, pillaged, and treated in every way like beasts rather than reasonable creatures—(like the people of Scotland two hundred years ago)—and by whom? By a perfidious, profane, profligate junto of atheists and debauchees, who were not fit for governing even a colony of transported felons, aided by a set of Churchmen the most despicable and worthless that ever disgraced the habit which they wore, or profaned the sacred function in which they impiously dared to officiate." These men Scott caricatured, till they spoke only in ridiculous and incoherent jargon. His want of personal knowledge of true religion led him to do them gross injustice; in some cases he even makes them use language in violent contrast to their profession, while he is obviously not aware of the incongruity. The wit, moreover, in which some of his characters indulge in the guise of religious people, is of the lowest and most worthless kind—it is wit at the expense of the word of God. In brief, the views of Scott regarding religion appear to find their parallel in those of Hume the infidel, who spoke with such gusto of the "holy rhetoric" of some of the most gifted men who were raised up to contend for liberty, civil and religious, and, by God's help, to make it good, in spite of despotism with its dragoons, superstition with its

tortures, or malice with its wit and its sneer.

But these are grave charges. Can they be substantiated from Scott's own history?

Yes, in many ways. Sir Walter Scott once and again quotes Scripture, and refers to Scriptural subjects, with a view to turn them into mirth. Unconsciously he joins issue with the infidel in making the word of God ridiculous. Favor toward "the mingled ravings of madness and atrocity" is ascribed to some who met death for their faith with a calmness which amazes us. Or if we turn to his own letters, we shall see enough to exhibit the state of his mind regarding subjects the most solemn. In a letter, dated 16th April, 1819, he says to a very intimate friend:—

"You must have heard of the death of Joseph Hume . . . *Christ! What a calamity!* Just entering life with the fairest prospects,—full of talent . . . all this he was one day, or rather one hour, or rather in the course of five minutes—so sudden was the death—and then a heap of earth!"

Again and again we find him—to give emphasis, as he thought, to a sentence or an expression—taking the name of God in vain, and in countless ways rendering it plain, that the truth which he caricatured in others was not ascendant in himself.

But to estimate the influence of Scott's writings for good or ill, we must look more closely at his life. His father died in April, 1799. An occasion so touching and solemn will lead to the display of his real feelings, and tell us how that lofty mind was sustained under the shock. He wrote to his mother from London on the occasion; and in that letter we look in vain for a single glimpse of Christian truth. To his widowed parent, Scott says:—

"Your own principles of virtue and religion will, however, I well know, be your best support in this heaviest of human afflictions."

Not one reference to the Man of sorrows—to the promised Comforter—to the Husband of the widow. Then, as to his father, Sir Walter says:—

"The removal of my regretted parent from this earthly scene is to him, doubtless, the happiest change, if the firmest integrity, and the best-spent life can entitle us to judge of the state of our departed friends."

No reference yet to the Friend of sinners—no allusion to him in whose faith

and fear that father had tried to rear his son. The letter is beautifully written; but Epictetus could have done it, Cicero could have done it; and if such sentiments be Christian, then Christianity appears among us, after all, only to hold

"An empty urn within her wither'd hand."

Again, Scott's mother died on the 24th of December, 1819; and now, if ever, the truth which came from God to guide, and sanctify, and comfort man, will surely appear in the conduct of this gifted man. He had heard that truth in his early days. He knew enough of the Scriptures to make grotesque applications of their language. Does the heavenly thing, then, now appear; not caricatured, or disfigured, but as it came in its divinity from heaven to earth? We read letter after letter on the subject, and though the poet had to refer to the fact that four times in a very brief space of time had the family burying-ground been opened, we do not read one sentence of the *Christian* aspects of death—one reference to the life, or one glimpse beyond the grave. Reference is made to his mother's blessing—the words, "God has so ordered it," are used regarding certain of the circumstances—and that is all we hear of God in these eventful family dispensations. We speak, of course, only of what appears in Sir Walter's letters—we have no access to his heart; but O, is it not passing strange, that not a hint is dropped on the most vital of all matters—not a warning given to his own son?

All is a dreary blank on those topics which most concern either the living or the dead; and if we might judge from the silence of this gifted man, the religion of Jesus might still have remained among the mysteries of heaven; it was of no use, at least it does not appear to have been used, even when the ravages of death were rife.

But this gifted man had to pass through an ordeal which touched him yet more acutely. Lady Scott died in the year 1826, and her husband felt most sensitively both her illness and her death. He writes with deepest pathos on the subject—his diary of the period lets us see into his very heart. He says:—

"May 18. Another day, and a bright one, to the external world, again opens on us: the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves

glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Casements of lead and wood already hold her—cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte—it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the nuns of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaudy and pastime. No, no! She is sentient, and conscious of my emotions somewhere, somehow: where, we cannot tell; how, we cannot tell; yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious, yet certain hope, that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me. The necessity of the separation—that necessity which rendered it even a relief—that and patience must be my comfort. I do not experience those proxyms of grief which others do on the same occasion. I can exert myself and speak even cheerfully with the poor girls. But alone, or if anything touches me—the choking sensation! I have been to her room; there was no voice in it—no stirring; the pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere; all was neat as she loved it, but all was calm—calm as death. I remembered the last sight of her: she raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said with a sort of smile, 'You all have such melancholy faces.' These were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said; when I returned, immediately departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now. This was but seven days since."

"They are arranging the chamber of death—that which was long the apartment of conjugal happiness, and of whose arrangements (better than in richer houses) she was so proud. They are treading fast and thick. For weeks you could not have heard a foot-fall. O my God!"

"O my God!" Such is the exclamation of this wounded spirit; and how does he seek consolation? What is the secret of his strength? Is there much of the religion of Jesus apparent in his language? It is when grief is most poignant, that the soul is most completely made known; and what is the soothing sought amid grief by Sir Walter Scott?

"The melancholy horrors of yesterday," he says, "must not return. To encourage that dreamy state of incapacity is to resign all authority over the mind, and I have been used to say,—

"My mind to me a kingdom is:

I am rightful monarch; and God to aid,
I will not be dethroned by any rebellious
passion that may rear its standard against
me. Such are morning thoughts, strong
as carle-hemp, says Burns—

'Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk of carle-hemp in man.'

Such was the spirit of Sir Walter Scott's resolutions on the death of his wife. He had said, "Duty to God and to my children must teach me patience." And in another entry he says: "Were an enemy coming upon my house, would I not do my best to fight, although oppressed in spirit? and shall a similar despondency prevent me from mental exertion? It shall not, by heaven." "Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne," are the words of the Redeemer of the lost; but here is one sitting, we may say, by the grave which had just closed over much of what he loved and prized—and what is his language? What is the lesson which it teaches? His biographer has recorded it without a single explanation; and yet it is a direct violation of the simple truth as spoken by the Son of God. Crabb speaks of some who are "Not warn'd by misery, nor made rich by gain."

And does not that line find a verification in the clause which has been quoted? Our great poet himself made Rebecca sing in "Ivanhoe,"

"Our fathers would not know THEY WAYS,
And thou hast left them to THEIR OWN;"

and how common is that lot!

But we can acquire clearer views still of the religion of Sir Walter Scott. He thus describes it in 1825:—

"There is nothing more awful than to attempt to cast a glance among the clouds and mists which hide the broken extremity of the celebrated bridge of Mirza. Yet when every day brings us nigher that termination, one would almost think our views should become clearer. Alas, it is not so! There is a curtain to be withdrawn, a veil to be rent, before we shall see things as they really are. There are few, I trust, who disbelieve the existence of a God; nay, I doubt if, at all times, and in all moods, any single individual ever adopted that hideous creed, though some have professed it. With the belief of a Deity, that of the immortality of the soul, and of the state of future rewards and punishments, is indissolubly linked. More we are not to know; but neither are we prohibited from all attempts, however vain, to pierce the solemn, sacred gloom. The expressions used in Scripture are doubtless metaphorical—for penal fires and heavenly melody are only applicable to beings endowed with corporeal senses; and at least, till the period of the resurrection, the spirits of men, whether entering into the perfection of the just or committed to the regions of punishment, are not connected with bodies. Neither is it to be supposed that the glorified bodies which shall rise in the last day will be capable

of the same gross indulgences by which ours are solaced."

And after some further remarks, equally beautiful with these, Sir Walter says:—

"But it is all speculation, and it is impossible to guess what we shall do, unless we could ascertain the equally difficult previous question, what we are to be. But there is a God, and a just God—a judgment and a future life—and all who own so much, let them act according to the faith that is in them."

Now, this is beautiful—but why so negative? Why not even glance at Him in whom God is the just God here described? Why no allusion to Him who is our advocate at the judgment, to which the poet alludes? Or why no reference to Him who is the resurrection? It is this ignoring of the Christian element—or rather of Him who is the Alpha and the Omega of truth according to the Christian system—which we cannot but exceedingly deplore.

But more still. It is well known that on one occasion Sir Walter furnished two discourses to a candidate for the ministry in the Scottish Establishment, and referring to certain remarks which would probably be made on the occasion of their being published by his consent, he says:—

"They would do me gross injustice, for I would, if called upon, die a martyr for the Christian religion, so completely is (in my poor opinion) its divine origin proved by its beneficial effects on the state of society. Were we but to name the abolition of slavery and polygamy, how much has, in these two words, been gained to mankind in the lessons of our Saviour?"

Now, this also is admirable; but why keep still among secondary, though important benefits? Why no mention of the pardon of sin?—of dying, the Just for the unjust? Why leave under a veil that which constitutes the essential glory of the creed for which Sir Walter was willing to die a martyr? If the religion of Christ has made no provision for taking sin away, it can be of no avail to man at the judgment. But it *has* made that provision. To have done so is its glory, and that should never be either veiled or ignored.

It is time, however, to turn to the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, and inquire what is the evidence which it affords of sound religious views,—the views, we mean, which form the very essence of that religion for which this wonderful man professed his readiness to die a martyr. And

here it is difficult indeed to find a single passage indicative of faith in that peculiar system which came from heaven to fit men for it, in a divinely peculiar way, and then to conduct them to glory. All is on the world's side, feeding its pomp and vanity, and in a hundred ways opposed to the word, the mind, and spirit of the Saviour. All that is peculiar in his lessons is not merely ignored and shunned—much that is utterly antagonistic to Christianity is embodied in poetry the most exquisite, and highly commended by all the attractions of unquestionable genius.

So much is this the case, that one of the closest approximations to sound religion which we remember in Scott's poetry occurs in a High-School Exercise, dated in 1783. One of his juvenile effusions was,

“ON THE SETTING SUN.

“Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints serve to display
Their great Creator's praise:
Then let the short-lived thing call'd man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
To him his homage raise.

“We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
And seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.”

There is here at least the recognition of the *Creator*—a recognition which often woefully disappears in the more mature and brilliant productions of the poet.

The following “Lines written in Illness,” may enable us yet further to discover the religious resources of the author of “Waverley.” He was struggling at the time (1817) against languor and depression, and sought relief in poetry, as follows:—

“The sun upon the Weir-dlaw-hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,—
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore,
Though evening with her richest dye
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

“With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,—
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?”

“Alas! the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill,
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.”

This is poetry—exquisite, graphical, and pensive; but had that noble mind no hold upon the mighty arm which could have sustained? Had the mourning poet no knowledge of the Comforter? Was there no soothing for that “mind diseased” in “the story of peace,” as the Irish describe the gospel? Would the poetry have been less beautiful, or the mind still as sad, had the eye glanced from the “lowering landscape” to the brightness of the Father's glory; from “the dreary change,” to Him who makes all things new? It is that distressing oversight of all that is fitted and designed by Heaven to soothe and elevate man that we here again deplore. It at once forms the danger of such productions when perused by unchristian minds, and explains how

“The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,”

had no inherent power to soothe the poet's mourning mind.

But the closing scene drew on, and were it our design to delineate a death-bed, that of Scott ranks among the most instructive of modern times. His fortunes, his hopes, and his health were equally shattered. After displaying stores of mental wealth, and resources such as no literary man ever had exhibited before; after struggling with difficulties which would have crushed twenty ordinary minds, the poet must yield; and in what phase does religion now appear? He says:—

“I am down-hearted about leaving all my things after I was quietly settled; it is a kind of disrooting that recalls a thousand painful ideas of former happier journeys. And to be at the mercy of these fellows! (his creditors.) God help—but rather God bless—man must help himself.”

And a considerable time subsequent to that, when death was at the door, having requested his son-in-law to read, and being asked what book, he replied, “Need you ask? *There is but one.*” He listened to the fourteenth chapter of John, and said, “Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I

were yet to be myself again." On another occasion he heard his grandson repeat some of Dr. Watts's hymns, and listened to the Church Service. "A fragment of the Bible, especially the prophecies of Isaiah, and the Book of Job," were at times heard on his lips. To his son-in-law he said, "Be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Such was the tone of his closing hours—and on the 21st of September, 1832, he breathed his last.

His son-in-law has said that Sir Walter Scott "appears never to have swerved" "from the great doctrines which his parents taught him;" and adds, that "his works teach the practical lessons of morality and Christianity in the most captivating form, unobtrusively and unaffectedly." "The sober, serene, and elevated frame of mind in which he habitually contemplated man's relation to his Maker," is also dwelt upon. But how does it happen that we hear so little of the way to the Father? Why is that which makes Christianity what it is—the religion of sinners that they may be made saints—so perfectly ignored? We are forming no opinion of the departed; we judge from what is seen and read of all men, and, in defense of the slighted truth, must ask again: Why were those who believed they were suffering for Christ's sake caricatured, or lampooned, and the Redeemer himself *left out* of the religion of these poems? We do not expect Sir Walter Scott to be engaged only in writing hymns or dirges, and deprecate every approximation to cant; but we have a right to demand allegiance and deference to the truth, and at least to protest when these are withheld. Some one has said that few sermons can be read with so much profit as memoirs of Burns, of Chatterton, and Savage; we may add that of Scott. With colossal powers, with a poetic genius the most exquisite, with benevolence such as few ever rivaled, and achievements in literature which render him the most remarkable man of his day, he has in his poetry *all but ignored the religion of the cross*. Amid the graces and the beauties of his poetry, one feels that true religion is dealt with as if one would administer poison in honey, or as if a mother would suffocate her child by pressing it to her breast.

THE HEEL OF TYRANNY—THE TERRORS OF JESUITISM.

THAT day the bride and bridegroom joined little in the festivities, which were however carried on with considerable animation by the rest of the young people. Seated under a spreading lime-tree, they listened to Rudolph's history. The escape of the boys from the cloister, their intended search for their parents, their journey, and the unfortunate disappearance of Hans, were all heard by the newly-married couple with breathless attention. Then Rudolph inquired about his parents. What did Conrad know of them?

Alas! it was but little. Until they arrived at the village in Saxony where Grete was staying, they and he had traveled together, and a melancholy journey it had been, especially to the poor parents. There they separated. Conrad remained to look out for some employment, in order to earn a little money, to enable him to marry, and emigrate to America. "And, thank God," continued he, "I did not look long. I found a kind friend in Grete's uncle, and have already been able to lay by a sum, which, added to her marriage portion, will be sufficient for the outfit. O! Rudolph, I have much to be thankful for! On this day above every other I ought to feel it! When I think how many of our poor neighbors have lost wife or children in these unhappy times, I feel that I ought not to utter another word of complaint."

"But why do you still talk of going to America, Conrad?" asked Rudolph; "why do you not stay here, if you can earn your living? You are nearer our own country than you would be in America."

"I do not want to be near it, boy," answered Conrad; "the farther I am off, the less I shall think of home. I shall see the two fields on the hill-side, and my cottage below them, less plainly, when the broad ocean lies between us."

"Yes, yes, we must go," said Grete; "it will be better when we are quite away."

"Besides," continued Conrad, "the employment I have got is only for a time; and, if all accounts be true, it is easier to make a living in America than here. I only wish, Rudolph, that your father, and

all of you, could go with us. We should get on bravely together."

"I have a great mind to go with you as it is," said Rudolph, bursting into tears; "for how could I meet father and mother again, without Hans, after promising to take care of him?"

"O, Rudolph!" said Grete, "that is very wrong. Would you deprive your parents of both their children, when one, at least, may be restored to comfort them?"

"Hans is not lost," said Conrad—"only missing. We will find him, Rudolph, depend upon it, if he is anywhere in Germany. But come, remember that this is my wedding-day; let us make it as merry as we can, and forget, while it lasts, all that is past and all that is to come, in the enjoyment of the present."

As Conrad was expecting to receive news from Caspar, he prevailed upon Rudolph to remain with him for the present, and endeavor to procure tidings of Hans before proceeding on his journey. The village in which Conrad resided was not more than seven leagues from Dresden, and Rudolph determined to make an excursion to that city, for the purpose of inquiring at the hospital, where, it had been suggested to him, he might possibly hear of his brother. Accordingly, the very next morning he departed; for, by no persuasion or argument, could Conrad or Grete induce him to rest a day or two before he set off.

On arriving at Dresden, he proceeded at once to the hospital, the situation of which had been accurately described to him by one of the villagers. But no person bearing the name, or answering to the description, of Hans was to be heard of there; and, with a feeling of bitter disappointment, Rudolph turned from the door, and asked himself what he should do next. This was not easy to determine. He knew not where to go, or of whom to inquire. To some of the busy people he encountered in the streets of the city he explained his situation; but they only smiled at his setting out to find a child with so slight a clue to guide him. The more patient heard, and pitied, and passed on; while the more occupied, and the less compassionate, did not even stop to listen to his story. But Rudolph still lingered in Dresden. For two or three days he paced its streets, peering

wistfully into the face of every boy whom he chanced to encounter; and looking longingly into doors and windows, as if one of the many human habitations which rose around must contain the object of his search. When his flute attracted a few young auditors, he was more careful to observe their countenances than to collect their small contributions; and he scarcely noticed when these were refused, so much was his mind occupied by one engrossing thought. At last he was obliged to acknowledge that it was useless to prolong his stay, and, with the feeble hope that Conrad might have received some tidings in his absence, he returned to the abode of that faithful friend.

Conrad and Rudolph looked at each other anxiously when they met, and each saw at once that the other had nothing hopeful to communicate. Neither spoke; but Conrad shook Rudolph's hand kindly, and Grete made haste to set some refreshment before him. As she did so, she endeavored to cheer him.

"You are very, very kind, Grete," said poor Rudolph; "I shall never be able to repay you and Conrad all you have done for me."

"We do not want you to repay us," said Grete, good-humoredly; "I only want you to eat your dinner, for you must be very hungry and very tired, after such a journey."

"I believe I am not very hungry," said Rudolph, after a few ineffectual attempts to eat; "and I think I had better go again toward the Kubstall, and try my luck in that direction."

"Go already, you foolish boy!" cried Conrad; "indeed you shall not. Your going would do no good," he continued; "for I have caused inquiries to be made in that neighborhood, and I am sorry to say without success."

"You are not well," said Grete; "if you were, you would have an appetite, after all the fatigue you have undergone. Look at him, Conrad, how pale he is! Sit down again, and don't talk of setting off anywhere just now!"

She was right: Rudolph was ill. Strong as he was, the fatigue, the anxiety and distress of mind, the want of food and rest, which he had within the last few days endured, had been too much for him. He was soon obliged to give up all thoughts of traveling further at present,

and was fain to betake himself to the humble couch which Grete's kindness prepared for him. There he lay for several days, so prostrated in body, and so despairing in mind, that he felt as if he cared little whether he rose from it again or not. All this time Grete attended to him as carefully as if he had been her brother; and the kindness and affection with which she and Conrad treated him, contributed as much to his recovery as the rest and comfort which his worn-out frame so greatly needed.

"I should have been laid in my grave by this time, Conrad," said he, one day, "if I had not met with you and Grete."

"Well, then, make haste and get well, now that you have found us out," replied Conrad.

"And then, what must I do to find him?" sighed Rudolph.

"I will tell you what you must do, Rudolph," said his friend; "you must stay quietly here. I have heard of work which will maintain you for several weeks, and during that time you will very likely hear something of your father and mother. They promised to write to me when they were settled, and it is time now for some news to arrive. As to your going about the country looking for Hans, with no clew to guide you, no good can come of it. Stay where you are, and we will consult the minister as to the best way to set about seeking him."

There was no disputing the reasonableness of this advice, and, after a little persuasion, Rudolph was induced to follow it. As soon as he was restored to health, he set to work, and, when fully occupied, his state of suspense was less intolerable. Still, every strange face that appeared in the village made his heart beat, and every morning revived the trembling hope which had died within him the night before. No wonder that his sleep was haunted by visions of those who filled his waking thoughts!

Some weeks after his recovery, he said to Grete, one day when they were alone together, "I must go to Dresden once more; indeed I must. I wish you would tell Conrad for me, for I know he will think me very foolish, and that he will be loath to give me his consent."

"Have you heard anything?" inquired Grete, anxiously.

"No," answered Rudolph, sorrowfully;

"I wish I had. But I will tell *you*, Grete, why I want so much to go. I dreamed last night that I found him in the streets of Dresden, and I cannot rest unless I go again."

Grete had a great respect for dreams, and did not think this at all a bad reason for such an expedition. Still, she knew that Conrad and the minister had, after various consultations and much delay, caused the case to be published in Dresden, and she could not escape the conviction, that, if Hans were indeed in that city, he was more likely to find out his brother, than Rudolph was to encounter him by chance in a rambling progress through its streets. Nevertheless, she promised to stand his friend. After a few protests and remonstrances, Conrad gave a reluctant consent, and Rudolph departed.

CHAPTER IX.

RUDOLPH'S second visit to Dresden was much like the first. He strolled through the streets with the same alternations of hope and disappointment, and with no better success. After remaining a day or two in the city, he resolved to relinquish the hopeless search, and prepared to return. As he walked for the last time through the streets, so occupied with his own sad thoughts as to pay little attention to the various passengers whom he encountered, he was roused from his reflections by a sharp rebuke addressed to him by a woman of respectable appearance, who was accompanied by a little girl. On inquiring into the cause of her displeasure, Rudolph found, that, in striding rapidly along, he had accidentally pushed against the child, and caused her to drop a small toy which she held in her hand.

"O, my goat, my goat!" cried the little girl.

Rudolph hastened to pick it up, and to apologize for his awkwardness. But, before he could present the fallen toy to its owner, his attention was so irresistibly attracted by it, that, in spite of the urgent entreaties of the little girl that he would restore her plaything, he continued to inspect it with the most eager curiosity. It must have been made by Hans! The form was the very same as that of all his goats—there were the legs, so like those which Rudolph had often ridiculed. It

must be his! With a beating heart he turned it round, when, O joy! under the fore-feet he read, in small, but perfectly legible letters, the initials H. W.

"Where, O where did you get this?" asked he, eagerly, almost wildly; and he grasped the toy fast, instead of returning it to its almost equally agitated owner.

"Give it to me; give it to me!" cried she; "it's my own. Herr Vernon's Hans made it for me, and I must have it."

"Hush, hush, Marie," said her mother; "you shall have it soon. But why are you so curious about it, my boy?" asked she, addressing Rudolph.

"My brother made it. I am sure he did. See, here are the letters of his name—H. W.—Hans Wolfgang. It must be his!"

"Are you Hans Wolfgang's brother?" asked the woman, looking at him attentively; "what a pity you did not come sooner!"

"Do you know him? Tell me where he is!" cried Rudolph, impetuously. "O, if you knew how long I have been looking for him, you would answer me immediately!"

"Indeed, I do not know where he is now," replied the woman; "I only know, that when I saw him last, he was with as kind a friend as any one ever had in the world, if that is any comfort to you."

"Thank God for that!" said Rudolph; "but O, madame, pray tell me all you know about him!"

"Come into my house, then," said Madame Stiel,—for such was her name,— "and I will tell you all I know."

She led the way to a dwelling, perfectly neat, but rather humble in appearance when compared with many of the houses in its neighborhood, and her guest and herself being seated, she commenced her story.

"Mr. Vernon, an English gentleman, who had been for some time an inmate of her house, had brought Hans home with him after an absence of some days on an excursion to the Saxon Switzerland. The boy was suffering from a violent sprain, and Mr. Vernon endeavoured to place him in the hospital to be cured; but being unsuccessful in this attempt, he had requested his hostess to accommodate the patient for a short time, until his brother should come in search of him. Day after day had passed away without bringing

any one to claim the boy; but Mr. Vernon would not hear of abandoning him, until he could place him under the protection of some of his friends.

"It was just like him," continued Madame Stiel; "such a young gentleman as he is I shall never see again in my house. They say the English are proud and fanciful; but if so, he is not like his countrymen. Mine is a poor house for a gentleman like him to lodge in; but he was as contented in it as if it had been a palace. He had always a kind word and look for every one of us, and we all loved him. As to Hans, it is not surprising that he should be attached to Mr. Vernon, for he was a kind friend to him."

"God bless him for it!" said Rudolph; "but what made him think I should come to fetch Hans, when I knew nothing at all about his being here?"

"They left a letter for you, I believe," answered Madame Stiel; "and they expected you every day. But, as you did not come, some of us could not help thinking that you knew your brother had fallen into good hands, and that you had purposely abandoned him."

"Did Hans think so?" inquired Rudolph, his eyes flashing, and filling with tears at the idea.

"No, not for an instant. The only time I saw him angry was when some one said you had forsaken him."

"Thank you for telling me that," said Rudolph; "I could not bear that he should think I had deserted him. Did he soon recover from his lameness?" continued he.

"O, yes, very soon, and then he would have been merry enough, if it had not been for the thought of his friends far away. I used to like to look at his cheerful face, and I suppose Mr. Vernon did so likewise, for see what he left me in remembrance of himself and Hans."

Madame Stiel went to a cupboard, and brought out, carefully enveloped in paper, a drawing, which, when uncovered, presented to the astonished eyes of Rudolph a likeness of Hans, in his mountain garb, and surrounded by scenery so like that of his Berchtesgaden home, that he uttered an exclamation of amazement and delight.

"Yes, it is Hans, indeed," said Madame Stiel, in answer to his admiring recognition of the portrait. "I do not know how many Hanses we had in the house at one

time, and a pretty picture he always made, with his blue eyes and sunny face. But this was the one Mr. Vernon liked best, and he made another from it, only larger and more highly colored, which a great lord from his own country, and many other people, came to see. I wish their visits may be of service to the young man, for, kind and generous as he is, I believe he is very poor."

"But do you not know where he is?" inquired Rudolph. "I must find him out."

"Indeed, I cannot tell you," returned Madame Stiel. "He received letters which obliged him to leave very suddenly; but he said that he hoped to return soon, and that I should then see him again."

"But no one knows how long it may be before he comes," said Rudolph.

"You need not fear for your brother," observed Madame Stiel. "Mr. Vernon told me that Hans should stay with him until he could send him to some of his friends, and, depend upon it, he will keep his promise. Hans made himself very useful to Mr. Vernon, and was so nicely fitted out with clothes before he left, that you would scarcely have known him."

Rudolph sighed; that was an idea he by no means desired to see realized. "This gentleman is very kind," said he, "but I should like to find Hans, and have him with me when I set off to join father and mother. Is there no one in the town who can tell us anything of Mr. Vernon?"

After a few moments' reflection, Madame Stiel answered, "There is an English family of his acquaintance residing in the town; probably they may know something of him. I shall be very happy to go with you to make inquiry."

Rudolph thanked her warmly, and they went together; but, on arriving at the house recently occupied by Mr. Vernon's friends, they found that they had left Dresden for their own country the very day that Mr. Vernon had quitted the city.

This was a bitter disappointment to Rudolph, who eagerly inquired, "Was there no one else to whom they could apply?"

The landlady of the house informed them, that an Englishman who had been a servant in the family was still in Dresden, and might possibly know something

of the friend of his late master. Having learned his name and address, Madame Stiel and Rudolph set out to look for him. This time they were more successful. They found the man whom they sought, and asked him if he could give them any information respecting Mr. Vernon.

"Mr. Vernon!—O, I recollect; Mr. Frederick's friend. Ah, madame, if Mr. Vernon has left a bill unpaid, you have come rather too late—the bird is flown! Poor as Job," he added, in his own language. "I always thought him so."

"Indeed," cried Madame Stiel, indignantly, "you are mistaken, if you think that Mr. Vernon left any bill unpaid. He was too just for that."

"O, well, madame, don't be angry; such things are not uncommon. But, at any rate, whatever your business with Mr. Vernon may be, I can tell you nothing about him, but that he is by this time in England. I myself heard him say he was going there."

Madame Stiel observed the look of despair with which Rudolph heard these words. She was so sorry for him, that she did not feel so much mortified as she would otherwise have done, at Mr. Vernon's having left Germany without taking leave of her. "You must be mistaken," said she; "Mr. Vernon said nothing to me about leaving this country at present. On the contrary, he told me he should return to Dresden before long, and that he need not, therefore, say farewell."

"I only know," answered the man, "that the last time he dined at our house, I heard him tell the young Count von Rothfeld, that he was going to England with Mr. Frederick."

There was no gainsaying this positive assertion, and when the speaker had finished, Madame Stiel looked almost as much cast down as Rudolph.

After a short pause, she inquired of the servant if he could give her Mr. Vernon's address, in order that he might be written to. He shook his head. He did not even know where his own people (meaning the family he had lately lived with) were. "What could make them so particular," he asked, "in their inquiries about Mr. Vernon?"

The manners of this person did not particularly inspire confidence; but there was no reason for concealment, and Rudolph told his tale.

"O, I have heard of that boy," said his listener. "But why should you trouble yourself any more about him? If he is gone to England with Mr. Vernon, and gets employment there, he will be better off, let me tell you, than he had ever any right to expect."

"He would not go out of the country," exclaimed Rudolph, passionately; "I know he would not, he could not, give up all hope of seeing us again."

"I know nothing about that," said the man, carelessly; and he turned from them, to speak to some one who accosted him.

Rudolph and Madame Stiel, seeing no hope of obtaining further information in this quarter, turned silently and sorrowfully away. Madame Stiel prevailed on Rudolph to be her guest for the night, and in the morning he left her to return to Conrad.

On his way he reproached himself for the despondency which had taken possession of his mind. He felt that he ought to be happier, now that he knew Hans to be alive and well, and under the care of so kind a friend and protector. The vague fear that he had joined the train of Hakelberg had vanished, together with every other image of distress and danger to which a state of uncertainty had given rise. But how was he to find the lost one? how restore him to his parents? Had not Hans himself ceased to wish for that restoration, and, in the enjoyment of the ease and comfort of his present situation, forgotten the anguish which his loss would occasion to his parents and his brother?

Depressed by such thoughts as these, Rudolph rejoined his friends, his brow as dark as when he last returned from Dresden. Conrad's countenance, on the contrary, was much more cheerful than when he had greeted Rudolph on that occasion. Rudolph's heart throbbed when he observed it.

"You have tidings of him?" said he, hurriedly; "you know something about him, do you not?"

Conrad shook his head. "I can tell you nothing of Hans," he answered; "but I have heard from your father and mother."

Rudolph grasped the tree near which he stood for support. He trembled in every limb, and his tongue refused to give utterance to the questions he would fain

have asked. His eager look expressed as much as words could have done, and Conrad added, "They are safe and well. Come into the house, and I will tell you all I know." They sat down in the cottage, and Rudolph listened with breathless attention while Conrad spoke.

Caspar and his wife had settled in a town in the north of Prussia, in which many of their unfortunate countrymen had taken refuge. So far they had contrived to gain a maintenance, though the number of emigrants, destitute as themselves, rendered this difficult. But it was not that circumstance which distressed the unfortunate couple, and which made them feel their exile an almost insupportable evil. Their uncertainty respecting the fate of their children preyed upon their minds, and made existence a burden.

The poor mother especially suffered. Her health visibly declined, and Caspar feared that he would lose her too, unless it pleased God to moderate her distress.

The letter was couched in humble language; but its simple details were so pathetic, that the stout Conrad had shed many tears over it, and when it was read to Rudolph, he burst into such an agony of grief, that it was long before all Grete's soothing words and Conrad's arguments could pacify him.

When he was rather more calm, Conrad said to him, "You must go, Rudolph, you must go to them, and the sooner the better."

"Without Hans, Conrad?" cried Rudolph; "how can I go without him?"

"You must go," answered his friend; "it is the only way to save your mother's life."

"It will kill her, to see me without him!" said the boy, weeping passionately.

"You are wrong, Rudolph," replied Conrad; "when she has one of her children with her, she will have something to live for, and she will be better. Besides, I can look for him here as well as you, and who knows how soon I may find him? You heard nothing of him in Dresden, I suppose?"

Rudolph had been so absorbed in the information which he had received, as to forget that he, too, had something to communicate. He tried to collect his scattered thoughts, and then told the story of his adventures.

"Why, Rudolph," exclaimed Conrad,

when he had finished, "who could have guessed that you had such good news, when you came home with a face as gloomy as a thunder-storm? Even if you do not find him, you know now that he is with a kind friend, and that he is safe, and well taken care of. This is sufficient to comfort your mother. But I have no doubt we shall find him soon. That English gentleman will most likely return to Dresden, for I should think the fellow who pretended to be so wise respecting his movements knew nothing about them. We shall then hear where Hans is. Did you tell Madame Stiel where I was to be found?"

Yes, Rudolph had given her Conrad's address, and he now gave Conrad Madame Stiel's, that he might communicate with her, if he thought it advisable.

This done, Conrad again urged upon Rudolph the necessity of a speedy departure to join his parents. A good opportunity of commencing the journey offered itself. Two journeymen tailors, traveling in the direction he ought to take, were now working in the village. They would be his companions for more than half the distance: and, as they knew the country well, his journey would thus be rendered more safe and expeditious. This plan was soon agreed upon; and, a few days after his return from Dresden, Rudolph bade adieu to Conrad and Grete, and set off with his new associates. Many tears were shed on both sides, for all expected this parting to be final.

"You will think of me, Conrad," sobbed Rudolph, "when you are far away in that great land they talk so much about. You'll think of us all, and of the old times, won't you?"

Conrad smiled sadly—"When I forget the Eisberg and the König-see, and my cottage and fields, I shall forget you, Rudolph—but I shall be cold in death first!"

Grete wept so much, that she could not say, "Farewell." She kissed the boy's forehead, Conrad embraced him fervently, and Rudolph rushed away.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Hans was left alone in the cavern on the Kuhstall, he waited some time with tolerable patience for his brother's return. The acuteness of the pain which he was suffering diminished, and as the place of

his retreat was tolerably dry and sheltered, he reconciled himself to the necessity of remaining in it for a time alone. But when it began to grow dark, and the storm again raged, the vague terrors to which his timid nature had been always subject got the better of him. Absurd and visionary as superstitious fears may be, the pain which they cause their victims is but too real; and Hans was soon more tormented by the visions of his own imagination, than he had previously been by his sprained and swollen ankle. All the specters which had ever haunted his imagination, he thought he saw in the cavern, or heard in the rushing of the wind, and the plashing of rain. At length, unable to endure any longer such a state of agony, he tried to rise and leave the cavern. But he found he could not stand, and sunk back, groaning with pain, which the recent effort had increased to an intolerable degree.

He had thus passed some time, suffering both mentally and physically, when he thought he heard the sound of footsteps. He raised himself on one hand, and screamed the name of Rudolph. There was, indeed, some one at hand, for human voices were now distinctly audible, and he renewed his cries and entreaties for assistance.

In a few moments two figures stood at the entrance of the cavern, and Hans uttered an exclamation of joy at their appearance. "O! Rudolph," cried he, "how long you have been away! I thought you never meant to come back; never. Do take me from this horrible place." But it was not Rudolph's voice that answered, and even in the obscurity of the cavern, Hans soon discerned that neither of the tall men who stood before him was his brother. This was a terrible disappointment; but the presence of any human being was a relief. The mysterious horror, which had been almost too much for endurance, was at once dispelled, now that he was no longer in solitude, and as soon as he could comprehend the questions which were addressed to him in a very foreign accent, he gave a tolerably distinct account of his accident and his situation. He ended by imploring the strangers not to leave him again alone.

The young men (one of whom, as our readers will have conjectured, was Mr. Vernon) were a good deal embarrassed.

They had been sketching on the Kuhstall, until the storm had forced them into a nook for shelter, and were descending to the carriage they had appointed to meet them on the road, when the cries of Hans reached their ears, and prompted them to seek out the spot whence they proceeded. It was too late and too stormy to delay their long drive; yet, when they talked of departing, the terrors of the boy increased to such a degree, that they could not think of leaving him.

But how was he to be disposed of? No house was near to which they could take him—no one at hand to whose care they could intrust him. What could be done?

"We must take him with us," said Mr. Vernon's companion; "it will never do for us to wait here for his brother; we must have tried the patience both of man and horse already."

Mr. Vernon agreed, and communicated their design to Hans. Hans would have gone anywhere, and with anybody, rather than have been again left on the rock alone; but he asked who was to inform Rudolph where he had gone. This was a puzzling question; but, after reflecting for a few moments, Mr. Vernon tore a leaf from his sketch-book, and wrote a few lines on it, stating that Hans was on his way to Dresden, and directing Rudolph where to obtain tidings of him. He then proceeded to look about for a place in which the paper might be sufficiently obvious to attract the attention of even a careless observer.

"This will do," said his friend, pointing to a ledge of rock at the entrance of the cavern; "it must be seen as they approach, and here it will be secure from the rain. Do n't fold it; leave it open, that it may be visible in the twilight; this stone will keep it safe. And now let us go."

It was as much as the young men could do to carry the suffering boy down the difficult path, the only one by which they could descend the rock. They accomplished it safely, however; and Hans, placed between his new protectors, was soon traveling at a rapid rate in the direction of the Saxon capital.

But scarcely was he seated in the carriage, when the paper, which should have accounted to his brother for his disappearance, took flight also. A violent gust of wind shook the stone which held it in its place, and the sheet escaped. It was

whirled about by the tempest for a while, then blown into a corner, and left to molder away undisturbed. In his despairing search about the Kuhstall, Rudolph often passed the nook where it lay. Had he seen it, he would probably have passed it carelessly by, little dreaming of what importance that dirty scrap of paper was to him.

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As all that happened to Hans during his stay in Dresden has been already related, there is no occasion to repeat it here. The account given by the servant respecting Mr. Vernon's further movements was, however, incorrect. The conversation which the man had heard at the dinner-table between Mr. Vernon and the Count von Rothfeld was carried on in German, a language with which he was very imperfectly acquainted; and, consequently, he had entirely misunderstood what was said. It is true that Mr. Vernon had stated his intention of accompanying his friend, but only to a town in Saxony, not very far from Dresden. He had said nothing at all about returning to England, of which, indeed, he had at present no intention.

Madame Stiel was quite right when she conjectured that Mr. Vernon was not rich. He was the only son of a clergyman in England, who, dying early, had left barely sufficient property to provide for the maintenance of his widow, and the education of their only child. Under these circumstances, the guardians of the boy had yielded with extreme reluctance to his desire to embrace the profession of an artist. They pointed out to him the prudence of devoting himself to a more lucrative calling, as his means of support were so limited; but the love of art was too strong in young Vernon's mind to permit him to listen to their representations. His mother, who was proud of her son's early manifestations of genius, seconded his views, and declared herself as ready as he was to submit to any sacrifice, in order that he might devote himself to the profession of his choice. These sacrifices had been neither few nor small. Edward Vernon thought little of them on his own account; but when he reflected that his generous parent was, for his sake, depriving herself of comforts and luxuries to which she had been accustomed from her earliest days, and which were rendered more

necessary by her declining health, he blamed himself as selfish, and censured the enthusiasm for art which had made him unmindful of the welfare of his beloved mother. But it was now too late to retract. His duty was to go forward and strive after excellence in the profession he had chosen, now his only road to distinction and independence. This idea was an additional stimulus to exertion, and he worked with untiring perseverance. None of the idlers of his own nation, with whom he had met in Rome or Florence, had been able to tempt him from his long hours of patient study; and in Dresden his time was spent in laboring in his closet, in visiting the galleries which that city contains, or in making excursions to the romantic scenery with which it is surrounded. In one of these he met with Hans. When day after day passed, and no one came to claim the boy, his voluntary protector was much embarrassed, not knowing how to dispose of him. By degrees, however, he felt a deeper interest in his charge than that which had at first been inspired by pure benevolence. The boy's romantic history, his warm affection for his lost brother, and the gentleness of his disposition, soon endeared him to the young Englishman, and he determined to protect him, until he could find means of restoring him in safety to his brother or his parents. Perhaps the young mountaineer might owe something of the interest which he had awakened in the breast of the artist, to the beauty of his countenance, and the simple grace of his movements. As Madame Stiel said, "Mr. Vernon loved to sketch his young protégé;" and one of the drawings he had made of him displayed so much talent, that it soon attracted the notice of some who loved and understood the art. Among these was the nobleman of whom Madame Stiel had spoken. He was a person who used the influence which he derived from rank and wealth in the encouragement of genius, and he distinguished the young artist by the most flattering attention. It was to visit this noble friend that Mr. Vernon had left Dresden for a time. As we have seen, Hans was his companion. The presence of the original of the admired drawing had been especially desired, and, with the prospect of remaining with Mr. Vernon, (to whom he now clung as he had before clung to Rudolph,) Hans

heard of the arrangements for their departure with much satisfaction. A less moving story than this would have been sufficient to interest in his behalf the generous family which he had entered; and it was not long before every member of it was earnestly bent on promoting his welfare. If Hans would have consented, the bounty of his new friends would have procured for him education and subsistence either in England or in Germany; but he would listen to no arrangement likely to deprive him of the hope of rejoining his parents.

Mr. Vernon had requested a friend in Dresden to look out for any tidings that might lead to the restoration of Hans to his brother; but as this friend had not communicated with Madame Stiel, he remained ignorant of her accidental meeting with Rudolph, who had joined his father and mother in Prussia, before it was even known to Hans and his protector that he had been heard of in Dresden.

Yes. Rudolph had succeeded in his adventurous undertaking. He had rejoined his parents; but O! how different was that reunion from the one he had hoped for! He had long looked upon it as the only object of his existence, and had believed that nothing could be wanting to his happiness when it was once effected. Now it had actually come to pass; but still all was not well. The loss of Hans was the chief subject of regret. In spite of the endeavors of his father and mother to console him, in spite of their assurances that no blame could be attached to him, he felt as if he had failed in his trust, and as if he was in some measure answerable for this domestic calamity.

"To think," he said to his father one evening, as they returned home after a day's labor which they had with difficulty procured—"to think that I should be here with you, and that *he* should be—who knows where? I ought never to have ceased my search for him, even had I died without seeing you and mother again!"

"Do you grudge your mother the satisfaction of having one child restored, Rudolph?" answered his father gravely. "If you had seen her as I have seen her before you came to us, you would not be so cruel."

"She looks ill enough now," said Rudolph, and his tears flowed as he spoke. "I sometimes think that she is worse

since I came, and that it is anxiety about Hans that so alters her."

"No," answered Caspar; "she is better, far better than she was. You have come just in time, boy, to save us both, for we could not long have borne to suffer as we have done. As to Hans, we know more about him now than we did before you came; and if we should not be so happy as to recover him, we shall at all events have you to comfort us. O, Rudolph! if you knew how much we have suffered, you would not wish to have left us still in desolation!"

Rudolph clasped his father's hand, and felt in some degree comforted; but his sorrow was renewed as he looked at that father, and contemplated his altered face and figure. Caspar's form, once so upright, was now bent; his gait, formerly so manly, had become unsteady. It was but a year since they had left their home; but that year had done the work of many.

Rudolph sighed heavily. "I used to think," he faltered, "that if I could but get to you, all would be well. I thought there could never be anything to trouble me or any of us again, but——"

"But you find some drops of bitterness still left, Rudolph. This is the way with most of us: we fix our eyes on something which, we believe, would cure all our sorrows; we get it, and with it comes another trouble, which teaches us that what we were aiming at was not all-sufficient to our happiness, and that, so long as we are in this world, we must learn to bear as well as to do——"

Rudolph said it was a hard lesson.

"It is so, Rudolph," answered his father; "but we have much to be thankful for. A few weeks ago, your mother and I little thought that we should so soon have one of our children restored to us; and on your part, even when you had entered on your journey, how uncertain it was whether you would be able to carry through your undertaking; how uncertain, even if you did reach us, in what state you might find us—we might already have been laid in the grave."

Rudolph shuddered.

"Yes, Rudolph," continued Caspar, "I have often thought, that before this time your poor mother must have died, and then how much more sorrowful would have been our meeting! But, as it is, you have found us both, and, bowed down

by our sorrows as we are, we can still be revived, and comforted by the sight of our boy."

Rudolph threw himself weeping into his father's arms. He could not but acknowledge that he had lost sight of the blessings bestowed upon him, in regret for those of which he had been deprived. With a more thankful heart and a less gloomy countenance, he entered the cottage, and seated himself at the evening meal.

Christina had long been looking for them, and now she sat, with her eyes fixed on Rudolph, forgetting to take her own share of the refreshment as she watched him. She was never tired of gazing on her newly-recovered treasure.

When supper was over, Rudolph, seated between his parents, related some of his adventures. Every evening they questioned him about his journey, and these conversations generally ended with the account of the disappearance of Hans, and a discussion concerning his probable fate. Rudolph had to repeat over and over again everything that he had heard from Madame Stiel, and the account she had given of Mr. Vernon's character formed their chief consolation in their uncertainty respecting the boy's destiny. Perhaps this subject of anxiety and uneasiness prevented their thinking so much of the hardships of their present condition as they otherwise would have done. They had been accustomed to live poorly and hardly enough among their mountains; but then, if their fare was coarse, their subsistence was at least certain. Now the case was different. They were strangers in a foreign land, where they could obtain but little employment. There were many others in similar circumstances to share the bounty which the benevolence of some wealthy Prussians extended to the Salzburgh emigrants. Even this aid, much as it was needed, was not received by the Wolfgangers without the bitterest humiliation, which was scarcely less difficult to bear than the privations of poverty.

No wonder that Prussia, once the land of hope and promise, should seem a dreary wilderness to the unfortunate exiles. At any other time, and under more favorable circumstances, the dull uniformity of the plains of North Germany would have been wearisome to the mountaineers; now it was perfectly oppressive. As if by com-

mon consent, their thoughts would turn to Conrad, and the idea of joining him in his search for a home across the ocean would present itself to their minds. By degrees, emigration became a topic of conversation, and an object of desire. Yet, while the slightest hope of finding Hans remained, it was not to be thought of, and it was only spoken of as what would have been advisable, had they been all united.

But Conrad's approaching departure gave rise to further disquietude. The most probable channel for obtaining information about Hans was through Madame Stiel; and when Conrad left Germany, their only certain means of communication with Dresden would be cut off. So long as he remained on the spot, they were sure that there was some one who would look out for tidings as carefully as they themselves could have done; but when he was gone, the case would be different—who else could be expected to take the same interest in the matter?

In the middle of the winter they had a letter from Conrad, announcing that the time was fixed for his departure. Early in the spring he was to go to Hamburg, in company with other emigrants, in order to embark for America. He had not yet heard of Hans, and this was the only business he could not settle satisfactorily before his departure. As Madame Stiel might probably ere long receive some tidings of the boy, Conrad requested Caspar to let him know if he intended to remain in his present abode; and if not, where he might with certainty be found, so that no communication might run any risk of miscarriage.

"Father," said Rudolph, after a pause of some minutes, which had followed the reading of Conrad's letter, "don't you think we had better go to Hamburg, to meet Conrad, and consult with him about what it may be best to do?"

"To Hamburg, child?" exclaimed his father. "Hamburg is a long way from here; and, to say nothing of the journey, how shall we earn our living when we get there?"

"As to that," answered Rudolph, "we cannot, I think, find it more difficult to earn a living either on the journey or in Hamburg, than we do here."

"We get little enough, indeed," said Caspar, with a sigh. "But what should

we gain by taking such a step, Rudolph? I don't see that we should be any better off in Hamburg than in Prussia."

"We shall see Conrad, and hear all he has to say," persisted Rudolph; "and then, if he thinks it better, we can go into Saxony ourselves. We shall do as well there as here, and we shall be on the spot, if any news of Hans should at any time be heard."

Caspar admitted that the plan was not without its advantages, and here the subject was dropped for the present. But it was not entirely dismissed. Again and again it was discussed, until, from a visionary scheme, it began to be regarded as a feasible project. In their state of anxious suspense, every prospect of change was looked upon with hope, and a suggestion thrown out by one of their companions in misfortune was sufficient to decide them in favor of Rudolph's plan. This was the ease with which a passage to England from Hamburg might be obtained, if, on meeting with Conrad, the probability that Hans had been conveyed to that country should be confirmed. Slight as was the hope which this idea presented, it turned the balance, and an opportunity soon after occurring of sending letters to Conrad, they informed him of their design. Their preparations were soon made, and they set out in time to reach Hamburg, before the first vessels should come down the Elbe in the spring.

They were now inured to fatigue and hardship, and accustomed to danger. Well was it that they were so, for in the course of their long and laborious journey they were exposed to all these evils. It would take long to tell their adventures by the way, so long, that we must be content to let them pass unnoticed, and inform our readers that, by patience and courage, the journey was at length accomplished. Much as the Salzburgh peasants had now traveled, the aspect of the town of Hamburg filled them with surprise and admiration. Its stately buildings; its streets, crowded with visitors from every country of the civilized world; but, above all, its harbor, filled with vessels, from ports of every clime, struck them with astonishment. Then the river, the majestic Elbe, here some miles in width—could this be the stream by which Rudolph had wandered when in Saxony? Yes, it was the very same, and it flowed from Saxony,

and was soon to bear on its bosom the friends he had left there, and to whom he thought he had said "Farewell" forever.

And now they all awaited these friends with intense anxiety; the more so, as they were very uncertain as to the time and manner of their arrival. If Caspar had stayed a little longer in Prussia, he would have received a letter from Conrad, informing him when and where he and Grete might be looked for; but this letter did not arrive until after their departure. The only thing they could now do, was to watch the coming in of vessels from the interior, and inquire for their expected friends. A weary task this was, and sickening were the alternations of hope and disappointment which the watchers day by day experienced. One emigrant ship sailed, and Rudolph witnessed her departure; but still nothing was seen or heard of Conrad and Grete. Rudolph watched those who went on board, and saw the bitter tears shed by many, as they bade adieu to friends and native land. All this was sad enough, to be sure; but when the vessel left the shore, with her white sails spread to the breeze, and riding gallantly over the dancing waves, he longed to be on board.

"I wish we were going, father," said he; "that is to say, if we had Hans and Conrad with us. It is weary work standing about here, and watching every vessel come in, without ever finding any one we care to see."

"Weary indeed, Rudolph," answered Caspar; "but there are weary hearts in that ship also, or I am much mistaken."

Another ship bound for America was to sail in a few weeks, and there could be little doubt that Conrad would arrive in time for it. Meanwhile Caspar had been so fortunate as to obtain some employment, which brought in a pittance for their common maintenance, and the task of watching fell wholly upon Rudolph. He was soon known by those who were regularly occupied at the harbor, and his story, together with his industry and willingness to oblige, gained him friends, and occasionally procured him something to do about the vessels, which made him feel that his time was not altogether wasted in watching.

One day, while occupied in assisting to unlade a vessel, he heard some one call his name. Looking up, he saw that the

speaker was an old sailor, with whom he had frequently talked over his adventures.

"Look out, my lad," said the seaman, pointing to a vessel which was making her way into the harbor.

With a quick step and a beating heart Rudolph obeyed the summons. The deck of the ship was thronged with passengers; but the distance rendered it impossible to recognize any of them. Rudolph gazed earnestly, but in vain. His anxiety was observed by a bystander, the captain of one of the ships then in port. He held a glass in his hand, and, observing the boy's anxiety, good-naturedly gave him the instrument, and showed him how to use it. Rudolph's hand trembled so much, that for some time he could see nothing but a confused mass of human figures. After a while, objects began to appear more clearly, face after face emerged from indistinctness, and now he seemed himself to be on board the vessel, so near did everything appear to him. He was too anxious at the moment to pay any attention to this marvel, which at any other time would have struck him with admiration. His only thought was of Conrad. Yes, there he was! That was Conrad! that figure, so much taller than most of the others, that stood foremost. It must be he. And Rudolph, uttering a cry of joy, and scarcely giving himself time to restore the glass to its owner, darted off to fetch his parents.

But before he found them, his ecstasy had in a great measure subsided. Was he quite sure that it was indeed Conrad, and not some one who bore a resemblance to him? How often had he been deceived before! Persons the most unlike had of late appeared to him to possess the gait, the figure, even the features of Conrad; just as, in the streets of Dresden, he had been apt to imagine every boy he met to be his brother Hans.

These thoughts produced a considerable revulsion in his feelings. He felt half persuaded that he had been deceived, and was almost disposed to turn back, without raising in the minds of his parents expectations which might prove delusive. But if it should indeed be Conrad, it would be a pity that they should not be there to meet him. So he went on, and all three in anxious suspense hurried down to the harbor.

They need not have hurried; for it was long before the passengers could disembark. The wind was contrary, so that the vessel had to remain at some distance from the shore; and when the first boat put off, it was too distant for those on shore to discover who made up its burden. Rudolph looked around for his friend with the glass, but he did not see him; so he was obliged to wait patiently till the boat neared the shore. This was not long; but it seemed so to those who were straining their eyes to catch the first glimpses of the passengers. At last it was near enough for them to distinguish countenances. Every face was strange. Another boat approached, and again they gazed, and again were disappointed. A third left the vessel's side.

"There he is!" cried Rudolph, after a breathless pause. "Father! Mother! see! there is Conrad! he waves his hat!" and Rudolph snatched his from his head, and returned his friend's greeting.

But Conrad's hat was not the only one waved to them from the boat; and when Rudolph's eye fell on the other person who saluted him, he stood for a moment as if petrified. His father also recognized that person. Christina seemed about to sink to the earth; she seized her husband's arm, and gasped, "Rudolph, is it he?"

For a minute Rudolph did not answer; then, flourishing his hat higher than ever, he exclaimed, with wild delight, "It is he! it is Hans! See, Grete points to him, and waves her handkerchief."

Off Rudolph bounded to the water's side, and Christina would fain have followed; but the flood of happiness was too strong for her, and she fainted. When she recovered, how many friendly hands seemed busy about her! Grete was trying to restore her; while Hans hung over her, laughing and crying alternately, from delight at the meeting and terror at his mother's swoon.

"Is it indeed no dream, but really my boy?" said she, when she was once more restored to herself. "He is grown and altered; but it is Hans himself—I see it!" and she clasped him to her breast, and shed over him a torrent of happy tears. "I never thought to have seen either of my children again in this world, and now they are both by my side. God be praised for his mercy!"

"Yes," said Conrad, "let us thank him

that we are all permitted to meet once more; and, next to him, let us thank this brave fellow here," laying his hand on Rudolph's shoulder. "Without his courage and perseverance, he and Hans must have been now shut up with the priests, instead of comforting their father and mother, as I hope they will long live to do."

Caspar embraced his son, and his mother gave him a look which rewarded him for all the sufferings he had passed through.

"But why did you not send me word you had found him, Conrad?" asked Caspar. "The shock has been almost too much for his poor mother. Why did you not prepare us beforehand for seeing him?"

"It is not my fault, if you were not prepared," answered Conrad. "I sent you word as soon as I heard anything myself, that is, very soon after I got your letter, informing me you meant to meet us here. I wrote immediately to tell you the good news, and also to give you further information about our intended journey. You must have set off before my letter arrived."

"Well, it matters little," said Caspar, "now that it has pleased God to restore him to us, safe and well. But tell me, Conrad, how you found him, and all that has happened since we parted."

"Presently," answered Conrad; "but just now I must look after our goods, which, if only trifles in themselves, are great matters to me and Grete. Meanwhile you can question Hans about his adventures."

But before Hans had time to make any communications, his attention was attracted by the approach of another friend. His parents and his brother looked at him with astonishment, when he bounded from their side toward a strange gentleman, who greeted him with all the affectionate familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"This is Mr. Vernon," said he, in answer to their inquiring looks; "and here, sir, are father and mother; and this is Rudolph."

"Is this Mr. Vernon?" said Caspar, bowing respectfully to the young Englishman, who shook his hand cordially. "How shall I ever thank you, sir, for all you have done for this poor boy of mine?"

"I have done nothing but what was

my duty in common humanity," answered Mr. Vernon; "but I hope Hans has found a better friend than I could be to him. I have much to say, both to him and to you; but we will leave all that till tomorrow, and allow you to enjoy this first day of reunion without interruption. Where is Conrad?"

Hans led the way to the spot where Conrad was, and then flew back to his mother's side.

Mr. Vernon informed Conrad that he had provided lodgings for the whole party, and told him where to find them. He then said he would call upon them the next morning at an hour which he named, and communicate to Conrad some information which he had promised to obtain for him respecting emigration.

The next morning seemed to come quickly, and yet few hours of the night had been given to repose. Much of what our readers already know had to be related; and, besides, Hans had to tell how he and Mr. Vernon had returned to Dresden, and heard from Madame Stiel about her accidental meeting with Rudolph; how they had found Conrad; and how Hans was preparing to follow his brother into Prussia, when they heard that his father intended to meet Conrad at Hamburg.

They were still talking and listening earnestly when Mr. Vernon appeared. After the congratulations and thanks natural on such an occasion had been exchanged, Mr. Vernon asked Caspar what he meant to do—whether he had any intention of accompanying Conrad across the Atlantic.

"Why, indeed, sir," answered he, "I have not yet thought much about it. Before this boy was found, the thought of him used to drive away every other; and since he has been restored, we have scarcely had time to think of anything. But I suppose we must make up our minds now. What say you, mother, to our casting our lot with theirs?"

Christina answered with indifference. "Anywhere," she said; "I am ready to go anywhere with my husband and my boys."

"It is hard to say which place is the best," said Caspar. "America is a fine country, no doubt, but better, perhaps, for those who have something to take with them, than for one so poor as I am."

"But one of your sons possesses a sum

sufficient to emigrate with, and I think I know him well enough to say, that he will consider it as much the property of his parents as his own, and that he will wish it to be laid out in the way which you consider most likely to be beneficial to the whole family."

They looked at each other, wondering what this meant.

"You must have made a mistake, air," said Caspar. "Small have ever been the possessions of me and mine; but now, miserable exiles that we are, what have we left, but strength to labor for our daily bread?"

"No, I have made no mistake," said Mr. Vernon, smiling; "for I have in my hands some money which is to be expended for the benefit of Hans, and it was to consult you about the disposal of it that I wished to see you this morning."

He then named a sum which appeared enormous to the mountaineers, who were little accustomed to the possession of money.

"How kind, how generous you are air!" cried Hans.

"You need not thank me, Hans," returned his friend; "I am too poor myself to be able to do such generous deeds. It is another friend, a kind one both to you and to me, that you must thank for this bounty."

Hans soon guessed who his benefactor was. The nobleman with whom Mr. Vernon had been staying had placed the money in his hands, with instructions to dispose of it in any manner that might be most advantageous to his young friend.

Having learned from Conrad that it was not unlikely the family might be disposed to emigrate, Mr. Vernon had made many inquiries respecting the best districts in which to settle, and the best manner of preparing for such a destination. He well knew that from the want of proper information before setting out, arise much of the disappointment and suffering which settlers too often experience.

In gaining information, and in seeking out the persons from whom to obtain it, the young artist had exhibited as much intelligence and sagacity as the most experienced man of the world could have done, and he had acted with as much industry and perseverance as if the business had been his own.

"It is very kind of Lord A., I am sure," said Hans, when Mr. Vernon had finished his communications; "but do not say that he is more generous than you. Nobody but you would have taken so much trouble to do us good."

"You are right, Hans," said Conrad; "it is easy for a rich man to put his hand into his pocket, and give something which he may never need, and which, perhaps, he will never miss; but to give up valuable time, and to take pains and trouble to serve others, is to be really generous, for it is a sacrifice of self."

Mr. Vernon was glad to escape from thanks and praises, which, sincere as he believed them to be, embarrassed him. He recommended them to think and decide about the future. If they should make up their minds to remain in Germany, he would assist them to the best of his power, though that, he feared, would prove but little.

But there was nothing to tie them to any particular spot, now that they were banished from their native hills. They knew not where their exiled acquaintances had taken refuge, and it was hard to think of parting with these two last friends of their mountain-home. Conrad's resolution to join his sisters had long been taken, and after a short discussion it was agreed the *Wolfgangers* should accompany him.

The boys shouted with joy:—"I should have been so sorry to part with you, Conrad," said Rudolph, "and with Grete too. We should have had none to speak a friendly word to when you had left us."

"Indeed we should not," said Hans. "Besides, I think we shall like to go to America. You know, Conrad, when you heard from Lotte, she talked of their farm; perhaps we shall have a farm again, and that will be like home. We shall be happy then, shall we not, mother?"

Christina was happy already, and she smiled her assent.

They were soon very busy making preparations under the direction of Mr. Vernon, and a gentleman conversant in such matters, whom he had interested in their favor. At length the vessel was in readiness, and the wind favorable. Mr. Vernon saw our friends on board, and recommended them to the captain, in whom Rudolph recognized, to his great surprise, the person who had lent him the glass on the day of Conrad's arrival.

Hans wept much at parting with his generous friend, and the Englishman's eyes were wet with tears when he descended to the boat, to be rowed back to shore. Hans went to his father and mother for comfort and sympathy, and Rudolph seated himself near Conrad, who stood, moodily leaning against the mast, watching the receding shore. They gazed long in silence, till the land seemed only like a cloud on the horizon. The captain observed Rudolph's straining gaze. He offered his glass once more:—"I lent it to you," said he, "to catch the first sight of a friend; will you use it to take a last look of your native land?"

Rudolph took it; but his eyes were so dimmed by tears, that it was useless. He shook his head, and offered it to Conrad.

Conrad moved for the first time since his embarkation. He gently pushed away Rudolph's hand. "I shall see it no more, Rudolph," he said; "I have taken leave of it forever."

He turned away. Grete's eyes were fixed on him; but he did not see her now. He threw himself on a heap of sail-cloth, and seemed to sleep. Some said he was ill, and so he was; but it was the exile's sickness—he was grieving for his native land.

THE GRAVES OF ATTLA AND ALARIC.—Attila died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast plain, in a coffin, the first covering of which was of gold, the second of silver, and the third of iron. Along with the body were buried all the spoils of his enemies, harnesses enriched with gold and precious stones, rich stuffs, and the most valuable articles taken from the palaces of the kings which he had pillaged; and that the place of his interment might not be known, the Huns put to death, without exception, all those who had assisted in his funeral. The Goths had previously done the same for Alaric, who died in the year 410, at Cosenza, a city of Calabria. They turned for some days the course of the river *Vasento*, and having caused a trench to be dug in its former channel, where the stream was usually most rapid, they buried the king there along with immense treasures. They put to death all those who had assisted in digging the grave, and restored the stream to its former bed.—*Godfrey*.

SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF.

SOME eight years ago, at Constantinople, the diamonds of the Austrian ambassador's lady were stolen from her toilette-table by some peculiarly cunning and daring thieves. A large reward was offered for the recovery of the gems, and Dindar was deputed by his superiors to the office of a detective in this particular case. In the course of a week, Dindar, whose scent no border bloodhound ever surpassed, got a clew to the originators of the robbery. The plunderers were numerous, and as the jewels could not be sold without great risk of detection in Constantinople, they had resolved to carry them for sale to Teheran, where they had no doubt of finding a ready market for their valuable booty among the nobles of Persia. Dindar Agha found out their intended route, and on the arrival of the rascals at Kars, a respectable merchant from Koordistan, in a high cap of black sheepskin and a huge robe, entered their caravanserai, and very dexterously managed to extract from them, in the course of conversation, an avowal that they had diamonds for sale. For these the pretended merchant, who was no other than our old friend Dindar, offered to give a handsome price, and thus save them the trouble of continuing their journey to the capital of the Shah. After a great deal of bargaining, the robbers agreed to sell the jewels for ninety thousand piastres, or nine hundred pounds sterling, and with apparent reluctance and hesitation the merchant produced a heavy leathern bag and counted out the sum in silver bechliks. The money was some fictitious coin manufactured by a gang of forgers in England or Russia, and which had been seized by the Vizier and confiscated. The wily Dindar had provided himself with a large supply of this counterfeit money, and was thus enabled to purchase the gems of the Baroness von — for a few handfuls of clipped pewter. The robbers left Kars joyfully on their homeward route. At their first halting-place, however, some of the more wary began to suspect the accommodating merchant who had so opportunely interposed to save them the weary ride to Teheran. Perhaps Dindar, aware of the worthlessness of his circulating medium, was too eager and too compliant in bargaining to suit his feigned character

of a greedy trader. At any rate, the thieves examined the contents of the money-bag, and discovered the bechliks to be spurious imitations, even greasier and more adulterated than the Sultan's shabby coin. * * * The gang returned at full speed to Kars, found the treacherous merchant quietly smoking his chibouque in the caravanserai, furiously accused, deprived him of the brilliants which he had unjustly obtained, beat him severely with bridles, belts, and pipe-sticks, with the full and unqualified approbation of the bystanders, and finally only abstained from dragging him before the *cadi* from the fear that the *signalement* of some of the party might be unpleasantly familiar to the myrmidons of the magistrates of Kars. Having thus regained possession of the brilliants, they hastened on toward Teheran. * * * A fresh plan was soon formed, and Dindar Agha mounted his horse, without heeding either his aching bones or the jeers and curses of the other inmates of the khan, who regarded him not only as a dishonest trader, but far worse—as a detected impostor. He rode as fast as possible on the road toward Persia, until his horse, knocked up by two hard days' traveling over stony ground, became too lame to proceed. Dindar, who was as good a judge of the equine race and as adroit a haggler as the canniest native of Yorkshire, purchased a strong shaggy yaboo from a peasant for a trifle, and pursued his journey. Pushing on unremittingly, and seeking a little frequented pass in the mountain range, Dindar had the gratification of arriving before the robbers among the wide-spreading plains of Persia. * * * It was some time before he encountered a band fit for his purpose: the Koords were too savage and treacherous, the Uzbecks too fierce and morose, the Eelyauts too pastoral and gentle to be the allies of this Candiote Ulysses. At last he arrived among the black tents and picketed camels of a tribe of Turcomans—a people brave, hospitable, and faithful, but with exceedingly mediæval ideas of the rights of property. To the chieftain of this horde, Sultaun Moorad, Dindar told a plaintive tale of wrong and violence. He had been cheated out of the price of a set of superb jewels, which he had sold to some Kafirs of merchants at Kars. The unbelieving dogs, rank Sheahs and heretics, as well as swindlers, (Sultaun Moorad

was a Sounei,) had taken away the money they had paid him for the diamonds by force, after he had given his receipt, and when he complained at the footstool of justice, the *cadi* of Kars—that son of a burned father and grandsire of asses—had taken a bribe from the thieves to apply the bamboo to Dindar, and to drive him with blows from the court—him an old man and a Mussulman! Whereupon there had remained no other resource to the ill-treated and disconsolate Dindar than to prostrate himself in the dust of the Turco-man encampment, to grasp the spear of the chief, to kiss the hem of his robe, and to adjure the brave and victorious Sultaun Moorad, before whom the universe trembled, to put himself at the head of his lion-eating warriors, and surprise the robbers on their road to Teheran. Dindar added, that besides the diamonds the rascals had above ninety thousand piastres in silver in their possession, and that he should be content with the restitution of the gems, leaving the money to his valiant ally, whom he finally implored, by the beard of his father and the salt of his hospitality, to protect and avenge him. The Turco-man chief sympathized with the wronged and injured Dindar, and his eye sparkled at the mention of the piastres. He agreed to punish Dindar's enemies, and to restore him the gems, and forthwith plucked his spear from the ground where it was planted before his tent, mounted his steed, which had borne him on many a day of battle and chappow, and called around him his young men, who mustered gladly at the first announcement of a foray. To the astonishment and dismay of the Stamboul thieves, as they emerged from the intricate passes of the mountains into the open plains, they were charged by an overwhelming force of Turco-man cavalry. Half of their number fell beneath the cimeters and lances of Sultaun Moorad and his followers, and the survivors, having been stripped and plundered, were detained in a state of slavery among the wild horde. As for Dindar, the chief kept his word most faithfully. The diamonds were given up to the wily Cretan, who returned forthwith to Constantinople, restored the jewels to the Baroness von —, and duly claimed the reward. The Turco-man chief was content with the counterfeit coin.

HAYDN.

THE degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon Haydn at a time when the honor was not so cheap as now of attainment. It being customary, in return for this mark of distinction, to exhibit a piece of music, as a specimen of learning in the art, he sent them a MS. which was so composed that, whichever way it was read—whether backward, forward, from top to bottom, or the reverse, or from the middle, or in any way that could be devised—it always preserved the same air, and had a correct accompaniment.

When Haydn left London, his fortune was summed up in the amount of fourteen hundred pounds; but although his exchequer was not of the fullest, his heart overflowed with feelings of gratitude and kindness for the friendship and encouragement he had received in England—feelings often too little indulged by those who have found England the El Dorado of their fortune. On his return through Germany, he at intervals gave several concerts—a means of accomplishing an end—the increase of his small fortune. At this time Haydn entertained serious notions of securing a provision for his declining years—notions which were greatly assisted, a short time afterward, by the addition of a thousand pounds to his store by the sale of the *Creation* and the *Seasons*. At length he became the purchaser of a neat little dwelling-place at Schönbrunn. Soon after taking possession of his humble home, he received a letter from the French Institute, nominating him an associate—an honor which, coming as it did in the old age of the hard-working professor, was doubly acceptable. It is a singular fact, that Sheridan, the dramatist, was put in nomination with Haydn for the associate-ship; but the former was preferred.

Haydn's admiration of the "mighty genius" of Handel was enthusiastic in the extreme. Upon hearing the *Messiah*, he frankly avowed to a distinguished amateur, that the author was the "chief of all modern musicians;" and he frequently confessed that his genius and his love for the art were excited by hearing the works of Handel: to this admiration may in some measure be ascribed the origin of the *Creation*. Haydn had heard some of Handel's finest works performed by a competent orchestra in Westminster Abbey; and

after his return from England, there was evidently a stronger bias exhibited by Haydn to grandeur of musical effect. He was in his sixtieth year when he commenced his *Creation*; it occupied him two years. Being asked by a friend, during the time he was engaged on it, how much longer his admirers would have to wait for its completion,—“I shall take a long time about it,” said he, “because I intend it to last a long time.” It was in 1798 that he finished his now most popular work, and it was performed in the Schwartzberg Palace, in Lent of the same year: in a month or two afterward it was printed and disseminated all over Europe.

It was two years from this date that he produced the *Seasons*—from the words of Thomson. The merits of this oratorio are aptly described by a criticism upon it by Haydn himself. “It is not another *Creation*,” said he; “in that oratorio the actors are angels—in the *Seasons* they are peasants.” To the labor of composing this work may be ascribed the termination of Haydn’s musical career: from his description of his feelings at this time, it appears that he had “written himself out;” formerly his ideas and thoughts came unsought—“but now,” said he, “I seek them in vain.” He gradually grew weaker, confining himself to his house and garden. The fear (usually attendant upon old age) now began to haunt his mind—that he should come to poverty: the visits of his friends and admirers would sometimes console and exhilarate him; but time and hard work had enfeebled his faculties, and his spirits altogether deserted him: he was not a little amused, nevertheless, at a report of his death which prevailed, and which was generally believed. The French Institute, indeed, performed a mass to his memory; upon hearing this, he remarked, “If these kind gentlemen had given me notice of my death, I would have gone myself to beat time for them.” He was much gratified, however, by the premature compliment.

About this time the *Creation*, with Italian words, was performed by a large and complete orchestra: being desirous again to be present with that public which to him had invariably manifested so much kindness, he requested permission to be present; he was brought to the palace of Prince Lobkowitz, the place of rendezvous, in an easy chair, in the midst of enthusi-

astic acclamation and cordial greeting. He remained during the first act; but finding the excitement too great for his enfeebled frame, he was carried from the palace, after having bowed his thankfulness to the public, and offering a parting benediction to his old associates in the orchestra.

War was at this time ravaging Austria: he still felt a lively interest for his country, although fast approaching the termination of his earthly pilgrimage. A biographer thus describes some of the closing incidents of Haydn’s life:—“He sometimes exhausted his little strength in inquiries after the state of his native land, and in singing, at his feebly-fingered pianoforte, with his thin, trembling voice, ‘God preserve the Emperor!’ On the 10th of May, the French army had reached Schönbrunn, and within a short distance of his house fired fifteen hundred shots and shells upon the city he had so much loved—the city of his pride and reputation. Four bombs fell close to his little home. His faithful servants ran to him in terror. He roused himself, feeble as he was, and demanded, with a courageous dignity, to know the reason of their alarm, assuring them that they were safe wherever he was. The effort was too much for him: he was seized with a convulsive shivering, and could not proceed. He was carried to his bed. On the 26th of May, his strength was gone; yet he caused himself to be placed at the pianoforte, and again sung, with as much energy as he could, the National Hymn, repeating it thrice. It was the song of the dying swan; for a stupor seized him at the piano, and being conveyed back to his bed, he departed on the morning of the 31st, being then two months over his seventy-eighth year. He was privately buried at Grumpendorff—Vienna being then in the occupation of the French. Yet even in these distressing national circumstances, Mozart’s *Requiem* was performed in honor of him in the Scottish Church in that city, at which the French attended, appearing deeply touched at the severe loss which the musical world had sustained by his death. The same respect was paid to his memory at Breslau and at Paris.”

Haydn left no posterity; his heir was a blacksmith, to whom he left 30,000 florins—giving 12,000 to each of his faithful servants.

ANTIQUITIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE American remains—less superb, yet more marvellous, than those of Assyria—form altogether a modern topic. It is true that a collection of treatises larger than the library of Don Quixote has been compiled to discuss the original peopling of America, the pre-Columbian discoveries, the Canaanite, Phœnician, and Scythian immigrations; and the possible arrival of an antediluvian race. But until lately, the architectural antiquities of the Western world composed no part of the basis of such inquiries. Robertson, for instance, affirms in his confident way, that the ancient inhabitants were utterly rude, illiterate, and incapable of constructing any buildings better than huts, or raising any monuments nobler than mounds of earth. Since the doctor wrote, a rich and valuable field of investigation has been opened.

The works of an old race have been discovered; not so massive as the Egyptian, not so delicate as the Greek, but, nevertheless, works of beauty and power, with a history, still illegible, written on them, for no decipherer of their hieroglyphics has been found so learned as Champollion or so bold as Lepsius. The tumuli and fortifications in the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio, the mummies in the caverns of Kentucky, the inscriptions at Dighton, the ruined structures in Arkansas and Wisconsin, the fragments in Texas, and the wonderful and various groups of monuments in Central America and Mexico; mountains hewn into ranges of terraces, pyramids surmounted by temples, gigantic idols and altars covered with elaborate sculpture, with elegant utensils, for domestic and religious use, have revealed the existence, at a distant period, of a nation not polished or learned, yet ennobled by grandeur of idea and high artistic acquirement. Humboldt described a portion of these remains; but the greater part eluded his examination. Captain Dupaix's work, published in 1834, first attracted European attention to the subject. Del Rio and Felix Cabrera had indeed preceded him; but the announcement of their discoveries had excited little or no curiosity. Lord Kingsborough afterward published an ambitious book at £80 per copy; but the matter was not original, and the book was, to the general public, al-

most as inaccessible as Central America itself.

The travels and researches of Stephens and Catherwood, who opened the way to many followers, have certainly added much information on this subject. Neither they nor any others, however, have instructed us in the mystery of those American ruins. They are still the dumb sepulchers of the antique civilization which reared them. Petra and Pæstum are at last intelligible, but Uxmal and Palenque are still free quarters for antiquarian dogmatism and poetical conjecture. Dupaix believed them to be antediluvian, because he found some colossal images buried in the earth! This earth he cleared away, and in less than thirty years these memorials of Noah's ancestors were buried to a greater depth than before. Again, they have been ascribed to a Cyclopean, to a Greek, to a Roman origin; but these suppositions have given way because nothing of a European type is discoverable in the conceptions or workmanship of the artists of ancient America. To connect them with colonists from China and Japan is more safe, because these countries are scarcely known; but is it logical to find analogies between what is known in one part of the world and what is unknown in another? To the Hindú monuments they have certainly little likeness, because they have no excavations, or enlargements of natural caverns, and the style and subjects of sculpture belong to quite another order. The pyramidal form has suggested an Egyptian derivation; but in America the pyramids are mere solid masses of earth or masonry. They never stand alone—they are often natural eminences faced with stone—and each one bears a temple on its summit. The vast quarried masses used in Egyptian architecture are never found in America, the only specimens being the idols and altars, which are almost all monolithic. Some vague resemblance may be traced in the bas-reliefs, but the hieroglyphics are radically dissimilar.

Mr. Stephens, indeed, was unwilling to search for the origin of these works in any period so remote. He urges several circumstances against the theory of their immemorial age. Wooden beams, for example, are found serving as lintels, and perfectly undecayed. Wood, it is true, has been found in Egypt solid and sound

after three thousand years; but it was never exposed to the air, or employed in building, except in clamps, connecting two stones. The climate in America, damp and destructive to timber, encouraging rank vegetation and the rapid growth of trees, which in many places have burst through the masonry, render it improbable that the wooden lintels could last so long. Mr. Stephens, in fact, points out the monuments as the work of the people whom the Spaniards found, or of their not very remote progenitors. Many accounts describe them as then being erect and entire; and it is thought that the barbarous havoc of the conquerors, in their search for treasure, produced their overthrow. The discovery of one or two images of pure gold incited them to this devastation. One striking contrast between the American and the Egyptian ruins has been sternly insisted on; but it was a contrast inevitable from the nature of the two countries, and supplies no argument to either side of the discussion. On the banks of the Nile the bright ruins stand, near no shadows but their own, glowing in every tint of the sky, visible afar, reared like visions on the "lone and level waste." In Mexico, Chiapas and Yucatan they are buried in forests! their walls are saddened by stains of damp, vegetation chokes their passages, and the wayfarer may stand one hundred feet from the ruins of a great city without perceiving where one stone stands upon another. A screen, entangled and fantastic, droops along the colonnade of trees; leaves and brilliant flowers, with birds as bright, clinging and fluttering among them, are trained into an impervious network, so that the traveler, if the way is known to him, must break through these luxuriant defenses before he can see the tall solemn idols, the quaintly-wrought altars, the walls high but broken, the confusion of beauty and ruin that lies within the echo of his voice.

The figures of animals—monkeys, crocodiles, elephants, and birds—are frequently distinguishable in the American sculptures, besides those of men and women, apparently of different ranks, and exhibiting a great variety of costumes. Death's heads are common, with crowds of emblematical forms; but these are seldom grotesque, and never abominable, as in New-Zealand and India, nor is the sub-

ject often of a martial kind. Religion and loyalty appear to be the *sentiments* displayed. The carving is usually fine, both in the masonry and sculpture, and looks as if iron instruments had been employed, though none have been found. Arrow-headed chisels of very hard greenstone were the only implements discovered by Mr. Stephens. The altars and idols are nearly all on a gigantic scale, most intricately wrought in bass-reliefs of endless variety, but seldom with an attempt to represent the whole human figure. That great riches must have been possessed by the founders of these structures, and that great numbers of laborers were employed in their erection, are shown by their extent; one collection of ruins, combining to complete a single plan, being spread over an area nearly equal to that of the great Pyramid of Ghizeh. The form of the arch is never found, corridors as well as chambers being roofed with overlapping stones, smoothed to a surface with cement as hard and durable as the Roman. The same material was also used for floors. Very fine stucco, laid somewhat thickly on the walls, is painted in colors so good as to remain vivid after centuries of exposure in a moist climate. Red earthenware of baked clay, highly polished, and terra-cottas of graceful and classical outline—among which the favorite tripod form often occurs—were discovered containing human bones, perhaps relics of sacrifices. An immense command of mechanical power must also have been possessed by the builders, since the quarries which supplied stone for these erections were often at a considerable distance, and enormous monoliths were raised to the tops of lofty hills.

It would not be more interesting to discover in what way the nation that has left these monuments was cultivated to the use of such arts, than to ascertain how it was that their works were suddenly checked—their civilization paralyzed. Evidently they were stopped in full career; for the chiseled blocks are lying at the bottom or on the edges of quarries, or half-way to their destination; some of the sculptures are unfinished, and there are many other signs that the race was laboring when its hour of ruin arrived.

We have thus given, in outline, the important results of Mr. Stephens's explorations.



EVENING.

TO a large number of our readers, whose early days were spent "remote from towns," the above illustration will recall many pleasing scenes in their happy childhood, when, over the green fields, up the mountain slopes, through the woods, on the bosom of the sparkling lake, or at the cottage door, they whiled away their hours of rustic leisure. There is a beauty about the summer evening, with its invigorating breeze, its refreshing fragrance, and meditative quiet, which makes it ever welcome. Look up into the peaceful heavens; mark the varying beauties of the horizon; and

behold the surrounding landscapes, as the glorious sun, receding from your sight, wends his way to other climes, to shed his smiles on other homes.

"Tis evening! clear a-down the dale
 The vesper bell is pealing,
 While softly on the list'ning ear
 Its silv'ry notes are stealing.
 The dying sunset's latest ray
 Gilds with a parting glory
 The limbs of old ancestral trees,
 Shaded with lichens hoary.
 The weary lab'rer homeward wends,
 While, his return to greet,
 The merry laugh of childhood lends
 Its joyous tones and sweet.

THE CRUSADES.

THE fourth Crusade, as connected with popular feeling, requires little or no notice. At the death of Saladin, which happened a year after the conclusion of his truce with Richard of England, his vast empire fell to pieces. His brother Saif Eddin, or Saphaddin, seized upon Syria, in the possession of which he was troubled by the sons of Saladin. When this intelligence reached Europe, the Pope, Celestine III., judged the moment favorable for preaching a new Crusade. But every nation in Europe was unwilling and cold toward it. The people had no ardor, and kings were occupied with more weighty matters at home. The only monarch of Europe who encouraged it was the Emperor Henry of Germany, under whose auspices the Dukes of Saxony and Bavaria took the field at the head of a considerable force. They landed in Palestine, and found anything but a welcome from the Christian inhabitants. Under the mild sway of Saladin, they had enjoyed repose and toleration, and both were endangered by the arrival of the Germans. They looked upon them in consequence as over-officious intruders, and gave them no encouragement in the warfare against Saphaddin. The result of this Crusade was even more disastrous than the last; for the Germans contrived not only to imbitter the Saracens against the Christians of Judea, but to lose the strong city of Jaffa, and cause the destruction of nine-tenths of the army with which they had quitted Europe. And so ended the fourth Crusade.

The fifth was more important, and had a result which its projectors never dreamed of—no less than the sacking of Constantinople, and the placing of a French dynasty upon the imperial throne of the eastern Cæsars. Each succeeding pope, however much he may have differed from his predecessors on other points, zealously agreed in one, that of maintaining by every possible means the papal ascendancy. No scheme was so likely to aid in this endeavor as the Crusades. As long as they could persuade the kings and nobles of Europe to fight and die in Syria, their own sway was secured over the minds of men at home. Such being their object, they never inquired whether a Crusade was or was not likely to be successful,

whether the time were well or ill chosen, or whether men and money could be procured in sufficient abundance. Pope Innocent III. would have been proud if he could have bent the refractory monarchs of England and France into so much submission. But John and Philip Augustus were both engaged. Both had deeply offended the Church, and had been laid under her ban, and both were occupied in important reforms at home; Philip in bestowing immunities upon his subjects, and John in having them forced from him. The emissaries of the pope therefore plied them in vain; but as in the first and second Crusades, the eloquence of a powerful preacher incited the nobility, and through them a certain portion of the people; Foulque, Bishop of Neuilly, an ambitious and enterprising prelate, entered fully into the views of the court of Rome, and preached the Crusade wherever he could find an audience. Chance favored him to a degree he did not himself expect, for he had in general found but few proselytes, and those few but cold in the cause. Theobald, Count of Champagne, had instituted a grand tournament, to which he had invited all the nobles from far and near. Upward of two thousand knights were present with their retainers, besides a vast concourse of people to witness the sports. In the midst of the festivities Foulque arrived upon the spot, and conceiving the opportunity to be a favorable one, he addressed the multitude in eloquent language, and passionately called upon them to enrol themselves for the new Crusade. The Count de Champagne, young, ardent, and easily excited, received the cross at his hands. The enthusiasm spread rapidly. Charles, Count of Blois, followed the example; and of the two thousand knights present, scarcely one hundred and fifty refused. The popular phrensy seemed on the point of breaking out as in the days of yore. The Count of Flanders, the Count of Bar, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Marquis of Montferrat, brought all their vassals to swell the train, and in a very short space of time an effective army was on foot, and ready to march to Palestine.

The dangers of an overland journey were too well understood, and the Crusaders endeavored to make a contract with some of the Italian states to convey them over in their vessels. Dandolo, the aged

doge of Venice, offered them the galleys of the republic; but the Crusaders, on their arrival in that city, found themselves too poor to pay even half the sum demanded. Every means was tried to raise money; the Crusaders melted down their plate, and ladies gave up their trinkets. Contributions were solicited from the faithful, but came in so slowly as to make it evident to all concerned, that the faithful of Europe were outnumbered by the prudent. As a last resource, Dandolo offered to convey them to Palestine at the expense of the republic, if they would previously aid in the recapture of the city of Zara, which had been seized from the Venetians a short time previously by the king of Hungary. The Crusaders consented, much to the displeasure of the pope, who threatened excommunication upon all who should be turned aside from the voyage to Jerusalem. But notwithstanding the fulminations of the Church, the expedition never reached Palestine. The siege of Zara was speedily undertaken. After a long and brave defense, the city surrendered at discretion, and the Crusaders were free, if they had so chosen it, to use their swords against the Saracens. But the ambition of the chiefs had been directed, by unforeseen circumstances, elsewhere.

After the death of Manuel Comnenus, the Greek empire had fallen a prey to intestine divisions. His son, Alexius II., had succeeded him, but was murdered after a short reign by his uncle Andronicus, who seized upon the throne. His reign also was but of short duration. Isaac Angelus, a member of the same family, took up arms against the usurper, and having defeated and captured him in a pitched battle, had him put to death. He also mounted the throne only to be cast down from it. His brother Alexius deposed him, and to incapacitate him from reigning, put out his eyes, and shut him up in a dungeon. Neither was Alexius III. allowed to remain in peaceable possession of the throne; the son of the unhappy Isaac, whose name also was Alexius, fled from Constantinople, and hearing that the Crusaders had undertaken the siege of Zara, made them the most magnificent offers if they would afterward aid him in deposing his uncle. His offers were, that if by their means he was reestablished in his father's dominions, he would place the Greek Church under the authority of the pope of Rome, lend the

whole force of the Greek empire to the conquest of Palestine, and distribute two hundred thousand marks of silver among the crusading army. The offer was accepted, with a proviso on the part of some of the leaders, that they should be free to abandon their design, if it met with the disapproval of the pope. But this was not to be feared. The submission of the schismatic Greeks to the see of Rome was a greater bribe to the pontiff than the utter annihilation of the Saracen power in Palestine would have been.

The Crusaders were soon in movement for the imperial city. Their operations were skillfully and courageously directed, and spread such dismay as to paralyze the efforts of the usurper to retain possession of his throne. After a vain resistance, he abandoned the city to its fate, and fled no one knew whither. The aged and blind Isaac was taken from his dungeon by his subjects, and placed upon the throne ere the Crusaders were apprised of the flight of his rival. His son, Alexius IV., was afterward associated with him in the sovereignty.

But the conditions of the treaty gave offense to the Grecian people, whose prelates refused to place themselves under the dominion of the see of Rome. Alexius at first endeavored to persuade his subjects to admission, and prayed the Crusaders to remain in Constantinople until they had fortified him in the possession of a throne which was yet far from secure. He soon became unpopular with his subjects; and breaking faith with regard to the subsidies, he offended the Crusaders. War was at length declared upon him by both parties; by his people for his tyranny, and by his former friends for his treachery. He was seized in his palace by his own guards and thrown into prison, while the Crusaders were making ready to besiege his capital. The Greeks immediately proceeded to the election of a new monarch; and looking about for a man of courage, energy, and perseverance, they fixed upon Alexius Ducas, who, with almost every bad quality, was possessed of the virtues they needed. He ascended the throne under the name of Murzuphlis. One of his first acts was to rid himself of his youngest predecessor—a broken heart had already removed the blind old Isaac, no longer a stumbling-block in his way—and the young Alexius was soon after put to death in his prison.



CONSTANTINOPLE.

War to the knife was now declared between the Greeks and the Franks; and early in the spring of the year 1204 preparations were commenced for an assault upon Constantinople. The French and Venetians entered into a treaty for the division of the spoils among their soldiery; for so confident were they of success, that failure never once entered into their calculations. This confidence led them on to victory; while the Greeks, cowardly as treacherous people always are, were paralyzed by a foreboding of evil. It has been a matter of astonishment to all historians, that Murzuphis, with the reputation for courage which he had acquired, and the immense resources at his disposal, took no better measures to repel the onset of the Crusaders. Their numbers were as a mere handful in comparison with those which he could have brought against them; and if they had the hopes of plunder to lead them on, the Greeks had their homes to fight for, and their very existence as a nation to protect. After an impetuous assault, repulsed for one day, but renewed with double impetuosity on another, the Crusaders lashed their vessels against the walls, slew every man who opposed them, and, with little loss to themselves, entered the city. Murzuphis fled, and Constantinople was given over to be pillaged by the victors. The wealth they found was enormous. In money alone there was sufficient to distribute twenty marks of silver to each knight, ten to each squire or servant at arms, and five to each archer.

Jewels, velvets, silks, and every luxury of attire, with rare wines and fruits, and valuable merchandises of every description, also fell into their hands, and were bought by the trading Venetians, and the proceeds distributed among the army. Two thousand persons were put to the sword; but had there been less plunder to take up the attention of the victors, the slaughter would in all probability have been much greater.

The carnage being over, and the spoil distributed, six persons were chosen from among the Franks and six from among the Venetians, who were to meet and elect an emperor, previously binding themselves by oath to select the individual best qualified among the candidates. The choice wavered between Baldwin, Count of Flanders, and Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, but fell eventually upon the former. He was straightway robed in the imperial purple, and became the founder of a new dynasty. He did not live long to enjoy his power, or to consolidate it for his successors, who, in their turn, were soon swept away. In less than sixty years the rule of the Franks at Constantinople was brought to as sudden and disastrous a termination as the reign of Murzuphis: and this was the grand result of the fifth Crusade.

Pope Innocent III., although he had looked with no very unfavorable eye upon these proceedings, regretted that nothing had been done for the relief of the Holy Land; still, upon every convenient occa-

sion, he enforced the necessity of a new Crusade. Until the year 1213, his exhortations had no other effect than to keep the subject in the mind of Europe. Early in the spring of 1213, a more extraordinary body of Crusaders was raised in France and Germany. An immense number of boys and girls, amounting, according to some accounts, to thirty thousand, were incited by the persuasion of two monks to undertake the journey to Palestine. They were no doubt composed of the idle and deserted children who generally swarm in great cities, nurtured in vice and daring, and ready for anything. The object of the monks seems to have been the atrocious one of inveigling them into slave-ships, on pretence of sending them to Syria, and selling them for slaves on the coast of Africa. Great numbers of these poor victims were shipped at Marseilles; but the vessels, with the exception of two or three, were wrecked on the shores of Italy, and every soul perished. The remainder arrived safely in Africa, and were bought up as slaves, and sent off into the interior of the country. Another detachment arrived at Genoa; but the accomplices in this horrid plot having taken no measures at that port, expecting them all at Marseilles, they were induced to return to their homes by the Genoese.

Pope Innocent III. does not seem to have been aware that the causes of this juvenile Crusade were such as have been stated; for, upon being informed that numbers of them had taken the cross, and were marching to the Holy Land, he exclaimed, "These children are awake while we sleep!" He imagined, apparently, that the mind of Europe was still bent on the recovery of Palestine, and that the zeal of these children implied a sort of reproach upon his own lukewarmness. Very soon afterward, he bestirred himself with more activity, and sent an encyclical letter to the clergy of Christendom, urging them to preach a new Crusade. As usual, a number of adventurous nobles, who had nothing else to do, enrolled themselves with their retainers. At a Council of Lateran, which was held while these bands were collecting, Innocent announced that he himself would take the Cross, and lead the armies of Christ to the defense of his sepulcher. In all probability he would have done so, for he was zealous enough; but death stepped in, and destroyed his project.

His successor encouraged the Crusade, though he refused to accompany it; and the armament continued in France, England, and Germany. No leaders of any importance joined it from the former countries. Andrew, King of Hungary, was the only monarch who had leisure or inclination to leave his dominions. The dukes of Austria and Bavaria joined him with a considerable army of Germans, and marching to Spalatro, took ship for Cyprus, and from thence to Acre.

The whole conduct of the king of Hungary was marked by pusillanimity and irresolution. He found himself in the Holy Land at the head of a very efficient army; the Saracens were taken by surprise, and were for some weeks unprepared to offer any resistance to his arms. He defeated the first body sent to oppose him, and marched toward Mount Tabor with the intention of seizing upon an important fortress which the Saracens had recently constructed. He arrived without impediment at the mount, and might have easily taken it; but a sudden fit of cowardice came over him, and he returned to Acre without striking a blow. He very soon afterward abandoned the enterprise altogether, and returned to his own country.

Tardy reinforcements arrived at intervals from Europe; and the Duke of Austria, now the chief leader of the expedition, had still sufficient forces at his command to trouble the Saracens very seriously. It was resolved by him, in council with the other chiefs, that the whole energy of the Crusades should be directed upon Egypt, the seat of the Saracen power in relationship to Palestine, and from whence were drawn the continual levies that were brought against them by the sultan. Damietta, which commanded the river Nile, and was one of the most important cities of Egypt, was chosen as the first point of attack. The siege was forthwith commenced, and carried on with considerable energy, until the Crusaders gained possession of a tower, which projected into the middle of the stream, and was looked upon as the very key of the city.

While congratulating themselves upon this success, and wasting in revelry the time which should have been employed in turning it to further advantage, they received the news of the death of the wise Sultan Saphaddin. His two sons, Camhel and Cohreddin, divided his empire between

them. Syria and Palestine fell to the share of Cohreddin, while Egypt was consigned to the other brother, who had for some time exercised the functions of lieutenant of that country. Being unpopular among the Egyptians, they revolted against him, giving the Crusaders a finer opportunity for making a conquest than they had ever enjoyed before. But, quarrelsome and licentious as they had been from time immemorial, they did not see that the favorable moment had come; or seeing, could not profit by it. While they were reveling or fighting among themselves, under the walls of Damietta, the revolt was suppressed, and Camhel firmly established on the throne of Egypt. In conjunction with his brother Cohreddin, his next care was to drive the Christians from Damietta, and for upward of three months they bent all their efforts to throw in supplies to the besieged, or draw on the besiegers to a general engagement. In neither were they successful; and the famine in Damietta became so dreadful that vermin of every description were thought luxuries, and sold for exorbitant prices. A dead dog became more valuable than a live ox in time of prosperity. Unwholesome food brought on disease, and the city could hold out no longer for absolute want of men to defend the walls.

Cohreddin and Camhel were alike interested in the preservation of so important a position, and, convinced of the certain fate of the city, they opened a conference with the crusading chiefs, offering to yield the whole of Palestine to the Christians upon the sole condition of the evacuation of Egypt. With a blindness and wrong-headedness almost incredible, these advantageous terms were refused, chiefly through the persuasion of Cardinal Pelagius, an ignorant and obstinate fanatic, who urged upon the Duke of Austria and the French and English leaders, that infidels never kept their word; that their offers were deceptive, and merely intended to betray. The conferences were brought to an abrupt termination by the Crusaders, and a last attack made upon the walls of Damietta. The besieged made but slight resistance, for they had no hope; and the Christians entered the city, and found, out of seventy thousand people, but three thousand remaining: so fearful had been the ravages of the twin fiends, plague and famine.

Several months were spent in Damietta.

The climate either weakened the frames or obscured the understandings of the Christians; for, after their conquest, they lost all energy, and abandoned themselves more unscrupulously than ever to riot and debauchery. John of Brienne, who, by right of his wife, was the nominal sovereign of Jerusalem, was so disgusted with the pusillanimity, arrogance, and dissensions of the chiefs, that he withdrew entirely from them and retired to Acre. Large bodies also returned to Europe, and Cardinal Pelagius was left at liberty to blast the whole enterprise whenever it pleased him. He managed to conciliate John of Brienne, and marched forward with these combined forces to attack Cairo. It was only when he had approached within a few hours' march of that city that he discovered the inadequacy of his army. He turned back immediately; but the Nile had risen since his departure, the sluices were opened, and there was no means of reaching Damietta. In this strait, he sued for the peace he had formerly spurned, and, happily for himself, found the generous brothers, Camhel and Cohreddin, still willing to grant it. Damietta was soon afterward given up, and the cardinal returned to Europe. John of Brienne retired to Acre, to mourn the loss of his kingdom, imbittered against the folly of his pretended friends, who had ruined where they should have aided him. And thus ended the sixth Crusade.

The seventh was more successful. Frederic II., Emperor of Germany, had often vowed to lead his armies to the defense of Palestine, but was as often deterred from the journey by matters of more pressing importance. Cohreddin was a mild and enlightened monarch, and the Christians of Syria enjoyed repose and toleration under his rule: but John of Brienne was not willing to lose his kingdom without an effort; and the popes in Europe were ever willing to embroil the nations for the sake of extending their own power. No monarch of that age was capable of rendering more effective assistance than Frederic of Germany. To inspire him with more zeal, it was proposed that he should wed the young Princess Violante, daughter of John of Brienne, and heiress of the kingdom of Jerusalem. Frederic consented with joy and eagerness. The princess was brought from Acre to Rome without delay, and her marriage celebrated

on a scale of great magnificence. Her father, John of Brienne, abdicated all his rights in favor of his son-in-law, and Jerusalem had once more a king, who had not only the will, but the power, to enforce his claims. Preparations for the new Crusade were immediately commenced, and in the course of six months the emperor was at the head of a well-disciplined army of sixty thousand men. Matthew Paris informs us, that an army of the same amount was gathered in England; and most of the writers upon the Crusades adopt his statement. When John of Brienne was in England, before his daughter's marriage with the emperor was thought of, praying for the aid of Henry III. and his nobles to recover his lost kingdom, he did not meet with much encouragement. Grafton, in his *Chronicle*, says, "he departed again without any great comfort." But when a man of more influence in European politics appeared upon the scene, the English nobles were as ready to sacrifice themselves in the cause as they had been in the time of Cœur de Lion.

The army of Frederic encamped at Brundisium; but a pestilential disease having made its appearance among them, their departure was delayed for several months. In the mean time the Empress Violante died in childbed. John of Brienne, who had already repented of his abdication, and was beside incensed against Frederic for many acts of neglect and insult, no sooner saw the only tie which bound them severed by the death of his daughter, than he began to bestir himself, and make interest with the pope to undo what he had done, and regain the honorary crown he had renounced. Pope Gregory IX., a man of a proud, unconciliating, and revengeful character, owed the emperor a grudge for many an act of disobedience to his authority, and encouraged the overtures of John of Brienne more than he should have done. Frederic, however, despised them both, and, as soon as his army was convalescent, set sail for Acre. He had not been many days at sea when he was himself attacked with the malady, and obliged to return to Otranto, the nearest port. Gregory, who had by this time decided in the interest of John of Brienne, excommunicated the emperor for returning from so holy an expedition on any pretext whatever. Frederic at first treated the excommunication with su-

preme contempt; but when he got well, he gave his holiness to understand that he was not to be outraged with impunity, and sent some of his troops to ravage the papal territories. This, however, only made the matter worse, and Gregory dispatched messengers to Palestine forbidding the faithful, under severe pains and penalties, to hold any intercourse with the excommunicated emperor. Thus between them both, the scheme which they had so much at heart bade fair to be as effectually ruined as even the Saracens could have wished. Frederic still continued his zeal in the Crusade, for he was now king of Jerusalem, and fought for himself, and not for Christendom, or its representative, Pope Gregory. Hearing that John of Brienne was preparing to leave Europe, he lost no time in taking his own departure, and arrived safely at Acre. It was here that he first experienced the evil effects of excommunication. The Christians of Palestine refused to aid him in any way, and looked with distrust, if not with abhorrence, upon him. The Templars, Hospitallers, and other knights, shared at first the general feeling; but they were not men to yield a blind obedience to a distant potentate, especially when it compromised their own interests. When, therefore, Frederic prepared to march upon Jerusalem without them, they joined his banners to a man.

It is said that, previous to quitting Europe, the German emperor had commenced a negotiation with the Sultan Camhel for the restoration of the Holy Land, and that Camhel, who was jealous of the ambition of his brother Cohreddin, was willing to stipulate to that effect, on condition of being secured by Frederic in the possession of the more important territory of Egypt. But before the Crusaders reached Palestine, Camhel was relieved from all fears by the death of his brother. He nevertheless did not think it worth while to contest with the Crusaders the barren corner of the earth which had already been dyed with so much Christian and Saracen blood. and proposed a truce of three years, only stipulating, in addition, that the Moslems should be allowed to worship freely in the temple of Jerusalem. This happy termination did not satisfy the bigoted Christians of Palestine. The tolerance they sought for themselves, they were not willing to extend to others, and they



TEMPLAR AND HOSPITALLER.

complained bitterly of the privilege of free-worship allowed to their opponents. Unmerited good fortune had made them insolent, and they contested the right of the emperor to become a party to any treaty, as long as he remained under the ecclesiastical ban. Frederic was disgusted with his new subjects; but, as the Templars and Hospitallers remained true to him, he marched to Jerusalem to be crowned. All the churches were shut against him, and he could not even find a priest to officiate at his coronation. He had despised the papal authority too long to quail at it now, when it was so unjustifiably exerted, and, as there was nobody to crown him, he very wisely crowned himself. He took the royal diadem from the altar with his own hands, and boldly and proudly placed it on his brow. No shouts of an applauding populace made the welkin ring; no hymns of praise and triumph resounded from the ministers of religion; but a thousand swords started from their scabbards to testify that their owners would defend the new monarch to the death.

It was hardly to be expected that he would renounce for any long period the dominion of his native land for the uneasy crown and barren soil of Palestine. He had seen quite enough of his new subjects before he was six months among them, and more important interests called him home. John of Brienne, openly leagued

with Pope Gregory against him, was actually employed in ravaging his territories at the head of a papal army. This intelligence decided his return. As a preliminary step, he made those who had contemned his authority feel, to their sorrow, that he was their master. He then set sail, loaded with the curses of Palestine. And thus ended the seventh Crusade, which, in spite of every obstacle and disadvantage, had been productive of more real service to the Holy Land than any that had gone before; a result solely attributable to the bravery of Frederic and the generosity of the Sultan Camhel.

Soon after the emperor's departure a new claimant started for the throne of Jerusalem, in the person of Alice, Queen of Cyprus, and half-sister of the Mary who, by her marriage, had transferred her right

to John of Brienne. The grand military orders, however, clung to Frederick, and Alice was obliged to withdraw.

So peaceful a termination to the Crusade did not give unmixed pleasure in Europe. The chivalry of France and England were unable to rest, and, long before the conclusion of the truce, were collecting their armies for an eighth expedition. In Palestine also the contentment was far from universal. Many petty Mohammedan states in the immediate vicinity were not parties to the truce, and harassed the frontier towns incessantly. The Templars, ever turbulent, waged bitter war with the sultan of Aleppo, and in the end were almost exterminated. So great was the slaughter among them, that Europe resounded with the sad story of their fate, and many a noble knight took arms to prevent the total destruction of an order associated with so many high and inspiring remembrances. Camhel, seeing the preparations that were making, thought that his generosity had been sufficiently shown, and the very day the truce was at an end assumed the offensive, and marching forward to Jerusalem, took possession of it, after routing the scanty forces of the Christians. Before this intelligence reached Europe, a large body of Crusaders was on the march, headed by the king of Navarre, the Duke of Burgundy, the Count de Bretagne, and other leaders. On their

arrival, they learned that Jerusalem had been taken, but that the sultan was dead, and his kingdom torn by rival claimants to the supreme power.

At this crisis aid arrived from England, commanded by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the namesake of Cœur de Lion, and inheritor of his valor. His army was strong, and full of hope. They had confidence in themselves and in their leader, and looked like men accustomed to victory. Their coming changed the aspect of affairs. The new sultan of Egypt was at war with the sultan of Damascus, and had not forces to oppose two enemies so powerful. He therefore sent messengers to meet the English earl, offering an exchange of prisoners and the complete cession of the Holy Land. Richard, who had not come to fight for the mere sake of fighting, agreed at once to terms so advantageous, and became the deliverer of Palestine without striking a blow. The sultan of Egypt then turned his whole force against his Moslem enemies, and the Earl of Cornwall returned to Europe. Thus ended the eighth Crusade, the most beneficial of all.

DESCRIPTION OF AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

I MAY, perhaps, have spoken more feelingly on this subject, (the defects of modern gardening,) from having done myself what I so condemn in others—destroyed an old-fashioned garden. It was not, indeed, in the high style of those I have described, but it had many circumstances of a similar kind and effect. As I have long since perceived the advantage which I could have made of them, and how much I could have added to that effect—how well I could in parts have mixed the modern style, and have altered and concealed many of the stiff and glaring formalities—I have long regretted its destruction. I destroyed it, not from disliking it; on the contrary, it was a sacrifice I made against my own sensations to the prevailing opinion. I doomed it, and all its embellishments, with which I had formed such an early connection, to sudden and total destruction, probably much upon the same idea as many a man of careless, unreflecting, unfeeling good nature, thought it his duty to vote for demolishing towns, provinces, and their inhabitants in America: like me—but how different the scale and

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the interest!—they chose to admit it as a principle, that whatever obstructed the prevailing *system* must be all thrown down, all laid prostrate; no medium, no conciliatory methods were to be tried, but, whatever might follow, destruction must precede.

I remember, that even this garden, so infinitely inferior to those in Italy, had an air of decoration, and of gayety, arising from that decoration; *un air paré*, a distinction from mere unembellished nature, which, whatever the advocates of extreme simplicity may allege, is surely essential to an ornamental garden. All the beauties of undulating ground, of shrubs, of verdure, are to be found in places where no art has ever been employed, and, consequently, cannot bestow a distinction which they do not possess; for, as I have elsewhere remarked, they must themselves, in some respects, be considered as unembellished nature.

Among other circumstances, I have a strong recollection of a raised terrace, seen sideways from that in front of the house, in the middle of which was a flight of steps with iron rails, and an arched recess below it, backed by a wood. These steps conducted you from the terrace into a lower compartment, where there was a mixture of fruit-trees, shrubs, and statues, which, though disposed with some formality, yet formed a dressed foreground to the woods; and, with a little alteration, would have richly and happily blended with the general landscape.

It has been justly observed, that the love of seclusion and safety is not less natural to man than that of liberty, and our ancestors have left strong proofs of the truth of that observation. In many old places there are almost as many walled compartments without, as apartments within doors; and though there is no defending the beauty of brick walls, yet still, that appearance of seclusion and safety, when it can be so contrived as not to interfere with general beauty, is a point well worth obtaining; and no man is more ready than myself to allow, that the comfortable is a principle which should never be neglected. On that account, all walled gardens and compartments near a house—all warm, sheltered, sunny walks, under walls planted with fruit-trees—are greatly to be wished for, and should be preserved,

if possible, when once established. I therefore regret extremely, not only the compartment I just mentioned, but another garden immediately beyond it; and I cannot forget the sort of curiosity and surprise that was excited after a short absence, even in me, to whom it was familiar, by the simple and common circumstance of a door that led from the first compartment to the second, and the pleasure I always experienced on entering that inner and more secluded garden. There was nothing, however, in the garden itself to excite any extraordinary sensation: the middle part was merely planted with the lesser fruits, and dwarf trees; but, on the opening of the door, the lofty trees of a fine grove appeared immediately over the opposite wall; the trees are still there, they are more distinctly and openly seen, but the striking impression is gone. On the right was another raised terrace, level with the top of the wall that supported it, and overhung with shrubs, which, from age, had lost their formality. A flight of steps of a plainer kind, with a mere parapet on the sides, led up to this upper terrace underneath the shrubs and exotics.

All this gave me emotions in my youth, which I long imagined were merely those of early habit; but I am now convinced that was not all; they also arose from a quick succession of varied objects, of varied forms, tints, lights, and shadows; they arose from the various degrees of intricacy and suspense that were produced by the no less various degrees and kinds of concealment, all exciting and nourishing curiosity, and all distinct in their character from the surrounding landscapes. I will beg my reader's indulgence for going on to trace a few other circumstances which are now no more. These steps, as I mentioned before, led to an upper terrace, and thence, through the little wilderness of exotics, to a summer-house, with a luxuriant Virginia creeper growing over it; this summer-house and the creeper, to my great sorrow at the time, to my regret ever since, to my great surprise at this moment, and, probably to that of my reader—I pulled down, for I was told that it interfered so much with the leveling of the ground, with its flowing line and undulations, in short, with the prevailing system, that it could not stand. Beyond this again, as the last boundary of the garden, was a richly worked iron gate, at

the entrance of a solemn grove; and they both, in no small degree, added to each other's effect. This gate, and the summer-house, and most of the objects I have mentioned, combined to enrich the view from the windows, and from the home terrace. What is there now? grass, trees, and shrubs only. Do I feel the same pleasure, the same interest in this ground? Certainly not. Has it now a richer and more painter-like effect as a foreground? I think not by any means; for there were formerly many detached pieces of scenery, which had an air of comfort and seclusion within themselves, and at the same time formed a rich foreground to the near and more distant woods, and to the remote distance.

The remark of a French writer may very justly be applied to some of these old gardens:—"L'agréable y étoit souvent sacrifié à l'utile, et en général l'agréable y gagna." "The agreeable was frequently sacrificed to the useful, and in general the agreeable gained by it." All this, however, was sacrificed to undulation of ground only, for shrubs and verdure were not wanting before. That undulation might have been so mixed in parts with decorations and abruptnesses, that they would have mutually added to each other's charms; but I can now only lament what it is next to impossible to restore, and can only reflect how much more difficult it is to add any of the old decorations to modern improvements, than to soften the old style by blending with it a proper portion of the new. My object (as far as I had any determinate object besides that of being in the fashion) was, I imagine, to restore the ground to what might have been supposed to be its original state; I probably have, in some degree, succeeded, and, after much difficulty, expense, and dirt, I have made it look like many other parts of mine, and of all beautiful grounds, with but little to mark the difference between what is close to the house and what is at a distance from it, between the habitation of man and that of sheep.

A GOOD WIFE.—A pleasant, cheerful wife is as a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those who were appointed to torture lost spirits.

MAGIC IN INDIA.

A CORRESPONDENT in India tells us that a military friend of his, on returning to England, and finding all astir there about mesmerism, writes to him that he had often had much cause to regret that, during his long residence of more than twenty-eight years in India, he was ignorant of the very name or existence of mesmerism; as he could recall to mind many instances of what he then deemed to be native superstitions, on which he now looked very differently, believing them to be the direct effects of mesmeric influence. These instances are daily and hourly exhibited in Indian dwellings, though either passing without notice, or ascribed to other causes. Children in India, especially European children, seldom go to sleep without being subjected to some such influence, either by the ayahs or the attendant bearers; and our military friend says, that he has himself repeatedly, in a few seconds, been the means of tranquillizing a fractious, teething child, and throwing it into a profound sleep, by the mere exercise of the will, quite ignorant that he was thus using, though in one of its simplest forms, a power at which he laughed heartily when displayed around him in some of its more hidden ramifications. We give the following in his own words:—

"I shall now relate a circumstance, proving that the natives of India apply mesmeric power to the removal of diseases with the utmost success. I had in my establishment at Lucknow a *chuprassee*,^o who was a martyr to the most deplorable chronic rheumatism. His hands, wrists, knees, and all his joints, were so greatly enlarged, and in a state so painful, that his duties had gradually become merely nominal. One day, he hobbled up, and begged my permission to remain at home for a few days, for the purpose of being cured of his agonizing disease. I said: 'Certainly; get cured of your complaint, and let me see you when you return.' In a very few days, perhaps in four or five, to my great astonishment he returned, smiling and joyous, with his limbs as pliant and supple as my own.

"What!" said I, "are you come back already?"

"Yes, sir, by your favor, I am perfectly cured."

"What! entirely cured?"

"Yes, sir; perfectly cured."

"Well, then, tell me what medicine you took."

"I took no medicine; I called in two women,

Zadoo Walees (dealers in magic) from the bazaar, and gave them four pice apiece, (about two-pence each,) and they cured me."

"But how—what did they do?"

"They put me on a *charpacc*, (a low bed,) and one sat at each side of me, and both passed their hands over my body so, (describing long mesmeric passes,) and thus they set me to sleep, and I slept soundly: when I awoke, I was free from rheumatism, and am now perfectly well."

The master made no investigation of the matter; the man was laughed at, and told to return to his duties, which he continued thenceforth to perform with all his former zeal. Now, this was not regarded by the patient or the other servants as a strange thing, for they took it quite as a matter of course; and there is indeed no reason to doubt, that the natives of India frequently have recourse to *jhar phoonk*, or mesmerism, for the cure of rheumatism; but many interesting things are carefully concealed from the English, because we invariably ridicule or sneer at native customs—a mode of treatment peculiarly distasteful to the inhabitants of the East.

But though willing to make use of these mysterious powers in their beneficent and curative forms, there exist all over Hindostan abundant proofs of the dread of "zadoo," or witchcraft, among all classes, Moslems as well as Hindoos, when it appears to threaten them with evil. If a cultivator has transplanted his tobacco or other valuable plant, he collects old cracked earthen cooking-pots, and places a spot of limestone whitening on the well-blackened bottom of each. They are then fixed on stakes driven into the ground, so that the white spots may be seen by all passers-by. This ingenious process is meant to neutralize the influence of the "evil eye" of the envious. The talismans worn by the natives, said to be always the same, consist of an oblong cylinder, with a couple of rings for a string to pass through to fasten them, and would appear to have been originally impregnated with the electric fluid. Children are invariably provided with such amulets to avert the "evil eye;" and should any one praise their beauty, the parent spits on the ground, and declares them to be perfect frights.

The inhabitants of the mountainous regions east of Bengal—the Bhooteas and others—accuse all those of Bengal of being great sorcerers; and when seized with fever in the low malarious tracts, which

^o Running-footman, who attend the carriage or palanquin, go on messages, carry books or letters, or any light thing they can take in their hands.

they must pass through on descending from the mountains and entering that province, for the purpose of bathing in the holy Ganges, or visiting one of the numerous shrines in the plains, the disease is invariably imputed to the incantations of the Bengalees.

"Nor tree, nor plant,
Grows here, but what is fed with magic juice,
All full of human souls."

Our military friend gives two other instances in which the effects produced were really and truly mesmeric, though of course ascribed to magic. He vouches for the facts, but leaves every one to form his own opinion :—

"The wife of one of my grooms, a robust woman, and the mother of a large family, all living within my grounds, was bitten by a poisonous serpent, most probably a cobra, or coluber maja, and quickly felt the deadly effects of its venom. When the woman's powers were rapidly sinking, the servants came to my wife, to request that the civil surgeon of the station might be called in to save her life. He immediately attended, and exerted his utmost skill, but in vain. In the usual time, the woman appeared to be lifeless, and he therefore left her, acknowledging that he could not be of any further service. On his reaching my bungalow, some of my servants stated, that in the neighborhood a fakir, or wandering mendicant, resided, who could charm away the bites of snakes; and begged, if the doctor had no objection, that they might be permitted to send for him. He answered: 'Yes, of course; if the poor people would feel any consolation by his coming, they could bring him; but the woman is dead.'

"After a considerable lapse of time, the magician arrived, and began his magical incantations. I was not present at the scene, but it occurred in my park, within a couple of hundred yards of my bungalow; and I am quite confident that any attempt to use medicines would have been quite useless, as the woman's powers were utterly exhausted, though her body was still warm. The fakir sat down at her side, and began to wave his arm over her body, at the same time muttering a charm; and he continued this process until she awoke from her insensibility, which was within a quarter of an hour."

The last instance we shall give occurred at Bombay. The writer says :—

"On visiting Bombay in 1822, I was greatly diverted by a circumstance told to me by an old friend in the artillery there. He stated that he had had a *kulashee*, or tent-pitcher, in his service for many years; that he was a most faithful and active man; but that he had all of a sudden, and without any visible cause, become very greatly emaciated, feeble and ghastly. His master had sent him to the hospital, to have the benefit of the skill of the regimental

surgeon; but after the lapse of some time, he was sent back, with the intimation that the surgeon could not discover any specific disease, and that he, therefore, could make nothing of his case. On bringing back this information, my friend began to cross-question his servant, who would not at first acknowledge the cause of his disease; but at last, after much persuasion, he candidly avowed to his master, in confidence, that he was laboring under the effect of witchcraft. 'And do you know,' said my friend, 'that the fellow actually believed it himself!' And we both laughed most heartily. His master continued his examination, until the *kulashee* confessed that a certain Brahmin, officiating at a large tank close to the fortress of Bombay, had threatened him with his revenge, and was now actually eating up his liver, by which process he would shortly be destroyed. 'I will tell you what I did: I no sooner got the Brahmin's name, than I ordered my buggy, and quickly drove down to the tank. On reaching it, I inquired for the magician; and on his arrival, I leaped down, seized him by the arm, and horsewhipped him within an inch of his life, now and then roaring out: 'I'll teach you to bewitch my *kulashee*, you villain!' 'How dare you injure my servant, you rascal?' and so forth. In a very few minutes, the liver-eating Brahmin declared that he would instantly release the *kulashee* from the spell; that on reaching home, I would find him recovered; and ultimately he was perfectly released. 'And, believe me,' said my friend, laughing, 'that the fellow mended from that hour, and is now a capital servant.'"

That this power, which we call mesmerism, was also known to the priests of ancient Egypt, is supposed to be proved by carvings on the temples of priests making the passes with their hands, opposite other figures, to produce the sleep; a circumstance which has been recounted as proving a connection between the ancient religion in Egypt and some unknown faith formerly prevalent in India, at the time the temples of Elephanta, Kennery, and others, were built. We greatly admire the philanthropic Major Ludlow, who devoted his energies to the abolishing of the suttee; but whose labors met with very partial success, until, by searching their own Shasters, he discovered that there was a time at which the rite did not exist. A greater than he, however, must arise before the other still more ancient and wide-spread faith can either be explained or abolished.

MONTESQUIEU says: "I never listen to calumnies, because, if they are untrue, I run the risk of being deceived, and, if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about."

The National Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SALUTATIONS.—The parting salutations of various nations are strikingly alike. The *vale* of the Latins corresponds with the *χαίτε* of the Greeks; and though Deity is not expressed distinctly in either, it was doubtless understood: for who can be kept in health without, as the ancients would say, the will of the gods? The Greek word perhaps has a higher signification than the Latin; for it was not a mere complimentary salutation. Says Macknight: "St. John forbids it to be given to heretical teachers, Eph. ii, 10, 11." The French, on taking leave, say, "Adieu," thus distinctly recognizing the providential power of the Creator; and the same meaning is indeed conveyed in our English word "good-by," which is a corruption of "God be with you." The Irish, in their warmth of manner and love of words, often extend the expression. "A well-known guide," says a traveler, "upon my leaving one of the loveliest spots in Wicklow, shook hands with me heartily, and said, in a voice somewhat more tremulous through age than it was when Tom Moore loved to listen to it: 'God Almighty bless you, be with you, and guide you safely to your journey's end!'" This salutation, when used thoughtfully and aright, has not only a pleasant sound, but deep meaning. All courtesies are, indeed, grateful to a generous mind, though they may be but ceremonies. A man or a nation which disregards them shows a want of the best kind of sensibility. Utility is not always "utilitarian;" the finest productions of the human mind are not directly "utilitarian." The Paradise Lost of Milton has as much to do, perhaps, with English civilization, as the Principia of Newton; but it presents no practical science. Beauty has its uses, the highest uses, however little utilitarian it may seem. So with manners and even with ceremonies, when not ceremonious. The ugliest feature of our republican life is our affected disregard of the forms of polite intercourse; the want of respectful attentions between children and parents, servants and masters, magistrates and people. The little courtesies of life make up half of its reliefs, and in the more intimate relations of friendship, kindred, or love, they make up half its real endearments. Let us not foolishly presume that republican simplicity, much less republican virtue, requires us to abjure them; the finest perfections of art and the most thorough refinements of taste accompanied the ancient democracies. So should the benignest virtues and manners distinguish our Christian republicanism.

BURYING-PLACES OF POETS.—Chaucer was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, without the building, but removed to the south aisle in 1555: Spenser lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Johnson, Sheridan, and Campbell, all lie within Westminster Abbey. Shakspeare, as every one knows, was buried in

the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; Marlowe, in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger in the church-yard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne, in Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller, in Beaconsfield church-yard; Milton, in the church-yard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler, in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth, in the church at Harrow; Pope, in the church at Twickenham; Swift, in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage, in the church-yard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell, at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young, at Walwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thomson, in the church-yard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins, in St. Andrew's Church, at Chichester; Gray, in the church-yard of Stoke-Pogis, where he conceived his *Elegy*; Goldsmith, in the church-yard of the Temple Church; Falconer, at sea, "with all ocean for his grave;" Churohill, in the church-yard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper, in the church-yard at Dereham; Chatterton, in a church-yard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns, in St. Michael's church-yard, Dumfries; Byron, in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe, at Trowbridge; Coleridge, in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott, in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey, in Crossthwaite Church, near Keswick; Shelley, "beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome;" and Keats beside him, "under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius."

THE MOST CURIOUS BOOK IN THE WORLD.—The London "Notes and Queries" says that perhaps the most singular bibliographic curiosity is that which belonged to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled, *Liber Passionis Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, cum Characteribus Nulla Materia Compositis*. This book is neither written nor printed! The whole letters of the text are cut out of each folio upon the finest vellum; and being interleaved with blue paper, is read as easily as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed in its completion must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution, in every respect, is indeed admirable; and the vellum is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rodolphus II. of Germany offered for it, in 1640, eleven thousand ducats, which was probably equal to sixty thousand at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is, that it bears the royal arms of England; but it cannot be traced to have ever been in that country.

COLERIDGE'S UNPUBLISHED WORKS.—Every year adds to the fame of Coleridge, as one of the profoundest, if not the profoundest, thinker of modern times. His views on Christianity especially command the deepest interest of religious inquirers. He passed through transitions of opinion, which give them a special importance. His published works are one of the richest magazines of thought in the language:

it appears, however, that some of his most important productions have not yet seen the light, and are destined, if ever they do see it, to modify much of that charge of indolence and waste of life and intellect which has been so wantonly brought against him by the critics. In the London "Notes and Queries," some interesting facts have been recently given respecting his unpublished MSS. One writer says: "When I sent you my note on this subject I had not read *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, Moxon, London, 1836. The subjoined extracts from that work confirm that note:—

August 8, 1820.—*Coleridge*:

"I at least am as well as I ever am, and my regular employment, in which Mr. Green is weekly my amanuensis, [is] the work on the books of the Old and New Testaments, introduced by the assumptions and postulates required as the preconditions of a fair examination of Christianity as a scheme of doctrines, precepts, and histories, drawn or at least deducible from these books."

January, 1821.—*Coleridge*:

"In addition to these ——— of my GREAT WORK, to the preparation of which more than twenty years of my life have been devoted, and on which my hopes of extensive and permanent utility, of fame, in the noblest sense of the word, mainly rest, &c. Of this work, &c., the result must finally be revolution of all that has been called *Philosophy* or *Metaphysics* in England and France since the era of the commencing predominance of the mechanical system at the restoration of our second Charles, and with the present fashionable views, not only of religion, morals, and politics, but even of the modern physics, and physiology. . . . Of this work, something more than a volume has been dictated by me, so as to exist fit for the press, to my friend and enlightened pupil, Mr. Green; and more than as much again would have been evolved and delivered to paper, but that for the last six or eight months I have been compelled to break off our weekly meeting," &c.

Vol. ii, p. 219.—*Editor*:

"The prospectus of these lectures (viz., on *Philosophy*) is so full of interest, and so well worthy of attention, that I subjoin it; trusting that the Lectures themselves will soon be furnished by, or under the auspices of Mr. Green, the most constant and the most assiduous of his disciples. That gentleman will, I earnestly hope, and *doubt not, see*, feel the necessity of giving the whole of his great master's views, opinions, and anticipations; not those alone in which he more entirely sympathizes, or those which may have more ready acceptance in the present time. He will not shrink from the great, the sacred duty he has voluntarily undertaken, from any regards of prudence, still less from that most hopeless form of fastidiousness, the wish to conciliate those who are never to be conciliated, *inferior minds* smarting under a sense of inferiority, and the imputation which they are conscious is just, that but for him they never could have been; that distorted, dwarfed, changed as are all his views and opinions, by passing *athwart* minds with which they could not assimilate, they are yet almost the only things which give such minds a *status* in literature."

How has Mr. Green discharged the duties of this solemn trust? Has he made any attempt to give publicity to the *Logic*, the "great work" on *Philosophy*, the work on the Old and New Testaments, to be called *The Assertion of Religion*, or the *History of Philosophy*, all of which are in his custody, and of which the first is, on the testimony of Coleridge himself, a finished work? We know from the *Letters*, vol. ii, pp. 11, 150, that the *Logic* is an essay in three parts, viz., the "Canon," the "Criterion," and the "Organon." Of these, the last only can be in any respect identical with the *Treatise on*

Method. There are other works of Coleridge missing; to these we will call attention in a future Note. For the four enumerated above Mr. Green is responsible. He has lately received the homage of the University of Oxford in the shape of a D. C. L.; he can surely afford a fraction of the few years that may still be allotted to him in recreating the fame of, and in discharging his duty to, his great master.

ILLUSTRATION OF LONGFELLOW—"God's Acre."—Longfellow's very beautiful little poem, commencing,

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre,"

is doubtless familiar to all our readers. It may interest some of them to know, that the "ancient Saxon phrase has not yet become obsolete. A writer in a foreign journal says: "I read the words 'GOTTES ACKER,' when at Basle last autumn, inscribed over the entrance to a modern cemetery, just outside the St. Paul's Gate of that city."

JEWISH FACTS RELATIVE TO THE RESURRECTION.—"He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken." Psa. xxxiv, 20. The Jews have some remarkable fancies concerning their dead. So well are they persuaded of the resurrection, that the name which they give to a burial-place is, "the house of the living." The body, according to their notion, has a certain indestructible part, called "lux," which is the seed from whence it is to be reproduced. It is described as a bone in shape like an almond, and having its place at the end of the vertebrae. This bone, according to the rabbis, can neither be broken by any force of man, nor consumed by fire, nor dissolved by water; and they tell us that the fact was proved before the emperor Adrian, upon whom they imprecate their usual malediction, "May his bones be broken!" In his presence, Rabbi Joshua Ben Chamma produced a "lux." It was ground between two millstones, but came out as whole as it had been put in. They burned it with fire; and it was found incombustible. They cast it in water; and it could not be softened. Lastly, they hammered it on the anvil; and both the anvil and hammer were broken, without affecting the "lux." The rabbinical writers, with their wonted perversion of Scripture, support this silly notion by a verse from the Psalms: "He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken." A dew is to descend upon the earth, preparatory to the resurrection, and quicken into life and growth these seeds of the dead. Another curious opinion is, that, wherever their bodies may be buried, it is only in their own promised land that the resurrection can take place; and, therefore, they who are interred in any other part of the world must make their way to Palestine under ground; and this will be an operation of dreadful toil and pain, although clefts and caverns will be opened for them by the Almighty. Whether it arose from this superstition, or from that love for the land of their fathers, which in the Jews is connected with the strongest feelings of faith and hope, certain it is that many have directed their remains to be sent there. "We were fraughted

with wool," says an old traveler, "from Constantinople to Sidon; in which sacks, as most certainly was told to me, were many Jews' bones put into little chests, but unknown to any of the ship. The Jews, our merchants, told me of them at my return from Jerusalem to Saphet; but earnestly entreated me not to tell it, for fear of preventing them another time." Sometimes a wealthy Jew has been known to import earth from Jerusalem wherewith to line his grave.

REV. DR. CUMMING.—There is a whimsicalness about this popular writer which betrays itself increasingly in his publications, and which cannot fail soon to impair their authority, if not their popularity. In his late pamphlet on the "Moslem and his End," he is determined to dispose summarily of the poor Turks, whatever may be the result of their gallant efforts at self-defense, and we may justly add, at self-regeneration. The reverend doctor sees amazing "signs of the times," boding their fate, in even the most frivolous incidents of the day. "It is a fact," he says, "that the fingers of a lady laid lightly on a heavy table, made it, in my presence, spin round, lift its legs, stamp the floor, and throw itself into most extraordinary and unbecoming attitudes." The same case, or a similar one, is on another page attested by Dr. Cumming, who says: "I saw a table, touched lightly by the fingers of a lady, whose muscular powers, I am sure, were not very formidable, rise, leap, and move from side to side in the most extraordinary manner. Faraday, I think, does not explain, and I cannot explain this." Doctor Cumming also describes astronomical signs of the times, thus: "For the last three or four years we have heard of new planets, unexpected comets, brilliant auroras, lunar rainbows, and yet more brilliant and remarkable meteoric appearances. I am not superstitious, but I am not skeptical; I cannot help remembering that signs and sights in the heavens are the phenomena of the last days."

SEVERE CUSTOMS.—A very interesting book has been published in London recently, entitled, "Trans-Caucasia Sketches of the Nations and Races between the Black Sea and the Caspian, by Baron Von Hoxthausen." It abounds in entertaining sketches of life and manners. The baron describes a custom among the Armenians, which calls loudly for a "Woman's Rights" reform. "The young unmarried people of both sexes," he says, "enjoy perfect liberty, within the recognized limits of manners and propriety. Custom is here precisely the reverse of what prevails in the surrounding countries: while in the latter the purchase of a wife is the only usual form of contracting a marriage, until which time the girl remains in perfect seclusion; among the Armenians, on the contrary, the young people of both sexes enjoy free social intercourse. The girls go where they like, unveiled and bareheaded; the young men carry on their love-suits freely and openly, and marriages of affection are of common occurrence. But with marriage the scene changes: the word which the young woman pronounces at the altar, in accepting her husband, is the last that is for a long time heard from her lips.

From that moment she never appears, even in her own house, unveiled. She is never seen abroad in the public streets, except when she goes to church, which is only twice in the year, and then closely veiled. If a stranger enters the house or garden, she instantly conceals herself. With no person, not even her father or brother, is she allowed to exchange a single word; and she speaks to her husband only when they are alone. With the rest of the household she can only communicate by gestures, and by talking on her fingers. This silent reserve, which custom imperatively prescribes, the young wife maintains until she has borne her first child, from which time she becomes gradually emancipated from her constraint: she speaks to her new-born infant; then her mother-in-law is the first person she may address; after a while she is allowed to converse with her own mother, then with her sisters-in-law, and afterward her own sisters. Now she begins to talk with the young girls in the house, but always in a gentle whisper, that none of the male part of the family may hear what is said. The wife, however, is not fully emancipated, her education is not completed, until after the lapse of six years! and even then she can never speak with any strangers of the other sex, nor appear before them unveiled.

IS THE HUMAN STATURE DIMINISHING?—It is a very common opinion, that in the early ages of the world men in general possessed superior physical properties, and were of a greater size than they are at present; and this notion of diminished stature and strength seems to have been just as prevalent in ancient times as at present. Pliny observes of the human height, that "the whole race of mankind is daily becoming smaller;" an alarming prospect, if it had been true. Homer more than once makes a very disparaging comparison between his own degenerate contemporaries and the heroes of the Trojan war. But all the facts and circumstances which can be brought forward on this subject tend to convince us, that the human form has not degenerated, and that men of the present age are of the same stature as in the beginning of the world. In the first place, though we read, both in sacred and profane history, of giants, yet they were at the time when they lived esteemed as wonders, and far above the ordinary proportions of mankind. All the remains of the human body (as bones, and particularly the teeth) which have been found unchanged in the most ancient urns and burial-places, demonstrate this point clearly. The oldest coffin in the world is that found in the great pyramid of Egypt; and Mr. Greaves observes that this sarcophagus hardly exceeds the size of our ordinary coffins, being scarcely six feet and a-half long. From looking also at the height of mummies which have been brought to this country, we must conclude that those who inhabited Egypt two or three thousand years ago were not superior in size to the present inhabitants of that country. Lastly, all the facts which we can collect from ancient works of art, from armor, as helmets and breastplates, or from buildings designed for the abode and accommodation of men, concur in

strengthening the proofs against any decay in nature. That man is not degenerated in stature in consequence of the effect of civilization is clear; because the inhabitants of savage countries, as the natives of America, Africa, Australia, or the South Sea Islands, do not exceed us in size.

IRISH ODDITIES.—A late foreign reviewer discusses the oddities of Irish character. The Irishman, he says, reverses the usual mode of ratiocination, according to which things are valuable in the inverse ratio of their accessibility. He is for the direct ratio. Whatever is easiest to come at, the same is also the best. To the same principle is to be referred the national mode of digging, and the form of the implement employed in the operation. That the Irish spade should be twice the length of the English, and unprovided with any aperture for thrusting the hand into, is only, therefore, not curious, because it saves half the labor. Standing pretty nearly upright, with a cheerful countenance, and in an unconstrained posture, which presents no obstacle either to his conversing freely with his neighbor, or observing the natural beauty of the landscape, the Irish peasant plants his foot on a sort of stirrup provided for the purpose, and turns up the soil "as unconcernedly as possible." "Sure it saves breaking the back over it." It does so, no doubt; but it also saves breaking the soil to any extent worth mentioning. This, however, is a secondary matter; and it is obvious that this implement, like other institutions of the country, is constructed chiefly with a view to "saving trouble."

One thing, in truth, there is, which an Irishman does not worship, and that is material prosperity. Indeed, he has rather a contempt for it, than otherwise. He prefers the idea to the reality. To his imagining, his humble lot is a "bee-en-tiffl" one already, and you can't mend it much by your tinkering. What signifies just poking a stone into the wall here, to make it weather-tight, or pushing another out there, to prevent its being smoke-tight?—What signifies an old hat more or less in the window, or an increased approximation between the different levels of the floor? of which, as at the bottom of the *Lacus Asphaltites*, and other inland seas, there are always two at least. These things will add not a grain to the sands of gold over which the *Pactolus* of his imagination wanders. "Sure, it'll do!" say, the existing structure will not only "do," but is full of "illegant contrivances," the whole beauty and merit of which would be sacrificed by the threatened innovations.

In referring to idiomatic tendencies among them, the critic gives examples of some, which the American reader will notice, have, from some cause—perhaps the great number of Irish among us—affected somewhat our own popular modes of speech. A nocturnal foray against a garden was thus summed up: "There were eight of them in it," that is to say, as afterward appeared, not "in" the garden,—into which, owing to a timely alarm, the thieves were unable to penetrate,—but merely "in" the transaction. "On" or "spou" is used, again, in the peculiar sense of "to the detriment of." "They've rose the market upon us;" or, "that young man

has put a mile upon us," viz., by giving a wrong direction as to the road. Occasional misconceptions of course arise here, for want of due notice being given whether the physical or metaphysical sense of the preposition is intended. Thus, to the inquiry, how a small farmer came to be behindhand with his rent? it was replied, "Why, you see, sir, two cows died upon him in the one year, and that was very bad for him." "And the next year a cow burst upon him, wid eating" (it was fortunately added in explanation) "too much clover." Other preposition usages have a grace and ease perfectly Homeric; thus we recognize the *esse roi* in the favorite expression, "true for ye." Others, again, have a quiet beauty and pathos about them, as in this translation of an epitaph from the original Irish: "Aged 21, Lawrence died from us."

Miss Edgeworth endeavors to explain the national proneness to perpetrate "bulls," to a habit of using figurative language. She adduces an instance, that of pronouncing a certain ship the finest "that ever sailed on the face of the earth." Now it is true that in this particular instance the temptation to make a bull lay in the generally recognized figurative expression, "on the face of the earth." Catching at this tempting flourish, and not adjusting the rest of his sentence very accurately to it, the speaker committed a bull incontinently. The same temptation, too, is no doubt the exciting cause of other bulls; some of English growth, such as the well-known denunciation, "Sir, the hand of justice cannot any longer wink at your iniquities." The attempt to combine two incompatible figures does certainly produce the result in question; the Cretan Minotaur is the first Irish bull on record. But there are other varieties found roaming over the pastures of the Green Isle. An Irish bull may be defined as a dilemma,—or *sylogismus cornutus*, as the logicians speak,—of which both horns are embraced at once:—and this, for aught we know, may be the derivation of the term. It is two alternatives taken together. Mankind in general are sensible that, in the case of incompatible alternatives presented to the mind, you must reject one of them. The Irishman does not see this. He takes both. Being told that one of Arnott's stoves saves half the fuel, he resolves to get two, and save the whole. Understanding that music is taught at two guineas the first month and one the second, he declares he won't begin till the second. A little consideration would show that these confusions are merely the result of an endeavor to combine two incompatible opinions.

The true secret of Irish blundering, with or without metaphor, lies in that zeal for ideas, that vehement partisanship on behalf of the topic of the moment, which appears in so many forms as a national characteristic. In some cases the speaker rises, as it were, with his subject, and after proceeding rationally for some time, puts a colophon of absurdity to a piece of plain common sense. So a young recruit, after soberly describing to his officer his circumstances in other respects, ventures on a final stroke to the effect that, "Indeed he was come of very decent people, for his father and mother were both Kerry men."

But more commonly a bull is only a particular and more intense instance of a kind of extravaganzas which runs through the whole speech. It is no wonder that he who is ever on the brink of a blunder or a malapropos should fall into one now and then. Take the following string of extravaganzas, poured forth verbatim not long since by an Irish mendicant, in acknowledgment of some trifling favor: "Long life to your honor, and may ye live till ye're wondered at, and have a gold watch as big as a forty-pound pot, with a chain as long as the Boyne water!"

Even epitaph-writing in Ireland is not free from the national tendency to make the most of things, at the expense of sound sense and possibility. Take the following instance from the half-ruined church of St. Audeon, Dublin: "Underneath lyeth James M——, and all his posterity." Or this from Christ-church, on a monument of the Karls of Cork: "Here follow the arms of his sons, and of such of the husbands of his daughters as were married."

HELOISE.—Lamartine, in his late work, *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters*, draws the following distinct and beautiful picture of the famous Heloise:—

"The medallions and the statue which perpetuate her, according to contemporary traditions, and the casts taken after death in her sepulchre, represent a young female, tall in stature, and exquisitely formed. An oval head, slightly depressed toward the temples by the conflict of thought; a high and smooth forehead, where intelligence revealed without impediment, like a ray of light unchecked by an obstructing angle, on the smooth surface of a marble slab; eyes deeply set within their arch, and the balls of which reflected the azure tint of heaven; a small nose, slightly raised towards the nostrils, such as sculpture models from nature in the statues of women immortalized by the feelings of the heart; a mouth, where breathed, between brilliant teeth, the smiles of genius and the tenderness of sympathy; a short chin, slightly dimpled in the middle, as if by the finger of reflection often placed upon the lips; a long, flexible neck, which carried the head as the lotus bears the flower, while undulating with the motion of the wave; falling shoulders, gracefully molded, and blending into the same line with the arms; slender fingers, flowing curls, delicate anatomical articulations, the feet of a goddess upon her pedestal,—such is the statue, by which we may judge of the woman! Let the life, the complexion, the look, the attitude, the youth, the languor, the passion, the paleness, the blush, the thought, the feeling, the accent, the smile, the tears, be restored to the skeleton of this other Inez de Castro, and we shall again look on Heloise."

GOLDEN RULES.—Dr. Hempel, in a recent medical work, which we have noticed, gives twelve golden rules for health, which we prefer to all the rest of the good sense of his elaborate volume. Though "golden," we give them to our readers gratuitously:—

"1. Rise early, and make it a point to retire at ten o'clock: seven hours' sleep should suffice; although less may do in some cases, and in others more may be required.

"2. Wash your whole body from head to foot, with cold water, every morning, winter and summer, immediately after leaving the bed; and rub yourself well with a flesh-brush or coarse towel, immediately after washing.

"3. Never sleep in a warm room, or in a room that has not been properly ventilated in the day time.

"4. Never sit or sleep in a draught of air. This rule is almost universally violated, but a draught of air is generally hurtful, more in one case than in another, and more especially when persons are over-heated or covered with perspiration.

"5. Dress according to the season; but be careful not to leave off your winter clothes before the warm weather has fairly set in. This rule should be particularly observed by persons who are subject to sore throat, bronchitis, chronic cough, and such like weaknesses.

"6. Avoid all kinds of heavy and indigestible food, such as rich pastry, fat, heavy, farinaceous diet, warm bread, spices, mustard, pepper, &c.

"7. Avoid all stimulating drinks—brandy, beer, wine; and content yourself with cold water, milk, light and unspiced chocolate, weak black tea, and strups made of currants, raspberries, strawberries, or other kinds of wholesome and unmedicinal fruit. Never use tobacco in any shape, except for medicinal purposes.

"8. Never keep on wet or damp clothes, stockings, &c., and never sleep on damp sheets.

"9. Do not expose yourself to keen, sharp winds, and avoid the raw and damp evening air.

"10. Live as nearly as possible in the same temperature; keep your room moderately warm, and make it a point never to sit near the fire.

"11. Eat your meals at regular hours; eat slowly; chew every mouthful well, and do not swallow it until it is properly mixed up with saliva. If possible, take about an hour for each meal, and never eat so much as to leave the table with a sense of repulsion and oppression. Do not forget to clean your teeth with a soft tooth-brush after eating, and never indulge in the abominable habit of picking them.

"12. Avoid every kind of food or drink which naturally disagrees with you; take a little exercise in the open air every day, but not in any kind of weather; select particularly fine, bracing or balmy weather for a walk or ride; exposure to rainy, windy, raw or damp weather never does anybody any good.

"These twelve rules are golden rules, the observance of which can never be impressed with too much care upon the attention of those who are anxious to preserve their health, and to remain free from the many unpleasant feelings which are apt to trouble those who neglect the proper dietetic and hygienic precautions."

There is a thirteenth rule of as bright a golden hue as any of these, which the doctor should have added to them as their climax, and that is this—Having settled into the *habits* of some such good code, dismiss all further concern about it. This is a *sine qua non*. There never was a fastidious observer of physiological rules who enjoyed good health. The imagination plays the very mischief with a man's stomach, and can set his pulsations to beating a funeral march incontinently. Get good habits, and then endeavor to practice them without thinking of them; that's the best philosophy of health.

NO SABBATH.—In a "Prize Essay on the Sabbath," written by a journeyman printer in Scotland—which for singular power of language and beauty of expression has rarely been surpassed—there occurs the following passage. Read it, and then reflect for a while what a dreary and desolate page would this life present if the Sabbath was blotted out from our calculations:—

"Yokafellow! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and continuous and eternal cycle—limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever playing, the eye-balls forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the loins forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming. Think of the beauty it would efface; of the merry heartedness it would extinguish; of the giant strength it would tame; of the resources of nature that it would exhaust; of the aspirations it would crush; of the sickness it would breed; of the projects it would wreck; of the groans it would extort; of the lives it would immolate; and the cheerless graves that it would prematurely dig! See them, toiling and

molling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, stewing and gathering, mowing and reaping, gazing and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the road-side and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on shore, on the earth, in days of brightness and of gloom. What a sad picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath!"

DOCTOR ARNOLD, one of the best as well as the greatest minds of our age, said, in speaking of the popular literature needed for this age: "I never wanted religious articles half so much as articles on common subjects, written in a decidedly Christian spirit." There is a deep philosophy in the remark, such as was wont to characterize the large-minded writings of the man. Just such reading are we endeavoring to provide in these pages, giving it, at the same time, all the attractions which popular adaptation and pictorial embellishments afford.

WARTBURG CASTLE—THE ASYLUM OF LUTHER.—This famous place, noted for Luther's Dutch bravery in throwing his ink-stand at the supposed apparition of the devil—the marks of the ink being still on the wall—is described in its present condition by a recent traveler:—A small wooden staircase leads to the room where he resided when first conveyed thither, forcibly and in secret, by the devices of his friend, the elector, from the dangers, hidden and open, which at that time threatened his life. He called it his *Patmos*; and here he wrote several works, and completed a great portion of his translation of the Bible. The room he occupied remains in all its principal features entirely unchanged. Whether a man be a Romanist or Protestant—

whether he rejoice in the Reformation or hate its memory—its historical importance no one can deny. There is, therefore, a deep feeling of interest awakened in visiting the chamber once occupied by this great man; there is something peculiarly gratifying in handling the furniture once used by him—in sitting down upon his three-legged stool—in looking at his ink-stand—and reclining upon the old, rough, oaken table where he once wrote those words of fire which provoked the greatest religious revolution the world has ever known—and all this at the hand, humanly speaking, of a single monk, who, in those dark and dangerous times, dared to oppose and defy the collective powers of the emperor, and the whole Romish clergy. Luther's chamber is of very small, nay insignificant dimensions. Worm-eaten boards, miserably put together, cover the walls. Two deeply recessed windows, small, and filled in with lead casements, scarcely admit the necessary light, and the *tout ensemble* is so little inviting, that, in these luxurious days, few Englishmen would think of offering it as a sleeping apartment for a man-servant. The book-case is formed of a simple boarding, and looks like a shifting closet that has been cast aside in the lumber room of some old house. Some Bibles of various dates, and beneath these fragments of the first edition of the Lutheran translation, are here preserved, as also a piece of the beech-tree under which Luther was arrested by the rough, though friendly emissaries of the elector, who brought him hither; and, on the wall, framed and glazed, hangs a quarto leaf in his own firm, angular, and vigorous handwriting. The tree above mentioned, which stood in the neighboring forest, was long known as Luther's beech, till it was at length struck by lightning and destroyed during a violent thunder-storm.

Book Notices.

More Worlds than One—The Master's House—Methodist Almanac—Declaration of Remarkable Providences—Evidences of Christianity—Sketches of Western Methodism—This, That, and the Other—Smith's History of Greece—Precious Lessons—Friendships of the Bible—Thomas's Farm Implements—Woodward's American Miscellany of Entertaining Knowledge—Life in Judea—Seed Time and Harvest—Guido and Julia.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER, the well-known astronomer, has recently issued a volume, entitled *More Worlds than one; the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian*. It is an elaborate argument for the plurality of worlds inhabited by rational beings; in the course of which the author discusses the religious aspects of the question, and shows unsoundness in the reasoning of Chalmers and others. The argument from analogy is strongly and clearly stated; and the objections drawn from Geology, from the supposed nature of the *nebulae*, and from the Binary System, are candidly considered. The volume is issued in the usual style of neatness, which marks all the publications of our friends, *Carter & Brothers*, of this city, bating a

little negligence on the part of the proof-reader, who allowed *asteriade* to stand in his table of contents instead of *asteroids*.

Uncle Tom's Cabin has been the prolific source of a vast amount of trash in the shape of tales and novels, professingly aiming to give an illustration of Southern life and customs. The latest example is a duodecimo, from the press of T. M'Elrath & Co., of this city, entitled *The Master's House; a Tale of Southern Life, by Logan*. It is a work of pure fiction, of course; and so far as we are able to divine the drift of Mr. Logan, his object is to make it appear that hard as is the lot of a slave on a southern plantation, that of the master is even harder. The book is well printed, and illustrated by pictures, called, on the title-page, "Drawings from Nature," which, we take it, is—a mistake.

Carter & Brothers, New-York, have issued another edition of *Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises*, for July, August, and September—a work that needs not a word of commendation. It is a classic in devotional literature.

The *Methodist Almanac* for 1855 is out—a remarkably attractive manual. Besides the annual calendar, it abounds in important statistical matter, relating to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and American Christianity in general, as well as to national affairs. Its engravings are numerous, and some of them quite unique. It is the best number of this annual yet issued. *Carlton & Phillips, New-York.*

Drake, of Boston, (one of our best Yankee antiquarians,) has issued, in pamphlet form, *The Declaration of Remarkable Providences in the Course of my Life*, by old John Dane, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, (A. D. 1682.) There is added, a pedigree of the Dane family, with Notes, &c.

Bolton's Hulsean prize essay, on the *Evidences of Christianity*, issued by *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*, is one of the most erudite works on the "evidences" in our language. It exhibits them as presented in the writings of the fathers, down to the day of Augustine; classed as follows:—the argument; (1) from antecedent probability; (2) from antiquity; (3) from prophecy; (4) from miracles; (5) from the reasonableness of doctrine; (6) from superior morality; (7) from the success of the gospel. It will undoubtedly take its place as a permanent standard in theological literature.

We welcome again the honest and generous face of our old friend "the chief"—*J. B. Finley*—in the frontispiece of his new volume, *Sketches of Western Methodism*. His preceding book, so amply quoted by us, will guarantee him many eager readers. The present volume is valuable for two special reasons:—first, for its *historical data*. Its worth to the Methodist historian cannot be estimated. Most of the leading characters in the history of Western Methodism are portrayed in it. It is valuable, secondly, for its illustrations of Western life. Few men extant are as competent to show what that life was as the venerable Finley. He will hereafter be quoted as a prime authority. No man can write the history of the West without consulting him. But we need not protract our remarks; get the book, good reader, and enjoy a treat. *Carlton & Phillips, New-York.*

This, That, and the Other, is the title of an entertaining volume from the pen of *Ellen Louisa Chandler*, and published by *Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston*. Its sketches of character are skillfully, though elaborately drawn, and the book shows that delicate appreciation of life scenes and personal traits which a woman alone can transfer to paper.

Messrs. Harper have published *Smith's History of Greece*. The author is the well-known editor of "Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities," and his present volume has taken rank in England as the best compendium of Greek history in the market. It condenses the advantages of *Grote*. The supplementary chapters on Greek Literature and Art are excellent.

Precious Lessons is the title of a pocket volume from the pen of *Rev. D. Wise*, "containing Cautions, Counsels and Consolations for

such of the Disciples of Christ as are seeking to be like their Lord." It is a pithy little book, abounding in the well-known excellences of its author's able pen. Few writers have a happier tact at illustration. Some of his "figures" are devices for the worker in gold. The religious tone of the volume is of the highest order. It is a good presentation book.—*Magee, Boston.*

Carlton & Phillips have issued a really superb little volume, entitled, *Friendships of the Bible*. Such works—on the poets, the mountains, the lands, the lakes, &c., of the Bible—mincing the sacred records into all sorts of literary trash for publishers' speculations, have become drugs in the market. Their rhetorical flummery, too, has sadly abused the simplicity of the original narrative. The present volume is not liable to these objections. The letter-press is very brief and direct—barely sufficient to explain the engravings. The book is, in fine, a series of pictorial illustrations of the Friendships of the Bible. The pictures are uncommonly fine—as good specimens of wood engraving as the country has seen.

Thomas's Farm Implements.—This volume on the construction and use of agricultural implements has been issued by the *Harpers*. Agriculturalists speak of it in the highest terms. The late Mr. Downing said: "We should like to see it hung up in every workshop, tool-room, and farmer's book-shelf in the country."

Phillips & Sampson, Boston, have sent us *Woodward's American Miscellany of Entertaining Knowledge*. It smacks throughout of the author's happy peculiarities, and is abundantly illustrated. An excellent volume for the little folks.

Life in Judea, by *Maria T. Richards*, has been published by the *American Baptist Publication Society*. It consists of Sketches of Life in the Holy Land, during the first Christian age to the time of the destruction of Jerusalem; graphically rendered, and presenting, with its religious lessons, much information respecting the scenery and history of Judea.

Seed Time and Harvest is a neatly-printed little volume, from the press of *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*. Its author, the *Rev. Dr. Tweedie*, is a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, to whom the juvenile world is indebted for several other interesting volumes. The work before us is well calculated to impress upon the mind the great truth, that even in this life, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" being made up of brief sketches of the histories of men eminent for virtues on the one hand, or vices on the other.

Guido and Julius is the title of a volume from the press of *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*, a translation from *Tholuck*, and founded, it is said, upon his early experience as first a skeptic, and then a believer. The book is full of the interest of a personal narrative, told from the heart—a good volume for the doubting.

Other notices necessarily deferred till our next issue.

Literary Record.

Boston Letter—Theological Schools—Essay on Prayer—Biblical Illustration—Shakespeare—Sir Roger de Coverley—English in Paris—Montgomery—New Work in France—Macaulay—The London Gazette—Victor Hugo—Dr. Veron.

We present our readers, as usual, with a very interesting communication from our Boston correspondent:—

BOSTON LETTER.

JUST at the moment of penning this epistle, our community has gone into liquidation, not for the benefit of creditors, but in payment of a "debt to nature," and not so much under a pressure of the times as of the season. The heat is *prodigious*. The force of the atmosphere was most truly, as well as wittily expressed by Honorable Josiah Quincy, Jr., at the late dinner of the Alumni of Harvard College. An address had previously been delivered to a crowded audience by Professor Felton. Mr. Quincy presided at the table, and called the orator to his feet again by the significant sentiment—*The orator of the day*: his audience were melted before him. While referring to this interesting occasion, we cannot avoid recalling and preserving a few noble and beautiful sentiments which fell from the lips of the venerable Senior Quincy, former president of Harvard, and now passing a green and hale old age under the shadow of the elms which his own hands planted in Quincy. Referring to the sympathy or rather pity which young men generally felt for those who were much older than themselves, he remarked that they often seemed to think that old men, life himself, were unhappy. He wished to disabuse them of this opinion, and to assure them that old age was the happiest period of man's life, provided that in youth and manhood one had been obedient to those laws of nature in which consists health and strength, and had lived a life of truth and usefulness. In 1825, he said he had paid the elder President Adams, then in his ninetieth year, a visit. He found the venerable sage reading "Cicero de Senectute." "What do you think of that sentiment?" said Quincy, taking the book from his hand and pointing to a passage asserting that old men lost their minds from want of exercise. "It is true," said Adams: "an old man is like an old horse; if you wish him to work, you must work him all the time."

From the hall of this ancient university there have been graduated eight thousand three hundred and sixty-nine students, of whom three thousand five hundred and sixty-six are still living; one thousand five hundred and eighteen of these graduates entered upon the clerical office, and three hundred and two of this number still survive. A powerful moral influence must necessarily be engendered by the annual gathering of so many of these children of a common literary mother from every portion of the Union, and representing every profession and every form of active business. The natural conservatism of old age tempers the untrained ardors of youth, while common memories of youthful pleasures and affections form an enduring bond of union and regard. In our pressing haste to secure opportunities for a liberal education in every available locality, there is danger of overlooking the value of tradition in the history of a college; the immense power which a venerable institution, with a long line of worthy representatives, can exert upon the community; the accumulations of long research and continued study, and cabinets of illustrations in the natural science, always the work of years and of toil. A venerable institution is a sacred monument of the past, rich in associations, and full of instruction for the present.

It is a labor of pious affection to endow and embellish an institution from whose halls hundreds have stepped forth equipped for the battle of life, and whose walls have been hallowed by the lives and deaths of devoted friends and instructors; while it is a serious toil and always an experiment to found a new seat of learning. A few additional miles of travel, and dollars of expense, are small sacrifices for the manifold returns secured by sustaining a long established and beloved university.

Judge Shaw happily alluded, at the Alumni gathering, to the strong bond of union which should exist

between the sons of a common mother—the sons of *Alma Mater*. The transition of the youth, he said, was from the family to the college. His college period was his transition from youth to manhood. This institution was the mother of that portion of life which gave him taste, knowledge, and all that would render him useful in after years. He hoped the feeling of attachment manifested at their gatherings would react upon the institution itself, and that the Alumni would replace the enjoyment and good which they had received there, and transmit it largely to their successors. Nearly one hundred pupils will enter Harvard at the commencement of the next term.

Mr. Ames, the well-known artist of this city, who has been so successful in his portraits of Webster—a full-length picture of the great statesman having been painted by him for the Law Library of Cambridge—is now engaged upon a large historical painting, representing the solemn and impressive dying moments of Mr. Webster. The scene chosen is the moment when his family and friends are summoned to his bedside to listen to his final address, and receive his dying benedictions. Some twenty-two figures, all of them accurate likenesses of individuals who were present on this sublime occasion, will be delineated. It is to be executed for a party in New-York, and, when completed, is to be taken to London to secure an engraving of it by an eminent English artist. The estimated price of the painting and engraving is \$10,000, and subscriptions exceeding this amount have already been sent in for early proofs of the engraving.

I have just fallen upon a proof-sheet of a new work, now in the press of Ticknor & Co., which is so cooling and refreshing in the glaring blaze of this high summer day, that I cannot resist the temptation to copy it. It is from Thoreau's "Walden; or, Life in the Woods." The author is a resident of Concord, Massachusetts, and a neighbor, and, as can readily be imagined, a friend of Mr. Emerson. Some time since, he built himself a hut in the woods, and retired to it for two years that he might hold undisturbed communion with nature. And he seems to have passed through her objective covering into her very subjective life. The extract might be appropriately entitled; "Morning." Thus he discourses:—

"Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with Nature herself. I have been as sincere a worshiper of Aurora as the Greeks. I got up early and bathed in the pond; that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did. They say that characters were engraven on the bathing tub of King Tching-thang, to this effect: 'Enewe myself completely each day; do it again, and again, and forever again. I can understand that.' Morning brings back the heroic ages. I was as much affected by the faint hum of a mosquito making its invisible and unimaginable tour through my apartment at earliest dawn, when I was sitting with door and windows open, as I could be by any trumpet that ever sang of fame. It was Homer's requiem; itself an Iliad and Odyssey in the air, singing its own wrath and wanderings. There was something comical about it; a standing advertisement, till forbidden, of the everlasting vigor and fertility of the world. The morning, which is the most memorable season of the day, is the awakening hour. Then there is least somnolence in us; and for an hour, at least, some part of us awakes which slumbers all the rest of the day and night. Little is to be expected of that day, if it can be called a day, to which we are not awakened by our genius, but by the mechanical nudgings of some sorvitor; are not awakened by our own newly-acquired force and aspirations from within, accompanied by the undulations of celestial music, instead of factory bells, and a fragrance filling the air, to a higher life than we fell asleep from; and thus the darkness bear its fruit, and prove itself to be good, no less than the light. That man who does not believe that each day contains an earlier, more sacred, and auroral hour than he has yet profaned, has despaired of life, and is pursuing a descending and darkening way. After a partial cessation of his sensuous life, the soul of man, or its organs rather, are reinvigorated each day, and his genius tries again what noble life it can make. All memorable events, I should say, transpire in morning time and in a morning atmosphere. The Vedas say: 'All intelligence

awake with the morning.' Poetry and art, and the fairest and most memorable of the actions of men, date from such an hour. All poets and heroes, like Mænon, are the children of Aurora, and emit their music at sunrise. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say, or the attitudes and labors of men. Morning is when I am awake, and there is a dawn in me. Moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep. Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day, if they have not been alumbering? They are not such poor calculators. If they had not been overcome with drowsiness, they would have performed something. The millions are awake enough for physical labor; but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?

"We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts. Every man is tasked to make his life, even in its details, worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour. If we refused, or rather used up, such paltry information as we get, the oracles would distinctly inform us how this might be done."

An amusing story is told in the entertaining History of Newburyport, by Mrs. Smith, called forth by the late happy return of the numerous wandering children of this old town to pass a few genial hours under the paternal roof again, of Honorable Harrison Gray Otis. He began the study of law late in life, and was accustomed to give this laughable reason for his final choice of this profession. He first studied divinity, and commenced preaching, and having on one occasion to supply a vacant pulpit in the vicinity of Boston, he preached twice during the Sabbath, and was waited upon on Monday morning by a deacon of the Church, who asked him what he should pay him for his services. "O, I don't know," replied Mr. Otis; "give me what they are worth." The deacon gravely handed him a *pidoreen*. Thinking, if his two discourses were esteemed of no higher value than this, he was evidently not called to this office, he abandoned theology and turned his attention to the law.

The fervor of the summer does not entirely overcome the ardor of our bookmakers. Gould & Lincoln are seizing this hour of respite from new publications to prepare and issue an admirable descriptive and illustrated catalogue of their works—it will form a handsome duodecimo of eighty pages. They may well feel a professional pride, as well as a Christian satisfaction, as they glance over the list of their authors and books. Within its pages are recorded the elaborate treatises and scientific discourses of Miller, Chambers, Agassiz, Gould, Guyot, Marcou, Harris, Wayland, &c.

The same publishers announce, "A. V. Humboldt's Travels in America and Asia—an Exhibition of his most important Researches—translated from the German by an American scholar," and "Memories of a Grandmother, by a Lady of Massachusetts." They have ready for publication the second part of the powerful review of Dr. Lord's Theory of Prophecy and the Second Advent of Christ, styled, "Symbolic Prophecy: Remarks on an Exposition of the Apocalypse, by David N. Lord. By an Inquirer."

Hugh Miller's inimitable "Autobiography" has reached its sixth thousand; as has also the valuable "Thesaurus," edited by Dr. Sears. The works of Bungeener have reached a third edition.

Our friends, Jewett & Co., have quite adventured upon the musical culture of our community in the splendid royal octavo, "Encyclopedia of Music," which they have just issued. It forms a volume of a thousand pages, replete with instruction and interest. The teacher and the amateur will here find almost everything that can be desired in the province of music, elementary, technical, historical, biographical, vocal and instrumental. It is edited by John W. Moore. They have also issued a charming work upon Cuba, entitled "San Eden," containing a series of

lively and poetic sketches of that fertile and coveted island. It will be read with special interest at the present time. The same publishers announce "Scenes in the Life of Christ," by Rev. R. W. Clark, to be illustrated by original engravings; "Mothers of the Bible," illustrated; a "Life of Chrysostom," translated from the German by Professor Heyes of Newton Seminary; and "Organic Christianity," by Rev. Lester A. Sawyer. They are also preparing an elegantly illustrated edition of their popular "Lamp-lighter."

Phillips, Sampson & Co., never fail to sharpen the appetite of the reading community by their savory announcement of the good things to come. In addition to numerous standard volumes already promised, they are driving through the press a book for the times, entitled "Kansas and Nebraska," giving the history and geography of these territories, with an account of the native tribes, and the emigration now in progress thither. The volume is to be illustrated by a map, and is prepared under the auspices of the Emigrant Aid Society, by Edward S. Hale. They also announce "Ida May, a Story of Things Actual," by Mary Langden—another work on slavery. It is said to be a work of great power by those who have seen the proof-sheets. But the principal work for the times which these publishers announce, is the "History of Cuba, its Past and Present," giving a political, historical, and statistical account of the island from its first discovery to the present day. This work is prepared by the accomplished editor of Gleason's Pictorial, M. M. Ballou, Esq., who spent some time upon the island, and has devoted much time and care to the preparation of the volume. It is to be finely illustrated with engravings from original drawings.

Our young cities and towns are rapidly falling into the plan of establishing public libraries. Almost every week some new movement of this character is announced. The "sons" of Newburyport are now taking measures to endow such an institution in that beautiful city. The subscription paper for this purpose, which is growing into a generous size, is headed by Hon. Josiah Little, with the munificent sum of \$5,000. There is a promise of a large and valuable library for the improvement and pleasure of coming generations. In the old world vast piles of literature are aggregated together in royal libraries for privileged eyes; in the new, our libraries are innumerable and circulating.

A passing item in a newspaper is casually glanced over by a stranger eye, with little emotion, which brings a pang of acute grief to the dimmed gaze of affection. The papers announced, in a short paragraph, the death of Mr. Danforth S. Newcomb, on board the clipper ship "Flying Fish;" and a large circle of friends read it with a keenness of sorrow, only mitigated by the assurance of the abundant gain of the departed by the event which overwhelms them with distress. Mr. Newcomb was a young Christian merchant of our city, of great promise, and full of good works. The Methodist Church and Sabbath School of Hanover-street have met with a serious loss in his death. He fell in his youth; but he was ripe for the harvest; the seed he has sown will vegetate under the divine eye, while his body slumbers in the earth—he hath "ceased from his labors, and his works do follow him."

B. K. P.

ONE of the most important movements of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States is the introduction of theological schools—a measure still questioned by many of its members. The Biblical Institute at Concord, N. H., promises soon to become, numerically, one of the largest, if not the largest, school of the kind in the country. It contained, the last year, nearly *ninety students*. The property of the institution, as now reported, amounts to \$54,750 50; a large proportion of which is invested in good securities. The Rev. Dr. J. W. Merrill, formerly president of M'Kendree College, has recently been appointed a professor in the place of Bishop Baker, resigned.

The premium (\$150) offered for the best Essay on Prayer for Colleges, has been awarded to Professor W. S. Tyler, of Amherst College. The Committee to make the award consisted of Revs. Ralph Emerson, Edward N. Kirk, and

L. F. Dimmick. They report that they received and examined thirty-two manuscripts; that many of the Essays are written with much ability, and several appear well worthy of publication.

We notice in the *London Herald* the advertisement of "The Society for Exploring the Ruins of Assyria and Babylonia, with especial reference to Biblical Illustration." The patron of this association is Prince Albert, and John Murray, Esq., the great bookseller, we suppose, is the treasurer. The committee "announce that Mr. Loftus, formerly Geologist to the Turco-Persian Frontier Commission, has proceeded to Assyria, for the purpose of commencing excavations, accompanied by an architectural draftsman and photographer." The donations and subscriptions already received amount to eleven thousand nine hundred and seventy dollars.

An unusual occurrence in literature took place lately in London. Two sets of the three first editions of Shakespeare changed proprietors under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. One copy of the first edition of 1623 is the finest ever offered for sale. It belonged to Mr. Hibbert, and then to Mr. Wilks.

The Perverse Widow.—In Mr. Kerslake's Catalogue of old books, we notice a copy of Cowley's Works "with Autograph of Sir Roger De Coverley's 'Perverse Widow' and her 'Confidante.'" A note to this folio tells us that the fly-leaf contains the following:—

"*Catharina Boovey* February the 10th, 168 8-9,"

under which the following verses, blotted out, but can be read:

"Surely a pain to love it is
and tis a pain that pain to mis
but of all pains the greatest pain
it is to love and love in vain"

under which, unblotted,

"Discreet wit
Catharine Boovey 1691" &c.

On the title is written:

"*Mademoiselle Maria Pope
Le Livre Catharina Boovey.*"

Mrs. Mary Pope, the cause of Sir Roger's disappointment and the object of his detestation, was forty years the constant companion of Mrs. Boovey, and became her executor, and erected her monuments in Westminster Abbey and at Flaxley.

"The above," says the *London Athenæum*, "is very apt and illustrative. Is it authentic? If so, it is unquestionably curious."

A Paris correspondent of an English paper writes:—The *entente excrucievment cordiale* now existing between England and France has excited the Parisians already in favor of the English language. Paris at the present time is posted—from the Barrière du Mont Parnasse to the Barrière Blanche—with advertisements of "Cours d'Anglais." This excitement is likely to improve Gallic-English. The Paris visitor, with a lively recollection of the extraordinary language uttered by the keepers of establishments at which they "spike the English," will be glad to learn that he is likely to understand Boulevards English very shortly. Up to the present time, however, the old Parisian English may be seen in the Paris byways. According to the Paris authorities, the Mont de Piété is a

"Pawnbrok,"—a bowling green is a "boulingrû,"—a beef-steak is a "bifteck,"—and one enterprising tradesman informs British visitors that he sells "comfortable pastry." Thus it is obvious that there is plenty of work for the Professor of English; and now, while the Paris organs are playing our National Anthem in my street, and a Paris poet is celebrating the Anglo-Gallic alliance as the triumph of civilization, the time appears propitious for the vigorous movements indicated by the immense yellow placards that meet the Parisian's eye at every turn.

James Montgomery, the poet, has left several handsome legacies to charitable institutions in Sheffield. Poets do not die in debt in our day. We shall have them (and why not?) becoming rich men. Goldsmith died fifteen thousand dollars in debt. "Was ever poet," said Johnson, "so trusted before?" But this was a long time ago. The Nestor of our generation of poets, Rogers, is a rich banker.

A work which promises much interest is about to appear within a short period in Paris. This is the memoirs of a man whose name is intimately and singularly connected with the events of the commencement of the Restoration, M. de Manbreuil, who possessed himself of the diamonds of Marie Louise, who was accused of having attempted the life of Napoleon, and who, on an occasion when he wished to make certain revelations respecting the Prince de Talleyrand, sought to bring about an explanation by giving the latter a blow. It is said that the Memoirs in question are a series of the most singular and interesting details, derived from the author's experience, which has been great, varied, and peculiar.

Macaulay is busy on the new volumes of his History of England. He is to be seen every day from ten to four in the British Museum, at one of the center-tables, which is covered with piles of books, reading, note-taking, comparing, and composing. It is said that he had hoped to include the reign of William and Mary, and of Anne, into two volumes, to be published in November; but the present *on dit* is, that he will be obliged to extend this part of the work to three volumes, which cannot appear before February.

A complete file of the "*London Gazette*," from 1656 to the present time, has been secured to the Library of Congress. It is said to be the only complete file in existence of this journal, which has contained, for nearly two hundred years, the official records of the British Government.

Victor Hugo has been engaged in his exile at Jersey in putting the finishing touches to a philosophical romance in four volumes, called "*Les Misères*;" and it is rumored that an eminent publishing firm of Paris has bargained to give him \$24,000 for it. It is, however, not yet certain whether, on account of the restrictions on the press, it can be printed at Paris.

The eccentric *Dr. Veron* has brought out another volume of his "*Mémoires*." It contains a good deal of gossip about the Grand Opera, of which he was for some years director.

Arts and Sciences.

Atmospheric Telegraph—Physiognomy—Steam Fire-engine—Electric Telegraph—Chicago River—New-York Farmers' Club—Type-setting Machine—Railroads—The Paper Trade—Pompeii.

THE Committee of Congress on the memorial of Mr. Richardson, respecting the atmospheric telegraph, reported favorably. The report says:—

"The mail between Washington and New-York is now carried upon railroads in twelve hours. If your committee do not greatly err, the same mails may be carried between these cities in two hours, by the proposed atmospheric telegraph, and the expenditure now necessary for the transmission of one set of mails, would enable the post-office department to send six sets of mails every twelve hours. The impulse which such a frequent, rapid, and certain delivery of the mails between distant points would give to all the business of the country is incalculable: operating with as much safety and unerring certainty in night as in day-light; unaffected by changes of seasons or weather; and exempt from liability to those mischances, accidents and delays, which are retarding the delivery of the mails throughout the country, the atmospheric telegraph seems destined to become the exclusive mail-carrier of the age."

The editor of the London *Athenæum*, after an inspection of the Art Sections of the London Crystal Palace, remarks:—

"It is singular to observe that when the Greek strove to convey a low type of humanity, as in the Faun or Silenus, its face has European analogies. The Roman heads resemble ours in many respects; and the degraded women of the Imperial times, as Faustina, Agrippina, &c. have the hard round forehead and small weak chin, which became the marked feature of the Louis Quinze age, or may be traced in the sleepy-eyed, languid beauties of Lely and of Kneller. It is impossible to deny that every century seems to have impressed its peculiar crimes and virtues, and its hopes and struggles, on the faces of its great men. The Elizabethan face is finely oval; the eyes meditative, the forehead high and arched, and the chin firm and well rounded. The George the Second visage is fleshy and full, the chin small and fat, the lower jaw heavy, the neck thick, and the cheeks full and furrowed. The eighteenth century forehead is square,—the seventeenth, round, the thirteenth, flat and wide,—the eighteenth, full and swelling over the eyes. We believe that in the present day a better type of physiognomy is beginning to appear: the face grows more oval, the forehead higher and fuller, the lips smaller and firmer, the nose nobler and straighter. Napoleon's was a model of a head,—Byron, Shelley, Southey, Wordsworth, and Keats, were spiritual and handsome. Most of our living authors present much more of the Elizabethan type. Refinement of manners is already perceptible on the national features. Club life may be as selfish as tavern life; but it is purer and healthier. There is more religion now and more decorum,—more earnestness and less materialism. A pure school of poetry has arisen, drawing its images direct from nature, and appealing to the common heart. A school of painting has sprung up side by side, originating from it, and likely to rival it in renown. With the peaked beard vanished chivalry,—with the full-bottomed wig, Renaissance poetry,—and with the revival of a taste for Gothic Art is now coming back all that was worthy of preservation in the Middle Ages."

A Cincinnati correspondent of the Boston *Traveler*, says, that the *steam fire-engine*, recently invented and put in operation there, promises to be a valuable and important improvement upon the engines in common use. It can, by the use of oil, be at any time got in readiness for full operation in ten minutes, and this while it is on its way to the fire. It is readily drawn to any part of the city by horses. It propels six streams of water with greater force, and to a greater height, than other engines. Committees

from Eastern cities have recently been here to observe its operation, and make investigation as to the advantage it combines. It is understood they have been favorably impressed in regard to it. The opinion here of those most competent to judge of its utility is, that it is a great advance upon the common engines, and will soon be in use, particularly in all our larger cities.

A young man of Bayonne has just invented a mode of electric telegraph, by which the dispatch is printed in ordinary letters, or conventional signs, by the telegraph itself, at the point of departure, at the end, and at several intermediate stations simultaneously.

A committee of the Chicago Council have resolved to accept the plan for tunneling Chicago River, as proposed by the American Submarine Tunnel Company, of New-York. It is to be made of cast-iron; entrances on a grade not exceeding one foot fall in nine. The plan to be two wagon tracks, each ten feet wide, and two foot-ways, each four feet wide, the former eleven feet high, and the latter seven feet: the top of the tunnel to be not less than twelve feet below low water-mark for one hundred and fifty feet in the center of the river.

At a recent meeting of the New-York Farmers' Club, Mr. Wagoner introduced the model of a *new reaping-machine*, which is calculated to collect the heads and separate the grain from the chaff, and deliver the grain in bags. He had one machine in operation at Racine, Wisconsin, this last year, that cut at the rate of twenty-five acres a day. A machine will weigh about twelve hundred pounds, and cost \$150. The cutters can be raised or lowered to suit the height of grain by the operator, the heads being carried directly to a thrasher and cleaner, and the grain thence to a screen and the bags. The whole is mounted upon four wheels, with a body capacious enough to contain all the machinery and carry the bags and man to fill and tie them up. The inventor says that two horses are sufficient propelling power, and these are hitched to a shaft behind, so as to push the machine into the standing grain. One advantage of this mode is, that it leaves the straw upon the land, and the heads require less labor to thresh.

An invention for *composing type* has long been a " desideratum," and quite a " forlorn hope;" such are the complicated difficulties of the design. We notice, however, the announcement of a successful attempt at it. A letter from Copenhagen says:—

"By the politeness of the editors, I have now been able to see the new composing machine as in actual operation in the office of *Frædelevindt*. Instead of the usual cases and composing stools, and the compositor standing at his work, we see a person sitting before a machine with keys like a piano, which he plays on incessantly, and every touch on the tangent is followed by a click; the letter is already in its place in the long mahogany channel prepared for it. The whole is excessively ingenious. In fact it is fairy work. The most wonderful part is, that it distributes the already used type at the same time that it sets the new page, and with an exactness perfectly sure. No

mistake can ever occur. The compositor by this machine does *four times* as much work as another workman; but as he requires an assistant to line and page the set type, this brings it to *twice the amount of type set*. The whole is so clean and pleasant, that it will probably soon be a favorite employment for women. The machine occupies a very small space, not more than a large chair, and is beautifully made of hard woods, brass, and steel. Its success now is beyond all doubt. The proprietors of *Frederiksdal* are so gratified by the one they now have that they have ordered another. The price is 2,400 Danish dollars. It will last apparently for a century or two without repair. Mr. Sorenson, the inventor, himself a compositor all his life, kindly shows the machine to any visitor. Of course, a compositor cannot set with his machine at once; it will take a short time, a few days, for him to become familiar with the details; but he is then a gentleman, compared to his old comrades."

If this Mr. Sorenson were named "*Jonathan*" Sorenson, with his whereabouts somewhere among the "*Down-Easters*," we should have more confidence in the report, and more hope of introducing it into the office of the National. As it is, we wait for confirmation, doubting meanwhile whether anybody but "*brother Jonathan*" can ever "*come it over*" the difficulties of the case; and he, we fear, will have to try his wits a long while over them.

Every poor wight who has had to travel, as we have, by cars, over thousands of miles during the hot months, will agree with us that a right mode of ventilating these otherwise very comfortable carriages, would be one of the "*greatest inventions of the age*." We shall be as thankful to the genius who shuts the dust out of them, as Sancho Panza was to the unknown "*men who first invented sleep*." An invention for the purpose, by Messrs. Toole and Allen, of Buffalo, has been announced, and is thus described:—On the top of the car, at the center, are placed sheet-iron bonnets, (one on each side,) so arranged as to receive the air when the cars are running in either direction, deflecting it downward through air chambers (placed within and on each side of the car) into a box or tank suspended beneath the floor; from which it is conducted by air tubes opening up into the car through grates in several places along the aisle, thence out again through openings in the top. The tank is of sufficient depth to hold a barrel or more of water—allowing a free passage of air above it. In connection with this water, are pipes leading to a small rotary pump attached to the truck frame, (which is driven by a belt passing round the axle of the car wheel,) then back again to the tank and air chambers, where by a simple arrangement of diffusers the water in its passage is scattered into a fine spray, falling into the tank to be used over again. When the cars are in motion the air rushes in with great force, passing through the spray of water, which washes down all dust, smoke, cinders, and other impurities, coming up into the car as pure as a summer's atmosphere after a shower, and very much cooled. The water is changed daily when the roads are dusty. The amount of air received is easily regulated by a valve in each air-chamber. During winter, instead of water, a stove is placed in the tank below the floor, which heats the air in its passage, thereby ventilating and warming all parts of the car alike, and that too without the loss of any seats, which in other cars are removed to make room for a stove.

Apropos of Railroads.—The English papers state that a statue has been erected, in the great hall at Euston-square terminus, London, to George Stephenson. The *London Times* says:—

"In early life a collier, working for his daily bread in the bowels of the earth, he mended watches in his leisure hours that his son might have the blessings of education. While his fame as a mechanical and civil engineer was still in its infancy, he elaborated experimentally the same result as to the safety-lamp which Sir Humphrey Davy reached by the process of philosophical induction. The tramways of the coal mines and the rude forms of the first locomotive engines grew under the strokes of his vigorous intellect into a mighty system, which has already exercised an incalculable influence upon industry and civilization. That one who, when a boy, was a '*hurrier*' in a coal-pit, should, by the force of native genius, rise to a position such as the statue in the hall of Euston Station commemorates, may well be regarded as a proof that the days of romance are not yet over, nor the giants of an elder world without their types in modern times. Perhaps it is also to be viewed as a characteristic of the age, that the fame of such a man is so quietly left to the good keeping of the good works which he has achieved. The traveler hastening on his way should pause in Euston Station, to contemplate the masculine form, and massive, energetic features, of him who, by combining the blast-pipe with the tubular boiler, first endowed the locomotive with its tremendous speed—who, during his busy manhood, superintended the construction of more than two thousand five hundred miles of railway—who thought out everything connected with our first iron highways—and who engineered lines extending in unbroken series from London to Edinburgh."

Some leading *paper-manufacturers* have recently called the attention of the British government to the consequences likely to arise to their trade from the present war with Russia. It appears that the supply of raw materials for the manufacture of paper has of late years barely met the enormously increasing demand, in spite of many new substances worked up; and it is now feared that the short supply and dearthness of all fibres and textile fabrics will prove very detrimental to the paper trade and the literary world. In consequence of these representations, circulars have been issued by the authorities to the governors of colonies, calling their attention to the necessity of finding some substitutes, within the colonial territories, for the materials at present used in paper-making.

Scales and steelyards have been discovered in Pompeii, which could only have been meant to weigh provisions; but the chains and bars of which are delicately wrought. The weight even is found made to represent a warrior, with a helmet most beautifully chiseled; and so genuine and true, so really intended for every-day use are these commercial implements, that one of them has stamped upon it its verification made at the Capitol, declaring it to be just. The lamps also, and the candelabra by which they were supported, are most elegant—not made upon a pattern, a fashion of the season, but exhibiting true artistic beauty. This feeling is carried so far, that even surgical instruments found in those ruins, which could only have been meant for practical purposes, display equal attention to ornament, and delicacy of finish. There is no end of other vessels, which must have served for domestic purposes, such as braziers, for instance, of which the handles, rims, and other parts, are finished beyond what the finest bronzes now made in Paris usually equal.

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1854.



ELIAS BOUDINOT.

PRESIDENTS OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

WE propose to present in the pages of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE correct portraits of the eminent men who have successively presided over the operations of the American Bible Society. All of them were good, some of them were great men, and the portraits by our artist, if not those by ourself, can hardly fail to be acceptable to the friends of that noble institution.

This great national society has now been in existence thirty-eight years, printing and circulating the "Book of Books." To spread the Bible is to spread essential truth, "the knowledge of the Lord," of which the earth shall yet "be filled." The religion of the Bible is the only religion that can become universal. The millions of Bibles and Testaments which this society has distributed since

its commencement have been sown as good seed, preparatory for the universal harvest. Who can estimate the temporal and eternal benefits that must result to this country and to the world from this vast circulation of the sacred Scriptures? In our own favored land every state, every territory, and in some instances every county and township, has been put under the care of distributors.

When De Tocqueville, the French philosopher, passed through our country some years since, he visited a Sunday school. To his great surprise he found in the hands of every scholar a New Testament, and all eager in its perusal. He immediately inquired whether this practice was common through the country, and when answered in the affirmative, he remarked with emotion, "What

a mighty effect it must have on the character of the nation!" It is even and truly so. This book, more than anything else, has made us what we are, and lighted up elsewhere the few bright spots which appear on our earth's otherwise benighted and dreary outlines. There is no solid hope for our race here or hereafter, from any volume, policy, or effort of man, except in close alliance with this sacred volume. A population equal to that which is required for the admission of ten new states into the Union is added to the American people every year; and to keep this vast multitude supplied with the Scriptures is a work of infinite interest, and one which the American Bible Society endeavours to accomplish. Through these devout efforts we hope the time is not far distant when every man in our land may read for himself the revelations of God.

On the 11th of May, 1816, the American Bible Society was organized, and it is a most interesting fact in our national history that the very first Congress of the United States performed the duties of a Bible Society long before such an institution had an existence in the world. One year after the Declaration of American Independence, 1777, Congress appointed a committee on the subject of printing an edition of thirty thousand Bibles for the use of the people—our entire population then amounting to only three millions. Finding it difficult to procure the necessary material, paper, type, &c., this committee recommended the importation of twenty thousand Bibles; to copy their own language, "the use of the Bible being so universal, and its importance so great." Congress was advised "to direct the Committee on Commerce to import, at its expense, twenty thousand English Bibles from Holland, Scotland, or elsewhere, into the different ports of the states of the Union." This report was adopted, and the importation ordered.

In 1781, when an English Bible could not be imported, in consequence of the war with Great Britain, the subject of printing the Bible again was considered by Congress. Robert Aitken, of Philadelphia, had published an edition, and that body passed the following resolution:—

"That the United States, in Congress assembled, highly approve the pious and laudable undertaking of Mr. Aitken, as subservient to

the interests of religion; and being satisfied of the care and accuracy of the execution of the work, recommend this edition to the inhabitants of the United States."

These are notable pages in our national records—fair as unshaded light, and bright as the morning sun. Who dare deny that this is a Bible nation, or affirm that the precious volume should be excluded from the schools of our land?

The proposition of forming a national Bible Society had been often discussed, until 1815, when a plan for such an institution originated with the New-Jersey Bible Society, of which Mr. Boudinot was president. He published a notice for a general meeting, to be convened at New-York, in May, 1816. This convention presented a sublime spectacle, as almost every Christian denomination in the land was represented. Great, indeed, was their object, and great and worthy were the men who composed it. It was the first time in our country when the different religious denominations were brought together for concerted action. They assembled upon the broad platform of the Bible—

"Where names, and sects, and parties fall."

This convention appointed a committee to prepare a constitution, consisting of Messrs. Nott, Mason, Morse, Blythe, Beecher, Bayard, Wilmer, Wright, Rice, Jones and Jay. On the 11th of May they presented the constitution, which was unanimously adopted, and thirty-six managers were elected, with the Hon. Elias Boudinot for president. An eloquent and powerful address to the people of the United States, written by the celebrated Dr. Mason, was adopted and published.

Of all the officers first appointed, nineteen in number—the president, fourteen vice presidents, three secretaries and a treasurer—not one survives. The same, I believe, may be said of the earliest managers. "They rest from their labors," and, emphatically, "their works do follow them."

In accepting the office of president, Mr. Boudinot wrote:—

"I am not ashamed to confess that I accept of the appointment of President of the American Bible Society, as the greatest honor that could have been conferred on me this side of the grave."

When the American Bible Society was organized there was not a dollar in its treasury. Soon, however, funds began to accumulate, and, among others, a donation of £500 (nearly \$2,500) was received from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the munificent sum of \$10,000 from Mr. Boudinot.

John E. Caldwell, Esq., was the first agent, and kept the depository for a short time at his office, in an upper room, at the corner of Cedar and Nassau streets. The books were next removed to the building of Mr. Fanshaw, in Cliff-street, who executed the Society's printing. This depository was a room only nine feet by twelve. From this place the Scriptures were issued, until a four-story building was hired in Sloat-lane, now Hanover-street, adjoining the Merchants' Exchange. On the first floor, the agent occupied the front room for his office, and the depository was the rear one, only twenty feet square. He expressed his belief that he should see that room entirely filled with Bibles! The second story was used by the binder; and the third appropriated to the printer. Here the Society began its earliest operations, and its success was no longer doubtful, as will be seen by the following tabular view:—

	Receipts.	Bibles Printed.	Bibles Issued.
1817.....	\$37,779 35	11,550	6,410
1818.....	40,221 23	24,400	17,594
1819.....	42,723 94	71,320	31,118
1820.....	41,361 97	64,482	41,513
1821.....	49,578 34	59,800	68,177

In addition to these there were issued about fifty-eight thousand copies in Gaelic, Welch, German, Spanish, and several Indian languages.

These results Mr. Boudinot was permitted to behold during the few years he was President of the American Bible Society. That a life so nearly exhausted, when he was elected to that honorable post, should have been lengthened out to witness its fifth anniversary, was a remarkable circumstance, and grateful to the friends of the institution. Thus blessed, they had no tears to shed at his removal but tears of joy.

His useful life was prolonged beyond the ordinary limit, and he lived to see the rapid growth of this cherished object of his affections. He displayed an unremitting interest in the Society, retaining it even while suffering under the infirm-

ities of very advanced age, and acute bodily pain. It required great exertion to attend the anniversaries; but he was always faithful at his post on these occasions.

He was born in Philadelphia, in the year 1740. His grandfather was one of the persecuted Huguenots who were compelled to leave France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. Mr. Boudinot received a classical education—such at least as was so called during our colonial period—after which he studied law under Richard Stockton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He soon became distinguished at the bar of New-Jersey.

When the war of the American Revolution commenced, he advocated the cause of his struggling country, taking a decided part in favor of the colonies. In 1777 Congress appointed him Commissioner-General of prisoners, and the same year his fellow-citizens elected him a member of that body. In November, 1782, he was chosen President of Congress, and in that capacity, soon after, signed the Treaty of Peace, which secured American Independence.

Mr. Boudinot resumed the practice of law, and, upon the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789, was again honored with a seat in Congress, and occupied the important post for six successive years. General Washington appointed him Director of the Mint in 1796, and he continued to discharge its duties until 1805, when he retired from all public life, settling in Burlington, New-Jersey. In 1794 the United States Mint began its regular operations at Philadelphia. Mr. Boudinot's portrait, among others, adorns the walls of the Cabinet of the Mint. In this splendid collection there are about five thousand specimens coins, ancient and modern, and nearly four thousand of them belong to United States money.

After his retirement from the Mint, Mr. Boudinot devoted his leisure to the study of Biblical literature—a department of inquiry which had always been one of his favorite pursuits—and to the exercise of a munificent public and private charity. He was a trustee of Princeton College, and founded its cabinet of natural history in 1805, at a cost of \$3,000. In 1813 he was elected a member of the Board of

Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to which he gave a donation of \$500.

Mr. Boudinot reached the advanced age of eighty-two, and died in 1821, a devout follower of the world's Redeemer. The death-bed of the aged pilgrim was cheered by the faith and the promises of the blessed book which had guided and supported him through so long a life, and the circulation of which had been an object of his devout ambition. He was prepared to meet his end, and was sensible to the last. He closed the work of life with the prayer, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

Mr. Boudinot early married the daughter of Richard Stockton. He left an only daughter, and, suitably providing for her, bequeathed the most of his large estate to those objects which had been dearest to his heart through life. These were the promotion of literature and the diffusion of religion. He devoted four thousand acres of land to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, five thousand to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, four thousand and eighty to the theological students at Princeton, four thousand to establish fellowships in the College of New-Jersey, three thousand and seventy to the Philadelphia Hospital, and thirteen thousand to the corporation of that city for the supply of fuel to the poor on low terms. To these might be added many other legacies to charitable and religious purposes.

Mr. Boudinot wrote several publications, the principal of which was, the "Star in the West," or an attempt to discover the long-lost tribes of Israel. At the time it is said the work was read with much interest, but incredulity. It exhibits very benevolent feelings for our Indian population, with skill and extensive research. The work is now out of print, and the fifty years since it was written have developed many circumstances which, to say the least, do not weaken the theory of Mr. Boudinot. Without adopting or rejecting it, we will refer to some reasons which favor his views.

About six hundred years before Christ the land of Israel was swept by powerful invaders, who carried off the people into captivity. Nine and a half tribes went from Samaria—two and a half, embracing Judah and Benjamin, with half of Manasseh, remained in Judea beyond Jordan,

who constitute the eight millions of the existing nation.

From the Second of Esdras we learn all that is known of the route of the captives. This is an apocryphal book, but one of great antiquity, and worthy of respect. The account reads thus:—

"Whereas thou sawest that he gathered another peaceable multitude unto him; these are the ten tribes which were carried away prisoners out of their land, in the time of Osee the king, whom Salmanaser, King of Assyria, led away captive, and he carried them away over the waters, and so they came into another land.

"But they took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go forth into a farther country, wherein never mankind dwelt, that they might there keep their statutes which they never kept in their own land, (Assyria); and there was a great way to go, namely, a year and a half."

These tribes marched toward the north-east coast of Asia, some abiding in Tartary, while many went to China, where they have been sixteen hundred years, and remain numerous to this day. The advocates of Mr. Boudinot's hypothesis believe that the main body crossed over Behring's Straits to this continent, the most adventurous keeping to the North—Hudson's Bay and Greenland. The more cultivated followed the shores of the Pacific through California to Mexico, Central America, and Peru. Here it is imagined they encountered their old foe, the Phœnicians, (Canaanites,) who had advanced and colonized the country five hundred years before. The Phœnicians, it is supposed, also built the cities of Palenque, and the pyramids at Cholula, Paxaca, Mitland, and Flascola, resembling those of Egypt, with hieroglyphics, planispheres, zodiacs, temples, military roads, aqueducts, bridges of great grandeur, still existing, and all seeming to prove that they were built by the same people who created Tyre, Babylon, and Carthage.

When Columbus discovered this continent he found various nations of Indians, whose origin was unknown. These, it is believed, were the descendants of the missing tribes of Israel; and it is worthy of note that Heckwelda, Chaleveaux, McKenzie, Bartram, Smith, William Penn, the Earl of Crawford, Major Long, Catlin, and Boudinot adopt this opinion, and were all either eminent writers or travelers.

William Penn, who had no idea of their origin, says :—

“I found them with countenances like to the Hebrew race. I consider these people under a dark night, yet they believe in God and immortality, without the aid of metaphysics. They reckon by moons—they offer their first ripe fruits—they have a kind of feast of tabernacles—they are said to lay their altars with twelve stones—they mourn a year.”

Mr. Catlin, who lived some years among the North-Western Indians, states that all the Mosaic laws, only traditional with them, were strictly enforced.* John M. Payne, Esq., who long resided with the Cherokees, collected valuable information of their historical and religious traditions, and he states the remarkable fact that the oldest Cherokees used the term *Ye-ho-waah* for the Great Invisible Spirit. It is well known that the late Major M. M. Noah, who devoted much time to the investigation of this subject, ably advocated the sentiment that his Hebrew brethren were the progenitors of the North American Indians, the descendants of those tribes which Esdras relates “went into a farther country.”

The subject is a curious one ; but we refer to it only as an indication of the Biblical direction toward which the mind of this good man seemed continually inclined. His great distinction, next to his eminent personal virtues, is the honor—now never to be impaired—of being the first president of the American Bible Society. That splendid moral structure—the monument of the Protestant Christianity of the nation—is also, in a special sense, his monument. A nobler one can no man have.

∴ The march of these people can be traced through Asia to this continent. After a lapse of two thousand years we find the red men of America bearing strong marks of Asiatic origin. They are divided into three hundred different nations, remarkable for their strength of intellect, bravery in war, and good faith in peace; and the following religious rites, common among all our Indians, appear to identify them with the Israelites :—

1. Their belief in one God.
2. Their computation of time by their ceremonies of new moons.
3. The division of the year into four seasons.
4. Their erection of temples and altars.
5. The division of the natives into tribes, with a chief sachem at their head.
6. By their sacrifices, oblations, ceremonies, the affinity of the Indian to the Hebrew language, and circumcision—a custom relinquished only in modern times.

THIRST IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

THE use of snow when persons are thirsty does not by any means allay the insatiable desire for water ; on the contrary, it appears to be increased in proportion to the quantity used, and the frequency with which it is put into the mouth. For example, a person walking along feels intensely thirsty, and he looks to his feet with coveting eyes ; but his good sense and firm resolutions are not to be overcome so easily, and he withdraws the open hand that was to grasp the delicious morsel and convey it into his parching mouth. He has several miles of a journey to accomplish, and his thirst is every moment increasing ; he is perspiring profusely, and feels quite hot and oppressed. At length his good resolutions stagger, and he partakes of the smallest particle, which produces a most exhilarating effect ; in less than ten minutes he tastes again and again, always increasing the quantity ; and in half an hour he has a gum-stick of condensed snow, which he masticates with avidity, and replaces with assiduity the moment that it has melted away. But his thirst is not allayed in the slightest degree ; he is as hot as ever, and still perspires ; his mouth is in flames, and he is driven to the necessity of quenching them with snow, which adds fuel to the fire. The melting snow ceases to please the palate, and it feels like red-hot coals, which, like a fire-eater, he shifts about with his tongue, and swallows without the addition of saliva. He is in despair ; but habit has taken the place of his reasoning faculties, and he moves on with languid steps, lamenting the severe fate which forces him to persist in a practice which in an unguarded moment he allowed to begin. . . . I believe the true cause of such intense thirst is the extreme dryness of the air when the temperature is low.—*Sutherland's Journal*.

Souls may be rich in grace, and yet not know it, and yet not perceive it. The child is heir to a crown, to a great estate, but knows it not. Moses's face did shine, and others saw it ; but he perceived it not : so many a precious soul is rich in grace, and others see it, and know it, and bless God for it ; and yet the poor soul perceives it not.—*Brooks*.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

LUTHER CONTINUES HIS TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF MELANCTHON, 1522-4.

FROM the confused crowd of the iconoclasts, and their fanatical excesses, we enter once more Luther's silent cell, to witness the quiet progress of his translation of the Bible. At his side stands the younger friend and assistant of the reformer, Philip Melancthon, the distinguished teacher of the Greek language at the young university. According to Luther's description, he was "a mere youth in age, figure, and appearance; but a man when one considered the extent of his knowledge."

This was the beautiful period of their friendship, when each labored in the same spirit at their common task, full of admiration of the higher gifts of the other. "See how beautiful and lovely it is when brethren dwell together in unity!"

Luther says in 1522, "No commentator has come nearer to the spirit of the Apostle Paul than my Philippus."

Luther's opinions of the Scriptures were somewhat curious. "I frankly own," he says, "that I know not whether or no I am master of the full meaning of the Psalms; although I have no doubts about my giving their correct sense. One man will be mistaken in some passages, another in others. I see things which Augustin overlooked; and others, I am aware, will see things which I miss. Who will dare to assert that he has completely understood a single Psalm? Our life is a beginning and a progress; not a consummation. He is the best, who comes nearest to the spirit. There are stages in life and action—why



LUTHER AND MELANCTHON TRANSLATING THE BIBLE.

not in understanding? The apostle says, that we proceed from knowledge to knowledge. The Gospel of St. John is the true and pure Gospel, the principal Gospel, because it contains more of Jesus Christ's own words than the rest. In like manner, the Epistles of St. Paul and St. Peter are far above (?) the Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke. In fine, St. John's Gospel and his First Epistle, St. Paul's Epistles,—especially those to the Romans, Galatians, and Ephesians,—and St. Peter's First Epistle, are the books which show thee Jesus Christ, and which teach thee all that is necessary and useful for thee to know, though thou wert never to see any other book." He did not consider either the Epistle to the Hebrews or the Epistle of St. James of apostolic authority.



LUTHER PREACHING AT SEEBURG AGAINST THE PEASANTS' WAR.

THE lower classes, the peasantry, who had so long slumbered under the weight of feudal oppression, heard princes and the learned speak of liberty, of enfranchisement, and they applied to themselves that which was not spoken for them. The reclamation of the poor peasants of Suabia will remain, in its simple barbarism, a monument of courageous moderation. By degrees, the eternal hatred of the poor to the rich was aroused; less blind than in the *jaquerie*, but striving after a systematic form, which it was only to attain afterward, in the time of the English *levelers*, and complicated with all the forms of religious democracy, which were supposed to have been stifled in the middle age. Lollards, Beghards, and a crowd of apocalyptic visionaries were in motion. At a later moment, the rallying cry was the necessity for a second baptism: at

the beginning, the aim was a terrible war against the established order of things, against every kind of order—a war on property, as being a robbery of the poor; a war on knowledge, as destructive of natural equality, and a tempting of God, who had revealed all to his saints. Books and pictures were inventions of the devil. The peasants first rose up in the Black Forest, and then around Heilbronn and Frankfort, and in the county of Baden and Spire; whence the flame extended into Alsace, and nowhere did it assume a more fearful character. It reached the Palatinate, Hesse, and Bavaria. The leader of the insurgents in Suabia was one of the petty nobles of the valley of the Necker, the celebrated Goetz of Berlichingen, *Goetz with the Iron Hand*, who pretended they had forced him to be their general against his will.

The reformation in the Church is in danger of being swallowed up by a political revolution; the internal freedom of the Christian is to justify rebellion against the state. This stormy flood Luther opposes with his whole being; shudderingly he seems to look into a bottomless abyss that opens before his people.

In May, 1525, he wrote to his brother-in-law from Seeburg, where he had warned the people against rebellious proceedings: "Though there were many more thousand peasants, they are all of them robbers and murderers, who take to the sword for the sake of their own gratification, and who want to make a new rule in the world, for which they have from God neither law, nor right, nor command; they likewise bring disgrace and dishonor upon the word of God and upon the gospel: yet I still hope that this will not continue nor last. Well, when I get home, I will prepare myself for death with God's help, and await my new masters, the robbers and murderers. But sooner than approve of and pronounce right their doings, I would lose a hundred necks, so God in his mercy help me!

"In this my conscience is secure, although I may lose my life. It endureth but a short time, until the right Judge cometh, who will find both them and us. . . Their doings and their victories cannot last long."

He had already warned the peasants, some time previously, in his "Admonition to Peace," and said: "Be ye in the right as much as ye may, yet it becometh no Christians to quarrel and to fight, but to suffer wrong and bear evil. Put away the name of Christians, I say, and make it not the cover for your impatient, quarrelsome, and unchristian intentions. That name I will grudge you, nor leave it you, but tear it away from you by writing and preaching, as long as a vein beats in my body."

LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.

FROM the agitation caused by his opposition to the iconoclasts Luther had returned to his Bible; from the annihilating struggles of a political revolution he turned to the symbolical erection of a Christian household—to the foundation of a family in the true German and evangelical spirit.

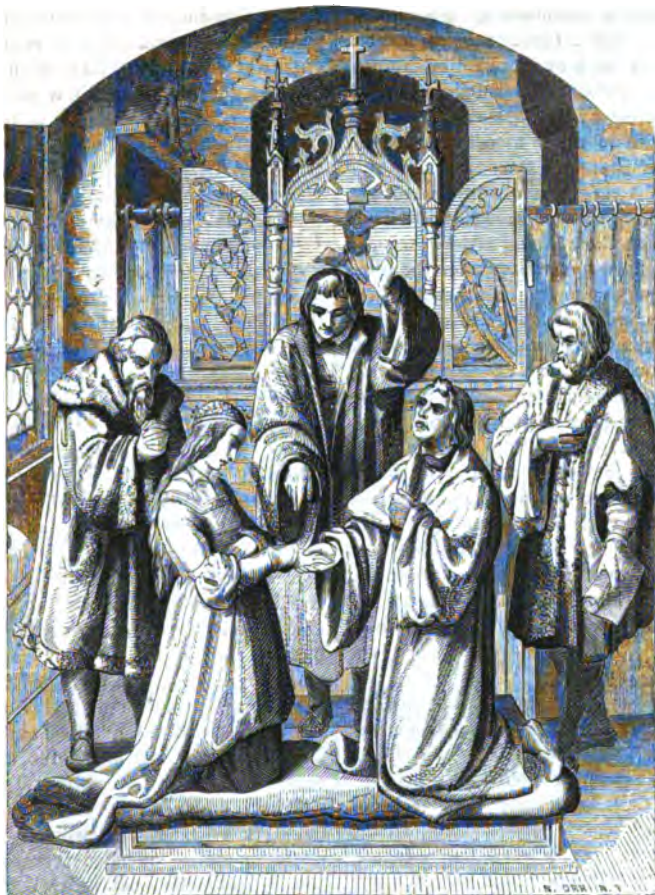
Even during the storm of insurrection he wrote in the spring of 1525: "And if I

can fit it, I mean to take my Kate to wife ere I die, in despite of the devil, although I hear that my enemies will continue. I hope they may not take from me my courage and my joy. A few weeks later, on June 13th, he was united to Katharina for life in the house of the town-clerk (*Stadtschreiber*) of Wittenberg: his friend Bugenhagen blessed the sacred union, in the presence of the lawyer Apel and of Lukas Kranach. "Beloved Heavenly Father," so did he pray, "as thou hast given me the honor of thy name and of thine office, and willest also that I should be called and be honored as a father, grant me grace, and bless me, that I may govern and nourish my dear wife, child, and servants in a divine and Christian manner.

. . . . I have not known how to refuse to my beloved Lord and Father this last act of obedience to his will which he claimed of me, in the good hope that God may grant me children. Also that I may confirm my doctrine by this my act and deed; seeing that I find still so many faint hearts, notwithstanding the shining light of the gospel. . . . I have feared such great discredit and contempt from this my marriage, that I hope the angels will rejoice and the devils weep. The world and her wiseacres know not nor understand this word, that it is divine and holy. . . . If matrimony be the work of God, what wonder that the world should be offended thereat? Is it not also offended that its own God and Maker has taken upon himself our flesh and blood and given it for its salvation, as a redemption and as food?

Matrimony drives, hunts, and forces man into the very innermost and highest moral condition; that is to say, into faith—since there is no higher internal condition than faith, which dependeth solely upon the word of God. . . . Let the wife think thus: My husband is an image of the true high head of Christ. In the same manner the husband shall love his wife with his whole heart, for the sake of the perfect love which he seeth in Christ, who gave himself for us. Such will be a Christian and divine marriage, of which the heathens know nothing. . . . It is the highest mercy of God when a married couple love each other with their whole hearts through their whole lives."

His bride, Catharine von Bora, was a young girl of noble birth, who had escaped



LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.

from her convent; was twenty-four years of age, and remarkably beautiful. It appears that she had been previously attached to a young student of Nuremberg, Jerome Baumgartner; and Luther wrote to him, (October 12th, 1524:)—“If you desire to obtain your Catharine von Bora, make haste before she is given to another, whose she almost is. Still she has not yet overcome her love for you. For my part, I should be delighted to see you united.” He writes to Stiefel, a year after his marriage, (August 12th, 1526:)—“Catharine, my dear *lieb*, salutes you. She is, thanks to God! in the enjoyment of excellent health. She is gentle, obedient, and complying in all things, beyond my hopes. I would not exchange my poverty for the wealth of Cræsus.” Luther, in truth, was at this time ex-

tremely poor. Preoccupied with household cares, and anxiety about his future family, he turned his thoughts to acquiring a handicraft. “If the world will no longer support us in return for preaching the word, let us learn to live by the labor of our own hands.” Could he have chosen, he would no doubt have preferred one of the arts which he loved—the art of Albert Durer, and of his friend Lucas Cranach—or music, which he calls a science inferior to theology alone; but he had no master. So he became turner. “Since our barbarians here know nothing of art or science, my servant Wolfgang and I have taken to turning.” He commissioned Wenceslaus Link to buy him tools at Nuremberg. He also took to gardening and building. “I have planted a garden,” he writes to Spalatin, “and have built a fountain, and have

succeeded tolerably in both. Come, and be crowned with lilies and roses." (December, 1525.) In April, 1527, on being made a present of a clock by an abbot of Nuremberg, "I must," he says, in acknowledging its receipt,—“I must become a student of mathematics in order to comprehend all this mechanism, for I never saw anything like it.” A month afterward he writes: “The turning tools are come to hand, and the dial with the cylinder and the wooden clock. I have tools enough for the present, except you meet with some newly-invented ones, which can turn of themselves, while my servant snores or stares at the clouds. I have already taken my degree in clockmaking, which is prized by me as enabling me to tell the hour to my drunkards of Saxons, who pay more attention to their glasses than the hours, and care not whether sun, or clock, or whose regulates the clock, go wrong. (May 19th, 1527.) “You may absolutely see my melons, gourds, and pumpkins grow; so I have known how to employ the seeds you have sent me.” (July 5th.)

Gardening was no great resource, and Luther found himself in a situation equally strange and distressing. This man, who governed kings, saw himself dependent on the elector for his daily food.

THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN LUTHER AND ZWINGLI
ON THE SACRAMENT.

TEN years earlier Luther had stood at Leipzig opposed to the principal and dexterous theological champion of the court of Rome; here, at Marburg, we find him opposing the spiritual head of the Swiss Reformation. Wittenberg and Zurich, Saxony and Switzerland, represented by their most distinguished professors, debated in the castle at Marburg, from the 1st to the 4th of October, 1529, upon the theological interpretation of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and upon the words employed in instituting it.

The profound mystery of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, in its depth and power entirely beyond the range, and indeed opposed to the scholastic contro-



CONTROVERSY BETWEEN LUTHER AND ZWINGLI.

versy, became nevertheless the watchword of party.

Zwingli dreaded a physical interpretation; Luther, on the contrary, dreaded the evaporation of the spiritual element of the sacrament of the communion. One considered that he defended the cornerstone of evangelical Protestantism; the other the foundation of the Christian Church. On one side the cry was, "The spirit quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing!" the other side maintained the presence of the entire Christ.

Profound and insurmountable antitheses of religious thought and practice, defying the discriminating power of the human understanding!

In vain the Swiss sought to establish a cordial union, notwithstanding these differences, or rather rising above them. "There are no people on earth with whom I would more willingly be united than those of Wittemberg!" cried Zwingli in tears. "Ye have a different spirit from ours!" was Luther's implacable reply. "Conscience is a shy thing; therefore we must not act lightly in such great matters, nor introduce anything new, unless we have the distinct word of God for it. We deem, truly, that our opponents mean well; but it will be seen that their arguments do not satisfy conscience, as opposed to the meaning of the words, *This is my body*."

Even a Christian and brotherly union was rejected. "To-day," says Luther, "the Landgrave proposed that we should, although maintaining different opinions, still keep together as brethren and members in Christ. But we want not such brethren or members; let us, however, have peace and good-will!"

At other times he speaks with great severity of them. In 1527, he published a work against Zwingli and Œcolampadius, in which he styled them New Wickliffites, and denounced their opinions as sacrilegious and heretical. At length, in 1528, he said, "I know enough, and more than enough, of Bucer's iniquity to feel no surprise at his perverting against me my own published sentiments on the sacrament. . . . Christ keep you, —you who are living in the midst of these ferocious beasts, these vipers, lionesses, panthers, with almost more danger than Daniel in the lions' den." "I believe Zwingli to be worthy of a holy hate for

his rash and criminal handling of God's word." (October 27th, 1527.) "What a fellow is that Zwingli, with his rank ignorance of grammar and dialectics, not to speak of other sciences!" (November 28th, 1527.)

To the left of the picture, Melancthon and Œcolampadius are conversing; behind them, Philip of Hesse and Ulrich of Wurtemberg follow the conversation between Luther and Zwingli with extreme attention; to the right, several other theologians belonging to the two contending parties sit under the portrait of the peaceable Frederick the Wise.

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ABOVE, LUTHER PRAYING. PRINCIPAL SCENE, THE PRESENTATION OF THE AUGSBURG CONFESSION, 1530.

THAT which had been heard thirteen years before at Wittemberg, on the 31st of October, 1517, like the voice of a watchman at midnight, was in full daylight, on the 25th of June, 1530, proclaimed at the court of the Bishop of Augsburg, before the emperor and the country, as the steadfast conviction of many thousand German hearts.

Melancthon, transformed at Augsburg into a partisan leader, and forced to do battle daily with legates, princes, and emperor, was exceedingly discomposed with the active life with which he had been saddled, and often unbosomed his troubles to Luther, when all the comfort he got was rough rebuke: "You tell me of your labors, dangers, tears; am I on roses? Do not I share your burden? Ah! would to Heaven my cause were such as to allow me to shed tears!" (June 20th.) "May God reward the tyrant of Saltzburg, who works thee so much ill, according to his works! He deserves another sort of answer from thee; such as I would have made him, perchance; such as has never struck his ear. They must, I fear, hear the saying of Julius Cæsar: '*They would have it.*'"

. . . . I write in vain, because, with thy philosophy, thou wishest to set all these things right with thy reason, that is, to be unreasoning with reason. Go on; continue to kill thyself so, without seeing that neither thy hand nor thy mind can grasp this thing." (30th June, 1530.) "God has placed this cause in a certain spot, unknown to thy rhetoric and thy philosophy—that spot is faith; there all things are inaccessible to the sight;



ABOVE, LUTHER PRAYING.

PRINCIPAL SCENE, THE PRESENTATION OF THE AUGSBURG CONFSSION.

and whoever would render them visible, apparent, and comprehensible, gets pains and tears as the price of his labor, as thou hast. God has said that his dwelling is in the clouds and thick darkness. Had Moses sought means of avoiding Pharaoh's army, Israel would, perhaps, still be in Egypt. . . . If we have not faith, why not seek consolation in the faith of others, for some must necessarily have it, though we have not? Or else, must we say that Christ has abandoned us before the fulfillment of time? If he be not with us, where is he in this world? If we be not the Church, or part of the Church, where is the Church? Is Ferdinand the Church, or the Duke of Bavaria, or the pope, or the Turk, or their fellows? If we have not God's word, who has? These things are beyond thee, for Satan torments and weakens thee. That Christ may heal thee is my sincere and constant prayer!" (June 29th.) "I am in poor health. . . . But I despise the angel of Satan, that is buffeting my flesh. If I cannot read or write, I can at least think and pray, and even wrestle with the devil; and then sleep, idle, play, sing. Fret not thyself away, dear Philip, about a matter which is not in thy hand, but in that of One mightier than thou, and from whom no one can snatch it."

"Great is my joy," says Luther, "to have lived till this hour, when Christ is proclaimed by such confessors, before such an assembly, through so glorious a confession! Now the word is fulfilled: 'I will speak of thy testimony also before kings.' The other also will be fulfilled: 'Thou hast not let me be put to shame;' for 'whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father who is in heaven.'"

In this spirit he comforted his friends with the most joyful confidence: "Ye have confessed Jesus Christ; ye have offered peace, rendered obedience to the emperor, borne evil, have been covered with contumely, and have not returned evil for evil. To sum all, ye have worthily carried on the sacred work as it becometh his saints. Look up, and lift up your heads, for your deliverance is nigh!"

Being in the castle at Coburg—which, from a Sinai, he intended to make his Sion—Luther could only in the spirit and in prayer be present with his friends during the decisive hours at Augsburg.

"With sighs and prayer," he writes to Melancthon, "I am in truth faithfully by your side. The cause concerns me also, indeed more than any of you; and it has not been begun lightly or wickedly, or for the sake of honors or worldly good; in this the Holy Ghost is my witness, and the cause itself has shown it until now. If we fall, Christ falls with us—he, the ruler of the world: and though he should fall, I would rather fall with Christ than stand with the emperor. Christ is the conqueror of the world; that is not false, I know! Why then should we fear the conquered world, as if it were the conqueror?"

The artist has grouped the Reformers to the left, and the Catholics to the right of the spectator. There stands Melancthon, with his careworn, thoughtful countenance, full of grief over the impending separation of the Churches; beside him, with hands folded in prayer, the elector, John the Constant; behind him, the margrave, George of Brandenburg; and, leaning on his sword, Philip of Hesse. Before the emperor stands the chancellor, Christian Baier, reading with a loud voice the evangelical confession. On the stairs in the background, the people are seen pushing in, and listening with attention. Above, in the Gothic arch, Luther is seen in prayer. In the lower compartment appear Luther's and Melancthon's coat-of-arms, connected by a band, on which we read Luther's motto of those days, taken from his favorite Psalm: *Non moriar, sed vivam*, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." Such was the presentiment of his soul regarding himself and his mission.

THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

THE members of the Evangelical Church had published their General Confession at Augsburg. It is true the source of this Confession could only be found in the Bible; and the Bible became their property only through Luther's translation.

"This is one of the greatest miracles," says Mathesius, "which our Lord has caused to be performed, by Dr. Martin Luther, before the end of the world, that he giveth us Germans a very beautiful version of the Bible, and explaineth to us his eternal divine nature, and his merciful will, in good intelligible German words.



THE REVISION OF THE BIBLE.

“When the whole German Bible had been published, Dr. Luther began anew to revise it with great zeal, industry, and prayer. And as the Son of God had promised, that ‘where two or three were gathered together in his name, he would be in the midst of them,’ he caused a sanhedrim, as it were, of the best people then about him to assemble weekly, for a few hours before supper, at his house; namely, Dr. Bugenhagen, Dr. Justus Jonas, Dr. Kreuziger, Melancthon, Mattheus Aurogallus, and also George Rörer the corrector. These were frequently

joined by strange doctors and other learned men—Dr. Bernhard Ziegler, Dr. Forstenius, and others.

“After our doctor had looked through the published Bible, and consulted Jews and foreign philologists, and had also inquired among old German persons for fitting German words, he joined the above assembly with his Latin and new German Bible; he had also the Hebrew text always with him. Melancthon brought the Greek text; Dr. Kreuziger, both the Hebrew and the Chaldee Bibles. The professors had several tables beside them;



LUTHER TEACHING CATECHISM.

and Dr. Pomacer had also a Latin text before him. Every one had previously prepared himself by studying the text. Then Luther, as president, proposed a passage, and collected the votes, and heard what each one had to say on it, according to the peculiarity of the language, and the interpretation of the old doctors."

In the picture, Luther stands between Melancthon and Bugenhagen; to the left, looking up at Luther, Jonas; beside him, Dr. Forstenius; and to the right, Dr. Kreuziger, conversing with the rabbis.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF SCHOOLS: INTRODUCTION OF THE CATECHISM.

Among the finest fruits of the reform movement was the religious instruction of youth in the schools of the people; and nothing lay more at Luther's heart.

"I hold that the magistrates ought to force parents to send their children to school. Can they not force their subjects to bear pikes and muskets in war-time? why not much more then to send their children to school? for in this instance a worse war impendeth against the detestable devil, who seeketh to drain all cities and countries dry of all worthy people, until he have extracted the kernel, so that only the empty useless shell of worthless people be left standing, whom he may play with and deceive as he listeth! Therefore let all those work who can! Well, my beloved Germans, I have told you enough: ye have heard your prophet."

In this spirit he presented to the youth of his nation that masterpiece of popular instruction in the elementary truths of Christianity, his *Little Catechism*.

"The wretched miserable want which I witnessed formerly when I was still a visitor, has urged and driven me to give to this catechism, or Christian teaching, such a small simple form. God help me, what wretchedness have I seen! how ignorant are the common people, particularly in the villages, of all Christian knowledge! and how many of the parochial priests are unskillful, and unfit, alas! to teach them! O ye bishops! how will ye answer it unto Christ that ye have deserted the people thus disgracefully?"

It was his greatest joy and greatest restorative to see the fruits of his labor ripen among the new generation. "Tender youths and maidens grow up so well instructed in the catechism and the Scriptures, that it soothes my heart to see how, at present, young boys and maidens pray and believe more, and can tell more of God and of Christ, than formerly, and even now, all foundation-convents and schools can. Young people like them are truly a paradise, such as the world cannot show. And all this the Lord buildeth; as though he would say: 'Well, my much-beloved Duke Hanns, I confide to thee my noblest treasure, my cheerful paradise; thou shalt be father over it, as my gardener and fosterer.' As if God himself were your daily guest and ward, because his word, and his children who keep his word, are your daily guests and wards, and eat your bread."

The picture represents the great reformer in the midst of a number of children; to whom, according to the text, "Let little children come unto me," he expounds his catechism, while Jonas is distributing the book among them; and in the background are seen a circle of attentive schoolmasters, who are preparing themselves by listening to his teaching for the duties of their calling.

THE SERMON.

As Luther had translated the Word of God for his people into their mother tongue; as he had interpreted it in his elementary work for the understanding of children; so did he wish to announce it to the assembled community in sermons, as an explanation, development, and application of the word of God, of the revelation of God in Christ. Preaching became the principal instrument for the founda-

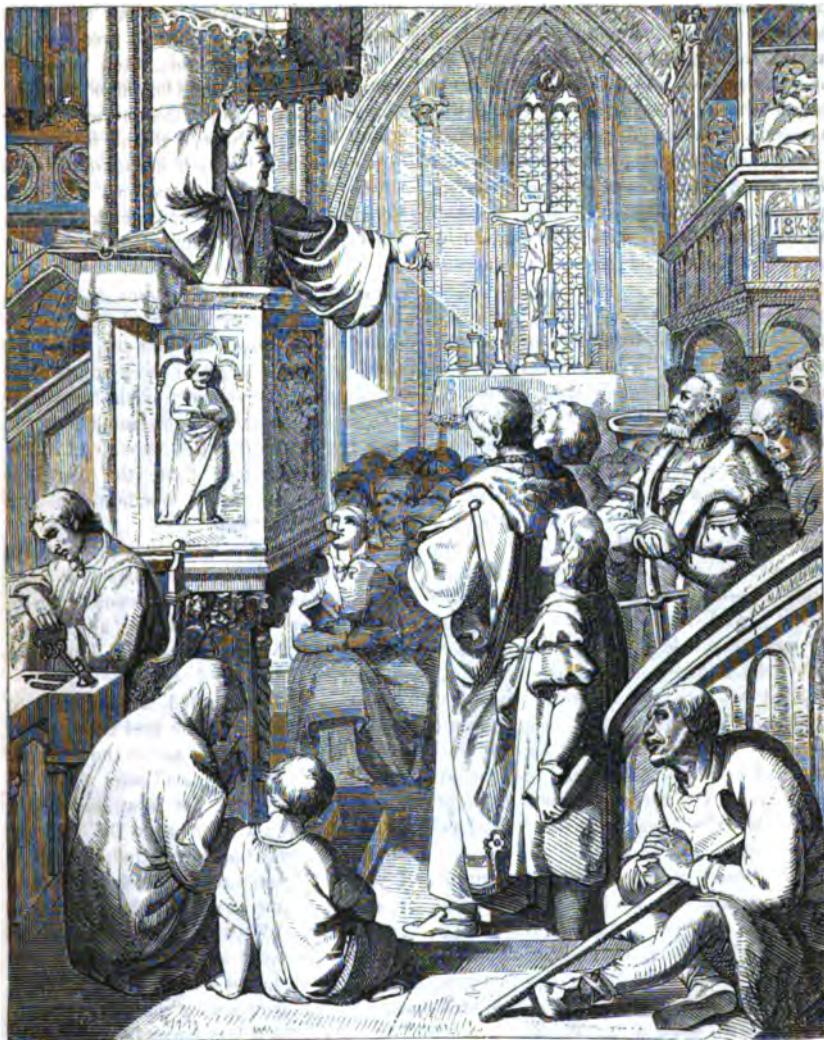
tion and guidance of the Evangelical Church. The divine became from this time forward preëminently a preacher.

"Therefore mark this, thou parochial priest and preacher! Our office has now become another thing than it was under the pope; it is now real and beneficial. Therefore has it much more trouble and labor, danger and temptations, and with all that less reward and thanks in this world; but Christ himself will be our reward, so we labor faithfully."

In the picture all the elements of evangelical worship are indicated: the sacraments, by the baptismal font and the altar; music, by the organ and the hymn-books; the duty of benevolence, by the poor-box. We are at the same time reminded of the fact, that Luther and the renovated Church were entirely free from the heartless fanatical endeavor to exclude the arts from public worship.

"I am not of opinion that all the arts are to be rooted out by the gospel, as some ultra-divines pretend; but would wish to see all the arts employed, and music particularly, in the service of Him who has given and created them."

"O! how I trembled when I had to ascend the pulpit for the first time! But I was forced to preach, and to the brothers first of all. . . . Under this very pear-tree where we are now standing, I adduced fifteen arguments to Dr. Staupitz against my vocation for the pulpit: at last I said, 'Dr. Staupitz, you wish to kill me; I shall not live three months.' He answered me, 'Well, our Lord has great business on hand above, and wants able men.'" "I do not like Philip to be present at my lectures or sermons; but I place the cross before me and say, 'Philip, Jonas, Pomer, and the rest, have nothing to do with the matter;' and then I endeavor to fancy that no one has sat in the pulpit abler than myself." Dr. Jonas said to him, "Sir doctor, I cannot at all follow you in your preaching." Luther replied, "I cannot myself; for my subject is often suggested either by something personal, or some private matter, according to times, circumstances, and hearers. Were I young, I should like to retrench many things in my sermons, for I have been too wordy." "I wish the people to be taught the catechism well. I found myself upon it in all my sermons, and I preach as simply as possible. I want the



LUTHER PREACHING.

common people, and children, and servants, to understand me. I do not enter the pulpit for the sake of the learned; they have my books."

Dr. Erasmus Alberus, being about to leave for the March, asked Luther how he should preach before the prince. "Your sermons," said he, "ought to be addressed, not to princes, but to the rude and simple people. If, in mine, I was thinking of Melancthon and the other doctors, I should do no good; but I preach solely for the ignorant, and that pleases all. Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, I spare until we learned

ones come together; and, then, 'we make it so curled and finical that God himself wondereth at us.'" "Albert Dürer, the famous painter of Nuremberg, used to say that he took no pleasure in paintings charged with colors, but in those of a less ambitious kind. I say the same of sermons." "O! how happy should I have been when I was in the monastery of Erfurth, if I could once, but once, have heard but one poor little word preached on the Gospel, or on the least of the Psalms." "Nothing is more acceptable or more useful to the general run of hearers, than

to preach the law and examples. Sermons on grace and on justification are cold to their ears." Among the qualities which Luther desiderates in a preacher, is a fine person, and that he be such as to make himself loved by good women and maidens. In his *Treatise on Monastic Vows*, Luther asks pardon of the reader for saying many things which are usually passed over in silence. "Why not dare to say what the Holy Ghost, for the in-

struction of men, has dictated to Moses? But we wish our ears to be purer than the mouth of the Holy Ghost."

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THE SACRAMENT OF THE HOLY COMMUNION IN BOTH KINDS.

"THE WORD AND THE SACRAMENT," was for Luther the motto and symbol of the true Christian Church. As a pendant to the preaching, the artist has chosen, therefore, the most sacred rite of the



LUTHER AND BUGENHAGEN ADMINISTERING THE SACRAMENT IN BOTH KINDS.

evangelical community—the celebration of the Lord's supper in its original mode and form. Luther presents the cup to his elector, John Frederick, while Dr. Bugenhagen breaks the bread. By retaining and insisting upon the "real presence" in the sacrament, Luther strove to save the reformed Church from the double danger of

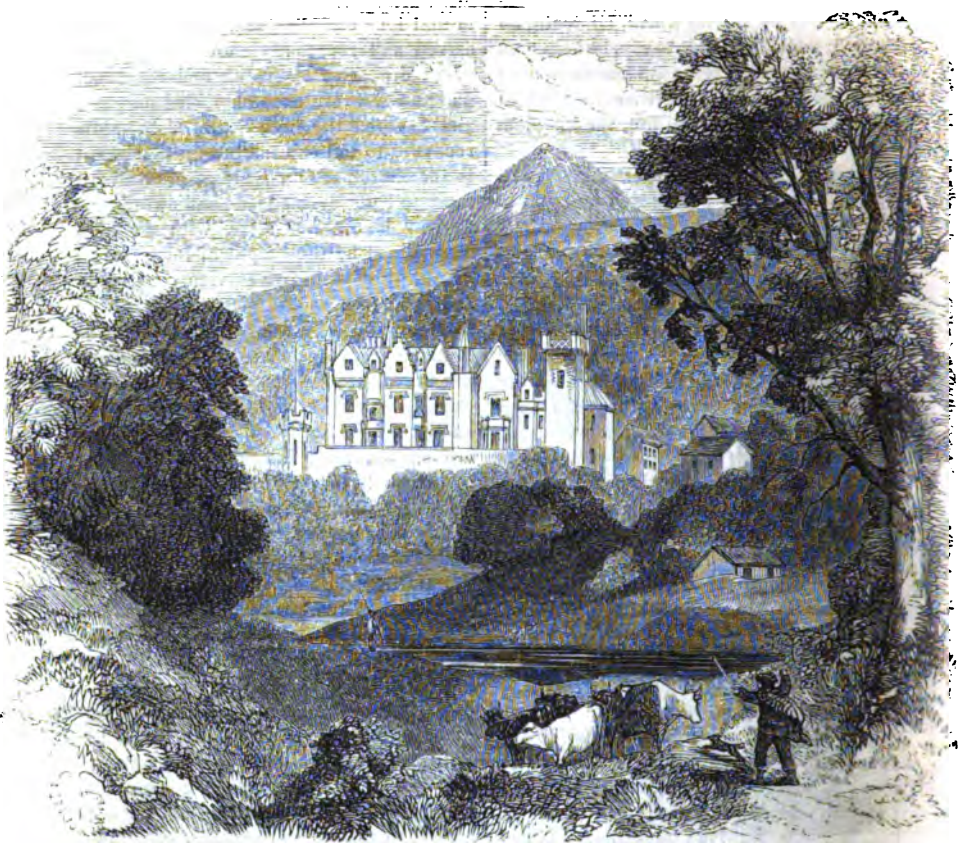
being either split into a number of sects unconnected with the great Christian Church, or driven from its object by the arbitrary opinions of the schools. "Whoever doth not require and long for the sacrament, of him it may be feared that he despises it, and is no Christian; even as he is no Christian who doth not hear

and believe in the gospel. But who doth not reverence the sacrament, that is a sign that he has no sin, no world, no death, no danger, no hell; that is to say, he believeth in none, although he be sunk in them over head and ears. Contrariwise, he needeth not either grace, eternal life, the kingdom of heaven, Christ, or God."

IGNATIUS LOYOLA, FOUNDER OF THE JESUITS.

WHAT country but Spain could have produced that wonderful man, Ignatius Loyola, and how well befitting that land is his history! The handsome, bold young noble, entering life as page at the brilliant court of Ferdinand; then as a soldier of fortune, pursuing a career of romantic bravery in the desolating wars of the times; fierce, reckless, pleasure-loving, seeking, amid enjoyment and keen excitement, food for his fevered spirit, until, in his thirtieth year, struck down by a cannon-ball at the siege of Pampeluna, wounded through both legs, he is borne, toilsomely and painfully, many a weary league in the rude litter to his native valley, Loyola—that valley to which he is to give so wide a renown. And there is he borne to his old ancestral mansion, to the chamber where he first saw light, a helpless and maimed sufferer, struck down in the full tide of life and hope. Here for long months he lay; and how clouded must his future prospects have appeared when, chafing under his slow recovery, and anxious to prevent the deformity he feared, he caused his wounds to be reopened, and a protruding bone sawed off! Terribly was the indomitable will of the founder of that mightiest order shown in this! but the agony was endured in vain: Ignatius was a hopeless cripple. Still tossing on his restless bed, the thoughts of the knight turned to his favorite romances, and he asked for them. None could be found: so the lives of the saints were brought to him. What had been the history of "the Society of Jesus," where had been many an important, many a mysterious episode in the history of modern Europe, if that restless, chafing spirit, at this, the very crisis of his fate, had, like Luther, opened the Bible? Who shall say? But who shall also say what shaping thoughts, whether of wild enthusiasm, of towering ambition, of religious

zeal, or *all* these, perchance, inextricably mingled, wrought in the mind of him who, in that lone chamber, still reverently preserved and reverently shown, cast aside every dream of his youth and manhood, flung away every once-cherished purpose, and devoted the first hours of his slow recovery to toil on crutches up the ascent to the church of Our Lady of Montserrat, there to hang up his lance and sword, and to vow before her altar, with devotion unimagined by the knight of romance, all his future days to her service. Strongly is his indomitable will displayed in all the incidents of his after-life; his weary pilgrimage to Jerusalem; his placing himself on the same form with boys studying grammar, that he might obtain the scanty knowledge without which he could not become a priest; his persevering efforts to establish his order, in spite of such determined opposition; even the legends of his miracles and visions, all bear the same impress of stern conflict and victory. Wonderfully did he rule his order, and yet rules it from the tomb! but Ignatius had been a soldier, and he carried into his community, as it has been truly said, the ideas and habits of a soldier. But then we think that the type of the genius of his "society" must not be sought for in the quiet orderly submission of the soldier of modern days; we must look rather at the blind submission to the one favorite leader, to that fierce, reckless spirit that yielded, indeed, implicit obedience to one, but as the price of unlimited freedom from all other rule which characterized the soldier of fortune in his own day. Such had he seen in the Spanish and Italian wars; such were the free companies that fought under Bourbon, Pescara, and De Leyra; such were they who, at the bidding of Cortez and Pizarro, followed them over unknown seas! and as devoted, as unscrupulous a band of followers had he. In so many ways are they, especially the Franciscan and Dominican, connected with the progress of society in Europe, with the advancing cause of freedom, with the earlier struggles of the Reformation, that we cannot but be interested in every attempt that is made to bring these influential communities before the attention of the historical student, well assured that a just appreciation of their efforts and their character cannot fail to throw additional light on the history of the middle ages.



ABBOTSFORD.

A VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD AND ITS VICINITY.

IT was on a bright calm morning toward the close of September that we started from the inn at Galashiels, where we had arrived at a late hour on the preceding evening, to visit Abbotsford and some of the adjacent scenes, which the genius of the mighty minstrel had invested with sufficient interest to our minds to render them the chief object of our northern tour.

One of our party (we were four in number, and on foot—the true mode of enjoying such an excursion) was well acquainted with the locality of every spot with which the slightest interest was associated; and was, moreover, admirably qualified to act as *cicerone* by an unbounded enthusiasm for everything connected, however remotely, with the person, the genius, or the memory of the illustrious poet. We

had not, therefore, proceeded far before he stopped us by exclaiming, "There are the woods and house of Abbotsford; and there, behind them, are the Eildon hills! There you see Gala-water chafing as it joins the Tweed. And yonder are the braes of Yarrow, and the vale of Ettrick!" It was impossible not to catch some portion of the enthusiasm with which he thus uttered names that we had often heard and read of with emotion, especially as the beautiful scenery to which they belonged was now spread in bright reality before us, and we learned to distinguish each amid the calm light shed around them from a cloudless autumn sky.

Abbotsford is situated about two miles from Galashiels, between that town and Selkirk. The house occupies the crest



DRYBURGH ABBEY, THE BURIAL-PLACE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

of the last of a broken series of hills descending from the Eildons to the Tweed, whose silver stream it overhangs. The grounds are richly wooded, and diversified with an endless variety of "bushy dells and alleys green;" while through all the river;

"Wandering at its own sweet will,"

gives its exquisite finish to a picture such as needs no association whatsoever, nothing but its own intrinsic loveliness, to leave its image indelibly impressed upon the mind.

We soon arrived at the entrance gate, a lofty arch in an embattled wall; and here

our attention was directed by our enthusiastic friend to the first instance of Sir Walter's anxiety to accumulate around his residence as many relics as possible of the olden time, in the rusty chains and rings, called "*jougs*," to which the bells were attached, and which had been brought from one of the ancient castles of the Douglasses in Galloway. The approach—which is very short, as the high road runs through the grounds in rather close propinquity to the house—is by a broad trellised walk, overshadowed with roses and honeysuckles; on one side was a screen of open Gothic arches filled with invisible network, through which we caught

delightful glimpses of a garden with flower-beds, turrets, porches leading into avenues of rosaries, and bounded by noble forest-trees. We came at once upon the house, the external appearance of which utterly defies description. At either end rises a tall tower, but each totally different from the other; and the entire front is nothing but an assemblage of gables, parapets, eaves, indentations, water-spouts with strange droll faces, painted windows, Elizabethan chimneys; all apparently flung together in the very wantonness of irregularity, and yet producing, as we all agreed, a far more pleasing effect than any sample of architectural propriety, whether ancient or modern, that we had ever seen.

A noble doorway—the fac-simile, as our well-informed guide apprised us, of the ancient royal palace of Linlithgow, and ornamented with stupendous antlers—admitted us into the lofty hall; the impression made upon entering which was such as never could be forgotten. There are but two windows, and these, although lofty, being altogether of painted glass, every pane being deep-dyed gorgeous armorial bearings, the sudden contrast between the less than “dim religious light” which they admitted, and the glare of day from which we had entered, together with the thought of *whose* roof-tree it was beneath which we stood, and whose the spirit that had called into existence the strange beauty with which we rather felt than saw ourselves to be surrounded, was oppressive—almost overpowering. Not a word was spoken for some moments, until our eyes became accustomed to the somber coloring of the apartment, which we then perceived to be about forty feet in length and twenty in breadth and height, the walls being of dark richly-carved oak, and the roof a series of pointed arches, from the center of each of which hung a richly-embazoned shield. Around the cornice were also a number of similar shields. Our *cicerone* pointed out among them the bloody heart of Douglas, and the royal lion of Scotland. The floor of the splendid hall is paved with black and white marble, brought, we were told, from the Hebrides; and magnificent suits of armor, with a profusion of swords of every variety, occupy the niches, or are suspended on the walls.

From the hall we were shown into a

narrow vaulted apartment running across the entire house, with an emblazoned window at either end. Here was an endless variety of armor and weapons, among them Rob Roy's gun, with his initials, R. M. G., around the touch-hole; Hofer's blunderbuss; the pistols taken from Bonaparte's carriage at Waterloo; a beautiful sword which Charles I. presented to Montrose; together with thumb-screws and other instruments of torture, the dark memorials of days of savage cruelty, we trust gone by forever.

Beyond this armory is the dining-room, with a low carved roof, a large bow window, and an elegant dais. Its walls were hung in crimson, and thickly covered with pictures, among which were the Duke of Monmouth, by Lely; a portrait of Hogarth, by himself; and a picture of the head of Mary Queen of Scots—said to have been painted the day after her execution—with an appalling ghastliness of countenance, the remembrance of which for days afterward was like that of an unpleasant dream.

A narrow passage of sculptured stone conducted us from this apartment to a delicious breakfast-room, with shelves full of books at one end, and the other walls well covered with beautiful drawings in water-color, by Turner. Over the chimney-piece was an oil painting of a castle overhanging the sea, which our *cicerone* affirmed to be the Wolf's Crag. A number of curious-looking cabinets formed the most remarkable feature in the furniture of this apartment; but its chief charm was in the lovely prospect from the windows, which on one side overlook the Tweed, and give a view of the Yarrow and of the Ettrick upon the other. While standing here, looking out upon the glad water sparkling in the sunshine, with the overhanging woods now putting on the golden livery of autumn, and thinking how often must the mighty minstrel's eye and mind have drunk in poetic inspiration as he gazed upon the same bright scene, one of our party repeated, in a low tone of deep feeling, the lines from the “Lay of the Last Minstrel,” which are in some respects so touchingly applicable to the closing scenes of the life of their gifted author:—

“Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;

And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble way ;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it ohill my wither'd cheek ;
 Still lay my head by Teviot's stone,
 Though there, forgotten and alone,
 The bard may draw his parting groan."

The windows were open ; it was the very season, but a few days from the anniversary, of his death ; the weather now, as it had been then, was warm and sunny ; the gentle murmur of the river was audible, as we are told in his biography it was when his weeping sons and daughters knelt around his bed just as the spirit was departing ; and as that solemn scene rose vividly before the excited imagination, there came with it, perhaps more deeply than had ever been before experienced, a feeling of the mutability, the nothingness, of all that earthly fame or riches can bestow. The bright scene was there unchanged ; but where was he who gave the charm to its brightness—who had rendered it almost unrivaled in its interest by any similar locality in the world !

On passing from this room, which we left most reluctantly, we came into a greenhouse with an old fountain playing before it—one that had formerly stood by the cross of Edinburgh, and had been made to flow with wine at the coronations of the Stuarts. This brought us into the drawing room, a large and very handsome apartment, elegantly furnished with ancient ebony, crimson silk hangings, mirrors, and portraits—among the latter, a noble portrait of Dryden, one of Peter Lely's best. After pausing here for some minutes, we passed into the largest room of all, the library—a most magnificent apartment, about fifty feet in length by thirty in width, with a projection in the center, opposite the fireplace, containing a large bow window. The roof is of richly-carved oak, as are also the bookcases, which reach high up the walls. The books were elegantly bound, amounting, we were told, in number, to about twenty thousand volumes, all arranged according to their subjects. Among them were presentation copies from almost every living author in the world. Our attention was arrested in particular by a "Montfauçon," in fifteen folio volumes, with the royal arms emblazoned on the binding, the gift of King George IV. There were cases opposite

the fireplace, wired and locked, one containing books and MSS., relating to the insurrections of 1715 and 1745 ; and another, treatises on magic and *diablerie*, said to be of extreme rarity and value. In one corner stood a tall silver urn upon a porphyry stand, upon which we could not but look with an intensely mournful interest ; it was filled with human bones, and bore the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart." There was but one bust—a Shakespeare ; and one picture—Sir Walter's eldest son in hussar uniform, in the apartment.

Connected with this noble library, and facing the south, is a small room, the most interesting of all—the retreat of the poet—where many of the most admired productions of his genius were conceived and written. It contained no furniture, except a small writing-table in the center, an arm-chair covered with black leather, and one chair besides for a single privileged visitor. On either side of the fireplace were shelves with a few volumes, chiefly folios ; and a gallery running round three sides of the room, and reached by a hanging stair at one corner, also contained some books. There were but two portraits—those of Claverhouse and Rob Roy. In one corner was a little closet opening into the gardens, forming the lower compartment of one of the towers, in the upper part of which was a private staircase accessible from the gallery. This was the last portion of the mansion which we were permitted to explore ; and after a hurried ramble through the grounds—where exquisite walks, with innumerable seats and arbors, commanding views of gleamy lakes and most picturesque and lovely waterfalls, told eloquently of the matchless taste that had there found recreation from its toil—we bid a long adieu to Abbotsford.

Our next visit was to Melrose Abbey, which,

"Like some tall rock with lichens gray,"

rose before us as we turned down a narrow street of the little town of Melrose. It is, in truth, perhaps the very loveliest pile of monastic ruins that the eye can see or the imagination can conceive. The windows, and especially the glorious east window with all its elaborate tracery—upon the repairs of which, (as of the entire

building,) conducted under his immediate auspices, we were told that Sir Walter Scott had bestowed the utmost care—are almost unrivaled, altogether unsurpassed, as specimens of Gothic architecture. Under the east window we were shown the grave of the wizard Michael Scott, immortalized in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" and close by it, a small flat stone, about a foot square, under which our guide informed us lies the heart of Wallace.

In one of the naves are seven niches, exquisitely ornamented with sculptured foliage, and reminding us of the lines in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"—

"Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glisten'd with the dew of night;
Nor herb nor floweret glisten'd there
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair."

Each glance at the lovely east window recalled in like manner the stanzas from the same poem:—

"The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight the osler wand,
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

The figures and heads which abound throughout the ruin are some of them very beautiful, and others singularly grotesque. There is a cripple on the back of a blind man, in which the pain of the former and the sinking of the latter beneath his unwieldy burden are expressed in stone as we do not often see anything of the kind in painting. Close to the south window is a massive-looking figure peering through the ivy, with one hand to his throat, while in the other he grasps a knife, and a figure below holds a ladle as if to catch the blood from his self-inflicted wound. Not far from these is a group of merry musicians; and blended with some of the most highly-wrought tracery in the windows is the figure of a sow playing the bagpipes.

The latter part of the day we devoted to Dryburgh Abbey. The scenery between Melrose and Dryburgh is exceedingly beautiful. The road overhangs the Tweed, fringed with rich plantations to the water's edge; and as it crosses the hill of Bemerside it commands a lovely view of the river winding round an island, with a solitary house upon it—the only

remain, our cicerone told us, of "old Melrose."

A low gateway at one side of a narrow lane, at the foot of which runs the Tweed, admitted us into the wooded grounds of Dryburgh; and after passing the residence, which we did not pause to examine, we came to a wooded fence around the Abbey. It is a beautiful ruin, embosomed in dense foliage, and having a very fine radiated window covered with ivy. It contains little, however, in the way of architectural remains, to attract the notice of those who have previously visited Melrose. Our thoughts were all upon the one spot, the aisle called St. Mary's, beneath the right-hand arch of which is the last resting-place of him whose spell had been upon us all the day. The spot is marked by a plain flat stone, about three feet from the ground, with the simple inscription, "Sir Walter Scott, Bart." Our hearts and eyes were full, some at all events overflowing: the mighty genius, and the broken heart—the lordly mansion, and the lowly grave—the contrast was painfully oppressive:—

"The last abode,
The voiceless dwelling of the bard is reach'd;
A still majestic spot; girt solemnly
With all the imploring beauty of decay;
A stately couch 'midst ruins! meet for him
With his bright fame to rest in."

Many an "added stone" within the ruins of Dryburgh, inscribed with the names of children summoned in their prime to the "narrow house appointed for all living," bears still further testimony to the utter vanity of that chief desire to be the founder of an illustrious house and family; we could not but remind ourselves of the lesson, which it is difficult to conceive how any one who has ever visited or meditated upon Abbotsford and Dryburgh can have failed to learn, or, having so learned, can forget the lesson so well expressed in the one line of a Christian poet:—

"He builds too low who builds beneath the
skies!"

The moral idea of ancient times was the love of the fatherland: all the wonderful deeds of the ancient republics rested on this strong but narrow basis; that of modern times on the love of the human race. Universal benevolence, which is the spirit of the gospel, embraces the whole of humanity.—*Aimé Martin.*

DR. WAYLAND ON THE PREACHING FOR THE TIMES.

PRESIDENT WAYLAND preached the last anniversary sermon of the "New-York Baptist Union for Ministerial Education." It has been published by Sage & Brothers, Rochester, and has produced no small sensation, especially in the ranks of the Baptist Church. We have been unusually interested in reading it. It has not the elaborate finish of some of his other published discourses, and will not compare with his well-known missionary sermon in rhetorical effectiveness. There are even noticeable inelegancies of style about it; but it is pervaded with vigorous, practical sense—that elevation and large application of common sense which is wisdom in its most sagely use. Breaking away, boldly, from the traditional ideas with which our rigid ecclesiasticism has overlaid and compressed the energies of Christianity, he propounds views of the Christian ministry which at first startle us by their apparent novelty, and yet commend themselves to our common sense, on a little reflection, as "apostolic," (for so he calls them in his title,) and practically wise—and, in fact, indispensable for the success of the modern Church.

We are, perhaps, the more pleased with the discourse, as it countenances generally the views we have advocated in our late articles on *The Preaching Required by the Times*.*

Some of our Baptist exchanges seem to fear the practical boldness of its views. The *Christian Review*, (an able Baptist Quarterly,) especially, gives an elaborate article on the subject, and deprecates their tendency to reduce the standard of ministerial qualification in the denomination. We do not share this anxiety. The common sense and utilitarian character of these views are a guarantee against any such tendency.

* Inexorable reader, as Dr. Wayland himself is in the pulpit, he sustains our late articles on preaching, even in the particular of extempore speaking. He says:—

"But suppose this train of thought to be thus prepared, shall it be written or unwritten? Each has its advantages, but I am constrained to believe that the value of written discourses has been in this country greatly overrated. Speaking an unwritten train of thought is by far the noblest and most effective exercise of mind, provided the labor of preparation in both cases be the same. I cannot but think that we have been the losers, by cultivating too exclusively the habit of written discourses."

A utilitarian standard will always ultimately recognize the highest ability; and continually tends to it. The higher forms of truth are never endangered by subjecting it to the conditions of common sense or practical use. And especially is this the case with a great utilitarian function like that of the Christian ministry; break down its technical restrictions—drag it out from its isolation—and you break away the barriers to its power, you let out its energies. Relieve it as much as possible of its professional exclusiveness, and you in the same proportion secure it additional adaptations, additional abilities. The popularization of knowledge, of arts, of civil government, of religious labors, is the great distinction of our age, and all of them have gained by it.

Dr. Wayland would apply the same law to the pulpit, and, we doubt not, with a similar result.

We propose to lay before our readers an outline of his views, and to show their applicability to the actual wants of the Church.

His text is the apostolic commission: "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.*" The first section of the discourse presents a rapid statement of *what the gospel is*. Man is a sinner; Christ has redeemed him, and now, by the most simple and most practicable process—abandoning sin by repentance and returning unto God with a trustful faith in Christ—the sinner may be saved. This is the summary idea of the gospel.

What is it to preach this great fact? What particularly is that mode of preaching it which was enjoined by Christ in the apostolic commission? Evidently the *popular*, the *universal announcement of the great fact*. This is the distinctive idea of Dr. Wayland's discourse. Critical defences of the gospel may be requisite—didactic essays, founded upon it—theological science, evangelical ethics, &c.; but these may be produced in the Christian seminary, they may constitute a Christian literature, they may be the productions of educated laymen. They have their appropriate relation to the Christian pulpit too, but they do not constitute *preaching* in its primitive and its legitimate sense. This is emphatically to *announce* and *spread* abroad, everywhere and incessantly, the "good news" of the grand

simple fact that Christ has appeared, and that men can be saved through him.

Such is the second proposition discussed in this remarkable sermon. It narrows the subject with a rigid logic, but thereby secures to it more distinctness, more prominence.

"The word preach, in the New Testament, has a meaning different from that which at present commonly attaches to it. We understand by it the delivery of an oration, or discourse, on a particular theme, connected more or less closely with religion. It may be the discussion of a doctrine, an exegetical essay, a dissertation on social virtues or vices, as well as a persuasive unfolding of the teaching of the Holy Ghost. No such general idea was intended by the word as it is used by the writers of the New Testament. The words translated *preach* in our version are two. The one signifies simply to herald, to announce, to proclaim, to publish; the other, with this general idea, combines the notion of good tidings; and means, to publish, or be the messenger of good news.

"This then is, I think, the generic idea of preaching conveyed in the New Testament. It is the proclamation to every creature, of the love of God to men through Christ Jesus. This is the main idea. To this our Lord adds, according to the other evangelist, 'teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.' The duty then enjoined in our Lord's last command is two-fold: First, to invite men to avail themselves of the offer of salvation; and, secondly, to teach them to obey the commands of Christ, so that they may become meet for the kingdom of heaven. In so far as we do these, we preach the gospel. When we do anything else, it may, or it may not, be very good: but in the sense here considered, it is not preaching the gospel. Hence we see that we may deliver discourses on subjects associated with religion, without preaching the gospel. A discourse is not preaching because it is delivered by a minister, or spoken from the pulpit, or appended to a text. Nothing is I think properly preaching, except the explaining the teachings, or enforcing the commands of Christ and his apostles. To hold forth our own inferences, or the inferences of other men, drawn from the gospel; to construct intellectual discourses which affect not the conscience; to show the importance of religion to the temporal well-being of men, or the tendency of the religion of Christ to uphold republican institutions, and a hundred topics of a similar character, may or may not be well; but to do either or all of them certainly falls short of the idea of the apostle when he 'determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified.'

"The Son of God has left us no directions for civilizing the heathen, and then Christianizing them. We are not commanded to teach schools in order to undermine paganism, and then, on its ruins, to build up Christianity. If this is our duty, the command must be found

in another gospel; it is not found in the gospel of Jesus Christ. We are, at once and always, to set before all men their sin and danger, and point them to 'the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.'"

To preach then, according to this discourse, is to *proclaim* the revealed truth. The French have the right name for it. It is *prédication*, affirmation, promulgation; and the preacher is the *prédicateur*, the affirmer, the declarer of the gospel. We are tempted to quote further from the author a graphic illustration of the subject:

"Allow me to illustrate the meaning of this term, as used by our Lord, by an occurrence of which I was an eye-witness. It so chanced, that at the close of the last war with Great Britain, I was temporarily a resident of the city of New-York. The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been for two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth, and, as she had now concluded a peace with the continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single-handed. Our harbors were blockaded. Communication coastwise, between our ports, was cut off. Our ships were rotting in every creek and cove where they could find a place of security. Our immense annual products were moldering in our warehouses. The sources of profitable labor were dried up. Our currency was reduced to irredeemable paper. The extreme portions of our country were becoming hostile to each other, and differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of every household. The credit of the government was exhausted. No one could predict when the contest would terminate, or discover the means by which it could much longer be protracted. It happened that on a Saturday afternoon in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a cartel, bringing home our commissioners at Ghent, from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily, before any intelligence from the vessel had reached the city. Expectation became painfully intense, as the hours of darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the action of our government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words first fell, rushed in breathless haste into the city, to repeat them to their friends, shouting as they ran through the streets, Peace! peace! peace! Every one who heard the sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches were flying to and fro, shouting like madmen, Peace! peace! peace! When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few men slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fire-side, beguiling the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agony of war was over, and that a worn-out and distracted country was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. Thus, every one becoming a herald,

the news soon reached every man, woman, and child, in the city, and in this sense the city was evangelized. All this you see was reasonable and proper. But when Jehovah has offered to our world a treaty of peace, when men doomed to hell may be raised to seats at the right hand of God, why is not a similar zeal displayed in proclaiming the good news? Why are men perishing all around us, and no one has ever personally offered to them salvation through a crucified Redeemer?"

We remark again, that in thus simplifying the main conception of the subject, Dr. Wayland does not detract from the value of theological science and religious literature; he would not deny that it "may be well enough" to give their results a qualified representation in the pulpit. We cannot infer from his reasoning, absolute and sweeping as it is, that he would very materially modify the modern style of preaching in these respects; but his object is to ascertain *precisely what is the specific idea of preaching, taught in the ministerial commission*—for on this depends the inference which constitutes the next and leading topic of his sermon, viz., *Who may preach?* Does the commission imply that a special *caste*, or *class* of men, trained with qualifications for all the multifarious discussions of the modern pulpit, are alone entitled to the office? That is the point, all important in the argument. His definition of the passage asserts the contrary. If this simple promulgation of the fact of human salvation, through Christ, is preaching, then the divine authorization must include all who by their intellectual capacity and by their character and circumstances, are able to make the needed predication. He asserts that this is the practical showing of the primitive Church,—that some of the most signal achievements of the gospel in modern times sanction it,—and that the exigencies of the Church, actual and pending, irresistibly demand it. The subject here enlarges into its real practical importance and its most serious difficulties too. We regret that our limits will not allow us to quote the reasoning of the author *in extenso*. A few passages must suffice:—

"Does any one say that this command was given only to the apostles? It may or may not have been so; but were they alone included in the obligation which it imposes? The address at the last supper was given to them alone, as were many other of the instructions of our Lord; but were they the only persons to whom the

words spoken apply? Is it affirmed that they and those whom they should appoint are alone to preach the word? I answer, that Jesus Christ never said so, and we have no right to add to this any more than to any other of his commandments. But let us see how the apostles themselves understood the precept. Their own narrative shall inform us. 'At that time there was a great persecution against the Church that was at Jerusalem, and they were scattered abroad throughout all the regions of Judea and Samaria, *except the apostles.*' 'Therefore, they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.' Acts viii, 1, 4. 'Then they that were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen, traveled as far as Phenice and Cyprus and Antioch, preaching the word to none but Jews only. And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake also to the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus. And the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned to the Lord.' These men were not apostles, nor even original disciples of Christ, for they were men of Cyprus and Cyrene. Yet they went everywhere preaching the word, and in so doing they pleased the Master, for the Holy Spirit accompanied their labors with the blessing from on high. The ascended Saviour thus approved of their conduct, and testified that their understanding of his last command was correct."

Becoming more specific, the author describes two marked classes of preachers, not claiming for them, however, a more specific authority for the office, but more specific obligations in it, because of more specific qualifications or other advantages.

He admits that there are men who should be exclusively devoted to its duties:—

"It seems plainly to be the will of Christ that some of his disciples should addict themselves exclusively to the ministry of the gospel. Such men are called elders, presbyters, bishops, ministers of the word, or stewards of the mysteries of God. If it be asked, Under what circumstances may a believer undertake this service?—I answer, the New Testament, as it seems to me, always refers to it as a calling to which a man is moved by the Holy Ghost. No one may therefore enter the ministry, except from the motive of solemn, conscientious duty. It may be asked how a man may know that he is called of God to this work,—I answer, the evidence seems to me to be two-fold. In the first place, he must be conscious of a love for the work itself, not for what in other respects he may gain by it; and also, there must be impressed on his soul an abiding conviction, that, unless he devote himself to this service, he can in no wise answer a good conscience toward God. This is the first indication of the man's duty. In the next place, he must exhibit such evidences of his call to this work as shall secure for him the approbation of his brethren. Of his own feelings he must be the judge; of his qualifications they must be the judges.

When both he and they, after prayerful deliberation, unite in the same opinion, then he may conclude that he is called of God to the ministerial office. Neither of these evidences alone is sufficient; the union of them alone is satisfactory."

His second class, equally authorized with the foregoing, but having a more limited range of duties, consists of what he calls "the *lay ministry*," answering, if we comprehend him rightly, to the "*local preachers*" of Methodism:—

"It frequently happens, that a brother engaged in secular business is endowed with a talent for public speaking. On matters of general interest, he is heard by his fellow-citizens with pleasure and profit. This talent is more largely bestowed than we commonly suppose; and it would be more frequently observed, if we desired to cultivate and develop it. Now, a disciple who is able successfully to address men on secular subjects, is surely competent to address them on the subject in which he takes an immeasurably greater interest. This talent should especially be offered up in sacrifice to Christ. The voice of such brethren should be heard in the conference room, and in the prayer meeting. They have no right to lay up this talent, more than any other, in a napkin. And still more is it incumbent on the Churches, to foster and improve gifts of this kind. Thus we arrive at the order of lay preachers, formerly a most efficient aid in the work of spreading the gospel. I believe that there are but few Churches among us, in the ordinary enjoyment of religion, who have not much of this talent undiscovered and unemployed. Let them search out and improve it. Every Church would thus be able to maintain out-stations, where small congregations might be gathered, which would shortly grow up into Churches, able themselves to become lights to the surrounding neighborhood. I know of but few means by which the efficiency of our denomination could be so much increased as by a return to our former practice in this respect."

We hail this suggestion, from such a source, with peculiar interest, especially as it comes to us at a moment when precisely this mode of ministerial labor is falling under threatening embarrassments in at least sections of the denomination which has most thoroughly and most advantageously employed it. Who can estimate how much of the marvelous spread of Methodism is attributable to the labors of its "local ministry?" In England its ministrations have been as methodically distributed as those of the "Conference" or "Itinerant" preachers. In this country the "General Minutes" of the Methodist Episcopal Church (that is, the Northern division alone) report more than six thousand men in the office, while

the effective "Itinerant Ministry" numbers only about four thousand five hundred. In the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the ratio is still greater in favor of the local class. This lay *corps* must be a most potent auxiliary to the regular ministry. If it is not so, the responsibility is with the latter. Under the right kind of ecclesiastical direction, it might be wielded with tremendous power. Who can doubt it? How many scores or even hundreds of devout and sensible laymen could be organized, in all our large cities, into such a system of suburban evangelization? And what effect would such a consecration to active usefulness have upon themselves, upon their respective Churches, and especially upon the neglected masses that crowd our city precincts, and are unreached by our ordinary ministrations? Is it not then to be lamented that in sections of the country where the moral wants of the community were never more urgent than at the present moment, this great ministerial auxiliary of Methodism is falling into disuse? Have not they who would do it away, or at least so far retrench it as to virtually nullify it, fallen into an egregious error—a blunder against which both the history of the Church and the moral urgencies of these perilous times remonstrate? No one can contend more earnestly than we have, in these columns, for enlarged ministerial qualifications; but we have no countenance for that policy which would exalt the intellectual reputation of the pulpit at the sacrifice of its popular usefulness and range. There is a class of its candidates whom we should urge to the highest practicable preparation for it; but it is not requisite, for this purpose, that all humbler agencies should be cast out of it: as well might the advocate of education contend only for the classical qualifications of the university professor, and disown the common-school instructor. If you would have the college, be sure to have the common-school.

Dr. Wayland insists, then, that the Church has lost, to some extent, the original idea of the nature and obligation of preaching—that while it has done well to provide a class of trained men to be habitually devoted to its ministrations, it has committed the perilous mistake of confining the responsibility of preaching to this one class—of making an isolated

if not a learned profession of the simple and urgent work of the world's evangelization, and of technicalizing, isolating, and, to a most lamentable extent, neutralizing the evangelical mission in the world. While he contends that all Christians are bound to consecrate themselves to the promotion of this mission, in the common ways of Christian usefulness, and "that every disciple is bound to employ for Christ every *peculiar* gift with which he may have been endowed," he asserts also, "Thirdly, that every man possessed of the gifts for the ministry, mentioned in the New Testament, is bound to consecrate them to Christ, either in connection with his secular pursuits or by devoting his whole time to this particular service." He proceeds to remark—in language over which some of our readers will, we think, hesitate—as follows:—

"If this be so, you see that in the Church of Christ there is no ministerial caste; no class elevated in rank above their brethren, on whom devolves the discharge of the more dignified or more honorable portions of Christian labor, while the rest of the disciples are to do nothing but raise the funds necessary for their support. The minister does the same work that is to be done by every other member of the body of Christ; but, since he does it exclusively, he may be expected to do it more to edification. Is it his business to labor for the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of the body of Christ? so is it theirs. In everything which they do as disciples, he is to be their example. I know that we now restrict to the ministry the administration of the ordinances, and to this rule I think there can be no objection. But we all know that for this restriction we have no example in the New Testament. In other respects it is difficult to discover, in principle, the difference between the labors of a minister and those of any other disciple, in conversation, or in a Sabbath school, or a Bible class, or in a conference room. All are laboring to produce the same result, the conversion of men; and by the same means, the inculcation of the teachings of Christ and his apostles. The ministry is made for the Church, and not the Church for the ministry. We are not Buddhist priests, or Mohammedan dervishes, or members of a papal or any other hierarchy, or a class above or aside from our brethren, but simply ambassadors of Christ—your servants for Jesus's sake. The chiefest of the apostles desired no higher rank, and with it we are abundantly satisfied. You see, then, my brethren, what is the New Testament idea of a Church of Christ; it is a company of believers, each one united to Christ and pervaded by his spirit, and each one devoting every talent, whether ordinary or peculiar, to the work of evangelizing the world. When a company of disciples is collected together in a particular community, they are the

leaven by which Christ intends that whole community to be leavened. By virtue of their discipleship they are called upon to accomplish this work, and it is their duty, in his strength, to attempt it. He did not light that candle to place it under a bushel. Every individual is to become at once a herald of salvation. Those endowed with aptness to teach are to be sent to destitute and forgotten places in the vicinity, to the highways and hedges, to compel men to come to the gospel supper. The ministry are to devote to this work their whole time, as ensamples and leaders of the flock; surveying the whole field, and suggesting to each brother his appropriate sphere of labor. Let the disciples of Christ thus obey the master in the most depraved city among us, and, by the grace of God, its whole population would soon be subdued unto Christ. The moral atmosphere would be purified by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit; 'the work of righteousness would be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever.' And when the disciples of Christ of every name thus obey his last command, making, as he did, the conversion of the world the great object for which they live, the last act in the great drama of man's redemption will have opened. Private believers will feel their obligation to carry the gospel to the destitute as strongly as ministers. They will then be seen by thousands, like Paul, ministering to themselves with their own hands, while they carry the gospel to regions beyond. Then will ensue the final struggle between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, for dominion over this world."

Bating the emphasis of some of these sentences, in which we think the author does not sufficiently guard the peculiar duties of those who, according to his own admission, should be exclusively devoted to the ministerial work, and to whom decorum, in the abstract as well as in the traditional economy of the Church, to say nothing of divine prescription, has limited certain administrations—bating this, we are prepared to indorse most heartily these utilitarian views. They are *what the times call for*; they have been *indorsed by the signature of God in the history of the Church*; they are *compatible with Holy Scripture, and with the nature of the ministerial work*.

They are what the times call for. We must here take the liberty of some peremptory remarks. We affirm that nothing is clearer than that *the ministerial commission, as at present limited, in most of Christendom, to an isolated professional class, is a standing and universal failure.* We are aware of the boldness of the assertion; but have not a word of qualification to add. For ages it has been, and throughout the world it now is a failure.

What is that commission? It is not to preach the gospel in this or that territory, and to maintain circumscribed Christian domains, through ages, with occasional or rather incidental invasions and retreats on the hostile ground beyond; it is to "go into *all the world*—to preach the gospel to *every creature*." What did it mean if not the invasion and conquest of *the entire world*? What other meaning would be in analogy with the whole economy and design of the gospel? Such was the commission given at the memorable epoch of the ascension; nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since, and where is its fulfillment? What do we see as we look out from the stand-point, where we make to-day the above sweeping, we were about to say appalling assertions? A population of one thousand millions,* more than half of them (561,820,300) actual pagans; another mass, more than one hundred and twenty millions strong, Mohammedans; another nearly four millions strong, Jews. After these long ages more than two-thirds of "the world" either know not or deny the Christian religion, and of the remaining few millions, what are the Papists, the Greek Church, and the sects of the East, but idolators? And of the fifty-six millions of Protestants, (only about one eighteenth of the population of the globe,†) how many millions are but heathen, perishing beyond the reach of our present Churches! We repeat, the commission as now practically exemplified, is a failure.

It was not always so. The apostolic Church understood it aright and bore the evangelic standard over the world. But how? Precisely by such an interpretation as Dr. Wayland proposes. The primitive Christians did not plant that standard on an hierarchical fortification, to be seen only within a given region around, or to be borne out only in occasional sorties. While they recognized a class of laborers, exclusively devoted to the ministry, they recognized also a variety of lay assistants, now almost forgotten among us. The whole Church was in movement for the fulfillment of the great commission; and every special talent that revealed itself, received a special direction

for the one great end. Hence it was that they "turned the world upside down!" The Puseyites contend for a return to the ante-Nicene patristic authorities in religion: another and better reform is needed; we must return to the apostolic example of ministerial labor if we would reproduce the apostolic example of success. We can do so without any dangerous radicalism, without harm to any of the essential decorums of our modern ecclesiasticism; and as to the superabundant unessential ones, the sooner we are rid of them the better.

We repeat, and would do so again and again, that these views are what the times demand. Adopt them, and you throw the energies of the Church all out into their appropriate arena; a new era of evangelization will have dawned; the apostolic times will have been reproduced; in the language of our author, "the last act in the great drama of man's redemption will have opened." And how else can you ever expect to meet the moral necessities of the world? Sit down and calculate how long it will take to provide evangelical laborers for "*all the world*," if they are to be only such as can be formally recognized, hierarchically organized, and that, too, after a formal training for the purpose. Why, you cannot possibly meet, by such a process, the prospective wants of this, the most Christian portion of the globe? In a recent article we have submitted some startling calculations on the subject. It was shown that in less than half a century from this date, *more than one hundred millions* of human souls will be dependent for their intellectual and moral nutriment upon the provisions made for the purpose by this country. Those provisions bear now no adequate relation to the necessities of the land. Our larger communities are continually degenerating, our new territories make but a dubious moral progress. Ask yourself, then, the question, Christian citizen, if, after more than two centuries of religious and educational efforts, conducted by the Church under the most auspicious circumstances of the country, we have but partially provided for twenty-five millions, how shall we, in only fifty years, meet the immensely enlarged moral wants of four times that number—of a *hundred millions*? The question, as we said, is an appalling one—it is stunning.

* Bolbi.

† These statistics are from the estimates of Hassel.

And when we remind ourselves that so much of this popular increase is from abroad, that Europe is in an "exodus" toward our shores—that its ignorance and vice, wave overtopping wave, rolls in upon the land—the danger assumes a still more startling aspect. *In about forty-six years from this day our population shall equal the present aggregate population of England, France, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Denmark.* A step further in the calculation presents a prospect still more surprising and impressive; *in about seventy-six years from to-day this mighty mass of commingled peoples will have swollen to the stupendous aggregate of two hundred and forty-six millions—equaling the present population of all Europe.*

According to the statistics of life, there are hundreds of thousands of our present population—one twenty-ninth at least—who will witness this truly grand result. What have we to do within that time? Our present intellectual and moral provisions for the people are, as we have said, far short of the wants of our present twenty-five millions, and in seventy-six years we must provide for more than *two hundred and twenty additional millions*—and these millions, to a great extent, composed of semibarbarous foreigners, and their mistreated children.

How are we to meet, in this comparatively short time, the national necessity for religious teachers, to say nothing of the number we should send into "all the world," in fulfilling the divine commission? Already the land suffers for want of preachers. The complaint comes from all its length and breadth. Every denomination utters it. The Christian ministry is unquestionably in a comparative decline throughout the country. Temporary causes may contribute to the melancholy fact—the absorption of our young men by money-making pursuits, through the recent excitements produced by the California mines, and the great consequent outbreak of all sorts of business. But independently of these interferences, how are we to provide, within seventy-five years, for the pulpits which shall be demanded by two hundred and twenty additional millions of people? Look at the question—pause over it.

Dr. Wayland speaks with emphasis on this view of the subject:—

"In the mean time, the number of candidates for the ministry is diminishing, in all denominations, not only relatively, but absolutely. Nay, it is diminishing more rapidly than the figures indicate, for of the reputed number of candidates a considerable portion never enter the ministry; and of those who enter it, a greater and greater number are annually leaving for other pursuits. And what is the remedy proposed in this unusual crisis? It has been recommended, in order to meet this emergency, to reduce the cost of ministerial education, to extend the term of ministerial study, and to increase the pecuniary emoluments of the ministry. In other words, we are told to address stronger motives to the self-interests of men, that so we may induce them to enter upon a calling essentially self-denying. When the whole power of the adversary is thundering at the gates, and the crisis requires every man to stand to his arms, we content ourselves with offering large bounty to officers, and allow every citizen to retire from the conflict. Was ever a victory gained by strategy such as this? In our own denomination, it is said that we have four thousand Churches destitute of preachers of the gospel. What is to be done to meet this deficiency? Does all that we are doing furnish us with the shadow of a hope that this demand can be supplied? Nay, multiply our present efforts to any practicable extent, and compared with the work to be done, the discrepancy between the means and the end is such as to awaken the feeling of the ludicrous. Is it not time, then, to examine the whole subject from its foundations? May not some light be derived from considering attentively the doctrine and examples of Christ and his apostles?"

Most inevitably must we adopt more immediate means of recruiting the ministerial ranks, and of bringing the popular energies and talents of the Church to bear in our evangelical labors, or not only shall we fail of our duty to the foreign world, but to our domestic field itself.

We have said that the views of this sermon have been signally approved by God in the history of the Church. Dr. Wayland reviews the example of the early Church. We are all familiar with it:—

"No sooner had our Lord collected a little band of disciples, than he employed a large portion of them as missionaries to announce the approach of his kingdom. From his small company of followers, he chose first twelve, and then seventy, whom he sent abroad on this errand. If every Church among us furnished heralds of the gospel in like proportion, there would be no lack of ministers. Observe, again, the circumstances under which, after the ascension of our Lord, the Church of Christ commenced its victorious march over the then known world. Against it were arrayed not only the interests, and lusts, and pride of man, but the power of every government, and all the influences emanating from a luxurious, refined, and intelligent civilization. On what did Christ rely, as his human instruments, to pro-

trate this vast fabric of tasteful, venerable, and cultivated idolatry? He made no attempt to undermine and overthrow paganism in general. He published no discourses intended to prepare the public mind for the coming revolution. He sent abroad no schoolmasters, to instill the principles of secular truth into the minds of the young. On the contrary, he met the whole power of the adversary face to face, and brought divine truth into immediate collision with long-cherished and much-loved moral error. He charged every disciple to proclaim the gospel at once to every creature. He selected those who were to be the first preachers of the word, the first ministers of his Church, from the lower and middle walks of life—men destitute of all the advantages of special intellectual culture, whom their enemies reproached as unlettered and ignorant. As cultivated talent was required, it was provided in the person of the apostle to the Gentiles. As the Church commenced, so, to the close of the inspired record, it continued. 'Ye see your calling, brethren,' said the apostle, 'how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, and base things of the world, and things that are despised, hath God chosen, yea, things that are not, to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence.' Under the conviction of these truths, Paul labored in the ministry. Though a well-educated man, who had profited above many that were his equals, yet when he proclaimed the gospel in refined and luxurious Corinth, although the preaching of the cross was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness, he resolved to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified. He did from choice, precisely as his uneducated brethren did from necessity. It is surprising to observe the entire simplicity of those efforts, by which, in an incredibly short period, the gospel was planted throughout the whole Roman empire. We can discover no means employed to accomplish this result, but proclaiming to all men repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, imposing on every regenerated man the duty, in turn, of proclaiming the good news to his brethren, always relying, and relying wholly, on the power of the Holy Ghost."

Our author proceeds to argue that nothing *peculiar* to the times of the apostles justified this course—nothing that does not justify it now. There was learning, subtlety, philosophy, fashionable taste and fashionable pride then as now, and the same process is found powerful now as then. He instances some examples in the history of the Baptist missions:—

"Survey our missionary field, and observe the places where the preaching of the gospel has been attended with the most remarkable success. We number among the Karens, for instance, more converts than in all our other missions together. And how was the gospel preached to them? They live in scattered ham-

lets along the water-courses, in the jungle, whose miasmata are fatal to a foreigner, except for a few months in the year. During this brief interval the missionary traveled among them, preaching Christ to one, or two, or ten, or twenty, as he could collect hearers. The Holy Spirit was poured out, and sinners were converted. Small Churches were formed, and, from the necessity of the case, left for the remainder of the year to themselves. With the spirit of primitive Christianity, these rude men pointed their neighbors to the Saviour. Ministerial gifts manifested themselves among them as they were needed, and a large number became ministers of the word. The work of God was thus carried forward with remarkable power. The brother whose labors among them have been so eminently blessed, worn down by incessant toil, was obliged to leave his station for a year or two, for the recovery of his health. On his return, fearful that his flock had been scattered during his absence, he inquired with trembling solicitude concerning their condition. You may judge of his surprise, when he learned that about fifteen hundred persons were then awaiting baptism. This blessed result had been accomplished by men hardly elevated at all above their brethren, for they had no knowledge whatever, beyond that contained in the New Testament, and the few books and tracts which, within a few years, had been translated into their language. The contact of soul with soul was thus leavening the lump. Pastors, as they were needed, have been raised up among them; and these are now, in a large measure, supported by the voluntary effort of the brethren. Thus is the religion of Christ displaying through this whole region its power of self-extension, by the preaching of the gospel attended by the power of the Holy Ghost. If the question be asked, Could this work have been carried on without the aid of men of more cultivated minds and larger knowledge than the Karens? I answer, Certainly not. But I ask again, Could this work have been carried on without the labors of these rude and unlettered men, who went everywhere preaching the word? The answer is the same, Certainly not. Our conclusion, then, is, that God requires, and that he employs in his vineyard all classes of laborers; and the union of all is necessary to the accomplishment of his work."

He turns to Germany—educated, reading Germany—and shows that there similar results have attended the same process:—

"In the year 1835, a Baptist Church of believers was constituted in Hamburg, consisting of seven members, imbued in a remarkable degree with the spirit of apostolic Christianity. Of this Church, Rev. Mr. Oncken was ordained pastor. That Church of seven members has already multiplied itself into 42 churches, sustaining 356 stations, numbering 4,215 communicants,* baptized, on profession of their faith, into the name of the Lord Jesus. Each

* Exclusive of those who have been removed by death and emigration. Many of them are now residing in our western states.

Church is supplied with a pastor. Churches and stations are established in Northern Germany, eastward from Hamburg to the borders of Russia; quite extensively through Southern Germany; and to some extent in Sweden and Denmark. On no other Churches in Christendom does the smile of Heaven so signally rest. They are, emphatically, a field which the Lord has blessed. And how have these results been accomplished? By following the example left us by Christ and his apostles, 'the little one has become a thousand, and a small nation a strong people.' Every disciple acknowledged the obligation laid upon him by the last command of our Lord. The Holy Ghost bestowed upon the Churches ministerial gifts adapted to the work before them. These gifts were cherished, and called into exercise. Preaching was commenced wherever the Lord opened a door. Stations were established, and the men were found to occupy them. These stations grew into Churches, by which other stations were sustained. Thus Churches were multiplied in every direction; the Holy Spirit was everywhere poured out, and much people was added to the Lord. Some of these Churches now contain two or three hundred members. Almost all of them sustain stations, some of them as many as twenty or thirty; and, though it may seem incredible to some of us, all this glorious work has been accomplished, in classical Germany, without the aid of a single classically educated laborer. Would it not be possible for us to learn a lesson from our brethren in Germany?"

He contends also, that the history of the Baptist Church in this country is a demonstration of the doctrine. What may be called lay-preachers, pushed its progress everywhere. The same may be said of Methodism. Down to within thirty years, there were not six graduates in the Methodist ministry; nevertheless, these two denominations now constitute much more than two-thirds of the Protestantism of the nation. Transatlantic Methodism, in advance of all the other Protestant dissent of England, is another example. The great movement in Ireland, which, according to the papal papers of that country, threatens the overthrow of the Irish Catholic Church, is owing chiefly to lay-laborers—the Protestant Bible readers. Romanism itself has, in some instances, provided for lay-agency in its ecclesiastical system. The most energetic organization in its history, or in the history of the world—Jesuitism—was founded by a layman, and is still largely conducted by laymen. We have recently noticed attempts on the part of leading English Churchmen to procure the sanction of British prelates for a system of lay assistants. The colportage of tract societies is a movement in the same direc-

tion, and preparatory, we hope, to a universal reform of the kind.

We have said that the views of this sermon are *compatible with the Holy Scriptures, and the nature of the ministerial work*. Important as the subject is, we would not impair the impression of these remarks by prolonging them too much, and can therefore only say here, that whatever may be the reader's personal opinions respecting the question of the divine authority and prerogatives of the ministerial office, we see not why he cannot indorse the utilitarian reforms proposed by our author. He does not deny a regular and stated pastorate—he affirms it. He only contends for auxiliaries to it; auxiliaries by which alone it can be, in any degree, proportioned to the exigencies of the world,—auxiliaries which constituted, numerically at least, the chief agency that won, under apostolic control, the primitive conquests of the Church.

In conclusion, we would urge the momentous suggestion of this seasonable discourse on the attention of our Christian readers. There has doubtless been, for some time, an increased tendency toward its opinions in some of the "evangelical" Churches; but they have been only incidental to the special religious movements of the times—they have not taken a sufficiently definite shape. They have needed the clear and emphatic enunciation which President Wayland has given them. Every day is adding to their urgency. "Within the lifetime," says our author, "of men who now hear me, the question will probably be decided, whether the kingdom of Christ is now to proceed to universal victory, or ages of intellectual and moral darkness are again to overspread the earth. It is for such a crisis as this that the disciples of Christ are now called upon to prepare."

CONCEIT.—Conceit is the most contemptible, and one of the most odious qualities in the world. It is vanity driven from all other shifts, and forced to appeal to itself for admiration. Conceit may be deemed a restless, overweening, petty, obtrusive delight in our qualifications, without any reference to their real value, or to the approbation of others, merely because they are ours, and for no other reason whatever. It is the extreme of selfishness and folly.—*Hazlitt*.

[For the National Magazine.]

GEORGE FOX AND THE EARLY QUAKERS.

GEORGE FOX! And who was he? A man with leathern breeches, a broad-brimmed hat, a rough plain coat, long hair, and piercing eyes; under whose fixed gaze many a stout-hearted sinner was made to tremble. We must not regard him, however, with too great an aversion, nor turn away from those immediately associated with him in disgust. They were all men for the age in which they lived, and served their generation well. They did more: they impressed the image of their thoughts and habits upon their posterity. Mr. Penn, an honored one among their number, thus describes them:—

"They were changed men themselves, before they went about to change others. Their hearts were rent, as well as their garments; and they knew the power, and the work of God upon them. And this was seen in the great alteration it made, and their stricter mode of life, and more godly conversation that immediately followed it."

George himself became a reformer at a very early period of life. He had scarcely attained the twenty-second year of his age when he began to preach. How he was led into the work of the ministry may be inferred from his previous history.

He was born in Leicestershire, in the year 1624, of respectable parents, who, he thought, possessed spiritual life. They gave him some instruction in his boyhood, and led him to the parish church, where he often listened to its minister, Mr. Stevens, and became interested in his discourses.

He was naturally thoughtful—sometimes too serious for his companions. His conscience was tender; and when he looked out upon the world, and saw its gayeties and frivolity, its forgetfulness of God, and its deceit and miscalled accomplishments, his soul recoiled within him. He would not choose it as the place of his rest. He turned his eyes toward the sanctuary; but the shadows of sin had gathered so thickly there, that he could discern but little light. The church buildings were "steeple houses," the ministers were "hirelings," and the people were worldly—some of them sensual and devilish, so he thought. The Dissenter

envied the Churchman, and the Churchman despised the Dissenter. He knew not therefore whether he could find ease, even near the acknowledged altars of God.

But he sought for it—for ease of conscience and rest of soul. He did not desire to be educated for the pulpit, as some of his friends wished; and he was, more consistently with his own views, employed with a shoemaker in learning his business. While thus engaged, he did not lose sight of his spiritual interests, but persevered in a serious conduct, such as became one who was struggling against sin. Indeed, he could not be enticed into dissipation. An instance of his firmness in this respect, occurred during his nineteenth year. He then attended a fair, where he fell into company with two of his youthful relatives, and as they were happy together, they resolved on prolonging their enjoyment over some drink. Beer was ordered, and the first draught taken. This was enough for George; but his two companions were not so easily satisfied. They called for fresh mugs, and resolved that the one of their number, who first ceased to drink, should pay the "score." But they spread this net in vain. Their intended victim took them at their word, threw down a groat to pay for their excesses, withdrew himself from their company, and thus escaped the disgrace they had intended for him.

Soon after this little occurrence, he left his home and commenced his itinerant career. As yet he was without any satisfactory experience of the work of God within him. He only saw the light as it shone—alas, too feebly!—in the dark places of his heart; and knew, through it, that his condition was not a safe one: but he did not see with clearness into the depth of his sin, nor how he might be healed. He knew something of Christ, but he did not know him as the great physician. He was sometimes in despair; for while his lap-stone, hammer, and awl seemed to employ his attention, thoughts of eternity weighed down his soul with unspeakable sorrow. This was the true cause of his restlessness. He wandered about, not as a preacher of righteousness, but as a lost spirit seeking salvation. This, the outward world cannot give. The discourses of eloquent divines could not furnish it. The conversation of friends

could not bestow it. He was not able to find it anywhere. He went to Sutterworth, to Northampton, to Buckinghamshire, to Barnet, and to London, and came back again; but still sadness was at his heart. Hoping to divert his thoughts, his family wished him to get married; but he replied, "I must first get wisdom." The expedient failed.

Several things transpired about this time which transformed his character and changed the entire man. Wearied with his efforts to obtain peace of mind through his spiritual advisers, he turned his soul to Christ—to Christ *only*; for as though a voice had spoken to him, these words were impressed upon his mind: "There is one who can speak to thy condition." This impression always followed him: it was continually in his thoughts, "There is one Christ Jesus, who can speak to thy condition." He sought that one. He looked to the crucified, and lo! he was comforted. The true light shone in his breast, and all gloom was dispelled—the living word was there, and diffused life throughout his spiritual nature. How insignificant did a mere parson (such as many parsons were in that day) *now* appear unto him! He had found many of them to be very feeble aids to a sin-sick soul. Though trained to the ministry from their boyhood, they had been proved to be unqualified to lead even a poor shoemaker to Jesus. With all their learning, he had found them unfit for their work. This experience was the occasion of the discovery of what seemed to be a new truth, and one almost divine. It was this, as expressed in his own words: "Being at Oxford or Cambridge is not sufficient to fit and qualify a man to be a minister of Christ."

He began to preach. He felt himself to be deficient in education; but had he not the Bible, the great book—the only perfectly reliable book on theology in the world? He made it his companion. In fields, and orchards, and hollow-trees, he took it and studied its contents, until he became perfectly acquainted with them. One lesson particularly in the words of Jesus arrested his attention. The state of the English Church seemed to be at variance with it. It was this: "Freely ye have received, freely give." He seized upon it as his motto. It was also an offensive weapon, almost irresistible, when he wished to attack the established usage

of his day, which he frequently did: not, however, because he did not esteem the laborer "worthy of his hire;" but, in the language of Penn, he, and "they, the Quakers, refuse to pay tithes or maintenance to a national ministry, and that for two reasons: the one was that they believed all compelled maintenance even to gospel ministers to be unlawful, because expressly contrary to Christ's command—at least, that the maintenance of gospel ministers should not be forced;" and because the national ministers generally lacked the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

But what did Fox preach? Many things which perhaps we do not approve of. In our judgment, he did not sufficiently respect the Christian Sabbath, nor treat persons of consideration with proper deference. His abandonment of the sacraments was perfectly inexcusable, only on these grounds: he was a layman, and lacked the human authority to administer them; and being surrounded with Churchmen, was driven into the sentiment, that our blessed Lord never instituted any observances designed to be perpetual in the Church, whose continuance depended on human interference alone. It was an unfortunate error; and one from which the position which Mr. Wesley occupied as a minister afterward preserved him; for though he employed lay-preachers, he held on to the institutions of Christ our Saviour, which are still preserved among his followers.

In other respects who will dare to say, that he was not a true preacher of righteousness? The immortal John Bunyan objected to many of his views concerning Christ, but ignorantly; for it is evident from Fox's own writings that he did not hold them. He preached Christ as an *atonement* for the sins of the whole world. His youthful confession in respect to his sufferings was declared by a Church minister to be "good" and "full;" and the testimony of one of his hearers, who listened to him toward the close of his ministry, was: "I perceive you exalt Christ, in all his offices, above all that I ever heard before." But he did not only represent Christ as an outward atonement, but as the inward word, which speaks to the very heart; and as the light within, which reflects itself through every part of man's moral nature. And he held, that "Christ within" us is not a dreamy un-

definable something, but a power, of which Penn says:—

"It sets all our sins in order before us, detects the spirit of this world in all its baits and allurements, and shows how man came to fall from God, and the fallen estate he is in. It begets a sense of sorrow in such as believe in it for their fearful lapse, who will then see him distinctly whom they have pierced, and all the blows and wounds they have given him by their disobedience, and how they have made him to serve with their sins, and they will weep and mourn for it, and their sorrow will be a godly sorrow. After this, it will bring them to a holy watch, to take care that they do so no more. Then thoughts as well as words and works will come to judgment; which is the way to holiness in which the redeemed of the Lord walk. Then they will come to love God above all, and their neighbor as themselves. Nothing hurts, nothing harms, nothing makes afraid in this holy mountain. Now they come to be Christ's indeed, for they are in his nature and spirit, and not their own. And when they are his, Christ is theirs, and not before. And here communion with the Father and Son they will know, and the efficacy of the blood of cleansing; even the blood of Jesus Christ, that immaculate Lamb, which speaketh better things than that of Abel; and which cleanseth from all sin the consciences of all who come through the living faith, to be sprinkled with it from dead works to serve the living God."

With this statement of Christian doctrine every man who has felt God's work within him will have a sympathy. It contains within it the doctrines of repentance and justification, as held by evangelical Churches. The Quakers went further, and taught, as Wesley did after them, the doctrine of Christian perfection, and proclaimed it until the people were offended. Fox said: "The professors were in a rage; all pleading for sin and imperfection, and could not endure to hear talk of perfection, and of a holy and sinless life."

Such was the perfection of the early Quakers; and from Penn's description of it, we may recognize it as that taught by Wesley, and held now by his followers. He says: "The Friends believe in perfection from sin; but they never held perfection in wisdom or glory in this life, or from natural infirmities and death." Did the founder of Methodism ever state the doctrine in stronger language?

In 1649, when he was only twenty-five years of age, we find him in the midst of his career. He was then itinerating throughout England. He was even then conscious that he was acting an important

part in life's great drama. Though humble and despised, he felt that he was laying the foundation of future greatness. His mind inclined somewhat toward enthusiasm—perhaps superstition; and seized upon every circumstance which addressed his hope. A man named Brown had died, who, in his expiring moments, foretold a bright destiny for the poor shoemaker. Fox, in his journal, recorded his death-vision, with an intimation that it was true. He thought too, at this time, that the sense of discerning spirits had been given to him. But what he valued most were the impressions made upon his mind, and which he often too hastily supposed to be divine. All these acted as stimuli upon him, and nerved him for his work. They even rendered him exceedingly bold and often imprudent.

But bonds and afflictions awaited him. It was not long ere his conduct was the occasion of his imprisonment. He was in Nottingham, and on the first day of the week, the Sabbath bell, which to many is so welcome a sound, "struck at his life." It called him to the "steeple-house." The man in "leathern breeches" appeared among the congregation as any other worshiper. The "priest" arose and announced his text. It was from Peter: "But we have a more sure word of prophecy, unto which ye do well to take heed." The subject was the fullness and sufficiency of the Scriptures. Fox listened. The minister closed, and soon a new scene occurred. The layman confronted the parson; the leather breeches stood up against broad-cloth. "It is not so," said George; "the Scriptures are not the 'more sure word of prophecy;' but the spirit of Christ, which inspired them. The Scriptures are the words of Christ: Christ only is the word; Christ within you. He shineth as a light in a dark place, and ye do well to take heed to him." This doctrine was paradoxical. Priest and people were concerned at the audacity of the man who had intruded so strange a matter upon their thoughts. The offense could not be tolerated. It must be punished. The next day the offender was committed to prison. Fox was in bonds; but his voice was not bound. It broke through the prison walls and grates. It won its way to the hearts of the people. It made the ministers themselves "tender." It convinced May-

or Reckless, and so converted this officer of the law into a preacher of righteousness, that he ran out into the streets and market-houses of the town, and proclaimed the very doctrines for which Fox had been imprisoned. It was soon thought best to set him at liberty.

In the following year (1650) he was imprisoned again. This was at Derby. It was here that he began to write epistles to "Friends" and others. His jailer was very severe upon him, and mightily withstood his words; yet he was firm in duty and strong in faith. Few heard him who did not receive deep impressions. "Tremble at the word of the Lord," was an expression which he often and powerfully repeated, until from its use, and visible effect, the people who were convinced by him were called Quakers. This is the true origin of the name. Fox prayed for his jailer, and was answered. He was walking in his room one day, when he heard some conversation in the room beneath, and was attracted by the sounds to listen. The jailer and his wife were talking; and he heard the former distinctly say: "Wife, I have seen a vision of the day of judgment, and I saw George there, and was afraid of him." This was a blessed vision for Fox; it changed his persecutor, who soon apologized to him, and asked his pardon. From that hour the rigors of his confinement were at an end.

The next fight of persecution he endured was in Lancashire. His preaching there had convinced one James Lancaster, who himself began to "prophecy;" but in this case the house was divided. Mrs. Lancaster adhered to her former views, and withal felt some bitterness against the disturber of her family. She had many sympathizers, who became partners with her in a most violent attack upon him. These evilly entreated him, and even attempted to drown him; which perhaps they had done, had not the Lord interposed for his deliverance. But the persecutions on took another form. He was brought before Justices Lawry and Thomson on a charge of blasphemy; and forty ministers—he calls them priests—withstood him before the court. But these he confounded, and not only secured his acquittal, but had the pleasure of witnessing the conversion of Thomas Briggs, who afterward became an eminent minister of the gospel.

Fox, during his life, was imprisoned nine times. But we need not follow him through all these persecutions. There is one remark, however, which may be made in respect to every one of them. It is this. He always proved the victor in litigation, and gained an important conquest in every trial: for either some person of distinction was convinced, or some principle established.

Few could withstand his words. He even won upon Oliver Cromwell, England's stern Protector, so as to avert any evil he may have intended against him and his people. In 1656, through the influence of Colonel Hacker and Captain Drury, he was brought before Cromwell. Cromwell, ever jealous and fearful, had been afraid of his influence, and wished to certify himself of his character and principles; while Fox, who cared not much who ruled, if he could only live in quietness, was intent on impressing his mind favorably toward himself. When ushered into his presence, he neither bowed nor uncovered himself; but did what was far more effectual. He burst into language similar to the following: "Peace be to this house. Keep in the fear of God, that thou mayest receive wisdom from it, and by it be ordered, and order all things under thy hand to his glory." This pleased the Protector. He cared but little for hat-honor, if he might be honored in reality; and the blessing of the Quaker contained within it enough of this to satisfy him. They were now soon in conversation. Fox assured him, of his good-will, and of the peaceful intentions of his people. "But," said Cromwell, "why do you quarrel with the priests?" Fox replied, "We do not; they quarrel with us:" forgetting, no doubt, that he had been the first aggressor by going into their churches and declaiming against them. After the Protector, however, had fully satisfied himself of his own safety, he was not too inquisitive; but dismissed him with these words: "Come again to my house; for if I and thou were together but an hour of the day, we should be nearer one to the other. I wish thee no more harm than I do to my own soul."

As Fox was retiring, he received an invitation to dinner; which he declined, by saying, "I will eat no meat here:" and this saying being reported to Cromwell, he remarked that he had found a people whom

neither he nor his opponents could corrupt.

But the worst treatment Fox met with was two years after this, while yet Cromwell was in power. He was at St. Ives, and the oath of abjuration was tendered to him, which he refused to swear. He did this on principles to which, for years previous, he had surrendered his conscience. But though this circumstance pleaded strongly in his favor, it was utterly disregarded. A warrant was issued safely to conduct him and his companion, Edward Piott, to Launceston Jail, Pendennis Castle. After they were arrested, they were treated with great indignity by the soldiers, whose rudeness it was impossible to subdue, until getting a sight of the warrant, Fox contended that it secured unto them a safe and quiet conduct. This, for a season, acted like a charm : but soon fresh indignities were committed ; to which they were obliged to submit. Still, however, their courage did not give way, nor their zeal abate. They preached at Redruth and Falmouth ; and seemed to have but little care either for Colonel Peter Ceely or Captain Keats, their chief persecutors ; so greatly were they strengthened of God. After an imprisonment for some time, they were brought before Judge Glynn ; Peter Ceely being with him upon the bench. And here a scene occurred. The judges wished the Quakers to take off their hats. The request met with a stern refusal ; which was soon succeeded by an extended argument upon law and propriety. Fox said : " The law does not command it." The judges could not say it did ; and were compelled to acknowledge that custom, however mighty in itself, was here, at least, without the sanction of law. Then, as to history, the Quaker contended that it gave no sanction to the flattering usage. Judge Glynn gave a reason for this : " The ancients," said he, " were without hats." " Not so," replied the shoemaker ; " for the three Hebrew children were bound in their coats, hosen, and hats, and cast into the fiery furnace." The court were confounded ; still they thought it was a good custom : but Fox showed that it only tended to feed man's pride. During the controversy, the hats of the prisoners were taken off, and placed in their hands ; but they immediately restored them to their heads.

Thus, in the matter of hats, the Qua-

kers fairly outdid the judges. They also gained an advantage over them with respect to swearing. They had refused to take the oath ; and now, before their honors, they were sternly required to do so : but they as sternly persisted in their refusal. Indeed, Edward Piott drew up a paper on the subject, which was handed to the judges. This irritated them, and caused Judge Glynn to inquire of the prisoners, whether they were the authors of it. Fox demanded that it should be read aloud before he would reply. The court hesitated ; they feared its effect. But Fox was determined, and succeeded. The paper spoke for itself ; and the Quakers, when they knew their opinions had found their way into the minds of those present, had no difficulty in acknowledging their production.

The angry court now knew not what to do. Glynn presided somewhat as Felix did, when he trembled. Ceely raged. He became the accuser of Fox ; and Fox commanded him to leave the bench, and meet him as a man. But he held on to his seat. Yet though he was there, he was confounded. At length he produced a new accusation, and one which quite overwhelmed the prisoner. He said, " Fox had given him the severest blow he had ever received." This was, indeed, a grave charge against the father of the Quakers, and for a moment he was struck dumb with astonishment. At length he asked for the evidence of it. Ceely referred to Captain Keats. By this time Fox had regained his courage. He fixed his penetrating gaze on the captain, and asked the question, " Did I strike Major Ceely ?" There was no response ; a slight nod of the head was the only notice taken of the inquiry. " Speak up," said Fox ; " let the court hear from thee." But the witness was dumb ; he could not lie before the Quaker, nor speak the truth before his superior. After the court adjourned, however, he made his breast clean before Fox. Said he : " Thou didst strike Major Ceely, when having met thee one day, he said, ' Mr. Fox, how do you do ? ' and thou toldst him to beware of hypocrisy. This, he said, was the severest blow he ever received."

The Quakers were remanded to prison, and there suffered the greatest indignities that could be inflicted.

It was thus Fox realized that the path

of the reformer is truly a thorny one : his own person bore witness to it. But besides this, there came news to his ears that others were suffering. In Carlisle Jail, a young lad of sixteen years, James Purnell, who had been preaching, and was imprisoned for the offense, suffered death ; but continually testified concerning the grace of God. In New-England, the strict Puritan could not endure the presence of the strict Quaker, and a violent persecution broke forth, in which four persons were hung. And throughout England, many saw their goods spoiled, and felt in their own persons the shocks of persecution. These things affected Fox deeply. He sympathized with the suffering ; and though he rejoiced that the world hated them, he made what effort was in his power to disarm its rage. Suffering Friends everywhere were relieved by those who had been successful in escaping loss ; the protection of the laws was invoked ; addresses calculated to destroy the prejudices of their opposers were circulated ; and intercessions were made with potentates and princes. All these things had their effect. Cromwell protected, but too feebly, this despised people. After his death, General Monk issued this proclamation in their favor. It is dated St. James, March 9, 1659 :—

“ I do require all officers and soldiers to forbear to disturb the peaceable meetings of the Quakers ; they doing nothing prejudicial to the Parliament or Commonwealth of England.

“ GEORGE MONK.”

And Charles II., who ordered Fox to be discharged from an imprisonment, is well known to have been the friend and patron of William Penn.

As the early Quakers were deeply penetrated with an inward, spiritual life, so were they admirably fitted for missionary labors. They had an itinerant ministry, and constituted a prayerful and energetic Church. They were zealous. Throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland ; in Germany and France, and in America and the West Indies, they sowed the good seed, which under their care sprang up and increased. One of the most interesting portions of Fox's history is the account of his visit to the two places last named. He made it in 1671, upward of ten years previous to the founding of Philadelphia. He left England in company with several Friends ; among whom were

Thomas Briggs and J. Foster. They were seven weeks on their voyage. When they had been three weeks out, the crew and passengers observed a strange and swift-sailing vessel on their track, and in apparent pursuit of them. They all supposed her to be a Turkish pirate, and in their alarm applied to Fox for advice. He counseled them to pray, and led himself in the devotions. It was a trying time to all. The vessel seemed to approach them constantly. But prayer prevailed. The Lord turned aside the threatened danger. After a hot pursuit, the dreaded sail fell back, and in a short time was out of sight.

They reached the Island of Barbadoes on the 3d of August. But Fox had not well endured the sea-voyage. He had been attacked with sea-sickness ; and having been previously much abused by his labor and persecutions, it had a very injurious effect upon his health ; for some time, therefore, he could do but little preaching. The “ Friends,” however, called upon him, together with many of the chief men of the island, with whom he conversed as best he could, and instructed them in the things pertaining to God.

He found many of the Quakers in the possession of slaves, but had the prudence not to prejudice the cause of Christ by any unwarrantable interferences with this most painful institution. In this respect he trod in the footsteps of the apostle to the Gentiles. He did all that he could to ameliorate the condition of the oppressed, but did not feel himself authorized to denounce God's judgment against all whose relation to others gave them a right to demand their services. Whether the system of slavery be right or wrong, it becomes us not now to discuss. That it is liable to great abuses, admits of no question ; and that it may be the occasion of the exercise of some of the noblest impulses of our nature, sanctified by grace, is also a fact that has been demonstrated by many whom Providence has seen fit should be connected with it. How noble does that master appear, who is willing to live in moderate poverty, that his slaves may enjoy freedom of conscience, religious instruction, and a comfortable remuneration of their toils ! And how praiseworthy is his conduct, who, while the laws under which he lives give him a right to claim

another man's services for fifty years, and while his interest demands them, yet contents himself with but eight or ten, that the servant who chooses to be free may be gratified! There are many such noble sons of America *now* on our soil, who are infinitely superior to their southern brethren or northern persecutors. To lead the slaveholder into these safe and pleasant paths was the object of Mr. Fox; for his efforts tended not to enrage the master, and render the slave discontented; but to soften the former toward his servants, and incline him to make their burden light, or to remove it altogether, and to lead the slave to honor, obey, and serve him whose relation in life had constituted him his protector and provider.

From Barbadoes, Fox and his companions went to Jamaica, and from thence they came to Maryland. In those days there were "Friends" there, and some large meetings were held among them, which were also attended by the leading men of the province. But the country then being but thinly settled, a short time sufficed for their labors. These being ended, the preachers started for Rhode Island, to visit another portion of their flock. But such a journey as they undertook can scarcely be imagined. We, who are removed nearly two centuries from the date of this tour, and who have our post-roads, our turnpikes, our bridges, our railroads, our thickly-settled villages, and our crowded cities, can scarcely realize—we cannot realize at all—that where these things now are, once reigned the "forest solitude." But at the time of this journey it was thus. Through all their intended route there was scarcely a habitation. They described their progress not by towns, but rivers. On the eastern side of the Chesapeake—that which they traveled—there was no Easton, Centerville, Chestertown, or Elkton, though every one of these towns look like old ones now. But there were Miles, Chester, Sassafras, and Bohemia Rivers to be forded; and these they did ford on their journey. Newcastle, of all the towns in Delaware, only had a name. It was a Dutch colony. Fox spent a night in it. The next day he and his company crossed the Delaware, and soon were traveling in the "wilderness of the Jerseys." They rode onward; but saw no towns, nor heard of any cities. An Indian, now and then, was seen gliding

through the dense forests; but the tongues of the two races were strange to each other, and Penn had not yet taught the savage to reverence the men with straight coats and broad-brimmed hats. There was then no Philadelphia. The virgin forest stood then upon this mart of commerce. Few persons had penetrated into it; no! not one tree had been blazed, nor white child born, where thousands of children of the Caucasian race now shout and play. Two miles beyond the Schuylkill, on what is now called the Lancaster turnpike, one Warner, a Dutchman, a squatter and trapper, lived, who had been there for thirteen years. His history is the first link in that abundant chain of narratives which time has forged out since his day. But he did not see Fox, nor Fox him. The good old man, as he trod the Jersey soil, opposite Philadelphia, was utterly unconscious of how near he was to the place where future generations would erect a monument—composed of a living, active race—to his memory, and have it baptized with his principles. Ten years afterward he might have dreamed of such a thing. Then Penn had his charter; then the city was laid out; then the first white child, Driver, was born in Philadelphia. He passed also near New-York; but has not named it in his journal; and at length reached Rhode Island, where he held meetings among the "Friends." And having finished this service, he returned to England.

The remainder of his life was spent in the work to which he had devoted his youth. When about thirty-six years of age, he married the widow of Judge Fell, one of his early converts. They lived together in great happiness. In his letters, he styled her his "dear heart." She threw no obstacles in the way of his itinerant career, and he therefore continued in it. He was approaching his threescore years and ten, when one day, after preaching, he said he felt cold about his heart, and lay down to rest: but his rest was destined to be long—and the coldness never left the seat of life, and he fell asleep in death.

He shall wake again when the light of immortality shall gild the day of Christ's coming; and perhaps shall be surprised that so many of his spiritual posterity have denied the Lord who bought them, and the resurrection of the dead.

[From the National Magazine.]

BRITISH RAILWAYS.*

FRACHTON COMMENTARY—FREEDOM SUIT—TRAM-WAYS
 —STAGE-COACH GLORY—THOMAS GRAY—OPPOSITION
 —QUARTERLY REVIEW—PARLIAMENTARY CROSS QUES-
 TIONING—THE STEVENSONS—RAILWAY MANIA—SCRIP
 —MOTLEY SHAREHOLDERS—GEORGE HUDSON—CLOS-
 ING UP—A BUSY SABBATH—CLOSED DOORS—BUBBLE
 BROKEN—RETURN OF CONFIDENCE—STATISTICS.

THERE is no more frequent commen-
 tary upon the command, "Despise not
 the day of small things," than is afforded
 by the progress of railroad enterprise.
 Look over Andrew's Railroad Map, re-
 cently published by Congress, and our
 whole country resembles a monster grid-
 iron, with the cross-bars laid at irregular
 distances. And yet the enterprise, with
 us, is only entering its adolescence. It has
 not yet fairly cast off the long-sleeved
 apron, waist, and pants of mere boyhood
 for the fur hat, store-cloth coat, kip boots
 with morocco tops, and span new jacket
 of the young man's freedom suit. From
 his early home in the old Bay State, where,
 as far back as 1830, the lad was made to
 carry ice from a small lake to the ocean,
 the ambitious young gent, ranking him-
 self with "fast young men," has made
 divers and sundry expeditions. He has
 crossed rivers on bridges reaching three
 hundred feet, and valleys, with viaducts
 twelve hundred feet long, made for his
 special accommodation; crossing moun-
 tains he has considered a decided bore,
 but still has done it. And now vain from
 his past achievements, puffing and blow-
 ing with intense excitement, with his
 everlasting whistle, he is making *tracks*
 for the Pacific! We will let him go,
 and devote our attention to his more staid
 British brother.

A gentleman, on one occasion, said to
 the Duke of Bridgewater, "You must
 be making out handsomely with your
 canals."

"O yes," replied his grace, "they will
 last my time; but I don't like the look
 of these tram-roads—there's mischief in
 them." His words were in a measure
 prophetic—the tram-roads suggested the
 idea of railways. The *modus* of these
 tram-roads is thus described by Roger
 North in 1676:—

*Our Iron Roads: their History, Construc-
 tion, and Social Influence. By Frederick S.
 Williams. With numerous illustrations. Lon-
 don: Ingram.

"The manner of the carriage is by laying
 rails of timber from the colliery to the river,
 exactly strait and parallel, and bulky carts
 are made with rowlets, fitting these rails,
 whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse
 will draw four or five chaldrons of coal, and it
 is of immense benefit to the coal merchants."

These wooden roads became very com-
 mon in coal and mining regions toward
 the close of the last century.

About 1760 the price of iron went down,
 and many furnaces were closed. The
 proprietors of the Clover-dale iron works,
 in order to keep theirs in operation, deter-
 mined to cast some plates, to be laid on
 the upper edge of the wooden rails, which
 they thought would diminish friction and
 prevent abrasion; while they could be
 taken up and sold as "pigs" if there was
 a sudden advance in the price of iron.
 These plates were called "iron scantlings;"
 they were five feet long, four inches wide,
 and one inch and a quarter in thickness.
 They were laid down, and so complete was
 the success of the experiment, that no
 subsequent rise of value could transform
 them into "pigs." The example was
 soon followed. A road called "Park
 Forest Line" was laid down, which was
 six miles in length. Another near Ashby-
 de-la-zouch was four miles long. In 1811
 there were in South Wales one hundred
 and eighty miles of complete iron tram-
 ways. Various improvements were adopt-
 ed, and so great was their labor-saving
 advantage, that they were introduced in
 many parts of England, and horses or
 stationary engines employed to draw the
 heavy wagons, loaded with iron, coal, or
 agricultural produce. Occasionally an in-
 clined plane enabled the "wagons" to run
 down by their own weight, and to draw up
 the empty train. Murdock had invented
 the locomotive engine, but the idea of
 general steam carriage had occurred to
 but few minds. Canals, tram-roads, and
 turnpikes were relied upon for heavy
 transportation; while for traveling, the
 ponderous stage-coach with its dignified
 driver, its spanking team, its outside and
 inside passengers, its mail bags, bundles,
 baskets, babies, and handboxes, chinked
 in with fowling-pieces, spaniels, overcoats,
 and puppies, was *the mode and the means*.
 The passing away of stage-coach glory
 has been duly dirged by various pathetic
 writers, *equal to the occasion*. This is as
 it should be. Even amid these "trans-
 atlantic climes," does the writer of these

pages remember that among the sorest punishments inflicted by his "maternal ancestor" for disobedience, neglect of books, or any of the various evils school-boy "flesh is heir to," was sending him into a certain dark corner, from which he could not "see the stage come in." As he listened to the cheery notes of the driver's horn, and heard the keen crack of that much-envied whip, *so long* and finished with such a complete snapper, and as to the tenebrous corner came the echoes of rolling wheels and clattering feet of prancing steeds, then, O then, the scalding tears chased each other down his penitent cheeks, and with hearty sobs he promised to "do so no more." Pardon this digression, reader; there are sorrows you know not of, if never banished to the corner while the gayly-painted stage went by. There are ambitious aspirings to which you are a stranger if you never, in your secret soul, purposed that when you became a man you would be a stage-driver!

One day a pale thoughtful man was standing by a tram-way in the north of England. It extended from the mouth of a colliery to a wharf, where the coals were shipped. For some time he silently observed the passing and repassing trains, and a noble thought stirred his soul. Addressing the engineer he asked, "Why are not these tram-roads laid down all over England, so as to supersede common roads, and steam engines employed so as to supersede horse power?" The engineer was seriously startled at so wild a proposition, and replied, "Just propose you that to the nation, sir, and see what you will get by it, sir; you will be worried to death for your pains." This closed the conversation; but the questioner, Thomas Gray, bore the conception of that hour with him. Thenceforth it was his *one idea*. Iron roads from city to city, from river to ocean, with their embankments, curves, and grades; locomotive steam engines thundering along with trains of heavy loaded "wagons," engrossed his thoughts and monopolized his meditations.

In 1820 he published his book on the subject, and in spite of incessant ridicule from literary and scientific magnates, it reached the fifth edition. Canals and coaches he pronounced unworthy of the age. He demonstrated the feasibility and importance of his great project, which was

first to unite by railway Manchester and Liverpool. He said:—

"Nothing would so raise the ports of Hull, Liverpool, and Bristol to an unprecedented pitch of prosperity, as the establishment of railways to those ports, thereby rendering the communication from the east to the west seas, and all intermediate places, rapid, cheap, and effectual. Any one at all conversant with commerce, must feel the vast importance of such an undertaking, in forwarding the produce of America, Brazil, the East and West Indies, &c., from Liverpool and Bristol via Hull to the opposite shores of Germany and Holland; and *vice versa*, the products of the Baltic via Hull to Liverpool and Bristol."

This zealous "reformer" visited Belgium, and made a fruitless attempt to enlist the capitalists of Brussels. He returned to Manchester, and laid his plans before the men who had passed their days amid the clatter of machinery, and who owed their colossal fortunes to steam power. They heard him graciously, and with a smile akin to pity dismissed the "incorrigible visionary." He appealed to the Government, the Board of Agriculture, the Mayor and Council of London, and through Mr. Hume he petitioned the House of Commons—all in vain. As Macaulay has said, "There were fools then as there are fools now—fools who laughed at the railway as they had laughed at the canals; fools who thought they evinced their wisdom by doubting what they could not understand." Gray could be laughed at, but not laughed down. He talked, memorialized, filled newspapers and magazines, until by his "continued coming" the public mind was wearied. He was voted *nem. con.* an "egregious bore," and many heartily wished a railway could be made, if only to silence his perpetual agitation.

A few years passed, and his cherished hope was realized in the completion and triumphant success of the Stockton and Darlington Railway. But his only reward was the triumph of his views, the vindication of his good sense, and the assurance that he would have a posthumous fame as a benefactor. No pecuniary reward was his. A public testimonial in his behalf was proposed, but failed. "He died, steeped to the lips in poverty." Ingratitude is not confined to republics.

The opposition to the railway system in high places was really formidable. It was a contest between steam and horse-power, and the horse had on his side the

universities, the parliament, the foxhunter, the canal owners, the stage-drivers and owners, and the great reviews. Steam could only plead the testimony of a few men, who had nothing but brains and science to give *prestige* to their teachings—they were openly ridiculed. The grave, stately *Quarterly Review* discoursed after this fashion:—

“As to those persons who speculate on making railways generally throughout the kingdom, and superseding all the canals, all the wagons, mails, and stage-coaches, post-chaises, and, in short, every other mode of conveyance by land and water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. Every particular project must stand or fall by its own merits, and we are greatly mistaken if many of those which are already announced will not, when ‘weighed in the balance,’ be ‘found wanting.’ The gross exaggerations of the powers of the locomotive steam engine (or to speak in plain English, the *steam carriage*) may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. What, for instance, can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the following paragraph in one of the published proposals of what we should call a hopeless project?”

Those “ridiculous proposals” were to carry passengers between London and Woolwich “with twice the velocity of the coaches and greater safety.” That would be a speed of, say twelve miles per hour, and the *Quarterly* says:—

“We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve’s *rocket* rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate.”

The italicisms are our own. The temper could not be resisted.

We must also carry our readers into the grave parliamentary discussions and examinations in reference to railways. The chartering of an English railway is a serious matter, and if we had room it should be described in full. There had been permission given for the construction of some short lines, but the first great parliamentary conflict took place in 1825. The Committee of the Commons, to which had been referred the bill providing for the construction of the road from Liverpool to Manchester, met on the 21st of March; General Gascoigne of Liverpool was in the chair. The company appeared by counsel, principally Serjeant Spankie and Mr. Adam; against it stood forth a mighty array—canal owners, road trustees, and landed proprietors, and, to

assist them, the ablest legal counsel in the kingdom. There were Alderson and Parke, and Harrison and Rose, and Earle and Cullen. Mr. Adam occupied the first day in laying before the committee the design and advantage of the proposed corporation, and meeting in advance the objections and stating what he desired to prove by the witnesses summoned. Thirty-eight days were consumed in examining witnesses and pleadings, and finally the bill was refused. Some of the questions and answers at this lapse of time are highly amusing. We entreat the editor who holds the undisputed power of the awful scissors to remain *statu quo*, while a few specimens are given:—

Q. (To one of the engineers.) “Have you any doubt that a locomotive engine could be made to take the weight of forty tons at the rate of six miles an hour with perfect safety?”

A. “An engine *may go* six miles an hour with forty tons, that is, including the weight of the carriages.”

Q. “Could an engine be made to go with *perfect safety* twelve miles an hour, with relation to the bursting of the boiler?”

A. “Yes, I think it might.”

Q. “Do you think it would be perfectly manageable at eight miles an hour?”

A. “I conceive it would.”

The learned counsel in opposition *demonstrated* to the satisfaction of the wise committee, that the railway could not be taken over a certain bog without *sinking to the bottom*; that the locomotive could not be made to ascend or descend a grade; that tunnels would inevitably drift full of snow; and finally, notwithstanding the swearing of the engineers, it was philosophically impossible “*that upon an average, more than three and a half or four and a half miles an hour could be done.*” Now after this legal specimen, and after the report of the committee, our British friends should be modest in their condemnation of the Inquisition for the reception it gave Galileo’s philosophy.

Among the names of the men who have made English railways what they are, are those of George and Robert Stevenson, who, by their consummate prudence and untiring energy, moved on with enterprises others abandoned as hopeless. The first lived to see his devoted toil triumphant—to pass from the humble position of a *stoker* to be the “companion of princes.”

His son Robert has become, if possible, still more famous. In Belgium, in Norway, in Sweden, his directive genius gave an impulse which the kings of those countries have nobly honored. He directed, as engineer in chief, the "London and Birmingham, Birmingham and Derby, North Midland, York and North Midland, Manchester and Leeds, and Northern and Eastern Railways." In a part of these he was aided by his father. He also executed, as chief engineer, "the great iron cross of roads which, on the one hand unite London with Berwick, and on the other Yarmouth with Holyhead, making, with the lines in connection with them, not less than one thousand eight hundred miles of the iron highways of the kingdom." Such a man is more worthy of living in the memory of a nation than Napoleon or Wellington.

We now come to another phase of railway life. Up to 1843, and perhaps to a part of 1844, railroads honestly "worked their way" through difficulty, and were shown to be profitable as investments of capital. Now began the "railroad mania." In 1843 twenty-four Railway Acts were passed, and with heedless progression 1844 saw thirty-seven more. The spirit of reckless speculation became supreme—propriety, prudence, right, were at once sacrificed. A railway literature sprang into existence, and like Minerva from the brow of Jupiter, came forth full-armed. It exclaimed:—

"Railways are the wonder of the world. Nothing has created so marvelous a change as the great iron revolution of science. Beneath it, the features of old Christendom are to be changed, and its wealth and physical grandeur augmented. Other revolutions have scattered powerful influence over the world, but it remains for the new generation of railways to bring about one of the mightiest moral and social revolutions that ever signalized the annals of any age. Omnipresence is one of the principles of their progress. Not content with making Liverpool their lineage home, and many-sounded Manchester mistress of their choice, they are throwing a girdle around the world itself. Far off, India woos them over its waters, and China listens to the voice of the charmer. The ruined hills and broken altars of old Greece will soon reëcho the whistle of the locomotive, or be converted to shrines sacred to commerce, by the power of those magnificent agencies by which rivers are spanned, territories traversed, commerce enfranchised, confederacies consolidated; by which the adamantine is made visible, and man assumes a lordship over time and space."

We hope our readers will be duly grateful to us for excavating this fossil specimen of *fine language*, and hope furthermore that none of them will ask an explanation of its meaning.

The people, ever ready to be deceived, rushed madly on, and the absurdities of the South Sea bubble were reenacted. Many *bona fide* companies, which afterward exploded, were organized, and there was also much deliberate villainy. A few rogues would open an office, project a railroad up some stream, down some valley, or across some range of hills by an air-line, with no "break of gauge *a la Erie*"; a sheet of foolscap was then procured; names of marquises, earls, and *ci-devant* M. P.'s attached, prospectuses issued, the names of the lawyer and banker of the company added. Then, with assurance of abundant dividends, their *paper* was thrown out. "Every man," said Cruikshank, "is a holder of shares in some railway; that is, he has got some pieces of paper called scrip, entitling him to a certain proportionate part of a blue, red, or yellow line drawn across a map, and designated a railway. If the colored scratch runs from south to north, it is generally called a trunk-line; if it 'turns about and wheels about' in all directions, leading to nowhere on its own account, but interfering with every railway that does, ten to one it is called a grand junction; if it lies full length along shore, it is a coast-line." Shares were advertised at £2 or £2 10s. for the first instalment. "Stags" were employed to create a demand in the stock-market, by incessant demands to purchase the scrip. These honorable gentlemen, the "stags," correspond to that distinguished class of our fellow-citizens who do such efficient service in behalf of steamers and wholesale houses, yclept "runners" or "drummers."

The mania for shares became universal throughout the kingdom. In one month three hundred and fifty-seven railways were advertised, with an aggregate capital of three hundred and thirty-two millions sterling. A return made to the House of Commons after the panic, shows a strange brotherhood and abnegation of rank. Side by side were enrolled peers and fishmongers, vice-admirals and butchers, M. P.'s and beer-sellers, Catholic priests and coachmen, barristers and spinners, braziers and bankers, colonels and

footmen, and "many others, too tedious to mention."

In those days rose to eminence the "railway king," George Hudson. He served an apprentice in the venerable city of York to the business of a linen-draper, which he afterward conducted with such success as to amass a large fortune. He came prominently before the public in his connection with the York, Leeds, and London line, which he financed out of difficulty. Thence he became a railway dictator. His will was law. He took hold of the embarrassed North Midland Company, and its stock, from £70 discount, went up to £120 premium. Other great plans were also developed—he relieved embarrassed lines, strengthened weak ones, and crushed stubborn rivals.

The public apotheosized him. He received costly "testimonials"—was honored, *feted*—the journals teemed with accounts of his mighty works. Success sanctified his schemes, which were surely of dubious morality. Peers and peeresses were proud of an acquaintance with the whilom linen-draper; "the electors of Sunderland sent him to the House of Commons, where he was regarded as an oracle." No wonder:—true, he was neither very good nor very wise, but *he had made £100,000 in one day*, and had enabled others to be successful in their degree.

But the day of investigation came. His doings were rigidly scrutinized. It was found that many of his splendid dividends had been paid from the *capital* instead of the *earnings* of the roads. The heavy calls this occasioned, made many bankrupt. The change of public feeling was instantaneous and radical. The railway deity became the railway fiend. Thousands had admired, praised, and envied him—tens of thousands cursed him. And yet he was neither better nor worse than the morality of 1845. The men who would have scorned a dishonorable deed to a neighbor, deemed it no wrong to defraud the intangible *public*. He played with a full hand, and played to win, while others who played at the same table and with the same cards had only a losing game. Hence their anathemas of Hudson come with an ill grace, unless they are granted the privilege of cowardly scoundrels, to turn state's evidence.

We close his sketch by an extract from the "Latter-day Pamphlets:—

"For all manner of reasons, how much one could have wished that the making of our British railways had gone on with deliberation; that these great works had made themselves, not in five years, but in fifty and five. Hudson's 'worth' to railways, I think, will mainly resolve itself into this: that he carried them into completion within the former short limit of time; that he got them made in extremely proper directions, I am told, and surely with endless confusion to the innumerable passive Joplins, and likewise to the numerous active scrip-holders,—a wide-spread class, once rich, now coinless,—hastily in five years, not deliberately in fifty-five. His worth to railways! His *worth*, I take it, to English railways, much more so to Englishmen, will turn out to be extremely inconsiderable—to be incalculable damage rather! Foolish railway people gave him two millions, and thought it not enough, without a statue to boot; but fact thought, and now is audibly saying, far otherwise. Rhadamanthus—had you been able to consult him—would in no wise have given this man twenty-five thousand pounds for a statue. What if Rhadamanthus had doomed him, rather let us say, to ride in express trains, *nowhither*, for twenty-five sons, or to hang in heaven as a locomotive constellation, and be a sign forever!"

We now come to another epoch in the great railway mania. Parliament had required that all new plans for railways should be deposited with the Board of Trade, on or before the night of November 30, 1845: consequently urgent efforts were necessary to have them in readiness. Engineers, levelers, &c., were demanded, and exacted exorbitant wages. The companies were swindling an "intangible public," and the engineers were swindling soulless companies. Copperplate engravers were monopolized, and the lithographic and zincographic draughtsmen were gathered from all the towns in England, and many imported from Germany and France. The price of zinc was doubled. During the last days of November, engravers and printers labored day and night, but still in many instances only the outlines of the plans were engraved, the sections being drawn and the figures filled in by hand. Most of the engineers had from twenty to a hundred assistants, many of whom were not in bed during a whole week of ceaseless toil.

The excitement increased—by some strange oversight, the Sabbath was made the last day for the deposit of "plans and specifications," and such a Sabbath has rarely been witnessed. True, on it "the works were finished," but else was no resemblance. The Scottish companies,

with national coolness and precision, lodged their plans on Saturday. The Irish companies, and "old companies" desiring to construct branches, were also somewhat punctual. But on Sabbath morning there remained some six hundred plans to be deposited. The attorneys came in on special trains. Some roads refused to transport the clerks, plans and specifications, and this gave rise to "sharp practice." One new company which had been refused the "right of way" on the old road, which it was designed to rival, sent a solemn hearse, with the coffin concealing plans, specifications and clerk, which was of course promptly taken. Now we humbly submit to Mr. Dickens and Miss Martineau, that the above is fully equal to Yankee cuteness.

As the hours rolled away, and midnight drew near, the intense excitement redoubled. The entrance hall was crowded—rival companies were struggling for precedence. Bets were made as to the deposit of plans known to be on their way. The value of shares in projected lines rose or fell rapidly in proportion to the probability of the plans arriving before midnight.

Twelve o'clock was striking—the doors were closing—a tramp was heard in the hall—a gentleman with the plans of one of the Surrey roads rushed in. With difficulty the Board was induced to receive them, and *the doors were shut*. The crowd still lingered, and as the first quarter of an hour passed, the sound of wheels was heard, and a post-chaise with reeking horses drove up at full gallop. Three gentlemen sprang out and rushed to the door of the office, each bearing in his hand a vast parchment. Lo, the door was shut! They were too late! One of them gave a vigorous pull at the bell. The door was opened, and the gentlemen informed that they had come fifteen minutes too late. They threw their papers into the office, smashing the passage lamp. The Board threw them back—the "directors" returned them. This novel species of ball-playing was kept up some minutes, amid the roars and huzzahs of the crowd, until the Board became victorious, and the baffled directors were compelled to beat a hasty retreat.

Henceforth the "breaking up" was rapid. In the month of November, 1845, no less than one thousand four hundred

and twenty-eight lines were announced and registered. Hundreds of these were "bubble companies;" others were attempted in good faith, but financed by madness, and engineered by folly.

Thousands who had taken stock on speculation were anxious to back out. Bubble projectors were brought face to face with shareholders, and blandly insinuated that although from £80,000 to £100,000 had already been invested, it was impolitic to proceed. "Then divide the deposits *pro rata*," said the shareholders. "But," said the bland projectors, "the engineering, draughting, &c., have exhausted the deposits; in addition we have the honor to submit the following schedule of liabilities of the Grand Diddlesex Junction, or Mammoth Ninnyville Trunk Line, for which shareholders are responsible." Now the shareholders flew to their lawyers to enter suit against the projectors, and found that they were above law; or before they could commence proceedings, their amiable friends were seen on the Boulogne or Ostend steam-packet, coolly reading the *Times'* leader on the panic occasioned by the failure of the Diddlesex Junction, or Ninnyville Trunk Line. The luckless shareholders realized—

"A hook's the end of many a line."

The cost of the mania was almost incalculable. It has been estimated that there was actually expended in lines afterward abandoned, and for which no return was realized, as much as if fifty line-of-battle ships had been sunk, or ten thousand houses in the crowded metropolis had been consumed. For several months £100,000 per week were spent in railroad advertisements. Shock now succeeded shock. Many who had fondly imagined that they were millionaires, found themselves beggars. Commercial credit was prostrated. Shares continued to depreciate as new calls were made. Complicated suits, apparently as interminable as *Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce*, were commenced. Public confidence was gone.

About 1849 the crisis was mostly passed. Companies which had real merit were induced to publish their accounts. This separated the chaff from the wheat. Confidence in such companies was restored. Their shares went up, and the roads became profitable. Those which could not do this, were compelled to wind up en-

tirely, and the people once more came out of the fog into open sea and plain sailing. Though they had been beaten back by contrary winds, and much was lost, still there was hope.

"He that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and in the end shall be a fool." They may *leave him*, and that they *do*, is proved by the breaking of every bubble!

There are some noble triumphs of skill in the construction of British railways, but our limits will not permit us to sketch them. With one or two statistical statements we close this article.

On the 31st of December, 1851, there were in the United Kingdom, in operation, 6,990 miles of railway.

The next item is in regard to the safety of railway travel. This is a question to which the American mind has recently been directed by numerous accidents; hence we commend the following facts, drawn from tables perfectly reliable.

During the half-year ending December 31, 1851, there passed over the roads in the United Kingdom, 47,509,392 persons; during the same time 113 were killed, and 264 injured. Therefore the chances of being killed were 1 out of 420,437; of being killed or injured, 1 out of 126,019. So there may be said to be more danger in walking the streets of a crowded city, than in traveling on a railway. But the above estimate does not give the railways justice. Of the 113 deaths, one was a suicide; 33 were trespassers, contrary to notices, cautions, and prohibitions, and their death was directly chargeable to themselves. Of the rest, 62 were not passengers strictly, but servants of the companies or contractors; and of that number, 32 were killed from their own misconduct or want of caution. The *bona fide* passengers who were killed were 17, and of these only 8 perished by causes beyond their own control.

There are also at almost every station, assurance tickets sold for the single journey, which, in the event of the death of the holder, insures to a third-class passenger £200 for one penny; £500 for two-pence to a second-class passenger; and to a first-class passenger £1000 for three-pence. These facts, and the police of the English railways, and the assurance system, are commended to the careful attention of fast railroad directors.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE OPIUM TRADE IN THE EAST.

BY AN OBSERVER.

WE wish to call the attention of the Christian and philanthropic readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE to an evil of no ordinary magnitude, which is rapidly impoverishing and demoralizing an immense and once prosperous empire; an evil which had its origin in the early embarrassments and insatiable avarice of the East India Company, and which is now producing, through the fostering care of that company, untold sufferings in a realm in which that body holds no possessions. The root of this fearful evil is in India, its wide-spreading branches overhang the vast territories of China, and, upae-like, produce death and desolation everywhere within their shadow. To present the evils inflicted by one body of men upon another, or to detail the inhumanity of man toward his fellow, is neither a pleasant task to the writer, nor an agreeable entertainment to the benevolent reader; but if we shall be able to call the attention of good men to this great evil—if we shall be able to exhibit its magnitude and its inhumanity—if we can excite in the heart of the Christian and the philanthropist an emotion of sympathy for the millions who are deluded and destroyed by the powerful evil, and a corresponding desire to arrest the growing wrong, already gigantic in its proportions, we shall receive an abundant reward for all the labor these articles shall cost us. And if we can at the same time successfully direct the attention of awakened humanity to the true origin of the evil—the real offender and the justly responsible power in this work of misery and death—however painful to our feelings the task may be, we shall have the happy consciousness, that with impartiality and candor we have discharged our duty.

The evil to which we refer is the traffic in opium on the coasts of China; the origin of the evil and the supplies necessary for the terrible traffic belong to another realm. The home of the poppy, the manufacture of the opium, the annual production of thousands of chests of the potent drug, and the vast emoluments of the traffic belong to India. It had its origin in the inordinate avarice and eager graspings after immense wealth which characterized the early movements of this

great corporation, and has expanded into fearful magnitude in a striking ratio with the swelling proportions of the financial embarrassments of that company. It began in the eighteenth century, at a time when countless treasures were pouring into the coffers of the company, and when neither financial difficulties, nor losses or hazards of trade rendered it necessary; but the nucleus of what has since become a perpetual financial embarrassment, springing from extravagance, maladministration, favoritism and individual avarice, soon made it necessary to enlarge, as rapidly as possible, a traffic which startled even the company itself at the time of its first suggestion. That nucleus has swollen into vast proportions; the debt of 1773, then a few thousand pounds, has expanded into sixty-seven millions—a pressure which all the revenues of all the presidencies of India cannot reduce, but to the sum of which is still annually added an increase of a million pounds sterling. The Lords of the British Parliament, the possessors of East India stock, the holders of East India bonds, the merchants trading in and with India, the subjects of Great Britain throughout, look upon the annual income of several millions of pounds sterling from the manufacture and sale of opium as indispensable to the revenues of India. In all the suggestions for the modification of the government of India; throughout the rigid examinations of last year (1853) into the affairs of the company; in the petitions from India, Manchester, and Bristol, presented to the last parliament of Great Britain; among all the calls for Indian reform, in the truly noble speeches delivered in the House of Lords, by the Earl of Albemarle; in the judicious and far-reaching suggestions of Lord Ellenborough on the revenues of India, nothing is found with regard to the traffic in opium. The deficiencies of the revenue; the inefficiency of the government; the oppressions of the people; the imperfection and inequality of the judiciary system; the delinquencies of the government in failing to construct canals for irrigation, and roads for transport, all are noticed, discussed, and commended to parliament for reformation; but the enormous evils entailed upon a neighboring nation by the Indian traffic in opium are unnoticed, and the trade only referred to as an important item of Indian revenue.

The East India Company is an anomaly among the governments of the earth. Although the parliament of Great Britain has been for several years rapidly absorbing into itself the powers and prerogatives of the company, it was for many years, and in many respects still is, an irresponsible, extravagant, and inefficient government. It was much more so during the last century than it is at present. At that time the company itself was invested with a great and irresponsible power: there was then no Board of Control; the directors were for the most part mere traders, avaricious and unjust, ignorant of politics, altogether inexperienced in government; and yet, by the powers of their charter, they were placed at the head of a mighty empire, which unjustly and unexpectedly became subject to them, and of the circumstances and wants of which they were profoundly ignorant. How could it be otherwise than that this irresponsible, inexperienced, and avaricious government should rapidly become corrupt and oppressive, and, by its injudicious and oppressive legislation, produce ruinous embarrassments? These results very soon appeared in the history of the East India Company's administration of the affairs of the great empire that had fallen to them. The country was soon drained of its treasures. Vast fortunes were rapidly accumulated through oppression, injustice, and dishonesty. The ease with which wealth might be acquired, led to the most ruinous extravagance in its expenditure. The servants of the company were as faithless to their masters as they were treacherous and oppressive to the natives. The resources of the country began to be exhausted. Fortunes could no longer be acquired with such facility and rapidity, and financial embarrassments were the consequences, while the inordinate thirsting after wealth was still insatiable. New means for accumulating wealth had now to be devised. It was known that the Portuguese had for some time been carrying on a trade with China in opium. The trade was limited and unpromising; but it was known that the fondness for the drug was spreading among the people, and it was equally well known that the rich plains of India furnished a soil well adapted to the growth of the poppy. The experiment was determined upon.

The plan was suggested by Colonel Watson to a council of representatives of the East India Company, held at Calcutta in the year 1767. Well might that body of representatives be startled at the idea; well might they recoil from sanctioning such an inhuman traffic. What thoughts passed in the minds of these representatives when sitting in consultation on a question so momentous, we cannot now tell. Perhaps they were not able to perceive the real character of the trade they were about to open—to conceive the magnitude of the evils they were about to heap on a great nation, whose subjects numbered a third of the human race. Perhaps they did not suppose that it would ever become a trade of such magnitude, or be followed by consequences so terrible. We cannot believe that this body of representatives, though corrupt to its center, and thirsting to be rich, looked forward for a moment and contemplated the poverty, the wretchedness, the wars, the revolutions, the desolations, and the deaths, for which they were about to prepare the certain cause, and yet, in the face of these consequences, deliberately chose to give birth to an evil that would spread misery and death among millions of human beings, with the certainty and rapidity of a fatal epidemic. The guilt of deliberately choosing to foster, encourage, and protect the traffic, under a full consciousness of the enormous evils which attend it, was reserved for the refined cruelty of the nineteenth century, and for the wiser heads and tenderer hearts of the crown and parliament of Great Britain. Still a consciousness of guilt must have rested upon those representatives; the enormity of the crime they were about to commit must have arisen before them; perhaps even the dim shadows of the future evils to which their action was about to give birth, fell upon them. But, be this as it may, they are chargeable with a heavy amount of guilt, and the action of that day should stamp with infamy the name of every representative, who, against every emotion of humanity, yielded to his guilty avarice, and gave his sanction to this nefarious trade, and the obloquy of all good men must settle upon that company that adopted, and that government which still sustains the traffic.

Mr. Wheeler, an influential officer and member of the company, advocated the

plan, and after being favorably entertained, it was adopted as a happy expedient for raising a revenue for the support of government. At what time the Chinese commenced the practice of smoking opium, we cannot now tell. It is, however, a practice of recent origin among them. It is certain, that two centuries ago there must have been but little if any of it used, as no mention of it is made in the writings of the Romish missionaries, even down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Previously to the time of the above action of the East India Company, the trade rarely exceeded two hundred chests per year, and in 1767, the year in which the company determined to enter into the trade, the importation reached only one thousand chests, and even continued at that rate for some years, being principally carried on by some Portuguese merchants, who brought their opium from Turkey. From 1767 to 1794, the East India Company made several adventures in opium, which were not very successful and which yielded but little profit. But notwithstanding the discouragements met in their first attempts, the servants of the company, convinced that the Chinese had acquired a taste for the fatal drug, which would lead them on to a more extensive consumption of it, and that the vast population and wealth of the country presented an almost boundless field for the traffic, continued their efforts with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. In 1780 they succeeded in stationing two small vessels in Lark's Bay, south of Macao. In 1781, the company freighted a vessel to Canton, but were obliged to sell the lot, which consisted of one thousand six hundred chests, at \$200 per chest, to one of the Hong merchants, named Sinqua, who, being unable to dispose of it, reshipped it for the Archipelago, where the consumption of opium was more prevalent. Ten years later than this, the trade was still of an unpromising character, and the opium was imported under the head of medicine at a duty of \$7 per cwt., including charges, and sold for about \$370 per chest.

In 1794, the owners of the two ships in Lark's Bay, after having suffered much annoyance from the pirates and revenue cutters, loaded the opium on board a single vessel and brought her to Whampoa, where she lay unmolested for more

than a year, selling out her cargo. This unpromising method of introducing opium into China continued for about twenty-five years, until 1820, when the Governor General and Collector of Customs at Canton issued an edict forbidding any vessel to enter the port in which opium was stored, and making the pilots and Hong merchants responsible for its being on board. The Portuguese were at the same time forbidden to introduce it into Macao, and every officer in the Chinese Custom House at that place was made responsible for preventing its introduction, under the heaviest penalties. Twenty years before that time the importation of the pernicious drug had been interdicted by the emperor, under the severest penalties, as a growing evil which was wasting the time and consuming the property of the subjects of his realm, and draining the country of its wealth to pay for the "vile dirt" of outside countries. The Hong merchants were required to give bonds, in 1809, that no ship which discharged her cargo at Whampoa should have opium on board.

The issuing of these stringent prohibitions by the government, and the necessity the local authorities began to feel of inflicting the penalties of the violated laws, at whose violation they themselves had connived, forced the opium merchants to withdraw from Macao and Whampoa, and to station their ships under shelter of Linton Island, in the bay at the entrance of Canton River, beyond the jurisdiction of the provincial governors. At this place the merchants established a depot of receiving ships, and henceforth Linton became the seat of an extensive trade. Here large and well-armed vessels might be seen reposing at anchor throughout the year, except in summer, when the ships moved to safer anchorages off the river, to avoid the severity of the typhoons. Their business was to receive the large quantities of opium brought by other vessels from India, and to deal it out in chests and cases to the Chinese junks, peculiar vessels called "*fast-crabs*" and "*scrambling dragons*," from which it was retailed at various points on shore. This continued to be the great but not the only depot for opium until 1839. In 1821 the Merope, an English vessel, made an experimental voyage along the coast of China, which proved unexpectedly successful, and giving a strong impetus to

the trade, led to the speedy establishment of the system of delivering opium at different cities along the coast, so that in 1838 the Chinese coast, from Macao to Chusan, had become the constant cruising ground of twenty opium ships, while the waters of Canton were converted into a grand rendezvous for more than thirty boats engaged in the seductive traffic.

The exclusive commercial privileges of the East India Company ceased at the time of the renewal of their charter in 1834, and from that time the company was no longer directly connected with the opium trade in China. But they still continued the cultivation of the poppy on a greatly increased scale, and thus supplied nearly the whole quantity of the drug involved in the traffic, and derived from it, as we shall see immediately, an annually increasing revenue, exceeding in amount the revenue derived from any other single source, except only the land revenues, and the income from the salt trade, which, like that of opium, is a governmental monopoly. While this change in the operations of the company only served the purpose of withdrawing the transactions of that body in opium from the coasts of China, and of concentrating the efforts in the cultivation of the poppy in India, and, therefore, in no respect diminished their actual connection with the trade, or relieved the British Government from any of its responsibility for allowing and fostering the production of opium in its Indian possessions, this movement itself involved the government of Great Britain more directly and extensively in the traffic as carried on in China, and produced the beginning of those circumstances which led on by inevitable steps to the war of 1840, which can only be viewed as an opium war.

But before we follow the history of the opium trade in China, and develop the connection of the British Government with that traffic in the territories of another sovereign, we must study more fully the relations of India and the East India Company with the production of opium, and thus be enabled to indicate more plainly the connection of the government of Great Britain with this trade through her own territorial possessions. We need not consume time and space with noticing the method of cultivating the poppy, and of preparing the opium for market; nor need

we here dwell upon the arbitrary and compulsory system under which the natives of India are compelled to cultivate the poppy and produce the opium, and to deliver every portion of the drug to the company's servants, with whom the whole trade is a complete monopoly. A small portion of the opium produced under the supervision of the company is sold in the interior provinces of India, for native consumption; but the greater part of the whole product is gathered into two great factories, and sent down the river Ganges to Calcutta. Here it is publicly sold at auction, on regular market days, to merchants, who immediately export the most of it to China. The cost to the government of each chest of opium prepared for the market, is found to be about 300 rupees, or about \$136. The price at which it is sold varies somewhat with the quantity in market and the demand abroad, but it generally is disposed of at 1200 or 1300 rupees per chest; an average of more than four times its original cost. As the price of the drug varies with the season and demand, the market days in Calcutta are times of great life and excitement, and the sales frequently afford opportunities for great speculation among the merchants. In 1846, 21,649 chests were thus disposed of, making a net profit to the government of over £2,000,000 sterling; and in 1847 the sales were increased by 10,000 chests, at which time over 31,000 chests of opium were sold at Calcutta, realizing to the company a net revenue of £3,000,000. The government thus receives annually an immense income from this source—an income which nearly all the politicians of India and Great Britain deem indispensable to the revenues of the British East India possessions. And yet this includes a part only, perhaps two-thirds, of the opium raised in India, and by no means the whole of the revenue derived from this unrighteous source.

In the fiscal year of 1833-34, the time at which the commercial privileges of the company ceased, the opium sales at Calcutta amounted to 12,815,145 rupees; being an advance on the sales of the previous year of more than 1,000,000 of rupees, and amounting to nearly one-fourth of the revenue derived from the onerous and tyrannical system of land taxation which prevails in the Bengal presidency, and nearly to the income derived from the

great salt monopoly. In 1837-38, so rapid was the increase of this traffic, that the sales amounted to 22,429,041 rupees: exceeding the income from the salt monopoly by more than 5,000,000 rupees, and equaling two-thirds of the sum of the great land revenue itself. Omitting the land and salt revenues, this immense income from opium surpassed the sum of the revenue derived from all other sources in the Bengal presidency together; it amounted, in fact, to nearly one-fourth of the total gross revenues of the presidency of Bengal!

But the growth of this enormous trade has been steadily onward during the past twenty-five years. In 1848-49, the sales at Calcutta amounted to 34,930,275 rupees, or \$15,893,275. The able editor of the "Friend in India," in contemplating the rapid growth of this enormous trade, makes use of the following language: "Sixty years ago, when Burke drew up his well-known report on the state of Bengal, the entire product of the opium did not exceed three millions of rupees; but by the increasing demand of this article among the Chinese, and the good husbandry of the Board of Customs, the importance of this branch of our resources has been increased to such an extent that it exceeds the entire revenue derived from the land, when Warren Hastings quitted the government with so much triumph."

But this is not the whole of the East Indian trade in opium. An additional revenue is derived through the Bombay presidency, in the form of transit duties charged by the company for the transportation through their territories, of the large quantities of opium produced in the province of Malwa. Since the settlement of the long-continued difficulties of Central India, the trade in Malwa opium has increased very rapidly, and its production is still a flourishing and growing branch of agriculture. In 1821 the total exports of that variety of the drug did not amount to 3,000 chests, while as early as 1839 they amounted to 21,000 chests, worth about £2,000,000. Previously to 1830 the Bombay government endeavored to obtain a monopoly of the sale of opium, such as exists at Calcutta; but with little success, as up to that time two-thirds of the produce of Malwa were carried to the Portuguese settlement of Damaun, (a small settlement to the north of Bombay,) where

it was exported. Up to that time the greater part of the trade was carried on beyond the territories of Bombay, and of course beyond the control of the British government. But the Anglo-Indian government, already deeply implicated in the traffic, looked with envy on this large branch of the trade which was not in their hands, and in 1830 abandoned the attempted monopoly, and invited the passage of the Malwa opium through their territories, by laying on it a transit-duty, similar to that which was imposed in other states through which the opium passed. Soon after this the great territories of Scinde came into the possession of the English by the right of conquest, after which all the opium of Malwa was brought to Bombay, subject to a heavy tax for its transit through the company's territories. This tax or pass-duty during the past twenty-five years has ranged from 175 to 400 rupees per chest.

Under this arrangement, the trade, in 1832, yielded to the British government a revenue of £300,000; in the year 1848-49, the net revenue from this source amounted to over £600,000 sterling. The income from the transit of opium at Bombay, as early as 1835-36, amounted to nearly one-tenth of the whole revenue of the Bombay presidency. About 7,000 or 8,000 chests of the opium produced in Malwa, are annually consumed in that and the adjacent provinces. The surplus of the production which was transported to Bombay in 1846 amounted to 25,000 chests. At Bombay it is purchased by the merchants and exported to China. Opium and raw cotton are the principal articles of export from Bombay to China, and in 1836-37 there were exported of the former 90,882½ chests, and of the latter 44,464,364 lbs., the whole value amounting to 32,675,047 rupees, or nearly three times the amount of exports to Great Britain, and constituting more than one-half the whole export trade of the Bombay presidency. These exports to China are more than twice the value of the products of China imported into Bombay, and for several years past the surplus has been returned in bullion, and to a large extent by bills on London, drawn by the merchants, and in bills on the Indian government, drawn by the agents of the company, thus constituting a perpetual drain on the moneyed resources of China.

But we cannot better exhibit the importance, extent and growth of the East Indian trade in opium, than by summing up the transactions of the company in this article during a period of twenty years, from 1830 to 1850. We have ascertained from official reports, that the sales of opium at Calcutta, during that period, amounted to 399,914 chests, containing about 51,988,820 pounds of opium, from which was derived to the government a gross revenue of \$173,767,439, or a net income to the treasury of \$115,224,024. The transactions in the Bombay presidency, during the same period, involve 283,342 chests, or about 39,667,880 pounds of Malwa opium; realizing to the company a gross income of \$24,593,334, or a net revenue of \$22,359,587. The aggregate of the company's receipts, during these twenty years, amounts to the enormous sum of \$198,360,773, or a net revenue from the trade in opium of \$137,583,611. For this great income the company has sent forth, principally to China, 683,256 chests, or 91,856,700 pounds of opium!

The magnitude of this fearful trade is truly startling, and when we allow our minds to dwell upon the incomparable evils which those ninety-one millions of pounds of a pernicious drug have wrought in China, it is truly appalling. Think of it, reader, that this company has sent forth to China, in the brief period of twenty years, nearly one hundred millions of pounds of opium! Think of this enormous quantity of a poisonous drug, smuggled into the Chinese empire in twenty years, against the most stringent edicts and protestations of the government; against the earnest remonstrances of the most faithful officers of the empire; against the wishes of the wisest and best, and the vast majority of the people; and even against such opposition of the nation as eventually led to the declaration of war. Think of the consumption of that enormous quantity of the drug by the deluded victims of this most seductive practice. Think of the enormous sum of nearly two hundred millions of dollars, drained from the resources of a single country, to which must be added a large percentage for the profits realized by the individual merchants engaged in the traffic in China; and all for a worthless drug that is working poverty, desolation, and death throughout!

the country. Look at it, men of England, whose greatest honor is the glory of your nation, and whose proudest boast is the justice, the equality, the beneficence of your government. Look at it. See the work of your countrymen; a trade allowed and protected by your government; an evil of unequalled magnitude, originated and perpetuated by the unfeeling avarice of Englishmen; and defended by the authority and arms of your government. Look at it, and see if it be not a wrong and injustice to a sister nation, sufficient to tarnish the boasted glory of your country. Look at it, Christians and philanthropists of the world, and see if it be not an evil of sufficient enormity to call for your attention and interference.

[For the National Magazine.]

TRIFLES! THERE ARE NONE.

DR. CUMMING says: "There are no trifles in the biography of man. It is drops that make up the sea; it is acorns that cover the earth with oaks, and the ocean with glorious navies. Sands make up the bar in the harbor's mouth, on which rich argosies are wrecked; and little things in youth accumulate into character in age, and destiny in eternity."

Some one has said: "Whether an insect shall deposit her egg in the bark of a young oak, or in some other place, would seem an incident as unworthy the providence of God as anything conceivable. This deposit, however, after a few months becomes a worm, which corrodes the tree. This tree, when many years have brought it to maturity—the defect not having been noticed and duly estimated—is used as part of the timber of a large vessel. In this vessel, let it be supposed, are sent dispatches, which, if duly received, would prevent a national war, affecting the fortunes, lives, and morals of thousands. While employed in service, the defective timber gives way; the leak is not discovered until it is too late to prevent the loss either of the vessel or crew. An event, comprehending not only this loss, but a national—perhaps a national revolution—may therefore depend upon a circumstance the most casual and trifling."

Major Andre was a brave officer; but fortunately for the present happy and prosperous condition of these United States, his bravery forsook him on the most im-

portant occasion of his life. He has been made the bearer of treasonable dispatches. Instead of presenting his passport, he asks a question which immediately excites suspicion in the minds of the sentinels. His person is subjected to a rigid examination. The boots and hose are pulled off, and the traitorous documents are discovered. Now, had the British officer acted in character—promptly shown his passport—instead of attempting to play the Yankee, by "*asking a question*," the probability is that he would have been allowed to proceed without further interruption. It is equally probable that *West Point* would have been delivered up, and to this day the independence of these States might not have been obtained.

Sir Walter Scott tells the story of a parsimonious kinsman of his, who on being informed that a family vault in the churchyard was decaying, and likely to fall in, and that £10 would make the repairs, proffered only £5. It was not sufficient. Two years after he proffered the full sum. A report was now made that the breeches were now so much increased, that £20 would scarcely serve. He hesitated, hemmed and hawed for three years, then offered £20. The wind and rain had not awaited his decision, and less than £50 would not serve. A few years afterward he sent a check for £50, which was returned by post, with the intelligence that the aisle had fallen the preceding week.

About two hundred and twenty years ago might have been seen perambulating the county of Shropshire, England, a pack-peddler. While in the little village of Rawton, he one day called at the humble domicile of a Mr. Baxter. Mr. Baxter lightened the traveling merchant's pack of one book. The contents of this book—Dr. Sibbs' "*Bruised Reed*"—were greedily devoured by Mr. Baxter's son Richard, a lad, then about fifteen years of age. This book was God's chosen instrumentality in "turning the youth from darkness to light"—from "sin to holiness." Richard Baxter became so prodigious a writer, as to receive from the notorious Judge Jeffries—on one occasion of being arraigned before him—the following very flattering compliment: "Richard, thou hast written as many books as would load a wagon, and every one of them as full of treason as an egg is full of meat." Truly, Richard's books were "full of treason" against

the "kingdom of darkness." Philip Doddridge became a voracious reader of Baxter's reasonable publications. Their contents so molded his moral and intellectual character, as to fit and induce him to deal such terrible blows against the reign of sin, as are given in his "Rise and Progress of Religion." This book was the means of the conversion of the great champion of West India emancipation, Wilberforce. But he also became an author. It was his "Practical View of Christianity" which brought Legh Richmond to the knowledge of true religion. Richmond wrote the world-renowned "Dairyman's Daughter," which has been translated into more than fifty different languages, and has probably been blessed to the conversion of thousands of men. What these thousands have done, with their tongues, their pens, and the influence of their religious character, for the spread of divine truth and grace, the day of eternity alone will declare. Little did the poor peddler of Shropshire suppose, that there was among his trashy stock of songs and ballads a book, destined to exert so mighty an influence upon the eternal interests of thousands of immortal spirits.

Some fourcore years ago—by reason of the absurd system of an hereditary monarchy—a young man much more largely endowed with *pride* than *brains*, was raised to the dignity of the British sovereignty. Unfortunately for the personal and state interests of George III., he was surrounded by flattering courtiers, intriguing and designing men, who understood well the weak points of their prince's character. These wily confederates, pointing him one day to the "sorry, dingy old palace of St. James," so "like a stable," insisted that it was the farthest remove from a fit and proper place for the royal residence for the greatest monarch in the world. The bait took. The haughty king swallowed it with avidity. George III.'s fondness for architecture is matter of historic notoriety. He resolves to afford it a little gratification in the present instance. An eligible site is immediately selected in Hyde Park. The king applies to his ministers for a grant of one million pounds sterling, with which to commence the undertaking. He is reminded of the expenses of the war in which the nation was then involved, and the consequent impoverished state of the treasury. It was

shown that such was the financial condition of the State, that the granting of supplies for the above object was quite out of the question. But it was immediately suggested that a revenue might be raised in his majesty's North American colonies, every way adequate to the demands in question. Scarcely had this suggestion been made, ere it was put into execution. The colonies were taxed. The first enthusiastic outburst of patriotism exhibited by his most gracious majesty's most loyal trans-Atlantic subjects, was the holding of the most celebrated *tea-party* ever recorded. Preëminently—*The tea-party*, so sufficiently evident by the fact, that the capacious Boston harbor was the *tea-pot*. This tea-party was but the prelude to other more general and more enthusiastic outbursts of national feeling, which followed in rapid succession upon the question of a new palace in Hyde-Park. But by a strange, and altogether unlooked-for combination of the most untoward circumstances, the material on which it was intended to erect the palace was never shipped for the much-desired destination. The loyal trans-Atlantic subjects appear to have discovered that the material was so abundant as to be quite sufficient to build a NATION! The romantic idea was no sooner conceived than it was unanimously voted to attempt its execution. The result has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its bold and daring projectors. Instead of a costly residence for the shelter of a weak-minded imbecile—nay, *insane* man, whom some people were foolish enough to call a "*king*," we already behold the greatest nation the world's history has ever presented. *And all this sprung from a tea-pot too! The magician's wand is no circumstance to it.*

LORD JEFFREY.—Lord Jeffrey was by no means an early riser. He had to be in court at nine o'clock, which alarmed him more than anything else in his new situation. He tells one of his most cherished friends:—"I have certainly had rather hard work; but I do not find it irksome. Even the early rising, which I dreaded the most, proves very bearable. Certainly in the whole of my past life I never saw so many sunrises as since the beginning of November, and they have been inexpressibly beautiful."

[For the National Magazine.]

NAUVOO AND DESERET.

REVIEWED ERRORS CORRECTED—ORIGIN OF THE BOOK OF MORMON—OTHER STANDARDS—ENORMITIES—EXPULSION FROM NAUVOO—DEATH OF JOE SMITH.

THE author of the first article in the June number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for the present year has presented a very incorrect view of the subject upon which he treats, calculated to lead to conclusions entirely erroneous, not only in regard to Mormons and Mormonism, but specially in regard to the people of Hancock and the adjoining counties, and the circumstances leading to, and accompanying the Mormon expulsion from the state. My father emigrated from Vermont, and was the first settler in an adjoining county, (Schuyler,) two years before the first "log cabin" was built in Hancock County, subsequently the seat of the Mormon difficulties.

In 1836 I was admitted into the Illinois Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church; preached more or less in Hancock County every year for the next eight years; included a good part of Hancock County in the Macomb District, which I traveled in 1838-9; was stationed the two following years in Quincy; the year after at Rushville, all in counties adjoining Hancock; knew Joe Smith and many of the leading Mormons personally; have been conversant with some of the leading men of the sect who had left them, and who were fully convinced of their iniquity before they left Missouri, and had many private and some public discussions of their doctrines; so that I may say without boasting, "having had perfect understanding of all these things from the very first, it seemed good to me also to write." And I may add further, from personal acquaintance with many of the citizens of Illinois who were active in effecting the expulsion of the Mormons, that they will not suffer by comparison with an equal number of citizens from any other part of the Union, in regard to intelligence, morals, or love of law and order. Some of a different class were engaged in it; but these formed the exceptions, and not the rule.

Heretofore they have not undertaken a vindication of their conduct, for the simple reason that they needed none with those who were acquainted with the facts; and

as to others who, under the influence of a false and morbid sympathy, are forever seeking after something to weep and sigh over, it was thought they had as well exhaust themselves on this subject as any other. And it is not that Illinois needs a vindication, but for the sake of truth that I write.

With the first part of the article I have no particular controversy, (one item excepted,) as the writer is evidently shaking out his pinions for a flight, and may be allowed to substitute rhetoric and fancy for truth and fact. The item to which exception is taken relates to their numbers. No doubt the assertion that they now number "half a million" will make Elder Snow, Orson Hyde, Apostle Pratt, and even Governor Young himself stare amazingly. All nonsense, and nothing like truth. In 1850 they numbered in Utah eleven thousand three hundred and eighty, and the estimated population of the entire territory in 1853 is only twenty thousand, while the great majority in Carson's Valley (included within the territory) are not Mormons. Everybody knows that out of the territory, and within the United States, their numbers are but nominal. Strang, at the Manitow Islands, in Lake Michigan, and Rigdon, near Pittsburgh, are leaders of small companies, say from two to three hundred in all; and these are growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," continually. Out of the United States their converts are numbered by a few thousands, according to their own showing, which is much more likely to magnify than minify the facts in the case. "Half-a-million!!" Even the veritable Madam Rumor herself, with her well-known proclivity to fiction, falsehood, and exaggeration, would have choked at this. Thirty thousand is much nearer the truth.

The history of the Smith family is sufficiently correct to pass without special note, although the picture might have been darkened greatly.

The story of the Spaulding manuscript, &c., as the origin of the Mormon bible, is probably correct so far as it goes; but if correct to any extent, the original document has been greatly mutilated, as no "graduate" of an ordinary common school—not to say "Dartmouth College"—would be guilty of so many gross vulgarisms and glaring violations of the plainest rules of grammar.

The style is low and vulgar, and, if written by Mr. Spaulding, as it was *subsequently printed*, it will doubtless stand peerless and alone, as the most successful effort of the violation of every rule of taste and language which the history of our vernacular has ever furnished. Internal evidence is not wanting that some manuscript has furnished the ground-plan of the work, but that *another hand* has greatly enlarged the text, making such additions as the peculiar doctrines, &c., of the system required.

A few extracts will show that a considerable portion of the book was suggested by the anti-masonic excitement of western New-York, which commenced in the neighborhood, and near the time that Joe Smith professes to have found the plates from which the record was taken. The Lamanites, a wicked and ungodly race who figure largely in the work, are represented as originating and perfecting a "secret combination," bound with "oaths," and having "signs" by which they could recognize each other, &c.; and one Gadianton, a kind of Jeroboam-the-son-of-Nebat character, introduced this "secret combination" among the Nephtes, or religious portion of the people. The following, as a specimen, will sufficiently illustrate this portion of the book:—

"And now, my son, these directors were prepared that the word of God might be fulfilled which he spake saying, I will bring forth out of darkness unto light all their secret works and their abominations. ° ° ° And I will bring to light all their secrets and abominations unto every nation that shall hereafter possess the land. ° ° ° Yea, their secret abominations have been brought out of darkness and made known unto us. ° ° ° Retain all their oaths and their covenants and their arguments. ° ° ° Yea, and all their signs. ° ° ° And only their wickedness and their murders shall ye make known. ° ° ° Ye shall teach them to abhor such wickedness and abominations and their murders. ° ° ° And the blood of those which they murdered did cry."—*Book of Alma*, chap. xvii, pp. 828–9, first edit., Mormon Bible.

Also the following, from another part:—

"Yea, woe be unto you because of that great abomination which hath come among you; and ye have united yourselves unto it, ye, to that secret band which was established by Gadianton. ° ° ° Behold there were men which were judges which also belonged to the secret band of Gadianton, and they were angry," &c., &c.—*Book of Helaman*, chap. iii, p. 428.

Any person conversant with the periodical literature of the locality and time

cannot be at a loss as to the origin of the above.

The last part of the book is to a considerable extent made up by presenting in an awkward way objections to infant baptism, (Smith was educated in the Baptist Church,) mingled with Rigdon's doctrine of "baptism for the remission of sins," which he (Rigdon) embraced when a Campbellite preacher, and made a prominent feature of Mormonism. Take the following as an illustration:—

"And now, my son, I speak unto you concerning that which grieveth me exceedingly; for it grieveth me that there should disputations rise among you. For if I have learned the truth, there has been disputations among you concerning the baptism of your little children. ° ° ° For immediately after I had learned these things of you, I inquired of the Lord concerning the matter. And the word of the Lord came unto me saying, ° ° ° I came into the world not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance; the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; wherefore little children are whole, for they are not capable of committing sin, ° ° ° wherefore, my son, I know that it is solem a mockery to baptize little children. ° ° ° this thing shall ye teach, repentance and baptism unto they which are accountable, and capable of committing sin. ° ° ° and their little children need no repentance, neither baptism. ° ° ° Behold, I say unto you that he that supposeth that little children needeth baptism is in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity; wherefore should he be cut off while in the thought he must go down to hell. ° ° ° And he that saith that little children needeth baptism, denieth the mercies of Christ, and setteth at naught the stonement of him, and the power of his redemption. Woe unto such; for they are in danger of death, hell, and an endless torment."—*Book of Moroni*, chap. viii, pp. 581–2.

Much more twaddle of a similar character will be found in the book. This, doubtless, will be deemed sufficient.

These quotations furnish strongly presumptive evidence that all similar portions of the book were not written by Mr. Spaulding. As his manuscript was finished some years before the mysterious disappearance of Morgan, and the great excitement consequent upon that event, and at a time when secret fraternities were flourishing and popular, it is hardly supposable that he would hold them forth in the unfavorable light above; and as Mr. Spaulding was a Presbyterian or Congregational minister, if I am correctly informed, he would not have doomed everybody to "death, hell, and eternal torment," who held to infant baptism.

"The Book of Covenants," and "Pratt's Voice of Warning," are rather better so far as style is concerned, yet equally heterodox in doctrine, and worse in morals than their bible; both of which are received as inspired, and binding on the conscience and life. The latter is a 24mo. volume, of some one hundred and fifty pages, given by — Pratt, one of the twelve apostles I think, or at least a prophet, and is a savage philippic against the people of these United States, because they refused to embrace Mormonism—announcing that "God's sword was bathed in blood in heaven;" that he had delivered it to the saints, (Mormons;) and that who-soever would not submit to the saints (Mormons) within ten years, I think, should become food for the vultures and wild beasts. It was published, as near as I recollect, in 1838, and is just as clear a denunciation of destruction to the American people by the Mormons, if they do not embrace Mormonism, as is the denunciation of destruction to the Canaanites by Israel, in the Bible.

The former is made up of various revelations, given at different times, to different individuals, and on different subjects. These two volumes and their bible, coupled with the convenient arrangement for obtaining a revelation at any time and upon any subject as occasion may require, constitute the Mormon rule of faith. One important revelation, and one on which the Mormons practiced largely, establishes the two following propositions:—1. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof in every sense. 2. The saints (Mormons) have a right, as the Lord's children, to take the Lord's property wherever they can find it, and whenever they want it. And it was their bold and open practice upon these principles, connected with many other kindred and inherent evils that led to their expulsion from Illinois.

Who the writer of the article under review is we are not informed, and certainly it is not a matter of importance to know. Evidence is furnished that he is moderately well acquainted with the earlier history of the sect, but lamentably ignorant of their latter history. Why did he not tell his readers of the bogus money, and shipplaster bank, &c., of Smith and Co., while residing in Kirtland, Ohio? Or narrate their two days' drunken frolic

at the "endowment" of their temple there? Why did he not say something of the murders and thefts committed in Missouri? Or of Rigdon's famous "Salt Sermon," delivered on the fourth of July in Far West Mo. ? in which he asserted that Judas was murdered by the apostles for betraying his master; that Ananias and Sapphira were killed by the young men for lying; and all this to stimulate the "Danites" to murder any who should dare to leave the Mormon fraternity; and in the same discourse proclaimed war to the death with Missouri if she should dare to interfere civilly or otherwise with the Mormons. All this and much more is passed over in silence! If the writer was ignorant of these facts, what business had he to write on the subject? If not, where is the honesty in suppressing them? Yet all this "eminently interesting history" is passed over in entire silence, while others, whose fathers, brothers and sons had been murdered by the Mormons, are held forth as the "ruffian population of the neighboring country," simply because they would not allow a horde of pirates to fatten in their midst.

The greatest outrage upon truth, however, remains yet to be noticed. It reads as follows:—(See p. 487, *Nat. Mag.*, June, 1854.)

"Whatever charges were preferred against Smith and his disciples to justify the outrages to which they were subjected, the history of their expulsion from Nauvoo is simply a series of illustrations of the fact that the ruffian population of the neighboring country set on foot a vast scheme of robbery, in order to obtain the lands and improvements of the Mormons without paying for them."

The above rash and unqualified sentence I have read with perfect astonishment. How any respectable man would dare to risk and ruin his reputation for candor and veracity, in the estimation of all who know the facts in the case, by such a non-truth is more than I can comprehend; and I am bold to say that a more flagrant perversion of truth was never perpetrated in the English or any other language.

Please permit me to ask, What is to be done when the bands of civil society are all broken?—when the terms law and order are made the mere catch-words to authorize violence, outrage and murder?—when frequent appeals to the civil authorities have only resulted in the defeat of justice and increased outrage? Is there

nothing in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, worth contending for? Are we not to be allowed to appear and remove those who will not allow us to possess those blessings quietly?

The bare supposition that any portion of the American people would "set on foot a vast scheme of robbery" to drive off a flourishing city of fifteen or twenty thousand peaceable and orderly inhabitants is absurd. Permit me to state what can be proved by a thousand unimpeached and unimpeachable witnesses now living.

Within less than a year from the establishment of the Mormons in Nauvoo, and some time before they became an object of either fear or favor politically, there had been a concerted plan of theft and plunder carried on by the Mormons in all the surrounding country. It was no very strange thing for a Mormon to take his team, drive into a neighboring field, load his wagon with oats, corn, or wheat, and take it off to Nauvoo; or to ride out upon the prairies, herd as many beeves as he liked, and drive them to the same place; rather stealthily at first, but boldly toward the last. When an appeal was made to the civil authorities and the criminal arrested, fifty or a hundred Mormon witnesses were called in, an *alibi* was proved, leaving the sufferer to pay costs, with a threat that if he was troublesome about it his house would be burned, or some other evil inflicted. To avoid paying their debts the following arrangement was made:—

"It was discovered," says Governor Ford, in his History of Illinois, p. 405, "° ° that that people had an institution in their Church called 'Oneness,' which was composed of five persons, over whom 'One' was appointed as a kind of guardian. This 'One,' as trustee for the rest, was to own all the property of the association; so that if it were levied upon for debt by an execution, the Mormons could prove that it belonged to one or the other of the parties as might be required to defeat the execution."

This arrangement enabled them to swindle all to whom they were indebted; and they were not backward in carrying it out. This overbearing and perfectly lawless course had been pursued until all, or nearly all the original inhabitants of Nauvoo had left, and was then commenced on the old settlers of the county in general. When they proposed to sell and move away, none would buy but Mormons, and they would offer only from \$1 50 to \$3 per acre, for farms that were worth

from \$15 to \$35 per acre. Many of the old settlers had been plundered, swindled, and dragooned in this way out of their property, and it was boldly proclaimed by the Mormons, that they intended to take the entire county and the adjoining counties in the same way.

Add to this the following picture from Governor Ford's "History of Illinois," already alluded to:—(See pp. 320-322.)

"No further demand for the arrest of Joe Smith having been made by Missouri, he became emboldened by success. The Mormons became more arrogant and overbearing. In the winter of 1843 and '44, the common council of Nauvoo passed some further ordinances to protect their leaders from arrest on demand by Missouri. They enacted that no writ issued from any other place than Nauvoo for the arrest of any person in it, should be executed in the city without an approval indorsed by the mayor—(Smith was mayor:) that if any public officer, by virtue of any foreign writ, should attempt to make an arrest in the city without such approval of his process, he should be subject to be imprisoned for life, and that the governor of the state should not have the power of pardoning the offender without the consent of the mayor. When these ordinances were published, they created general astonishment. Many people began to believe, in good earnest, that the Mormons were about to set up a separate government for themselves, in defiance of the law of the state. Owners of property stolen in other counties made pursuit into Nauvoo, and were fined by the Mormon courts for daring to seek their property in the holy city. To one such I granted a pardon. Several of the Mormons had been convicted of larceny, and they never failed in any instance to procure a petition signed by fifteen hundred or two thousand of their friends for their pardon. But that which made it more certain than anything else that the Mormons contemplated a separate government was, that about this time they petitioned Congress to establish a Territorial Government for them in Nauvoo, as if Congress had any power to establish such a government, or any other, within the bounds of the state.

"To crown the whole folly of the Mormons, in the spring of 1844 Joe Smith announced himself as a candidate for President of the United States. His followers were confident that he would be elected. Two or three thousand missionaries were sent out to preach their religion, and to electioneer in favor of their prophet for the presidency. This folly at once covered that people with ridicule in the minds of all sensible men, and brought them into conflict with the zealots and bigots of all political parties; as the arrogance and extravagance of their religious pretensions had already aroused the opposition of all other denominations in religion.

"It seems, from the best information that could be got from the best men who had seceded from the Mormon Church, that Joe Smith, about this time, conceived the idea of making himself

a temporal prince as well as a spiritual leader of his people. He instituted a new and select order of the priesthood, the members of which were to be priests and kings, temporally and spiritually: these were to be his nobility, who were to be the upholders of his thrones. He caused himself to be crowned and anointed king and priest far above the rest; and he prescribed the form of an oath of allegiance to himself, which he administered to his principal followers. To uphold his pretensions to royalty, he deduced his descent by an unbroken chain from Joseph, the son of Jacob; and that of his wife from some other renowned personage of the Old Testament history. The Mormons openly denounced the government of the United States as utterly corrupt, and as being about to pass away, and to be replaced by the government of God, to be administered by his servant Joseph. It is now at this day certain also, that about this time the prophet re-instituted an order in the Church called the 'Danite Band.' These were to be a body of police and guards about the person of their sovereign, who were sworn to obey his orders as the orders of God himself. About this time he gave a new touch to a female order already existing in the Church, called 'spiritual wives.' A doctrine was now revealed, that no woman could get to heaven, except as the wife of a Mormon elder. The elders were allowed to have as many of these wives as they could maintain; and it was a doctrine of the Church, that any female could be 'sealed up to eternal life,' by uniting herself as wife or concubine to the elder of her choice. This doctrine was maintained by an appeal to the Old Testament Scriptures, and by the example of Abraham and Jacob, of David and Solomon, the favorites of God in a former age of the world."

Add to all this, and much more, that their city charter organized the Nauvoo Legion, which was now drilled regularly and well furnished with arms, partly from the state, but mostly from other sources, and numbered from four thousand to six thousand men, as they reported;—that Smith had sent several expeditions or secret embassies to Missouri, to murder the governor of that state, and had threatened several prominent individuals with the same fate;—that he had his Danites sworn to obey his commands as the commands of God—who looked upon him as the followers of Mohammed looked upon their prophet—all this, and much more, carried on at the bidding of a coarse, loafing, vulgar blackguard, called a prophet, backed by twenty thousand people, all of the same spirit;—that Nauvoo was the headquarters of a well-organized band of highwaymen, burglars, thieves, and cut-throats;—that no arrest could be made in the city;—that this had been growing worse and worse from the beginning of their settlement

there;—that many appeals had been made to the law, and that justice could not be obtained there;—that society had been dissolved;—that the Legion had been ordered out to oppose the serving of a civil process in Nauvoo:—thus committing treason against the United States and the state of Illinois. And I submit it to any man of sense, whether the people were not justifiable in expelling them from the state. "Ruffian inhabitants!" indeed. It is a slander, and utterly false. Many of them were from "ruffian" New-England, and have been as orderly and as quiet before and since the expulsion of the Mormons, as their fathers and brothers who were left behind.

The death of Joe Smith was an unlawful, high-handed affair; but neither Hancock County, nor the adjoining counties, nor the state of Illinois, are responsible for it. It was the work of a company of men mostly from Missouri, who had some old debts, and probably the murders of fathers and brothers to avenge—murders committed by the Mormons while in that state. Part of the company was from Hancock and adjoining counties, and was composed of men whose feelings and rights had been outraged in the most egregious manner. But the act was wrong; Smith was under arrest on the charge of treason, and the executive of the state had pledged his word that his person should be secure. The Carthage Grays had pledged their word to the governor that the persons of the prisoners should be protected. Soon after the governor left Carthage for Nauvoo, the Grays, left as a guard, learned that some two hundred desperate men, well armed, were in the neighborhood, and determined on the death of the Smiths. They could not have defended them if they had tried; but they should not have tacitly consented to their death. Rather, they should either have fought to the last, or let the prisoners go free, and favored their escape. They did neither, and are justly censurable; although any course afforded but a poor prospect of escape for the prisoners. But why charge Illinois or Hancock County with their death? It was neither known, planned, nor executed by the one or the other. We might as well charge the author of the article reviewed with their murder.

That the settlers had no part in the matter—indeed were afraid to have com-

mitted the act—is shown from the fact that they almost universally fled, lest the Nauvoo Legion should subject them to an indiscriminate massacre. And all that prevented such a catastrophe, probably, was the fact that Governor Ford arrested the two messengers that had fled from Carthage to Nauvoo with the intelligence, just as they were about to enter the city; took them back to Carthage; and then sent a letter, probably dictated by himself, and written by two Mormon leaders, of a pacific character, which, with measures immediately adopted, gave them to understand that though they might obtain a temporary advantage, they would soon have the whole force of the state arrayed against them, and of course, sooner or later, would either be hung or shot, if they went to war.

Thus was illegally punished a knave with the blood of scores of murdered victims on his hands.

For about a year after the death of the prophet, the depredations of the Mormons ceased to some extent, and the country was comparatively quiet. After this the apostles and preachers of Mormonism were all called in; and, says Ford, (*Hist.*, pp. 360-1 :)—

“It was announced that the world had rejected the gospel by the murder of the prophet and patriarch, and was left to perish in its sins. In the mean time, both before and after this, the elders at Nauvoo quit preaching about religion. The Mormons came from every part pouring into the city; the congregations were regularly called together for worship; but instead of expounding the new gospel, the zealous and infuriated preachers now indulged only in curses and strains of abuse of the Gentiles; and it seemed to be their design to fill their followers with the greatest amount of hatred to all mankind except the ‘saints.’ A sermon was no more than an inflammatory stump speech relating to their quarrels with their enemies, and ornamented with an abundance of profanity. From my own personal knowledge of this people, I can say with truth, that I have never known many of their leaders who were not addicted to profane swearing. No other kind of discourses than these we heard in the city. Curses upon their enemies, upon the country, upon government, upon all public officers, were now the lessons taught by the elders to influence their people with the highest degree of spite and malice against all who were not of the Mormon Church, or its obsequious tools.”

From this time burglary, theft, counterfeiting, and robbery, were practiced by them, and the perpetrators were protected and secured in Nauvoo. The county of-

ficers were all Mormons or Jack-Mormons, and no criminal could be convicted. In this state of affairs, a company of Mormon thieves had been followed to a Mormon neighborhood, near Lima. Search was made for the stolen property, (a wagon-load of leather,) and it, with many other stolen articles, were found hid under the floors of the Mormon cabins. The people (mob if you please) then ordered them to leave in two days—after which they tore down the cabins, and burned them in whole or in part. The Mormons left for Nauvoo, some twenty miles distant. Buckinstos, the Jack-Mormon sheriff, ordered out the *posse-comitatus*—but not a man would go. He then went to Nauvoo, where he raised several hundred armed Mormons, with which he swept the whole country, took possession of Carthage, and established a permanent guard there. The people fled everywhere from this horde of plunderers—some to Missouri, some to Iowa, and some to other parts of Illinois. During the ascendancy of the sheriff and his posse, and in the absence of the people, the Mormons “sallied forth and ravaged the country, stealing and plundering whatever was convenient to carry or drive away.” M’Bratney was shot by this gang; another party murdered a man by the name of Daubneyar; F. A. Worrell was waylaid and shot, and then pierced many times with bayonets by the Mormons; and a man by the name of Wilcox was murdered in Nauvoo, “as it was believed, by the order of the twelve apostles.”

This, of course, brought matters to a crisis. Troops were ordered out; and when they arrived at Carthage it was very evident that the Mormons or the people must leave. The governor, and other influential men in the state, used all their influence to induce the Mormons to leave; and they finally agreed to do so as soon as the grass grew. The reason that some of them left in the winter was, they were told by those in high authority, that if they remained until the Mississippi opened in the spring, the United States troops would be upon them, and that every criminal would be arrested and tried. The “apostles,” and leaders of course, left, although they might have remained until spring. The reason is at once obvious. Many went in the spring; yet from one thousand to two thousand remained, who still continued their old practices, saying, that they did

not intend to go until September; when, after much litigation and an array of officer against officer, and posse against posse, and some fighting, in which quite a quantity of powder was burned and very little blood shed, they were removed by a large force from several adjoining counties, not with violence, but by agreement.

Much might be added in regard to their polygamy and licentiousness—but I forbear. The stream is too filthy for an ordinarily decent man to attempt to ford, sound, or swim it.

All that is said in the article under review upon the subject of "unmatched thrift," "sufferings," &c., is mere fustian put in to fill out the picture—make out a case. Their hardships are trifles, compared with what some of the California and Oregon emigrants have suffered; and their thrift is far behind Iowa, Wisconsin, or Minnesota.

ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE.

ONE'S first impression upon rising from a course of architectural reading is, that architects by profession have little or no feeling for their art, and that they are therefore wanting in the very essence of the knowledge which they profess; that in literal truth they want the *heart* of the matter. This is the case with architects more than with other artists, because, in fact, most architects are not artists, in any right sense of the word, at all. They are, and often profess to be, merely "professional" men—that is, men professing a certain amount of knowledge of arithmetic, geometry, mechanics, details of ancient edifices, properties of different kinds of stone, and other technicalities, by the strict observance of which they are enabled to undertake to build a house, palace, or church, warranted not to fall down for fifty years or so, and according to any pattern or "school" which may be proposed to them by their employers. It is true that there are noble exceptions to this rule; it is true, also, that "architects," in general, have a dreamy feeling that they are "happier than they know," and that the craft they practice has been called "frozen music" by a celebrated woman, and "petrified religion" by a famous critic and philosopher; and that there is something in the nature of the mystery of building which made it attrac-

tive to such artists as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Giotto. Every now and then, too, an amateur, like Ruskin, starts up, and asserts claims of the most startling character in favor of the craft in question; and actually persuades them, notwithstanding their noisy and pugnacious asseverations to the contrary, into a transient feeling that they are not, as a body, quite up to the mark of their nominal calling; and that there is some difference—not very distinctly defined in their own thoughts—between mere *builders* and true *architects*. But they soon manage to quiet their disturbed self-complacency by picking out certain technical deficiencies in the writings of the said amateur, and gradually subside again into artistical sleep and happy dreams that they are verily and truly architects, because they have ability to raise an edifice warranted to stand for fifty years or so, and to cover it, according to the taste and purse of the employer, with certain hieroglyphic symbols used by architects time out of mind—triglyphs, guttæ, dentils, frets, honey-suckles, eggs-and-anchors, &c., if the employer be a rigid Greek; pine-apples, rustications, skulls of cattle, armor, pitchers, and griffins, if he Romanizes; lozenges, billets, reptiles, fiendish combinations of human, vegetable, and animal, blank arcades, &c., if he be a lover of the Lombards; and so on through the six or seven possible "styles," which have been invented since the world began.

"Very foolish and unartistical indeed!" exclaim our readers, fair or otherwise, to themselves. But, good readers, are you any wiser yourselves in this matter? If not, do not be too ready to laugh at an ignorance which, after all, may perhaps be shown to be a characteristic of the "spirit of the age," notwithstanding its marvelous strides and decided enlightenment in the direction of steam-engines, spinning-jennies, block-machines, and the like.

A few columns may be not unprofitably spent in trying to arrive at an understanding of the main differences between an ancient architecture, in its own time and place, and our modern imitations of it. If we succeed in arriving at even an approximate knowledge of these differences, we shall then be in a position to reckon our chances of witnessing a real revival of architecture; we may even be enabled

to give a hint or two that will advance such a revival, by directing popular taste, which, let it be remembered, will always be the guide of the "professional" taste, so long as the people are the paymasters of the architect. In making this endeavor, we shall have occasion to adopt the views of various writers, but we shall not trouble our readers by constantly referring to names they probably never heard of.

The first thing that strikes us, on glancing at the history of architecture, is the fact that each style of building, except the Gothic, has thriven and flourished only in the nations in which it took birth. Architectures have been transplanted with the greatest care. Every imaginable condition of growth has been afforded to them. The original magnitude, the same proportions, the same decorative details, have been preserved to them; but all in vain. All good judges have pronounced them to be *out of place*; and have felt that a different national culture required to be represented by a different mode of building, without regard to the difference of climate, which, though a highly important source of architectural diversities, is by no means their *principal* source, except in as far as it has been instrumental in producing the differences of national culture. Now this is a truth which has been often felt and stated; but it has not had its due weight, because the mode in which architecture becomes expressive of national culture has never, until recently, been clearly explained; and therefore the truth has affected only that comparatively small, and morally and physically favored class of persons who are so constituted as to be able to feel a truth of art, and to give full credence to their feeling, without being able to state the grounds of such feeling in words. But when once the modes of expressing diversity of culture have been analyzed and described, the number of persons to whom such truth appeals becomes enormously increased; for thousands who could not at once *feel* the absurdity of a Greek temple in an English town, are able to *see* it clearly enough when explained to them in detail. Now, the chief thing we propose to do at present is to explain the point in question so as to make it tolerably intelligible to those who have little or no technical knowledge of architecture.

Every sensible and careful student of

history must have felt that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to arrive at a sound comprehension and feeling of the peculiar characteristics of a past age. There is a very much deeper difference between the men of one age and nation and those of any other age and nation, than those who are more accustomed to philosophic generalizations than to sincere observation and study of facts are in the habit of believing. Even in our own country, manners and a large class of thoughts and feelings have so far changed since Chaucer's time as to have produced a very sensible difficulty in the appreciation of the men and deeds of that period; and, if this be so, how vast must be the chasm by which our ordinary sympathies are separated from those of the ancient inhabitants of Egypt or India! The arts of an ancient nation announce to us many more mysteries than they explain. In traversing, however carelessly, the Egyptian or the Ninevite galleries of the British Museum, we feel that we are among the relics of a very foreign culture. There is nothing in our modern way of life which lends any clew to the mystery upon the face of those Egyptian and Ninevite kings and gods. What secret bond was it which rendered that sublime calm compatible with that sensual mouth? What unknown wisdom gave that strange sweetness to a visage whose possessor was ignorant of almost all our knowledge? Those countenances exhibit a phase of spiritual being with which it is in vain that we endeavor to place ourselves fully *en rapport*. But there are certain obvious and leading elements of that ancient mode of life and thought which can be determined and distinctly stated; and these elements are sufficient for our present purpose, which is to show plainly *why* a style of art that suited one kind of culture cannot but be an absurd anachronism when it is attempted to be recalled in a subsequent and altered age. The related ideas of vast material power and of endless stability seem to have been the predominant constituents of the Egyptian culture as distinguished from that of modern Europe; and recent criticism has detected a very remarkable and most *systematic* symbolization of these ideas in the architecture of the ancient Egyptians. The *pyramid*—of all forms the one which best conveys the feeling of perfect security against

the injuries of time—is traceable as the elementary form throughout the entire system of Egyptian temple architecture. Every feature of this system, not directly pyramidal, is found to aid the general pyramidal effect, by conferring the emphasis of contrast or of repetition. A prominent concave cornice, for example, overhangs and powerfully contrasts with the slanting walls; *perpendicular* poles were fixed into channels cut deep into the *inclined* faces of the vast double-towered edifice which constituted the entrance and principal object in every temple-palace; the form and decorations of the chief doorways were very subtly calculated to give a similar emphasis to the pyramidal edifice; the shape of the columns, and their enormously superfluous number and strength, assisted most materially in confirming the impression of stability and power conveyed by the main pyramidal outlines and surfaces; the light obelisks always standing in the close neighborhood of these edifices conferred an admirably effective emphasis, by contrast, upon their massive forms; and various other architectural artifices were employed to heighten the effect of the predominating form of the everlasting pyramid.

It would be very curious to inquire how far the choice and intensification of this primary form, which so perfectly symbolized the ruling idea of the Egyptian intellect, was conscious upon the part of the architects; but we have no time or call to enter upon such an inquiry in this place. It is enough for us that the truth of the critical analysis at which we have glanced is thoroughly confirmed by the feeling we all experience directly we look upon the picture or model of an Egyptian building.

The anachronism of building in the ancient Egyptian style is too obvious to require that we should dwell upon it. A cockney lodge to a suburban villa, a tomb, or the entrance to a vault in a cemetery, are the limits to which the gloomy extravaganza of a revival of Egyptian architecture is ever allowed to go. We could wish, indeed, that forms so little fitted to remind us of the hope of a "joyful resurrection" might never be associated with the grave, especially when our native style, the Gothic, affords means so beautifully fitted to express the Christian view of death; but still we can forgive the

architect of Highgate Cemetery for choosing a style which, in expressing the gloom of despair, is not wholly without relation to its object, as most modern architecture is. The cleverest adaptation of Egyptian design to a modern purpose that we know of, is to be seen in a great northern iron foundry, in which the natural associations of vast material might are aptly expressed by the prevalence of the peculiar Egyptian outlines.

The modern use of ancient Greek architecture is an evil of infinitely greater magnitude, and it is one which will probably hold up its head for a long while yet, in spite of the systematic attack which has been commenced against it by the best critics of the day. These critics, with the exception of Mr. Ruskin and one or two others, have erred by addressing themselves to architects instead of to the people, who, as we have indicated, will always govern the architects, whom they pay, in the choice of styles. We shall be doing good service in divesting the question of all technicalities, and presenting the subject to our readers in such a way that they will not be sinning in ignorance if, after having read these remarks, they choose, in their private capacity as builders of "villas" for themselves, or in their public functions, as members of parochial commissions or town councils, to give countenance to the perpetration of the absurdity in question.

Ancient Greek architecture expresses a single idea, which is quite out of place as a leading idea in modern European art; and this idea it expresses in one way, which admits of scarcely any variation. It is true that our last phase of civilization, which began with the Reformation, has had no perfect architectural representative. The architecture which most nearly represents it is now allowed by all to be the "pointed Gothic," a style admitting of infinite expansion and variety. Now, if we look at the entire series of Greek temples of which the fragments remain to us, we must be struck with their strange similarity, almost identity, of plan. There are, indeed, slight differences of proportion and decoration, which no doubt satisfied the ancient Greek, whose entire constitution and culture led him to love and endeavor after a narrow and thoroughly comprehensible perfection, instead of striving, as all truly modern art does,

after that which is incomprehensible, because without and above ourselves. Modern art—Gothic architecture among the rest—aims at being the representative of the unfathomable mysteries of the universe, divine, human, and natural. *Perfection*—such perfection as the Greek artist acquired—is out of the question in an art with such aims as these. The Greek idea of perfection demanded that its limits should everywhere be seen. Now, the perfection of modern art, as we find it in Gothic architecture, Shakspeare and Dante, Beethoven, or Michael Angelo, consists in its unlimited and illimitable character. You may read *King Lear*, or look upon Strasburgh Cathedral every day of your life, and be still learning something new from the words of the one and the symbols of the other: but give the same amount of attention to a Greek tragedy or a Greek temple, and you will find that your immediate impression of absolute and limited beauty will be continually intensified, but that it will never expand. It was the same with Greek music, which divided the octave into tetrachords, and, in its most approved form, the *enharmonic*, proceeded by quarter-tones—a system in which, as any young lady moderately versed in music will tell you, it is quite impossible for the modern mind to take delight, on account of its extremely limited and monotonous nature.

The peculiar sentiment, or idea, expressed by the forms of Greek temple architecture is even more foreign to the character of our best civilization than is the complete absence of variety in the mode of its expression. *Conscious power*—in common parlance, “self-sufficiency,”—constitutes at once the merit of the Grecian architecture for the Greek, and its demerit for the denizen of a Christian state. In Greek edifices, recent architectural criticism has traced the working of this idea in the most unmistakable way.

The various details of the Doric portico are perfectly subordinated to the single expression of conscious power. In the Ionic and Corinthian styles, exactly the same idea prevails, but the means employed for expressing it are somewhat different. And this idea, and these means of expressing it, are repeated, with scarcely any modification, in every known monument of Grecian architecture.

Roman architecture, and the various

styles adopted at the time of the so-called “Renaissance,” in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are only bastard forms of the ancient Greek mode. The Greek idea was very imperfectly perceived by the architects of these schools, and in adopting it they mixed it up with all kinds of incongruous forms and decorations. The arch—the invention, or rather the first grand practical application of which belongs to the Romans—instead of being allowed by them to form the germ of an entirely new architecture, like the “Lombard style,” was forced into an unnatural association with the vertical and horizontal members of the pure Greek mode; and the “Renaissance” architects repeated and “improved” this blunder.

Now, if we look about us, anywhere in London, or in any other modern European city, what do we see on all sides but examples of the ludicrous anachronism which we have been endeavoring to expose! From that really magnificent, though mistaken monument, the New British Museum, down to the doorway of our own suburban abode, everything recently raised in London is pure Greek, except the churches, and one or two notable public edifices, of which the architect seems at last to have become alive to the significant fact that *we have an architecture of our own*, although it has been utterly neglected ever since the times of the Tudors. Surely, this is a most surprising example of respect for antiquity at the expense of the respect due to ourselves and to our peculiar requirements. Nobody pretends to feel any pleasure in beholding Greek architecture, except in its proper place and with its appropriate context, amidst the wrecks of Athens. Our country cousins stare at the portico of the British Museum, and count the shafts of the colonnade, and go away, not doubting but that they have beheld a noble work of art—and they are quite right; but ask them if the sight has produced any feeling and left any impression in their hearts; and if they are honest, as more than “one in ten thousand” of *country cousins* are, they will tell you frankly, *No*. The thing is an anachronism; it is not at home with us: the model of the Parthenon in the Museum is all right; but to make one of our chief national monuments itself nothing more than a model of a departed art, is either a

stupendous blunder, or a most lamentable and *false* confession of national poverty in the way of architectural invention; and all people *feel* this, although their feeling may not yet have ripened into *thought*.

Of all the fine arts, architecture the most rigidly demands an adherence to *truth*; for it is the only fine art which is at the same time a "useful" art; and this, its essentially practical character, renders all sacrifices to merely fanciful and inappropriate form positively disgusting to a taste which has not been entirely destroyed by the world of false art in which we moderns move. It is only by imagining ourselves in the position of the ancient Greeks with respect to their architecture, that we are able to realize to ourselves the true extent of the falsehood of "modern Greek" architecture. What was the Greek temple, from which we copy all our forms? It was an edifice of which all the importance lay, and rightly lay, in the *exterior*; for the climate allowed of the people worshiping *outside* of it, and the rites of the religion excluded them from the interior, which was a small, unadorned, and *roofless* apartment, containing the colossal statue of the deity to whom the temple was dedicated. No light was wanted in the cell where the priest officiated, but rather *darkness*; accordingly the walls are not pierced with windows, and *cannot* be, consistently with the harmonious architectural effect of the whole, which demands that the wall should be a dead unbroken surface. These, certainly, are not recommendations for a dark and rainy climate! Again, in order to call out the beauties of the Greek style, the brilliant sky and sun of Greece are wanted. The minute, but important "guttæ," the delicate but indispensable curve of the shafts, and many other essential features, are inappreciable beneath a cloudy sky or through a smoky atmosphere. These require stronger sources of light and shadow, and more conspicuous decorative elements, such as are provided by the various kinds of ecclesiastical and civil Gothic architectures. Again, a false material such as plastered brick, or brick merely fronted or veneered with stone, is fatal, if detected or known beforehand, to the artistic effect of an edifice in the Greek style, which always assumes a stone-material, and has allusion in its forms to the char-

acter of that material. Sometimes in England we see the "architrave"—which depends for all its appropriate expression upon its being a *heavy mass*—represented by a painted half-inch deal plank!

How is it that we go on spending our millions in building palaces, clubs, mansions, and villas in imitation of things which few now understand and none really care for? Why have we abandoned, for this unprofitable exotic, our own *native* civil architecture, the only civil architecture we ever had, and probably the only one we ever can have—for there are not two ways of equally well expressing the same national feeling and supplying the same national wants: we speak of the "Tudor style."

FOUR YEARS.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Said I, mournfully: "Though my life is in its
prime,
Bare lie my meadows, all shorn before their
time;
Through my scorch'd woodlands the leaves
are turning brown:
It is the hot midsummer, when the hay is down."

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Stood she by the brooklet, young and very fair,
With the first white bindweed twisted in her
hair—
Hair that droop'd like birch-boughs—all in
her simple gown;
And it was rich midsummer, and the hay was
down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Crept she, a willing bride, close into my breast;
Low-piled, the thunder-clouds had sunk into
the west;
Red-eyed, the sun out glared, like knight
from leaguer'd town,
That eve, in high midsummer, when the hay
was down.

It is midsummer—all the hay is down;
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,
Praying: "God shield her till we meet in
Paradise;"
Bless her, in Love's name, who was my joy
and crown;
And I go at midsummer, when the hay is down.

GOOD MANNERS are the blossom of good sense, and, it may be added, of good feeling, too; for, if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to disinterestedness in little as well as great things—that desire to oblige and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.

CALLED TO THE SAVAGE BAR.

OF the numerous books that have been published on the colonization of Canada by the French, there are few more entertaining than a work printed during the last century, which bears the singular title of "Adventures of the Sieur Lebeau, Advocate of the Parliament; or, New and Curious Travels among the Savages of North America."^o

The Sieur Lebeau was one who, it appears, had not thriven by his profession, and he labored under the additional disadvantage of having given offense to certain persons of condition; in consequence of which he became desirous of leaving France; and, early in the year seventeen hundred and twenty-nine, exerting what interest he possessed, obtained a letter of recommendation to Monsieur Hocquart, who had just been named Intendant of Canada, and was about to set out for that country. This letter, he was assured, would procure him a situation in one of the Intendant's offices, and, full of hope, he set out for La Rochelle, where he was to embark. On his way to that port, he fell in with one of those groups which were at that time frequently to be seen on the high road of France. It was a chain of convicts who were being conducted to the vessel destined to transport them to penal servitude in Canada. Some of them were poachers, who had been improvident enough to exercise their calling on the royal domain; but the greater part were the younger scions of good families, whom their friends, in the most affectionate manner, were desirous to get rid of. Among the latter class were the Chevalier de Courbuisson, nephew of the Attorney-General of the Parliament of Paris; M. de Narbonne, son of the Commissary of Versailles; the Chevalier de Beauvillé, of the province of Picardy; and the Chevalier Texé, of Paris. De Narbonne had been arrested in his own apartments, just as he was preparing to dress for the day, and he now appeared in a splendid chintz dressing-gown lined with blue taffeta, with slippers embroidered in silver. Short work had been made with all these gentlemen; they were carried to Bicêtre without trial,

and then sent off to the port of embarkation.

On Lebeau's arrival at La Rochelle, he went on board the vessel called the Elephant, where he expected to meet Monsieur Hocquart; but once there, he discovered that his letter of recommendation was only a trap; that he was himself a prisoner, and that he was to proceed to Canada in the same capacity as the nobleman in the chintz dressing-gown and his sixteen friends.

The Elephant made a prosperous voyage until she reached the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, where she was wrecked; the crew and passengers, however, escaped, and were humanely treated by the colonists already settled there. Lebeau's genteel companions obtained situations as tutors in families; "the ordinary resource," he observes, "of all the well-born rogues who arrive from Europe;" the others found the means of existence how they could, for the only care the French government took of their convicts was simply to transport them to Canada, and prevent them from coming back again.

In the eyes of the Paris lawyer the colonists presented a rather strange appearance. They followed none of the pursuits of civilized life—did not even cultivate the soil—but addicted themselves entirely to hunting for the sake of the skins of the animals that were abundant. "Every one," says Lebeau, "wears a robe of fur crossed over the breast, and fastened at the waist by a girdle ornamented with porcupines' quills; these are made by themselves, as well as their sandals, which are of kid, or the skin of the sea-wolf." As it would have been lost time to look for clients where there were no courts of law, Lebeau resolved to travel, and, ascending the St. Lawrence, visited Quebec, the settlement of the Three Rivers, and Montreal. In the latter place he enjoyed the spectacle of the great annual fair, to which the Indian tribes always came in great numbers to barter their furs for European manufactures. This fair, which lasted three months, began in May, and was held on the banks of the river, inside the palisades which formed the outer defence of Montreal. The Indians occupied huts, which, for fear of quarrels, the colonists were prevented from entering by a cordon of sentinels; the sale of spirits was also forbidden, but it took place nevertheless,

^o *Adventures du Sieur Lebeau, Avocat au Parlement, ou Voyages Curieux et Nouveaux parmi les Sauvages de l'Amérique Septentrionale.*

and gave rise to many disturbances. Lebeau was very much struck with the costume of the Red-skins, who, in addition to their Indian attire, arrayed themselves in gold-laced cocked hats, full-bottomed wigs, and court suits—the spoils of Rag Fair. He took a liking to the aborigines, though perhaps it was more on account of the service they were likely to render him than from admiration of their customs and manners. Lebeau's chief object in traveling westward was to escape from Canada, and establish himself in the English colonies. With this view he cultivated an intimacy with some baptized Hurons who were established at Lorette, near Quebec, and for once his talents as an advocate appear to have been turned to account; for he succeeded in persuading a French merchant to offer these Hurons the value of a hundred and fifty livres, (thirty dollars,) in European merchandise, provided they conducted Lebeau to the Canadian frontier. We will not inquire too curiously into the French merchant's motives in facilitating the flight of his countryman; but we may remind the reader that Lebeau belonged to a profession that did not, at that time, (does it now?) stand very high in public estimation. The Hurons agreed to escort Lebeau as far as Naranzouac, a place two hundred leagues from Quebec, where they promised to confide their charge to the care of an Iroquois friend, who would guide him to the first English fort, some thirty leagues further. In consequence of this arrangement, the French lawyer cast aside what remained of his Parisian costume, and indued that of the Red-skins. It consisted of a coarse and somewhat dirty shirt, a blue blanket, and moccasins; his face was daubed with red and yellow ochre, painted to imitate a serpent, whose tail terminated at the tip of his nose; his hair was dressed after the fashion of the Hurons, and he was altogether transmogrified.

Not so well, however, but that a party of Canadian trappers easily discovered the awkward lawyer beneath the Indian garb, and were very near taking him back to Quebec, a reward being always given to those who brought in a fugitive. But whether the price set upon his head was too insignificant when it came to be divided, or whether softawder made the trappers merciful, we cannot say; certain it is that he was allowed to proceed.

But it was only to fall into worse hands—those of a band of Iroquois, who, mustering in greater force than his escort, dispersed the Hurons, and made Lebeau their prisoner, pummeling him well in the first instance, on account of certain pugnacious demonstrations on his part, and then hustling and dragging him with them into captivity. If ever there were occasion for eloquent pleading, now was the time. Lebeau exerted himself, and came out strong. As soon as he could recover his breath, he told the Iroquois as great a fib as his invention could coin. He came into those woods, he said, in order to make a plan of the country; as soon as he had accomplished his task, it was the intention of the governor of the province to level all the mountains which the Indians found it so difficult to climb, to convert the débris into dams for the waters that would be collected in the valleys, and then create enormous lakes, which would speedily be filled by multitudes of beavers.

The Iroquois were enchanted at hearing such good news. It seemed, indeed, too good to be true, and they observed that if Lebeau had been sent on this mission by the Onontio, (the name they gave to the governor,) he must, of course, be provided with a blanc (passport). This did not at all disconcert our friend; in order to recommend himself to the English, he had taken care to bring with him his lawyer's certificate, (*lettres d'avocat*), and without hesitation he displayed the parchment. At the sight of it the Iroquois uttered loud shouts of delight, and fixing the certificate to the end of the paddle of a canoe, they set it up in the midst, and danced round it, by way of showing it honor. They then recollected that the bearer of this important document was a person whom they had considerably ill-treated, and feeling bound to make him amends, they ransacked their stores for presents. The chief of the Iroquois, drawing near Lebeau, laid at his feet a handsome lot of furs, stating that he offered them "to cut off the hair, the head, the body, and the legs of the offence they had committed." These, he said, were in atonement for the blows the lawyer had received; a second lot was intended to wipe out the spot where he had been dragged through the dirt; and so on with the various items of the assault.

Compensation, as they imagined, (and very rightly too,) having now been made,

the Iroquois again examined the parchment, and were excited to a frenzy of delight when they beheld the bit of dangling red wax on which the arms of the Court of Parliament were impressed; neither could they maintain themselves at the sight of the tin case in which the certificate was kept. They fancied that the case contained a manitou, or spirit, and a small image of the Virgin being an inmate of the same receptacle, they asked Lebeau if he thought them worthy to kiss the cover of the case. He gravely gave them permission to do so, which made their sense of satisfaction complete. It may be questioned whether so much respect was ever shown to a lawyer's certificate, either before or since.

Having deprived Lebeau of his original guides, the least the Iroquois could do now was to replace them. It mattered little to them which way they traveled, and they turned their faces in the direction of Naranzouac. Companionship making them more familiar, and having exhibited their own war-dances, one evening when they encamped in a quiet glade, they insisted on the lawyer's showing off in the same manner. Not having a war-dance ready, he performed a jig of the kind that was then called a pistolet, and kept it up with so much vigor that at last he fell to the ground from sheer lassitude. The Iroquois supposed that this accident was a part of the figure, and declared that they had never seen a spirit (their name for a Frenchman) dance so gracefully; and that, indeed, it was impossible for any one to dance better, unless he were a Jesuit or a Barefoot Friar—(recollect, friar!) They begged him to repeat the entertainment, but this was beyond his power; on subsequent occasions, however, he always took care, when he thought he had danced long enough, to wind up with a tumble.

Our legal friend, however, did not get to his journey's end without running still greater risks than any he had yet incurred. The party of Iroquois got tired of seeing him caper; their veneration for the tin case subsided; and they left Lebeau to the care of one of their number, who had so little respect for the parchment certificate, that he made more than one attempt to kill its owner. He was saved from anthropophagy by an Indian girl of the tribe of Abenkanises, named Marie, whose parents, addicted also to cannibal-

ism, were equally desirous of feasting upon the parliamentary advocate. It was only by tapping their brandy-cask when they were asleep, that Marie succeeded in dispelling from their sober thoughts that a lawyer was good to eat. But having done so much for Lebeau, the young lady manifested a desire to appropriate him to herself, not as an eatable, but as a husband, and one morning she informed him that she had dreamed a Jesuit had united them. As the dreams of the Indians were supposed to be inspirations of the Manitou, or Great Spirit, this vision was not to be disregarded, and Lebeau was only saved from an immediate sacrifice at the altar by dreaming in his turn, that the Jesuit who was to marry them was one who did duty on the other side of the Canadian frontier. By this stratagem he reached the English settlements, and we need scarcely say that the fair Abenkanise added another to the list of young ladies who have put their trust in perfidious man.

M. Lebeau's volume contains, besides many other romantic incidents of personal adventure, much that was considered highly curious at the time he wrote concerning the habits of the Canadian Indians, but which subsequent travelers have made the world better acquainted with.

A TARTAR BATH.—The deliciously enervating Turkish bath is modified by the Tartar into a series of ablutions far less luxurious. At the same time it is much to be preferred to the extravagant treatment of the Russians: for the birch twigs, which they energetically apply to produce a healthy glow, are here substituted woolen gloves; and a bunch of cotton dipped in soapsuds performs the cleansing process, instead of that violent hydropathic treatment—those alternate buckets of boiling and iced water—which render a Russian bath a terrifying ordeal to a novice. So far the mode of proceeding in a Tartar bath is *à la Turque*; but in the middle of the Tauric sudatorium there is no deep pool of water ever increasing in temperature, in which the bather revels for an indefinite time in a parboiled condition. Here he stretches himself upon an unbearably hot slab of marble, upon which he is rolled about, and scrubbed and splashed. In fact, the difference between a Turkish and a Tartar bath is simply this—that in the one you are boiled, in the other fried.

MANNERS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

SO recently even as 1663 the manners of our English ancestors were so unpolished as to require the publication of the following "General and Mixed Precepts as touching Civility among Men," for the edification of the young "gentry" of England:—

5. Sing not with thy mouth, humming to thyself, unless thou be alone, in such sort as thou canst not be heard by others. Strike not up a drum with thy fingers or thy feet.

6. Rub not thy teeth nor crash them, nor make anything crack in such a manner that thou disquiet anybody.

7. It is uncivil to stretch out thine arms at length, and writhe them hither and thither.

8. In coughing and sneezing, make not great noise, if it be possible, and send not forth any sign, in such wise that others observe thee, without great occasion.

In yawning howl not, and thou shouldst abstain, as much as thou canst, for yawn, especially when thou speakest, for that showeth thee to be weary, and that one little accounted of the company. . . .

9. When thou blowest thy nose, make not thy nose sound like a trumpet. . . .

11. To sleep when others speak, to sit when others stand, to walk on when others stay, to speak when one should hold his peace or hear others, are all things of ill manners: but it is permitted to a superior to walk in certain places, as a master in his school. . . .

14. Hearing thy master, or likewise the preacher, wriggle not thyself, as seeming unable to contain thyself within thy skin, making show thyself to be the knowing and sufficient person to the misprice of others. . . .

17. It is not decent to spit upon the fire, much less to lay hands upon the embers, or to put them into the flame to warm oneself, nor is it beseming to stoop so low as even to crouching, and, as it were, one sate on the ground. If there be any meat on the fire, thou oughtest not to set thy foot thereon to heat it. In the presence of a well-bred company, it is uncomely to turn one's back to the fire, or to approach nigher than others, for one and the other savour of preëminence. It is not permitted but to the chief in quality, or to him who hath charge of the fire, to stir up the fire with the fire-fork, or to kindle it, take it away, or put fuel on it.

18. When thou sittest, put not undecently one leg upon the other, but keep them firm and settled; and join thy feet even, cross them not one upon the other.

19. Gnaw not thy nails in the presence of others, nor bite them with thy teeth.

20. Spit not on thy fingers, and draw them not as if it were to make them longer; also sniffle not in the sight of others.

21. Neither shake thy head, feet, or legs; roll not thine eyes. Lift not one of thine eye-brows higher than the other. Wry not thy mouth. Take heed that with thy spittle thou bedew not his face with whom thou

speakest, and to that end approach not too nigh him.

22. Spit not far off thee, nor behind thee, but aside, a little distance, and not right before thy companion. Bespit not the windows in the streets.

23. Turn not thy back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table, or desk, on which another doth read or write; lean not upon any one; pull not him by his cloak to speak to him; put him not with thine elbow.

24. Set not in order at every hand-while thy beard or thy stockings. . . .

25. Puff not up thy cheeks; loll not out thy tongue; rub not thy beard or thy hands; thrust not out thy lips, or bite them, and keep them neither too open nor too shut. . . .

MARRIAGE.

BY SCHILLER.

WHERE gentleness with strength we find,
The tender with the stern combined,
The harmony is sweet and strong.
Then prove, ere wedlock's wreath be twined,
If heart to heart its fetters bind!
Illusion's brief—repentance long.
Sweetly in the bridal locks
Smiles the virgin wreath of green,
When the mellow church-bell rocks,
Bidding to the festive scene.
Ah, life's sweetest festival
Ends the May of life anon;
With the girdle, with the veil,
Is the fond illusion gone.
The passions soon fly,
But love must remain;
The blossoms soon die,
Fruit comes in their train.
The husband must fight,
'Mid struggles and strife,
The battle of life;
Must plant and create,
Watch, snare, and debate,
Must venture and stake
His fortune to make.
Then boundless in torrents comes pouring
the gift,
The garners o'erflow with the costliest thrift,
The store-rooms increase and the mansion
expands.
Within it reigns
The prudent wife,
The tender mother:
In wisdom's ways
Her house she aways,
Instructeth the girls,
Controlleth the boys,
With diligent hands
She works and commands,
Increases the gains
And order maintains;
With treasures the sweet-smelling wardrobe
she stores,
And busily over the spinning wheel pores;
She hoards in the bright polished presses till
full
The snowy white linen, the sparkling wool;
The bright and the showy to good she disposes,
And never reposes.

THE CRUSADES.

WHEN the eighth Crusade was brought to an end, to all appearances the holy war had closed. The Christians had entire possession of Jerusalem, Tripoli, Antioch, Edessa, Acre, Jaffa, and, in fact, of nearly all Judea; and, could they have been at peace among themselves, they might have overcome, without great difficulty, the jealousy and hostility of their neighbors. A circumstance, as unforeseen as it was disastrous, blasted this fair prospect, and reillumed, for the last time, the fervor and fury of the Crusades.

Gengis Khan and his successors had swept over Asia like a tropical storm, overturning in their progress the landmarks of ages. Kingdom after kingdom was cast down as they issued, innumerable, from the far recesses of the North and East; and, among others, the empire of Korasmin was overrun by these all-conquering hordes. The Korasmins, a fierce, uncivilized race, thus driven from their homes, spread themselves, in their turn, over the south of Asia with fire and sword, in search of a resting-place. In their impetuous course they directed themselves toward Egypt, whose sultan, unable to withstand the swarm that had cast their longing eyes on the fertile valleys of the Nile, endeavored to turn them from their course. For this purpose, he sent emissaries to Barbaquan, their leader, inviting them to settle in Palestine; and the offer being accepted by the wild horde, they entered the country before the Christians received the slightest intimation of their coming. It was as sudden as it was overwhelming. Onward, like the simoom, they came, burning and slaying, and were at the walls of Jerusalem before the inhabitants had time to look around them. They spared neither life nor property; they slew women and children, and priests at the altar, and profaned even the graves of those who had slept for ages. They tore down every vestige of the Christian faith, and committed horrors unparalleled in the history of warfare. About seven thousand of the inhabitants of Jerusalem sought safety in retreat; but before they were out of sight, the banner of the cross was hoisted upon the walls by the savage foe to decoy them back. The artifice was but too successful. The poor fugitives imagined that help had arrived from

another direction, and turned back to regain their homes. Nearly the whole of them were massacred, and the streets of Jerusalem ran with blood.

The Templars, Hospitallers, and Teutonic knights forgot their long and bitter animosities, and joined hand in hand to rout out this desolating foe. They entrenched themselves in Jaffa with all the chivalry of Palestine that yet remained, and endeavored to engage the sultans of Emissa and Damascus to assist them against the common enemy. The aid obtained from the Moslems amounted at first to only four thousand men, but with these reinforcements Walter of Brienne, the lord of Jaffa, resolved to give battle to the Korasmins. The conflict was as deadly as despair on the one side, and unmitigated ferocity on the other, could make it. It lasted with varying fortune for two days, when the sultan of Emissa fled to his fortifications, and Walter of Brienne fell into the enemy's hands. The brave knight was suspended by the arms to a cross in sight of the walls of Jaffa, and the Korasminian leader declared that he should remain in that position until the city surrendered. Walter raised his feeble voice, not to advise surrender, but to command his soldiers to hold out to the last. But his gallantry was unavailing. So great had been the slaughter, that out of the grand array of knights, there now remained but sixteen Hospitallers, thirty-three Templars, and three Teutonic cavaliers. These, with the sad remnant of the army, fled to Acre, and the Korasmins were masters of Palestine.

The sultans of Syria preferred the Christians to this fierce horde for their neighbors. Even the sultan of Egypt began to regret the aid he had given to such barbarous foes, and united with those of Emissa and Damascus to root them from the land. The Korasmins amounted to but twenty thousand men, and were unable to resist the determined hostility which encompassed them on every side. The sultans defeated them in several engagements, and the peasantry rose up in masses to take vengeance upon them. Gradually their numbers were diminished. No mercy was shown them in defeat. Barbaquan their leader was slain; and after five years of desperate struggles, they were extirpated, and Palestine became again the territory of the Mussulmans.

A short time previous to this devastating eruption, Louis IX. fell sick in Paris, and dreamed, in the delirium of his fever, that he saw the Christian and Moslem host fighting before Jerusalem, and the Christians defeated with great slaughter. The dream made a great impression on his superstitious mind, and he made a solemn vow, that if ever he recovered his health, he would make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. When the news of the misfortunes of Palestine, and the awful massacres at Jerusalem and Jaffa, arrived in Europe, St. Louis remembered him of his dream. More persuaded than ever that it was an intimation direct from Heaven, he prepared to take the cross at the head of his armies, and march to the deliverance of the Holy Sepulcher. From that moment he doffed the royal mantle of purple and ermine, and dressed in the sober serge becoming a pilgrim. All his thoughts were directed to the fulfillment of his design; and although his kingdom could but ill spare him, he made every preparation to leave it. Pope Innocent IV. applauded his zeal, and afforded him every assistance. He wrote to Henry III. of England, to forward the cause in his dominions, and called upon the clergy and laity all over Europe to contribute toward it. William Longsword, the celebrated Earl of Salisbury, took the cross at the head of a great number of valiant knights and soldiers. But the fanaticism of the people was not to be awakened either in France or England. Great armies were raised, but the masses no longer sympathized. Taxation had been the great cooler of zeal. It was no longer a disgrace even to a knight if he refused to take the cross.

This being the general feeling, it is not to be wondered at that Louis IX. was occupied fully three years in organizing his forces, and in making the necessary preparations for his departure. When all was ready he set sail for Cyprus, accompanied by his queen, his two brothers, the Counts d'Anjou and d'Artois, and a long train of the noblest chivalry of France. His third brother, the Count de Poitiers, remained behind to collect another corps of Crusaders, and followed him in a few months afterward. The army united at Cyprus, and amounted to fifty thousand men, exclusive of the English Crusaders under William Longsword. Again, a pes-

tilential disease made its appearance, to which many hundreds fell victims. It was in consequence found necessary to remain in Cyprus until the spring. Louis then embarked for Egypt with his whole host; but a violent tempest separated his fleet, and he arrived before Damietta with only a few thousand men. They were, however, impetuous and full of hope; and although the Sultan Melick Shah was drawn up on the shore with a force infinitely superior, it was resolved to attempt a landing without waiting the arrival of the rest of the army. Louis himself, in wild impatience, sprung from his boat, and waded on shore; while his army, inspired by his enthusiastic bravery, followed, shouting the old war-cry of the first Crusaders, *Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!* A panic seized the Turks. A body of their cavalry attempted to bear down upon the Crusaders, but the knights fixed their large shields deep in the sands of the shore, and rested their lances upon them, so that they projected above, and formed a barrier so imposing, that the Turks, afraid to breast it, turned round and fairly took to flight. At the moment of this panic, a false report was spread in the Saracen host, that the sultan had been slain. The confusion immediately became general—the *déroute* was complete: Damietta itself was abandoned, and the same night the victorious Crusaders fixed their head-quarters in that city. The soldiers who had been separated from their chief by the tempest, arrived shortly afterward; and Louis was in a position to justify the hope, not only of the conquest of Palestine, but of Egypt itself.

But too much confidence proved the bane of his army. They thought, as they had accomplished so much, that nothing more remained to be done, and gave themselves up to ease and luxury. When, by the command of Louis, they marched toward Cairo, they were no longer the same men; success, instead of inspiring, had unnerved them; debauchery had brought on disease, and disease was aggravated by the heat of a climate to which none of them were accustomed. Their progress toward Massoura, on the road to Cairo, was checked by the Thanisian canal, on the banks of which the Saracens were drawn up to dispute the passage. Louis gave orders that a bridge should be thrown across: and the operations commenced

under cover of two cat-castles, or high movable towers. The Saracens soon destroyed them by throwing quantities of Greek fire, the artillery of that day, upon them, and Louis was forced to think of some other means of effecting his design. A peasant agreed, for a considerable bribe, to point out a ford where the army might wade across, and the Count d'Artois was dispatched with fourteen hundred men to attempt it, while Louis remained to face the Saracens with the main body of the army. The Count d'Artois got safely over, and defeated the detachment that had been sent to oppose his landing. Flushed with the victory, the brave count forgot the inferiority of his numbers, and pursued the panic-stricken enemy into Massoura. He was now completely cut off from the aid of his brother Crusaders, which the Moslems perceiving, took courage and returned upon him, with a force swollen by the garrison of Massoura, and by reinforcements from the surrounding districts. The battle now became hand to hand. The Christians fought with the energy of desperate men; but the continually increasing numbers of the foe surrounded them completely, and cut off all hope, either of victory or escape. The Count d'Artois was among the foremost of the slain; and when Louis arrived to the rescue, the brave advanced-guard was nearly cut to pieces. Of the fourteen hundred but three hundred remained. The fury of the battle was now increased threefold. The French king and his troops performed prodigies of valor, and the Saracens, under the command of the Emir Ceccidun, fought as if they were determined to exterminate, in one last decisive effort, the new European swarm that had settled upon their coast. At the fall of the evening dews the Christians were masters of the field of Massoura, and flattered themselves that they were the victors. Self-love would not suffer them to confess that the Saracens had withdrawn, and not retreated; but their leaders were too woefully convinced that that fatal field had completed the disorganization of the Christian army, and that all hopes of future conquest were at an end.

Impressed with this truth, the Crusaders sued for peace. The sultan insisted upon the immediate evacuation of Damietta, and that Louis himself should be delivered as hostage for the fulfillment of the con-

dition. His army at once refused, and the negotiations were broken off. It was now resolved to attempt a retreat; but the agile Saracens, now in the front and now in the rear, rendered it a matter of extreme difficulty, and cut off the stragglers in great numbers. Hundreds of them were drowned in the Nile; and sickness and famine worked sad ravages upon those who escaped all other casualties. Louis himself was so weakened by disease, fatigue, and discouragement, that he was hardly able to sit upon his horse. In the confusion of the flight he was separated from his attendants, and left a total stranger upon the sands of Egypt, sick, weary, and almost friendless. One knight, Geffry de Sergines, alone attended him, and led him to a miserable hut in a small village, where for several days he lay in the hourly expectation of death. He was at last discovered and taken prisoner by the Saracens, who treated him with all the honor due to his rank and all the pity due to his misfortunes. Under their care his health rapidly improved, and the next consideration was that of his ransom.

The Saracens demanded, beside money, the cession of Acre, Tripoli, and other cities of Palestine. Louis unhesitatingly refused, and conducted himself with so much pride and courage, that the sultan declared he was the proudest infidel he had ever beheld. After a good deal of haggling, the sultan agreed to waive these conditions, and a treaty was finally concluded. The city of Damietta was restored; a truce of ten years agreed upon; and ten thousand golden bezants paid for the release of Louis and the liberation of all the captives. Louis then withdrew to Jaffa, and spent two years in putting that city, and Caesarea, with the other possessions of the Christians in Palestine, in a proper state of defense. He then returned to his own country, with great reputation as a saint, but very little as a soldier.

Matthew Paris informs us that, in the year 1250, while Louis was in Egypt, "thousands of the English were resolved to go to the holy war, had not the king strictly guarded his ports and kept his people from running out of doors." When the news arrived of the reverses and captivity of the French king, their ardor cooled; and the Crusade was sung of only, but not spoken of.

In France, a very different feeling was



JAFFA.

the result. The news of the king's capture spread consternation through the country. A fanatic monk of Cîteaux suddenly appeared in the villages, preaching to the people, and announcing that the Holy Virgin, accompanied by a whole army of saints and martyrs, had appeared to him, and commanded him to stir up the shepherds and farm-laborers to the defense of the cross. To them only was his discourse addressed; and his eloquence was such, that thousands flocked around him, ready to follow wherever he should lead.

The pastures and the corn-fields were deserted, and the shepherds, or *pastoureaux*, as they were termed, became at last so numerous as to amount to upward of fifty thousand,—Millot says one hundred thousand men. The Queen Blanche, who governed as regent during the absence of the king, encouraged at first the armies of the *pastoureaux*; but they soon gave way to such vile excesses that the peaceably disposed were driven to resistance. Robbery, murder, and violation, marked their path; and all good men, assisted by the government, united in putting them down. They were finally dispersed, but not before three thousand of them had been massacred. Many authors say that the slaughter was still greater.

Vol. V.—27

The ten years' truce concluded in 1264, and St. Louis was urged by two powerful motives to undertake a second expedition for the relief of Palestine. These were, fanaticism on the one hand, and a desire of retrieving his military fame on the other, which had suffered more than his



WILLIAM LONGSWORD.

parasites liked to remind him of. The pope, of course, encouraged his design, and once more the chivalry of Europe began to bestir themselves. In 1268, Edward, the heir of the English monarchy, announced his determination to join the Crusade; and the pope (Clement IV.) wrote to the prelates and clergy to aid the cause by their persuasions and their revenues. In England, they agreed to contribute the tenth of their possessions; and by a parliamentary order, a twentieth was taken from the corn and movables of all the laity at Michaelmas.

In spite of the remonstrances of the few clear-headed statesmen who surrounded him, urging the ruin that might in consequence fall upon his then prosperous kingdom, Louis made every preparation for his departure. The warlike nobility were nothing loath; and in the spring of 1270 the king set sail with an army of sixty thousand men. He was driven by stress of weather into Sardinia, and while there a change in his plans took place. Instead of proceeding to Acre, as he originally intended, he shaped his course for Tunis, on the African coast. The king of Tunis had some time previously expressed himself favorably disposed toward the Christians and their religion, and Louis, it appears, had hopes of converting him, and securing his aid against the sultan of Egypt. "What honor would be mine," he used to say, "if I could become godfather to this Mussulman king!" Filled with this idea he landed in Africa, near the site of the city of Carthage, but he found that he had reckoned without his host. The king of Tunis had no thoughts of renouncing his religion, nor intention of aiding the Crusaders in any way. On the contrary, he opposed their landing with all the forces that could be collected on so sudden an emergency. The French, however, made good their first position, and defeated the Moslems with considerable loss. They also gained some advantage over the reinforcements that were sent to oppose them; but an infectious flux appeared in the army, and put a stop to all future victories. The soldiers died at the rate of a hundred in a day. The enemy, at the same time, made as great havoc as the plague. St. Louis himself was one of the first attacked by the disease. His constitution had been weakened by fatigues, and even before he left France he was unable to bear the full

weight of his armor. It was soon evident to his sorrowing soldiers that their beloved monarch could not long survive. He lingered for some days, and died in Carthage in the fifty-sixth year of his age, deeply regretted by his army and his subjects, and leaving behind him one of the most singular reputations in history. He is the model-king of ecclesiastical writers, in whose eyes his very defects became virtues, because they were manifested in furtherance of their cause. More unprejudiced historians, while they condemn his fanaticism, admit that he was endowed with many high and rare qualities; that he was in no one point behind his age, and in many in advance of it.

His brother, Charles of Anjou, in consequence of a revolution in Sicily, had become king of that country. Before he heard of the death of Louis, he had sailed from Messina with large reinforcements. On his landing near Carthage, he advanced at the head of his army, amid the martial music of drums and trumpets. He was soon informed how inopportune was his rejoicing, and shed tears before his whole army, such as no warrior would have been ashamed to shed. A peace was speedily agreed upon with the king of Tunis, and the armies of France and Sicily returned to their homes.

So little favor had the Crusade found in England, that even the exertions of the heir to the throne had only collected a small force of fifteen hundred men. With these few Prince Edward sailed from Dover to Bourdeaux, in the expectation that he would find the French king in that city. St. Louis, however, had left a few weeks previously; upon which Edward followed him to Sardinia, and afterward to Tunis. Before his arrival in Africa, St. Louis was no more, and peace had been concluded between France and Tunis. He determined, however, not to relinquish the Crusade. Returning to Sicily, he passed the winter in that country, and endeavored to augment his little army. In the spring he set sail for Palestine, and arrived in safety at Acre. The Christians were torn, as usual, by mutual jealousies and animosities. The two great military orders were as virulent and as intractable as ever; opposed to each other, and to all the world. The arrival of Edward had the effect of causing them to lay aside their unworthy contention, and of

uniting heart to heart in one last effort for the deliverance of their adopted country. A force of six thousand effective warriors was soon formed to join those of the English prince, and preparations were made for the renewal of hostilities. The Sultan Bibars or Bendocdar,* a fierce Mameluke, who had been placed on the throne by a bloody revolution, was at war with all his neighbors, and unable, for that reason, to concentrate his whole strength against them. Edward took advantage of this, and marching boldly forward to Nazareth, defeated the Turks and gained possession of that city. This was the whole amount of his successes. The hot weather engendered disease among his troops, and he himself, the life and soul of the expedition, fell sick among the first. He had been ill for some time, and was slowly recovering, when a messenger desired to speak with him on important matters, and to deliver some dispatches into his own hand. While the prince was occupied in examining them, the traitorous messenger drew a dagger from his belt and stabbed him in the breast. The wound fortunately was not deep, and Edward had regained a portion of his strength. He struggled with the assassin, and put him to death with his own dagger, at the same time calling loudly for assistance. His attendants came at his call, and found him bleeding profusely, and ascertained on inspection that the dagger was poisoned. Means were instantly taken to purify the wound, and an antidote was sent by the Grand Master of the Templars which removed all danger from the effects of the poison.

Camden, in his history, has adopted the more popular, and certainly more beautiful version of this story, which says that the Princess Eleonora, in her love for her gallant husband, sucked the poison from his wound at the risk of her own life: to use the words of old Fuller, "it is a pity so pretty a story should not be true; and that so sovereign a remedy as a woman's tongue, anointed with the virtue of loving affection," should not have performed a good deed.

Edward suspected, and doubtless not without reason, that the assassin was employed by the sultan of Egypt. But it

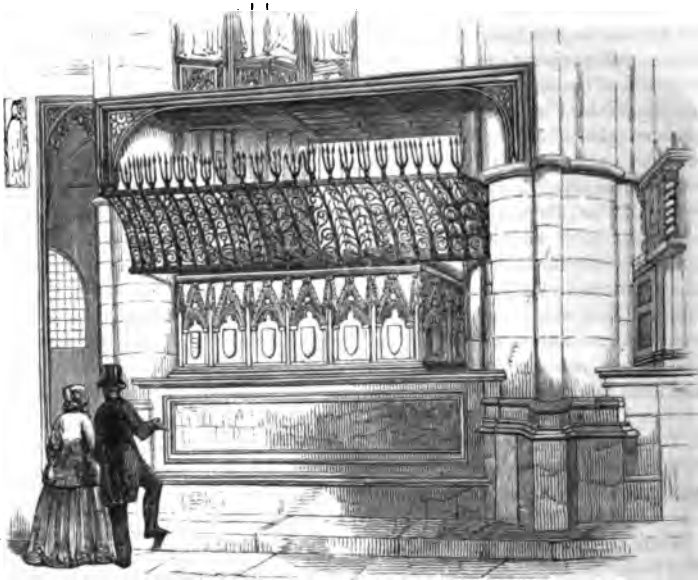
amounted to suspicion only; and by the sudden death of the assassin the principal clew to the discovery of the truth was lost forever. Edward, on his recovery, prepared to resume the offensive; but the sultan, embarrassed by the defense of interests which, for the time being, he considered of more importance, made offers of peace to the Crusaders. This proof of weakness on the part of the enemy was calculated to render a man of Edward's temperament more anxious to prosecute the war; but he had also other interests to defend. News arrived in Palestine of the death of his father, King Henry III.; and his presence being necessary in England, he agreed to the terms of the sultan. These were, that the Christians should be allowed to retain their possessions in the Holy Land, and that a truce of ten years should be proclaimed. Edward then set sail for England; and thus ended the last Crusade.

The after-fate of the Holy Land may be told in a few words. The Christians, unmindful of their past sufferings and of the jealous neighbors they had to deal with, first broke the truce by plundering some Egyptian traders near Margat. The sultan immediately revenged the outrage by taking possession of Margat, and war once more raged between the nations. Margat made a gallant defense, but no reinforcements arrived from Europe to prevent its fall. Tripoli was the next, and other cities in succession, until at last Acre was the only city of Palestine that remained in possession of the Christians.

The Grand Master of the Templars collected together his small and devoted band, and, with the trifling aid afforded by the king of Cyprus, prepared to defend to the death the last possession of his order. Europe was deaf to his cry for aid, the numbers of the foe were overwhelming, and devoted bravery was of no avail. In that disastrous siege the Christians were all but exterminated. The king of Cyprus fled when he saw that resistance was vain, and the Grand Master fell at the head of his knights, pierced with a hundred wounds. Seven Templars, and as many Hospitalers, alone escaped from the dreadful carnage. The victorious Moslems then set fire to the city, and the rule of the Christians in Palestine was brought to a close forever.

This intelligence spread alarm and sor-

* Mills, in his history, gives the name of this chief as "Al Malek al Dhaker Rok neddin Abulfeth Bibars al Ali al Bandokdari al Salehi."



TOMB OF QUEEN ELEANOR.

row among the clergy of Europe, who endeavored to rouse once more the energy and enthusiasm of the nations in the cause of the Holy Land. But the popular mania had run its career; the spark of zeal had burned its appointed time, and was never again to be re-illuminated. Here and there a solitary knight announced his determination to take up arms, and now and then a king gave cold encouragement to the scheme; but it dropped almost as soon as spoken of, to be renewed again, still more feebly, at some longer interval.

Now what was the grand result of all these struggles? Europe expended millions of her treasures, and the blood of two millions of her children; and a handful of quarrelsome knights retained possession of Palestine for about one hundred years! Even had Christendom retained it to this day, the advantage, if confined to that, would have been too dearly purchased. But notwithstanding the fanaticism that originated, and the folly that conducted them, the Crusades were not productive of unmitigated evil. The feudal chiefs became better members of society by coming in contact, in Asia, with a civilization superior to their own; the people secured some small installments of their rights; kings, no longer at war with their nobility,

had time to pass some good laws; the human mind learned some little wisdom from hard experience, and, casting off the slough of superstition in which the Roman clergy had so long enveloped it, became prepared to receive the seeds of the approaching Reformation. Thus did the all-wise Disposer of events bring good out of evil, and advance the civilization and ultimate happiness of the nations of the West by means of the very fanaticism that had led them against the East.

[For the National Magazine.]

FAITH.

FAITH mounts her ladder to the throne of heaven,

Fix'd deep in truth, and firmly held on high
By hopes that cling to every promise given

By God to mortals, struggling for the sky.
More faith we find when Arabs eat their salt,

Than in the Christian Jesuit's prayer;
The savage Indians in their vengeance halt,
And for their faith their deadliest foe will spare.

Faith has the warrior in his trusty sword,
Faith has the mother in her loving lord,
Faith has the child in its good father's word,
Faith has the miser in his glittering hoard,
But O, to me let heavenly faith be given,
By hopes, nor fears, nor earthly changes riven.

S. H. DADDOR.



STEPPE OF SOUTHERN RUSSIA.

A TRIP FROM ST. PETERSBURGH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

I HURRIED from Moscow to Jassi, the capital of Moldavia, with as little delay as possible, in order to escape the rigors of a Russian winter. The cold was sufficiently piercing at the time of my departure to make my anticipated sojourn in warmer regions appear not a little delightful to me. Bucharest is my next stopping-place, and thence I shall depart, as soon as may be, down the Danube and by the Black Sea to "the city of the Sultan," where thickening events are concentrating the attention of the world.

My route to this place may be described in a few words; for there was little to be seen, of any interest to the traveler. From Moscow I proceeded to Orsha, a small city upon the Dnieper, at the mouth of the Orchitza, and thence taking a southerly direction to Odessa, upon the grand road from St. Petersburg, which I left at Brazlaf. I consequently failed of seeing Kief, which was the only Russian city at all likely to interest me; but one

of the first lessons learned by a good traveler is to sacrifice his wishes to his necessities. I crossed the Dniester at Mohilef, and the Pruth at Skouleni, a little village separated into two nearly equal parts by the river which is the boundary between Moldavia and the Russian empire.

Any idea of my journey from these jottings will be a very different thing from the reality. That which I have so complimentarily termed a road, is merely the space over which travelers have industriously endeavored to trace their way. As far as Odessa an attempt has been made to indicate the most direct distance, by stakes some eight or ten feet in height, firmly planted in the soil; but the ground between them has never been leveled, and consequently it is precisely in the same state as nature created it—sometimes smooth, but oftener rough as the waves of a furious sea. The animals and vehicles which have passed over it have only increased the irregularities of the

surface, and it requires a tough traveler to endure the jolts and bruises which are the results of a rapid gallop over these execrable routes—besides the *sea-sickness* (by an *Hibernianism*) consequent upon this horrible state of the *land*. A good supply of provisions is very essential, or the traveler would die of hunger; for at the stations you are only provided with warm water for making tea, and a bench upon which to repose. The wealthier classes understand this so well, that they never travel without a well-furnished bed, cooking utensils, and an ample supply of provisions. All the sufferings and privations to which I allude are unrelieved by any interesting scenery—steppes, marshes, and pine forests, these three words, comprise the whole variety embraced in the long distance between the banks of the Moskova and the shores of the Pruth.

The faithful Russian horses alone excited my interest and admiration, for the speed and safety with which they conducted me through this unvarying dreariness. In this tribute of gratitude to the rapidity and faithfulness of these invaluable animals, I must conscientiously abstain from the slightest compliment to their appearance. A more miserable-looking set of quadrupeds it was never my lot to see; yet one of these nags, scarcely fit, apparently, to drag cabbages to market, will perform daily a journey of between forty and fifty miles, upon an unbroken track, through meadows and woods, leaping inclosures, ditches, and streams, and plunging into ravines from which the only escape is over irregular rocks. The spirit and indomitable perseverance displayed by these grotesque figures would excite the envy of the owners of many a stately steed; they were the only enlivenment of my dreary journey, and in my debt of gratitude to them must be included many a hearty laugh at their expense. They are not only indefatigable, but it is said that they seem perfectly resigned to the severest storms of winter, and show a wonderful sagacity in discerning the road when its traces are almost obliterated by the snows. Notwithstanding all these invaluable qualities, the poor beasts are mercilessly treated, and sustained upon an incredibly small quantity of food. When their tedious day's journey is finished, they refresh themselves with a little snow; the hay, which has protected the feet of the

traveler in the sleigh, serves for their supper, and the open air is their only stable. If the snow falls during the night, in the morning you will frequently see a white mass suddenly start into motion; it proves to be the faithful beast starting upon his day's journey of forty-five miles, though but a night's repose has succeeded a similar distance.

The steppes of Southern Russia extend from the borders of Hungary to the boundaries of China. They form an immense plain, which is covered in spring and autumn with the most luxuriant verdure; in winter huge drifts of snow alternate with the naked soil; while in summer clouds of dust remain suspended in the air, even in the calmest weather, more resembling vapors exhaled from the earth than solid particles of matter, moved by the atmosphere alone. This plain, which is very high, terminates at the Black Sea, in a perpendicular terrace nearly two hundred feet above the level of the water. From its summit, slight natural eminences, scarcely of sufficient size to deserve the name of hills, may be discovered in the remote distance; but artificial eminences are frequently seen, ranging from six to a hundred and fifty feet in height, which, according to some authorities, were originally designed for tombs, telegraphic points, and monuments. This high table-land is deeply furrowed with the streams formed by the melting snows, which are very rapid and powerful in their wandering course. The most marked peculiarity of the scenery, however, is the entire absence of trees from a soil so noted for its fertility and the abundance of its pasturage. You may travel hundreds of miles in a straight line without seeing even a shrub.

The climate of the steppes is always extreme. The cold is severe in winter, and the heat is excessive in summer. The winds sweep over them with such violence that the snow has no time to solidify, and sledging can never be used to such advantage as in Northern Russia. It generally begins to melt in April, but sometimes passes away before the waters are absorbed by the earth. During such seasons, the surface of the prairies is a sea of mud, where neither men nor animals can venture without danger. The change from one season to another is unmarked by great variations of temperature. In no country perhaps does winter offer a more deter-

mined resistance to spring. Indeed, the latter triumphs completely only when summer comes to her assistance. The most beautiful period of the year then commences. The steppes are covered with a brilliant green, enameled with tulips and hyacinths. You must not however suppose that the flowers are like the fine specimens imported from Holland, or that the grass is at all like that of our cultivated fields. He must be a brave sleeper who could enjoy a siesta upon its stiff blades.

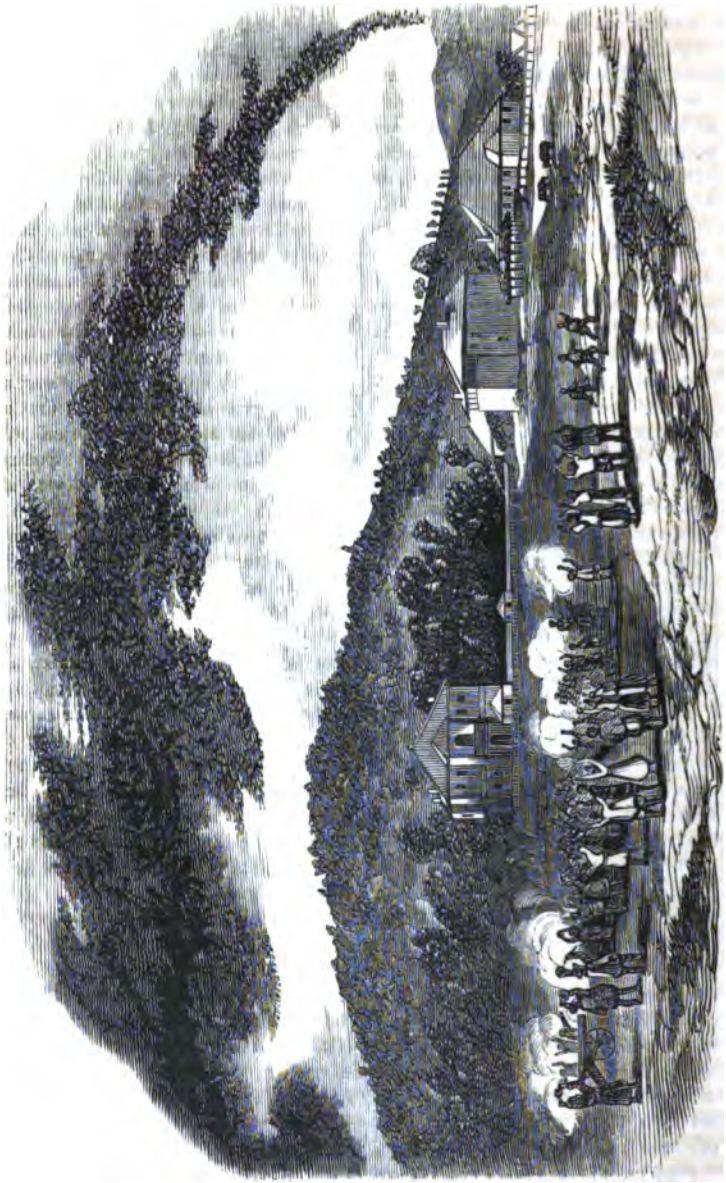
During the month of May storms are very frequent. Rain gives way entirely in June to the dry season. In July the surface of the parched earth is marked with cracks, the soil becomes black, and vegetation disappears. Lakes and pools of water are transformed into sand-plains; water becomes so valuable that sentinels guard it night and day, to prevent robbers from approaching it. Men and animals suffer cruelly from hunger and thirst, and thousands of horses and cattle perish. The African Sahara, or the Slanos of South America, are not as difficult to travel in the summer season as the steppes of Southern Russia. Toward the latter part of August, dews again refresh the earth, storms are frequent, and sometimes the rain falls upon the exhausted soil; verdure reappears, and all living beings seem to come forth in a resurrection. September is one of the most beautiful months; but October succeeds it with chilling fogs and desolating rains.

But of all the plagues suffered by the inhabitants of the steppes, the most disastrous, and therefore the most dreaded, are the locust invasions. When the first German settlers came into the country, two varieties of this insect were known to exist; their increase was not rapid, and they had not been regarded as objects to be feared. In 1820, it was noticed that their numbers had multiplied alarmingly, and in some of the ensuing years they caused great devastation. In 1828, troop after troop of them invaded the country, in such dense masses that they obscured the light of the sun; they destroyed the harvests, and in several localities they left no traces of vegetation behind them. The poor terrified colonists thought the day of judgment had come. In their dismay they took counsel of their Tartar and Russian neighbors, who were not less

distressed than themselves. The oldest person among them had no recollection of similar depredations; but most of them remembered the tales which their fathers had told respecting these terrible invaders. The Germans, however, determined to adopt measures which should protect them from similar attacks; and for this purpose they established a kind of police. Whoever first perceived a cloud of locusts, gave information to the inhabitants by an understood signal; men, women, children, all who could walk, armed themselves with bells, kettles, drums, guns, anything in fact which would add to the racket, in order to frighten the invaders from the locality. They were frequently successful; though it was generally found that smoke produced the most immediate effect, especially if thick and odorless. Sometimes, however, the winged enemy was able to extinguish the very flames which were kindled to exterminate them. The lower strata of insects were pressed into the fire in such numbers, by the masses above them, that the latter escaped uninjured, and were ready to return to the conflict. Not unfrequently similar escapes take place when they are driven into the lakes or the sea. The numberless swarms form floating islands upon the surface of the water, which are submerged if the wind is violent; but if the breeze is gentle, they are wafted in safety to the shores, where, after drying their wings, they ascend with unbroken spirit to scent out new fields for their ravages.

These insects show a decided preference for the gardens surrounding habitations. A village to the right or left of their direction never fails to attract them. It is impossible to describe the consternation of the inhabitants who have failed in their efforts to remove this plague of ancient times. The doomed field, orchard, or garden, where they alight, is covered by them to the depth of several inches, while waiting myriads above them intercept the very light of the sun. Windows, doors, and even chimneys are carefully closed to prevent their entrance into the houses.

The most numerous swarms are seen in August. They seldom set forth on their marauding excursions earlier than eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and sometimes they stop only at midnight. An ordinary swarm is generally nearly a



A CLOUD OF LOCUSTS.

quarter of a mile in width, and a mile or two in length. It is more difficult to calculate its thickness; but this must be very considerable, as it obscures the sunlight and causes a perceptible coolness. They make so much noise in their flight that they may be heard at a great distance; and when they alight, it gives the impression of a shower of stones. In calm

weather they travel at about the rate of a mile an hour; in sunshine at a height of some two hundred feet above the earth; but if it is cloudy, their flight is so low that a man must turn his back and take a firm position till they have passed.

These marauders seem to have their preferences for certain plants, though they devour indiscriminately whatever they

meet, transforming an oasis into a desert in a few hours. The Russians say of them, that they bite like horses, eat like wolves, and digest more speedily than any other animal.

While still lingering on the verge of the stupendous realm of the czar, I feel tempted to fill out my letter with these retrospective glances before I take leave of it forever. I have, *en passant*, referred to some of the moral and social aspects of the country; but my descriptions would be incomplete without more definitive remarks.

Let us commence then at the summit of this governmental pyramid, upon the very apex of which stands Czar Nicholas—a worthy figure too, in its colossal magnitude, to finish this type of a half-barbaric nation. With the representation of his person you are perhaps as familiar as with that of any European sovereign, and the more remarkable traits of his character have been many times described. His figure is the very ideal of a monarch, and the Russian boast that a stranger would select their emperor from a crowd is a true one. This is no small distinction for the ruler of a nation like that of Russia, which physical strength can never fail to impress more profoundly than the highest mental resources. His tall, commanding figure would compel the obedience of his people, while a less august presence would fail, though possessed of superior intellectual powers. In the earlier history of Greece he would have been worshiped as a demigod. A lady traveler describes the czar's *personne* in so graphic and detailed a manner, that I give it to you in preference to any description of my own:—

“His figure, to which there is no second in Russia, if in the world itself, is of the grandest beauty, expression, dimension, and carriage, uniting all the majesties and graces of all the heathen gods—the little god of love alone perhaps excepted. Had these ample and symmetrical proportions, this nobility of person, belonged to a common *mujik*, instead of to the Autocrat of all the Russias, admiration could not be less, nor scarcely the feeling of moral awe. It was not the monarch who was so magnificent a man, but the man who was so truly imperial. His person is that of a colossal man, in the full prime of life and health, forty-two years of age, about six feet two inches high, and well filled out without any approach to corpulency, the head very magnificently carried, a splendid breadth of shoulder and chest, great length and symmetry of limb, with finely-formed hands and feet. His face is strictly Grecian: forehead and nose in one grand line,

the eyes finely lined, large, open and blue, with a calmness and coldness, a freezing dignity, which can equally quell an insurrection, daunt an assassin, or paralyze a petitioner; the mouth regular, teeth fine, chin prominent, with dark mustache and small whiskers, but not a sympathy on his face! His mouth sometimes smiles, his eyes never. There is that in his look which no monarch's subject can meet. His eye seeks every one's gaze, but none can confront his.”

It may be imagined what such a man, combining in his august person the temporal and spiritual supremacy, must be to a people whose political and social relations are based upon a kind of patriarchal hierarchy, like that of most Eastern nations, recognizing but the one principle of unconditional obedience. The simple expression *Pikas*—it is ordered—comprises all the reasoning ever addressed to the people; and its effect is immediate and magical. The czar is their father,—not so much in the paternal instincts with which he is supposed to regard them, as in the absolute authority which he is compelled from his position to maintain over them. They are like a hive of bees; in helpless confusion without a ruler; without one they have no conceptions of self-reliance or self-government. The father, they say, does not receive his rights from his children, but from God; and to him alone he must answer for the use which he makes of them. The slightest restriction upon the imperial authority would be an unheard-of innovation. God and the czar are called “Father,” the Church is their mother, and the empire is “Holy Mother Russia;” the ancient capital is “Holy Mother Moscow,” and the road from it to Vladimir is called “Our Dear Mother the High Road to Vladimir.” The River Volga is also always spoken of as Mother Volga. So literally is this idea of the imperial supremacy inculcated and received by the people, that when the priest in the sacramental service divides the bread into its seven parts, he blesses the first in honor of the reigning family, and the remaining portions in memory of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and the lesser consecrated names.

Those, however, who have studied the character and institutions of the Muscovite empire most carefully, though admitting the main truth of these statements, tell us that within the last twenty years public opinion has materially changed. Though the peasants still venerate the czar, the

sentiment is easily modified if he is the victim of any misfortune which reduces the power in which they confide so much. An old Russian proverb, illustrative of the helpless despair of the people, says, "God is far above us, and the czar is far away;" but now one of their native writers tells us that the conviction has somehow reached them, that the czar makes no effort to lessen the distance between them—that he is no longer ignorant of their griefs, but that he refuses his help to them. No monarch at the present day could make himself a hero to them by such cruelties as were committed by Ivan the Terrible; nor would the Russians now throw themselves at his feet and entreat him to continue to govern them, as they did when that iron-hearted ruler wished to abdicate the throne he had disgraced with such excesses.

An instance of the emperor's personal control over his people is related by one of my countrymen, as occurring in 1830, at the time the cholera was raging in St. Petersburg. A report was circulated that the inmates who crowded the hospitals, and came forth only to fill the cemeteries, were poisoned. He says:—

"Firmly impressed with this conviction, an excited mob one morning stormed a cholera hospital on the Haymarket, hunted down the physicians, and precipitated one of them from a third-floor window upon the pavement. It was the signal for a general insurrection; the immense Haymarket was soon crowded with a dense throng, from which issued murmurs as menacing as the roll of distant thunder. Suddenly the emperor appeared from Moscow, whither he had been on account of the pestilence. Seated in an open calèche, with only Count Orloff at his side, he drove into the square. Soon the advance of the horses was impeded, and the shouting and tumultuous mob pressed round the carriage. In vain did the emperor endeavor to appease those nearest to him; every minute the tumult increased, and already threatening words were accompanied by threatening gestures. The emperor rose to his feet, and, exerting his utmost power of voice, commanded silence from the riotous mob, over whose heads he towered like some angry demigod, flashing among them the lightnings of his eye, and, by his imposing presence and tone, stilling the uproar and obtaining a hearing. 'Wretches!' he exclaimed, 'is this the reward of all my toil and care for your welfare? this your gratitude for the vigils and labors by which I have striven to make men of you? Is this the gratitude you show me, when my anxiety on your behalf has again brought me among you? Have I not cared enough upon my head, that, with childish thanklessness, you thus add to my burden? In insurgent Poland, civil war mows down our brethren; in the

heart of the kingdom, pestilence carries them off in numbers; and here, where it already begins to seize its victims, you annihilate the means of your salvation, and sin against your fellow-citizens and against the authorities that God has set over you!' As he spoke, the church clocks commenced tolling. 'Hear the call to prayers,' continued the czar in inspired tones; 'the Almighty looks down upon you! implore his pardon for your madness! On your knees, wretched people, on your knees!' And ten thousand raging barbarians fell upon their knees, crossed themselves, and separated."

Many anecdotes are related of his courage, his generosity, and also of his satirical powers. He is said to have been a wit in his earlier days, like his brother the Grand Duke Michael, who enjoyed quite a European celebrity as a punster. The pleasantest traits of his character are those revealed in his domestic relations. He is a devoted husband and father; many tokens of his tender regard for the empress are to be seen in the royal residences, and the people delight to relate the instances of his affection for her, which have become known to them, as well as the interest with which he shares the sports of his children and grandchildren.

Wherever anything is known of the Russian nation, nothing need be said of its nobility. Their unscrupulous venality and corruption are known and read of all men. No one is more convinced of their corruption than the Czar, and it is said that an intense hatred exists between them. Among them are several of the murderers of his father; and many of the members of his household, constant recipients of his favor, have been implicated in conspiracies against his own government. To attempt a purification of this Augean stable, would leave the monarch in solitude. On the appearance of a work by one of my countrymen, containing the most unsparing exposure of the Russian nobility, the emperor ordered a large number of copies, much to their displeasure.

Most of the higher families trace their origin to some great assassin, whose crime served the purpose of the reigning autocrat, and who was consequently rewarded with wealth and promotion. In fact, the history of the royal family is a list of the most repulsive and unnatural sins. Nothing marks the savage nature of the national character more than the manner in which most of the emperors have disappeared. It is said that a tradition exists at Moscow, that the reign of a czar

is limited to about a quarter of a century. The present autocrat has already reached it, but the horizon is darkening, and it may be that "coming events cast their shadows before."

The great distinction of Russia—that which gives her place among the nations of the world, far more than the extent of territory over which the czar has unlimited sway—is its military organization, the immense army which can be called into the field at a nod from the imperial head. Its perfection and distribution have been the grand ambition of the emperor for many years. Russian statistics are proverbially unreliable; but a careful examination and comparison of the official returns of this department, give one thousand eight hundred guns, and a million of men, as the smallest force at his majesty's disposal. One third of the population is exempt from conscription; the remaining two-thirds constitute the Eastern and Western portions of the empire, from which annual levies are alternately made, proportioned to the immediate demand for troops. The average draught is from five to six men per thousand; but the number has reached nine. From accurate computations, it appears that a twentieth of the whole male population is swallowed up by the army.

The *Journal de la Statistique Universelle* has published a table of the successive encroachments of Russia from the fourteenth century up to the year 1832. It is drawn up from communications by M. M. Schmitzler, Maltebrun, General Bem, and other statisticians. During the last two centuries Russia has doubled her territory, and during the last hundred years has tripled her population; her conquests during sixty years are equal to all she possessed in Europe before that period; her conquests from Sweden are greater than what remain of that kingdom; she has taken from the Tartars an extent equal to that of Turkey in Europe, with Greece, Italy, and Spain; her conquests from Turkey in Europe are more in extent than the kingdom of Prussia without the Rhenish provinces; she has taken from Turkey in Asia an extent of territory equal to all the small states of Germany; from Persia, equal to the whole of England, (United Kingdom;) and from Poland equal to the whole Austrian empire. A division of the population

gives—2,000,000 for the tribes of the Caucasus; 4,000,000 for the Cossacks, the Georgians, and the Kirguiz; 5,000,000 for the Turks, the Mongols, and the Tartars; 6,000,000 for the Ouralians, the Finlanders, and the Swedes; 20,000,000 for the Muscovites, (of the Greek Church;) 23,000,000 for the Poles, (Roman and Greek Church united;) total 60,000,000. The population of ancient Poland counts for two-fifths of the total population over an eighth part of the territory, and the Muscovite population for one-third of the total number over a tenth of the territory; in other words, even at the present time, the Polish element is in a great majority as compared to all the others.

Notwithstanding these vast acquisitions, and the domineering position assumed by the country under the present emperor, the Russians have inherently no warlike spirit—no love of military glory. The people from whom the conscripts are drawn are in every respect better fitted for the peaceful occupations of husbandry and trade, than for the pomp and circumstance of conquest. Most especially is this true of the conscripts draughted for the naval service, from the inland provinces, who are most of them terrified at the sight of the sea, with which they are entirely unfamiliar. The Russian will fight for his religion and nationality when it is assailed; but an aggressive war would never be undertaken voluntarily by them. Even in times of peace, the desertions are numbered by thousands.

Nothing can exceed the dismay and terror which follow the conscriptions. The recruit was formerly put in irons, for the death-penalty was often found insufficient to prevent his return to his dwelling. At present, he is removed immediately from his home, amid the tears and shrieks of his family and his own wailings of despair; his hair and beard are shaved, according to the military rule, leaving him nothing of his former pride and glory but the mustache. The life upon which he enters is as new as it is repulsive; half-fed, half-clothed, and constantly pining for the peaceful scenes and occupations from which he has been torn, it is not a matter of wonder that, according to some of the military documents, one-third of the number of recruits are swept away by death. The army of the Caucasus is renewed every five years: in other

words, the entire army perishes in that space of time, at the rate of twenty thousand annually. The mortality is still more frightful when the troops are put in motion upon the miserable roads, which, excepting those between St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw, are merely tracks, impassable for nearly eight months of the year, on account of the blinding dust in summer, the melting snows, and the pools and marshes of the other seasons. The Russian army is perhaps the only one in the world which, in modern times, has suffered less by engagements than by disease.

That the Russians are not a military people may also be inferred from the scarcity of native officers of distinction among them. The proportion who have risen to eminence is very small. Most of the present generals of the army are of foreign extraction. Lüders is a Swede, Paskiewitch is a Lithuanian, Miloradowitch belongs to the southern Slavonians, and many others are of German parentage; while some of the most successful in the Asiatic engagements are Georgians. The most brilliant Russian campaigns have been planned by foreign officers, and executed under their eyes by native generals.

As in all other departments of Russian discipline, the utmost severity is the governing principle of the army. From the moment of his enlistment, the recruit loses his individuality, and becomes only a member. Some regiments are regulated by the height of the person, others by the color of the hair or eyes. The distinguishing characteristics of Russian—shall I call it justice?—are most summarily administered in the army. During a flying visit of the emperor to Sevastopol, a striking instance occurred of the rapidity and decision with which offenses are visited even upon those who are high in rank. No form of trial is necessary; a nod, a word, a whisper, a stroke of the pen, and the command is obeyed. In the customary language, *Pikas*—it is ordered; and these five letters are sufficient to settle any inquiries which may be raised in Russia. Immediately after the departure of his majesty from Sevastopol, it was discovered that its late governor was employed in the ranks of the private soldiers, habited in their costume, and engaged in their most servile occupations. It was impossible to learn the reason of this terrible reverse; and the reduced governor would

probably have been unable himself to have given the precise offense for which he had been thus disgraced. The universal opinion seemed to be, that the ex-official had neglected some of the bribes so absolutely essential to success in Russia.

So much for the czar, his nobility, and his army.

The religious question, now attracting so large a share of public attention, can scarcely be judged correctly by one unfamiliar with the relative position of the Church and state in this country. The title of Greek Church is entirely inappropriate to the religious organization existing in Russia, which is without any constitution or platform of government save that which emanates from the will of the czar. The Church is governed, like the army and navy,—in fact, like the entire empire,—by the emperor alone. Its dignitaries are appointed by him, and to him they swear fealty and obedience. His will regulates their most trivial acts, and his consent is necessary for the appointment of vacant benefices. At the Holy Synod he is represented by one of his aides-de-camp, a cavalry officer, who governs the clergy under his master's direction, as he would a detachment of the army. The canonization of a saint, or the punishment of a priest, are all formally announced "by the high imperial pleasure," &c. Religious unity is one of the czar's favorite projects; and the furtherance of this design has been mainly intrusted to the police, who, it is said, succeed better than the missionaries; though the latter set forth on their expeditions with carts loaded with potatoes suited to the tastes of the unbelievers, among whom they are to labor. As the seal of their conversion, they hang a small cross about the neck, kiss a large one carried by the priest for the purpose, and are immediately baptized. Each convert is then rewarded with a bottle of brandy, a pound of tobacco, and a small sum of money. They are all ready to renew the ceremony when the proceeds of their change of faith has disappeared; and many of them have been through the process several times. In some of the Caucasian districts, the official list of baptisms is larger than the whole number of inhabitants.

The circulation of the Bible was prohibited in 1826, under severe penalties; not even a copy in Hebrew is allowed the

two millions of Jews in the empire. A fellow-countryman of mine, who spent some time in Russia, declares that a peasant who could read the Bible, or should be discovered reading or explaining it to his family, his friends, or his neighbors, would be instantly knouted and sent to Siberia. The catechism for children commands them to love the czar before God; and the *Credo* commences, "I believe in God in heaven, and the czar on earth." Two-thirds of the Russian ritual is occupied with prayers for the imperial family.

The priesthood is a powerful instrument in the hands of the government for keeping the people in degrading ignorance and superstition; but, above all, for teaching them a wholesome fear of the czar, notwithstanding the reluctance with which it is acknowledged. The English and American missionaries have been producing really wonderful effects upon the Armenian and Greek Churches; the Scriptures have been circulated among them to an almost incredible extent. The result is, that in more than forty towns and villages of Turkey, there are congregations of seceders from the Greek Church. The persecution with which they have been pursued by the ecclesiastics, drew forth the noble firman of the sultan in favor of religious toleration: this the Russian ambassador has vainly attempted to contravene by demanding, as one of the ancient rights of the Church, "the right of persecuting."

The unity of the Greek and Russian Churches is a mere fiction, assumed by the czar for political purposes, and talked of in a tone of blustering arrogance, very well calculated to mislead such as are unacquainted with the details of the question. As long ago as 1667, the Patriarchate of the Church was destroyed in Russia, and the supreme control of all ecclesiastical questions was assumed by the czar, entirely in opposition to the usage of the Byzantine Church, which is still subject to the patriarch, and still preserves the right of self-control and independent action, whatever may be the form of government under which it exists. Even the languages are dissimilar—the true Greek Church uses the Greek tongue, while the Church of the Czar (for this is its correct designation) speaks the Slavonian, which is a dead language to the nation.

The character of the priesthood also is

widely dissimilar. Many of the monks in the older Greek monasteries are men of learning and research, while the Russian are scarcely superior to the ignorant and degraded peasantry among whom they live, and by whom they are utterly despised. This fact presents another of the numerous contradictions observable in Russian character. The people are superstitious, even fanatical, in the observance of the most senseless forms and ceremonies; and yet they are entirely destitute of reverence for their ecclesiastics. They attach the utmost importance to the possession of a rude representation of the Saviour, the Virgin, or some of the few saints recognized by the Church; firmly believing, as they are taught, that the vile daubs are painted by the sacred personages caricatured upon them; and yet it is considered ominous of evil, upon leaving a house, to meet one of the priests who derives part of his scanty revenue from the sale and hire of these absurd images. Large contributions are raised from pilgrimages to churches or monasteries, which the people give as a most sacred duty and high privilege. Though the Church is entirely the tool of the government, it receives no emolument from the latter; and with all its means of exacting material aid from the faithful, the clergy are ill-paid, even in the wealthy Churches of the metropolis: so little is the profession regarded by its followers. In some years the Holy (?) Synod reports one-sixth of its clergy as convicted in the courts of justice, many of them for flagrant crimes, depriving them of their office. They are a deplorably vicious body, redeemed from the popular violence only by the sacredness of their office.

Popular education is, as a matter of course, a thing impossible in a nation whose lower stratum is made up of a serf population. The emperor has tried some experiments in the more populous parts of the empire. The districts comprising St. Petersburg, Kieff, Moscow, and Kazan, contain one hundred and ninety parochial schools, with an attendance of between sixteen and seventeen thousand pupils.

Such are a few retrospective glances over this vast field of dominion. Of the lower classes I have already said enough; let us turn to the Principalities, and the land of the Sultan.

The National Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Mormons—Correspondents—Preaching for the Times—D. D.'s—Geese, Cats, and Bachelors—Sulckes—The Contraction *etc.*—Remnant of Popery—Was Queen Elizabeth dark or fair?—Colt in the Caucasus—Effect of Fear—Cost of War—Baulcy's Discovery of the Ruins of the Cities of the Plain—Eloquence of Chatham—Channing—Gray's Elegy—A Terrible Wound of the Imagination—Immigration—Long-winded—Macaulay—Noble Minds.

We give, in our present Number, a valuable original article on the *Mormons*, correcting, in important respects, the paper in our June Number on the same subject. If the writer's statements, respecting the treatment of the Mormons by their neighbors, in Illinois, are correct, (and he is certainly a good authority,) the public opinion has erred egregiously. We are happy to be the vehicle of better information. Some valuable and new estimates of Mormonism are presented in this communication; the reader will find it well worthy of his attention, notwithstanding some unnecessary severities which still remain after our endeavors to prune them.

CORRESPONDENTS will please bear in mind that we go to press at least a month before our date; communications, therefore, must sometimes remain on hand for weeks before they can be inserted, and even after this delay, some articles must be still longer postponed, if we would not have too many of the same or similar kind inserted at once. We must plead an old maxim of the highest authority: "Let patience have its perfect work."

In our article on President Wayland's views of the Preaching for the Times, reference is made to the usefulness of lay ecclesiastical laborers in Ireland, and to proposals for something of the kind in England. The day after we had written that article, the *New-York Tribune* contained a letter from England, in which occurs the following passage:—

"Meantime the bishops—it is nearly time—have begun to see the necessity for adapting the services of the Church and her agencies to the condition and wants of the population. A report has been presented to Convocation, and which is to be, by the queen's permission, laid before parliament, recommending the shortening of some of the Church services, and the employment of agency to meet the wants of the population, especially in the densely peopled manufacturing towns. The Roman Catholic Church has an endless and unlimited set of agencies, male and female, for carrying religious instruction and ministrations, which the clergy cannot overtake, to the homes of the people; and the Anglican clergy begin to think it full time that they had something of the same sort. In Ireland, there is much of this agency—missionaries, Scripture-readers, and catechists; but their labors are directed to the Roman Catholics. This, of course, the priests do not like—warn the people against them from the altars, and they are often insulted and ill-treated by fellows who rejoice in the opportunity, though they are often made to pay for it by the law. But in England, there is a wide field, and a legitimate one, the judicious cultivation of which might be productive of the happiest social and moral results."

The chief objections, so far as we have observed them, against Dr. Wayland's views, are that such an employment of uncultivated laymen in the labors of the ministry would be incom-

patible with its professional responsibilities and dignity; and, secondly, that it would lead to dangerous theological crudities and heresies. We should have noticed these objections in our article, had we not prolonged it already to too great a length. We are tempted here to refer to them a moment.

No one is more ready than we are to admit the scientific claims of the profession. Philology, psychology, Biblical criticism, ethics—the most profound departments of scientific inquiry—are at its very basis. We would not degrade it from this dignity. Though the Scriptures nowhere adopt scientific forms, and the apostles and first preachers of Christianity perhaps never used them, and scarcely ever attempted technical definitions of theological subjects, yet their legitimacy is as unquestionable as in the natural sciences. Nature and religion are analogous in this respect. Nature presents no scientific formulæ; the physicist observes the phenomena of the vegetable world, in their lavish confusion, and reduces them to scientific arrangement, forming botany; in the same manner his observations of the mineral world give rise to mineralogy, of the structure of the earth to geology, &c. The revelations of Scripture, designed for popular use and assuming no technical forms or terms, nevertheless, like the works of their great Author, in nature, admit of scientific classification and discussion. Scientific theology is then legitimate; we not only admit it—we contend for it. But does the fact imply that only professional or trained men are competent for the labors of the ministry? As well might you contend that botanists are alone fitted for the labors of agriculture. The scientific farmer has, doubtless, advantages over his uneducated neighbor, and it would be well if all agriculturists were trained to the highest learning of their business. But not for ages, if ever, will the world get its bread by hands of such skill. It would starve were all others to be excluded from the art. Now we affirm that the ministerial office is analogous, and that while learned ability should ever be sustained in it, even to the utmost, the aggregate of its labors and also of its results must be in the hands of practical, unlearned workmen, and that this fact need not detract from the dignity which scholarship and genius may give the profession. We think it will rather enhance their estimation by giving them a more distinct relative importance.

There are professions which are so essentially scientific, or at least technical, as not to admit of this accommodation. The law is such; no man, not educated to it, could successfully manage its cases—we do not say, however, that this is not the fault of the law itself. Medicine may be placed in the same category. But it is obviously otherwise with religion—religion, which, like agriculture, as in the above illustration, has a practical range so extensive, so popular, so distinguished from its philosophical basis.

As to the second objection, both theory and practice are against it—theory, at least as we hold in this country, and, as the tendency of the age implies, in all countries. The doctrine of the safety, nay of the superior safety of the popular judgment, is fundamental in the civilization of the age. We popularize legislation,

the arts, literature, everything—and everything gains by the fact. Public interests are safer, left to the popular judgment; literature and the arts fare the better for being left to the genius and patronage of the people. He that would gainsay the fact must renounce the characteristic idea of the times.

And how do the facts of the case qualify the theory? Is it not found that the Church is both most stable and most powerful where its labors and responsibilities are most popular? Take the two denominations which have most largely adopted a popular ministry—that is, a lay ministry—in this country, the Baptists and Methodists. We venture the assertion, that no others in the land are at this moment more consolidated and more vigorous. Methodism, from its Arminianism, has been liable, in the estimation of its religious neighbors, to Socinian results. But it has stood more than a hundred years, with a ministry almost entirely untrained (at least by the usual process) and rife with popular elements, and yet has scarcely had an instance of serious aberration from its theological orthodoxy. No cotemporary religious body has more rigidly and yet spontaneously maintained its theological rectitude. This, to be sure, will not be to its credit, in the estimation of “liberalists” and “progressionists;” but it is not the less to the purpose of our argument.

We contend then for Dr. Wayland's views of the subject, despite the comments of some of our esteemed cotemporaries. Those views are sound theoretically, and, as we have shown, they are indispensable practically. It is our sober judgment that Protestant Christianity cannot sustain its coming conflicts—the conflicts, as Dr. Wayland says, of the next generation—without an *improvement in this respect, amounting to a revolution*, and with such an improvement it will probably decide, in the next generation, the religious destiny of the world.

DOCTORS OF DIVINITY.—The Chevalier Bunsen, though a civilian and a diplomat, is a Doctor of Divinity. The well-known Dr. Kitto is a layman, though the leading writer in sacred literature now in England. The celebrated theologian, Michaelis, was a lay D. D. Laymen are not excluded from divinity professorships at Cambridge, England. D. D. is given in Germany to laymen: Dr. Kitto obtained his there. The example may not be unworthy of attention in this country. If followed here, it would tend to restore the title to its legitimate use, as it is not probable that laymen would receive it without a legitimate title to it.

GESE, CATS, AND BACHELORS.—The following paragraph is published in the regular report of the late proceedings of the Connecticut Legislature:—

“Bill to tax geese, cats, and bachelors, taken up. Mr. Harrison was opposed to the provision taxing bachelors. There was a tax laid already upon the geese, and any man who had lived twenty-five years without being married, could be taxed under that section. The bill was indefinitely postponed.”

An unusual and alarming number of suicides are reported in France, many of them resulting from the most trivial causes. Among the most distressing have been those of a young lady of

singular beauty, and of excellent family, who, in consequence of the unhappiness caused by the preference of her father and step-mother to her half-sister, drowned herself in the Seine; and of a Prussian officer, who, being seized with deafness which medical skill failed to remove, blew out his brains in a box at the opera. Among the working classes, this frightful mania has increased, within a short period, to a terrible amount, and the public journals are daily filled with the accounts of these melancholy events—occurring principally among young persons, sometimes almost children, of both sexes; love disappointments, reverses of fortune, family quarrels, sometimes merely an apparently causeless discouragement and disgust of life, all lead to these catastrophes; and drowning, suffocation, and the pistol are resorted to as the cure for evils which a moderate amount of religious feeling and common fortitude would lighten and render endurable, if not dispel.

The contraction *viz.* is a curious instance of the universality of arbitrary signs. There are few people now who do not readily comprehend the meaning of that useful particle; a certain publican excepted, who, being furnished with a list of the requirements of a festival in which the word appeared, apologized for the omission of one of the items enumerated; he informed the company that he had inquired throughout the town for some *viz.*, but he had not been able to procure it. He was, however, readily excused for his inability to do so. *Viz.* being a corruption of *videlicet*, the termination sign 3 was never intended to represent the letter “s,” but simply a mark or sign of abbreviation. It is now always written and expressed as a “s,” and will doubtless continue to be so. This is one of many arbitrary modes of expression, the use of which is known to many, and few desire to know how they became invented.

REMNANT OF POPERY.—A descendant of the Wesleyan family is at present “confessor” to the royal household of England. D'Irancell, in his *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*, describing the difficulties which Elizabeth and James had to contend with in relation to their Catholic subjects, says:—

“So obscure, so cautious, and so undetermined were the first steps to withdraw from the ancient Papistical customs, that Elizabeth would not forgive a bishop for marrying; and arduous confession, however condemned as a point of Popery, was still adhered to by many. Bishop Andrews would loiter in the aisles of St. Paul's to afford his spiritual comfort to the unburtheners of their conscience.”

And he then adds this note:—

“This last remains of Popery may still be traced among us; for, since the days of our Eighth Henry, the place of confessor to the royal household has never been abolished.”

A correspondent of the *London Notes and Queries* asks—“Is the office still in existence? and if so, who holds it, and by whom is the confessor appointed? Of course, I do not suppose that our queen maintains a Roman Catholic confessor; but is the office still retained in the same manner as that of the Abbot of Westminster, referred to in one of Cardinal Wiseman's Pastorals?”

To these queries the editor of the *Notes and Queries* replies:—

"The office is connected with the chapel royal, St. James's, and is at present held by Dr. Charles Wesley, who is also sub-dean. The appointment is by the Dean of the Chapel Royal, the Bishop of London. The confessor (sometimes called chaplain) officiates at the early morning prayers, so punctually attended by the late Duke of Wallington."

WAS QUEEN ELIZABETH DARK OR FAIR?—An English periodical put this question some time ago to the curious in historical matters. A correspondent, in reply, quotes the following picture of the celebrated queen from a rare old book, Sir John Hayward's *Annals of the First Four Years of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*:—

"Shee was a lady upon whom nature had bestowed, and well placed, many of her fayrest favors: of stature meane, slender, streight, and amably composed; of such state in her carriage, as every motion of her seemed to beare majesty; her haire was inclined to pale yellow, her foreheade large and faire, and seeming seat for princely grace; her eyes lively and sweete, but short-sighted; her nose somewhat rising in the midst. The whole compasse of her countenance somewhat long, but yet of admirable beauty; not so much in that which is termed the flower of youth, as in a most delightful compositione of majesty and modesty in equall mixture. . . . Her vertues were such as might suffice to make an *Ethiopian* beautifull: which, the more man knows and understands, the more he shall love and admire. Shee was of divine witt, as well for depth of judgment, as for quick conceits and speedy expeditione; of eloquence, as sweet in the utterance, soe ready and easy to come to the utterance; of wonderful knowledge, both in learning and affayres; skillfull not only in Latine and Greeke, but alsoe in divers foraigne languages."

COLT IN THE CAUCASUS.—An Eastern traveler tells a good story of Colt's pistol. In Daghestan, a young Lesghian chief, being severely wounded during one of the frequent razzias of the Russians, took refuge on a ruined salki, in order to apply bandages to his wounds. While thus employed, he was discovered by a party of twelve dismounted dragoons, who immediately gave chase on his taking flight. Being fleet of foot, for a short while he outran them, during which time, such of them as had their carbines loaded, fired at him ineffectually. Having crossed one of the flexible bridges, common in that country, and which was over a rapid torrent at the foot of a mountain, the fugitive, finding himself unable to proceed much farther, and having time to put his arms in order, stood at bay under a projecting rock. With yells of delight, and uplifted sabres, the Russians approached the bridge. The foremost nearing him cried, "Yield, dog!" "Not while I have twelve lives at my girdle," cried the undaunted mountaineer. The Russians in the rear laughed loudly at the boast; but he in advance fell dead, pierced through and through by a bullet, nearly at the feet of the Lesghian. The second soldier stumbled over his dead comrade, and, as he rose, received a shot which caused him to fall severely wounded. The next, seeing the same weapon, which had twice been discharged, still pointed, rushed on; but to the surprise of the Russians, a third shot was fired at him: untouched, however, he was about to cut down the Lesghian, when a fourth discharge scattered his brains on the rocky parapet, and his lifeless body tumbled in the torrent beneath. Three of the Russians had now fallen. "What demon pistol is this,

that speaks so often?" cried the survivors to each other. The Lesghian stood firm, merely folding his pelisse of sheep-skin round his left arm ready to receive a blow, a precaution not unneeded, since now two Russians abreast were on the point of assailing him. Certain of their prey, these advanced more cautiously than their predecessors. This time two deliberate shots brought them down right and left; each fell pierced near the region of the heart. The remaining soldiers were amazed. The Lesghian, faint with loss of blood, and feeling his strength fast ebbing, now drew forth another pistol, a movement unobserved by the enemy, and rapidly fired three shots at the group of Russians, some fifty yards distant at the other end of the bridge. Owing to his light being now dim, only one shot took effect, wounding one of the dragoons in the shoulder. "Let us fly," they cried; "it is the Evil Spirit of the mountains—he would kill our whole army." Accordingly, they precipitately fled, just as the Lesghian sank down exhausted at the foot of the rock. At a distance they ventured to look back. "It hath vanished in the mist," cried the superstitious Muscovites. The Lesghian chief was succored by some of his own people, and ere long recovered from his hurt, as did the wounded Russian. At his bridal feast, some four months after, the pistols, which were a pair of Colt's revolvers, and were a gift from an American traveler, Captain K—, to the youthful hero of the Caucasus, were handed round amid the general benedictions of the party. The bride is said even to have kissed them, saying, "Ah! me Dehemit, were all the brave Circassians armed like thee, there would not be so many tearful maidens and bereaved widows in Daghestan."

EFFECT OF FEAR.—Boachet, a French author, of the sixteenth century, states that the physicians at Montpellier, which was then a great school of medicine, had every year two criminals, the one living the other dead, delivered to them for dissection. He relates that on one occasion they tried what effect the mere expectation of death would produce upon a subject in perfect health, and in order to this experiment they told the gentleman (for such was his rank) who was placed at their discretion, that as the easiest mode of taking away his life, they would employ the means which Seneca had chosen for himself, and would therefore open his veins in warm water. Accordingly they covered his face, pinched his feet, without lancing them, and set them in a foot-bath, and then spoke to each other as if they saw that the blood was flowing freely, and life departing with it. The man remained motionless; and when, after a while, they uncovered his face, they found him dead.

COST OF WAR.—The Government of Great Britain spent in the last four years of the war with France the following sums:—In 1812, \$517,107,690; in 1813, \$604,763,285; in 1814, \$584,219,445; in 1815, 582,456,255. The expenditure during the war, from 1803 to 1815 inclusive, was \$5,798,646,280. This expenditure would have sufficed to supply all England with schools, churches,

hospitals, museums, and every other public institution of the highest civilization, and to have endowed them all forever! The expenses of the present European struggle will probably be sufficient to do the same for all Europe! What an infernal drawback on humanity, then, is war!

De Sauley's discovery of the ruins of the "Cities of the Plain," excited no little interest throughout the civilized world a few months since. M. Van de Velde was induced to visit the locality, in order to verify the alleged fact. He has published two heavy volumes which will effectually allay the excited curiosity of the learned on the subject. M. Van de Velde says:

"The plain exhibits an extent of gravel, chiefly of a gray color, diversified occasionally by rows of large stones, which generally run parallel to each other. Between these rows of stones grow various shrubs, such as are proper to this locality, especially one kind which bears a great resemblance to the tamarisk, but which, on closer examination, indicates a different botanical affinity. M. de Sauley crossed this plain twice, once from north to south along the sea-shore, and afterward from the north corner of the Salt Mountain to the Wadi Zuweira. Here he gets quite excited. Without doubt this is the plain of Sodom, and the rows of stones are the remains of the city walls, and who knows what more! How little observation, thought I, is necessary to recognize, in these rows of stones among the gravel and in the rich vegetation, the course of torrents which in the winter time sweep down from the mountain gorges and overflow the plain! Nothing is clearer than this. Any one who has ever seen the dry course of a river in the desert has no difficulty in here tracing the different beds of the numerous streams, which during the rainy season wind through this plain. But what will not imagination do? We followed in the footsteps of M. de Sauley to Jebel Udum. Accidentally we were kept for a considerable time on the north side of this mountain. One of our Bedouins, who knew well that we should have that day a very long journey, being ill, and so not feeling himself in a condition to accomplish it, attempted to conduct us by the east side of the Salt Mountain. At first I did not see through his design; but, as we came nearer to the mountain and began to have it on our left, his object could be no longer hid. My guides now swore with all sorts of oaths that there was no way to the west of the Salt Mountain; but you may easily understand that their oaths did not weigh much with me, and when they saw at last that I kept to my point, they gave way with the usual 'Insh-Allah.' This circumstance meanwhile caused me to make a double march along the north side of the mountain, and I became thus fully convinced that whatever there may be on the plain, ruins there are not. That M. de Sauley should have found here not only the remains of buildings and cities, but positively those of Sodom, I declare I cannot attribute to any other source than the creation of his fancy."

Thus, then, it seems that the eager Frenchman mistook the beds of streams for the foundations of cities. Some of the English critics, however, seem indisposed to credit fully the observations of Van de Velde. The question is considered still an open one.

ELOQUENCE OF CHATHAM.—The remains of the eloquence of Chatham show it to have been of rare power, and its results prove still more its greatness. His power over parliament and the government was the proudest example of the despotism of talent to be found in the records of English statesmanship. His eloquent voice seemed to dominate over Europe itself, and to pronounce its destinies. His cotemporaries speak of his strength in debate as altogether marvelous—as sublime. A London paper gives, from manuscript, a recently discovered letter of the famous Lord Littleton, the supposed Junius,

in which he speaks as follows of Chatham's eloquence:—

"I have neither the gravity nor the importance of character necessary to govern in these wild and unruly times, and am sorry that with the Earl of Chatham died the genius of England. The majesty of his mind overawed everything. The world was silent before him. He alone intimidated the house of Bourbon, and so great was the terror of his name that the very year he died, on a report prevailing in France that he was to be again minister of England, the French immediately marched twenty battalions down to the coast, transported heavy cannon post to Brest, and seized all the peasants from the plow to assist in repairing the fortifications of the towns they imagined Lord Chatham would begin his administration by invading. When they found the rumor was false, they desisted from their works, marched their troops back to their garrisons, and thought Brest strong enough to repel the fleet of England, though too weak to resist the genius of William Pitt. This wonderful man was not less dreaded at home. I remember when, after an absence of two years, he came down to the House of Commons without any man's knowing his intentions, and knocked up by a single speech a whole administration. His invectives were terrible denunciations of vengeance, and accompanied as they were with an eye that shot pernicious fire into the heart of his opponents. They had a preternatural effect upon men. Hume Campbell, brother to Lord Marchmont, a cold, steady, interested Scotchman, (who disregarded words as much as any man,) was so scared by him in the House of Commons that he was suddenly seized, while Mr. Pitt was speaking, with a violent shivering fit, went home in a high fever, and died in a week afterward. I will stop here, for I am insensibly going on to something like memoirs of Lord Chatham. He sleeps now, but the poet's lyre is awake. It is in your hand, my good friend. Sound then the strings, celebrate his praise, and contrast the magnitude of his mind to the poor pusillanimity of modern statesmen, to the corruption of modern parliaments, and to the base Italian code of modern policy."

Just such a man, imperial, yes, and imperious too, with talent, do we need at this day in our own national legislature to rebuke and defy the insolent mediocrity or rather inferiority, which by substituting audacity for ability and billingsgate for eloquence, has degraded the national capital into a political kennel.

CHANNING, though himself grave if not morbid, had wholesome views of life. God, he says, who gave us our nature—who has constituted body and minds incapable of continued effort—who has implanted a strong desire for recreation after labor—who has made us for smiles much more than tears—who made laughter the most contagious of all sounds—whose Son hallowed a marriage feast by his presence and sympathy—who has sent the child from his creating hand to develop its nature by active sports, and who has endowed both young and old with a keen susceptibility of enjoyment from wit and humor—He who has thus formed us, cannot have intended us for a dull life, and cannot frown on pleasures which solace our fatigue and refresh our spirits for coming toils.

GRAY'S ELEGY.—The original MS. of this immortal poem was sold at auction in London lately. At a former sale (1845) it was purchased, together with the "Odes," by a Mr. Penn. He gave \$500 for the Elegy alone. He was proud, says the *London Athenaeum*, of his purchase—so proud, indeed, that binders were employed to inlay them on fine paper, bind them up in volumes of richly-tooled olive morocco, with silk linings, and finally inclose each volume in a case of plain purple morocco.

The order was carefully carried out, and the volumes were deposited at Stoke Pogis in the great house adjoining the grave of Gray. The MS. of the Elegy is full of verbal alterations,—it is the only copy known to exist—and is evidently Gray's first grouping together of the stanzas as a whole. As the "Elegy" is known by heart to nearly every Englishman, and we believe American, we shall give some of the readings. The established text we print in Roman type, the MS. readings in italics:—

Of such as wandering near her midnight bower

stray too
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep

village
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
Forever sleep: the breezy call of
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn
Or chanticleer so shrill or
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share

coming
Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
doubtful

Their homely joys

rustic
Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
Forget, ye proud, th' involuntary fault
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust

awake
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage
had damp'd
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,

Some Cromwell

Caesar
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd

struggling
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way

silent
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires
And buried ashes glow with social
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
With hasty footsteps brush
There at the foot of yonder nodding beech

oft
Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn
spreading
With gestures quaint
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove

fond conceits he went to
Along the heath and near his favorite tree
By the heath side
The next with dirges due in sad array

meet
Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn

wrote
Carved
Large was his bounty and his soul sincere

heart
Or drew his frailties from their dread abode
Nor seek to draw them
There they alike in trembling hope repose
His frailties there

Here is the art of word-painting carried to perfection. Who does not feel with Waller?—

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.

A TERRIBLE WOUND—OF THE IMAGINATION.—Dr. Noble, in an analytic lecture at Manchester, England, "On the Dynamic Influence of Ideas," told a good anecdote of M. Boutibouze, a French *esquisse*, in illustration of the power of imagination. M. Boutibouze served in Napoleon's army, and was present at many engagements during the early part of last century. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was engaged in the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket, he was shot down by a cannon ball. His impression was, that the ball had passed

through his legs below his knees, separating them from the thighs; for he suddenly sank down, shortened, as he believed, to the extent of about a foot in measurement. The trunk of the body fell backward on the ground, and the senses were completely paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay motionless among the wounded and dead during the rest of the night, not daring to move a muscle, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. He felt no pain, but this he attributed to the stanning effect of the shock to the brain and nervous system. At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came round to help the wounded: "What's the matter with you, my good fellow?" said the surgeon. "Ah! touch me tenderly," replied M. Boutibouze, "I beseech you; a cannon ball has carried off my legs." The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then giving him a good shake, said, with a joyous laugh, "Get up with you—you have nothing the matter with you." M. Boutibouze immediately sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he thought he had lost forever. "I felt more thankful," said M. Boutibouze, "than I had ever done in the whole course of my life before. I had not a wound about me. I had, indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon ball; but instead of passing through the legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet, and had plowed a hole in the earth beneath, at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs." The truth of this story is vouched for by Dr. Noble.

IMMIGRATION.—A statement of the immigrants arriving at this port during the four weeks commencing on the 26th of June, and ending on the 21st July, inclusive, as taken from the reports of the Custom-House officer, has been published by the *Times*. From this it appears that the total number which arrived was 26,778—an average of 6,698½ per week, or nearly one thousand (956-5-28) per day. Thus Europe continues to pour in upon us, and in numbers which hardly admit of being rated. The calculations in our late editorial, entitled "Look at the Facts," fall altogether short of the actual facts. What will become of this land in a hundred years from to-day, unless our provisions for education and religion are vastly augmented beyond their present ratio?

LONG-WINDED.—An exchange quotes the following lucid, concise, terse sentence, (for it is all one sentence,) from the *Richmond Inquirer*. The description is as remarkable, to say the least, as the thing described. The man that can read it through aloud, with only the pauses required by commas, would deserve the diamond as his reward:—

"A short time since, Mr. Benjamin Moore, a worthy, industrious, hard-working resident of Manchester, opposite this city, while digging and removing from one of the recently laid out public streets a few cart-loads of hitherto undisturbed alluvium, for James Fisher, Esq., of that town, was so fortunate as to discover in the ferruginous clay or earth, about two feet below the surface, near several water-worn round pieces of secondary sand-stone, what, at the time, he supposed to be simply a very pretty fragment of sparkling, trans-

parent glass, but which, in reality, is a truly beautiful and valuable diamond, weighing eighteen and three-quarter carats, or seventy-five grains, measuring from extreme point to point rather above seven lines, and worthy of being styled a Nonpareil, if not an Om-ni-noor. (*sum of light*.) not only because it is by far the largest ever found on the continent of North America, but more especially on account of its superior limpidness, which is nearly perfect, with the exception of a slight greenish tinge and a partial chafancy, arising from the salient edges of its apparently infinite number of laminae, and in part, perhaps, attributable to the multiplicity of minute striae, curvilinear, and straight lines, and the miniature graven equilateral triangles that embellish its surface, and most emphatically 'show exertions of power divine.'

Such specimens of the "high-fellutin" are frequent in our exchanges. A writer in *The Laurensville* (S. C.) *Herald*, lately attended the examination of a female school in Laurens District, and was so completely enraptured with all he saw and heard, that he breaks forth in the following strain:—

"At ten o'clock the procession was formed, all uniformed with white dresses, and hedges of blue ribbon, the tallest in front, and so on alternately to the last—*looked grand in the sublimest degree. Like to the highest pinnacles of the Alps, decorated and adorned with heaven's beautiful robe of white, unrounded by its lesser points of notoriety, dedecked in all the magnificence of a snow-crowned mountain.* And as they proceeded, the mellifluous sounds of the sweet and consonant violin and flute caused the very hills and dales to echo and reëcho; and if there should

have been any monotony, these, our fellow-countrymen and friends to humanity, were ever ready to drive away dull care by their pleasing variations, in striking their lyre to the ever-pleasing tune 'I'll hang my harp on the willow-tree.'"

MACAULAY.—Mrs. Stowe says, in her "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands:—"—

"Macaulay's whole physique gives you the impression of great strength and stamina of constitution. He has the kind of frame which we usually imagine is peculiarly English: short, stout, and firmly knit. There is something hearty in all his demonstrations. He speaks in that full, round, rolling voice, deep from the chest, which we also conceive of as being more common in England than America. As to his conversation, it is just like his writing; that is to say, it shows very strongly the same qualities of mind. I was informed that he is famous for a most uncommon memory; one of those men to whom it seems impossible to forget anything once read; and he has read all sorts of things that can be thought of, in all languages. A gentleman told me that he could repeat all the old Newgate literature, hanging ballads, last speeches, and dying confessions; while his knowledge of Milton is so accurate, that, if his poems were blotted out of existence, they might be restored simply from his memory."

NOBLE MINDS.—The noblest spirits are those which turn to heaven, not in the hour of distress, but in that of joy; like the lark, they wait for the clouds to disperse, to soar up into their natural element.

Book Notices.

Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands—Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad—Puddleford and its People—History of Cuba—James Baird—Bohn's Serials—The Youth of Jefferson—Fifty Years in both Hemispheres—Florence Egerton—Fruits and Farnaces the Proper Food for Man.

Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands* have evidently not disappointed her readers—they sell well, we are informed. The English press is apparently in delight with them, and they meet a uniformly good verdict from our own critics. We pledge our readers a treat in reading these two volumes; albeit we cannot vouch for the engraved illustrations—they might have been printed better. Professedly partial as Mrs. Stowe's Sketches are, they are nevertheless exceedingly instructive as well as entertaining—the shrewd observations of a sagacious and suggestive mind. Most of the literary and philanthropic notabilities of England figure in them, as usual in such books. *Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.*

Ellihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," has issued a volume of *Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad*. It is introduced with a Memoir, by Mary Howitt, that good-hearted Quakeress, whose sympathies never fail her literary compeers. The contents of the volume are very various and fragmentary, being chiefly selections from the occasional writings of Mr. Burritt. A good portrait illustrates the book. *Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

The humorous Sketches of Western Life, published in the *Knickerbocker*, under the

title of *Puddleford and its People*, have been issued by Mr. Hueston, in one volume, with several exceedingly well-designed illustrations. The work is from the pen of N. A. Riley. Its pictures are of the grotesque-satiric class, overdone occasionally, but full of genuine humor.

Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, have published the *History of Cuba; or, Notes of a Traveller in the Tropics*, from the pen of Mr. M. M. Ballou. It comprises a well-prepared outline of the history of the island, relieved by entertaining sketches of its scenery and society. The pending questions respecting this important island will give unusual interest to Mr. Ballou's volume. It is a good authority for reference, as well as an attractive narrative.

James Baird; or, The Basket-maker's Son, is the title of a handsome little volume for the youngsters of the household; showing them the advantages of early virtue, as illustrated in a personal narrative. The story is well told, and embellished by several fine engravings. *Curtis & Phillips, New-York.*

We are indebted to *Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York*, for another batch of Bohn's serial volumes, comprising: First, *India, Pictorial and Historical*—a well-written narrative extending from the earliest date of East Indian history to our own times, and founded mostly upon the well-known work of Miss Correr. The engravings amount to nearly one hundred, and are finely done. Second, *The Miscellaneous Works of De-*

for, with prefaces and notes, including those of Walter Scott. The present volume contains Captain Singleton and Colonel Jack. A very fine portrait embellishes it. Third, Devey's new work on *Logic*; or, *the Science of Inference*, a manual designed for popular use, but singularly able. It is a systematized view of the principles of evidence and the methods of inference in the various departments of human knowledge. Lastly comes another example of the classical series—a volume of *Erotica*, including Petronius, Propertius, and others, works of which the least said the better. Such illustrations of ancient morals have their value no doubt, though a melancholy one; but their literal translation for popular use is a crime against good morals, and in the present instance would be indictable by the English laws against demoralizing publications.

The Youth of Jefferson is a chronicle of college scrapes at Williamsburgh, Va., not worth the reading. It is quite a contrast to the usual sterling issues of *Redfield*, its publisher.

One of the most attractive books of the year is unquestionably the translation from the German, of *Fifty Years in both Hemispheres*; or, *Reminiscences of the Life of a Former Merchant*. It is the autobiography of Vincent Nolte, late of New-Orleans. He is one of the most "remarkable men of the age." His narrative

extends over about seventy years, and some way or other connects him with most of the great events and great men of that long period. The amount of real information, useful and amusing, in the book, is immense, and it is thoroughly readable; but it is too marvelous to be true in all respects, and the writer's waywardness of life characterizes his pen.

Carter & Brothers have issued a very handsome volume from the pen of the author of "Clara Stanley," entitled *Florence Elgerton: or, Sunshine and Shadow*. It is a spirited narrative of the personal career of a young girl, illustrating some of the most important moral lessons of every-day life—finely embellished with engravings and neatly printed.

One of the ablest treatises we have yet met, in the "vegetarian" controversy, has been recently issued by *Fowlers & Wells*, New-York. It is entitled *Fruits and Farinacea the Proper Food of Man*, by John Smith, (the veritable man,) with notes and illustrations by Dr. Trall. It attempts to prove from history, anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, that the original, natural, and therefore best diet of man is derived from the vegetable kingdom. Our stomach proves to us the contrary; yet we give credit to the able author, and his still more able commentator, for having made out a "tremendous strong case" against us.

LITERARY RECORD.

North-Western University—Periodical Literature—Uncle Tom and the Lamp-lighter—Literary Festoons—Prescott's New Work—An Old Printer—Gabriele Rosetti—Prescott's History of Philip II.—Benton's Thirty Years in the United States Senate—Alison's History of Europe—Book-publishing in England—Fanny Fern's Leaves—Asbury University—Hamboldt—Education in New-Hampshire—George Sand—Literature in France.

THE North-Western University, near Chicago, promises to be one of the most commanding literary institutions of the country. Its financial basis is large and substantial: the trustees report about \$250,000 already provided; nearly \$150,000 of which is in real estate; and they propose to extend the endowment to half a million. A Biblical Institute, on the University premises, but on a distinct financial basis, has already more than \$100,000 pledged to it. The trustees of the University, at their last meeting, elected Rev. Messrs. W. D. Godman, U. S. Noyes, and A. Stevens, professors. Other professors are soon to be chosen. How far the services of those already announced may be contingent has not been stated; but we doubt not that an institution of such substantial promise can command all desirable ability. Rev. Dr. Hinman, whose labors in founding the institution have been indefatigable, is its president. Its scheme of instruction is comprehensive, and strikes us as devised with much wisdom. It includes the principal features of the new course of Brown University—that is, in other words, the best

points of the European method. It is thus stated by the trustees:—

1. A Classical Course of four years.
2. An Elective Course of four years.
3. A Scientific Course of four years.

The Classical Course and the knowledge necessary for admission to it, will be fully equal to that of any of the older colleges in the country, not excepting Yale or Harvard.

The Elective Course of four years will allow of selections from a prescribed range of studies, on a plan similar to that recently adopted at Brown University and the University of Virginia. The same acquisitions will be necessary for admission as in the Classical Course, and no degree will be conferred without a full equivalent to the latter. It will be made the heaviest single course in the University.

The Scientific Course will embrace four full years, and in a portion of its studies will be parallel with the Classical Course. It is designed to impart a more extensive knowledge of the English language and literature, of mathematics and the natural sciences, and chemistry, together with a more practical application of the latter to agriculture and the industrial arts than is usual in most colleges.

Students, who are not candidates for a degree, or their parents or guardians for them, will be permitted to select such studies as taste and utility may dictate, or the designs of the future life require. With this privilege, the student may study what he chooses, and for a longer or shorter period as he chooses, provided he is prepared to enter the college classes of the studies selected, and is not idle on the one hand, nor too grasping on the other, and secures a complete knowledge of the branches selected before entering upon others.

To secure a degree in both the Classical and Scientific courses will require at least six years of ordinary college study after matriculation; nevertheless, the qualification of the student, and not the length of time

spent in the University, shall be the standard for a degree in either. After the University is fully organized, students will be admitted to advanced standing from other colleges on the usual conditions.

The following is the arrangement of professorships in the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts:—

1. A Professorship of Moral Philosophy and Logic.
2. A Professorship of Intellectual Philosophy, Political Economy, and the Philosophy of History.
3. A Professorship of Rhetoric and English Literature.
4. A Professorship of Mathematics.
5. A Professorship of Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Civil Engineering, and kindred studies.
6. A Professorship of the Greek Language and Literature.
7. A Professorship of the Latin Language and Literature.
8. A Professorship of Chemistry and its Application to Agriculture and the Arts.
9. A Professorship of Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, Zoology, and kindred studies.
10. A Professorship of German, French, and other Modern Languages and Literature.
11. A Professorship of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages and Literature.
12. A Professorship of the Fine Arts and Arts of Design.
13. A Professorship of Didactics—Physical Education, and Hygiene.
14. A Professorship of Natural History, Comparative Anatomy, and Physiology.

The publication of the "Penny Magazine," and of "Chambers' Journal," in 1832, was concurrent with a general increase in the demand for periodical works. At the end of 1831 there were issued 177 monthly publications, a single copy of which cost £17 12s. 6d. At the end of 1843 there were 236 monthly periodicals, a single copy of which cost £23 3s. 6d. At the end of 1853 there were 362 of the same monthly class, a single copy of which cost £14 17s. 6d. In 1831 the average price of the monthly periodicals was 2s.; in 1833, 1s. 11½d.; and in 1853, 9½d. Can there be any doubt of the adaptation of periodical literature, during these years, to the wondrous extension of readers in England? The literature and engravings of the "Penny Cyclopaedia" cost \$210,000, but the speculation involved an enormous loss. It had been calculated that there would have been forty thousand purchasers, in which case the sale would have been remunerative. But one great defect was, that the publication extended over eleven years, during which interval the sale dwindled from fifty thousand to twenty thousand! Periodicals of a great run have all had a downfall in England.

The *New Quarterly Review* (London) places the "Lamp-lighter" as high as "Uncle Tom." It says the former is full of American "vulgarisms." Neither work gets much credit from this able journal.

A sum of £1,200 sterling, annually allotted by the British government for the purpose of literary pensions, has this year been bestowed as follows:—£100 a year to Sir Francis Head; £100 to Mrs. Moir, widow of "Delta," of *Blackwood's Magazine*; £100 to Alaric A. Watts; £100 to Dr. Hincks, antiquarian; £100 to daughters of Joseph Tucker, a Surveyor in the Navy, (not known in literature;) £80 to Rev. William Hickey, "Martin Doyle;" £100 to the widow of Sir Harris Nicolas; £50 to the widow of Dr. Glen, missionary; £100 to the widow of Oliver Lang, Surveyor in the Navy, (not known in literature;) £50 to the widow and daughters

of Joseph Train, antiquarian; £80 to the daughters of Dr. Macgillivray, naturalist; £50 to the widow of James Hogg, "Ettrick Shepherd;" £40 to the daughters of James Kenny, periodical litterateur; and £50 to Mrs. Lee, widow of Bowditch, the African traveler.

Prescott's New Work.—We are happy to learn, from the *Boston Transcript*, that William H. Prescott has finished the second volume of his "History of Philip the Second," a work to which he has devoted himself for several years, and which, as the composition of his ripest powers, will doubtless prove to be his *chef d'œuvre*. The two volumes already completed will be sent to the press at once, and be published in the course of the autumn. The remaining volumes will be published separately, at intervals of about two years, and the whole work will probably embrace six volumes—not too many for so great and complex a subject.

An Old Printer.—M. Barth, printer of Breslaw, celebrated the present year the 350th anniversary of the first book printed in his establishment. This book is a German legend of some rank, and appeared in 1504. M. Barth's printing-office is the oldest in Europe, and has been for 350 years uninterruptedly in the hands of his ancestors and himself.

Gabriele Rosetti, one of the most distinguished Italian poets and prose writers of modern times, died in exile at London recently, at an advanced age. Signor Rosetti wrote a very elaborate commentary on Dante, which was condemned by the Papal Index at Rome as a heretical book. The author was a Protestant, and a strong believer in evangelical doctrines; being blind, he dictated his poems to his daughter, who lives in exile to mourn the death of her beloved father.

The *Boston Transcript* says that Mr. Prescott has already received offers from more than one London publisher for the English copyright of his *History of Philip II.*; and it is understood that Mr. Bentley has secured it, at a price which is probably greater than has ever before been paid in England for the copyright of an American historical work, namely, *one thousand pounds a volume*. It is, therefore, not only certain that American books are read in England, but also, which unhappily cannot yet be said of English books in America—that their authors receive more substantial rewards than mere increase of reputation. The copyright will bring the distinguished author about thirty thousand dollars from Great Britain, and is the most emphatic answer yet made to the unworthy sneer of the English reviewer, who, years ago, wrote that short but bitter slander upon our country—"Who reads an American book?"

Mr. Bernstein, publisher of the *Anzeiger*, in St. Louis, is translating into German Mr. Benton's "Thirty Years in the United States Senate." He designs publishing an edition of two thousand copies.

The third volume of Alison's "History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon," &c., has appeared in England. Alison is a literary charlatan; intolerably diffuse in style, inaccurate in facts, tory in politics, personally conceited, and

narrow-minded,—his works cannot last. Such is the judgment we have repeatedly given in these columns on his historical volumes. The last *New Quarterly Review*, London, (decidedly the ablest standard of literary criticism among the British Quarterlies,) slashes him into pieces. It says :—

"The work is a scandal to modern history. Every successive volume serves only to illustrate the necessity of this judgment. A third instalment has just appeared, and, after the labor of reading it over, we lay it down with still increasing surprise. So much slovenly carelessness, gross ignorance, and offensive conceit, were never before allowed to scrawl their autographs, and call them history. Sir Archibald's instinct for blundering is too potent to be corrected by any industry in criticism. We have here all the old faults. Sir Archibald is neither industrious nor well-informed. He never strays away in search of a classical allusion, but he misconceives it when obtained, and distorts it in using it. Although he appears to have mastered the rudiments of French since we spoke to him last on that subject, his attempts to twist a French idiom into English are as amusing as ever. His geography is even worse than that taught by the Irish Education Board; for even that learned body does not, we presume, teach its scholars that Georgia is a part of Asia Minor. His references to history—we mean the great notorious facts, the bluff cliffs, high mountains, and glaring light-houses of history—are so shamefully inaccurate, that if a man were to talk as Alison writes, he would be hardly thought fit for the society of educated people. His ignorance of historical authorities is so dense, that he has actually never heard of the only original native history, and the only authentic collection of state papers, that treat of the periods he pretends to chronicle."

The critic admits these charges to be extreme, and scarcely credible; but proceeds to prove them by an overwhelming list of blunders—and pours a hail-storm of critical missiles upon the knighted historian.

From Charles Knight's "Old Printer and Modern Press," we learn that, in 1853, there were three times as many books published in England, as in 1828; that the comparative increase in the number of volumes was not so great, showing, that of the new books more single volumes were published; that the total cost of one set of the new publications had increased by more than one-half of the former cost; that the average price of each new work had been reduced nearly one-half; and that the average price per volume had fallen about 5s. below the price of 1828. A further analysis of this Annual List shows, that of the 2530 books published in 1853, only 287 were published at a guinea and upward; and that of these only 206 were books of general information; while 28 were law-books, and 53 of the well-accustomed dear class of guinea-and-a-half novels. Decidedly the quarto dynasty had died out.

The London *Athenæum* says that the fact "of 175,000 *Leaves of Fanny Fern* having been sold in the United States, is the saddest satire it has ever read on America and Americans."

The following Professors were appointed at the last commencement of *Asbury University, Indiana*.—Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., President, and Professor of Mental and Moral Science. Rev. B. H. Nadal, A. M., Professor of English Literature and Normal Instruction. Rev. E. E. E. Bragdon, A. M., Professor of Latin Language and Literature. Rev. S. E. Ferris, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Law, and Principal of Preparatory Department. Hon. A. C. Downey, A. M., Professor of Law.

Alexander Von Humboldt.—A writer in *Blackwood*, thus describes this veteran :—

"Age sits lightly upon his active head. Still full of unrecorded facts and thoughts, he labors daily in committing them to the written page,—for the grave, he tells you, waits him early now, and he must finish what he has to do before he dies. And yet he is as full at the same time of the discoveries and new thoughts of others, and as eager as the youngest student of nature in gathering up fresh threads of knowledge, and in following the advances of the various departments of natural science. And in so doing it is a characteristic of his generous mind to estimate highly the labors of others, to encourage the young and aspiring investigator to whatever department of nature he may be devoted, and to aid him with his counsel, his influence, and his sympathy. We found him congratulating himself on the possession of a power with which few scientific men are gifted—that of making science popular—of drawing to himself and to the knowledge he had to diffuse, the regard and attention of the masses of the people in his own and other countries, by a clear method and an attractive style in writing."

There are in New-Hampshire 2,294 schools; 87,825 scholars; average wages per month of male teachers, exclusive of board, \$16 42; of females, \$7 18; children from 4 to 14 not attending school, 2,969; from 14 to 21 who cannot read or write, 428; school-houses built last year, 70; incorporate academies, 46; money paid for tuition in academies and private schools, \$23,494 30; raised for public schools, \$212,324.

The Paris correspondent of *The Boston Atlas* says that strange rumors have gone abroad of late concerning the determination which, after mature reflection, has seized upon George Sand, of retiring forever from the world and leading a religious life. For this purpose she is said to be now busy interbuilding and arranging her house in Berri for the reception of six ladies, whose conduct and government are to be subjected to the theory laid down by St. Theresa.

A French correspondent of an English periodical says :—

"Perhaps nothing in France has received a greater shock from its recent revolutions than its literature. Most of the distinguished writers of the generation which is passing away have been involved in political disasters, and have been prematurely swept from the stage. Victor Hugo lives a broken exile in the Isle of Guernsey. Lamartine is almost forgotten. You sometimes meet in Paris a half-negro whose hair has lost its color and become white, and who stoops alarmingly in the shoulders—it is Alexandre Dumas. This popular writer reverts with his daughter, at the Maison d'Or on the Boulevard, but has lately taken a small "hôtel" in the Rue d'Amsterdam. I passed one evening on the Boulevard a gouty old man, bent almost double, who seemed hardly able to drag himself along; he was returning from the *Déan*, a sort of *estaminet*, celebrated as a place of reunion for men of letters, and was pointed out to me as the celebrated critic Gustave Planche, but he looks now like a critic of the past. Alfred de Vigny, the author of *St. Mère*, is a tolerably constant attendant at the Académie Française, and still holds up his head *comme un Saint Sacrament*, to use a French phrase; his locks hang long, like those of the Franks described by Thierry; but, alas! they are no longer black. Emile Deschamps has retired to Versailles, where he cultivates his garden more than the muses. Sainte-Beuve has thrown himself into the Montreux Universel, where he has turned a prophet of evil, and appears in wearisome articles, which are read only in the provinces. The bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix) must also be classed among the forgotten ones, as well as his brother, who once enjoyed a reputation as a writer of romances and dramatic pieces, and who has married the sister-in-law of Balzac. Some of the writers of a higher class of literature remain, such as Guizot, Villemain, Augustin Thierry, and Victor Cousin; but of these Guizot alone is active."

Arts and Sciences.

Important Railroad Inventions and Improvements—American Artists at Florence—The Microscope—Asphaltum—Researches at Pompeii—Crawford's Great Work—Greece and Washington—Etherization—Leutze's Statue of Washington—Dr. Elster.

A TRULY great reform has been introduced in London, which promises to let the sun shine into its streets, and which ought to be adopted by all our railroad and steamboat companies. By an ordinance of the government, the "smoke nuisance" is abolished; furnaces are to consume their own smoke. Steam-vessels on the Thames between London-bridge and Richmond-bridge are to consume their own smoke. Constables may be empowered to enter and inspect furnaces and steam-engines. Soot is the greatest nuisance in our own railroad travel, though the dust is bad enough; for the former, at least, there is no apology.

As steam conveyance is the great power of the age, all its improvements are preëminently important. To the above we are happy to add an item, apparently well authenticated, respecting Miller's invention for breaking cars. For some time past this invention has been in operation upon the Pontiac road. The apparatus consists simply of a steam-pipe extending from the locomotive to a cylinder attached to each car of the train, and in which there is a piston that operates upon the brake by means of an iron rod. This apparatus is extremely simple, and is under the absolute control of the engineer. The power can be applied to the brakes almost instantaneously upon the first indication of danger. In a late trip upon the Pontiac road for the purpose of giving the invention a practical test, the brake was first applied while the train was going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and the train was brought to a dead stop in a distance of fifteen rods, without reversing the engine or causing the slightest jar. It was next applied while the train was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and in a distance of thirty rods, and in *twenty seconds of time*, the train was again brought to a dead stand. This was repeated the second time, and with the same result as to time and distance, and again without reversing the engine. If this had been done, the cars would have been stopped in about two-thirds of the distance and time. The value of such an improvement, in the increased safety of travel, is inestimable.

We have also the pleasure of recording a very important improvement in the manufacture of rails. A triumphant experiment of the vertical double-acting rail-mill took place lately at the Trenton Iron Works in the presence of the stockholders, directors, and officers, and a large number of spectators. The machinery was run through rails from 18 to 21 feet in length, 7 inches in height, weighing 98 pounds to the yard, in an average time of 1 minute to each, to the admiration of all present. The peculiarities of this invention are, that rails are run through at a welding heat in about one-half less time and with one-third less labor than by the old

horizontal rollers. The chief advantage accomplished by this new machine is the ability to roll flanged bars of great width, and such as cannot be made by the ordinary means in use. It is proposed to make wrought-iron beams in these rolls, and they are well adapted for this purpose. The triumphant success of the experiment created a sensation of joy throughout the company present. The foreman of the gang of men in charge of the new mill, Mr. David James, mounted the rolls and proposed three cheers for the victory they had just accomplished. These were given with great enthusiasm by the whole crowd. This invention is an important one to the Company, and gives a degree of success in the manufacture of railroad iron not enjoyed in any other establishment in this or any other country.

American Artists at Florence.—A correspondent of *The Richmond Inquirer* writes from Leghorn as follows:—

"At Florence I saw Powers at his studio, having just completed a statue of Washington for the state of Louisiana. He has taken Houdon's statue in our capitol as his model, changing the column from his left side to the right, and giving to him rather a meditative air. The workmanship is excellent. Hart has finished a bust of J. J. Crittenden of Kentucky. No man can execute a better one. And now let me tell the ladies of Virginia that Hart thinks, in about two years more, he will send home the statue of Henry Clay. I saw our friend Barbee, who, with Hart, dined with me, and seemed to be just getting to work. All seemed pleased that young Galt was to execute the statue of Mr. Jefferson."

Was the microscope known to the ancients? is a question among antiquarians. We notice, in foreign papers, that a glass has been discovered at Pompeii, about the size of a crown piece, with a convexity, which leads one to suppose it to be a magnifying lens. Now, it has been said that the ancients were not aware of this power, and the invention is given to Galileo by some; to a Dutchman, in 1621, by others; while the compound microscope is attributed to one Fontana, in the seventeenth century. But, without a magnifying glass, how did the Greeks and Romans work those fine gems which the human eye is unable to read without the assistance of a glass? There is one in the Naples Royal Collection, for example, the legend of which it is impossible to make out unless by applying a magnifying power. The remarkable fact is, that the glass in question was found with a stone ready cut and polished for engraving thereon, which stone is now also to be seen in the Museum of Naples. It would appear, therefore, that a worker of gems possessed and used this instrument.

The Earl of Dundonal, better known as Lord Cochrane, has taken out a patent in this country for a composition of asphaltum for the covering of telegraphic wires, and for the making of foundations for piers and lighthouses; for the preservation of all wood under water; for the making of pipes, tanks, &c. Since the introduction of the electric telegraph in the United States, it has been found impracticable in certain states of the atmosphere to transmit intel-

ligence along the wires from their exposure to atmospheric influences. By the earl's invention this difficulty is removed, and an important desideratum effected in the art of telegraphing, as the substance employed completely envelops the wires, which will be carried underground instead of being, as at present, stretched on high poles—thus being more efficient, much more secure from injury, and getting rid of the inconvenience of poles and wires in public thoroughfares. The composition is indestructible, and can be supplied at little more than half the cost of anything previously used.

Researches at Pompeii—Canosa.—A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* says: "At Pompeii the works were for a long time suspended. A bronze statue of Apollo had been brought to light, a little larger than life, Roman in style; it was found near the small theater. The excavations are now being prosecuted very feebly, but with a view to discover the lower part of the boundary walls of the ancient city. The point of greatest interest, however, has been, and still continues to be, Canosa, in Puglia,—and the excavations of the Greek tombs have been carried on under the able direction of Signor Carlo Bonucci. These tombs are in the form of small chambers, decorated with columns and paintings. Here have been found objects of quite a novel and extraordinary interest, in arms, terra-cottas, and glass; ornaments of gold, as necklaces, bracelets, diadems, earrings, and rings; cameos and vases which are remarkable for the beauty of their paintings, and the interest and the grandeur of the subjects. I have already spoken of the wonderful vase on which is represented the wars between the East and the West, or Asia and Greece, in which Darius is seated in the midst of his satraps, while the various provinces of Asia, personified by beautiful women, bring their offerings for the war; and I only allude to it now for the reason that I have just seen some fragments of these beautiful productions of art. When I speak of fragments, it should be known that no part is missing, and that the vase will be restored to perfection."

Crawford's Great Work.—A correspondent of an English journal, writing from Rome, speaks as follows of Crawford:—

"From Mr. Gibson's I pass to Mr. Crawford's studio, where everything now yields to the grand work ordered by the United States Government. It is to be of statuary marble, and is to be placed at the eastern extremity of the Capitol extension at Washington. As it engages much of the attention of the artistic world, I will give a detailed description of what it is to be; for at present nothing is to be seen but huge portions of plaster models. The central figure of the pediment represents America standing on a rock, against which the waves of the ocean are beating. She is attended by the eagle of the country; while the sun rising at her feet indicates the light which accompanies the march of liberty. In one hand she holds the rewards of civic and military merit—laurel and oak wreaths;—her left hand is extended toward the pioneer, for whom she asks the protection of the Almighty. The pioneer is the athletic figure of a backwoodsman clearing the forest. The Indian race and its extinction is explained by the adjoining group of the Indian chief and family. The son of the chief is returning from the chase, with a collection of game slung on a spear over his shoulder. In the statue of the Indian chief, Mr. Crawford has endeavored to describe the despair and profound grief resulting from his conviction of the white man's triumph. The wife and infant of the chief complete this group of figures; while the grave,

being emblematic of the extinction of the Indian race, fills up this portion. The opposite half of the pediment is devoted to the effects of Liberty and Civilization. The first figure on the right of America represents its Soldier. He is clothed in the costume of the Revolution, as being most suggestive of the country's struggle for independence; his hand upon his sword indicates the readiness of the army to protect America from insult. By the soldier is placed a Merchant, sitting on the emblems of trade; his right hand rests upon the globe, by which the extent of American commerce is symbolized. The anchor at his feet connects his figure with those of two boys advancing cheerfully to devote themselves to the service of their country. The anchor is easily understood to be the emblem of Hope; behind them sits the Teacher instructing a youth. The Mechanic completes the group. He rests upon the cog-wheel, without which machinery is useless. In his hands are the emblems of trade; and at his feet are some sheaves of corn, expressive of fertility, activity, and abundance, in contradistinction to the grave at the corresponding corner."

Here is a short announcement that savors of old times: "The Greek government has selected a marble block in the Parthenon for the monument of George Washington, now being raised in the city named after him. It is to bear the following inscription:—'To George Washington, the heroic general, the high-minded citizen, the founder of modern freedom, the land of Solon, Themistocles and Pericles, the birthplace of ancient freedom, dedicates this old marble as a sign of reverence and admiration.'"

A foreign correspondent of the *Tribune* writes that "whatever political differences there may be between the politicians of the two countries, the learned men of Germany have a high estimation of the scientific character, as well as of the attainments of our countrymen. The English are too jealous to give us due credit for our discoveries, and the French too uncosmopolitan. The Germans freely acknowledge our claims to the greatest scientific discovery of the century, namely, that of *Etherization*. Until lately chloroform was in general use on the continent as well as in Great Britain, but it will soon be supplanted by a milder and less dangerous agent, namely, sulphuric ether, which was originally employed in Boston. A death occurred a short time since at the General Hospital from the use of chloroform. In a conversation a few evenings since, at the Imperial Institute, with Hofrath von Oppelizer and Haller—the former the most distinguished physician, and the latter the first chemist of Austria—I found both of these eminent men in favor of the Boston method of etherization." The Boston faculty was the first to apply the new discovery; and it has invariably adhered, in at least its hospital practice, to etherization—rejecting chloroform. It has hardly had a single evil result to report. We believe with this writer, that the new agent, or at least its new application, is the greatest improvement of the age. It should be used in every painful operation in surgery, in all instances of childbirth—in almost every case involving severe pain. It is God's greatest gift of the times to our poor humanity.

Leutze's statue of Washington at the Battle of Monmouth will be shortly exhibited at Brussels. It is at present in the sculptor's studio at Berlin.

Dr. Elster, a well-known German writer on Art, died suddenly, a short time since, at Berlin.

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1854.



JOHN JAY.

PRESIDENTS OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

JOHAN JAY, LL.D., was elected the second president of the American Bible Society in the year 1822, having been previously one of its vice-presidents. Owing to his advanced age, and infirm state of health, the Board dispensed with his personal attendance at their meetings. He refers to this circumstance in his address acknowledging the honor conferred upon him, and which was read by his son, Peter A. Jay. At the sixth anniversary he says :

"I assure the Society that although restrained from active services by long-continued maladies, and the increasing infirmities of age, my attachment to this institution, and my desire to promote the attainment of its great and important objects, remain undiminished."

This address was eloquent, and filled with noble and pious sentiments. As soon as it had been read, the American Bible Society passed the following resolution :—

"That the Society are very much gratified at the choice made by the managers of the Hon. John Jay, as the successor of their late venerable president, Dr. Boudinot, and at his kindly consenting to accept the appointment; and that the thanks of this Society be conveyed to the president for the excellent address which, in his unavoidable absence, he has been pleased to transmit to the present meeting."

Mr. Jay possessed a mind formed for eminence and imbued with virtue. Seldom has there been found in any American citizen a more enlightened intellect, united to a heart of more purity. A statesman of transcendent abilities, he successfully managed the most weighty interests of the land. His country was the idol of his affections, and in her history he early became a legislator of unswerving integrity—an advocate and counsellor of the most exalted standing. His wisdom and address united in giving him an influence

second to no other statesman in the councils of our nation:

In any country Mr. Jay would have reached distinction; but in his own he acquired that admiration and renown which the union of goodness and greatness can alone command.

The ancestors of John Jay were French Huguenots. Augustus Jay, his grandfather, was one of the three sons of Pierre Jay, an opulent merchant of La Rochelle. On the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, Pierre fled from the persecutions which followed this insane measure of Louis XIV. He sailed for England, the vessel containing all that remained of his fortune. Two sons accompanied their father, one of whom he had the misfortune to lose during the voyage. The other, a brave man, died in England of wounds received at the celebrated battle of the Boyne, when he fought under the illustrious Count Schomberg, in one of the French volunteer and Protestant regiments.

At this period the grandfather of Mr. Jay embarked from England, with other Huguenots, for South Carolina; but, not liking that climate, he proceeded to New-York. In this province he settled at Esopus, which, at the time, was a favorite residence of the French Protestants. Thence he removed to New-York and married Miss Bayard, in 1697. He died, much respected, at the advanced age of eighty-five, leaving three daughters and one son, (Peter,) born in 1704, who married a daughter of Jacobus Van Cortlandt. These were the parents of John Jay. Before the American revolution, he had retired from mercantile pursuits to an estate at Rye; but was forced to leave it, at the commencement of that struggle. He died at Poughkeepsie in 1782.

His son, John Jay, was born in the city of New-York, December 1, (old style,) 1745. An estimable mother instructed him in the first rudiments of literature. When eight years old, he was placed in the school of the Rev. Mr. Stoep, rector of the Huguenot Church, New-Rochelle, and at fourteen entered King's, now Columbia College, then recently founded. Dr. Johnson was president of the institution, and was succeeded by Dr. Cooper, both accomplished scholars, the latter especially excelling in *Belles lettres*. It is a well-known fact that some of the best American minds have graduated from this venerable seat

of learning—among them Alexander Hamilton, Dewitt Clinton, and Washington Irving. After taking his Bachelor's degree, he was admitted to the bar about 1768.

In the year 1774 Mr. Jay married Sarah, daughter of that distinguished patriot, William Livingston, Governor of New-Jersey. Soon he attained great eminence as a lawyer, not only in New-York, but in the neighboring provinces of Connecticut and New-Jersey. The American revolution was now about to break out, a momentous era, and his fellow citizens began to look up to him as a guide through the dark and gathering storm which was evidently approaching. In 1774 he was selected as one of the delegates to the first American Congress—an imperishable honor. The members of that august body will ever command the gratitude, not only of the American people, but of the world. In 1776 he was chosen president of Congress. The next year he was a member of the convention which framed the constitution of New-York, and made the first draft of that paper. During the year 1778 the government of this state was organized, when Mr. Jay became its chief justice. We find him, the next year, again in Congress; and, while its presiding officer, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Spain. The objects of this mission were to obtain from that nation an acknowledgment of our independence, a treaty of alliance, and pecuniary aid. Early in the summer of 1782 he received the appointment of a commissioner to negotiate peace with England; but to continue the Spanish negotiations also.

Dr. Franklin, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Laurens, joined Mr. Jay in concluding the treaty of peace, and all arrived at Paris in 1783. That important treaty was signed in 1783, and the following year Mr. Jay returned to the United States.

During the year 1787 there was an alarming riot in the city of New-York, caused by the culpable imprudence of medical students, who had disinterred some dead bodies for dissection. Such was the excited state of the public feeling, that the young men were compelled to seek protection from the violence of the populace in the city prison. A large crowd assembled for the purpose of forcing them from this retreat, and of inflicting on them summary punishment. The militia were or-

dered out; but they appeared indisposed to act, and serious consequences began to be apprehended. At this moment of alarm, Mr. Jay and Colonel Hamilton, among others, volunteered to be peace-makers, and, while near the prison, they were violently assailed with stones, one of which struck Mr. Jay, inflicting a dangerous wound in his forehead, which confined him to his bed a long time. At this period was published the celebrated *Federalist* by Mr. Madison and Alexander Hamilton. Mr. Jay had written the second, third, fourth, and fifth numbers, when he was obliged, by the above accident, to discontinue writing any more for some time. He, however, afterward wrote the sixty-fourth number upon the treaty-making powers, a subject with which he was most intimately acquainted.

Mr. Jay was appointed envoy extraordinary to Great Britain in 1794, and signed the treaty which has since borne his name. Upon his return from that important mission, he found himself elected governor of the state of New-York, which office he filled with distinguished ability until the year 1801, when he declined a reelection. He had also been honored with the post of chief justice in the Supreme Court of the United States, which he did not accept, and, no longer a candidate for public life, he retired to his farm, at Bedford, Westchester County. Here, secluded from the world and its strifes, he passed in religious quiet and retirement the remainder of his days.

Few statesmen had less reason to dislike public life, or left it with more satisfaction, than Mr. Jay. For twenty-seven years he had been engaged in the service of his country, and had discharged, with eminent fidelity, many of its highest responsibilities. He sought not glory from men, but served his beloved land from a sense of duty. Like Washington; he was a perfect example of political conscientiousness.

The health of Mr. Jay becoming more feeble, in the year 1827 he resigned the presidency of the Bible Society. At a former period he had intimated a desire to surrender his office for the same reason, but was requested to remain, if he could only be able to address the members by an annual written communication; but his growing infirmities forbade even the discharge of this pleasant duty. He had also

a long settled aversion to nominal offices, and he continued, in advanced age, to exhibit those bright principles of consistency and duty which uniformly had characterized his distinguished career.

During the presidency of Mr. Jay, embracing the period from the year 1822 to 1827, the Bible Society gradually extended its great work, as will be seen by this tabular view:—

	Receipts.	Expenditures.	Vols. Printed.
1822.....	\$52,081	\$52,850	52,600
1823.....	42,416	42,108	77,575
1824.....	49,698	47,529	43,550
1825.....	54,115	57,354	81,000
1826.....	62,192	55,457	73,784
1827.....	73,679	68,285	173,750

Such was the prosperity of the American Bible Society during the presidency of Governor Jay. In all the duties of this honored, useful, and excellent man, he observed great exactness; this was especially the case in his domestic life. Every morning the whole family was summoned to religious worship; and precisely at nine o'clock at night the call was repeated, when he read to them a chapter from the Bible, and concluded with prayer. No company interfered with these important duties.

In 1827 Mr. Jay was seized with severe and dangerous illness. Asked by one of his children to tell on what foundation he now rested his hopes, and from what source he drew his consolations: "*They have the Book,*" was his concise and expressive reply. For many months before his death he was scarcely able to leave his room, where occasionally he had the Lord's supper administered to him. On the evening of May 14, 1829, he was seized with palsy, and expired on the 17th, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His funeral was without ostentation, agreeably to his will:—

"I would have my funeral decent, but not ostentatious. No scarfs—no rings. Instead thereof, I give \$200 to any poor deserving widow or orphan of this town, whom my children may select."

The intelligence of his death called forth willing attestations of his worth from the public journals, the courts, and all parties. Congress ordered his bust, as the first chief justice of the United States, to be placed in the chamber of the Supreme Court-room, where it now stands. The whole life of Mr. Jay exhibited the rare picture of the Christian, patriot, and statesman united, and justified the universal respect which was always accorded him.



LUTHER READING THE BIBLE TO JOHN THE CONSTANT.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

LUTHER READS THE BIBLE TO THE ELECTOR, JOHN
THE CONSTANT.

THE artist, introducing us to the private life of Luther, gives us in the first instance a proof of the intimate relation that existed between the Reformer and his prince; we see him in confidential conversation with the Elector John, to whom he is reading and explaining the Scriptures.

As an individual instance, this meeting may not perhaps be capable of historical proof; still the picture shows in perfection the beautiful and unshaken unity of mind and of opinion which so closely connected the teacher with the prince, and of which history affords ample proof. It was this prince, indeed, to whom Luther addressed, in 1530, from Coburg to Augs-

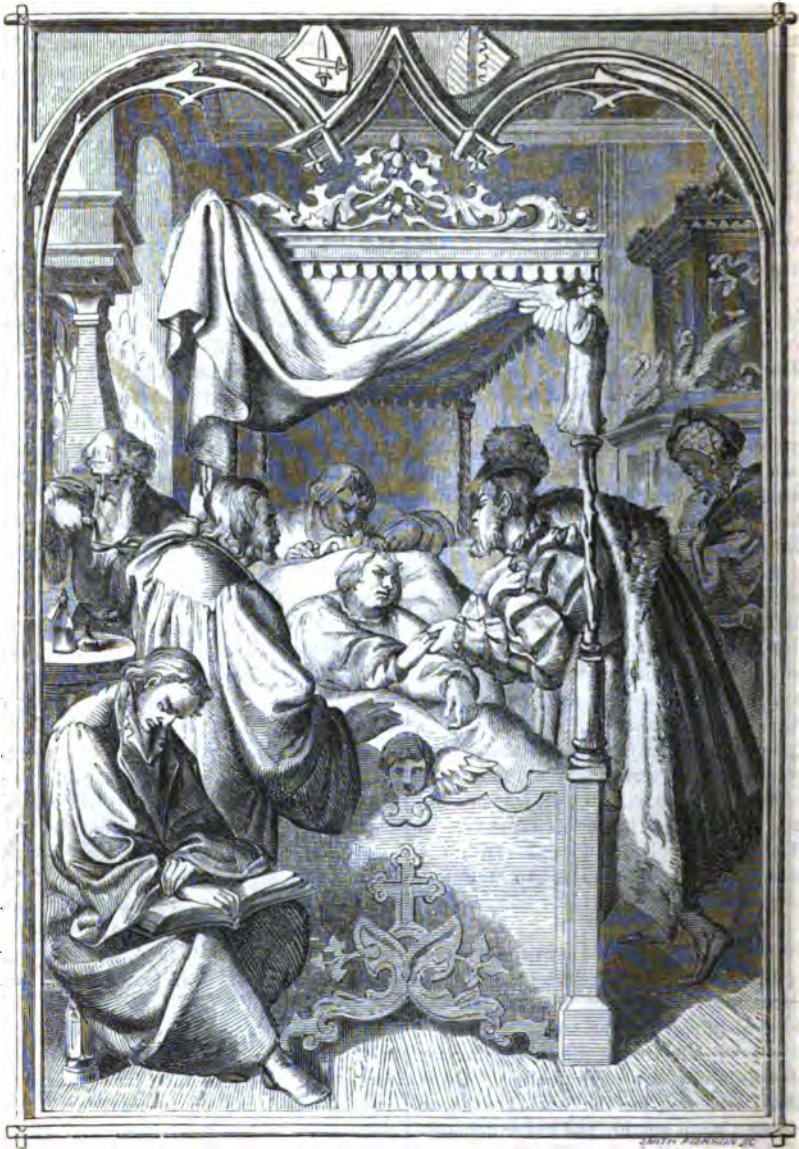
burg, those incomparable words, in which the mutual relation between the two men is so clearly reflected: "The all-merciful God approves himself still more merciful by making his word so powerful and effective in your highness's (*Euer kurfürstlichen Gnaden*) lands. For in your dominions, it is true, there are more excellent preachers and clergymen, and a greater number of them who teach purely and faithfully, and assist in keeping the blessed peace, than in any other country in the world. God our Lord, who has appointed your highness father and helper over this country, feedeth all through your office and service. Let your highness be comforted. Christ is come, and will confess you before his Father, as you have confessed him before this wicked race. I am grieved that Satan should afflict and trouble your heart; he is a sorry bitter spirit, and cannot bear that the heart of man should rejoice or be at peace, particularly in the Lord; how much less can he bear that your highness should be of good courage, since he well knoweth of how much importance your heart is to us all; and not only to us, but to all the world; nay, I might almost say to heaven itself. Therefore we are all bound to assist your highness with prayer, consolations, with love, and in whatever way we can. O! the young people will do this, who cry and call, with their innocent tongues, so affectingly to heaven, and faithfully recommend your highness to the all-merciful God."

LUTHER ON A SICK-BED, IN 1537, IS VISITED AND COMFORTED BY THE ELECTOR, JOHN FREDERICK.

"BECAUSE I sometimes wear a gay and jovial air, many conclude that my path is on roses; but God knows how far my heart is from any such feeling. Often have I resolved, for the world's sake, to assume a more austere and holier demeanor, (I do not explain myself well,) but God has not favored my resolve."

"In the afternoon of the same day," say Drs. John Bugenhagen and Jonas, "he fell down senseless, turned quite cold, and gave no sign of life. When recalled to himself by unceasing care, he began to pray with great fervor:—'Thou knowest, my God!' he said, 'how cheerfully I would have poured out my blood for thy word, but thou hast willed it otherwise. Thy will be done! No doubt I was unworthy

of it. Death would be my happiness; yet, O my God! if it be thy will, gladly would I still live to spread thy holy word, and comfort such of thy people as wax faint. Nevertheless, if my hour be come, thy will be done! In thy hands are life and death. O my Lord Jesus Christ, I thank thee for thy grace in suffering me to know thy holy name. Thou knowest that I believe in thee, in the Father, and in the Holy Ghost; thou art my divine Mediator and Saviour. . . . Thou knowest, O my Lord, that Satan has laid numerous snares for me, to slay my body by tyrants and my soul by his *fiery arrows*, his infernal temptations. Up to this time, thou hast marvelously protected me against all his fury. Protect me still, O my steadfast Lord, if it be thy will.' He spoke of the sects that will arise to pervert God's word, and will not spare, he said, the flock which the Lord has redeemed with his blood. He wept as he spoke of these things. 'As yet,' he said, 'God has suffered me to join you in the struggle against these spirits of disorder, and I would gladly continue so to do; alone, you will be too weak against them all. However, the thought of Jesus Christ reassures me; for he is stronger than Satan and all his arms—he is the Lord of Satan.' Some short time after, when the vital heat had been a little revived by frictions and the application of hot pillows, he asked his wife, 'Where is my little heart, my well-beloved little John?' When the child was brought, he smiled at his father, who began saying, with tears in his eyes, 'Poor dear little one, I commend you to God, you and your good mother, my dear Catherine. You are penniless, but God will take care of you. He is the father of orphans and widows. Preserve them, O my God; inform them, even as thou hast preserved and informed me up to this day.' He then spoke to his wife about some silver goblets. 'Thou knowest,' he added, 'they are all we have left.' He fell into a deep sleep, which recruited his strength; and on the next day he was considerably better. He then said to Dr. Jonas, 'Never shall I forget yesterday. The Lord takes man into hell, and draws him out of it. The tempest which beat yesterday morning on my soul, was much more terrible than that which my body underwent toward evening. God kills, and brings to life. He is the master of life and death.'"

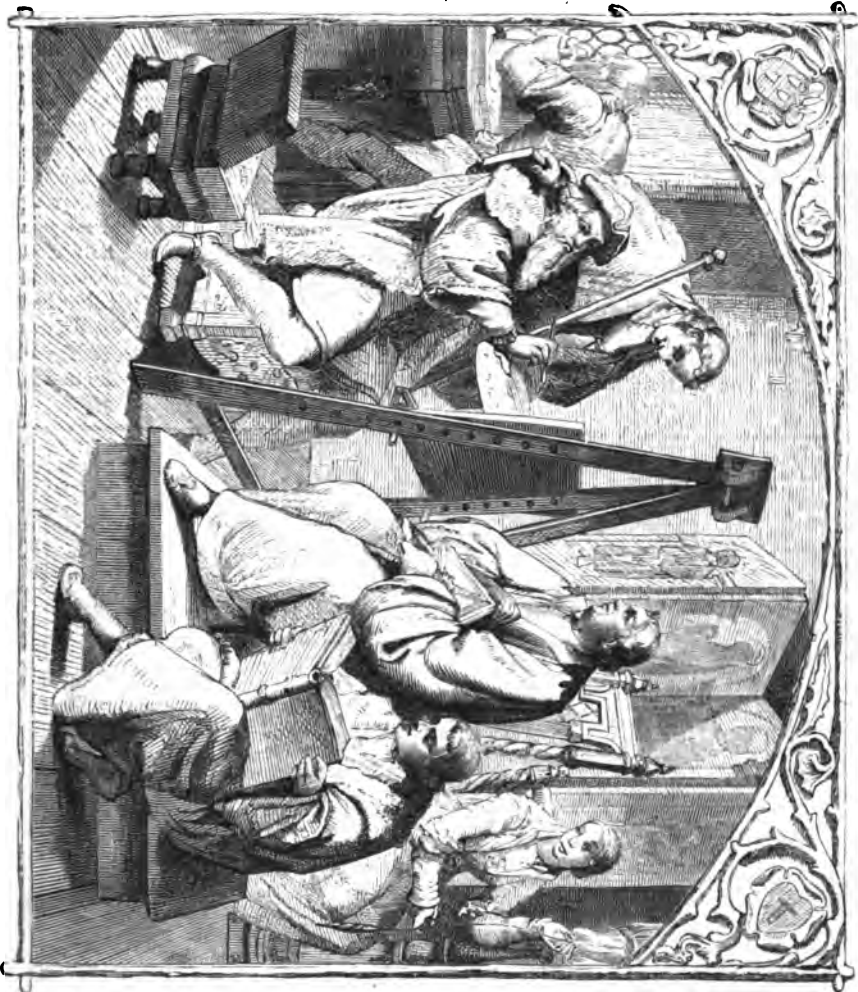


LUTHER ON A RICK BED, COMFORTED BY THE ELECTOR, JOHN FREDERICK.

In the last picture Luther appeared as the clerical servant of his prince; here the son of that prince visits him kindly in his bodily affliction. He had fallen dangerously ill at Schmalkalden, when, on the Sunday *Invocavit*, (February, 1537,) the Elector, John Frederick, visited and comforted him. "The good God our Lord," said that prince, much affected, "will be merciful unto us, and prolong your life."

When Luther, in the fear of death, recommended the gospel to his future protection, he replied; "I fear, dear doctor, that if the Lord were to remove you, he would take away his precious word also;" which observation Luther properly contradicted. At parting, John Frederick sought to comfort him with these words: "Your wife shall be as my wife, and your children my children."

LUTHER SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT TO LUCAS KRANACH.



In our picture Melancthon sits in the foreground full of anxiety and deep sorrow; indeed, he frequently could not restrain his tears at sight of his suffering friend: behind him, at the right hand of the sick man, stands Frederick Mykonius; George Spalatin bends, in anxious thought, over the pillow of the sufferer; the physician holds the medicine in his hand; Hans von Dolzig stands behind the elector.

LUTHER SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT TO LUCAS KRANACH.

As we owe it almost wholly to the industrious and artistic hand of Lucas Kranach that Luther's portrait, with its bold, strongly marked features, has been

preserved to us, it is but a just proof of gratitude that our biographer-artist refers in this picture to the indefatigable activity of Kranach. Master Lucas is here seen sketching the portrait of his friend—which he afterward copied many times. Melancthon examines the features to judge of the resemblance; few had looked so often and so deeply into the innermost soul of the hero as he, nor observed him in such varied conditions of mind; he was therefore sent for expressly to give an opinion on the portrait of his friend. Another friend, Spalatin, seeks to amuse Luther during the sitting by reading to him.

Luther loved the arts, and Kranach and

Dürer were his personal friends and co-workers. On hearing of the death of the latter, he wrote: "It is painful, no doubt, to have lost him. Let us rejoice, however, that Christ has released him by so happy an end from this world of misery and of trouble, which soon, perhaps, will be desolated by greater troubles still. God has been unwilling to suffer him, who was born for happiness, to see such calamities. May he rest in peace with his fathers!" (April, 1528.)

LUTHER PRAYING AT THE SICK-BED OF MELANCTHON.

We have seen Luther on a sick-bed, and his friends grieving beside him; here we find him by the side of the suffering

Melancthon, raising the almost broken spirit of the sick man with the powerful words of life. Melancthon had suddenly fallen sick at Weimar, while on his way to the monastery at Hagenau. Presentiments of death had accompanied him thither; and a mental affliction, which undermined his strength, threatened the speedy dissolution of the almost exhausted powers of life;—his delicately strung mind was tormented by the bitterest pain that can assail a poor mortal; he was at war with himself, for his conscience could not find rest from the reproach that he had not resisted more heroically the desires and demands of the Landgrave of Hesse, and had thus, it might be said, sanctioned,



LUTHER PRAYING AT THE SICK-BED OF MELANCTHON.

in part at least, a public slight offered to the evangelical Church.

At the call of the elector, Luther and Kreuziger came to him: the former saw with terror the corpse-like form of his friend, the failing eyes, the fleeting sense. "God preserve me!" he cried; "how has the devil destroyed this *organon*!" and turning to the window, he poured out his anxious soul in the boldest and most glowing prayer. Words passed through his soul and crossed his lips which, coming from another mouth, might be condemned as blasphemy, but which in him arose from the very depth of a sublime confidence in God, and from an unconditional faith in the Scriptures. "This time I besought the Almighty with great vigor; I attacked him with his own weapons, quoting from Scripture all the promises I could remember, that prayers should be granted, and said that he must grant my prayer, if I was henceforth to put faith in his promises." He then took the hand of the sick man, saying, "Be of good courage, Philip, thou shalt not die; although the Lord might see cause to kill, yet wills he not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn to him and live! God hath called the greatest sinners unto mercy; how much less then will he cast off thee, my Philip, or destroy thee in sin and sadness! Therefore do not give way to grief—do not become thine own murderer; but trust in the Lord, who can kill and bring to life—who can strike and heal again." Melancthon would rather have passed away in sleep to eternal peace, than have returned to earthly strife; but the spiritually powerful words of Luther recalled him, "No, no, Philip; thou must serve the Lord our God still further!"

He recovered; "recalled from death unto life," he says himself, "by divine power;" and Luther rejoicingly said, "he would bring back the Magister Philip, with the help of God, from the grave to cheerfulness."

LUTHER'S SINGING AT HOME. INTRODUCTION OF THE GERMAN CHURCH HYMNS AND CHANTS.

FROM Luther's friends we turn to his domestic relations; to which his singing at home (*Cantores in Hause*) forms a fitting link of connexion, while it serves at the same time as a record of the immortal fame he has acquired by his zeal in improving German vocal church-music.

In the picture he is represented surrounded by his children and friends practising the first evangelical church-melodies under the direction of the electoral chapel-master, John Walther. To the left stands the cantor, to the right Mathesius.

"I have," relates Walther, "sung many a delightful hour with him; and have often observed how our beloved friend became more and more cheerful as we sang, and never grew weary nor had enough of it. He has himself composed the chants to the Epistles and Gospels, has sung them to me, and asked my opinion. He kept me three weeks at Wittenberg, until the first German mass had been chanted in the parish church. I attended it, and afterward took a copy of this first German mass with me to Torgau, that I might present it to the elector.

"At table, as well as afterward, the doctor sang sometimes; he also played the lute; I have sung with him; between the songs he introduced good words."

In the preface to his first collection of sacred songs and psalms he says that they had been set for four voices, because he wished "that the young people, who ought at all events to be instructed in music and other proper arts, might be rid of their improper love-songs, and learn something good and instructive instead; and to find pleasure in that which is good, as it becometh young people."

He was an enthusiast for music. "Music is one of the finest and most magnificent of God's gifts. Satan hates it. It dispels temptations and evil thoughts; the devil cannot hold out against it." Luther being entertained (December 17th, 1538) in the house of a musical family, who played to him to his great delight, he bursts out with, "If our Lord grants us such noble gifts in this life, which is but filth and misery, what will it be in the life everlasting? This is a foretaste." "Singing is the best exercise; it has no concern with the word.

Therefore do I rejoice that God has refused to the peasants (*alluding, no doubt, to the peasants in revolt*) so great a gift and comfort. They do not understand music, and listen not to the word." He one day said to a harp-player, "My friend, play me such an air as David used to play. Were he to return to earth, I think he would be surprised to find such skillful players." "How happens



LUTHER'S JOYS OF SUMMER IN THE BOGOM OF HIS FAMILY, AND HIS ORDINARY DINNER-GUESTS.

it that we have now-a-days so many fine things of a worldly kind, and nothing but what is cold and indifferent of a spiritual? (and he repeated some German songs.) I cannot agree with those who despise music, as do all dreamers and mystics." " I will ask the prince to devote this money to the establishment of a musical academy." (April, 1541.) On the 4th of October, 1530, he writes to Ludovic Senfel, a musician of the court of Bavaria, to ask him to set the *In pace in id ipsum* to music: "The love of music overpowers my fear of being refused, when you shall see a name which, no doubt, you hate. 'T' is same love also gives me the

hope that my letters will involve you in no disagreeables. Who could reproach you on their account, even were he a Turk? After theology, no art can be compared with music."

LUTHER'S JOYS OF SUMMER IN THE BOGOM OF HIS FAMILY, AND HIS ORDINARY DINNER-GUESTS.

THE artist here presents to us Luther's summer pleasures in the circle of his family; and at the same time calls attention to those habitual guests at his table, to whom (as indicated by the young man who is writing behind Luther) we owe the noting down of his table-talk.

A garden-scene could not indeed be omitted in a series of pictures, memorials of the man whose heart ever opened in the free air, in the sight and enjoyment of nature; who gladly observed and admired the creation with his pious, thoughtful, and poetical eye.

He wrote to a friend who procured

garden-seeds for him: "If Satan and his imps rave and roar, I shall laugh at him, and admire and enjoy, to the Creator's praise, God's blessings in the gardens." He writes to Spalatin in 1526: "I have planted my garden and built a well, both with success. Come to me, and thou shalt be crowned with roses and lilies!"

LUTHER'S SUMMER PLEASURES.



"If I live, I shall become a gardener," he once said, while in this humor. "The world knows neither God their creator, nor his creatures. Alas! how would man, if Adam had not sinned, have recognized God in all his works, and loved and praised him! Then he might have seen and con-

sidered the wisdom, might, and goodness of God even in the smallest flower! We are at present in the dawn of a future life; for we begin to recover the knowledge of creatures which we had lost through Adam's fall. In his creatures we recognize the power of his



LUTHER'S WINTER PLEASURES.

word; how great that is!—He said, and it was so!”

His profoundly contemplative mind, in its heartfelt enjoyment of nature, looked upon creation as the divine symbolic expression of the Invisible and Highest. He compared the Bible, for instance, to a beautiful forest, “in which there is no tree at which my hand has not knocked.” Again, he said on a fine spring day (1541) to Justus Jonas, in that tone of mind of mingled melancholy and undefined longing, which sometimes overpowers us amid the joys of spring: “If there were neither sin nor death, we might be satisfied with this paradise. But all shall be more

beautiful still, when the old world shall have been renewed, and a new spring shall open and remain forever.”

LUTHER'S WINTER PLEASURES.

UPON the pleasures of summer follow those of winter,—the Christmas festival; and the garden which now delights Luther's eyes are his children, whom he looked upon as God's greatest blessing. He expressed this one day to his friend Justus Jonas, who admired the branch of a cherry-tree which hung over the table: “Why do you not consider this still more in your children, the fruits of your body, and who are more beautiful and noble creatures of

God than the fruits of any other tree? In them is shown the almighty power, wisdom, and art of God, who has made them out of nothing."

The crossbow with which the eldest boy shoots at the apples of the Christmas-tree reminds us of a letter which Luther wrote in 1530, from Coburg, to his son, then four years old; and in which he told him of "the gay beautiful garden; the many children; the apples and pears; the fine little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles; the fifes, cymbals, and grand silver crossbows."

Melancthon is occupied with the little bowman, while "Aunt Lena" looks at a book with the younger boy; and the eldest girl, Magdalen, rejoices in a doll representing the angel of the Christmas festival—as if she had felt a presentiment of soon becoming an angel herself. This hint of the artist prepares us for the solemn nature of the next picture.

Luther's finest traits are those known in his domestic life. He valued woman and home. "Had I been seized with a fatal illness, I should have wished to summon some pious maid to my death-bed, and wed her, presenting her with two silver goblets as a wedding-gift and morrow's present, (*morgengabe*.) in order to show how I honored marriage. . . . No one will ever have to repent rising early and marrying young. . . . It is no more possible to do without a wife than without eating and drinking. Conceived, nourished, borne within the body of woman, our flesh is mainly hers, and it is impossible for us ever to separate wholly from her. . . . Had I wished to make love, I should have taken thirteen years ago to Ave Schonfelden, who is now the wife of Doctor Basilius, the Prussian physician. At that time I did not love my Catherine, whom I suspected of being proud and haughty; but it was God's will; it was his will that I should take pity on her; and I have cause, God be praised, to be satisfied."

"The greatest grace God can bestow is to have a good and pious husband, with whom you may live in peace, to whom you can trust everything, even your body and your life, and by whom you have little children. Catherine, thou hast a good and pious husband, who loves thee; thou art an empress. Thanks be to God!"

THE HOOD MEMORIAL.

WE give a representation of a testimonial, raised by public subscription, to the memory of Thomas Hood, in Kensal-green Cemetery, England, after a lapse of nine years from the distinguished poet's death.

The Memorial is an appropriate and tasteful composition by Noble. It consists of a large bronze bust of the poet, elevated on a pedestal of polished red granite; the whole twelve feet high. In front of the bust (which is pronounced an excellent likeness, and has been modeled from authentic portraits) are placed three wreaths (in bronze), formed of the laurel, the myrtle, and the *immortelle*. On a slab beneath the bust appears Hood's simple self-inscribed epitaph:—

"He sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'"

Upon the projecting front of the pedestal is carved this inscription:—

"In Memory of THOMAS HOOD.
Born 28d May, 1798; died, 3d May, 1845.
Erected by Public Subscription,
A. D. 1854."

Beneath, at the base of the pedestal, a lyre and comic mask (of bronze) are flung together—suggesting the mingled pathos and humor in every page of Hood's writings.

The most attractive portions of the Memorial, and those in which the sculptor's ability has been most fully developed, are the medallions inserted in the sides of the pedestal. These are oval in form, and illustrate Hood's fine poems, "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Dream of Eugene Aram." In the first-named composition, the poor victim of deluded hope and love is seen just raised from the watery grave, into which she had rushed headlong to escape from the pangs of cureless remorse and shame, and the consequent "burning insanity" which had rendered life insupportable:—

"Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!
o o o o

"Take her up tenderly—
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young and so fair!"



THE HOOD MEMORIAL AT KENSAL GREEN.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

The unfortunate and beautiful girl is represented as being indeed taken up "tenderly" by two compassionate men, while a youth stands wondering by, and struck with emotion at the wreck of so much loveliness.

In the second medallion there is a terrible moral conveyed: the observer is made to feel, by the whole character and bearing of the principal figure, that "woe, woe, unutterable woe," is the sure fate of those who spill "life's sacred stream." The haggard countenance and the shuddering aspect of Eugene Aram powerfully portray the dread workings of a guilty conscience:—

"The crimson clouds before his eyes,
The flames about his brain;
For blood has left upon his soul
Its everlasting stain."

In striking contrast to the mental agony depicted in this figure, are the studious boy lying near, and the happy children,

released from school, playing in the distance.

"Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!"

Objections are frequently urged to the erection of monumental tributes to literary men; it being asserted that an author's writings form his best monument. Miss Mitford's donation to the fund was accompanied by the following remark:—"It is not so much for Hood's sake, as for the honor of England, that such a testimony is needed;" and thousands of grateful admirers have confirmed that estimable lady's opinion. The subscription list is an interesting one, and proves how Thomas Hood's writings have endeared him to all classes of his readers.

The Duke of Devonshire placed his name at the head, with a liberal donation of

£25; and "a few poor needlewomen," remembering Hood's eloquent cry on behalf of that suffering class, were among the earliest contributors. Among the literary brethren and sisters of the poet who have testified their fraternal admiration of him, are Thomas Babington Macaulay, Benjamin Disraeli, Samuel Rogers, Alfred Tennyson, Charles Mackay, W. M. Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Thomas De Quincy, Barry Cornwall, Monckton Milnes, Westland

Marston, Charles Swain, Lady Morgan, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Martineau, and Miss Eliza Cook. We also observe in the list the names of Lords Brougham, John Russell, Carlisle, Ellesmere, St. Germans, Dudley Stuart, and John Manners; Messrs. W. C. Macready, R. Stephenson, C. E.; T. Creswick, R. A.; Rowland Hill; Mrs. Theodore Martin, and Miss Cushman.

The amount subscribed was raised chiefly

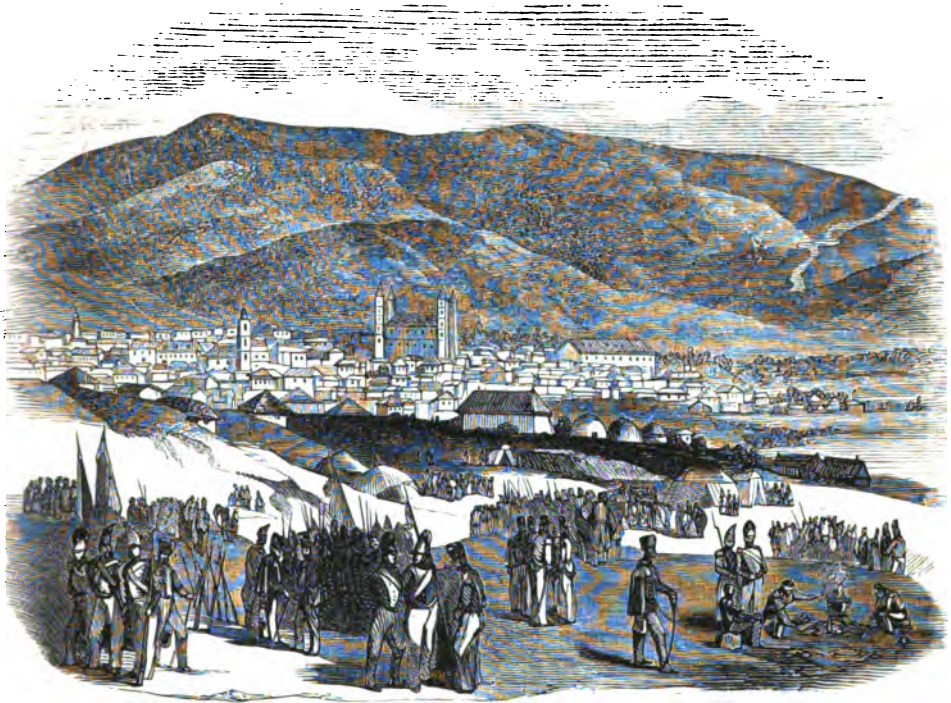


THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

in small sums; these were forwarded from almost every part of the United Kingdom. Contributions were also received from the United States, from Rome, Paris, and other remote places.

It would be unjust to omit stating that the existence of the Hood Memorial, and the success of the movement in which it originated, is chiefly due to Miss Eliza Cook, Mr. Murdo Young, and Mr. John Watkins, whom the subscribers at a general public meeting appointed trustees to

the fund. Miss Cook having, about a year and a half since, directed attention, in a spirited poetical composition, to the neglected condition of Hood's grave, a committee was at once formed, consisting of gentlemen connected with the Whittington Club, and active exertions were commenced to repair past neglect; Miss Cook accepting the office of treasurer, and Mr. Watkins undertaking the duties of honorary secretary, which he has discharged with untiring zeal.



JASSI, CAPITAL OF MOLDAVIA.

A TRIP FROM ST. PETERSBURGH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

JASSI—CHURCH OF THE THREE SAINTS—MOLDAVIAN SUPERSTITIONS—BEAUTY OF SCENERY—SEASONS—RACES—WOMEN—HISTORICAL SKETCH—TRAJAN'S BRIDGE—MANNERS.

I SHALL not weary you with the details of my journey to the capital of Moldavia, for I would fain forget the achings of my bones which will ever make the route a memorable one to me; the mere recital renews them, so sensibly were they impressed upon my memory. Very gratefully, however, would I recall my first view of Jassi, for it was to be a haven of rest from my wanderings for a brief season. Its elevated situation gives a pleasant impression to the traveler who approaches from the mountain which overlooks it, beneath which it sits in repose with its feet bathed in the waters of the Bacchlui. Before it rises Mount Bordelu, in the midst of most picturesque scenery; and on the other side of the city a lovely landscape stretches out, as much like an English park as it is possible to imagine. The roads are bordered with vineyards and

country houses; the latter, it must be acknowledged, are not of the most elegant construction, and in this particular have little harmony with the beauty of nature around them. They have evidently been built to meet the sheer necessities of their occupants, without regard to gracefulness of outline. In the interior of the city, this want of taste and regularity is still more striking; the buildings are without order or arrangement either in their form or situation. Some of them have a side to the street, while others present their kitchens and stables for public inspection, and some conceal their deformities behind high board fences. The streets are as disagreeable as they can be made by the two scourges with which they are alternately visited: the black liquid pasty mud of winter, becomes in summer a dry stifling dust, which blinds and chokes at the same time. Broken windows and crumbling walls are seen in every direction, for nothing is ever repaired; while

the total disregard of cleanliness, revolting to more senses than one, marks its entire aspect with that oriental indolence from which no improvement can be hoped. The extremes of luxury and poverty unite here without any transition; indeed, it is quite impossible for persons of moderate fortunes to live respectably.

Jassi has been nearly consumed three times by fire; but when I said to some of its inhabitants, that these would have been good opportunities to have regulated and improved their city, they went into elaborate discussions to prove that there was as much beauty in their pell-mell confusion as in the most harmonious regularity. "Why should we straighten and pave our streets?" they asked me. "We should only have the more noise; they are sufficiently straight and clear for our carriages, which roll equally well through mud and dust, from one end of the city to the other." And yet a gradual change may be seen taking place in some parts of the city, not only among the residences of the nobility, but also among those of the merchants and bankers; the inhabitants are also beginning to appear in gloves, shoes, and hats, and other marks of civilization. In one of its better streets I found a library of French literature, quite surrounded by Jewish shops, with the usual variety of merchandises which characterizes them elsewhere; among them, as is usual, were many money-changers. There is also a theater, where comic operas and French vaudevilles are represented once or twice a week. With these slight pretensions to the character of a city, Jassi seems more like a large village, with its nameless streets, its large and numerous gardens, and its mysterious *mahalas* (faubourgs) six or seven miles in circuit.

Among the churches which escaped the great fire of 1827, the most remarkable is the Church of the Tresphetitili, or Three Saints; consecrated in 1629 to Saint Basil, Saint John Chrysostom, and Saint Gregory. It is constructed of large stones, its exterior is covered with beautifully executed arabesques in relief, and it is crowned with towers of light and graceful forms. The interior walls are ornamented with frescoes; its three naves are illuminated by magnificent silver lamps constantly burning day and night, for the high and narrow arched windows only admit a pale and mysterious light. It is

surrounded with a spacious monastery, which has always been well fortified. This church was originally gilded throughout its interior, and was celebrated for its vast treasures. It has been burned and pillaged three times during the invasions of the Tartars, and at the beginning of the present century was overthrown by an earthquake. About twenty-five years since it was robbed of one of the richly ornamented portraits of its founder. The avaricious thieves, who escaped detection, had no reverence for the holy Basil, but they coveted the numerous and valuable fine pearls with which his robe and head-dress were covered. The church still preserves an incomplete collection of portraits of great beauty, embroidered with inimitable perfection by the Princess Theodocia, the wife of Basil. Among them is one of the princess herself, and her son, the eldest of her twenty-seven children. The only one which is still preserved of the founder is in fresco, representing him with his unfinished church upon his left hand, while his three patron saints are bestowing their benedictions upon him from the skies.

Like most imperfectly civilized nations the Moldavians are thoroughly superstitious. It is an exceedingly bad omen for the eyebrows to meet; persons with this peculiarity are suspected of an "evil-eye." On certain days of the week malicious fairies possess a supernatural power, which increases in activity toward evening, when their short-lived spells are to perish. They also believe in sorcerers, who only live to injure those around them; but fortunately they are easily recognized by their tails, which they sometimes wear under their arms and sometimes where it is said the devil wears his. They suspect a person of causing drought, and another of producing rain. A physician was one day gathering herbs upon the mountain-side; some travelers upon the road were able to distinguish a form moving among the trees, and took it into their heads that they had discovered a wolf, of which vague reports had been circulating among the inhabitants. They started in pursuit, but what was their surprise upon near approach to find that the animal arose and looked at them with a human face. Nothing but a sorcerer could thus change its form, and the poor physician, as he descended from his

scientific elevation, found himself sustaining a new character in the eyes of his frightened pursuers. Fortunately a passing vehicle relieved him from his dilemma. I was told that some Wallachian peasants, believing that some sorcerers were among them, placed in the church one evening as many pots of milk as there were cows in the village. The milk, which turned during the night, was taken as a sure proof of the wicked influence of their owners. Frequently more cruel tests are tried for the discovery of the suspected, and often the most absurd practices are used: the sorcerers of whom they are in so much dread, are interred like other mortals; but if there is the slightest suspicion of their reappearing in the form of an animal, for this is firmly believed in by these simple people, the grave is opened, and its occupant is securely fastened in his quarters.

Wallachia and Moldavia, which are designated under the general name of Danubian Principalities, are perilously situated between Turkey, Russia, and Austria; if they succeed in establishing peaceful relations with one of these neighbors, they are sure to be interrupted by one of the others. The land of Wallachia rises gradually from the plains of the Danube, where it is about forty-five feet above the level of the sea, to nearly eight thousand feet, which is the height of the most elevated peaks of the Carpathian Alps. This range crosses the country with four hundred and eighty-one separate peaks, each bearing its proper name. The soil is well-watered, and so fruitful that scarcely any cultivation is necessary. Flowers are everywhere in abundance: even the dusty roadsides are bordered with these fragrant ornaments: some of them have received most poetical names from the simple-hearted inhabitants. A modest little blossom which grows in shade and obscurity is called "little tears;" and a magnificent flower, resembling a candelabra, is known as "The Light of the Lord." Nothing can exceed the beauty of the "prairies" in the verdure of spring or the golden hues of autumn, diversified as they are with an infinite variety of flowers and flowering shrubs, nut and fruit trees, and orchards bending beneath their luxurious burdens of plums, apples, and apricots. The solitary valleys of the mountains are lovely beyond description,

fully equaling Swiss scenery in variety and beauty. The olive and orange are the only European trees which do not thrive in Moldo-Wallachia. The vine is cultivated to some extent; grain is also very abundant.

The mountains are covered with magnificent forest trees, which are exported for ship-building. It is said likewise that they inclose vast mineral treasures of gold, silver, sulphur, and nitre, which might be important articles of commerce but for the indolence of the inhabitants. The Turks used to call these provinces the Peru of their empire; but scarcely any of the mines have been worked except the salt ones, which are a government monopoly.

An old Turkish proverb declared that a Persian boy and a Moldavian horse were the most perfect beings produced by nature; but my observations have by no means been confirmatory of the latter part of this statement. The horses are very degenerate; but the animal kingdom is as varied as the vegetable, and almost every species known in Europe is found in this province.

There are only two seasons in Moldo-Wallachia: winter commences with November and terminates with April; the ground is then covered with snow, and sleighs are the only vehicles in use; the remaining seven months belong to summer. The middle of the day is very warm at this season, but the mornings and evenings are so cool that a cloak is never unwelcome. This sudden change of temperature produces many fevers, which are almost unknown in the dry cold weather of winter.

In the population of Wallachia, where the fusion of races is almost complete, the Saxon can only be distinguished by his light hair from his Flemish neighbor; but in Moldavia, the aboriginal race is easily recognized by its language, manners, and frequently even by its costume. The Russian is short, stout, blond, and with little regularity of feature; those called Hungarians have round faces, black hair, and large noses. They profess Catholicism, and their language is a jargon of rough sounds. The Lippovan, (was it not formerly Philippovan?) whose name to me seems expressive of his disposition in this respect, preserves his ancient love of horses, and is always either a coachman or a jockey. He also



MALE COSTUMES OF WALLACHIANS AND TZIGANES.

keeps his Tartar visage and superstitions. He despises dogs, and holds the stork in great reverence. His children are baptized at seven years of age. The Jews are either Spanish or Polanders; the former are generally handsome, well-formed, and easily refined under the influence of European civilization, particularly in Wallachia, where many of them are distinguished by their intelligence in the best society. Those who crowd together in Jassi, forming a third of the population, have something of the Tartar in their appearance, and they always recall to my memory those Avars who embraced Judaism in the ninth century. The Scindromes, or Romans, descendants of Trajan's colonies, are called Tziganes, and form an entirely separate class; they are generally tall, well-made, and robust. They have oval faces, black hair, vi-

vacious eyes, set off with well-defined and beautifully-arched eye-brows, small lips, and white teeth, when they are not discolored or spoiled by too frequent use of the pipe or confectionery. Those of the class who reside in the cities are marked by quite a Greek physiognomy, while those of the country preserve the Roman features accompanied with an air of languor, perhaps produced not less by their insufficient nourishment and miserable dwellings, than by the political yoke which has weighed so heavily on them for more than one hundred and fifty years. The Wallachians are gayer, more intelligent, and more hospitable than the Moldavians; but they are equally brave, sober, agile, adroit, and have as much military spirit. The upper classes of both provinces were formerly frank, ardent, proud, enterprising, and even reckless in their daring; but the

influences of late times have rendered them, in prosperity, vain, dishonest, suspicious, avaricious though with large professions of generosity, cowardly, proud, and insolent; in poverty or misfortune, they are sullen and indolent. They assume the responsibilities of men at fifteen, become diplomatists at eighteen, lose all their individuality of character and purpose at twenty-one, and are old at twenty-five. I may be thought severe in my estimate of their character; but I have found them incredulous, insincere, destitute of attachment to their friends or their country, and ungrateful for the greatest benefits. No sentiment of union binds them together unless it is an absurd pride in the native nobility, though there are scarcely a hundred who can claim a place in its ranks either by money, talent, or descent. Not more than a tenth of these can date further back than the middle of

the sixteenth century. Besides the features which are common to both sexes, the Roman women are distinguished by their long eye-lashes, full throats, plump hands and feet, with a skin of extraordinary softness and whiteness. They are amiable and *spirituelle*, less passionate than the Spanish, less romantic than the German, less cold than the English, and gifted besides with such correct good taste that nothing but a better education is necessary to make them most charming creatures. They have better abilities than their husbands, and certainly show themselves capable of more attachment and greater devotion. They formerly appeared to best advantage in their oriental costume, which was considered finely adapted to set off their beautiful forms; but French modes and French manners have almost entirely displaced it.

No traveler who visits these beautiful



FEMALE COSTUMES OF THE WALLACHIANS AND TZIGANES.



LADIES IN ORIENTAL COSTUME.

provinces, can fail to be struck with the sparseness of their inhabitants, and with the misery which meets him at every turn, notwithstanding the smiling landscapes and universal luxuriance of nature. This splendid land should be the happiest and most densely populated country in the world, and the only reason why it is not, must be found in the social and political condition of the people. The deplorable aspects everywhere visible, are only to be explained by a knowledge of the history of the Principalities, through their successive developments to their origin. The past alone can explain the present,

and point out the future; without it their actual condition is a dead letter, more obscure than the hieroglyphics of Egypt. As impending events are attracting the eyes of the world to them, you will not demur to a few historical glances over their checkered history — only glances, however, for I insist on retaining my desultory style of observation.

Wallachia and Moldavia are dismemberments of ancient Dacia, which included also the countries now known under the names of Banat, Auraria, Lower Hungary, Transylvania, Buceovine, and Bessarabia. Under the reign of Domitian,

this warlike people invaded the Roman possessions, and compelled the conquered emperor to pay tribute to them. Trajan, on his accession, resolving to avenge this affront, invaded Dacia with such success, that its chief was forced to sue for peace, which however was soon broken by a new revolt. The emperor, indignant at this want of faith, determined upon a conquest which should be final, and consumed a year in preparations; the most remarkable of these were the bridge constructed over the Danube by his order, and the wall, still so well known, bearing his name. Nothing could resist this attack. The Dacian chief, seeing his cause utterly lost, poisoned himself that he might not fall into the hands of his conqueror alive. The inhabitants either took to flight or were exterminated, and Dacia was declared a Roman province.

Great rejoicings followed this victory, not only at Rome but in the camp; the soldiers celebrated the glory of the emperor in military songs called *ballettea*, accompanied by dancing. From this military term the Italian *ballare* is derived, and from this amusement of the old Roman soldiers comes our *ballet*.

The bridge over which the Roman legions crossed the Danube for the conquest of Dacia, was one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the celebrated Damascus architect, Apollodorus, who some years after immortalized himself by the Trajan column—one of the wonders of Rome. It was built of immense bricks, and the famous Roman cement which gave such solidity to all their constructions. This bridge must have been a bold undertaking, and modern times have few structures comparable with it. An examination of its situation confirms the fame of the architect's genius, showing that the course of the river must have been carefully studied before the selection of the site. It is said to have been supported by twenty-one arches; but the whole structure was afterward destroyed by Adrian, through fear, it is supposed, of the barbarians.

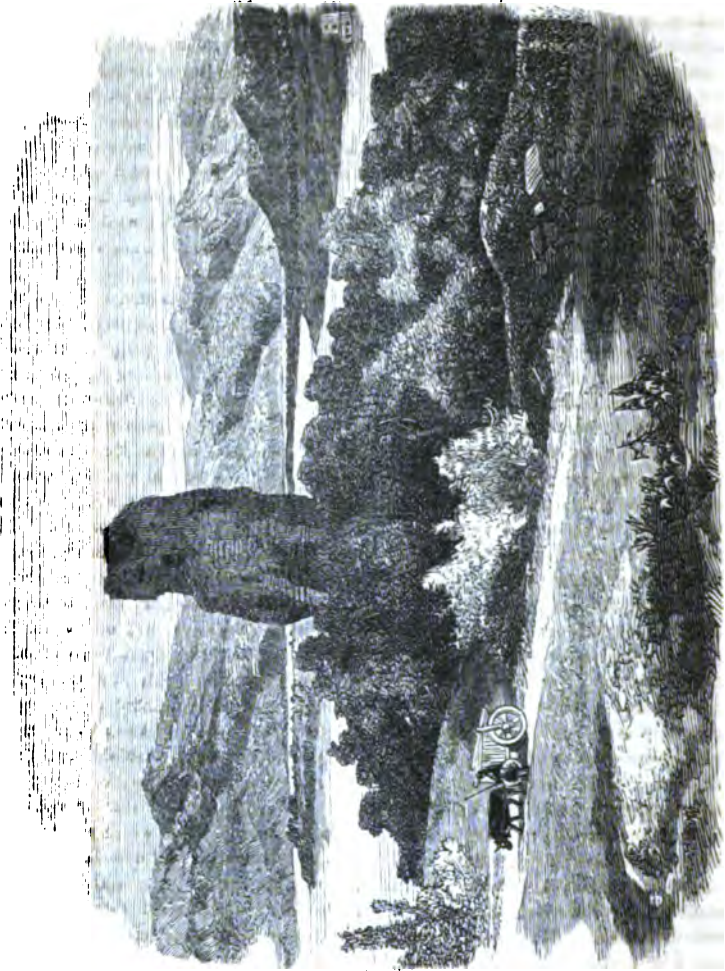
In 1834, the river being very low, several of the piers were discovered, which had been concealed by the water. At the same time many military relics were also found in the bed of the river—breast-plates, swords, and pieces of money—proofs of the life and activity which once peopled these now deserted shores. Near

the bridge are the remains of some buildings, which, to any one who has seen Italy, are readily recognized as the remains of a Roman city.

The tourist, who descends the Danube, may see, between Skela, Gladova and Widdin, on the Wallachian side, one of these arches proudly standing near the Seneria tower—the latter one of those majestic monuments which the Romans planted in deserts as well as in cities, among the mightiest nations and amid the most obscure tribes.

Perhaps nothing is more significant of the character of the conquered people than the memorials which perpetuate the victory over them. The emperor, Septimius Severus, erected this tower in remembrance of their submission; *bas-reliefs* have also been found at Rome, representing the Dacians in the very costume still worn by their descendants in the mountainous regions where they dwell. These trophies of the glory of the conquerors immortalize no less the valor of the conquered. The victory must have been hardly won, which was deemed of so much importance by the triumphant Romans.

After the conquest, Trajan sent his legions into the country to repeople it, and the present inhabitants, who are designated under the name of Romans, are their descendants. Their language, which was evidently derived from the Latin, is a convincing proof; while many of their sentiments, habits, and expressions, are incontestable evidences. The lapse of centuries has not dimmed the remembrance of their origin. They have never forgotten that they are the sons of Trajan and children of Rome; and though they have yielded, under the irresistible pressure of circumstances, and are still ready to suffer anything, they look forward to a future which shall restore to them the glorious days of Stephen and Michael, when they may again prove themselves worthy of their illustrious origin. They have not forgotten the immortal names which are their proudest national boast. Galerius Armentarius, the herdsman, who sat on the throne of the emperors; Dara, his nephew; Constantine the Great; his wife, Faustina; Licinius, who, though born a peasant, led forth the Roman armies as a general; and Justinian, as famous as Roman law—all of them were natives of these provinces.



RUINS OF THE BRIDGE OF TRAJAN AND THE TOWER OF BEVENUS.

Their own valor was displayed in many hard-fought battles in their earlier history; in their defeat of Alexis Comnenes, and the steady repulse of the Tartars in their attempted passage toward Western Europe. Their brave resistance to the Turkish encroachments in later times, claims our admiration: to their unconquerable bravery alone they owe their existence; for the division of their territory was several times arranged by Poland and Hungary. The process by which they have been robbed of all their political rights, and loaded with oppressions till they have at last sunk under the weight, must now be dismissed with a hasty glance, though centuries have been ex-

hausted in these successive attempts to degrade them.

The colonies thus planted by the mistress of the world were under the dominion of Roman governors, until two hundred and seventy-four years after Christ. During one of the barbarian invasions of the country, the inhabitants crossed the mountains and settled in Transylvania, where they established two important colonies. After several years of exile, two of their chiefs, assisted by the Hungarians, drove out the Tartar possessors of their country, and established themselves under the title of *Vaivodcs*, which is still preserved by their successors. It was at this time the division of the provinces was

made; though their manners, language, and religion, remained the same. Their independence, however, was short-lived. One of their *vaivodes*, or first commanders, made an unprovoked attack upon a Turkish colony, which had established itself upon the opposite shore of the Danube. It resulted in the complete defeat of the Wallachians, who were obliged to pay tribute to their conquerors. During the fifteenth century many attempts were made to free themselves from the galling yoke of their oppressors, but it fell more heavily upon them.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century, a man of obscure birth was raised to the dignity of *vaivode*. His name was Michael, and he was surnamed *the Brave*; a title which history has confirmed. He bound himself by an oath to free his country from the Turkish oppression; by an alliance with the chiefs of Transylvania and Moldavia he was successful; and after five years of successive defeats, the conquered sultan was compelled to renounce his dominion; but the brave Michael was assassinated by an Austrian general, and with him the stately edifice of national independence which he had constructed crumbled to dust. Before the people had recovered from the consternation into which this calamity had thrown them, the Turks resumed their sway; and the two Principalities again becoming tributary provinces, sunk into a state of lethargy for more than a century, during which the unhappy population were oppressed by a system of government more fatal than the rapine and devastation of the barbarian invasions. The conquered provinces were divided into *pashaliks*; and either through contempt of the office, or a remembrance of their own unfortunate experiences, they chose as the instruments of their government the *Fanariotes*, or descendants of the Greeks who remained in Constantinople after it was taken by the Turks in 1453. The quarter of the city where they resided was called the *Fanac*; and its residents were afterward known as *Fanaciates*. Many of them devoted themselves to the study of languages, and by this accomplishment became indispensable as interpreters and private secretaries. They soon proved that knowledge is power, and acquired great influence. With it, however, came the sordid passions which too often accompany it; they were ambitious

and avaricious, and by their management the provisional government became an office of bargain and sale secured to the highest bidder. Any governor was displaced by a larger sum of money; consequently, the only aim of this officer was to secure his fortune and those of his satellites who were the necessary attendants of his suite, in the shortest possible time. With the constant fear of removal before them, they exhausted invention in their endeavors to repay the enormous debts frequently contracted for the purchase of the office, and also to amass sufficient treasure for the inevitable displacement which awaited them. The most unheard-of extortions were practiced upon the people to pay the bribes of the subordinates, or buy off the strife of competitors. These, perhaps, were the most favorable aspects of this monstrous system; human life and family ties were often sacrificed to this avarice for riches and power. Many a father bought the eagerly-craved office with the head of his son; and many a son paid for his brief enjoyment of power with the head of his father.

The immediate suffering produced by the shameless and cruel extortion of these miserable rulers was one of the least evils resulting to them. The sentiments of morality were utterly destroyed; they were taught, and soon learned the lesson well, that perfidy was another name for ability, cowardice for prudence, dishonesty for foresight; that success was the only test of right. It was easy to persuade them that integrity and uprightness were the conventional garbs of wickedness, adopted only that it might circulate with decency in the world. As sometimes happens, the evil had the antidote within itself; it was destroyed by its own excesses. When vice, grown bold by the impunity with which it ventured everywhere, stalked abroad without the protecting robes which had hitherto concealed its deformity, the people were horrified with its aspect. An army was forbidden, and the two Principalities, which had formerly maintained sixty thousand foot soldiers, were left utterly defenseless. Turkish brigands pillaged and murdered unnoticed; entire cities were evacuated at the approach of their organized bands, the inhabitants flying to the mountains or to Austria to escape death. The police, (if the word is not too absurd,) the very refuse of all countries, came forth

from the prisons and mines to be the satellites of the reigning powers; they were without uniform, order, or discipline; they were the accomplices of the thieves and brigands whom they sometimes pretended to pursue; but, as the inhabitants knew only too well, always without success.

During the century of the Fanariote dominion, more than forty of its hospodars were displaced or beheaded. But one died peacefully upon the throne which he had bought several times over. The sway of this dastardly rule was several times interrupted by Russian invasion; but the changes which took place in the fated provinces seemed always only a change of oppressors. A ray of hope illumined their dark fate in 1792, when a stipulation was made that the term of a governor or hospodar should be fixed for seven years. In 1821, after a bloody insurrection, the Porte declared that the Fanariotes were infidels, upon whom the sultan could rely no longer; seven native candidates were chosen, and from them his highness selected Gregoire Ghika for Wallachia, and Jean Stourza for Moldavia. It was the first breath of independence enjoyed by the Principalities for more than a century—the first princes of their own nation who had sat on the throne since the days of Michael the Brave. The hopes which sprang up in this new state of things were destined to almost immediate extinction; for, in 1828, war was again declared between Turkey and Russia; the two provinces were occupied by the armies of the czar; a famine was produced by the immense exactions made for its support; a frightful pestilence was brought into the country by the soldiers, producing dreadful mortality; and a winter of almost unparalleled severity added its rigors to the already suffering inhabitants.

At the close of this war a new era apparently dawned upon them. The ancient limits were restored; the governors were to be chosen for life from their own nation; the ancient standard again waved over native troops, who were organized for the defense of the country; the navigation and fisheries of the Danube were guaranteed; and a constitution was drawn up, by the provisions of which the government is in the hands of the nobility, and its support is entirely from the people. Time may modify and improve them, especially if pending events issue favorably; and this

nation, the last-born of civilization, profiting by the experience of its elders, and its own bitter vicissitudes, may come forth purified by its sufferings. The thorough education of the youthful nobility promises well for the future; but at this very day the privileged classes are marked with that fatal carelessness for the future, which has resulted from the oriental regime to which it has so long been subjected. No fault can be found with the elegant and somewhat theatrical personal decorations of the upper classes; but a glance from the lord of the mansion to the crowd of dirty idlers who surround him—the numerous, but inelegant equipages upon which he prides himself—the vast, but dilapidated residences, reveals the real poverty which pierces through all the display of luxury. You are charmed with the elegant manners of the master of the house—with the talent and gracefulness of his wife—the taste and brilliancy of conversation—the ease and purity with which European languages are spoken by the family, and you are ready to assert that more elegance and refinement cannot exist in any other country. But behind the doors of the saloon are a crowd of filthy dependents, the halls are strewn with repulsive and sluggish Bohemians, who sleep upon the very staircases; and as you make your way through them, you are forcibly reminded that the civilization which has so much delighted you, like the precious metal of the country, has not been cleansed from the earthy incrustation that obscures its brilliancy.

These brief glances at the transitions to which the Principalities have been subjected, will alone afford solutions of their present state. Their past history gives a sufficient explanation of the disproportion of the population to the extent of the country, the barrenness existing in the midst of such natural fertility, the want in the midst of such outward abundance, the failure of capital still more than of men, and the foreign importations which are made notwithstanding its own wealthy resources.

Having thus entered this most interesting region of Europe, I have at once introduced you to it by its history and some general observations—an introduction which, however brief, may serve you in not only my further letters, but in the most interesting newspaper history of the next year or two.

INFIDELITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

ITS CHARACTER—ITS REMEDIES.

ONE of our correspondents—a clergyman—wrote us some time ago, urging us, in very strong language, not to forget the “infidelity of the day” in our editorial essays on “The Christianity for the Times.” We have mislaid the letter, and cannot recall the place of its date; but it was from the far south-west. We were surprised, as we recollect, at its statement, that skepticism, especially in the form of “Rationalism,” is invading generally that large section of the country—that it is prevalent as the only religion, or rather the irreligion, of most of the thousands of German Protestant immigrants, and, under the influence of Parkerism, Emersonism, Campbellism, &c., is infecting extensively the more intelligent native mind of that region. Our correspondent wrote as if not a little despondent at the prospect of its results to religion and good morals in the yet forming communities of the south-west. Had he read our earlier articles on “The Christianity required by the Times,” he would have seen that we have amply discussed this very subject—that, in fact, it was the occasion of those articles, and that their chief aim has been to show how Christianity could effectually confront and vanquish the growing evil.

The growing evil, we say; for not only by indigenous causes does it spread and prevail, but it comes upon us like an inundation from abroad with the hordes of European and degraded immigration, which, wave over-topping wave, pours in upon the land. From Ireland we have heretofore been invaded with Popery—bad enough and dangerous enough in its scarcely semibarbarous morals and sentiments; but now we are threatened more especially with the popular corruptions of continental Europe: the Custom House reports of the last two or three years show that the German immigration is becoming more formidable than the Irish.

It is not more demoralized than the Irish; still it brings with it more settled sentiments of hostility to our religious opinions and usages. It opposes our national observance of the Sabbath, and seeks to repeal our Sabbath laws. It avows loose ideas of the domestic relations. It scorns our great national tem-

perance reform, and organizes hostility to the “Maine Law” movement, even more than the Irish, who bring with them something of the prestige of the Irish temperance movement. Its more intelligent classes are familiar with the technical sophistries of German rationalism, and its ignorant masses know too well their practical, if not their theoretical applications. In many respects the most valuable portion of our foreign population, the Germans, are nevertheless the most dangerous in their religious tendencies. Our chief hope for them is connected with the efforts for their evangelical recovery, which are now made by some of their noblest countrymen among us. There are ten thousand of them at least organized under the banner of Methodism in this country; there are also many German Churches rising up within the pale of other denominations. Self-reform among any class is always more effectual than reform from extraneous causes; let us then hope for our Germans—in so many respects a noble and congenial people—from these new tendencies which they are showing in this their new home.

Now that our pen is in the ink, we feel disposed, notwithstanding our frequent reference to the subject heretofore, to say something further and more emphatic, if possible, on the *characteristics and remedies* of the infidelity of the times. We must understand its characteristics—its genius—if we would apply to it the right remedies.

Down among “the people,” infidelity is always the same—for “the people” are frank, honest we were going to say, even in their corruptions. They have few motives to hypocrisy, and not usually the requisite skill for dissimulation. Hence infidelity, when once it prevails among them, is thoroughly practical: it does not evade or disguise its own consequences. The people act as they think. When, in the form of a mob, they controlled public affairs, as in the first French revolution, they carried out their new infidel ideas, terrifically to be sure, but the more honestly for that. And when they have not such power, you find them equally straightforward, as individuals, in pursuing opinions to their practical results. We know how to meet the people, then, when thus fallen. They plunge unceremoniously, and therefore honestly, (if we may use the expression,) into the perdition of error, and we have a direct

work to do for their recovery; we must unceremoniously plunge after them, and pluck them as brands from the burning;—not so much by logic as by moral influences and direct labors.

With higher minds, however, infidelity has its varied and somewhat contrasted epochs; and never did it present more remarkable features than at present.

The earliest aspect of skepticism, as we see it in Spinoza and Lord Herbert, was metaphysical doubt, acute, cool, but somewhat respectful. It had no power to reach the common mind. Its next aspect was that of intellectual hostility and deliberate contempt of at least the historical and dogmatic claims of Christianity. Hobbes, Bolingbroke, Gibbon, and Hume, represent this period of its history. It subsequently appears under a still more decided phase. It becomes practically hostile; it uses another class of weapons, satire, ribaldry, blasphemy—it would debauch the public mind, and thereby alienate it from the practical restraints of Christianity. Voltaire and the Encyclopedists are examples. Rousseau, if more respectful to the practical code of the gospel in his writings, was, in his life and spirit, as hostile to it as any of them. Like the great hierarch of German literature and German infidelity, Goethe, he knew the higher experimental theology of Christianity,* and seemed always troubled in conscience when he trenched, with profane speculations, on that sacred ground, or suggested anything against the practical requirements of the system; but his life was a continued outrage of Christian morals. The skepticism of his Emilium is beautified by the most eloquent eulogies on Christ and his teachings, ever recorded; and the burning pages of his "Nouvelle Heloise" present the ablest dissertations yet given to the world on some points of Christian morals; as, for example, the two letters against dueling, and against the domestic infidelities, which may be said not only to have been fashionable but common, if not universal, in France at that

day. But if he qualified his theoretical teachings of infidelity, he taught it in the intensest sentimentality, and practically libeled all morality.

Paine became the representative of this degenerate school in our own country. Jefferson was not much behind him. Franklin, with his philosophic temper and New-England training, lingered yet in the diminishing ranks of the preceding philosophical school.

The fact that this form of infidelity had the opportunity of a practical exemplification in the French revolution, was its defeat—it showed its legitimate tendencies, and the world was shocked, was stunned. A reaction was inevitable. Sceptics, whether honestly or otherwise such, have since seen that a new route must be taken,—that the old one cannot possibly be right, however logically legitimate, and our modern unbelief is, with some marked exceptions, as remarkable for its pretensions in favor of moral progress as the preceding school was for its audacious demoralization. The difference is a notable one, and it is all-important that we should recognize it; for precisely here are we to find the successful mode of treating the evil. It has its theory, to be sure,—its learning and speculative pretensions, led on, commandingly, in Germany by Rationalism, and headed by the extreme school of the Tubingen theologians; in France by the literati generally, headed by the extreme Positivists; in England by Newman, Carlyle, Miss Martineau, and the Westminster Reviewers; and in this country by Parker, Emerson, and their wide-spread disciples,—but its main force lies in what may be called its *moral sentimentalism*, rather than in its logic. It is the most extraordinary simulation of the spirit and practical ideas of Christianity that could be attempted. We would speak respectfully, and of the system rather than its individual representatives. We cannot withhold the avowal, that we believe many of them to be sincere and good men, so far as the latter word includes not the divine virtue of a divine religion. Many of them have shown a profound, an agonizing earnestness; and amid the horrors of doubt have called for help or hope from any source. Alas! that they have not more effectually looked unto Him from whom alone cometh our help. Who have claimed more of our sympathy than John

* Goethe, in Wilhelm Meister, introduces, by a Moravian character, the most "evangelical" views of personal religion, (he was educated, in childhood among Moravians;) and Rousseau represents the heroine of his great romance as experiencing in the chapel, at the time of her dreaded wedding, a change which the warmest-hearted Methodist would approve as a genuine "conversion."

Sterling and Margaret Fuller? It will not do for us to deal out to such minds epithets of contempt or orimation. We should forfeit, in doing so, our own self-respect and our claims to the charity of the faith which they so sorrowfully questioned. By that charity, more than by any other means, are we to reclaim such earnest, though erring spirits.

The sentimentalism of modern infidelity sympathizes eagerly with the cause of human liberty. It speaks out for the oppressed, both here and in Europe. It devises schemes of popular amelioration. It devotes itself to the problem of pauperism; and has produced socialism. It claims new protections for woman. It seeks mitigations of the criminal codes of nations, and the abolition of the gallows. It eulogizes Christ, while it undermines Christianity;* it insists upon the spirit of the gospel in distinction, if not in contradistinction from its dogma; it exalts the practical charity and morality of Christianity, while it denounces its ecclesiasticism.

This is its character, and this is its danger too; for its concessions to Christianity, in some respects, form the vantage-ground from which it attacks it in other respects. Here is the very strategy of the evil. It has changed itself into an angel of light. It preaches to the world a perverted "evangel;" but it preaches it from within the portal, if not from within the altar of Christianity.

Such being the evil, how now are we to regard it—how to address ourselves to it?

Not with despondent fears of the ultimate result—none whatever. The history of religious opinions, as well as our Christian faith, forbid any such anxiety. Had we lived in the beginning of the last century we should have found tenfold more reasons for despair; but what followed the infidelity of those times? An evangelical revolution, the most prolific in good consequences of any since the second century. Theoretical infidelity and popular demoralization were rife through all England. Butler wrote his "Analogy" to counteract the scepticism of the times, and declares, in the preface, that Christianity had "come to be taken for a fable."

* Professor Newman has at last become an exception; and he only anticipates the result which must sooner or later be reached by his disciples.

Watts mourned that "religion seemed to be dying out in the world." Doddridge, in his rural retirement, labored incessantly with his pen, for the restoration of a purer faith in the Churches; but joined also in the common expression of almost hopeless despondence. Some of the leading minds of the Anglican Establishment declared the prospects of religion to be nearly desperate. The light seemed to be dying out on the altar of British Christianity. A more striking indication of the depression, not of religion only but of morals, could hardly be given, than the fact that Sterne and Swift, men who competed as rivals of Rabelais, were clergymen and distinguished characters of the times. Bolingbroke and Shaftesbury (the latter "the first great advocate of modern secularism") were the authorities of opinion in polite life, and Hume and Gibbon soon followed with still more commanding sway in the intellectual world.

Meanwhile, this "extremity was God's opportunity." Butler's great argument dispelled not the clouds—it had no appreciable effect that we can ascertain. But amid the infidelity and corruptions of the Universities moved a few obscure, yet earnest minds, inquiring, "Who will show us any good?" A young man, whose eloquent voice was soon to ring like a clarion through England and America, lay whole nights prostrate on the ground, in agony, praying for the true light; another, whose name was to rank only second to Luther's, paced to and fro through the corridors and groves of Oxford, panting for "Christian perfection" over the pages of John Law, and repeating with tears the penitential meditations of à Kempis; while another, whose kindling melodies were to express the restored religious life of millions, and to be "repeated more from the lips of the dying than any other hymns in the language,"^o bowed in his cloister, smiting his breast and crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." A few years elapse, and all England is astir with religious excitement. Whitefield, the two Wesleys, Rowland Hill, Beveridge, the great Welch evangelists, Wilberforce, Lady Huntingdon, Hannah Moore, and a constellation of other notable names, come forth amid the darkness which covered the moral

^o Robert Southey, on Charles Wesley.—*Life of Wesley.*

heavens, and this desolate period became the epoch of nearly all the modern enterprises of Protestantism. Methodism, Calvinistic and Arminian, had their birth in it. The Bible Society sprung up from it. Tract Societies, with their continually multiplying machinery; Sunday schools, the most capable auxiliary of modern Christianity; missions even, for they had hardly become a distinct feature of the Protestant Church before; and, chief perhaps among them all, a lay ministry—that great experiment which we have recently discussed—date from these dependent times.

Let us not fear, then. These contrasts of opinion seem to be oscillations of the moral world, which, overruled by the divine hand, have their law of reaction; the hands of the clock of destiny move on, the hour of sun-rise comes inevitably, though it may be "darkest just before the dawn."

Christianity is a necessity of man's nature. His moral instincts, amid whatever perversion, recognize it, and, sooner or later, silence his fallacious reasonings. There is none of the dictates of natural conscience which does not coincide with it; there is none of the natural affections or charities of human life that is not kindred to it; no national virtue or honor that does not borrow dignity from it; no interest of the public welfare that does not find support in it. These are its grand argumentation. These guarantee its safety. The changing winds may ruffle the surface of the waters; but they cannot reverse the tides, for these come of universal and inviolable laws. The occasional outbreaks of erroneous opinions, under the agency of anomalous minds, cannot disturb permanently the aggregate mind of a people; the excitement of novelty, however violent at first, sooner or later exhausts itself, and the common mind, regulated by its old common sense, subsides into its old channels, and moves on steadily as oforetime. And here is the inevitable safety of the truth; the inevitable despair of error.

With such views, we can afford to take another item of advice which the present phase of infidelity justifies, viz.:—*that it should be treated with more amenity than has been usual in former conflicts with it.* The best way to treat an offensive or a ferocious animal—a skunk or a hyena—

is to shoot him without mercy. The enormous infidelity of the latter part of the last century could be denounced without courtesy. It could not comprehend the courtesies which pertain to all other intellectual combats. Its very dialect was made up of ribaldry and blasphemy. It reveled in immorality; but it is otherwise with the skepticism of our day, as we have said. The latter, among its representatives at least, is comparatively pure; it attempts to retain the morals, and not only the morals but something of the ideal, the spirit of Christianity, while it casts away its doctrines and authority. We go further, and venture even the remark (not acceptable, we know, to many) that this is done with sincerity—that it is not an artifice. We doubt not even that in some ingenuous minds the infidelity of the times is adopted with a sense of self-denial—with even an anguish of regret that the vision of Christianity, with its blessed hopes, fades away before the gaze of the disturbed, and, in many cases, as we think, the morbid mind. Such certainly was the case of Sterling and Marguerite Fuller. This opinion does not vindicate them from personal responsibility; it leaves open the question how far such minds may have occasioned their inability to believe—but it vindicates the treatment we ask for them. Denunciation, crimination is not the speech of religion for such cases, if indeed it is for any. We must not only meet them with the language of courtesy, but even with tenderness and sympathy. That state of doubt, which at some time or other almost every earnest mind encounters—through which, indeed, almost every Christian mind struggled at first into the light—has, in fact, received in our present infidelity an open expression, a definite form. This is its characteristic peculiarity, and it calls for a peculiar treatment—a treatment not unlike that which we would extend to a mind which, awakened with religious concern, is nevertheless beclouded with religious doubts.

We trust we shall not be misunderstood here. We speak of infidelity as now represented in our literature, in the persons of its leading characters above named, and in the intelligent circles of social life, where all of us so ordinarily meet it. Its tendency must inevitably be downward; it cannot but become, sooner or

later, virulent and blasphemous; it has already such examples, and its popular effect, especially among our foreign population, is already openly demoralizing; but this is not yet its general character.

Again, the most important means of defeating the infidelity of the day is, we think, *to meet fairly its challenge of competition in the practical reforms of the age.* It has taken a route in this respect which is quite in contrast if not with the theory, at least with the practical endeavors of the infidelity of any other age. It would not only imitate the spirit of Christianity, but it would imitate and even transcend its practical philanthropy. Its most formidable reproach against the Church is, that the latter is behind the reforms of the age. The charge is fallacious, as we believe, and yet there is truth enough in it to give it plausibility and effect. It could be easily shown that nearly every important reformatory movement of the day has originated, directly or indirectly, in the influence of the Christian Church; but it can, at the same time, be too easily shown that not a tithe of her energy is yet put forth in these reforms—that most flagitious wrongs, public and social, prevail within the shadow of her temples, wrongs which ought to be annihilated by her very glance;—that especially in the higher places of her power, her verdict on public questions, involving moral wrong, is not as unambiguous and emphatic as it ought to be. Let her reform in these respects. She will incur new hostilities by so doing; but she will also redouble her energies—she will concentrate all generous sympathies and heroic souls around her, and confound and silence her gainsayers. We have discussed this subject quite in detail in one of our former articles, and need not here enlarge upon it; but we would emphasize it as the great condition of the safety of the Church, especially in a country like this, where the voluntary patronage of the people must sustain it. We believe the Christianity of the times is shorn of its rightful power—of the very locks of its strength—by its lack of courage to take its rightful position on public questions, especially in this country. It is competent, as we once before said, to give a verdict, which shall be decisive to the popular opinion, on nearly every question involving moral relations that comes up in the public mind. It ought

to give it. It is afraid to do so, lest it should compromise itself with public prejudices. This would doubtless be the result, but it should struggle through that result, until it could reach its legitimate position, and compel the public mind fully to concede it. Nothing, we believe, would be more practicable to it, and nothing could secure it, at last, more public respect and moral power. We are making progress in this direction; let us hope for the future.

Meanwhile we have no hope for the reformatory efforts of infidelity. It may be sincere, but it is neither wise nor efficacious. It perverts and defeats whatever it attempts. We have recommended in this article a courteous treatment toward it, and feel that at this point we need to remind ourselves of the fact; for it is difficult to speak of what is farcical and contemptible without contemptuous language. What has been more preposterous, and, were it not for the serious consequences, more ridiculous, than the reformatory movements of the infidels of this country? The anti-Bible, the Women's Rights, the anti-Slavery, and anti-Gallows Conventions, which by their extravagant proceedings, their eccentric characters—bearded men and "Bloomer" women—their exhibition of all anomalous minds and anomalous opinions, have kept the scoffers of the land in a roar for the last ten years. What have they done except to bring contempt upon great truths, and to retard the genuine men, who, under the formidable burden of this contempt, have been laboring for the needed reforms of the day? What has even the most serious experiment of these pseudo reformers accomplished—Socialism—what but a series of failures? And then look at the humiliating scientific pretensions which characterize most of them, the gospel of the "great Harmonia," Mesmerism, Phrenology, Communism, Spirit Rapping, &c.—some of them germinal truths, it may be, but abused with fantastic applications, which fill our hospitals with the insane, fill the pockets of charlatans with ill-gotten gains, and, worse than all—worse than anything else that they could perpetrate—render ridiculous before the public mind great questions which relate to the most urgent wants, the deepest sufferings of humanity.

"Better such efforts, with even such

results, than indifference," is often replied; and this reply the Church is to meet—there is too much edge upon it to turn it aside by an evasion. We must take the standard of reform from the hands of those who abuse it, and bear it onward ourselves, so much in the van as to leave them out of sight. There is no great evil in Christendom for which the Church should not feel itself, in a sense, responsible—there is none that it should not attack bravely. Let it break the restrictions that a false public opinion, and a weak concession from itself, has imposed upon it; let it stand forth upon the sublime platform of its divine constitution and universal moral authority, and here let it open its batteries against all wrong, whether in high places or in low places. There only should it stand—there infallibly would it be invincible and sublime before all eyes.

Again, and in order to this, *the spiritual life of the Church must be more fully restored*. We have said, in another article, that the ideal—the moral code even of Christianity—would be impracticable without the special doctrines of grace which distinguish the system; that the morality of the Sermon on the Mount would be a mockery of human infirmity, were it not for the doctrine of Regeneration. The real power and safety of the Church must come from its inward life. Less of sectarian zeal, less even of dogmatic rigor, and more of personal religious life, is what we need. Personal piety—personal sanctity—fervent in the pew, the vestry meeting and the closet, yet not there alone—but going about, as in the person of Christ, "doing good;" hearing around its brow the halo of divine light, undimmed amid the moral miasma and mists of the world—into the workshop, the mart, the exchange, the social assembly—this is the most needed, and, alas! the most rare demonstration of Christianity.

One overwhelming and conclusive proof of our faith infidelity has to concede. No thoughtful unbeliever will hesitate to admit that if Christendom lived fully up to the morality of the Decalogue, the piety of the Sermon on the Mount, and the devotion of the Lord's Prayer, *it would reach all practicable moral perfection*—that (admitting the paradox, for illustration,) if the Christian Church had not the true

religion, and the true were now, for the first time, revealed, the latter could not possibly be better than the former, were the Church fully up to the conditions mentioned. What is this but a virtual concession, that Christianity is the true religion itself? The fact is hypothetically granted, then; what need we further but to give it practical reality in the actual life of the Church?

This, we repeat, is the needed demonstration of our faith. It would operate two ways: first, the increase of spiritual purity and energy in the Church would stimulate all its practical movements, and thus give it that predominance in the reforms of the day, which we have urged; secondly, it would demonstrate the divine virtue, that is, the truth of Christianity, by exemplifying it.

This, then, should be the great movement of modern Christianity—the resuscitation of its original, its spiritual life. Its pulpits and all its other organs should subordinate every other question to this. Questions of ecclesiastical economy, sectarian tenets, even the reformatory duties above discussed, all should be surmounted by the more momentous aim of the *universal resuscitation of the Church*. We are already tending to it, and have been, since the great reaction above described; but the idea needs to be brought out more definitely: it should rise so ostensibly before the contemplation of Protestant Christendom, that—like the sun, when, after hours of but partial distinctness, it emerges from the mists—its light shall break upon and cover all surrounding sights.

A difficulty besets us just here, of which we are painfully conscious, a very simple and yet very formidable one, viz.: that the obvious truthfulness of these last views will impair if not destroy their importance. They are truisms, and therefore, alas, become powerless common-places! Were you to propose some elaborately contrived and expensive mode of counteracting the infidelity of the times, it would probably be studied and discussed, and if it were evident that it must be successful, it could hardly fail to be adopted. But here is an obvious, all-comprehensive remedy; yet how far is it heeded?

We are the more urgent with the above opinions, from the conviction that the usual defences of Christianity are some-

what irrelevant because not needed in the present controversy. We need not, in this age, "Apologies" for Christianity so much as exemplifications of it. Besides the fact that infidelity is now more a sentiment than an opinion—more in the heart than in the head—we believe that more erudite and powerful defences of revealed religion than those already extant cannot well be expected. Learning has something yet to do, doubtless, for religious truth; it will still afford new illustrations and analogies in Natural Theology, new developments of Biblical criticism, new reconcilements of revelation with science, as in Geology; but the great standards on the Christian Evidences, the works of Butler, Lardner, Faber, Leland, Warburton, Bishop Watson, Macknight, Paley, Chalmers, and others as great, can never be superseded, any more than they can be overthrown. The citadel of our faith stands within a Gibraltar of such learning and strength. Its defence, hereafter, *must be moral*, not so much as heretofore intellectual, and we believe that we have indicated above the career of its future triumphs.

ON THE CLIFF-TOP.

FACE upward to the sky,
 Quiet I lie;
 Quiet as if the finger of God's will
 Had made this human mechanism still,
 And the intangible essence, this strange "I,"
 Went wondering forth to his eternity.

Below—the sea's sound, faint
 As dying saint
 Telling of long-spent sorrows, all at rest;
 Above—the unscared sea-gull's shimmering
 breast,
 Painted a moment on the dark-blue skies—
 A hovering joy, that, while I watch it, flies.

Alike unheeded now,
 Thou grief; and thou,
 Quick-wing'd joy, that like wild bird at play
 Pleasest thyself to flit round me to-day;
 On the cliff-top—earth dim, and heaven clear—
 My soul rests calmly, above hope—or fear.

But not, (thou God, forbid!
 By Him whose lid [down
 Stainless look'd up to thee, then tear-stain'd
 On Lazarus' grave and Solyma's doom'd town,
 O! not above that human love divine
 Which—thee loved first—in thee loves all of
 thine.

Is't sunset? Keener breeze
 Blows from the seas;
 And close beside me, vision-like, one stands
 With her brown eyes and kind extended hands.
 Love! we'll go down together, without pain,
 From the cliff-top to the busy world again.

[For the National Magazine.]

WORK.

BY ALICE CARRY.

SINCE Adam and Eve went from Paradise, our lot has been to work; and in a proper receiving of that doom it has been most benevolently ordained that we shall find our greatest good. Right through the curse shines the blessing—the flower that grows bright under our culture, gives us more pleasure than the wide garden of our neighbor. "I have done this thing myself," is at the bottom of true dignity. I have planted a vine where there were dry stones, and the shadow and the fruit that are mine are not more grateful than the knowledge that I have beautified the landscape, given food to the hungry, given example to the unthrifty, done a good thing. The reward that follows labor could not have been but for labor—the burden makes grateful the rest. It is in vain we disdain the work after which, as God has willed, rest cometh; it is in vain we pray for blessings, neglecting the natural means that bless us. If we put our hand in the fire and call an angel to bring us water, we shall call without answer; and if we cry ever so earnestly for manna, we shall be likely to call in vain, so long as we refuse to sow and to plant. "We have a brave world to sin and suffer in," says some one, and it seems to me that we have also a brave world to labor and to rest in.

The gold-headed wheat field aslanting,
 The vine and the tree;
 The sweet-smelling earth at the planting—
 How pleasant they be!

And God has given us the great bountiful earth to cultivate and beautify, and are we not rich enough? What more could our good Father do for us than he has done? Any one of us by a little thrifty industry can make some small portion of the soil our own; and what a sense of satisfaction it imparts to us to feel that we are treading upon our own ground, or building our house upon a sure foundation! How luxuriantly the earth teems for our little pains—yellow wheat fields and red orchard boughs, and green meadows. Broad-bladed corn stalks, with their pale tassels and afterward golden ears; purple plums, pink peaches, and the various vegetable store—the sweet-scented bean-vines and hop-vines—more and better things than I can number, the brown soil

gives to the diligent. No costliest dyes can rival the coloring of the commonest flower, no king's canopy is half so glorious as the drooping boughs of my apple-tree, nor his wine better than the juice I squeeze from my own grapes; nor can his carpet of wool be so grateful as the cool soft moss to my feet. Why then do I envy him? Why do I sigh for his palace, when the little home I have shelters me as well.

If the king's gardener is a wiser and happier man than the king, it were better for us to be gardeners than kings. The moss bed is brighter than the sack of down, and what is it a king can have that I cannot have? Fictitiously much, absolutely nothing. He has cares that I have not, and do not desire; he has a crown, but I can make one of the flowers of the wood that will rival it in splendor; he has a gilded carriage, I have feet and can run past him; he has made the earth barren with useless masonry, I have made it fruitful with a garden; he has the adulation of a crowd, I the respect of myself, which is worth more than even the respect of another; for we must first feel worthy to obtain our own respect. I am a king's gardener, and in my labor I am blest. Singing every day as I keep and dress my vines—

Hilda is a lofty lady,
Very proud is she—
I am but a simple herdsman,
Dwelling by the sea.

Hilda hath a thousand forests,
Thousand meadow lands;
She hath maids and men for service,
I have but my hands.

Hilda hath a chain of diamonds,
Not a groat have I;
And her smile, my dun-brown oxen
Are too poor to buy.

She is clad in robes of splendor,
She is follow'd—fear'd;
Queens have paled to see her beauty—
I have but my beard.

Hilda from her palace window
Looketh down on me,
Keeping with my dun-brown oxen
By the sounding sea.

She may scorn me from her palace,
She may pass me by,
With my free heart and my manhood
Hilda's peer am I.

I am sorry the world has gone mad about things which, after all, are but the semblances of things. To look well in the

eyes of others and not to do well, to seem, and not to be, is what we are almost all of us striving for. And of all delusions that ever came into our deceitful hearts, that which says labor is an ignominy and a thing to be despised, is the falsest. All the great things that we so long to have about us, are reduced to this—the brick-makers and the carpenters go before the fine house, and the sheep-shearer and the loom before the brightly-dyed garment.

The author's book, if it is worth reading, was not made in a minute, it cost a good deal of plowing in the field of thought—those word-flowers did not grow without planting and tending—those smooth lines did not fall together without measurement.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and by labor is the beautiful created: how then shall work be despised? Surely not by any but the despicable.

This false idea, that it is disreputable to work, is doing a vast deal of harm in the world. Moth will fret away the garment faster than useful wear; use keeps the iron polished that rusts when it is laid by; and if we seek only our own individual good, we cannot do so well as to work. Without labor, rest itself becomes the hardest of all labors; we cannot escape the laws of our being. Every moment of rest beyond a certain point is fatigue; every neglected labor is a neglected blessing; every opportunity of gaining knowledge, wasted, is a fountain sealed up; to be sure we can sit idle if we choose, but we do so at our peril. Yet the doom we bring on ourselves is full of mercy, for at any time we can cast it off.

Even those things which we call evil, and which are hardest to endure, are alleviated by labor, and by trust in Him who has made it our lot. The heart is lightened more by carrying green sods to the grave, than by the folding of the hands beside the bare, heaped earth; and the vacant chair is noticed less when we go out and bring some poor houseless wayfarer to fill it. But it is not ourself only that we harm by idleness or help by work—things are so interblent and interfused that one cannot cease to move, and the others go on as well. Moreover, cessation is stagnation—the tree that grows not, decays; the water that flows not, is dead: and the man who works not, is worse than dead: for out of death springs a new form of life; but out of idleness

comes up only mildew, or, what is worse, wickedness. It is just as true now as when it was written, that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. One great evil growing out of this droning of the many, is the unequal distribution of the work that must be done by somebody. Millions are to be fed, and who is to plow and sow? millions are to be clothed, and who will spin and weave? inventions are to be made, and who is to warp the brain that shall afterward warp the iron; books are to be written, and who shall pick out the thoughts that breathe and words that burn? Not the idlers, surely.

Children are to be nurtured, and taught how the little bee improves his time, and builds his house, and stores his food, and how the ant gathers her treasures in the summer, and the industrious mole works at night. Forests are to be felled and ships built; level roads are to be cut through hilly countries; engines set running, and mill-wheels revolving; planks sawed, and shingles rived; telegraph wires strung the length and breadth of the land; dead forms turned inside out, and a living spirit breathed into the corpse of faith. Who shall do all these things? Who does them now? The few workers.

Are you not rebuked, O man of folded hands and scented curls, when, sitting in your stolidity, you oblige the ingenious mechanic or the diligent husbandman to turn aside for you? I suppose not—there is a crust of false pride gathered over you that prevents natural feeling; and not till it is broken by some sharp stroke of adverse fortune will you be able to see how mean you are.

We cannot excuse ourselves by any plea from the work which is to do and must be done at some time and by some person. We may keep back the world a century, if enough of us try; yet, as I said before, we shall have to work just as hard to pull it back as to set it forward, for there is no true rest but in labor, and of labor.

That it is dignified to do nothing is a conclusion which cannot grow naturally out of the American soil—how it came here matters not, but the sooner it is rooted up the better. It has spread itself profitlessly along the ground where meadows and cornfields should be, as it is.

We cannot all "create and fashion

forth" new things and marvelous things; but there is something for us all to do, and no one is so poor and so inefficient that there is no work for him to do. They may seem little things that we can do, some of us; but if we can do but little, there is greater need that the little should be done, and who shall say what is little? for things are so joined and intertwined that the tiny and silent wheel is as necessary as the painted dial-plate, the small pin as the huge beam. Let us stand up in our places then, and work, for the good of ourselves and our fellows—in time and in eternity. Learning first what there is to do and what we are fit to do, let us do it with our might—there is work enough for us all—we cannot walk in the street without seeing work that is to be done; we cannot look about our houses without seeing work. And if we do our duty in ever so small a sphere, we have done good. We must not work too selfishly, for if we do so we defeat our aim, and in seeking another's good we benefit ourselves.

As I sat writing a little while past, one very hot day, the maid who lends the little service I require brought me a glass of water.

"Mary, you look very tired and warm," I said; "but there is something I want you to do—are you willing?"

"Certainly," she replied; "I am not tired at all."

I gave her a large fan, and told her to sit down and fan herself for ten minutes. A smile of happy surprise broke over her face, and sitting down, she began to fan *me*; and so we always receive back that which we do, or would do for another. In our own immediate circle we surely have some influence, and it is easy work to use that influence for good. The wants of those who serve us should be cared for, and in truth there is no other way of securing their kindly interest for us; and their immortal minds, as susceptible of advancement as our own, must be remembered. They must be educated in personal, as well as household cleanliness, for outward purity is not without its influence on the heart. Every good and refined woman (and goodness and refinement have a closer affinity than might at first be imagined) will exert a refining and elevating influence on all her household—and you will never find uncivil domestics where the

mistress is worthy of the name. To do unto others as we would be done by, embraces all of Christianity, and all of true politeness. There is no formula to be learned if the heart is imbued with the divine Spirit, and the plowman is often as really polite as the man of leisure. It would seem an easy work to do as we would be done by; but we find it a very hard work, most of us, and are contented with doing it by halves.

If much has been given us, much will be required; and when we see riches, let us remember how much more its possessor should do than we—they are only means with which he should work, and moth and rust will corrupt every treasure that is not laid up in heaven.

What is it but idleness that makes so much crime? The man or the woman who goes out in the dark to beg or to steal has not been at work in the sunshine; for this keeps the heart and the hands clean. When I see the miserable sheds and garrets, whence with feeble steps the wretched inhabitants come forth to beg a morsel of bread, I think it would be a good work to give them a portion of the earth, and let them strengthen their muscles by digging their bread out of it. The brooks are full of water, and they drink of stagnant pools; beds of sweet-smelling straw would grow in one season, and they sleep in filthy rags; seed waits for the planting, and they starve. The work of education has not been done for them, and without this they are not able to see the better way of life which wiser men can see for them.

Those who have the means disclaim the work of helping them in such way as will enable them presently to help themselves, and so rich and poor suffer on together. The rich man may keep his gold; but he cannot keep his health in the midst of infectious diseases, nor his children from the contagion of evil example. He may avoid doing good; but he cannot avoid doing harm—we must do something. He who invents a new loom or plants a corn-stalk where a weed has grown, has wrought no harder, perhaps, than he who has invented a new idleness; but he has blessed himself and others, while the latter has done neither. Let us be careful then to keep down our envy—we have no time for envy, and hatred, and malice, for these are the hardest works of all; but if we do not

better works, they will force themselves upon us.

We have not time for these, for though we keep busy all our lives we shall not do the good works which our hands find to do. Weeds come up while we are asleep, and what will our King say when he visits his garden, if he finds thorns instead of figs, and thistles where roses should be? Not, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Every day we hear the questions not only, "Where art thou?" but also, "Where is thy brother?" We must labor for ourselves and him. Who do most to bless the ages in which they live, and the times that follow them? Surely they who keep their thoughts plowing in the field of mind, or their hands tending the soil.

[For the National Magazine.]

CLOUDS OF SORROW.

THE sun with rosy light o'er all is beaming,
Fresh beauty lending to the tranquil scene;
While from the peaceful lake warm rays are gleaming

O'er flowery meads, blue hills, and vales of green.

The crystal stream in golden sheen is sparkling,
As swift it glides past yonder moss-grown cot;
Yet, o'er my spirit gloomy shades are darkling,
Deep clouds of sorrow—who hath known them not?

Fair nature wears her loveliest robes rejoicing,
Luxuriant flowers blush beneath the dew;
Rich plumaged birds their merry lays are voicing,

Beneath the heavens so brightly, sweetly blue.
The butterfly from flower to flower is roving,
Where lilies bloom, with frail forget-me-not?
Yet o'er my soul a shadowy veil is moving,
The cloud of sorrow—who hath felt it not?

But shouldst thou murmur, when on all around thee

Heaven's glory beams with beauty from above?

The same kind hand which governs still is o'er thee,

Thy Father sees thee from his throne above.
What though he lets the veil of cloud inwrap thee

A moment here?—it is of all the lot—
His face will shortly brightly beam upon thee;
Then, child of sorrow, grieve—but murmur not!

WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

God doth not use to put off his old servants; their age endears them to him: if we be not unfaithful to him, he cannot be unconstant to us.—*Bishop Hall.*

[For the National Magazine.]

THE OPIUM TRADE IN THE EAST— THE TRADE IN CHINA.

WE design in the present article to direct our attention more particularly than we were able to do in the preceding article to the extent of the opium traffic in China. We have already traced the history of this trade from its insignificant and unpromising origin in 1769 to the magnitude and importance which it had attained in 1834, the period at which the commercial privileges of the East India Company ceased, and when that great body of traders withdrew from direct connection with the traffic in China, only, however, to direct its attention with greater earnestness and success to the cultivation of the poppy and the manufacture of the opium in India. By this time the trade, though universally known to be contraband, had assumed a regular character, and was carried on with impunity off the Bogue and along the eastern coast. The authorities at Canton had already become implicated in the trade; the fees paid for their connivance were well understood, and the highest persons in the province were not ashamed to participate in the large profits of the illegal trade. Up to that period the value of opium imported into China had averaged about \$14,000,000 annually. The great body of the trade was carried on by means of ships stationed permanently at Lintin, on which the opium was stored, the owner giving his order for the delivering of the drug to the buyer, who always paid the money before receiving the opium, the price ranging at that time between \$600 and \$700 per chest.

One of the specified conditions of the opium sales at Calcutta and Bombay is, that it shall be immediately shipped from those ports. The ships employed in this service are built and fitted up expressly for the business, and are among the finest vessels to be found in the eastern seas. Most of them are constructed in the form of schooners or brigantines, with low hulls, and being well manned and well armed, they present much more the appearance of ships of war than of vessels engaged in lawful commerce; or better still, they are well calculated to give us a good idea of the lawless "buccaneers" which frequented the Spanish main. Being well adapted to cut the waves with remarkable speed,

these vessels have received the general designation of "Opium Clippers," or "Runners," and unfurl, as the guarantee of their right to navigate those seas, the flag of Great Britain. Some of these vessels sailing between India and China carry from eight hundred to thirteen hundred chests of opium, and from their admirable sailing qualities are able to make two or three voyages a year. One of these vessels is able to realize to its owners, from the sale of the opium which it delivers in China, an annual income of a million and a half to two millions of dollars; and as the trade is brisk, the cargo rapidly disposed of, and the net profits of the trade amount to at least fifteen per cent., a single vessel yields to its owners a handsome annual profit of \$225,000 to \$300,000.

For the seductive drug a ready market is always open in China. The Indian vessels deliver it principally at Hongkong and Cum-sing-mun. The former is an island about eight miles in length, and from two to four miles in width, near the mouth of the Canton River, and about thirty-seven miles eastward of Macao. This island, after the termination of the war of 1840, was ceded outright and forever to her majesty, the Queen of England; and since that time a beautiful city, bearing the name of her majesty, has sprung up like magic on the island, and already more than \$10,000,000 have been expended on public improvements. Most of the English officers in China reside here, and are supported by liberal salaries, at an aggregate expense of nearly \$300,000 annually—the governor alone receiving a salary of \$33,000. Hongkong is the great depôt of the opium trade in China, while at the same time Hongkong is a colonial possession of Great Britain! But then Hongkong is half the world's circumference from London, and as the opium traffic is contraband, of course no returns are made of the proceeds of the trade, and thus the good people of England are deceived; and the great fact that a new possession has been acquired by the war with China—a new province provided with an immense governmental establishment, to nourish and protect a trade, the greater part of which consists in the merciless traffic in opium—is lost in the hazy distance. It is convenient, after all, to have some antipodal possessions; for it is difficult even for people who can see gigantic

evils among their neighbors across the Atlantic Ocean, to penetrate clear through the earth and detect the existence of evils, though they should even wear more monstrous forms.

It may not be very agreeable intelligence to the British public, but the fact is incontestable, that the principal article of commerce at Hongkong is opium. It is here that are found the immense establishments of the two greatest opium houses in China; and in the beautiful harbor, one of the finest in the world, may be seen, all the year round, several large receiving-ships, from whose mast-heads fly the colors of Great Britain. Nay, more than this; with the boldness to assume the responsibilities of this nefarious traffic, the example of which was given to its servants and subjects by the Parliament of England, and as if in defiance of the authorities of China, in 1845 Governor Davis licensed the public sale of opium by retail in Hongkong! We cannot give a better account of this daring measure, than by quoting the following from a recent work on China, by R. Montgomery Martin, who was at the time Colonial Treasurer, and a member of the Executive Council of Hongkong. He says:—

“Twenty opium shops have been licensed in Hongkong within gun-shot of the Chinese empire, where such an offense is death! Hongkong has now, therefore, been made the lawful opium smoking-shop, where the most sensual, degraded, and depraved of the Chinese, may securely perpetrate crimes which degrade men far below the level of the brute, and revel in a vice which destroys body and soul; which has no parallel in its fascinating seduction, in its inexpressible misery, or in its appalling ruin. When the governor proposed the conversion of Hongkong into a legalized opium shop, under the assumed license of our most gracious and religious sovereign, I felt bound, as a sworn member of Her Majesty's Council in China, to endeavor to dissuade him from this great crime; but no reasoning would induce him to follow the noble example of the Emperor of China, who, when urged to derive a revenue from the importation of opium, thus righteously recorded his sentiments in an answer which would have been worthy of a Christian monarch:—‘It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison; gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people.’” But money was deemed of more consequence in Hongkong than morality; it was determined, in the name of her majesty, to sell the permission to the highest bidder by public auction, of the exclusive right to poison the Chinese in Hongkong—and to open a given number of opium

shops, under the protection of the police, for the commission of this appalling vice. Would we have acted thus toward France or Russia, and established a smuggling depôt on their shores in a prohibited and terrific poison? We dare not. Why then should we legalize and protect this dreadful traffic on an island given to us by the government of China, as a residence and for commercial intercourse?”

From this “smuggling depôt,” as a great center, radiates the terrible traffic along the coast and through the interior of China. We need not here trace the history of the extension of this traffic from the waters of Canton along the extended coast which the Chinese empire presents. The dealers in the drug soon became convinced of the inability of the government to enforce the laws and edicts which it had promulgated against the trade, and impelled by the same insatiable thirst for gain which first induced them to participate in a traffic so dishonorable, the opium merchants began to make experimental voyages along the coast as early as 1820. Most of these adventurous trips were successful, and before long receiving-ships were stationed at various points on the eastern coast, and opium-clippers began to make regular trips of delivery from Hongkong to Shanghai. The ever-wakeful authorities of Great Britain in the East, convinced, from the experiments already made, of the practicability of extending British commerce to other ports in China, now turned their attention to this subject, and on the 27th of February, 1835, Sir G. B. Robinson, the successor of Lord Napier as Chief Superintendent of British trade in China, wrote the following to Viscount Lord Palmerston:—

“From the period when the first ship, the *Merope*, Captain Parkins, in 1820-21, commenced the system of delivering opium at various places, I have closely questioned intelligent men who have had opportunities of making observations; and the result of my inquiries is the conviction, that the people are intensely desirous to engage in a traffic, certain to prove alike advantageous to themselves and foreigners; that the mandarins are anxious to benefit thereby, but are reluctantly, perhaps, compelled to enforce the prohibitions regarding trade; and that an opening for almost unbounded commercial operations would be the desirable effect of little more than a demonstration on the part of our government of a determination to establish a proper understanding in the political and commercial relations of the two countries.”

That “little more than a demonstration on the part of our government,” was made in the opium war of 1840, and now “the

system of delivering opium at various places" along the Chinese coast is perfect. Opium stations are numerous; large well-manned and well-armed receiving-ships begirt the eastern coast of China; with which is connected, on the one hand, an extensive line of fast-sailing brigantines delivering to them every few days their supply of the pernicious drug; and on the other, any quantity of "fast-crabs" and "scrambling dragons," manned by desperadoes of the worst and lowest class, conveying the seductive poison along the coast and up the rivers. All the iniquities of fraud, perjury, bribery, and even violence, the usual concomitants of contraband trade, are practiced, and occasionally fatal collisions occur between them and the native authorities. But then, "the people are intensely desirous to engage in a traffic, certain to prove alike advantageous to themselves and foreigners," by diffusing poverty and death among the former, and filling the coffers of the latter; and then, "our government has made a little more than a demonstration," and thus a "proper understanding" has been secured between the two countries; and "an opening for almost unbounded commercial operations" has been secured under the protection of the flag of "our most gracious and religious sovereign."

Under this arrangement, thirty-three vessels, possessing an aggregate tonnage of 12,416 tons, are known to be moored all the year round at different stations on the coast, and eighteen well-armed schooners and brigantines are constantly occupied in making voyages along the coast, delivering the drug to the receiving ships, and transporting the accumulated treasure to their princely owners. A large number of first-class vessels are known to be engaged in the trade between India and China, and large quantities of opium from Calcutta and Bombay are conveyed to China twice a month by the fine steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

But we must turn our attention more closely to the extent of this enormous traffic in China. From 1794 to 1820 the amount of opium imported varied from 3,000 to 7,000 chests annually; but the practicability of extending the trade along the coast having been successfully tested about that time, the importations rapidly increased, and in 1824 they reached the

amount of 12,639 chests, and in 1834 they amounted to 21,785 chests, which was sold for about \$14,454,193. In 1837 the sales amounted to between 39,000 and 40,000 chests, valued at \$25,000,000. During this time the trade was universally known to be contraband. For nearly forty years the Chinese authorities had done everything in their power to arrest the startling growth of a traffic which was working such terrible havoc among the lives of the people, and which was producing an exhausting drain upon the resources of the country, which were becoming already so greatly embarrassed as to call forth numerous memorials from the first men of the country, showing the fatal consequences, not only to the imperial treasury, but to the finances of the entire empire, if this dreadful traffic were permitted to continue. In 1838-39, a determined effort was made on the part of the outraged government to suppress the traffic. Edicts of the most stringent character were issued from the imperial palace, enjoining the utmost vigilance upon the provincial authorities, and calling upon them to use every possible means to arrest the trade. Almost unlimited powers were granted to them to enable them to effect this desirable object, and degradation, and even death were held out before the local authorities as the consequence of their failure. These edicts were reproduced at Canton, and proclamations from the local authorities were almost daily issued, forbidding all natives from engaging in the traffic, and even threatening the consumers of the drug with death, while they declared to the foreigners engaged in the trade the determination of the government to break up and suppress entirely the smuggling in of opium. These decided movements arrested the trade, causing the merchants to surrender to the government about 20,000 chests of the contraband article, which were all destroyed at Canton, and which constituted a prominent feature among the causes leading to hostilities between England and China.

During these years—from 1839 to 1842—a much smaller quantity of opium was brought into the country; but the demand being much greater than the supply, it sold for almost double its former price, bringing from \$900 to \$1,200 per chest. Many handsome fortunes were made at

this time through the speculations in opium, and it is generally thought that even those merchants who so strenuously demanded indemnity for the 30,000 chests destroyed by the government, actually suffered but little loss in their whole trade during the existence of the troubles—the 30,000 chests being more than paid for by the advance in price.

The war being well over, the treaties signed, and the Chinese government convinced that the opium trade could not be suppressed while defended by the arms of Great Britain, and the merchants justified for the past, and encouraged for the future by the demonstration made in their favor on the part of their government, the trade in opium again opened briskly, and from that time until the present has grown with astonishing rapidity, and now meets with but little opposition from the authorities. The emperor and his cabinet, unable to control the traffic, issue no more edicts; no more local proclamations appear; the local authorities, as venal as the smugglers, think it wise to make the best of what they cannot prevent, and receive liberal bribes for their silence; while a deep and sullen hatred of the foreign name rankles in the bosoms of the people.

An idea of the extent of the trade and its rapid growth since the hostilities of 1840 may be gained from the following figures. From Bombay the exports to China have been as follows:—1843-44, 18,321 chests; 1844-45, 31,902; 1845-46, 13,227; 1846-47, 19,311; 1847-48, 15,196; 1848-49, 30,000; 1849-50, about 21,000; making a total of 138,957 chests in a period of seven years, which, disposed of at \$600 per chest, which is a fair average price, amounts to \$83,374,200, or \$11,910,600 annually. A still greater trade than this was carried on at the same time at Calcutta, and from official reports we find that the exports of opium from that city to China have been as follows:—1843-44, 21,526 chests; 1844-45, 22,000; 1845-46, 24,990; 1846-47, 21,649; 1847-48, 28,705; 1848-49, 36,000; 1849-50, about 40,000; making a total of 194,870 chests, worth in China \$116,923,000; constituting a trade of \$16,703,143 annually. The aggregate of the trade in East India opium thus amounts to 333,879 chests, worth \$200,296,200, during a period of seven years, or an annual traffic to the amount of \$28,613,743! With what

princely munificence has the Honorable East India Company provided the Chinese with this "innocent luxury!"

From various official and authentic sources, I have been able to compile a series of tables exhibiting at a glance the trade through a long series of years, from 1795 to 1850. We need not burden the pages of the Magazine with these tables, but present to the reader a summary of the results. During this period there were exported from Calcutta to China, 425,909 chests; from Bombay 339,553; from the Portuguese settlement of Damann, 95,774; an aggregate of 861,236 chests of opium. We have already seen that these chests will average all round 135 pounds of opium, giving for the whole the enormous quantity of 116,366,860 pounds of opium to be consumed by the Chinese in a period of about fifty years. A very reasonable average estimate as the price of opium during the past fifty years is \$600 per chest; at which rate this quantity of opium must have cost the Chinese \$516,741,600!!

No wonder that the "Friend of India" says, after contemplating the results of this enormous trade for even a single year, that

"To all present appearances, we should find it difficult to maintain our hold of India without it; our administration would be swamped by its financial embarrassments. Its effects on Chinese finances must be as disastrous as it is beneficial to our own. The trade is not legalized in China, and the drug is paid for in hard cash. The annual drain of the precious metals from China through this article is, therefore, between five and six millions sterling. No wonder that the cabinet at Peking is struck dumb by this 'oozing out' of silver, and that we hear from time to time of the most resolute determination to extinguish the trade. But with more than a thousand miles of sea coast to guard, and so small a protective navy, and nine-tenths of the officers in it venal to a proverb, that cabinet is helpless."

Here is the secret of the protection and encouragement given to the dreadful traffic in China by the English Government. Because, without it, "it would be difficult to maintain our hold of India," and, therefore, though it is a traffic in human life—though it is a revenue drawn from the wretchedness of suffering millions—though it must be "as disastrous to the finances of China as it has been beneficial to our own"—though the authorities have made the "most resolute determinations

to extinguish the trade"—still "it would be difficult to maintain our hold of India," and therefore it must be encouraged. And then the Chinese government has "more than a thousand miles of sea-coast to guard, and but a small protective navy," and we have already succeeded in seducing "nine-tenths of the officers in it," so that "the cabinet is helpless." Accordingly in 1840, Lord Melbourne, Her Majesty's chief adviser, stated the argument as follows :—

"We possess immense territories peculiarly fitted for raising opium, and though I could wish the government were not so directly concerned in the traffic, I am not prepared to pledge myself to relinquish it."

Why certainly not, my lord, so long as "we possess immense territories peculiarly fitted for raising opium," and then "would find it difficult to maintain our hold" of these immense territories without this revenue. Is there not something of a *vicious* circle in the arguments of his lordship and that of the Friend of India, when we come to "dovetail" them?

But let us proceed a little further with our calculations. One thousand rupees per chest is a low average for the price of opium at Calcutta during those fifty years, the price ranging from 500 to 1,500 rupees. 425,909 chests would thus realize to the company an income of 425,909,000 rupees. Three hundred rupees per chest is a reasonable average for the transit duties on the opium delivered at Bombay, which would give to the company another income of 95,865,900 rupees,—or a total for the two presidencies of 521,774,900 rupees, equal to about \$237,407,579. It would be correct, perhaps, to allow the same as the average price of the Damaun opium, which gives an additional item of about \$47,577,170, making for the whole sum realized from the East India trade in opium with China, \$280,984,749, which, deducted from the aggregate realized in China, viz.: \$516,714,600—\$280,984,749 = \$235,756,851, as the spoils of the traffic to be divided among the merchants engaged in the trade in China. We may safely set down as clear profit to merchants engaged in the traffic an average of about 20 per cent., which will give to the merchants a net profit of \$47,151,370; a sum sufficient to make forty-seven millionaires, and the opium trade in China would have

made by itself alone this number of princely fortunes, if some of the merchants, more aspiring and avaricious than others, had not realized more than their share. It is stated, on good authority, that a single house in China, a few years since, divided £3,000,000, or about \$15,000,000, as the clear profits of their trade in opium. After paying to the merchants their net profit we have still left the sum of \$188,605,481 to be expended in building ships, steamers, and brigantines, to sail between India and China, and to ply along the eastern coast; to supply and sustain a fleet of receiving ships to lie moored at the principal ports of China; to pay large salaries to agents, clerks, ship captains, &c., and to bribe liberally the venal authorities of the empire.

These results, vast as they are, can only be viewed as a good approximation to the real extent of this enormous traffic. It will be remembered that the trade has always been contraband, and, therefore, though conducted with a degree of boldness which the smugglers would not dare to venture on in other countries, its transactions are involved in some secrecy. Before the war with England, the results of the trade were publicly made known, with almost the same freedom as with any other branch of trade; but since the war the traffic is universally acknowledged to be illegitimate, and its results are discarded from the official returns. This places us under the necessity of studying the opium trade in China somewhat indirectly through the reports of the trade in India, in which country there is no necessity for secrecy. We have carefully examined the data used in our calculations, and believe that in nearly every instance our figures are rather below than above the real returns of this gigantic trade. Still this does not constitute the whole of the traffic, as the trade in Turkey opium, of which we have taken no account, is far from an inconsiderable item; and in forming a conception of the vast extent of the consumption of the drug in China, we must observe, that the cultivation of the poppy in the country itself is rapidly increasing, and already furnishes a considerable supply of the native drug. The traffic still continues in unabated vigor; and efforts are constantly being made in India to augment the supply.

(To be continued.)

THE GRIZZLY BEAR, AND AN ADVENTURE WITH ONE.

THE grizzly bear (*Ursus ferox*) is, beyond all question, the most formidable of the wild creatures inhabiting the continent of America—jaguar and cougar not excepted. Did he possess the swiftness of foot of either the lion or tiger of the Old World, he would be an assailant as dangerous as either; for he is endowed with the strength of the former, and quite equals the latter in ferocity. Fortunately, the horse outruns him: were it not so, many a human victim would be his, for he can easily overtake a man on foot. As it is, hundreds of well-authenticated stories attest the prowess of this fierce creature. There is not a "mountain man" in America who cannot relate a string of perilous adventures about the "grizzly bear;" and the instances are far from being few in which human life has been sacrificed in conflicts with this savage beast.

The grizzly bear is an animal of large dimensions; specimens have been killed and measured quite equal to the largest size of the polar bear, though there is much variety in the sizes of different individuals. About five hundred pounds might be taken as the average weight. In shape, the grizzly bear is a much more compact animal than either the black or polar species: his ears are larger, his arms stouter, and his aspect fiercer. His teeth are sharp and strong; but that which his enemies most dread is the armature of his paws. The paws themselves are so large, as frequently to leave in the mud a track of twelve inches in length by eight in breadth; and from the extremities of these formidable fists protrude horn-like claws full six inches long! Of course, I am speaking of individuals of the largest kind. These claws are crescent-shaped, and would be still longer, but in all cases nearly an inch is worn from their points. The animal digs up the ground in search of marmots, burrowing squirrels, and various esculent roots; and this habit accounts for the blunted condition of his claws. They are sharp enough, notwithstanding, to peel the hide from a horse or buffalo, or to drag the scalp from a hunter—a feat which has been performed by grizzly bears on more than one occasion.

The color of this animal is most generally brownish, with white hairs inter-

mixed, giving that grayish or grizzled appearance—whence the trivial name, grizzly. But although this is the most common color of the species, there are many varieties. Some are almost white, others yellowish red, and still others nearly black. The season, too, has much to do with the color; and the pelage is finer and longer than that of the *Ursus Americanus*. The eyes are small in proportion to the size of the animal, but dark and piercing.

The geographical range of the grizzly bear is extensive. It is well known that the great chain of the Rocky Mountains commences on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and runs southwardly through the North American continent. In these mountains the grizzly bear is found, from their northern extremity, at least as far as that point where the Rio Grande makes its great bend toward the Gulf of Mexico. In the United States and Canada this animal has never been seen in a wild state. This is not strange. The grizzly bear has no affinity with the forest. Previous to the settling of these territories, they were all forest-covered. The grizzly is never found under heavy timber, like his congener the black bear; and, unlike the latter, he is not a tree-climber. The black bear "hugs" himself up a tree, and usually destroys his victim by compression. The grizzly does not possess this power, so as to enable him to ascend a tree-trunk; and for such a purpose, his huge dull claws are worse than useless. His favorite haunts are the thickets of *Corylus rubus* *Amelanchiera*, under the shade of which he makes his lair, and upon the berries of which he partially subsists. He lives much by the banks of streams, hunting among the willows, or wanders along the steep and rugged bluffs, where scrubby pine and dwarf cedar, (*Juniperus prostrata*), with its rooting branches, forms an almost impenetrable underwood. In short, the grizzly bear of America is to be met with in situations very similar to those which are the favorite haunts of the African lion, which, after all, is not so much the king of the forest as of the mountain and the open plain.

The grizzly bear is omnivorous. Fish, flesh, and fowl, are eaten by him apparently with equal relish. He devours frogs, lizards, and other reptiles. He is fond of the larvæ of insects; these are often found in large quantities adhering to the

under sides of decayed logs. To get at them, the grizzly bear will roll over logs of such size and weight as would try the strength of a yoke of oxen.

He is too slow of foot to overtake either buffalo, elk, or deer, though he sometimes comes upon these creatures unawares; and he will drag the largest buffalo to the earth, if he can only get his claws upon it. Not unfrequently he robs the panther of his repast, and will drive a whole pack of wolves from the carrion they have just succeeded in killing. Several attempts have been made to raise the young grizzlies; but these have all been abortive, the animals proving anything but agreeable pets. As soon as grown to a considerable size, their natural ferocity displays itself, and their dangerous qualities usually lead to the necessity of their destruction.

For a long time the great polar bear has been the most celebrated animal of his kind; and most of the bear-adventures have related to him. Many a wondrous tale of his prowess and ferocity has been told by the whaler and arctic voyager, in which this creature figures as the hero. His fame, however, is likely to be eclipsed by his hitherto less-known congener—the grizzly. The golden line which has drawn half the world to California, has also been the means of bringing this fierce animal more into notice; for the mountain-valleys of the Sierra Nevada are a favorite range of the species. Besides, numerous “bear scrapes” have occurred to the migrating bands who have crossed the great plains and desert tracts that stretch from the Mississippi to the shores of the South Sea. Hundreds of stories of this animal, more or less true, have of late attained circulation through the columns of the press and the pages of the traveler, until the grizzly bear is becoming almost as much an object of interest as the elephant, the hippopotamus, or the king of beasts himself.

Speaking seriously, he is a dangerous assailant. White hunters never attack him unless when mounted and well armed; and the Indians consider the killing a grizzly bear a feat equal to the scalping of a human foe. These never attempt to hunt him, unless when a large party is together; and the hunt is, among some tribes, preceded by a feast and a bear-dance. It is often the lot of the solitary trapper to meet with this fourfooted

enemy, and the encounter is rated as equal to that with two hostile Indians. From a celebrated “mountain man,” I had the following story or stories, which I give in the rude patois of the narrator:—

“Young fellur, when you scare up a grizzly, take my advice, and gie ‘im a wide berth—that is, unless yur unkimmun well mounted. Ov coorse, ef yur critter kin be depended upon, an’ thur’s no brush to ‘tangle him, yur safe enough; as no grizzly, as ever I seed, kin catch up wi’ a hoss, whar the ground’s open an’ clur. Fr all that, whar the timmer’s clost an’ brushy, an’ the ground o’ that sort whar a hoss mout stummel, it are allers the safest plan to let ole Eph’m slide. I’ve seed a grizzly pull down as good a hoss as ever tracked a parairy, whar the critter hed got bothered in a thicket. The fellur that straddled him only saved himself by hookin’ on to the limb o’ a tree. ‘Twant two minnits afore this child kim up—hearin’ the rumpus. I hed good sight o’ the bar, an’ sent a bullet—sixty to the pound—into the varmint’s brain-pan, when he immediately cawalped over. But ‘twur too late to save the hoss. He wur rubbed out. The bar had half skinned him, an’ wur tarrin’ at his guts! Wagh!”

Here the trapper unsheathed his clasp-knife, and having cut a “chunk” from a plug of real “Jeemes’s River,” stuck it into his cheek, and proceeded with his narration. “Young fellur, I reck’n I’ve seed a putty consid’able o’ the grizzly bar in my time. Ef that thur chap who writes about all sorts o’ varmint—Awdoobong, I think, they calls him—hed seed as much o’ the grizzly as I hev, he mout a gin a hull book consarnin’ the critter. Ef I hed a plug o’ bacca for every grizzly I’ve rubbed out, it ‘ud keep my jaws waggin’ for a good twel’m’month, I reck’n. Ye-es, young fellur, I’ve done some bar-killin’—I hev that, an’ no mistake!

“Wal, I wur a gwine to tell you ov a sarcumstance that happened to this child about two yeern ago. It wur upon the Platte, atween Chimby Rock an’ Saranias’. I wur engaged as hunter an’ guide to a carryvan o’ emigrant folks that wur on thur way to Oregon. Ov coorse I allers kept ahead o’ the carryvan, an’ picked the place for thur camp. Wal, one arternoon I hed halted whar I seed some timmer, which ur a scace article about Chimby Rock. This, thort I, ‘ll do for

campin'-ground ; so I got down, pulled the saddle off o' my ole mar, an' staked the critter upon the best patch o' grass that wur near, intendin' she shed hev her gut-full afore the camp-cattle kim up to bother her. I hed shot a black-tail buck, an' after kindlin' a fire, I roasted a griskin' o' him, an' ate it. Still thur wan't no sign o' the carryvan, an' arter hangin' the buck out o' reach o' the wolves, I tuk up my rifle, an' set out to racknoiter the neighborhood. My mar bein' some'at jaded, I let her graze away, an' went afoot ; an' that, let me tell you, young fellur, ar about the most foolichest thing you kin do upon a parairy. I wan't long afore I proved it ; but I'll kum to that by'm by.

"Wal, I fust clomb a conside'able hill, that gin me a view beyont. 'Thur wur a good-sized parairy layin' torst the south an' west. Thur wur no trees 'ceptin' an odd cottonwood hyur an' thur on the hill-side. About a mile off I seed a flock o' goats—what you, young fellur, call antelopes, though goats they ur, as sure as goats is goats. Thur wur no kiver near them—not a stick, for the parairy wur as bar as yur hand ; so I seed, at a glimp, it 'ud be no us a tryin' to approach, unless I tuk some plan to decoy the critters. I soon thort o' a dodge, an' went back to camp for my blanket, which wur a red Mackinaw. This I knew 'ud be the very thing to fool the goats with, an' I set out torst them.

"For the fust half a mile or so, I carried the blanket under my arm. Then I spread it out, an' walked behind it until I was 'ithin three or four hundred yards o' the animals. I kept my eye on 'em through a hole in the blanket. They wur a growin' scary, an' hed begun to run about in circles ; so when I seed this, I knew it wur time to stop. Wal, I hunkered down, an' still keepin' the blanket spread out afore me, I hung it upon a saplin' that I had brought from the camp. I then stuck the saplin' upright in the ground ; an' mind ye, young fellur, it wan't so easy to do that, for the parairy wur hard friz, an' I hed to dig a hole wi' my knife. Howsomdever, I got the thing rigged at last, an' the blanket hangin' up in front kivered my karkidge most complete. I hed nothin' more to do but wait till the goats shed come 'ithin range o' my shootin'-iron. Wal, that wan't long. As you know, young fellur, them goats is a mighty curious ani-

mal—as curious as weemen is—an' arter runnin' backward an' forrard a bit, an' tossin' up thar heads, an' sniffin' the air, one o' the fattest, a young prong-horn buck, trotted up 'ithin fifty yards. I jest squinted through the sights, an' afore that goat hed time to wink twice, I hit him plum atween the eyes. Ov coorse he wur throwed in his tracks. Now, *you'd* a jumped up, an' frightened the rest away—that's what *you'd* a done, young fellur. But you see I knowd better. I knowd that so long's the critters didn't see my karkidge, they wan't a gwine to mind the crack o' the gun. So I laid still, in behopes to git a wheen more o' 'em.

"As I hed calc'lated at fust, they didn't run away, an' I slipped in my charge as brisk as possible. But jest as I wur raisin' to take sight on a doe that hed got near enough, the hull gang tuk scare, an' broke off as ef a pack o' parairy wolves wur arter 'em. I wur clean puzzled at this, for I knowd I hed'nt done anythin' to frighten 'em ; but I wan't long afore I disikivered the cause o' thar alarm. Jest then I heerd a snift, like the coughin' o' a glandered hoos ; an' turnin' suddintly round, I spied the biggest bar it hed ever been my luck to set eyes on. He wur comin' direct torst me, an' at that minnit wan't over twenty yards from whar I lay. I knowd at a glimp he wur a grizzly !

"'Tain't no use to say I wan't skeart ; I wur skeart, an' mighty bad skeart, I tell ye. At fust, I thort o' jumpin' to my feet, an' makin' tracks ; but a minnit o' reflexshun showed me that 'ud be o' litle use. Thar wur a half o' mile o' clur parairy on every side o' me, an' I knowd the grizzly kud catch up afore I hed made three hundred yards in any direction. I knowd, too, that ef I started, the varmint 'ud be sartin to foller. It wur plain to see the bar meant mischief ; I kud tell that from the glint o' his eyes.

"Thar wan't no time to lose in thinkin' about it. The brute wur still comin' nearer ; but I noticed that he wur a gwine slower an' slower, every now an' agin risin' to his hind-feet, clawin' his nose, an' sniffin' the air. I seed that it wur the red blanket that puzzled him ; an' seein' this, I crep closter behind it, an' *cachéd* as much o' my karkidge as it 'ud kiver. When the bar hed got 'ithin about ten yards o' the spot, he kim to a full stop, an' reared up as he hed did several times, with his

belly full torst me. The sight wur too much for this nigger, who never afore hed been bullied by eyther Injun or bar. 'Twur a beautiful shot, an' I kudn't help tryin' it, ef 't hed been my last; so I poked my rifle through the hole in the blanket, an' sent a bullet atween the varmint's ribs. That wur, perhaps, the foolichest an' wust shot this child ever made. Hed I not fired it, the bar mout a gone off, feard o' the blanket; but I did fire, an' my narves bein' excited, I made a bad shot. I hed ta'en sight for the heart, an' I only hit the varmin't shoulder. Ov coorse, the bar bein' now wounded, bekim savage, and cared no longer for the blanket. He roared out like a bull, tore at the place whar I hed hit him, an' then kim on as fast as his four legs 'ud carry him.

"Things looked squally. I throwed away my empty gun, an' drewed my bowie, expectin' nothin' else than a regular stand-up tussle wi' the bar. I knowd it wur no use turnin' tail now; so I braced myself up for a desperate fight. But jest as the bar hed got 'ithin ten feet o' me, an' idee suddintly kim into my head. I hed been to Santa Fé, among them yaller-hided Mexikins, whar I hed seed two or three bull-fights. I had seed them mattydoors fling thur red cloaks over a bull's head, jest when you'd a thort they wur a gwine to be gored to pieces on the fierce critter's horns. Jest then, I remembered thur trick; an' afore the bar cud close on me, I grabbed the blanket, spreadin' it out as I tuk holt. Young fellur, that wur a blanket, an' no mistake! It wur as fine a five-point Mackinaw as ever kivered the hump-rib o' a nor'-west trader. I used to wear it Mexikin-fashion when it rained; an' in coorse, for that purpose, thur wur a hole in the middle to pass the head through. Wal, jest as the bar sprung at me, I flopped the blanket straight in his face. I seed his snout a papin' through the hole, but I seed no more; for I feeled the critter's claws touchin' me, an' I lot go. Now, thank I, wur my time for a run. The blanket mout blin' him a leetle, an' I mout git some start. With this thort, I glid past the animal's rump, an' struck out over the parairy. The direction happened to be that that led torst the camp, half a mile off; but thar wur a tree nearer, on the side o' the hill. Ef I kud reach that, I knowd I 'ud be safe enuf, an' a grizzly bar it don't climb. For the fust

hundred yards I never looked round; then I only squinted back, runnin' all the while. I kud jest see that the bar appeared to be still a tossin' the blanket, and not fur from whar we hed parted kumpny. I thort this some'at odd; but I did'n't stay to see what it meant till I hed put another hundred yards atween us. Then I half turned, an' tuk a good look; an' if you believe me, my young fellur, the sight I seed thur 'ud a made a Mormon larf. Although jest one minnit afore, I war putty nigh skeart out o' my seven senses, that sight made me larf till I wur like to bring on a colic. Thar wur the bar wi' his head right athrough the blanket. One minnit, he 'ud rear up on his hind-feet, an' then the thing hung roun' him like a Mexikin greaser. The next minnit, he 'ud be down on all-fours, an' tryin' to foller me; an' then the Mackinaw 'ud trip him up, an' over he 'ud whammel, and kick to get free—all the while routin' like a mad buffalo. Jehosaphat! it wur the funniest sight this child ever seed. Wagh!

"Wal, I watched the game awhile—only a leetle while; for I knowd that ef the bar could git clur o' the rag, he mout still overtake me, an' drive me to the tree. That I did'n't want, eyther, so I tuk to my heels agin, an' soon reached the camp. Thur I saddled my mar, an' then rid back to get my gun, an', perhaps, to give ole Eph'm a fresh taste o' lead. When I clomb the hill agin, the bar wur still out on the parairy, an' I cud see that the blanket wur a-hanging around 'im. How-somdever, he wur makin' off torst the hills, thinkin', maybe, he'd hed enuf o' my kumpny. I wan't a gwine to let 'im off so easy, for the skear he hed gin me; besides, he wur trailin' my Mackinaw along wi' 'im. So I galluped to war my gun lay, an' havin' rammed home a ball, I then galluped arter ole grizzly. I soon overhauled him, an' he turned on me as savage as ever. But this time, feelin' secure on the mar's back, my narves wur steadier, an' I shot the bar plum through the skull, which throwd him in his tracks, wi' the blanket wropped about 'im. But sich a blanket as that wur then—ay, sich a blanket: I never seed sich a blanket! Thur wunt a square foot o' it that wan't torn to raggles. Ah, young fellur, you don't know what it are to lose a five-point Mackinaw; no, that you don't. Cuss the bar!"

GLIMPSES OF CHURCH-WORLD.

EXETER HALL AND HUMBURG.

AT sundry times, and under various provocations, men of a peculiarly angry mold have invented a set of expressions for the convenience of all who, to the end of time, shall, like themselves, be thrown into a state of intolerable indignation. It may be that when a man is angry, it is better that he should be silent, than that he should speak; for, unhappily for his social reputation, if he say anything at all, he will be almost certain to offend the sensitive and delicate among his companions; but silence at such a moment it is not easy to maintain; and, generally speaking, a monosyllable is likely to escape, at which nervous people will very naturally be shocked. A pedantic friend of mine, himself excessively polite, and knowing my hot-headedness, thus once advised me: "My impetuous air, when thy soul overfloweth with contempt, show the same, not by making an observation, which, under the circumstances, must necessarily be of an ungentlemanly kind, but silently curve thy nasal organ at the left-hand corner of its lower extremity, and, be persuaded, the most oblivious spectator will recognize the irregularity, and the most stupid will appreciate its meaning." A sacred Psalmist once said that "all men were liars!" The harshness of this dictum would appear less objectionable by reason of its being applied to the race promiscuously; but even this feature did not save it from the humiliation of an apology, and its author confesses that it was uttered in haste. Now, should any unfortunate rash tongue address a remark of this nature to some particular, isolated individual, however just it might be in itself, a whole tribe of highly cultured gents (whom it would be vulgar to call snobs!) would spring up from their seats; would put down their cups of chocolate upon the table in solemn consternation; would, with an air of outraged majesty, draw their bespangled dressing-gowns around them, and exclaim, "Good gwacious, 'ow 'owidly wude!" But, to the no small discomfort of the plain-spoken—among whom the present scribe hath the disgrace of being numbered—it so happens that very nearly all strong, decided, unmistakable words, either of scorn or of wrath, are horridly rude; and it is quite surprising

how readily, under an impulse of indignation, one may compromise one's dignity by telling the truth! And, moreover, it is an indisputable fact that those words which are most strictly forbidden by the laws of etiquette, are just those which are most appropriate to the vast mass of the phenomena of human life that engage our attention. There is, for instance, that significant, illegitimate, inexplicable, un-understandable word, "Humbag;" why, not a lady in the land could listen to it within the sacred precincts of a perfumed drawing-room, though never so fitly spoken, without threatening the poor perpetrator of the offense that she would faint away directly. And yet the rulers of our day, both civil and ecclesiastical—yea, and even those delicately-bred ladies, too, who faint away so often, and upon such slight occasions, and who may, nevertheless, be numbered among our rulers, also—are incessantly inviting upon themselves the impatient contempt of which it is so forcible a protest! But why is the word esteemed to be so rude? Not because it cannot be found in the dictionary; for many very rude words may be found there, and, consequently, this constitutes no criterion. Not because it was never spoken by our ancestors, for they were familiar with phrases that even the most honest-lipped of our age would be ashamed to repeat, and, therefore, antiquity cannot be urged as a guarantee of politeness. The only reason for its being considered so vulgar, which we have been able to discover, is that it expresses a man's meaning with a clearness which even the bats who will not see cannot miss, and with a power which the soft and the hollow—upon whom alone it invariably falls with justice—feel to be inconveniently impressive. As long as the world will conserve the occasions for its employment, there will be those in the world prepared to contend for its legitimacy; and when it shall no longer be suggested by existing abuses, hypocrisies, and impositions, it may be safely expected to become obsolete.

From humbug to Exeter-hall is no longer a journey than from the *Times* office to that same celebrated temple of philanthropy; and, as the editor has managed to illustrate the transition, we propose taking a sort of flying trip in that direction; premising that we start from Printing House Yard as one of the natural

termini of the road, and that we shall just call at the *Punch* office on our way.

It has been remarked with how little wit the world is governed; and this sentiment needs only a very slight modification, to make it mean that in the government of the world there is a vast deal of humbug. I am prepared to contend, on a suitable occasion, that he who would attempt to destroy all of this quality that there is in the ruling classes, would do more mischief by far than do those who are responsible for its existing manifestations; and that, as long as there is credulity, there must be imposition; as long as there is superstition, there must be priestcraft in the world. For my own part, if children will rejoice when their rich parents are buried, I think it is very proper that they should hire professional mourners to do the sorrowful for them. One humbug creates another, everywhere and always. If you have a soft congregation, it is needful and expedient that you use a white pocket handkerchief pretty freely as you preach to them; and, if they, your flock, think they cannot get to heaven without your aid, by all means carry a good stiff golden crook along with you, and take good care that they, your flock, shall see the same. Not that we would say to any man, "Be thou a hypocrite!" Not that we would advise any enlightened prophet, "Stoop thou to the follies of the people." What we mean rather is, that the demand for humbug will regulate the supply; and that, so long as myriads will throng to market every day for this miserable and mischievous article, there will be those at the stalls prepared to deal it out to them at a most reasonable rate;—yea, and as it has been, and is, even until now, there will be considerable competition in the trade. By all means, let humbug be banished from the earth as soon as possible; but in this, as in everything, there is an inviolable and supreme law of cause and effect; and, we may be assured, that so long as the field is not cleared for a nobler culture, these weeds, and thistles, and nettles will grow upon it—they are evermore a natural produce of untilled soil.

Now, it has become fashionable of late to laugh at Exeter-hall. Of what, according to our would-be humorists, is it the symbol and the center? Of fanaticism without faith. Of long speeches without

wisdom. Of "vain repetitions," not only in prayer but in exhortation, also. Of boisterous applause without discrimination. Of the ravings of bigotry, and the plots of sectarianism. Of the cant of the pulpit, and the pedantry of the schools. Of contributions to useless charities, and large investments in absurd missionary speculations. Of insane attachment to black sinners at the antipodes, and conspiracies against the laws and constitutions of foreign empires. Of millennial dreams, and anti-Babylonian prejudices. In short, of enterprise without intelligence, of cooperation without purpose, of charity without love, and of piety without awe:—such is a summary of the charges brought against those who use this building as the theater of their activity, and the sanctuary of their sacrifices. *Punch*, the *Times*, and sundry other representatives of the wit and the truthlessness of our age, both small and great, have set up an occasional chorus of malediction in the style and temper above indicated. Indeed, ever since Mr. Macaulay insinuated that Exeter-hall was an asses' synagogue, (an indiscretion the fruits, if not the folly of which he has been made to feel,) every little dog Toby has had its bark at the place, and every big-mouthed thunderer has made it the butt of his ridicule.

It would be too much to expect that I should deny *in toto*, and without limitation, all these charges. It forms no part of my plan, it is not necessary to the accomplishment of my main object that I should do so. The service may sometimes have been a farce. It is possible that the credulity and superstition of the ignorant have been wantonly acted upon. Noble ears may have occasionally been found laughing in their sleeves, while bungling out theological disquisitions to which they are, as a body, notoriously unaccustomed. Bishops may have winked knowingly at the devil just as they were about to commence a stale and irrelevant prayer to God. Amid the excitements of ecclesiastical strife, we may have heard the ravings of intolerance. Beneath the fire of religious enthusiasm the ashes of intellectual folly may have accumulated. It is possible that the cheers a poor unconscious nigger from the antipodes has received, have shown how much his white patrons might be improved by common-sense and common courtesy. Perhaps some of the rich

old misers who have once in their lifetime put a good round sum in the benevolent box have actually believed what they were told from the platform; viz., that Christ is a safe and liberal banker, and have really imagined that they were putting their money out at very good interest. I am not sure that, even as in the House of Commons, and other enlightened assemblies, "Hear, hear" has not sometimes been a confession of inattention to what is being said, or of incapacity to understand it, and that "Loud cheers" has been but the echo of enraged sectarian conceit. It is not my mission to defend either the immaculateness of the clergy, or the infallibility of the Church. I no more believe that the executive committee of a philanthropical association are above the temptation to be corrupt, than are the christened members of a cabinet whose doors are closed, and whose consultations are all confidential. Until we have angels from heaven at the head of human affairs, there will be dishonorable jobbing, ignominious trickery, and secrets which pride and piety alike will save from exposure in their management. And I do not forget that the great religious societies of our age have been instituted, conducted, and represented by men who are fallible in judgment and frail in character. To expect impossibilities from others is more foolish than to attempt them ourselves. While, therefore, I am ready to admit that there may have been much dogmatism within the precincts of Exeter-hall, I do not, on that ground, feel under any obligation to approve the petty puppyism that has been displayed without.

If there is a dark side to this picture, there is a light one too, and the beams are more notable than the shades. It may be hard to make the devotees of religious enterprise believe that there are any faults in their systems or their policy; but their confidence is, at any rate, an indication that they are in earnest; while the malignant scorn of those who so gratuitously abuse them can plead no set-off against its extravagance and its unscrupulousness.

Human nature has its weaknesses, and these the great will pity and the good deplore; but, even in its infirmities, it not seldom proves itself possessed of the elements of strength: these it is the province of misanthropy to dispute, and of envy to malign. The noblest features of

a man's life are those which indicate a will to execute the dictates of conscience, not those which merely evince a sagacity to discover the requirements of wisdom. A blunder honestly committed is a sublimer spectacle than a want only perceived. To discharge a duty is far more honorable than to detect one; and the poor man who treads the ways of righteousness is more to be envied than the proud, immoral philosopher who occupies the heights of knowledge. Even if the crowds who go to a missionary meeting, and who cry with admiration when a redeemed slave stands in silent and surprised simplicity before them, are such fools as their supercilious scorners would make out, they certainly prove themselves possessed of hearts that can be touched with tenderness; and some of their contemptuous defamers have not afforded many evidences of any similar virtue. Their money may sometimes be uselessly spent, and sometimes improperly and dishonestly applied—but it is cheerfully given, and in the deep feelings of its subscribers it is consecrated to God and to humanity. We ask not now whether the sacrifices be dictated by enthusiasm or by reason—whether they be made in the rashness of devotion, the ignorance of fear, or the enlightenment of pious generosity; but they are made, and as the enormous pile accumulates, we feel that it is a monument of holiness unto the Lord, and we are taken captive with secret admiration as we gaze upon it. The babblers pass and sneer, but they have no rival trophies to boast, no surpassing virtues by which to vindicate their giddy merriment. They work, but it is for profit; they aspire, but it is for worldly station, or for carnal fame; they may sometimes pray, but it is rather for comfort than for consolation, rather for relief from obligation than for strength to discharge it. It is too bad that when others pray that the good kingdom of God may come they should be disturbed by a profane laugh; and that when the silver and gold which are dedicated to Heaven are being counted, the selfish should insult them by rattling their locked and guarded riches, which neither man nor God may share.

The stupendous undertaking of bringing all the races and nations of the globe under the dominion of one faith, is one of the principal features of Exeter-hall activity

by which the satirical giggle of the "wise and prudent" who never go there is provoked. Now, I am not going to enter into any of the questions which such a vast enterprise may very fairly suggest. The ethnologist, the physiologist, the historian, and even the theologian, may have objections to the design, may doubt its feasibility, or may perceive wiser methods of pursuing it. And when such objections are temperately stated, such doubts respectfully expressed, and such suggestions sincerely made, it is the duty of missionary advocates and managers gravely and carefully to consider them. But rude laughter at the supposed blunders made by those who know nothing of these questions, or who have come to their own conclusions in respect to them, shows but a shallow conceit or a contracted soul. The perpetrators of the missionary follies have at least done this, they have carried religion to the extremities of the earth as a divine motive to human culture; and this is better than as though they had carried a mere human culture as the means to a true religion; but their defamers have not even done this. They have stayed at home and amused themselves at the expense of the generous and faithful, who have left houses and lands for His sake who did the same work on an infinite scale in his day.

The objections to evangelical enterprise are generally associated with a professed solicitude for the interests of civilization. It is argued that the great achievement of human redemption must begin with the understanding, and that, in time, the heart will right itself. If you would have men pure, teach them cleanliness; if you would see them devout in worship, give them half a dozen lessons in etiquette. When they ask, "What must I do to be saved?" hire them to work in a cotton factory. Are they dull? Let them have a game at cricket. Do they burn their wives, or throw their children in the sea? Read to them a page or two of Elliotson. Are their habits unhealthy, degrading, suicidal? Blessed are those who shall lay hold of a copy of Combe's "Constitution of Man!" In short, as a universal panacea for all their ills, there is no specific like Cocker's "Arithmetic!" The multiplication table is infinitely to be preferred to the table of ten commandments. Only make a man perceive how two and two make four,

and he will cast his idols to the moles and the bats forthwith. Tell him that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, and his countenance will radiate with ecstasy: he will cast off all old prejudices, he will devote himself instantaneously to the problems of his origin and of his destiny, and his hopes will bloom with immortality and eternal life!

Now supposing, for the sake of a personal application of the argument, we grant all this, will the Rev. Mr. Punch, or the venerable chaplain of Printing House Square, or even the soberer and more consistent disciples of Harriet Martineau or of M. Comte, go to the South Sea Islands, to China, to Western and Eastern India—will they go even to Ireland, or to St. Giles's, to teach their glorious gospel? Will they form a society to give a copy of their vaunted "Constitution of Man," or their infallible "Euclid," to every denizen of this unhappy world? Have they their organizations of practical science, and of educational philanthropy? Can they find a single individual generous enough to carry out the theory they so perseveringly defend? It may be very atrocious to give a man a stone when he asks for an egg, and when he asks for a "copper" to insult his poverty with a "tract;" but is it not worse, when they groan in bondage, to mock them with your ethnological hypotheses? and when they ask for salvation, to mystify them by your present of a phrenological bust? But you will not even do this. You tuck the figured crockery-ware under your arm and say to the poor suppliant, in whose civilization you have so supreme an interest, "No! if you want one of these saviors, go to my shop and buy one. Here is my card."

The fact is, nothing but a profound religious zeal will enable a man to seek out and to save his fellow-man. We hear how much commerce has done for religion; cannot somebody tell us how much religion has done for commerce? Until you feel that you are responsible to the great God for doing your duty to others, you have no adequate motive to restrain you from a supreme consultation of your own personal interest. Believe a book to be the veritable revelation of the divine will, able to make wise unto salvation, and you have then a strong inducement to give it to every man; yea, and to teach every

man to read, that he may understand it when he has got it. Draw two pictures in two moments! Here is a simple child of the Holy One—untrembling in his faith, uncorrupted in his happiness. He embarks on the wide ocean; travels to a far-off country, with his Bible in his hand; he sits down, on his arrival, patiently to learn the language of his new home; he laboriously translates his book into the tongue of the natives around him; and then, with unaffected love, he calls them, one by one, saying unto them: "Learn to read, for I have here a book which will teach thee how to live without sin, how to die without dread, how to hope without presumption, how to worship without idolatry." Here is another man; he sets out on the same journey, undertakes the same hardships, and says to the objects of his grand solicitude: "Learn to read this book, for it will instruct you how to cast accounts; what to eat, and what to avoid; how to work without fatigue; how to play without degradation; how to get rich without dishonesty; how to be selfish, and at the same time just; it will refine your manners, polish your wit, enlarge your information; in short, it will make you good men of business, sharp at a bargain, and elegant in prosperity!" Who is the fool? Luckily for the sneerers at the former character, no man has ever been fool enough to afford the fun of a comparison.

"Ah, but in your picture, you have given too much credit to your client: the missionary preaches first, and teaches his savage auditor to read afterward." Just so, and why? Because a *religious* interest is as necessary to secure his attention, as it is to lead his teacher to invite it. If the civilized cannot acquire the necessary disinterestedness to appeal to the population of the antipodes apart from his profound sense of religious obligation, how can he expect that population to listen to his appeal until the same sense is awakened? He, the intelligent and the refined, will only hazard so much to *save* his brother; is it likely then that his brother, ignorant, bigoted, and proud, will submit to so much but to be *saved*? The religious motive is necessary to the undertaking of the experiment; in even greater degree, it is necessary to its success.

Civilization is the fruit of great religious

or national revolutions. The entire history of the world might be cited in confirmation of this hypothesis. And when international conflicts have preceded new developments of civilization, those conflicts have, most frequently, been directly or indirectly incited by religious agitation. A nation can only be stirred from within or from without by deep religious inspirations. Wars may rage; but if faith be not an element of the strife, it will end with the shedding of blood, and its monuments will be confined to the fame of its heroes and the traditions of its barbaric glory. Religious corruptions can only be cured by religious purity. A base superstition will in time destroy itself; but its ruins will be dismal, poisonous, disgraceful. If it be removed by the introduction of a more exalted and transparent economy, its abolition will be an era of progress, and a consummation of blessing. The gross abominations of the Papacy in the French Revolution, found their natural, self-wrought explosion. Subsequent political misfortunes may be attributed to the absence of a new and a higher faith to engage the conscience and control the passions of the people. In China, and in India, (we trust it will by-and-by prove so in Turkey,) the abuses and miseries of the ancient hierarchies are being gradually supplanted by the expanding germs of purer and humaner (because diviner) institutions; and we have in these vast lands the spectacle of revolution without insanity, and of dissolution without death. The consequence is, that with the prosperity of the Church the general culture of society improves. As the inhabitants are taught a clearer knowledge of God, they intuitively recognize the more sacred claims of their fellows. Reading the Bible, they are prepared to read other books. Having mastered the ten commandments, they pass naturally enough to the multiplication table. Now that they are familiar with the Sermon on the Mount, it is competent for them to proceed to the study of mathematics. The heroes of Exeter-hall having imbued them with the hallowed atmosphere of Calvary, they can sustain galvanic shocks, and physiological disquisitions.

"But," say the sneerers, "if these good people are so interested in the redemption and elevation of mankind, it is a pity they will not bestow a little compassion on the

miserable sinners of their own country." And are not Ragged schools, Sunday schools, City Missions, Sailors' Friend Societies, Orphan Charities, Reformatory Institutions, Female Protection Societies, Humane Associations, Temperance Leagues, and a thousand other domestic philanthropies, advocated at Exeter-hall? Is it not the resort of the friends of England, as well as the friends of India? Yea, and are not the ambassadors of both classes of enterprise, almost without exception, the same men? Our sneering scribblers and caviling devotees of science are not there even when the poor "unfortunate" is being cared for. True, some improvement in the method and the enthusiasm of these departments is possible, and, in time, it will be made, but not by the worldly-wise men or the "Positive" philosophers of our day.

Of what, then, is Exeter-hall truly the type and the center? Of liberality without stint. Of enthusiasm in the service of God, and of untiring perseverance in the service of man. Whatever of official and organic disinterestedness our times have witnessed has been associated with this renowned and consecrated edifice. Mammon-worship is the crime of our age. Here, at any rate, an altar to the true God has been erected, and on it have been deposited the sacrifices of innumerable benevolent and consistent devotees.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE INDIAN SUMMER—A SIMILE.

BY J. D. BELL.

THE yellow leaves upon the grass are lying,
The gorgeous beauty of the fields has fled;
To distant climes the summer birds are flying,
And round our feet the first-nipp'd flowers
lie dead.
Yet o'er the blighted earth the sun is shedding
A richer light than that of gushing June;
And in the mellow radiance round them spreading,
The faded trees look glorious in their ruin.
Thus with the soul: it hath its days of gladness,
When joy and mirth like birds seem full of song;
But soon doth come that autumn-time of sadness,
When sere and wither'd hopes its prospect throng.
Yet on the ruin'd heart there gently breaketh
The rosy light that memory sheddeth round;
And in the spirit then sweet joy awaketh,
That a relief so calm, so beautiful is found.

A POSSIBLE EVENT—DANGERS OF OUR PLANET.

OCCUPIED as most of us are with our respective worldly concerns, and accustomed to see the routine of common events going on smoothly from age to age, we are little apt to reflect on natural events of a tremendous character, which modern science shows might possibly happen, and that on any day of any year. We think of the land as a firm and solid thing—as *terra firma*, in short—not recollecting that geology shows how it may rise or sink, so as to pass into new relations to the enveloping sea; how it may be raised, for instance, to such an extent as to throw every port inland, or so far lowered as to submerge the richest and most populous regions. No doubt, the relations of sea and land have been much as they are during historical time; but it is at the same time past all doubt, that the last great geological event, in respect of most countries known, was a submergence which produced the marine alluvial deposits; and when we find that Scandinavia is slowly but steadily rising in some parts at this moment, and that a thousand miles of the west coast of South America rose four feet in a single night only thirty years ago, we cannot feel quite assured, that the agencies which produced that submergence, and the subsequent re-emergence, are at an end. We likewise forgot, in these cool districts of the earth, that we are not quite beyond the hazard of subterranean fire. There are numberless extinct volcanoes in both Britain and France; there are some on the banks of the Rhine; indeed, they are thick-sown everywhere. Now an extinct volcano is not quite so safe a neighbor as many may suppose. Vesuvius was an extinct volcano from time immemorial till the year 62, when it suddenly broke out again, and soon after destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum; since which time it has never again subsided into entire inactivity. Suppose Arthur's Seat, which is "within a mile of Edinburgh town" were to recommence business in like manner, we should like to know at how many years' purchase house property in that beautiful New Town would be selling next day. Yet what is there about an old volcano there more than an old volcano in Italy, to give assurance that its means of annoyance and destruction are extinguished?

There is, however, in the showings of science, a more serious danger than any of these. Comets were once regarded as most terrific objects, but only in a superstitious way, perplexing nations with fear of change, and shaking pestilence from their horrid hair. During an intermediate enlightened time, these notions passed away; and we have even come to think, that such a visitant of our skies may exercise a beneficial influence. We at least recollect when old gentlemen, after dinner, brightened up at the mention of "claret 1811," merrily attributing the extraordinary merits of the liquor to the comet of that year. But comets, in the cool eye of modern science, are not without their terrors. Crossing as they often do the paths of the planets in their progress to and from their perihelia, it cannot but be that they should now and then come in contact with one of these spheres. One, called Lexell's, did come athwart the satellites of Jupiter in 1769 and once again in 1779, so as to be deranged in its own course. It made, indeed, no observable change in the movements of the Jovian train, being of too light a consistence for that; but, can we doubt that it might nevertheless seriously affect the condition of their surfaces, and especially any animal life existing thereon? This very comet, on the 28th of June, 1770, passed the earth at a distance only six times that of the moon. There is another called Biela's, which revisits the sun every six years, or a little more; and this busy traveler actually crossed our orbit in 1832, only a month before we passed through the same point in space! Another, which made a grand appearance in the western sky in March, 1843, would have involved us in its tail, if we had been only a *fortnight* earlier at a particular place! Now, if we consider that as many as eight comets have been observed telescopically in a single year, (1846,) we must see that the chance of a collision of this kind is not quite so small as to be unworthy of regard. If it be true that there are thousands of comets, all of which make periodical visits to the near neighborhood of the sun, it must be evident that the earth, being itself not far, comparatively speaking, from that luminary, must be rather liable than otherwise to a brush from one of these wanderers; and, indeed, the wonder is, that several thousand years should have

passed without, so far as we know, any one such collision having taken place.

Seeing what a highly-organized system is formed by the physical and organic arrangements upon our planet, one is apt to think that the scheme of Providence must have been framed with a provision for the complete exclusion of such accidents. To allow of the sudden undoing of all this fair scene, which it has taken thousands of years to bring out in its full proportions, seems like a wanton destruction of valuable property, and we are not disposed to believe that such a thing could be permitted. But we must at the same time remember, that our sense of what is important and consequential has a regard to the earth alone, which is but a trifling atom in the universe. Who can tell what are the limits which the Master of worlds has set to mundane calamity? And assuredly, even though a whole solar system were here and there, now and then, to be remodeled in respect of all such arrangements as have been spoken of, it could not be supposed to be a very great event in the progress of the entire scheme, seeing that astronomy has taught us to regard such systems as no more than particles in the dust-cloud or grains of sand on the sea-shore. It must, then, in sober reasoning be admitted, that our mere abhorrence of so much destruction is no guidance to our judgment on this point; and that for anything we can see of the plans of Providence, an entanglement of our globe with a comet may take place any day, with consequences incalculably damaging for the meantime, though not conclusively destructive, and perhaps necessary as a step toward an improved system of things.

Nobody would know it!—How much insult, injury—how many hard words, fierce threats—nay, how many tweakings of the nose might be borne by some forgiving souls, if—nobody would know it! What a balm, a salve, a plaster to the private hurt of a sort of hero may the hero find in the delicious truth that—nobody knows it! The nose does not burn, for nobody saw it pulled! It is the eye of the world looking on, that, like the concentrated rays of the sun, scorches it—blisters it—lights up such a fire within it, that nothing poorer than human blood can quench it! And all because everybody knows it.—*Jerrold.*

THE COUNT—A SKETCH FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PIERRE COIGNARD was the son of a vine-dresser of Langeais, in the department of the Indre-et-Loire, and served as a grenadier under the Convention. Though a brave soldier, he was an audacious thief, and was at length apprehended, tried, and condemned to fourteen years of the galleys. But he did not like the seclusion of the *bagne*; and, chained as he was like a wild beast, he contrived, in the fourth year of his imprisonment, to make his escape. His success, however, was attended by a circumstance which he had afterward occasion to refer to as one of the great landmarks of his history. His comrade in the adventure had been likewise condemned, on the same day with himself, to fourteen years' fetters; and the two desperadoes were drawn together, not only by this coincidence in their fortunes, but by a dissimilarity in character and acquirements which seemed to point them out as fit associates in crime. What the one wanted, the other possessed. Coignard was tolerably well educated; the other had known no other school than that of the world. Coignard was an easy, pliant man of society; the other a character of iron, molten by nature in a mold which might be broken, but never bent. Coignard, in fine, obtained his ends by address, fortified by resolution; and the other by an implacable stubbornness of purpose, which was dead to all considerations but the one idea before it, which it grappled and clung to for life or death. The union of two such men would have enriched the annals of guilt; but it was not to take place. They were detected in the act of attempting to escape, and only one could fly. Had that one been the comrade, he would at once have rejected the temptation. And why? Because the object of their plan had failed, which was the flight of *both*. But Coignard, who never grew sulky with fate, so far from abandoning his enterprise, made use of his unlucky friend as a stepping-stone in his escape; and, putting his foot upon his shoulder, spurned him away as he caught at the wall above, behind which he speedily disappeared with the vengeful yell of his associate ringing in his ears. He changed his name from Coignard to Pontis, fled into Spain, joined anew the French army, be-

came a sergeant under the regime of Marshal Soult, and, in the course of time, distinguished himself by his bravery and good conduct.

At Saragossa, in the year 1813, Pontis made the acquaintance of a Spanish girl called Rosa Marcen, whom he afterward married; and the two congenial spirits set themselves to work to discover a way to fortune less tedious and doubtful than the ranks. An extraordinary coincidence in names gave them the first hint; and indeed so strange an influence do seeming trifles exercise over the destinies of men, that it was perhaps to this coincidence was owing the intimacy of two beings so well calculated to play into each other's hands in the game of life. Why Pierre Coignard, among all the names in the world, should have chosen the name of Pontis, is not known; but it so happened that it was even as a household word in the ears of Rosa Marcen, she having served in some capacity or other in an emigrant family bearing that patronymic. Whether her service was that of a governess or a waiting-woman, and whether she retired or was driven from it, are matters beyond the ken of biography; but it is certain that she beheld with great interest an individual bearing a name so intimately associated with the events of her own history. And this interest was not lessened by the fact that Pontis was a young and handsome soldier, at once polite and daring, and endowed with that cool and gentle self-possession, before which all weaker spirits quail like lunatics beneath the voiceless eye of their keeper.

But "Pontis?" that was the name of a titled family. Was this young grenadier a cadet of the noble house whose representatives had fled before the horrors of the Revolution? He might be so by his person and bearing; and the idea retained hold of the imagination of Rosa, even after she learned that he had as little to do with the nobility either of mind or birth as herself. An epoch by-and-by came when such an idea was likely to present itself in a more enticing form than now, when counts were at a discount. The French were compelled to evacuate the Peninsula. Louis le Desiré returned to the throne of his ancestors; and our Pontis and his wife found themselves once more in a country where the husband had worked in chains as a forçat.

They proceeded to Soissons, to look after the wrecks which the Revolution might have spared of their *ancestral* fortune. They found themselves alone in the field. No other Pontis appeared upon the scene: all had perished in exile; and owing to the registers of the town having been burned in the confusion of the Revolution, the heir of the illustrious house was unable even to prove his birth! Thus unluckily situated, Pontis called up an old lady of his own name, who was waiting in an agony of impatience to see her family reestablished in their ancient honors by the Restoration. She recognized the handsome young soldier as a Pontis at the first glance; she knew him by the hereditary nose; she could not be mistaken in the calm, firm, half-smiling lip, which gave the world assurance of a Pontis. But who was this young wife whom he presented to her? Had the unhappy man tarnished his blood with a *mésalliance*? Had he brought some obscure foreigner to mock the state of the Countess de Sainte-Hélène? No. The noble heir of the Pontis assured his aged relation, that even in exile he had been too proud of their common name to share it with one meaner than himself. This lady, though their marriage was unsanctioned by her family till his claims should be established, was of the highest blood of Spain—she was a daughter of the viceroy of Malaga! This was enough, almost too much. The old lady wept with pride and delight, and she ended by making the whole town weep with her. An act of notoriety, as it is called in French law, was readily obtained, recognizing the birth of the returned emigrant; and this being transferred to the existing registers of Soissons, Pierre Coignard, the escaped felon, found himself transformed, as if by magic, into Pontis, Count de Sainte-Hélène.

We have not ascertained that the pecuniary resources of the adventurer were much improved by this recognition of his nobility; indeed it would seem from the context that this was not the case. It is far more difficult to obtain an estate than a title; and perhaps the count may have thought it imprudent to refer his claims to the searching arbitrement of the courts of law. But his grateful prince would not suffer the scion of the noble house to languish in poverty and obscurity; and indeed the talents of the count offered the

finest opportunities for his advancement, or rather made his advancement a duty on the part of the court. He received successively the knightly decorations of the Legion of Honor and Saint Louis, became a member of the order of Alcantara, and rose to be a lieutenant-colonel in the legion of the Seine. On his part he repaid the royal favor with unbounded devotion, his loyalty was without reproach, and he was esteemed one of the most rising and respectable characters in the French court.

The expensive manner in which the count lived might have afforded, but for one circumstance, some suspicion that he enjoyed still weightier favors of government than crosses and decorations. The pay of a lieutenant-colonel, with any fragments he might have recovered of his hereditary possessions, was not enough to account for a liberality as unbounded as it was unostentatious. The inexhaustible fund on which he drew was neither squandered nor spared; he had money for all legitimate purposes; and when other men had recourse, on extraordinary emergencies, to loans and mortgages, the Count de Sainte-Hélène had nothing to do but to write a check. His *marriage* accounted for this. His noble wife was the mine, on the produce of which he lived; and her Spanish gold was daily transmuted in any quantities into French silver.

It was supposed at the time, however, that other men had recourse to more disreputable means of supply; for the wholesale robberies that were committed on all hands had become as alarming as they were inexplicable. No precautions were sufficient for the safeguard of valuable property. In the recesses of palaces, thefts were as common as in the shops of the citizens; and it was obvious that there had been established a system of brigandage, whose organization comprehended a much higher class than usual. Even a nobleman was not safe from suspicion whose habits exhibited anything of the mysterious; but as for our count and countess, they lived so much in public, they belonged so completely to the court and to society, that the suspicion must have been wild indeed which could attach itself to them.

One day the count was at the head of his regiment in the Place du Carrousel, assisting at a splendid military parade.

On one side of the square were the garden and palace of the Tuileries; on the opposite side the Avenue du Neuilly, extending as straight as an arrow along the side of the Champs Elysées, to the verge of the horizon, now terminated by a triumphal arch; on the third, the Place Vendôme, with its noble column; and on the fourth, the Seine spanned by a bridge loaded with statues. This magnificent scene was crowded with spectators, even to the trees of the Champs Elysées; and as the Count de Sainte Hélène felt himself to be one of the great actors in the pageant, a wild throb must have heaved the chest of the escaped forçat. But the word he hardly now considered to apply to him; for his fourteen years' sentence was expired if not fulfilled. Some days ago he had celebrated in his own mind the fourteenth anniversary of his condemnation, and declared himself to be a free man! It is no wonder that on this occasion he should revert exultingly to his escape from the bagné, as an event which had turned the current of his life, and given him to his fortune; but as his thoughts lost themselves in the recollection, he leaped suddenly in the saddle, as if transfixed with a spear.

At first he hardly knew what it was that had affected him; or, knowing it, he set it down as a delusion growing out of his waking dream. An eye had rested upon his for a moment, as his face was turned toward the crowd—a phantom eye doubtless, such as sometimes glares upon us from the abysses of memory, for he never could meet with it again. Yet the count could not help repeating to himself, nor avoid a sensation of sickness as he did so, that the comrade he had abandoned to his chains, spurning him with his foot while he did so, was now a free man like himself, and by a more legitimate title! In the case of almost any other human being in similar circumstances, this would have been of little consequence, for he was now rich enough to buy silence from hate itself. But Pontis knew his man.

That night the portress of a common-looking house in the rue Saint Maur was called from her repose by a gentle ring at the bell.

"What is your pleasure?" said she, speaking through the wicket. "I am alone, and although very poor, do not care to open to strangers." The visitor muttered

a word in reply, and the door was opened as instantly as its ponderous bolts permitted. He followed her through a ruinous court, and signifying by a silent gesture that he would dispense with her further service, he knocked at another door. Here he was again challenged; but his voice gained him admittance as before, and presently he found himself in a room much more comfortable than might have been expected from the exterior.

"What! you here?" said the man who opened the door to him, and who was the only inmate of the apartment. "Why, Peter, this is an unusual and unexpected honor."

"I have reasons, Alexander," replied the visitor, gravely; and as he opened his cloak and threw his hat upon the table, the striking resemblance between the two men would have enabled a stranger to pronounce them at once to be brothers.

"Reasons you of course have, for you never act without them: but before you open your budget, let me put you in good humor by presenting you with this handsome sum of money, your share of as rich a spoil as we have yet taken."

"Set it down; I cannot attend to business at present. I have seen a ghost."

"A ghost! I know a man who would scare even you; but I was not aware that you stood in special awe of the immaterial world. In what form appeared the ghost?"

"In the form of a human eye, which was fixed upon mine to-day for an instant in the Place du Carrousel. Whether it was anything more than a fragment of a dream I had fallen into at the moment, I cannot tell; but if it was really in a human head, it belongs to the man you allude to."

"And what then?"

"Merely that I am lost."

"What nonsense! You are too clever, too self-possessed, too far-seeing for that. You are unknown even to your own band—I, your lieutenant and your brother, being the sole medium of communication between you. Besides me, you have no confidant in the world but your own wife, your splendid countess, who is the life and soul of the association, without whose guiding voice we could not stir a step, and who could not criminate you without destroying herself."

"All that is true; but you do not know the man as I do."

"We must buy him."

"It is for that I am here. But take care you bid high. Strip me of all I possess—take the diamond crosses from my breast—the jewels from my wife's hair—but let him have his price! You must do still more than that."

"Not blood?"

"Not without necessity. We must employ him. We must steep his hand in crime—and that will be your easiest task. Till he is again at the mercy of the police—till the fourteen years' fetters of Toulon dance again before his vision—it is impossible for me to sleep."

"And if it fails? If he will neither steal gold nor accept of it as a present—"

"Then we shall talk further."

Among the crowd that day in the Place du Carrousel, there had been a man who attracted the attention of some of the older members of the police. His was a well-known face; but it had not been seen for many years, and the thief-takers employed themselves in getting the lineaments again by heart. But the man, secure in his innocence, (for the bagne wipes off all scores,) strolled carelessly on. He did not meet a single acquaintance—fourteen years being, in his calling, the outside limits of a generation; till all on a sudden, as he glanced upon a general officer passing slowly on horseback, an expression of surprise escaped him, his dull eye lightened with joy, and then the brief illumination faded away into a fixed and lurid glare. At that moment the officer appeared to see him; and shutting his eyes suddenly, and ducking under the shoulders of the crowd, the old forçat turned away.

It was easy for him to ascertain the rank and position of the object of his interest; to learn that, without estates, he possessed prodigious wealth; that he had brought a wife with him from Spain, who was supposed to be the source of his riches; and that the records of Soissons having been burned, he had established his birth by an "act of notoriety."

"Ah!" said he; "that is so like him! He is a clever fellow, and he is now at his old tricks; but he has climbed thus far upon the shoulder of his comrade—he must down!" He went straight to the office of the prefect, and denounced Lieut. Colonel Pontis, Count de Sainte-Hélène, as an escaped forçat. The clerks laughed at him, the prefect ordered him to be

turned out, and the informer, saying politely that he would call again to-morrow, took his leave.

The next morning he was met near the prefecture by a man, who entered into conversation with him.

"You are from Toulon?" said the stranger, abruptly.

"Well, if so?"

"You are going to denounce somebody?"

"Well?"

"He is too strong for you."

"We shall see."

"Are you rich?"

"I have still enough for dinner: I must shift as I can for the rest of the day."

"Will a thousand francs do?"

"No."

"Ten thousand?"

"No."

"Twenty thousand?"

"No."

"Come, at a word—we want to be friends with you. What do you want?"

"Take four from fourteen, and there are ten: ten years of fetters would satisfy me. I will not abate him a month!"

"Ha!—ha!—ha! that is a good joke! But do you not know that he is more than a count, more than a knight, more than a lieutenant-colonel? Can you guess what he is?"

"Yes; he is the man who broke his compact with me in the bagne of Toulon, and spurned me away with his foot as he sprang over the wall. I must have him back; it is only justice. Good morning!" and the old forçat went into the prefecture.

This time he was apparently but little more successful than on the former occasion; but the functionaries were surprised at his pertinacity, and considered it due to the character of the count to send some one to him to hint delicately at the calumnies that were abroad. They told the informer, therefore, that inquiries would be made, and directed him to call the next day, in the idea that by that time they would have authority to take him into custody. He was pleased, accordingly, with his success. He dined cheerfully; spent the afternoon in walking about; in the evening felt hungry again, but resisted the temptation to commit a theft, lest he should be locked up from the business that engrossed him; and at night, being per-

fectly moneyless, he repaired to one of the bridges to sleep under an arch.

This was the most quiet, though by no means the most solitary bed-chamber he could have found; for that night every crib in Paris was searched for him by messengers who would have *silenced* him in one way or other. As it was, he lay undisturbed except by his dreams, and the fitful moonbeams glancing like spectres upon the water. Sometimes he awoke, and fancied himself in the prison of Toulon, till reassured by the voice of the river which murmured in his ear, "It is only justice." Then he felt hungry, and the night air grew chill, and the hard stones pierced his limbs; and he thought of the thousands and thousands of francs that had been offered him, and of the pleasure and dignity of robbing in a great band commanded by a nobleman. But then he shrugged his shoulder by means of which Coignard had stepped upon the wall; and looking forward to the morrow, a grim feeling of satisfaction stole over his heart, the indulgence of which seemed better than food, money, or honor. And then the moonbeams disappeared on the river, and the wind moaned along its bosom, and the waters answered with a hollow murmur which syllabled in his ear, "Justice—justice!" and he fell into a profound slumber that lasted till the morning, confounding revenge with justice. Thus works vice—its mutual aids being but the means, at last, of mutual retribution.

The prefect in the mean time had employed General Despinois to wait upon the count; but the latter, instead of meeting the charge with the incredulity, ridicule, or indignation that had been expected, made quiet speeches, and entered into long explanations, and the astonished envoy returned to his employers hardly able to form an opinion. That opinion, however, was at once come to by the more experienced authorities of the prefecture; and after a minute examination of the informer, who had planted himself at the office-door long before it opened in the morning, it was determined to arrest the count on suspicion of being an escaped felon. But this was only what he had expected, and for some days all Paris was searched for him in vain. They tracked him at length to the house in the rue Saint Maur; and although he defended himself with his pistols, both of which he dis-

charged at the *gens d'armes*, he was overpowered, and taken into custody. The revelations made in this den of thieves identified him with the mysterious chief of banditti who had so long kept the city in awe; and being conducted to the prison of La Force, he was tried for various distinct robberies, as well as for his evasion from the *bagne* of Toulon.

A narrative like this, with its circumstances laid only a few years ago, wears an air of improbability; but many personations quite as extraordinary took place after the confusion of the revolution. The peculiar feature in the case of Coignard, is, that the imposture was followed out to the very last, in spite of the legal exposure. He would not plead by any other name than his fictitious one; and the president of the court was obliged to call him simply, "You accused!" When transferred to his old quarters at Toulon, under sentence of fetters for life, he preserved the calm sedate dignity of an injured man, and was much respected by the other *forçats*, who always addressed him by his assumed title. This character he continued to enact up to his death; and perhaps he ended by persuading even himself that the companion of nobles, and the protégé of a king, was in reality the Count de Sainte-Hélène.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE STORMY PETREL.

BY E. C. HOWE, M. D.

Far away from land, on the rolling sea,
In storm or calm as it may be,
Doth the stormy petrel bravely roam,
O'er the heaving billows' cloud-toss'd foam.

On the rock-bound coast she buildeth her nest,
And teacheth right early her young to breast
The storms of life; and side by side
They wing their way o'er the ocean wide.

The sailor, bless'd with calm and cheer,
Upstarts at the voice of the petrel near;
For he knows full well that the sea-bird's cry
Is an omen true of a stormy sky.

O! many a proud and gallant form
In quiet sleeps 'neath the ocean's storm;
But none can mark the mariner's grave,
Save thou, lone bird of the stormy wave.

Bright bird of the deep and wide, wide sea,
As o'er its depths thou wingest free,
A requiem chant 'mid the tempest's gloom,
Above the sailor's coral tomb.

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN—HAVE THEIR RUINS BEEN FOUND?

LAST year we were startled by the publication of M. De Sauley's narrative of his Travels in the East, containing accounts of the still visible ruins of the condemned cities in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, an identification of the Tombs of the Kings of the dynasty of David at Jerusalem, with many other particulars no less extraordinary than novel and interesting. Mr. Van de Velde, then on his way to the Holy Land, happened to be in Paris, and present at two stormy meetings of the French Institute on the subject. His piety was shocked at the indecent clamor. He thought the reasoning of De Sauley so anti-scriptural and absurd, that he wondered how he was listened to with patience. But he received from him a copy of his manuscript maps, with considerable personal kindness and much general information. At the same time it is quite evident he had adopted an impression that the French traveler was not a man of veracity and little to be relied on. This bias, as he proceeds, ripens into a conviction that De Sauley is a credulous enthusiast, a shallow scholar, a questionable quoter, a perverter of holy writ to suit his own mistaken views, never right even by accident, and always wrong through ignorance or design. This is the substance of his charges against De Sauley, expressed in very unceremonious terms. "What," says he, "has that traveler not seen?" The accusations are heavy, and ought not to be set forward without the clearest accompanying proof. We shall see presently how far Mr. Van de Velde is to be considered an unprejudiced investigator, and the amount of testimony by which his own allegations are supported.

The ostensible object of Mr. Van de Velde's visit to the Holy Land was to lay down trigonometrical surveys. He landed at Beirout, and proceeded on to Sidon, whence he made an excursion across Mount Lebanon to Hâabeiya, where he was robbed and left nearly in a state of destitution, stripped of piastres, without which the "highways and byways" of Palestine are hermetically sealed against the adventurous explorer; as the honest and patriarchal Bedouins regulate their hospitality to intruding Europeans by the extent and weight of their purses. On his way to

Tyre, from the village of Kefr-Burreim, he tells us he discovered the old Hazor mentioned in Joshua, and that the ruins are very extensive; but he gives no description, enters into no details, and produces no evidence. "Its exact site," he says, "seems to have been lost for the last three hundred years, and not to have been sought for again in the right place. Perhaps an inaccurate expression of Josephus may have been the cause of this. He describes Hazor as situated about Lake Merom." Why does Mr. Van de Velde not show how this locality of Josephus, with which Dr. Robinson quotes and accords, is incorrect? De Sauley came unexpectedly upon the ruins of a very large city, in a different situation, considerably more to the north-east, and nearer the lake, agreeing with the site named by Josephus, and which he determined to be the Hazor of Joshua, on a long and clear investigation of the texts, Scriptural and profane, which bear upon the subject. He also gives general drawings of the ruins, and a minute ground-plan of a remarkable building of Cyclopean construction, very much resembling the ancient temple on Mount Gerizim, and another edifice which he supposes to be a remnant of Gomorrhah, on the north-east point of the Dead Sea: yet Mr. Van de Velde passes all this over without allusion or comment, as if no such discovery had ever been made by a preceding traveler. The reader who compares the two accounts will easily decide whether this is fair dealing. Van de Velde here, as in other places, admits that it is impossible to find ruins in Palestine without assistance from the natives, and places much reliance on the similarity of modern and ancient names, when it suits his purpose to do so; but whenever De Sauley adopts the same guides, he accuses the French *savant* of weak credulity and defective judgment.

Mr. Van de Velde visited Samaria, now Sebastieh, and Mount Gerizim, but he says very little of the remarkable ruins still remaining at both these places, and again has no allusion to De Sauley's previous examinations, or the very elaborate plan, which he was the first to give, of the great Samaritan Temple, built by Sannaballat under permission of Alexander the Great. Either this survey and appropriation are authentic or imaginative, and in neither case ought to have been passed

over in silence by one who professes as a leading object of inquiry to examine closely the statements of a predecessor. After a considerable halt at Jerusalem, our author proceeds toward the Dead Sea by Bethlehem, Hebron, and a part of the route followed by De Sauley on his return. He declares that the French party had spoiled the Bedouins by imprudent liberality, and thereby increased the difficulties of future travelers. His own caravan contained no European besides himself, and was limited altogether to nine persons, the greater proportion unprovided with arms. His escort consisted of four Djahalins of the tribe of Abu Daouk; but that renowned sheikh, who accompanied De Sauley, and, according to Van de Velde, crammed the enthusiastic Frenchman with all manner of unfounded inventions, declined his personal service on this occasion, as the limited "backshish" comported not with his dignity and overweening expectations.

Van de Velde approached the Dead Sea in the neighborhood of Masada, and ascended that far-famed rock on the 31st of March, 1852. He accuses De Sauley of having added a few flourishes of his own to the already exaggerated description of Josephus respecting the perilous pathway by which the platform must be scaled; but he admits, at the same time, that the undertaking was most formidable, that he had to drag himself up almost perpendicular stones by the hands and feet, and that he was only preserved from a fall that would infallibly have killed him, by the timely relief of a bottle of eau-de-cologne, which fortified his nerves and dispelled giddiness. He saw there what others have seen before him, the ruins of the fortress of Herod, as destroyed by the Romans under Flavius Silva, in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian. He says, "It seems not known that Masada was ever after inhabited. Yet I surmise that it must have been so, from the evident remains of a small church, with a round chancel turned to the east, just as in the case with the Christian churches met everywhere else in Palestine. I am surprised that neither Wolcott nor De Sauley observed it." According to Van de Velde, De Sauley sees too much at one time, and too little at another. But he has made a most unguarded assertion, and has read De Sauley's book very carelessly, or he

would have found that the French author not only mentions the building in question, but has given in his accompanying atlas of plates, a drawing, and two very minute ground-plans of the same. This is what he says of it:—"Before us, within a hundred yards, is a ruin, which *resembles* a church with a circular apsis. Our Bedouins inform me that this is the Qsar or Palace. I hasten to examine it. The principal chamber is terminated by this oven-like apsis, with one small round window." Now, to decide that an ancient edifice is a comparatively modern church because it resembles one in form and position, is to jump at a desired conclusion with the same baseless precipitancy which the writer charges against his literary brother. As reasonably might we assert that the Buddhist crosses, scattered over Hindostan and elsewhere, are vestiges of the more recent faith, because they present the symbol of Christianity.* But Mr. Van de Velde passes without notice the gate of Madasa and its pointed arch, (of which De Sauley has also given a drawing and plan;) this, by a strange inconsistency, Wolcott pronounces a modern ruin, while he refers all the other remains at Masada to the epoch of King Herod. We must, on the contrary, decide that this form of arch is thus carried back some ten centuries behind the period usually assigned for its invention. There are the lines of Silva as clearly defined as when he left them; there are the crumbling ruins of the buildings he found when he stormed the ramparts on the self-immolation of Eleazar and his Sicarii. If anything can be pronounced certain, of which we have no direct proof, it is that Masada has never been disturbed by human inhabitants since that eventful period.

Up to this point of his journey, Van de Velde has either ignored De Sauley, or scratched him gently; but he now prepares to close with him in a death-struggle, and finish him outright, even as Hercules strangled the giant Antæus. Zoar, he says, could never have stood on the site which De Sauley has fixed for it,—namely, Es-Zuweirah. The similarity of names goes for nothing. He adds, "The travels of Irby and Mangles, De Berton, Robinson and Smith, and not long ago of the

* It will be remembered that, according to Eastern tradition, Buddha was crucified.

American investigators under Lieutenant Lynch, might have sufficiently convinced that gentleman; while the Scriptures, too, show in the clearest manner that Zoar did not lie here, but on the Moabitish or east side of the Dead Sea." In proof of this, Van de Velde refers to Gen. xix, 30-38; Isa. xv, 5; and Jer. xlviii, 34. These verses most certainly do not show anything of the kind, as all will see who examine them, and De Sauley has challenged his adversary to produce any other Biblical texts that do. Moreover he tells him that he cannot read the Scriptures in the original Hebrew, and is utterly ignorant of Arabic, while he, De Sauley, is well versed in both languages, which gives him a great advantage in the dispute. A defective scholar like Van de Velde should be more cautious in accusing another of a want of learning. De Sauley of course differs from Robinson, Irby and Mangles, as to the site of Zoar, and we think unprejudiced readers will admit his arguments to be sounder than theirs. The opinion of Captain Lynch is of little value in the matter, for he coincides with the idea that Zoar is to be found at El Mez-râah on the eastern side of the Dead Sea, while he believes that he saw the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was transformed at a great distance from that locality, very far to the west, under the salt mountain of Eadom. If this pillar existed at all, which it clearly does not, it could only be close to Zoar; and if Zoar is at El Mez-râah, let any one look at the map and say why it should of necessity follow, or how it even appears possible that the other cities are hidden under the sea, according to the popular delusion. Mr. Van de Velde affirms that he traversed the entire plain between the salt mountains and the sea, and that no vestiges whatever are there of the extensive ruins which De Sauley and his companions declare to be those of Sodom. He says that the rows of large stones standing generally in parallel lines, which do exist, are nothing more than *débris* from the mountain, washed down by the winter torrents, and that they were never placed or fashioned by the hand of man. The ruins, he declares, exist only in the excited imagination which describes them. But Van de Velde was unaccompanied by any Europeans, and his single testimony stands against the united opinion of De Sauley,

and four intelligent well-educated French gentlemen who were with him, and corroborate his description. The weight of evidence is unquestionably in favor of the French travelers. Mr. Van de Velde goes on to say:—

"That M. de Sauley should have found here not only the remains of buildings and cities, but positively those of Sodom, I declare I cannot attribute to any other source than the creation of his fancy. The public seems to be charmed with his pseudo-discoveries. I have perused both the French and English editions with great care, hoping to find something to justify M. de Sauley's conclusions. *This is not the place to enter into a critical review of his work.* I must also say, that contradictions, erroneous quotations, and false hypotheses are so numerous in it, that to repeat them all would require a book as large as that of Mr. de Sauley himself. So far as regards his quotations from Scripture and profane writers, I leave it to any one who feels anxious to know the truth to form an opinion for himself."

Now all this appears to us equally illogical, suspicious, and ungenerous. No time and place can be so well fitted to receive evidence as those in which the accusation is made. It matters not to what bulk this evidence might extend; the *contradictions, erroneous quotations, and false hypotheses*, require to be demonstrated, and until they are, the whole charge evaporates into mere assertion, unsupported by proof. "Feeling satisfied," concludes Mr. Van de Velde, "with having found out the error with regard to Sodom and Zoar, I have not given myself any further trouble in looking for the three other cities; and indeed, one need not undertake the difficult and dangerous journey to the Dead Sea to perceive the absurdity upon which M. de Sauley bases the discovery of the pentapolic cities." Why then did he undertake it, if his mind was previously satisfied that it was a work of supererogation? Having demolished, as he supposes, the theory of the French traveler, he proceeds to give us his own; which is, that these condemned cities, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim, stood in close neighborhood to each other, in the middle of the valley of Siddim; and that the valley of Siddim occupied what is now the southern portion of the Dead Sea, inundated by the sink-

ing of the ground at or after the destruction of the cities, by the water which poured in from an upper lake formed long before, and comprising about three-fourths of the sea as it exists at present. This southern portion has an extreme depth never exceeding thirteen feet, and is in some places so shallow that it can be forded.

A reference to Scripture refutes this theory in a moment. There is no mention in any part of the Bible of water ever having been used as an agent in the destruction, or supposed consequent submersion of the cities. Moses tells us (Gen. xiv, 2, 3) that the five kings of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Bela (*which is Zoar*) joined their forces together in the Vale of Siddim, *which is the Salt Sea*. This verse clearly implies that what was once the *Vale of Siddim* had become the *Salt Sea* when Moses wrote, about four hundred and fifty years after the circumstance he narrates. But he neither says nor implies that the *cities* of the five kings were in the Vale of Siddim, or near it. It is much more likely that they were at a considerable distance, the kings having selected the Vale of Siddim as a convenient central spot for joining their armies; and this is still further corroborated by verse 10 of the same chapter, which says: "And the Vale of Siddim was *full of slime pits*, and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled and fell there; and they that remained *fled to the mountain*." Surely they would have taken refuge in the cities, had the cities been near them, and in the vale to which they were driven. Moses also tells us (Gen. xiv, 17) that when Abraham returned after rescuing his brother Lot, "the King of Sodom went out to meet him at the Valley of Shaveh, *which is the King's Dale*." Here we have the *King's Dale* nearer to Sodom than the Vale of Siddim, still existing, and not covered by the Salt Sea when Moses wrote. The expression in Hebrew respecting this Vale of Siddim is very singular and forcible. It is literally, "and the low plain of Siddim was *pits of pits of pitch*," meaning that it was almost entirely composed of these pits of naphtha or bitumen. A very convenient place to swallow up a defeated army, but a very unlikely and ineligible locality for the erection of large cities.

Mr. Van de Velde winds up his obser-

vations on the disputed sites, by asserting that what Josephus and other writers say of the still visible ruins of Sodom and her sister cities has no better foundation than hearsay. If he will take the trouble of looking at book i, chap. 11, of "Jewish Antiquities," and at book iv, chap. 8, of the "Wars of the Jews," (in the original Greek,) he will find that Josephus declares that what he describes, relative to the land of Sodom, he had seen with his own eyes.

De Sauley and his companions encamped at Ayn-el-Fechkiah, on the north-west side of the Dead Sea. Here they discovered the remains of some extraordinary buildings, which he carefully examined with the Abbé Michon, and has minutely described, giving, as usual, an accurate ground-plan. These buildings he considers to have belonged to the Scriptural Gomorrah, and, on the following day, while proceeding to Nabi-Mousa, passed through the extensive ruins of a large city, still bearing the name of Kharbet-Goumran. Dr. Robinson noticed the first, but did not examine them. The latter he saw not, as his route lay too close to the beach. Mr. Van de Velde, journeying from Mar-saba to the northern coast of the Dead Sea, on his way to the Jordan, must have passed very near this spot, and he had De Sauley's map to mark its exact position. But he did not care to look for it, having previously satisfied himself that De Sauley was not to be believed on any question. We were, unquestionably, taken by surprise when told that Gomorrah was situated more than fifty miles to the north of Sodom, in a direct line. We had been so habituated to couple the two names, that we persuaded ourselves the places must have stood close to each other; but the Scriptures contain no such evidence of proximity, as is clearly laid in the case of Sodom and Zoar.

Before leaving the Asphaltic lake, we shall find, on a comparison of the routes, that De Sauley and his party traversed the shores of that mysterious water throughout three quarters of their extent, while Van de Velde touched only on two insulated points, at the extreme north and south. If the ruins last named are not those of Gomorrah, De Sauley naturally asks to be told what other city they can possibly represent; and this question has not yet been answered.

THOUGHTS OF AN OLD SMOKER.

A QUARTER of a century ago, I began to master two difficult attainments: I learned to shave and I learned to smoke. Of these two attainments, smoking was incomparably the hardest; but I managed it. What has it cost me? I have smoked almost all sorts of tobacco, and, as I suppose, in almost all forms. I began with cigarettes, advanced onward to cigars, then to Maryland tobacco, then to returns, thence to bird's-eye, and thence to the strongest shag. I have bought and smoked cigars at all prices, and of all manufactures, from the suspicious articles, six of which may be bought for sixpence, and which probably are innocent of any connexion with nicotiana, save a slight tinge with its juice, to the costliest Havanna. I have been fanciful in cigar tubes, and also in pipes, though to no alarming extent, having never paid more than a dollar and a half for a tube, and a dollar and a quarter for a meerschaum; and, after all attempts to be fine, preferring the naked cigar, or the half yard of clay. I have spent money, too, on instantaneous lights of many sorts. When phosphorus boxes, containing a small bottle of fiery mixture, and about a score of matches, cost seventy-five cents each, I gave that for one. When lucifer matches were invented, and sold for twelve cents a box—less in quantity than may now be bought for a cent—I patronized the manufacture. I have used German tinder, fusees, and a dozen other kindred inventions; and all these, costing money, have served me only for the lighting of my pipes or cigars.

Looking at it, then, altogether, and taking into account cigars, cigar-cases, cigar-tubes, tobacco, pipes, and matches; considering, too, that I have been a constant and persevering, though not an enormous smoker, I may safely and fairly conclude that, take one time with another, smoking has cost me half a dollar a week for twenty-five years.

A half dollar a week; that is to say, twenty-six dollars a year; making for the whole period, and without reckoning interest, either compound or simple, the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars. Now this, I repeat, is keeping within compass; and a friend at my side tells me that double the amount a week would be nearer the mark; but as, during ten years past,

I have not exceeded the more moderate computation, I shall let it remain.

Six hundred and fifty dollars—setting aside the consideration of interest—is a large sum. If, twenty-five years ago, instead of a tobacco-box I had set up a money-box, and dropped into it a weekly half dollar, I cannot avoid the conclusion that I should be now six hundred and fifty dollars richer than I am: and there are many things I could do with six hundred and fifty dollars. It might serve me for a year's housekeeping, for my establishment is on a humble scale; or it might set up my eldest boy; or it might refurnish my house. Or, if the half dollar a week had been devoted to a life insurance, and I were to die to-morrow, my family would be the better for my self-denial by one thousand five hundred dollars. Or if I had spent half a dollar a week on literature, my library would now be, and much to my advantage, larger than it is. Or if, laying aside selfish considerations, I had set apart the half dollar a week to works of charity and mercy, the world might have been the better for it. Many a heart-ache might have been relieved by the six hundred and fifty dollars which I have puffed away. I think, then, that if I had to begin life again, I would not learn to smoke.

I know it may be said that the same arguments could be raised against this, that, and the other superfluity, which might be done without. But I am not writing about this, that, and the other superfluity; I am writing about tobacco-smoke.

To turn to another thought: I am not quite sure that smoking is a healthy practice. I know it is not necessary to health, for I see my friends who do not smoke are not troubled with diseases to which those of us who do are subject. My wife does not smoke, and, so far as I can see, she does not suffer from the privation. I might go a step further, and say, I have a strong suspicion that sometimes smoking disagrees with some of us, and is rather detrimental to health than otherwise. Certainly, excessive smoking is injurious; but who shall draw the line of demarcation between moderation and excess? As for myself, I do not know that smoking has ever hurt me. It is true, when I have a bilious head-ache, I nauseate the smell of tobacco-smoke, but so do I nauseate also the smell of roast-

beef. Still, as I firmly believe that I am none the better for smoking, I think, if young again, I would not learn to smoke.

Then again, I cannot help the conviction that smoking is rather the reverse of a sweet and cleanly practice. To be sure, my friends praise me for not betraying my habit; nevertheless, there are times when I am glad to rinse my mouth, and purify my garments, and fear that, after all, I carry about with me unmistakable tokens of what I have been doing. And I am quite sure that some of my smoking friends, who are less particular than I am, and especially those who cultivate dirty German pipes, are never free from the peculiar perfumery of stale tobacco. And as this is far from being pleasant to me, who am a smoker, I am sure it cannot be pleasant to those who are not smokers. Moreover, the expectoration which smoking provokes, is far from a pleasant or cleanly habit. On these accounts, then, had I to pass through life again, I think I would determine to pass through it without learning to smoke.

Again, I think that smoking does not add to a man's respectability. I am not sure that it has not, sometimes, a contrary tendency. This may depend on circumstances. Certainly, some men of the highest respectability do not think it any derogation to be seen at times inhaling the vapor of a cigar or a pipe; but no one will say that they would not be equally respectable were they known to avoid smoking as an evil thing. Whereas, on the other hand, some have notoriously lost caste by being numbered among the smokers: and, in fact, I am reluctantly compelled to admit, if a smoker be reckoned a respectable man, it is in spite of his habit, and not because of it.

Once more, it is not to be denied that a good many people in the world are so fastidious and weak, some smokers say, as to think smoking a disagreeable habit. They do not willingly admit a smoker into their houses, because they dislike his accompaniments. Well, say, that it is fastidiousness and affectation, and "all nonsense"—though, friend and fellow-smoker, we have no right to say that—but suppose it be, the effect is the same; our practice makes us disagreeable, causes us to be shunned, and sometimes, if we don't take care, to be shut out from good society.

True, so far as I am concerned, I avoid

this evil—the chance of being disagreeable, or thrust out from good society—by never smoking except where smoke is welcome. But it is not pleasant, at times, to be debarred a favorite resource for passing time. There is a little bit of self-denial required, I think, when a man would, but dare not, put a pipe to his mouth. And as, more or less often, such sacrifices must be made by the smoker who has consideration for others as well as for himself, or who has indeed due consideration for himself, I would, I think, if my youth could be renewed, avoid the need for this self-denial by not learning to smoke.

I think, moreover, that smoking is not one of the things which help to push a man onward in the world; and I am mistaken if, sometimes, the habit is not like a clog to keep him back. I am very sure that a young man, for instance, is not more likely to obtain a situation of responsibility and trust because he knows how to handle a cigar in an elegant manner, or is refined in his appreciation of the best oonoko; I have a strong impression, on the contrary, that such a one would prefer keeping this acquirement in the background. In other words, I cannot but be persuaded that—all things else being equal—the man who does not smoke has a better chance of success in the world than the man who does: and as, if I were young again, I should wish to succeed, if possible, I think I would not learn to smoke.

And I do not wonder that men of business, and employers generally, look with suspicion upon tobacco-smokers; for though a youth or a man, in spite of this practice, may be a valuable workman, it is not to be denied that the smoker at times lays himself open to temptations, strongly tugging at him, to draw him aside from integrity and honor. It is not every smoker that can puff away at a *dry pipe*; and the youth who, to be manly, puts himself to the discomfort of learning to smoke, is likely also, with the same object in view, to learn to tipple. In short, I fear it would be found, if curiously and strictly sought into, that smoking often leads to sottishness. I fear also that, as with every other needless expense, it leads sometimes to dishonesty. It is not always that a youth or a man can afford to dissipate twenty-five cents a week, nor twelve cents either, in smoke. But a

dollar a week would not suffice for the vespertine or nocturnal cigar and glass of many a "fast" youth of the present day. Where do they get their quarters?

Well, I never spent more than I thought I could honestly afford on smoke, (perhaps they do not, either,) and I never needed to wet my pipe; but because of the temptations which beset the smoker, I think, could I go back again to the morning of life, I would not learn to smoke.

Again, I do not think that smoking is generally necessary as an aid to mental exertion, or an incentive to profound study. I cannot subscribe to the motto, "Ex fume dare lucem;" that is to say, so far as tobacco smoke is concerned. There have been philosophers, poets, statesmen, and divines, among the smokers; so have there been among the non-smokers. And I am compelled to conclude that wisdom does not coyly clothe itself in vapor. On the contrary, I am bound to acknowledge my reluctant belief that if the tobacco-pipe is sometimes a help-meet to the pen, it quite as often happens that the pen is the bond-servant of the pipe. Therefore, were I to begin the world again, I think I would not learn to smoke.

I think, lastly, that it is very disgusting to see heedless youths; and boys just entering their teens, puffing and spitting in the public streets. It was but an evening or two ago that I met a little manikin, about four feet in height, and probably twelve years of age, with a face as smooth as a girl's, sucking furiously at a dirty meerschaum nearly as long as his arm, till the ashes in the bowl glowed with a burning heat. And the most charitable wish I could frame for the poor misguided lad was, that before he got to the bottom of his pipe, he might be desperately sick.

Seriously, I have observed so many mischiefs connected with smoking—have known so many shipwrecks made by it, ay, even of faith and a good conscience—have seen so much time wasted, so much money too, and so much health—and have witnessed so much deterioration of character in some who have given themselves up to the practice, to be led captive by it at its will—that though I may have escaped, by God's help, its worst evils, yet if I had to begin life again, I would not—I think I would not—learn to smoke.

HAPPY HORATIO—A SKETCH FROM SHAKSPEARE.

IF a prize of one hundred guineas were publicly offered for the best essay on happiness, it is fair to presume that the manuscripts sent in to the adjudicators would show a great variety in the mode of treatment; and enough is known of human nature in general, and essay-writing human nature in particular, to make it probable that some of the aspirants would adopt a style not unlike the following:—

"Of all the objects which engage the pursuit of mankind, from the cradle to the grave, that of happiness is undoubtedly the most important and engrossing. Man, whether we regard him in the savage or in the civilized state, whether in the polished city or in the fastnesses of primeval forests, whether depressed by care or basking in the sunshine of prosperity, is uniformly occupied in the pursuit of happiness. Ask the monarch, with his jeweled crown; the mariner, on the stormy deep; the mother, watching by the cradle of her little one; the busy trader, immersed in buying and selling,—ask them, we say, what it is that they are seeking, and will they not answer, Happiness? Indeed, so profoundly implanted in our nature"—&c., &c.

Writers of a less didactic turn, given to "meditations among the tombs," "among the flower-gardens," and that sort of thing, would probably fling themselves in *medias res* after the following fashion:—

"Happiness! what art thou? A real entity, or a fleeting phantasy? A substance to be grasped, or a shadow to be pursued forever in vain? Art thou, O happiness, a dazzling jewel to be won and worn, or a fragile insect thing, whose colors vanish in the hand that seizes thee? From each recess and corner of this vast universe go up the groans of the wretched; sickness, sorrow, and death are all around us; and where doth the mourner find peace to his soul, save when the yew-tree waveth over his last resting-place, and ——" &c., &c.

Besides these, there would of course be essayists well up in Bentham, in supply and demand, in the "principle of concert," in sanitary reform, in educational discipline, with the whole gang of bold crotcheteers; and some few who would treat happiness as "*living through the entire*

range of one's capacities and sensibilities ;" a definition which will be remembered as occurring in the introductory chapter of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

Let all these pass. *Non ragioniam di lor.* We propose another mode of treatment. If history is "*philosophy teaching by example,*" the drama is "*poetry teaching by example,*" and to the drama let us resort for a portrait of a happy man, steadfastly regarding which we may come at last to be "changed into the same image." We shall perhaps find a true *Ikon Basilike*, a kingly portraiture of a king among men.

The play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted has been thought a very deplorable conception, and no doubt is so, dramatically speaking; but the prince in black velvet and bugles has always seemed to us to be rather a flabby-minded personage, and as Leech's coxcomb says of Shakspeare, "Quite an overrated man, sir,—quite!" But if the description of Horatio, for which we are indebted to Hamlet, does his discernment credit, as it does, it is also a picture of such extraordinary power and beauty, that one is tempted to say that irresolute maunderer could be spared from the play, if he would only leave his friend "alive and kicking," just as he is described. Who would not give all his worldly substance to be able to lay his hand upon his heart and say that a portrait "in this style" was a true portrait of himself?—Who? Hamlet thus addresses Horatio:—

Thou hast been
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are they,
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of hearts!

Happy Horatio!

The fact is that, while depicting, with a few touches of the pencil, a very peculiar and rare type of character,

Thatte prynce of goode fellows,
Willie Shakspeare,

has drawn his own portrait, and left it imperishably glorious for all men to look at and love. Let the frequency with which

he has sketched sound, cheerful, victorious natures, proof against "fortune's buffets and rewards," speak for his delight in them, and his own possession of their golden secret.

But to return to Horatio—happy Horatio. In Hamlet's description what a finely-drawn picture we have of a man of cheerful, sanguine temperament, who is yet self-contained and self-controlling! What suggestions arise in our minds, as we read of open-hearted outspoken gaiety of character, with the beautiful and rare addition of *equanimity*, that dream of closet moralists and cultivators of the *nil admirari*—that sweet bosom-treasure of the few whose "blood and judgment" happen—if anything happens—to be "well commingled!"

There are several kinds of people in this odd world of ours who take, or seem to take, "fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks." There is, for example, your stupid apathetic fellow, whom nothing ruffles, to whom nothing comes amiss—who seems to live in a sort of natural besottedness, if such a strange phrase may be allowed. There is your reckless pleasure-lover, who, when he can, "goes the whole hog" for enjoyment, without much nicety about modes and results; and when he cannot, folds his arms and sulks, with the forced indifference of a gambler whose losses come thick and fast upon him. There is your precious "bundle of habits," of the "Miss Millpond" school,

Who seemed the cream of equanimity,
Till skimmed, and then there was some milk
and water.

Lastly,—

O beautiful, and rare as beautiful!

we have the man who falls into the ranks of life without grumbling or ado of any kind; lives and loves cheerfully, "wisely," and "well;" cultivates pleasures where they do not bloom spontaneously; laughs with the happy, and weeps with the mourners; has an eye for the orange blossom and the funeral plume; is at home with prattling childhood and "narrative old age;" carries a sunshine about with him that sends the Smelfungus and Mundungus class of human owls hooting and blinking into holes and corners; in one word, a perfect Horatio. We see the man, as we write, in our mind's eye. He hath

not six-feet-six in or out of his boots, but is of moderate stature and comely appearance; he is neither a sloven nor an Adonis, neither a Mawworm nor a "fast man." He hath gently curling locks, of an excellent chestnut color, and his eyes are of a warm blue,—of a warm blue, by all means, forasmuch as there be eyes called azure, whose every glance is "nipping and eager." He hath a full chest, and a ruddy complexion. He is fond of the open air and of free exercise, heart and lungs being of goodly size—

His shoulders broad, his arms lang,
Sae comely to be seen—

so that we can very well understand of the maiden how it was that—

Aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

He hath a pleasant voice, an open manner, a habit of cordial greeting, and hearty hand-shaking, without being rough over it, like some vulgar fellows who can never

Teach themselves that honorable stop
Not to outgoopness discretion;

who are most distinctly nuisances, pure and simple, because

The man who hails you "Tom!" or "Jack!"
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon, or to bear it!

Happy Horatio is not prone to extravagances of any kind. For children he hath cherries, for young maidens chaste but loving kisses, for old men counsel and aid in their little dilemmas, for old ladies cough-drops and consolation. He is not proud in prosperity, neither in adversity doth he look down his nose. He is the very man—to borrow an expression of Leigh Hunt, speaking of "Tom Campbell"—the very man you would walk through ankle-deep snow, on a December night, to spend an hour with!

In daily life, it is not often,—far from it,—that we encounter the man of Horatio stamp. When we do so, however, there is no mistake about it,—he is at once recognized as a happy fellow. Amid all the cross-currents and conflicting influences of modern civilization, and the ups and downs resulting from complicated social relations, we see at once that he "stands four-square," whatever winds may

blow. We instantly feel the charm of that repose, and that spontaneousness which ever belong to harmoniously-developed character, precisely as we feel in our intercourse with women and children. Your unhappy man has neither repose nor freedom of action. Gilfillan and Lady Hester Stanhope between them have perfectly hit off the character of that type of uncomfortableness, that most un-Horatian being, Lord Byron, and it is in point to quote their words. Gilfillan attributes to him "the activity of a scalded fiend"—while the lady says, "he never seemed to do anything without a motive,"—two leading features in the picture of an unhappy man. The characteristic of a *happy* man is, cheerful spontaneous action, with an evident capacity for repose; and

Blest are they
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled

as to yield that result. Where, however, the natural constitution is not what we have taken upon ourselves to call Horatian, it is possible to subdue its restlessness and make it happier in action without a continual eye to results. Let it not be said that we introduce incongruous ideas into this paper, when we add, that a genial piety is the medicine that best "ministers to a mind diseased" with the Faust-like disquietude of modern life. A genial piety takes root most readily, of course, in cheerful natures; but in every soul, the necessary result of unbroken trust in "a faithful Creator" is repose, simplicity, harmonious unity of character. God is great! "The world is a beautiful world, after all," and the true "happy valley" is the serene depth of a man's own spirit.

It is in adversity that the true strength of woman is developed. Like the willow growing on the river bank, and hanging its weeping branches over its flowing waves, the heart of woman seems to gain her strength amid grief and tears. Adversity, which stuns and prostrates man, nerves her, on the contrary, with fresh strength. Forgetting herself, that she may think only of others, she is able not only to bear her own sorrows, but to alleviate those of others. The greater her grief, the more her soul seems to reveal itself, and her countenance assumes a new beauty while bathed in tears.—*Sainte Foi*.

THE WIVES OF DAVID TENIERS.

ROMANCE OF ARTIST LIFE.

DAVID TENIERS was scarcely eleven years old when the painter Rubens came, one day, into the workshop of his father. David was daubing a small sketch; at the sight of the great master, the brush fell from his hand. Rubens, perceiving that his presence disconcerted the youth, picked it up, and added some touches to his work. From that day, David Teniers determined to be a great man; yet during more than ten years he worked as a mere painter of signs, waiting, like our old friend Dick Tinto, for better days, till the Archduke Leopold appointed him his painter in ordinary, and gentleman of the chamber.

A little adventure suddenly decided his fate. It happened about that time, that a certain gentleman of the court being about to marry, gave instructions to Teniers to paint him a representation of the God Hymen. The gentleman being a connoisseur, Teniers employed upon the work all the resources of his genius: he imitated the graces of Albano, and the coloring of Rubens, till his Hymen became more beautiful than Adonis. The painter did not forget the flambeau; never did the hymeneal-torch shine with greater brilliancy. On the eve of the nuptials, Teniers invited the gentleman to his studio. "Here," said he, "you behold the highest ideal of love and beauty which my imagination has presented to me."

"You have hardly been so successful as I expected," said the gentleman, shaking his head with an air of discontent. "I have a better idea of Hymen than this. There is something wanting—a certain expression, a something which I feel, though I cannot explain it."

"You are right in being dissatisfied with my work," replied Teniers. "It is scarcely dry yet. My colors, like those of our great masters, improve with time. Allow me to bring you this picture in a few weeks. Since your marriage takes place to-morrow, you will have other business to attend to besides looking at a portrait of Hymen. Take my word; and if you find I am mistaken, I renounce my claim to be paid for the work."

The gentleman had nothing to reply: he left the artist's abode to visit his intended bride. She was a Flemish woman,

of Spanish origin, as worthy of the pencil of Murillo as of that of Rubens; but as the lady had nothing to recommend her but her face, her mind not equalling her beauty, Teniers, like a sensible man, desired to give the gentleman time enough to recognize Hymen in his actual aspect. At the end of three months, he conveyed his picture to the residence of his friend.

"You are right," exclaimed the latter at the first glance. "Time has much improved your picture. Age is necessary even to the most perfect work. You will allow, however, that the expression is a little too lively. It is Hymen, remember, not Cupid, whom you intended to portray. That laughing eye is scarcely natural. Hymen is a reasonable god after all."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Teniers. "It has turned out as I predicted. Know, then, that it is not my painting, but your ideal, that has changed." For the honor of his wife, the gentleman was inclined to be angry; but how could he meet such a triumphant experiment? He offered at once to pay him the stipulated price.

"No," said the painter; "my genius has failed me in this affair. Grant me a few days more."

Teniers set to work again, and accomplished a chef-d'œuvre. By the aid of perspective, he contrived to produce a portrait of Hymen which should appear charming when viewed sideways, at a certain distance; but which, on a closer inspection, should be found to have a slight frown. The Archduke Leopold having heard the history of this picture, desired that it should be placed at the end of his gallery. The curious, married and unmarried, came to inspect it. Dufresnoy, who relates this anecdote in his witty manner, concludes his recital thus: "The duke caused the portrait to be placed above a kind of dais, to mount which the visitor had to pass a step very polished and slippery. Below this was the pleasing point of view; but no sooner had you passed the step, than, farewell the charm!—it was no longer the same thing."

Cornelius Schut, the painter-poet, first related this little story. "What is more curious," said he in his narrative, "is, that this portrait of Hymen brought about the marriage of David Teniers." Cornelius Schut had a ward named Anne Breughel, daughter of Breughel of Velours, also a painter. As she was beautiful, and of

pleasing manners, old Cornelius Schut took a pleasure in walking abroad with her. Sometimes they visited the studios of Rubens and Van Baelen, who were also her guardians; sometimes the court of the archduke; at other times, they spent the day in the country, or in making an excursion by water. One day, as they were walking in the archduke's gallery, and her guardian was pointing out to her the famous picture of Hymen, Teniers happened to come in. After some remarks upon the weather, poetry, and painting, Teniers said to the young maiden: "Would mademoiselle like to pass the step?"

"Yes," she replied, perhaps without reflecting.

"I take you at your word," said Teniers, offering her his hand. Anne Breughel blushed, and refused to pass. Cornelius Schut treated the matter rather as a poet than a guardian.

"Why should you object?" said he, smiling.

"What would be the advantage," she replied, somewhat emboldened, "since once on the other side the picture changes in color and effect?"

"For you and me, never!" exclaimed the young painter gallantly. "Or, rather, I promise you to recross the fatal step immediately." At that critical moment, some strangers happened to come in. Teniers saluted his friends respectfully, and withdrew, already in love with the young girl. The next day, after some hesitation, he entered the studio of Cornelius Schut, who was painting some camellias in a garland of flowers.

"Master Cornelius," said Teniers, "will you tell me what is the best thing to be done to please a young maiden?"

"Write her some verses," said the poet.

"So you are in love, eh?"

"To desperation—to the point, in fact, that the archduke says I have lost my senses."

"And with whom, Master David Teniers!"

"Do you not guess?" replied the cunning young artist. "Ah, if I could write verses like yours!"

"I am not master of the hand of Anne Breughel," said Schut, divining the object of his passion. "She has two other guardians—Rubens and Van Baelen. Besides, I take her for a woman of spirit,

who will have a husband of her own choosing, and no other." Teniers, meeting Rubens soon after, asked him in like manner, "What was the best thing to be done to please a young maiden?"

"Make her a flattering portrait," replied the great painter.

"O that I had your genius!" exclaimed Teniers; "I would make my portrait even more beautiful than Anne Breughel."

"If it is Anne Breughel you are thinking of," replied Rubens, "go to our grave friend Van Baelen: he will tell you, like an old philosopher who has subdued the passions of man's nature, what is best to be done in such a case." Teniers went directly to the house of the old painter: he found him painting, upon copper, a copy of his great work, "St. John preaching in the Desert." Teniers had seen the original often in the palace of the archduke. He came at once to the object of his visit. "What is the best thing to be done to please a young maiden?"

"Love her sincerely," replied Von Baelen.

"You are perhaps right; and yet I adore Anne Breughel, who, I imagine, is not in the least affected by my passion."

The three guardians interrogated their ward in turn. She had not forgotten David Teniers. It turned out that Van Baelen had spoken more wisely than his colleagues. The three took counsel together: they weighed in the balance the talent of Teniers and the fortune of Anne Breughel—the mind of the one, and the beauty of the other. After some debate, they decided for the marriage. The young pair were brought together at a supper at the house of Rubens, who, as well as his guests, amused himself with observing their mutual embarrassment. At the dessert, they told Teniers that they had invited him as a witness to the marriage contract of Anne Breughel, in his character of a disciple of her grandfather, old Peter Breughel. Soon afterward, the notary presented himself very gravely: a space was cleared for him at the end of the table. He unrolled the parchment, mended his pen, and prepared to read the marriage-contract of the future partners. Young David no longer doubted his happiness.

This marriage-contract, still preserved in the archives of the city of Antwerp, is prepared rather in favor of the wife than

the husband. It stipulates, that in case of the decease of Anne Breughel, their children shall receive, not only the property which she brought him as her marriage-portion, but also all interest in the joint property settled by the contract. We shall see presently that the clause was strictly fulfilled. The three guardians, artists as they were, had made all their arrangements like sober lawyers. The marriage took place a few days afterward. On the morning of the wedding, the archduke presented Teniers with a miniature portrait of himself, and a gold chain. Anne Breughel was of a sweet disposition and pleasing manners. She brought her husband four children, and loved him to the last as on the first day of her marriage; while he, in his turn, loved her with all the tenderness of his passionate nature. In short, they never saw Hymen except on the favorable side of the step.

In the first years of his wedded life, Teniers continued to reside in the palace of Leopold, working almost exclusively for the king of Spain, who was so delighted with his works that he had a gallery built expressly for them. At first the artist did scarcely anything more than copy the great masters of the Flemish and Italian schools. After a little while, growing weary of following others, stroke by stroke, he contented himself with merely imitating them. His imitations enjoyed a singular reputation, some persons even going so far as to prefer them to the models. He was particularly successful in his imitations of Rubens, which many mistook for the works of that master. But Teniers at length determined to be in his turn an original painter.

In his leisure hours, remembering the counsels of his aged father, he sketched by a few strokes of his pencil a scene taken near by, of pure and simple nature. Suddenly he abandoned his grand subjects. Eminently Flemish, he limited his field to a Flemish horizon. He was wearied of gazing upon saints in ecstasy, and penitent Magdalens: he had never met with such things in his simple way of life. Was it not time that the human form should be painted under some other phase, and in a character more true to nature? If painting should be a mirror of nature, why not set that mirror beside the public way, as well as in the unfrequented by-roads? A picture of happiness, fresh and naïf, a

reflex of actual life, can never be unworthy of art: prose may be made pleasing as well as verse. Thus reasoned the young artist.

Adrien Brauwer and Van Craesbeck had already taken sketches among the mariners and other frequenters of the cabarets of Antwerp, of all the original physiognomies to be found there. There was not an interior of a public-house, not a droll or characteristic face, which they had not copied a dozen times. Teniers saw that he must seek for a new world; but he had not to look far for that. In the little village of Perck, between Malines and Antwerp, there happened to be a château to be sold, called the Château of the Three Towers; an ancient Gothic edifice, worthy of lodging a prince. Teniers, who was, indeed, a prince among Flemish painters, purchased it, resolved to pass the remainder of his life there in the study of nature, and in the enjoyment of his good fortune. The place was well chosen—a church with pointed spire, meadow, lake, picturesque enclosure, boors, cabarets—everything he wanted was to be found in Perck and its environs. He lived here in good style, keeping lackeys and equipages; and his château became a celebrated rendezvous for the chase. The Archduke Leopold, the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Marlborough, and many other illustrious persons, visited him there. Twice his extravagant way of life brought him to the verge of ruin; the first time, he set to work to repair his fortunes by painting day and night. He did not dispense with a single horse or servant, nor did he even receive fewer of those illustrious visitors from all countries, who in the Château des Trois Tours, fancied themselves in a royal palace. His industry restored his finances. It is said that at this time he even produced as many as three hundred and fifty paintings in a single year; but this extraordinary fecundity disheartened his purchasers, and his works fell in value. There is a tradition—but an improbable one—that he then adopted the singular expedient of spreading abroad a report of his own death, and that his wife even went into mourning, to induce a belief in the story, and thus enhance the value of his works.

Teniers was in the midst of his career when his wife died. His affliction was

beyond measure; his château, so cheerful before, became sombre and comfortless; Nature, his ordinary teacher, spoke to him now of nothing but Anne Breughel. His marriage-contract compelling him to give up everything on the death of his wife, the painter found himself, by this calamity, suddenly reduced to poverty. His children would not have allowed the clauses of the contract to be executed in their favor; but Teniers, in spite of the entreaties of his friends, resolved to strip himself of everything in the very year of her death; saying that "he would never consent to live upon the property of orphans." The château changed owners, and he retired to Brussels. Here he lived a solitary life, turning his thoughts unceasingly to the remembrance of his dear Anne, and devoting himself to the practices of religion, and to watching over the progress of his children at college.

Though living now in the most humble style, he had been compelled to retain one of his horses—all his pictures being the result of short journeys into the country. On these excursions, he had several times revisited Perck, wandering in the neighborhood of the château, and lingering over its associations of love and fame. One evening he noticed, through the railing of the grounds of the château, a young lady walking in the garden, whose face bore several points of resemblance to that of Anne Breughel. In his surprise, he let fall the reins upon the neck of his horse, which began to bite at the hanging branches of a willow. His eyes followed involuntarily the apparition, which seemed to him to be a dream of the past. In a moment, the young lady disappeared by a retired pathway leading to the château. Teniers continued musing, looking now toward the lake, and now toward the spot where she had vanished. "My poor Anne, you are dead to me," he exclaimed. "No, you are not dead. I see you everywhere—under these trees, at yonder window, beside that lake where we have walked so often."

While musing thus, the poor painter did not perceive that his horse, which had also his reminiscences, had begun to take the road to the stables. Upon the bridge, he drew up the reins again, and said, sighing: "No, no, my trusty friend; we have no longer any right to be here." That day, Teniers returned to his solitary home more sad than usual.

"Why did I sell the château?" said he with bitterness. "There I should have been, in some sort, nearer to my dear Anne. In those old favorite haunts I might still, in imagination, have seen and heard her."

The next day he could not refrain from returning to Perck. The château was then in the possession of a wealthy retired counsellor, named De Fresne. The latter, meeting Teniers in the neighborhood, and recognizing him, begged him to accompany him to his old home, and consider himself still its master. The counsellor presented him to his daughter, Isabelle de Fresne. She was young and fair, and had the same tender and simple look as Anne Breughel. Teniers was delighted with her. She painted a little; Teniers offered to give her a lesson. A shower of rain began to fall, and the advocate gladly took advantage of the circumstance to detain his guest. The poor painter almost believed himself living again in his ancient splendor. The sweet face of Anne Breughel was missing; but Isabelle de Fresne was not wanting in charms.

"What a pity," said his host, over the dessert, "that you should have taken into your head to leave the château! It was to increase the patrimony of your children, I am aware; but that appears to me to be carrying paternal affection too far. Such a genius as yours should have a palace for an abode."

"Nature is my palace," replied the artist, casting at the same time a wistful look at the gilded panels of the Château des Trois Tours.

"My greatest pleasure, Monsieur Teniers," said the counsellor, "would be to see you here all the fine season."

"Ah," said Teniers, "I should be too happy to live in such good and fair society, but my fête-days are past. Once I was not only a painter, but a fine gentleman; now I am only a painter. All my pleasures now are associated with my pallet. I shall continue to depict scenes of happiness, but it will be the happiness of others." So saying, Teniers regarded Isabelle tenderly. The young lady blushed, and turned the conversation into another channel.

The next morning, Teniers rose at day-break to return to Brussels. While his horse was feeding, he took a stroll through one of his favorite haunts upon the borders of the lake. It was a clear, fresh morn-

ing; a light wind was slowly moving the mists along the fields of Vilvorde; the country, refreshed with the rain of the night before, filled the air with sweet odors; and the sun, just risen, touched the glittering tree-tops and the towers of the château. Arnold Houbraken relates this story. Teniers was leaning against the trunk of a tree, surveying the lake and the château, lost in thought, when suddenly raising his eyes toward the window where he had often seen Anne Breughel looking out on fine evenings, her image appeared there as if by enchantment. "It is she, with her light hair falling in curls," he exclaimed. "It is the same sweet face, so full of beauty and innocence." But in another moment he recognized Isabelle de Fresne. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "it is not she; and yet!"

He returned to the château, mounted his horse, and rode away slowly. All that week he did nothing well. He attempted to paint from memory a portrait of Isabelle de Fresne, and failed; and yet, when it was but half-finished, the face had seemed to remind him at the same time both of Anne Breughel and Isabelle de Fresne. These two delightful images were forever present to his mind; he sought to divert his thoughts from them, afraid of falling in love again. He made a journey into France, and even set out for Italy; but he had scarcely arrived at Lyons, when his new passion compelled him to retrace his steps. On his return, he found a letter from the counsellor, complaining of his neglect.

"Come, my dear Teniers," he wrote; "the very peasants are anxious to see their old master again; and my daughter Isabelle finds that, even from such a skillful master as you, a single lesson in painting is not enough."

Teniers started immediately for Perck. The counsellor pressed him to pass the remainder of the season at the château. The painter accepted his invitation, and boldly installed himself there, hardly sure that it was not more dangerous to fly from the presence of Isabelle, than to see her continually.

It happened—accidentally, no doubt—that the young lady had for an attendant one of the *femmes-de-chambre* of Anne Breughel. This was another illusion for the painter, who, when he met her, found himself often about to ask her whether his

wife was abroad in the garden, or in the walks in the neighborhood. The woman—by force of habit, no doubt—dressed her new mistress exactly like her previous one: there was the same arrangement of the hair, the same cap, the same lace, the identical colors. Teniers, meeting this living reminiscence sometimes upon the stairs, or in the dusky passages of the old château, would imagine himself in a dream. More than once, on kissing the hand of Isabelle de Fresne, the old time seemed to him to have come back again. Every day he discovered some new point of resemblance. Last night, it was her hand; to-day, it is her foot; to-morrow, she will sing, and her voice will be the very counterpart of Anne Breughel's. Never was illusion more perfect at all points.

"What ails you, my friend?" asked his host one day, surprised at his absent and anxious look. "Does not our way of life please you?"

"Yes," said Teniers; "it is nothing—a passing recollection—a momentary regret. It is gone now."

One evening, after sunset, he was sitting again upon the ground beside the little lake, idly brushing the tall water-grasses with his feet. Isabelle and her servant passed him in the pleasure-boat. The light veil of evening falling upon land and water confirmed the painter's misty reverie; he was no longer master of himself, as in the broad daylight. The head of the skiff grazed lightly on the bank, and he rushed forward.

"Anne! Anne!" he exclaimed, when they found themselves alone. "Pardon me—Isabelle, I meant," continued he, falling at her feet, in the chivalrous fashion of the times.

"Well," said she, carried away by his manner, "Anne Breughel, if you will." It may be easily imagined that the young Isabelle, perhaps a little romantic, had secretly loved Teniers; that, touched by his sorrow for Anne Breughel, she had undertaken the task of consoling him, coming by degrees, by means of these illusions, to take the place of his adored wife.

Three weeks afterward, Teniers married the daughter of the counsellor. He returned to the château, and took again to his old way of life. Isabelle de Fresne, charmed by the simplicity of his genius, and his noble manners, remained devoted

to him till the time of her death. She knew that her greatest charm for him was, that she reminded him of his first wife. Far from complaining, or feeling vexed on that account, she took pains to acquire the habits of Anne Breughel, with the generous intention of pleasing her husband. Teniers, in his turn, delighted with having found so sweet a companion, loved her for her own, and for Anne Breughel's sake.

The painter survived his second wife, and died at the age of upward of eighty. After her death, he returned to Brussels again, and lived in strict retirement, devoted to his art. One of his sons, a Franciscan monk at Malines, held him in his arms as he breathed his last. For the convent at Malines, he painted his "Nineteen Martyrs of Gorcum." The son has left a biography of his father, interspersed with orisons and litanies; the only interesting portion is the end, in which he describes the death of the great painter.

Already in a state of unconsciousness, David Teniers only spoke at long intervals. In the middle of the night, after a painful sigh, he took the hand of his son with agitation: "See you, yonder?—yonder!" he exclaimed. He saw, no doubt, passing in his mind, all the curious creations of his pencil. The Franciscan looked in the direction which he indicated.

"I see nothing, father."

"Do you see," continued the painter, without heeding his reply, "the alchemist in that laboratory, meditating? He turns toward me to bid me farewell. Farewell, then! What did I say? It is a drinker—there are two—three—four—the odor of their ale rises to my head. O the deep politicians! these are the men who transport our Flanders into Spain. The drunkards! it is merely that they may drink from glasses overflowing with Malaga. My son, stop that boor from smoking, who has nothing to say apropos. I hear his pipe snap. No; it is the violin of poor old Nicholas Söest. There is a fair, then, in Perck to-day. Open the window, and let me hear their cries better. Take care, Margaret! Look at that sly chemist. The old dotard! It is a good thing, indeed, to have gray hairs. I like your violin, Master Söest; but what are you playing there? O my son—my son! look there! this is fearful indeed!"

The dying painter shuddered from head

to foot, and passed his hands over his eyes. "Do you see that doleful dance!—all their mirth is gone now. Old Nicholas Söest is nothing but a skeleton. Look how he whirls, and whirls, and whirls in the dusk—all hastening to the churchyard. They are gone! Farewell, farewell, my friends. Call my servant—it is time to go!"

These were, as nearly as possible, the last words of the laborious painter of nature. In obedience to his wish, the son had his remains deposited in the choir of the church of Perck, under that tower which, in his pictures, stands forth against so many horizons.

HUMANITY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KINKEL.

UPON the hoary earth already
Have countless nations been enroll'd,
And holocausts to gods been offer'd,
Enthroned on altars manifold.

Again the pious will hereafter
To God still fairer altars build,
And sorrows yet unknown be suffer'd,
And with new joys the heart be fill'd.

It blinds me not! With love's affection
The strife of time I gaze upon,
'Mid changing destinies and nations
Humanity rolls smoothly on.

I know that ne'er a day hath broken
Which gladden'd not one single breast;
That ne'er a spring hath follow'd winter
But with a song the world it bless'd.

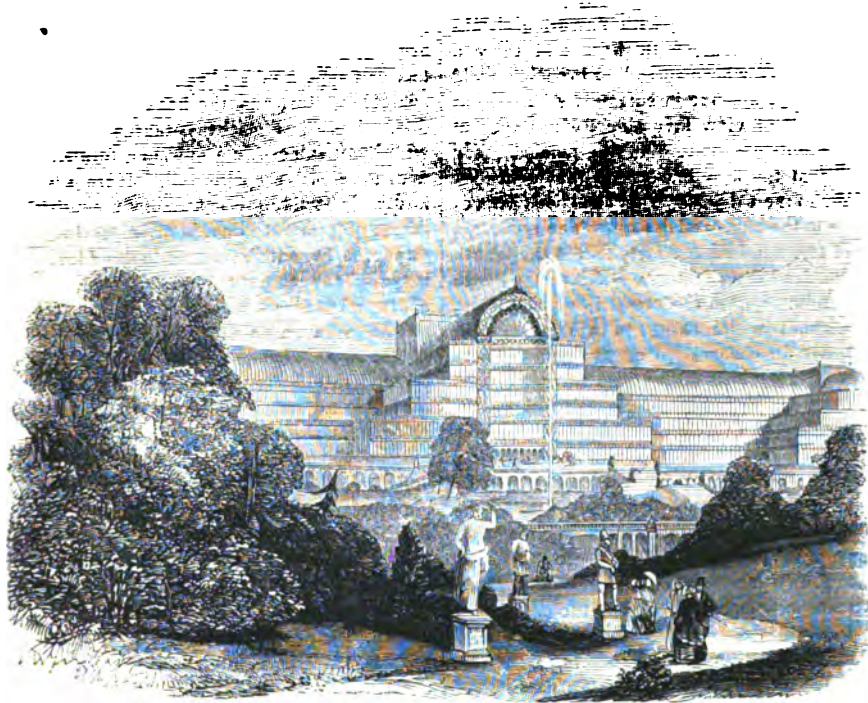
I know that from the goblet's torrent
Conceptions vast, creative, rise;
I know that in a woman's kisses
A gentle fount of vigor lies.

I know that everywhere the heavens
Now darkly frown, now smile so bright,
That everywhere an eye believing
Beholds the starry host by night.

Thus 't is the same, the same forever,
That thrills through every human breast;
I see but brothers wheresoever
Mine eyes upon the earthball rest.

A link of that great chain which bindeth
The future to the past am I;
I snatch from out the struggling surges
The jewel of humanity.

CHANGE of time, like change of place, introduces men to new associates, and gives many persons an opportunity to become respected by outliving those who knew them when they were not respectable.



THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

THE phenomena of a brilliant sun and a cloudless sky tempted us forth upon an expedition to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. We catch a distant view of the building almost as soon as we glide out of the Brighton railway station, and know it immediately, though it appears but an undefined gray spot upon the summit of a hill six or seven miles off, by the flashing reflection of the sun's rays from its coating of glass. A ride of some half-hour brings us to the Annerley station, whence we have to climb the hill for another mile ere arriving at our destination. As we advance, the proportions of the building come gradually into view, and, long before reaching the level upon which it stands, we are struck with the immense superiority of such a site for such a structure compared with that occupied by the building of 1851 in Hyde-park.

We enter, with other visitors, in the rear of the edifice; and desirous, before an examination of its contents, of contemplating its appearance and effect as viewed from its own grounds, we cross to the

garden front, and descending a flight or two of stairs, emerge upon the upper terrace, along which runs a gravel walk fifty feet in width, and exceeding in length that of the entire building. From this upper terrace three broad flights of steps lead down to a lower and larger one, whose area is not much less than thirteen acres, which is about equal to that occupied by the palace itself. It is laid out in walks and flower-beds, after the manner of an Italian garden, and ornamented with six fountains of novel design, symmetrically arranged. On either side of the central flight of steps leading from the upper to the lower terrace, and in front of the grand central transept, two pairs of colossal sphinxes, reposing upon ponderous basements of granite, look out with stony eyes upon a glorious English landscape, stretched far away before them, and fading out gradually in the misty atmosphere of distance. These sphinxes are close and faithful copies of the Egyptian original now at Paris, and are placed with admirable effect on their present site. De-

scending the slope yet further, and verging to the right among natural mounds and declivities, planted with flowering shrubs and evergreens, with here and there a noble tree whose spreading branches yield a welcome shade in summer, we arrive at a point of view favorable for a glance at the entire structure of the palace. We feel at the first impression the justice of the universal praise which has been awarded to the improved design. The reduction of two hundred and forty feet in the length enables the spectator to embrace the whole building within the compass of his vision, without withdrawing to a distance too great for observation of its details. It is true that much of the idea of vastness is lost; but if that be a loss,—though we are inclined to think it is not,—ample amends are made by the imposing spectacle of just, elegant, and grand proportions—elements to which, notwithstanding its superlative merits of adaptation to a specific purpose, the building in Hyde-park had but little pretension. The erection of three transepts in place of one, the noble elevation of the central transept, and the substitution of an arched roof for a flat one along the entire length of the nave, altogether have, by replacing parallel lines and sharp angles by flowing lines and graceful curves, entirely altered the character of the general outline. The result is a structure upon which the eye loves to rest, and toward which it instinctively turns so long as the object is in sight. From either end of the building, wings bearing the appearance of conservatories, and terminating in square towers, project forward sufficiently far to embrace the whole of the terraces, which are thus partially inclosed from the rest of the grounds. Into one of these wings the railway from London runs, and thus discharges its passengers beneath the roof of the palace.

The grand avenue, which may be said to terminate between the sphinxes in front of the central transept, extends in a straight line down the entire slope of the park to a distance of two thousand feet,—something more than a third of a mile.

We follow mechanically a party of visitors who are making their way toward a long, low building in the lower grounds, and, being courteously admitted, find ourselves in the presence of a portentous group of monsters terrific to behold. Here is what seems a common toad amplified to

the size of a hippopotamus, and by his side the frog of the fable has actually swollen to the dimensions of the ox. Here are creatures with the body of a duck, the fins or flappers of a phoca, the neck of a boa-constrictor, and the head of a crocodile. Here is the ichthyosaurus, clothed with his invulnerable armor, and furnished with his screw-propeller tail. Here is the lordly elk standing erect among a congregation of prostrate lizards of colossal longitude. Here are ravenous-looking leviathans of the alligator family, with jaws above a yard in length, bristling with countless fangs as large as fingers—together with monsters which we cannot pretend to name, and which Adam never named at all, (belonging as they did to an antecedent period,) of shapeless form and hideous aspect. Here, too, is the stupendous iguanodon, in whose body a score of gentlemen met to dinner. Professor Owen, it is reported, did the honors of the table, and seasoned the substantial fare with a colloquial lecture on the subject of antediluvian remains. He dwelt briefly on the discoveries of Cuvier and John Hunter, and of Buckland, who, from a single tooth, constructed the megalosaurus; and at the close of his remarks proposed as an appropriate toast the memory of Mantell, the discoverer of the iguanodon—a toast which was received in mournful silence. These strange monsters, suggestive as they are of the history of the earth ere its inhabitants were subjected to the mastery of mankind, will form one of the most striking and significant of the numberless attractions of the new palace, and will render valuable assistance to the study of geology.

Water, whether in motion or at rest, forms a principal feature as well in the palace itself as in the delightful gardens mapped out before it. The ornamental fountains spout water to a great height, and, in order to effect this, water is pumped into tanks placed on the summit of the lofty towers at either end of the building. The outer casing of the towers being formed of hollow cast-iron columns, the water descending through them supplies the jets of the fountains. These towers also serve the purpose of chimneys to the furnaces used for heating the water required for warming the building in cold weather; and further, being fitted with a spiral stair rising to the height of nearly two hundred

feet, form a succession of available galleries for viewing the surrounding scenery. There are broad basins of water between the flights of steps leading from the upper to the lower terrace, into which numerous dolphins, ranged in the vaulted niches of the terrace-wall, spout a continuous stream. The grand water-works are arranged at the bottom of the main avenue.

Before entering the building for a brief survey of its contents, we may as well perform what will be expected of us, by stating, as shortly as possible, the actual dimensions of the present structure, referring at the same time to that of the Hyde-park palace. The entire length of the new pile is 1608 feet, that of the former being 1848 feet; the entire length of the central transept is 384 feet, against 456 feet, the greatest depth in the first building; the height from the floor to the roof of the nave is 110 feet, against 66 feet, the height of the former nave; and the height from the floor to the center of the middle transept is 180 feet, against 108 feet, the height of the first transept. Owing to the fact that the ground upon which the new palace is built shelves considerably toward the park, the elevation on that side is 194 feet, an increase in height which tells well upon the general appearance. The actual space inclosed by the new building is 542,592 feet, or about 13½ acres, against 767,150 feet, or about 19 acres, in the old one. Thus it will be seen that while the inclosed area is nearly one-third less in the new pile than in the old, the height is about two-thirds greater—and it will be readily imagined that proportions so entirely different give a new character to the present undertaking. Add to this, that what was formerly the side is now the front of the edifice—that the device of breaking the long flatness of the façade by deep recesses at the ends of the transepts has been resorted to, and the immensely-improved effect is readily conceivable, even without the aid of pictorial representation. But without such aid, or a personal visit, it is not easy to conceive what a really picturesque object the new palace becomes when seen from one of the many favorable points of view which the park presents. Our engraving perpetuates but one aspect of the picture, which the spectator may contemplate with renewed pleasure from a hundred different spots.

On entering the building from the ter-

race, we find ourselves in an underground chamber, to which has been given the name of Paxton's tunnel. We mentioned above that the ground slopes downward from the rear to the front of the building; the descent from one side to the other is as much as twenty-five feet, and of this circumstance the architect has availed himself in constructing a long tunnel or basement story, extending the whole length of the edifice. A portion of this long chamber is allotted for the exhibition of working machinery, and another portion is fitted up with boilers for the heating of the water designed to raise the temperature of the interior in cold weather. To effect this, above fifty miles of iron piping, seven inches in diameter, are laid down beneath the floors, and connected with ventilators traversing the galleries, making together a huge arterial system dispensing warmth to every part. The pipes are so arranged that the water, after circulating through them, and parting with its caloric, returns to the boilers to be again heated. The furnaces will consume their own smoke, and thus there will be no visible effluvia projected through the central shafts of the water-towers at either end of the building. Experiments which have been made with the warming apparatus have satisfactorily proved its efficiency.

On ascending to the level floor-line, and proceeding to the end of the nave toward the Dulwich Road, we are enabled to compare the effect of the interior view with our recollections of the same effect in the former structure. Indisputably, one striking charm is nearly lost altogether. We allude to that dim, mysterious, hazy, and eminently picturesque effect which arose from the much greater length of the Hyde-park palace, which delighted, because it deluded the eye of the spectator with the idea of unfathomable depth and distance. Here there is no mystery to deal with; the eye commands the entire perspective, and, as it were, takes possession of the whole with a glance. In all other respects, however, the interior aspect of the Sydenham Palace is infinitely superior to that of its predecessor. The perspective of the long, lofty, arching nave excels the low, flat roof of the exhibition as much as the vaulted arch of a Roman temple does the ceiling of a barrack. The addition of forty-four feet to the height gives an air of sublimity and



GROUP OF EXTINGUISHED MONUMENTS.

grandeur to the new building wanting to the old. Again, the monotonous repetition of columns and girders, complained of as wearisome to the eye in the first building, is avoided in the new one by the projection, at regular intervals, of pairs of columns, which, advancing forward into the nave, break the perspective lines on either side, and impart a degree of variety to the view. On ascending to the galleries, where space is allotted for the different classes of manufactured goods, and viewing the area below from various points, the old idea of vastness grows upon us again, and by a judicious arrangement of the botanical and artistic specimens, that picturesque element of indefinite extent is fully restored.

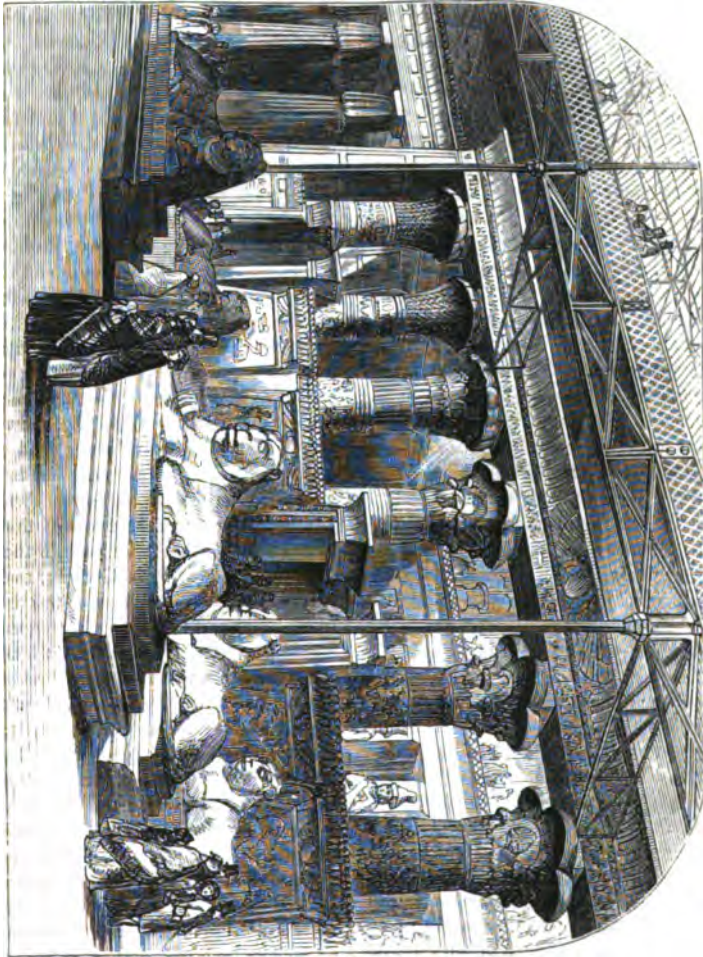
We must now turn our attention to the

works of art which form the principal features of attraction to this realm of fairy land. We enter first, as it happens to be nearest at hand, what is called the Pompeian Court, which is nothing more or less than a fac-simile of a Roman mansion restored to its beauty and brilliancy as it existed in Pompeii nearly eighteen hundred years ago. The building, as it stands here, complete in all its ornate elegance and luxury, presents a spectacle which can nowhere else be witnessed. In design it combines the most enchanting simplicity with the most elaborate art, and, though never overloaded with ornament, is yet an example of all that ornamentation can accomplish in the production of chaste architectural effect. The apartments, which

are small, are adorned with exquisite paintings, mostly of marine and mythological subjects—cupids, dolphins, satyrs, bacchantes, sea-bulls, tritons, and Venuses. They open into the compluvium or open court, in the center of which is the fountain. Here all around tells of the Roman age and Roman customs, and one almost

expects to see the Roman himself step forth in the *toga virilis*, and take the place of that policeman A 2001, as guardian of the *dulce domum*. In looking around upon the delicate gorgeousness of the painted columns and ceilings, it is curious to note how colors which, less artistically combined, would have produced a tawdry and

THE EGYPTIAN COURT.



repulsive effect, are so learnedly employed as to harmonize thoroughly, and to suggest, as they should do, the ideas of tranquillity and repose. This has been the work principally of foreign artists—the ornamentation having been intrusted to Signior Abbati.

Leaving behind us the collection of plants and botanical specimens, and turn-

ing toward the other end of the building, we advance through groups of busts, and statues, and colossal fragments, toward the Fine Arts Courts. A colored plan of the lower floor, exhibited on a boarding, shows us that the several courts have been arranged with a view to chronological order, and that we are in the right direction for the first, which is the Egyptian Court.

The entrance to this court is guarded by recumbent lions, and we proceed through corridors lined with massive pillars of every kind of Egyptian architecture, crowned with capitals of characteristic device, among which the lotus leaf figures prominently. Sphinxes, memnons, monarchs, deities, or idols of various kinds, ranged beneath the cornices, rest upright against the walls, or seated or couchant on slabs, greet the eye.

On the right hand-side of the court is seen a reproduction—little more than one-third of the height of the original—of part of the entrance-hall of columns of the palace at Karnak, the ruins of which are the most ancient and at the same time the most gigantic and most splendid in the world. They stand on a portion of the site, and formed a part of the ancient city of Thebes, and date from at least fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. The portion of the temple at Karnak here represented is not the most colossal part of that structure. The largest columns among these prodigious ruins are sixty-six feet in height and of the diameter of twelve feet, and they are inclosed between rows of columns forty-two feet high, and little more than nine feet in diameter. It is these smaller columns, reproduced upon a scale little more than one-third of the size of the originals, which represent Karnak in the Egyptian Court of the Sydenham Palace. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the manner in which this magnificent assemblage of ponderous pillars has been reared and elaborately finished off on every portion of their surface. Though so small, relatively to their originals, they are yet vast enough to symbolize strongly the ideas of strength and durability. The columns, as well as the walls, are covered profusely with hieroglyphics, also reduced to the same scale, and colored with bright tints of red, green, blue, yellow, and black. If the coloring of these columns be as faithfully reproduced as the forms—and we have no ground for questioning that it is so—it is very certain that the ancient Egyptians knew but little of the art of the colorist, and were infinitely behind the lowest of civilized moderns in that respect. We must pass the rock tombs of Aboosimbel, the columns from the temple of Denderah, and fifty other things which the visitor will pause to examine for himself, and

must hasten on to the Greek Court—the next on our route.

It is an assemblage of the most marvelous productions of human genius. Here are the matchless sculptures from the pediments of the Parthenon; the Theseus, the idol of artists and sculptors, old and young; the Ceres and Proserpine, with their inimitable draperies; the Ilissus, and the famous head of the horse from the chariot of the goddess Nox. Here also is the Niobe group, the Farnese Hercules and Flora, the Wrestlers, the Farnese Juno, the Dying Gladiator, and a number of other unrivaled works copied from the originals in the various museums and private galleries of Europe, which men in all countries have undertaken pilgrimages to see, and which have revived the arts of nations. Turning our eyes aloft, we see the noble frieze of the Parthenon elevated to an appropriate height; but we are puzzled to account for the strange tricks which some whimsical personage has been playing with the famous basso relievos. It would appear as though *carte blanche* had been given to some traveling showman to do his best to improve them, and that he had painted them as near as he could guess in the colors of life. The result has been the transformation of the works of the old Greek Phidiases into the works of Mrs. Glass or Mrs. Grundy, molded in colored sugar to ornament the top of a twelfth-cake. Others of the figures, not colored, are stuck into a bright blue background, with a result so utterly and instantaneously destructive of the delicate effect of this species of sculpture, that the only wonder is, that the hand which held the brush with the blue paint in it did not drop it instinctively after the first touch. This experiment, we should hope, will be conclusive as to the propriety of coloring the works of the sculptor, whether ancient or modern.

In the Roman Court is given the idea of Roman palatial luxury at its greatest height. The style of architecture is gorgeous and solid, the ornamentation of the most elaborate, and most expensive kind; but all without heaviness. The Roman sculpture differs from that of the Greek, much to the advantage of the latter. It is less graceful in design, less truthful in form, less poetical in conception; but is more practically useful, being confined very much to mythology, portraiture, and the

emblemizing of historical events. Among the chief sculptures to be found here are the Young Hercules, the Apollo Belvidere, the Diana with the Fawn, the Tortonia Hercules, together with a number of colossal busts, among which is the Jupiter Serrapis, and a collection of Borghese and Vatican vases. There are also some fine bassi-relievi, including those from the Arch of Titus, which represent the leading of the Jews into captivity. There are also models of the Roman Forum, of the Colosseum in its perfect state, and of the celebrated temple of Neptune at Pæstum.

From the Roman Court we pass on to the court of the Alhambra, which constitutes the extreme northern refreshment-room. The Alhambra, the ancient palace of the Moorish kings of Granada, is the most marvelous specimen extant of Moorish architecture. The portion here represented consists of the Court of Lions and the Hall of Justice. In the center of the Court of Lions stands the fountain, supported upon the backs of twelve of those royal animals. It is impossible to give an idea by mere description of the amount of manual labor bestowed upon the getting-up of this fac-simile of Moorish architecture. The whole erection from roof to floor is a real mechanical wonder, the ceiling of the hall forming especially a puzzle not easily solved. Here and there, on the walls and cornices, checkered with minute patterns in gold and vivid color, are Arabic characters and mottoes. It is well situated for a refreshment-room, standing at the end of the nave, out of the way of the stream of visitors, and, being free from sculptures and statuary, affords ample room for hungry and thirsty guests.

Before crossing the building to the courts on the other side of the nave, we spend a few moments in the Assyrian Court, where, under the direction of Mr. Fergusson, assisted, it is said, by suggestions from Mr. Layard, has been reproduced the audience-chamber of an Assyrian monarch, such as it appeared in its bold and primitive grandeur three thousand five hundred years ago. Enormous eagle-winged and human-headed bulls stand guarding the entrance; they appear to have been modeled exactly after the originals. The audience-chamber measures one hundred feet in length by fifty in width, and around the walls are displayed the history of the first empire at the period when Sennacherib ruled and

Ezekiel prophesied—a history written in pictures of stone, which, after being buried beneath the dust of thirty centuries, are drawn forth in our day to attest the vigor and greatness of the world's youth, and the truth of prophecy. In point of artistic merit, the productions of the Assyrian chisel stand midway between those of Egypt and those of the early Greeks. In correctness of form, and in breadth and boldness of outline, with which mere size has nothing to do, they are many of them infinitely superior to the best of the Egyptian sculptures; and here and there we see evidences of a lofty intellect striving not always in vain—struggling, as it were, in spite of its unacquaintance with the true principles of art, toward the imbodiment of really grand and noble ideas. Had the Assyrian empire survived a few centuries longer, it might have boasted its Praxiteles and its Apelles, and perhaps its Socrates too, and an earlier Greece had changed the destinies of nations.

We pass into the Byzantine Court. Byzantine art may be regarded as the production of a semi-barbaric people, working upon the basis of the Greeks. The Greek simplicity they did not understand—the Greek outline they were incapable of producing; they overloaded the one with an eccentric kind of ornament, and substituted for the poetical idealism of the other a stiff, pedantic, and literal fidelity, which, wanting in the higher elements of art, has yet its historical and practical value. With all its defects, however, and its utter absence of the truly graceful, Byzantine architecture is imposing from a certain truthfulness of detail, and its suggestiveness of a kind of wild power tamed, as it were, to sacrifice to the beautiful. This court contains restorations of the cloister of St. Mary in the capitol of Cologne, and a portion of St. John the Lateran, with its gold mosaics. The fountain of Heislerback stands in the center, and remains of Romanesque art, collected from various countries, adorn the walls.

The Mediæval Court is the repository of a series of fac-similes of the most beautiful forms of early ecclesiastical architecture, and consists of various departments illustrative of the French, German, Italian, and English schools, all of which are characterized by their use of the pointed arch. The examples of German gothic are selected from the works of Peter

Vischer and Adam Kraft, including, besides, the great Nuremberg door and the effigies of the archbishop electors of Mayence. Among the French examples are the bas-reliefs from the choir of Nôtre Dame. Among the samples of Italian art are selections from the works of Pisani, and the great altar of the church of Or San Michell, the celebrated work of Andrea Orcagna. Besides these, there are selections from the architectural and monumental remains of England; altogether the most comprehensive and valuable collection of the kind ever brought beneath a single roof.

The Renaissance or Elizabethan Court presents the greatest novelty to the mass of visitors. The façade is a restoration of the Hô Bourgherould at Rouen, with the basso-relievos of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, representing the meeting of Francis and Henry in 1520. Here also are the celebrated Florentine gates, by Ghiberti, said by Michael Angelo to be worthy to be the gates of Paradise; the famous window of the Cortosa, of Pavia, and the elaborate alti-relievi, accounted the most marvelous works of the kind in existence, sculptured by Bambeja to adorn the entrance of the Cortosa; the monument of John Galeazzo Visconti; and the entire frieze of the Hospital of Pistoja. The Nymph of Fontainebleau stands over the entrance from the garden; the great Caryatides of Jean Gougon, the finest productions of modern art, stand on each side of the door-way; and Germain Pilon's exquisite group of the Graces takes its place in the center of the court. The Elizabethan specimens consist of such examples as the tomb of Henry VII. by Torregiano, that of Queen Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey, and select specimens of carving in various kinds of material.

In the Italian Court are found specimens of the works of the revived classical period. The architectural details are founded on the Cortile of the Farnese Palace at Rome. In the center is seen the Fountain of the Tortoises, with statues in bronze, and around the fountain the reclining statues of Morning, Noon, Twilight, and Night, the great masterpieces of Michael Angelo for the Medici Chapel; the group of the Pieta by Bernini; also the Pieta of Angelo.

While wandering about in this huge wilderness, we cannot help being struck with

the preponderance of Egyptian material—enough to give an old-world aspect to what we may call the court end of the edifice. There is a sphinx, which may almost vie in dimensions with the great Sphinx of the Desert; and a brick throne is erected in front of the grand entrance, for a couple of Egyptian colossi, who confront the visitor on his entering from the gardens—their motionless forms towering above him to the height of some fifty or sixty feet.

Besides the courts we have visited, there is a Sculpture Court, containing the works of Thorwaldsen, Canova, Gibson, Wyatt, M'Dowell, Lough, Rauch, Tieck, Tenerani, Benzoni, Rimaldi, Marshall, and numerous other celebrated men. Then we also have a Walhalla, or Temple of Fame, containing the busts and statues of the greatest men of every age and country—heroes, statesmen, and warriors, popes, philosophers, and savans, architects, poets, dramatists, and musicians, from all parts of the world—forming a school for the student of biography and a shrine for the aspirant for fame.

The profusion of statuary, both in the building and in the grounds, forms a marked feature of the People's Palace, and we know no more agreeable and striking contrast which the combination of art and nature can produce. It must be remembered that the palace itself is a garden; the whole of the sides of the nave, the transepts, and the divisions between the several courts on either side being filled with plants, shrubs, and trees from every clime, interspersed with animals, statues, fountains, and works of art. As any required temperature may be maintained within the building through the whole year, the vegetable productions of any latitude may be preserved in all their native vigor, and exotics which perish beneath the rigor of winter, will continue to flourish from year to year.

Looking at the People's Palace in the light of an educational institution, we are justified in regarding it as one of no trifling value. It will offer, as we have seen, unprecedented facilities for the study of the arts in all their industrial applications—of geology—of natural history—of botany—of mechanics—of manufactures—and of many things more which are scarcely of less importance. It is worth a passage across the Atlantic to see.

SLEEPERS AWAKENED.

LET us introduce our reader to a small chamber in a country parsonage. The room presented a perfect picture of neatness, quiet, and repose. It was very plainly furnished, but manifested a certain elegance and refinement in the arrangement of the few simple ornaments on the chimney-piece, the flowers and books, and the old china cup of cooling drink that stood on a small round table by the open window, through which the warm air of summer stole softly, laden with perfume from the mignonette and stocks that flourished in the little garden beneath it. The sun's rays, broken by the fresh green leaves of a large walnut-tree, cast a clear, pleasant light through the snowy dimity-curtains of the bed on the face of an invalid who lay there, gazing, with the listlessness of weakness, on the glimpse of blue sky visible from the open casement. It was a countenance that sunlight might be imagined to love, so good and gentle was it. Nor did its expression belie the heart within. A holy, charitable, unselfish man was that village pastor; but with the resemblance he bore—and it was a strong one—to Goldsmith's portrait of his brother, there mingled much of the thoughtlessness and improvidence of the poet himself; and the consequence of his boundless charities, and of his ignorance of money-matters, had led him into embarrassments, from which he saw no escape. He would have cared little had his difficulties affected his own comfort only; but they fell likewise on those dearest to him, and anxiety for their sakes preying on his affectionate and rather timid spirit, the probable shame of an execution in his house, and the nervous horror he felt at the idea of being consigned to a prison, had brought on his present illness, and haunted his thoughts as he lay there in solitude after many restless nights of agonized and perplexed reflection, listening to the church-bells ringing for Sunday service, at which a stranger was to fill his place. From the days of Whittington to the present, the imagination has frequently given a language to those airy voices; and the poor pastor, as he lay overpowered and exhausted by long hours of painful and fruitless meditation, felt the nightmare, like a load of care which oppressed him, pass off as he listened, and a childlike faith in the goodness of Provi-

dence once more dawning on his mind. We do not pretend to interpret what they whispered; but it is certain that, soothed by the chimes, he yielded to a gentle and profound slumber, in which his wife found him shortly afterward.

Care was at first taken not to break this desired repose; but as noon, evening, night, nay, a second day passed, and still it continued, his family became alarmed, and tried to rouse him. In vain! The awful slumber was as inexorable as that of death itself. It bound his senses in an iron forgetfulness. He could not be awakened by sound or touch. Sun after sun rose and set, and still the deep sleep continued. Meantime the evils he had dreaded gathered round his family. His physical condition preserved his personal freedom; but an execution was put in his house, and his wife and daughters were exposed to the direst evils of poverty. The rumor, however, of his trance-like slumber was noised abroad, and reached the lordly dwelling of a nobleman who resided near the spot, though he was not one of the clergyman's parishioners. Being much given to the study of physical science, he visited the parsonage to request permission to see the sleeper, and thus learned the varied sorrow that had fallen on its gentle inmates. With equal delicacy and generosity, he proffered as a loan the means of paying the harsh creditors, assuring the poor wife that if her husband should ever wake, he would give him the means of repaying the pecuniary obligation. The offer was thankfully accepted, and the debt discharged. For the following two days, Lord E—— was a regular visitor at the parsonage.

Sunday morning again dawned—once more the sunlight fell on the sleeper's pillow, and the bells called men to pray. Beside the couch were seated the miserable wife and her noble friend. The faint, regular breathing of the trance-chained man deepened and to her anxious ear the difference was perceptible, though Lord E—— shook his head, as she told him of it. She bent eagerly over the pillow: there was a slight flutter of the eyelids: she held her breath, and clasped her hands in an agony of expectation and dawning hope. The hand so long motionless, stirred; the eyes opened: she could not speak for overpowering joy. The sleeper raised his head, slightly smiled on her, and

observed: "I thought I had slept longer—the bell has not yet ceased ringing!"

He was unconscious that a whole week had elapsed since its tones had soothed him to rest. The wife fainted, and was conveyed from the chamber. The doctor was summoned; he found his patient weak, but not otherwise ill. A still more extraordinary mental cure had been effected by the genius of Sleep: he had totally forgotten his threatened difficulties, and from that hour recovered rapidly. Lord E—— conferred a living of some value on him; and when he was strong enough to bear the disclosure, his wife informed him of the loan so nobly bestowed on them, and the suffering from which he had been so marvelously preserved. The lesson was not lost. The new rector henceforward strove to unite prudence with generosity; and a career of worldly prosperity, as well as the far greater blessing of an implicit and cheerful faith in Providence, attended the renewed life of the sleeper awakened.

In this instance the sleep or trance was dreamless and unconscious. But there is one remarkable case on record,* in which the body only of the sleeper was subject to this deathlike thralldom of slumber, the mind remaining awake; and the account given by the individual who endured this interval of life in death, is very singular and interesting. She was an attendant on a German princess; and after being confined to her bed for a great length of time with a nervous disorder, to all appearance died. She was laid in a coffin, and the day fixed for her interment arrived. In accordance with the custom of the place, funeral songs and hymns were sung outside the door of the chamber in which the fair corpse lay. Within they were preparing to nail on the lid of the coffin, when a slight moisture was observed on the brow of the dead. The supposed corpse was of course immediately removed to a different couch, and every means used to restore suspended vitality. She recovered, and gave the following singular account of her sensations:—

"She was perfectly conscious of all that passed around her; she distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death; she felt them clothe her in the garments of the grave, and place her in the coffin. This knowledge produced a mental anxiety she could not

describe. She tried to speak or cry, but vainly—she had no power of utterance; it was equally impossible for her to raise her hand or open her eyes, as she vainly endeavored to do. She felt as if she were imprisoned in a dead body. But when she heard them talk of nailing the lid on her, and the mournful music of the funeral-hymns reached her ear, the anguish of her mind attained its height and agony, mastering that awful spell of unnatural slumber, and producing the moisture on her brow which saved her from being entombed alive."

One more little anecdote of a somewhat similar kind, which was related to us on the authority of a Hastings fisherman, and we will close our paper. It occurred during the cholera. The people of England have an especial horror of this terrible scourge, and nothing will induce them to believe that the infection is in the air, and not in the person affected by the complaint; consequently it was difficult, in some places, to persuade them to perform the last offices for the dead, and they hurried the interment of the victims of the pestilence with unseemly precipitation. A poor seafaring-man, who had been long absent from his native land, returning home at the time it was raging, found that his wife had been dead about three days, and that her coffin had been placed in a room with those of others, who, lodging in the same dwelling, had also perished of the disease. Greatly afflicted, the sailor insisted on seeing his dead wife. The neighbors would have dissuaded him; but his affection and grief disdained all fear, and he rushed into the chamber of death. There, forcing open the lid of the coffin, and bending over the beloved corpse, the rude mariner shed tears, which fell fast upon the pallid face, when suddenly a sound, something like a sigh, was emitted from the white lips, and the next instant the exhausted and deathlike sleeper opened her eyes, and gazed up in his face! The joy of the poor fellow may be well imagined.

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THERE are two processes of civilization which go on, sometimes in conjunction, sometimes separately: one is moral civilization,—that is, beliefs, laws, and the customs and virtues of a people; the other is material civilization,—that is to say, the more or less progressive development of the purely manual or industrial trades and arts. When, by the term civilization, we compound these two processes, we render our meaning obscure.—*Lamartine.*

* In an old Magazine, dating 1798; and also in Dr. Crichton's *Essays*.

AMBROSIAL READINGS FROM THE
GERMAN OF SCRIVER.

SCRIVER was born at Rendsburg, in the year 1629; and after having been preacher in several places, died at last in 1693, as Hofprediger and Oberconsistorialrath at Quedlinburg. A "quiet and peaceable life;" and there remain as the fruits thereof some six dozen volumes of the delightfulest reading, if our faith be of that simple kind which can nourish itself thereby. He is never at a loss for a text: all God's creatures point him God-ward: he hath ever a ready eye to detect the lurking lesson, and the rendering he gives of what he reads is usually, in its quaintness and simplicity, very beautiful.

THE BIRD IN THE CAGE.

GOTTHOLD* had a singing-bird, which he had kept in a cage for some time. It had become so accustomed to its prison, that it not only sang gaily and pleasantly, but even when the door was set open, showed no desire to get out. "Ah," he thought in his heart, as he saw it, "if I could but perfectly learn from this little bird to be content with mine estate, and resigned to the will of God! O that I could but once become rightly accustomed to the manner and the ways of my God, and could from the heart believe that he cannot mean any evil with me! This little bird is in captivity, but because it has food always enough, it is content, and hops and sings, and has no wish to alter its condition. God surrounds me oft with all manner of cross and affliction, but he has never let me be lacking in comfort and aid, and why then am I not happy? Why, even in tribulation, do I not sing and thank my God with joyful heart? One might, indeed, as Luther expresses himself, take off the hat before such a little bird and speak to it, My dear Sir Bird, I must acknowledge that I understand not this art in which thou excellest. Thou sleepest the night over in thy little nest, without all care, arisest again in the morning, art cheerful and well at ease, and dost sit and sing, and praise and thank the Lord, and thereafter thou goest to seek thy food and

findest it: now, my God, I will also be contented and glad: I will desire naught save what thou wilt. I would not be free from my cross, from my calamities and contradictions, so long as thou wilt not. Yes, I desire not to be in thy heaven, so long as thou wilt that in this troubled world, in this weary life, I should still serve thee and thy Church. Let thy will be my heaven, thy counsel my wisdom, thy pleasure my delight. My desire is that it go well with me in time and everlasting: such is thy will too: our purpose is one, only about the means and ways we are not agreed. And what matters it that thou ledest me otherwise than I in my folly deem good, if thou yet ledest me well, and I attain at last to that which I long after?"

BEANS IN BLOSSOM.

WHEN the beans are in blossom they give forth a very sweet and lovely odor, which the wind wafts to us often from afar. And as Gotthold once smelt this sweet perfume, he recollected how he had read somewhere, that the islands, Ceylon, Madagascar, and others, on which costly spices grow in abundance, send forth such a powerful fragrance that people can frequently sooner smell these islands than see them. Thereupon, with a hearty cheerfulness, he said: "My God, if these earthly fruits can yield me such a charm, what may I expect from the heavenly? Ah, how many fragrant airs do thy faithful ones enjoy, brought there out of the land of life by the heavenly Pentecost wind, thy gracious Spirit! Therein they have a sample and a foretaste of blessedness. And were it not for that, how might they endure so great tribulation?"

THE VIOLET.

As a nosegay of blue violets was presented to Gotthold one March, he was charmed by their lovely perfume, thanked his God who had bestowed so manifold means of refreshing on man, and took occasion therefrom for such thoughts as these:—"This fair and fragrant flower doth very agreeably represent to me a humble and God-loving heart. It grows and creeps, a lowly plant, upon the earth; but is pranked in most heavenly blue, and

* Gotthold is Scriver's *nom de guerre* in these parables. It is this imaginary Gotthold that sees all the sights, and reads us all the lessons.

far excels, because of its noble odor, many higher and gaudier flowers—such as the tulip, the crown imperial, and others more. And so, too, there are hearts which, in their own and others' eyes, seem worthless and mean, but it is the image of the lowly-hearted Jesus they bear; it is the right heaven's-color they are adorned withal, and in the sight of God they are of much higher esteem than others who, on account of their endowments, do highly exalt themselves. And even as the apothecary mixes the juice of this plant with melted sugar, and therefrom prepares a cooling and strengthening refreshment for the heart of man, so does the Highest let the sweetness of his grace flow into the hearts of the lowly to the comfort and upbuilding of many more. My God, let it ever be my desire, not to seek mine own honor, but thine. I have no wish to be any gaudy flower, if I may only please thee, and be of profit to my neighbor."

THE ROWERS.

GOTTHOLD saw some sailors going into a boat in order to pass over a river: two of them sat down to the oars and turned their backs to the shore which they thought to go to; but one remained with his face set toward the place where they wished to land, and so they rowed quickly thither. "See here," he said to those about him, "a good memento of something higher. This life is a quick and powerful river, flowing on to the sea of eternity, flowing and returning never again. On this river every one has the little boat of his own calling, which is to be carried forward by the arms of diligent labor. And like these people, we, too, must turn our backs on that future that lies ahead, and labor on in diligence and in good trust upon God, who is at the helm, and who powerfully guides the boat thitherward, and for the rest remain unconcerned. We should laugh to see these people turning themselves around, on pretext that it would not do to be driving thus blindly forward—they must see also where it is they are coming to. And what a folly in us it is always, with our cares and thoughtfulness, to be reaching forth into the future, and that which is before us! Let us row, and toil, and pray: and let God steer, and bless, and reign. My God! abide with me ever in my little boat and direct it as thy pleasure

is, and I will but turn my face toward thee, and labor faithfully and in earnest according to the ability thou providest me withal: the rest thyself wilt provide."

THE PLANT IN THE CELLAR.

GOTTHOLD went one day into the cellar, and found lying in a corner a turnip which, by some chance, had been left there: and it had begun to grow, and cast forth long, but very weak and sickly, shoots of a pale wan color: and the whole plant was entirely useless. "Here," he thought, "we have very aptly symbolized an inexperienced and unexercised man, who has been living all his days in a corner, and has given himself trouble enough to learn things manifold, and sets a high price on his own knowledge, deeming that, with his self-grown wisdom, he is abundantly fit to rule and bring to vast prosperity, not a single city or church alone, but the half even of all the world. But when once he puts his hand to the work, he finds, in all his school-bag, not art enough to carry out this or the other little affair, and discovers that it is one thing to have a scantling of knowledge, and another thing quite to bring into use what one does know among other people, who also know a few things. And in matters of the faith it is even so. We often fancy our belief, our love, our patience, all in noble growth, while the whole is standing on very feeble feet. Experience makes the man—the cross makes the Christian. The sun hath never shined upon this cellar-plant, the dew has not moistened it, neither hath the rain fallen upon it, nor the wind stormed over it, nor the cold hardened it—therefore it is worthless. So too, a Christian, who has not, by love and patience, been kept through good and ill, can hardly be counted of the valiantest. Beautifully speaketh the dear, much-tried apostle: 'Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed.'" Rom. v, 3-5.

SINFUL man is not only blind, but is in love with his blindness; he boasts that he sees when he is most of all blind, and with all his might resists that true light, which by the works of Divine Providence, by the word of God, and some sparkling beams of the Spirit, most kindly offers itself.—*Witsius.*

The National Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Our "*Luther Engravings*" of the present number will be found peculiarly fine. The face of "John, the Constant," in the first picture of the article, has almost the animation of life itself, and the attitudes and all the accompaniments of the design, show the hand of the master artist. Equally striking is the second—the painting of Luther's portrait by Kranach: the figures of Luther and the artist are especially noticeable. The visit of John Frederick, the elector, to the sick bed of the great reformer, is a gem of its kind, but it is rivaled by the scene of Luther praying at the sick bed of Melancthon, the features in which have an extraordinary individuality. In fact, the individual portraits are preserved in a manner quite remarkable in nearly all these wonderful cuts. Luther and Melancthon especially can be distinguished at a glance. The text accompanying them is designedly brief; it would be out of place to give, in these pages, a regular history of the Reformation—brief or extended. Every reader is familiar with it, or should become so by consulting larger works; the explanatory comments given are but a literary framework for these fine productions of art. We give the whole of the text of the German and English editions, with considerable additions, chiefly from Luther's own writings.

The style of these pictures is highly elaborate and artistic. Less masterly works might, perhaps, better please popular taste, but the same may be said of the Elgin Marbles—the immortal designs of Phidias himself. In a style which has always been considered by artistic judges among the very noblest schools since the "Renaissance"—a school which none but men of thorough genius can succeed in—the uniform success with which the whole series of fifty designs has been completed is a marvel. The bold delineation, the sculpture-like relief of the figures, the synchronistic accuracy of the accompaniments—of costume, furniture, and architecture; the correct likenesses, on a scale so small, and the moral dignity of the whole, render these illustrations one of the choicest treats of engraved art ever given to the American public, and we only regret that in our next number they are to end. They remind one continually of the finest works of Albert Durer. The London Art Journal, the best periodical authority in art, says: "To our tastes the work is one of the most interesting additions to the illustrated literature of the day that we have seen for a long time. Gustav Konig is unquestionably a man of genius. He is, we believe, a native of Coburg, though long resident in Munich; some years since he was commissioned by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg to paint a series of pictures representing remarkable passages in the history of that illustrious family, and also of events connected with the Reformation in Germany. These pictures were intended to adorn the palatial residence of the duke, at Reinhardsbrunn; and it is not improbable that the series of de-

signs for the 'Life of Martin Luther' were suggested by the commission for the "Reformation" pictures. Konig has evidently adopted Kaulbach as his model, and a higher he could not have taken from the modern German school; such a selection is at once a proof of his discrimination and his pure taste."

The article entitled "*Glimpses of Church-World—Exeter-hall and Humbug*," is a capital hit at a certain class of croakers against religion—the *Dickens*, *Punch*, and *London Times* school. There is as much downright Pharisaism in the scorn which this school of writers displays with so much affected magnanimity against the "fanatics of Exeter Hall," and similar men the world over, as ever there was among those bare-faced scorers of Judea who "strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel." Their moans over the "waste of money" on "the heathen," &c., are the very best specimens of Pecksniffianism. Their laugh at the "one idea" philanthropy of "evangelical religionists" is a contemptible apology for their own lack of any idea whatever, any practical idea at least, favorable to the philanthropies of the age. The men who sustain the especially evangelical philanthropies of the day will be found, both in this country and in Europe, to be the leaders in most of the genuine reforms of the times. No class of good men have been more heartlessly and absurdly abused by the literary satirists of England. Dickens and Bulwer may describe the wrongs of the wretched, and read novels and plays in public for the aid of literary institutes and literary guilds; the writers of *Punch* may laugh at the evils of society; and the editors of the *Times* pompously dissertate upon them; but the satirized "Evangelicals," after all, are about the only men who practically and effectually put their hands upon these evils. While their agency is felt in Africa, in India, in the isles of the sea, it is found also to be about the only help of the suffering and offcast of London and New-York. There are single ragged schools or missions in London or New-York which have done more real good, and more appreciable good too, than all the flimsy anti-evangelical prating, writing, and other demonstrations (if other there be) of these overweening, self-respectable, and self-respected croakers—the latest, most heartless, and most contemptible class that ever disgraced croakerdom itself. Charles Dickens, with his incessant attempts to disparage religion, by selecting hypocrites and bigots, and such only, for its representatives, stands in the unenviable position of leader of this self-conceited clique. No man has done more harm to the religion of the age than he. He has boundless talent—genius, humor, and much sentimental sympathy with the suffering classes; but he strikes with a studied and persistent malignity at their truest hopes and truest friends, in his caricatures of religion and religious philanthropy. He can find among Christians grotesque and disgusting examples of Pharisaism and hypocrisy, and can illustrate their villainy through hundreds of his pages; but the whole history of Christianity affords him no example of moral nobleness, of saintly virtue, of meek suffering, of love and self-sacrifice. The religion that has ministered or

suffered amidst tears and agonies in garrets and cellars; which has given to the poor its noblest blessings, by raising up among them its best examples; which has given to the history of the race its sublimest narratives of heroism, and whose light has out-dazzled the fires of its martyrs at ten thousand stakes, is rich to him and his class only in the materials for caricature and satire; and this chiefly because, while it does nearly all the philanthropy done at home, it would likewise extend its sympathies to the ends of the earth. It is time that the tables were turned; our literature needs a new school of satire against these Pharisaic satirists. The writer of the article referred to gives them some stunning but well-deserved blows.

We must again remind our correspondents that it is a law of the editorial craft not to be responsible to return rejected manuscripts. The rule is absolutely necessary—it would be a daily task and endless vexation if such articles had to be always remailed. No writer should send a communication without keeping a copy. He should never consider it properly written, till he has thoroughly corrected, with erasures, interlineations, &c., the original draught, and then copied the latter; keeping the original in his own possession. We have an accumulation of MSS. on hand large enough to frighten half-a-dozen editors out of "propriety." We must insist on the benefit of the law.

MATRIMONY AND FRIENDSHIP.—It is the theory of some writers that "love" cannot long survive marriage, except in the form of an exalted friendship; and even Madame de Stael, the most sentimental as well as the most intellectual of women, if we may judge from her "Corinne," congratulates the happy pair whose first romance has settled into reliable friendship. There is a heartless sophistry in this opinion. Sam Slick, who has as much sense as wit, knocks the brains out of the miserable fallacy, with the following downright stroke of logic:—"The nature of matrimony is one thing, and the nature of friendship is another. A tall man likes a short wife; a great talker likes a silent woman, for both can't talk at once. A gay man likes a domestic gal', for he can leave her at home to nuss children and make pap, while he is enjoyin' of himself to parties. A man that hante any music in him likes it in his spouse, and so on. It chimes beautiful, for they ain't in each other's way. Now, friendship is the other way; you must like the same things to like each other and be friends. A similarity of tastes, studies, pursuits, and recreations—(what they call congenial souls;) a toper for a toper, a smoker for a smoker, a horse-racer for a horse-racer, a prize-fighter for a prize-fighter, and so on. Matrimony likes contrasts; friendship seeks its own counterparts."

A correspondent of one of our exchanges, in referring to our columns, says:—"In the same number, page 279, we have a quotation in support of the new science of spirit-rapping very adroitly brought in, under the heading, 'Rev. Dr. Cumming.'" We know not whether to be amused or vexed at this outright misrepresentation of our note on Dr. Cumming. We were

actually pointing out the weaknesses and whims of this extravagant author, and remarked as follows:—

"There is a whimsicalness about this popular writer which betrays itself increasingly in his publications, and which cannot fall soon to impair their authority, if not their popularity. In his late pamphlet on the 'Moslem and his End,' he is determined to dispose summarily of the poor Turks, whatever may be the result of their gallant efforts at self-defence, and, we may justly add, at self-regeneration. The reverend doctor sees amazing 'signs of the times,' boding their fate, in even the most frivolous incidents of the day. 'It is a fact,' he says, 'that the fingers of a lady laid lightly on a heavy table, made it, in my presence, spin round, lift its legs, stamp the floor, and throw itself into most extraordinary and unbecoming attitudes.'"

Where is the "gumption" of a reader who can take this as "in support of spirit-rapping?"

Our readers know very well that we have labored in these pages to repress the delusions of spirit-rapping, by insisting that its alleged phenomena should not be referred to spiritual causes, (as in the report of Mr. Beecher,) but could be explained on physical principles, on some abnormal action of the nervous system—a fact to which we do yet most soberly hold. The correspondent above-mentioned (whom we rank among our estimable personal friends) has pertinaciously followed us with challenges on the subject. He must mercifully excuse us: he has whetted his sword, we are aware, in almost innumerable polemical rencounters, and we ought to fear him terribly. Besides this we have an obstinate old whimsical opinion that men distinguished by a proclivity to public disputations should be the last to plunge into them; and as for the above subject, we have long since done with it except in the casual manner quoted. We scarcely know a man who has looked into it that does not hold to our own opinions upon it except the fanatics who contend for its supernaturalism. It has had its day, and it is time it were done with, except as an illustration of the times for the examination of the learned and curious.

HOW TO CURE THE BLUES.—A superior German poet, but little known in this country—Grun—cured himself of the hypo after a very simple manner, which he describes in a little poem entitled

"A TOO FAITHFUL COMPANION, AND HOW I GOT RID OF HIM."

"O, once I had a comrade true—
Where'er I was, there he was too;
Stopp'd I at home he went not away,
And if I went out he was sure not to stay.

"One cup for both of us we kept,
And in one bed together slept;
The cut of our clothes was one and the same,
And e'en when I courted my love he came.

"And as I was going the other day
Up to the hills to take my way,
With my stick ready to start—cried he,
'By your leave, I'll bear you company.'

"So out we stroll without a word—
Fresh rise the green trees above the green sward;
Warm, wooing airs all around us spread,
But my friend looks sulky and shakes his head.

"Up on high sings a chorus of larks so clear—
What does he do but stop his ear!
The rose-bush fragrances all the vale—
While he turns giddy and deadly pale.

"And as we were climbing the hill, he 'gan
Straightway to lose his breath, poor man!
I mounted and mounted with joyous glow,
Whilst he stood a-choking down below.

"All alone in that wild joy of mine
Stood I, on the summit, amid the sunshine,
Green meads around, heath flowers a-near me,
And the larks and the mountain breeze to cheer
me.

"And as I downward wended my way,
I stumbled upon a corpse that lay.
'Alack, 'tis he! dead lies he here,
My truest mate this many a year!"

"Then straight I had a deep grave made,
And silently in it the body I laid,
Then duly set at its head a stone,
And carved this little inscription upon:—

"Here lies my oldest, truest friend—
Sir Hypochondriac—met his end
By the healthy breeze o' the hills that blows,
By song of lark and scent of rose.

"All luck to come I wish him fain—
So that we never meet again.
From *that* Heaven grant me its protection,
And from his lively resurrection!"

As good a prescription this, to kill and cure,
as any the faculty ever hit upon. Air and exercise; exercise and air; the best remedies after all—*experto credite*, good readers—for "a mind diseased," of that disorder.

In our literary record will be found an interesting statement of Cardinal Wiseman's Lecture on the Home Education of the Poor. Its reference to *colportage* in France will astonish the reader. That process of circulating vicious literature will account largely for the general demoralization of the French populace. Of seven thousand five hundred works in circulation, which were examined by order of the government, three-fourths were interdicted. *Colportage* is extensively used in this country in the service of religious literature, but it is also largely used—much more so than is usually imagined—by the venders of corrupt publications. Our wharves, depots, hotels, &c., are infested with its agents, and it is said that the "yellow-colored literature" of the land is becoming an article of immense commercial value. It is flooding the nation with dissolute influences. Cardinal Wiseman insisted, in his lecture, that its corrupting prevalence in England renders necessary some governmental restraint like that of France. An interesting discussion followed this suggestion in the London papers. The London *Athenaeum* says:—

"From France the cardinal passed to England. He did not, of course, suggest any direct interference of authority with our popular literature, but he recommended the subject as a proper one for parliamentary inquiry. He strongly deprecated the vicious character of much of our cheap literature, and declared it to be the intention of his lecture simply to awaken attention to the great educational wants of the people, and especially to the want of a literature which should enable the poorer classes to carry on at home the little education which they receive at school. In all this there is much that is true—much that the consistent friends of education have for years been endeavoring to remedy. If the cardinal comes forward to assist in the same cause, he will receive a welcome. But his suggestion of a parliamentary inquiry is, to say the least of it, a very suspicious one. Such inquiries presuppose, and are made with a view to, parliamentary regulation. The interference of authority—be it that of parliament or of king—with the liberty of the press, can only be accomplished by censorship; and censorship—however consistent with the theory of Churches which own an

infallible authority, and with the practice of states which commit absolute power to their executive—can never be tolerated in a country which sanctions free inquiry into all subjects whatsoever. Besides, censorship has always failed to accomplish the object aimed at by the cardinal. When was our own literature in a state of the most absolute demoralization? To what period do the worst of those books belong, which are to be found only on the top shelves of the libraries of curious collectors—books which no woman dares to open? Most of them were published when our press was under a censorship. And can it be alleged that books of a vicious kind have been less numerous in France under a censorship than in our country without one? Are not many of the worst books which may be found in this country translated or otherwise derived from books first printed in France? Censorship of any kind would not only be opposed to the genius of all our institutions, but would not accomplish the object at which it aims. The true mode of meeting the evil is not by the interjunction of Expurgatorial Indexes, but by unlimited freedom and facility of publication. Meet the demoralizer upon his own ground. Circulate the antidote more widely than the poison, spread education in every direction; let the whole country be pervaded with a cheap and wholesome literature, and the result need not be feared. The doctrines of virtue and honesty, as opposed to those of the sensualist and the pander, are the doctrines of common sense, which in the end are certain to prevail.

All this sounds plausible enough; but most thoughtful men feel that it must be essentially fallacious. "Unlimited freedom and facility of publication" is not the "true mode," any more than unlimited freedom of traffic in arsenic or alcoholic drinks. We need not, in form, a censorship or an "Index Expurgatorius;" but we need good "prohibitory laws," or rather good men to execute such laws. We have already the laws in this country and in England, but they are dead letters. The greatest mischief of modern governments is their imbecile distrust of their power to execute laws against popular immoralities. They do not try; they argue *a priori*, and let the devil run at large, grimacing at them with his thumb upon his nose. There is no law upon this subject—nor upon its kindred enormity, rum-selling—which could not be effectively carried out by a determined magistrate—triumphantly carried out, we will venture to say; for, after a brief, manful struggle, the good sense and moral feeling of the masses could not fail to rally around him. The *Maine Law* is affording a new demonstration on this subject of infinite value not only to temperance but to all morality.

Lord Mahon's last volume of the *History of England* portrays with minute fidelity the manners and morals of England in the last century. He says:—

"Much less than a hundred years ago, the great thoroughfares near London, and, above all, the open heaths, as Bagshot and Hounslow, were infested by robbers on horseback, who bore the name of highwaymen. Booty these men were determined by some means or other to obtain. In the reign of George the First they stuck up handbills at the gates of many known rich men in London, forbidding any one of them, on pain of death, to travel from town without a watch, or with less than ten guineas of money. These outrages appear to have increased in frequency toward the close of the American war. Horace Walpole, writing from Strawberry Hill at that time, complains that, having lived there in quiet for thirty years, he cannot now stir a mile from his own house, after sunset, without one or two servants armed with blunderbusses. Some men of rank at that period—Earl Berkeley, above all—were famed for their skill and courage in dealing with such assailants. One day—so runs the story—Lord Berkeley, travelling after dark on Hounslow Heath, was awakened from a slumber by a strange face at his carriage-window and a loaded pistol at his breast.

'I have you now, my lord,' said the intruder, 'after all your boasts, as I hear, that you would never let yourself be robbed!'—'Nor would I now,' said Lord Berkeley, putting his hand into his pocket, as though to draw forth his purse, 'but for that other fellow peeping over your shoulder.' The highwayman hastily turned round to look at this unexpected intruder, when the earl, pulling out, instead of a purse, a pistol, shot him dead upon the spot."

Here we have some lively pictures of Oxford a hundred years ago, and of the state of education generally among classes only a degree below the highest:—

"While we may reject in all the more essential features such gross caricatures as those of Squire Western and Parson Trulliber, we yet cannot deny that many, both of the country gentlemen and clergy, in that age, showed signs of a much-neglected education. For this both our universities, but Oxford principally, must be blamed. 'I have heard,' says Dr. Swift, 'more than one or two persons of high rank declare they could learn nothing more at Oxford and Cambridge than to drink ale and smoke tobacco; wherein I firmly believed them, and could have added some hundred examples from my own observations in one of these universities,—meaning that of Oxford. * * Gibbon tells us of his tutor at Magdalen College, that this gentleman well remembered he had a salary to receive, and only forgot he had a duty to perform. * * Lord Eldon, then Mr. John Scott, of University College, and who passed the schools in February, 1776, gave the following account of them: 'An examination for a degree at Oxford was in my time a *féra*. I was examined in Hebrew and in history. "What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?" I replied, "Golgotha." "Who founded University College?" I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted) that King Alfred founded it. "Very well, sir," said the examiner; "you are competent for your degree."

"To the neglect of education in that age we may also in part ascribe the prevalence of drinking and gaming. It is remarkable how widely the former extended, notwithstanding the high prices of wine. Swift notes in his account-book, that going with a friend to a London tavern, they paid sixteen shillings for two bottles of Portugal and Florence. Instances of gross intemperance were certainly in that age not rare. Lord Eldon assured me that he had seen at Oxford a doctor of divinity whom he knew, so far the worse for a convivial entertainment, that he was unable to walk home without leaning for support with his hand upon the walls; but having, by some accident, staggered to the rotunda of the Radcliffe Library, which was not as yet protected by a railing, he continued to go round and round, wondering at the unwonted length of the street, but still revolving, and supposing he went straight, until some friend—perhaps the future chancellor himself—relieved him from his embarrassment, and sent him on his way. Even where there might be no positive excess, the best company of that day would devote a long time to the circulation of the bottle. In Scotland, where habits of hard drinking were still far more rife than in England, the principal landed gentlemen, some eighty years ago, dined for the most part at four o'clock, and did not quit the dining-room nor rejoice the ladies till ten or eleven. Sometimes, as among the Edinburgh magnates, there might be a flow of bright conviviality and wit, but in most cases nothing could well be duller than these toper. There is named a lowland gentleman of large estate, and well-remembered in whig circles, who used to say that, as he thought, 'the great bane of all society is conversation!'"

"COULD N'T COME IT."—Mr. Aubrey de Vere, in his interesting work, "Picturesque Sketches in Greece and Turkey," relates a good anecdote of Abdul Medjid, which occurred soon after his accession, and shows that, in some respects at least, he is not disposed to follow up the strong traditions of his race. At the beginning of his reign the ulema was resolved, if possible, to prevent the new sultan from carrying on those reforms which had ever been so distasteful to the Turks, grating at once against their religious associations and their pride of race, and which recent events had certainly proved not to be productive

of the good results anticipated by Sultan Mahmoud. To attain this object, the muftis adopted the expedient of working on the religious fears of the youthful prince. One day as he was praying, according to custom, at his father's tomb, he heard a voice from beneath reiterating in a stifled tone the words, "I burn!" The next time that he prayed there, the same words assailed his ears. "I burn!" was repeated again and again, and no word besides. He applied to the chief of the imams to know what this prodigy might mean, and was informed in reply that his father, though a great man, had also been, unfortunately, a great reformer, and that as such it was but too much to be feared that he had a terrible penance to undergo in the other world. The sultan sent his brother-in-law to pray at the same place, and afterward several others of his household; and on each occasion the same portentous words were heard. One day he announced his intention of going in state to his father's tomb, and was attended thither by a splendid retinue, including the chief doctors of the Mohammedan law. Again during his devotions were heard the words, "I burn," and all except the sultan trembled. Rising from his prayer-carpet, he called in his guards, and commanded them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the muftis interposed, reproaching so great a profanation, and uttering dreadful warnings as to its consequences. The sultan persisted; the tomb was laid bare, and in a cavity skilfully left there was found—not a burning sultan, but a dervish. The young monarch regarded him for a time fixedly and with great silence, and then said, without any further remark, or the slightest expression of anger, "You burn? We must cool you in the Bosphorus." In a few minutes more the dervish was in a bag, and the bag was immediately after in the Bosphorus; while the sultan rode back to his palace, accompanied by his household and ministers.

The last of Boswell's ever-entertaining *dramatis personæ* has gone. The English papers reported lately the death, at Richmond, of Mrs. Jane Langton, last surviving daughter of Bennet Langton, Esq., of Langton, Lincolnshire, and of the Countess Dowager of Rothes. The *London Illustrated News* says:—

"Mrs. Jane Langton was the god-daughter of Samuel Johnson. Her birth is mentioned in 'Boswell' under the year 1777. How strange soever it may seem, Miss Jane Langton, who died at Richmond lately, was the correspondent of Samuel Johnson, who died seventy years since. In 'Boswell' may be seen a beautiful letter from Johnson to his little god-daughter, acknowledging a pretty letter he had just received from her. It begins, 'My dear Miss Jenny:' is full of good advice for a girl of her years, conveyed in words exquisitely simple for the great lexicographer; and written withal, as Boswell tells us, in a large round hand, nearly resembling printed characters, that she might have the satisfaction of reading it herself. 'When you are a little older (it is thus the great man concludes his letter to Miss Jenny) I hope you will be very diligent in learning arithmetic, and, above all, that through your whole life you will carefully say your prayers and read your Bible.' Simple words these, but from how great a man! Miss Jenny remembered the injunction of her illustrious godfather, and was proud of showing the letter which the great moralist had sent her—framed and glazed, in her favorite apartment at Richmond. If *Queen's Thrall*, afterward Baroness Keith, is no longer living, Mrs. Jane Langton (My dear Miss Jenny) was the last survivor of all the persons mentioned in Boswell's delightful biography."

Mrs. Stowe's work on England abounds in brief sketches of notable characters. She gives rather an unexpected portrait of the celebrated Primate of Ireland. She says:—"Archbishop Whately, I thought, seemed rather inclined to be jocose; he seems to me like some of our American divines—a man who pays little attention to forms, and does not value them. There is a kind of brusque humor in his address, a downright heartiness, which reminds one of western character. If he had been born in our latitude, in Kentucky or Wisconsin, the natives would have called him Whately, and said he was a real steambot on an argument. This is not precisely the kind of man we look for in an archbishop. One sees traces of this humor in his 'Historic Doubts concerning the Existence of Napoleon.' I conversed with some who knew him intimately, and they said that he delighted in puns and odd turns of language."

In the course of a Memoir of the late Mrs. Southey, the London *Athenaeum* observes that no sacrifice could have been greater than the one that lady made when she married Southey. She resigned a much larger income on her marriage than she knew she could receive at her husband's death. She consented to unite herself to him, with a sure provision of the awful condition of mind to which he would shortly be reduced; with a certain knowledge of the injurious treatment to which she might be exposed, from the purest motive that could actuate a woman in forming such a connection—namely, the faint hope that her devotedness and zeal might enable her, if not to avert the catastrophe, to acquire at least a legal title to minister to the sufferer's comforts, and watch over the few sad years of existence that might remain to him.

COLERIDGE'S UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.—Some time ago we quoted a few remarks from an English periodical respecting the unpublished works of Coleridge, in which Mr. J. H. Green, to whom the MSS. were intrusted, was charged with unjustifiably withholding them from the public. Mr. Green has appeared, in a note to the public, with a vindication of himself. There were four works in question, viz.: the *Logic*; the "great work" on *Philosophy*; the *Assertion of Religion*, a work on the Old and New Testaments; and the *History of Philosophy*. From Mr. Green's note it appears that we have very little to expect regarding these great literary projects. He says:—

"Of the four works in question, the *Logic*—as will be seen by turning to the passage in the Letters, vol. ii, p. 180, to which the writer refers as 'the testimony of Coleridge himself'—is described as nearly ready for the press, though as yet unfinished; and I apprehend it may be proved by reference to Mr. Stutfield's notes, the gentleman to whom it is there said they were dictated, and who possesses the original copy, that the work never was finished. Of the three parts mentioned as the components of the work, the *Criticism and Organon* do not to my knowledge exist; and with regard to the other parts of the manuscript, including the *Canon*, I believe that I have exercised a sound discretion in not publishing them in their present form and unfinished state.

"Of the alleged work on the Old and New Testaments, to be called *The Assertion of Religion*, I have no knowledge. There exist, doubtless, in Coleridge's handwriting, many notes, detached fragments and

marginalia, which contain criticisms on the Scriptures. Many of these have been published, some have lost their interest by the recent advances in Biblical criticism, and some may hereafter appear; though, as many of them were evidently not intended for publication, they await a final judgment with respect to the time, form, and occasion of their appearance. But no work with the title above stated, no work with any similar object—except the *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*—is, as far as I know, in existence.

"The work to which I suppose the writer alludes as the *History of Philosophy*, is in my possession. It was presented to me by the late J. Hookam Frere, and consists of notes, taken for him by an eminent shorthand writer, of the course of lectures delivered by Coleridge on that subject. Unfortunately, however, these notes are wholly unfit for publication, as indeed may be inferred from the fact, communicated to me by Coleridge, that the person employed confessed after the first lecture that he was unable to follow the lecturer in consequence of becoming perplexed and delayed by the novelty of thought and language, for which he was wholly unprepared by the ordinary exercise of his art. If this *History of Philosophy* is to be published in an intelligible form, it will require to be re-written; and I would willingly undertake the task, had I not, in connexion with Coleridge's views, other and more pressing objects to accomplish.

"I come now to the fourth work, the 'great work' on *Philosophy*. Touching this the writer quotes from one of Coleridge's letters:—"Of this work something more than a volume has been dictated by me, so as to exist fit for the press."

"I need not here ask whether the conclusion is correct, that because 'something more than a volume' is fit for the press, I am therefore responsible for the whole work, of which the 'something more than a volume' is a part? But—shaping my answer with reference to the real point at issue—I have to state, for the information of Coleridge's readers, that although in the materials for the volume there are introductions and intercalations on subjects of speculative interest, such as to entitle them to appear in print, the main portion of the work is a philosophical *cosmogony*, which I fear is scarcely adapted for scientific readers, or corresponds to the requirements of modern science. At all events, I do not hesitate to say that the completion of the whole would be requisite for the intelligibility of the part which exists in manuscript.

"Meanwhile, I can assure the friends and admirers of Coleridge, that nothing now exists in manuscript which would add materially to the elucidation of his philosophical doctrines."

A collection of errors of the press of the malignant type would be among the curiosities of literature. Bayle records several curious specimens. In the loyal *Courier* of former days it appeared that His Majesty George the Fourth had a fit of the gout at Brighton. We have seen advertised a sermon, by a celebrated divine, on the Immortality of the Soul, and also the Lies of the Poets, which should be a very comprehensive publication. The vicinity of Lives and Lies is indeed most dangerous, a single letter more or less making a lie of a life, or a life of a lie. Glory, too, is liable to the same mischance, the dropping of the liquid making it all gory. What is treason, asked a wag, but reason to a t? which t an accident of the press may displace with the most awkward effect. Imagine a historical character impeached for reason, or reasonable practices. Misprints are no doubt reducible to laws; and this is certain, that they always fall upon the tenderest part of an author's writing, and where there is a vital meaning to be destroyed.

THE WORLD'S MORTALITY.—The *Merchant's Ledger* has made a calculation of the number of persons who have died since the commencement of the Christian era. It sums up the deaths at three billions one hundred and forty millions.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

Stereoscope—Southworth and Hawes—Normal Schools—Engraving—Landing of the Pilgrims—Water Color Paintings—Dr. Cotting on Consumption—Literary Notices—Lectures.

In no one of the arts has there been a more rapid advance than in that of photography. One beautiful discovery after another has brought it to a very high degree of perfection, and fairly placed the sun in lively competition with art in the work of portrait and landscape taking. Of late the daguerreian art has been most happily applied to the illustration of an interesting optical discovery, made by Professor Wheatstone, styled the stereoscope. It is evident, that with our double vision, while one image is made upon the retina, we take in more of the object than would be visible with but one eye. The stereoscope is arranged with reference to this fact. Two pictures are taken from a different point of view, some two and one half inches to the right or left of each other—this being the distance between the eyes—and the two views are made to produce a single impression, not as seen in the picture, but as seen in nature, standing out from the background, and by a perfect optical illusion presenting the appearance of a solid body or of statuary. Such was the stereoscope. A practical difficulty was however discovered in the operation of this instrument; for while it brought the picture out from the background, it did not always preserve a correct relation of the parts. It would give a perfect view of all objects in the same plane, while other portions would appear out of drawing, too far forward, or behind, distorting the image. By the natural vision this discrepancy is corrected by changing the position, by a vertical motion of the eye, or by the habit of comparison. In applying this beautiful discovery to daguerreian pictures this discrepancy became peculiarly apparent, and presented an interesting optical problem for study and solution.

Messrs. Southworth & Hawes, who rank among the first of our artists in this branch of the profession, and who are besides gentlemen of liberal scholarship, having become interested in stereoscopic experiments, and continually oppressed with this practical difficulty, simultaneously fell upon the discovery of the cause. It occurred to them that in forming an image of an object we not only received an impression through both eyes, but corrected this impression by a vertical motion. They therefore took the second picture for the stereoscope, not only two inches to the right of the other, but raised two inches out of the plane of the other. This experiment proved perfectly successful; the image not only, at once, became *stereoscopic*, but remained correct in drawing, every part preserving its proper perspective. This discovery of the stereoscopic angle, or angle of vision, the ingenious discoverers have made their own, in its practical application, by letters patent, taken out both in England and in this country. In addition to this they have invented an admirable portable case, for the exhibition of the pictures; and by the happy adjustment of reflectors and the use of a magnifying glass, with the most perfect harmony, the double pictures, of the size of life, become one; and all the effect of a room of statuary is produced, as one representation after another passes before the eye. By a simple form of mechanism, fifty or more double daguerreotypes are arranged in the box, and, by the movements of one or two levers, turned by a small wheel, the pictures are made to glide noiselessly before the eye. For this apparatus, also, a patent has been taken; and the proprietors are prepared to supply purchasers of the instrument with all the necessary appliances for a successful and beautiful exhibition. For academies, for public or private exhibitions, and even for families, a more delightful and instructive entertainment could not be secured than that afforded by this admirable optical panorama.

Normal schools sustained by the state for the education of teachers have become established institutions in Massachusetts, and are providing annually an increasing class of well-trained female teachers for our primary and grammar schools. There are now four in operation in the state under accomplished instructors, and a wide and promising field for the development of the mental activity and for honorable toil is open by them before the intelligent young females of our commonwealth. The city of Boston has followed the example of the state, and among her schools has established a Normal School for girls, in which, out of her own "raw material," she may provide herself with the best trained and most accomplished assistants and teachers for her schools.

A noble edifice, costing \$11,000, exclusive of the land and furniture, has just been finished and dedicated for a State Normal School in Salem, Mass. The mayor of the city, in his address at the opening services, claimed for Salem the discovery of "free schoolism." Within some eight or ten years after its settlement, the selectmen of the town voted that in all cases where the parent was unable to pay for his children to go to school, the deficiency should be made up by the public tax. This the mayor considered the germ of the great idea of the public school system. Professor Felton, of Cambridge, gave the young ladies assembled upon the occasion such wholesome advice as, it is hoped, will not soon be forgotten. He warned them against the iron rule of fashion, urging them not to neglect their physical systems. Speaking of the tyranny of dress, he gave a mortal thrust at the bonnets of the day. He said that an eminent medical gentleman in Essex County recently told him, that since the present fashion of bonnets, his call to attend cases of ophthalmia had increased five hundred per cent., and he had found them the most difficult that he had ever managed. He stated, also, that he had found one young woman willing to follow his prescription, which was either to wear a bonnet which could protect the eyes from the perpendicular effect of the light, or else to wear green goggles—she chose the green goggles!

One cannot but be struck with the change going on in the public taste in reference to the pictorial art. It is but a late event that fine engravings of the best paintings in oil have been multiplied and offered at prices which bring them within the means of persons of limited fortunes. A good painting is too expensive for ordinary buyers, but copies of the finest works of art, old and new, admirably engraved, are fast finding their way to this country from the full portfolios of England and Continental Europe. These splendid pictures are crowding the indifferent paintings from public and private walls, and creating a more correct taste in the community. Mr. Parker, whose windows on Cornhill are standing temptations to all the passers-by, and whose rooms are thronged with admiring visitors, is continually adding rich importations of large and rare pictures from Europe to his stock. He has just received Simmons's admirable engraving of Lucy's great painting of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The picture is a volume in itself, eloquently, although silently, reciting the solemn and sublime events of that memorable disembarkation. Every figure is a distinct character, and the whole group seems translated into life and to be again enacting before you the very scenes its pictorial presentation records. It will be both an ornament and a teacher of art and piety in any dwellings which it may adorn. Special attention has been given, of late, to painting in water colors in Europe. An artist friend, who has just returned from England, assures us that the finest paintings he ever looked upon are of this description, and galleries are filling up with them. They are said to be exceedingly rich in coloring, and to retain their delicacy and distinctness longer than paintings on canvases. Mr. Parker has taken measures to provide our amateurs with an opportunity for a personal inspection of these new experiments in art.

Of late, highly interesting examinations have been conducted and are still in progress in this vicinity, in reference to consumption, the scourge of our northern climate, and the angel of death that most often spreads its wings over our fireplaces. Dr. Cotting, the accomplished curator of the Lowell Institute, has published the results of his observations in the city of Roxbury, where he has been for years a successful and respected practitioner. Some of his conclusions, amply sustained by statistics, are at variance with the preconceptions of the public, both professional and unprofessional. As to change of climate, he says: "Nur have we from these cases any assurance that a change of climate has been of decided benefit to individuals. Some of them sought relief within the tropics; some westward; some northward. But they all failed in obtaining the desired end; and some, after privations whose recital makes even the stranger's heart to ache, have expired far from country, kindred, and home." Of cod-liver oil, so many gallons of which, horrible as it is to swallow, poor sufferers are painfully attempting to force down their stomachs, the doctor says: "In some cases it seemed to be assimilated, and to furnish a deposit of fat and corporeal volume, greatly to the encouragement of the patient; but in the larger portion it deranged the digestive organs, created nausea, and impaired the appetite. A few seemed to thrive under its administration; but an exploration of the lungs showed that the amendment

was only apparent and partial. So far as a truly impartial endeavor could discern, its only useful purpose was an article of food in the few cases where any benefit seemed to be derived from it. In no single instance could an absolute arrest of the disease, for even a limited time, be unmistakably attributed to the effects of the oil. A strong argument for its uselessness as a remedy to prevent the development of consumption may be found in the fact that the ratio of deaths from that disease to the whole number from all causes among us, where more oil has been taken than perhaps in any other locality, has increased during the period of the greatest devouring of the oil from one in six to one in five." His hygienic suggestions are worthy of consideration. "Clothing, food, and exercise," he says, "must receive the chief attention. Clothing, warm, woolen, and to an amount rarely worn in this region, summer as well as winter; food, generous, nutritious, including meat from fatted animals, and not unfrequently stimulants; exercise, in the open air, both active and passive, every day, wet or dry, in storm or shine, winter or summer. The winds and storms, if sufficiently guarded against by abundant and suitable clothing, (even the much-abused east winds,) can be more safely encountered than physicians have always been willing to admit. There is seldom a day throughout the year when, if suitable for the well, it may not be better for consumptives, at least in the incipient stages of the disease, to take the air, than to remain within doors."

Dr. Wayland, of Brown's University, is now carrying through the press of Phillips, Sampson & Co. a "Treatise upon Mental Philosophy," a digest of his class lectures upon this science. It will make a stout duodecimo of 476 hundred pages; and coming from one whose volumes upon moral and political philosophy have been so successful, it will undoubtedly be received with favor, both by academics and general students.

Jacob Abbott, who has been upon a tour in Europe, is engaged upon an interesting series of juveniles, which are finely published by Reynolds & Co. There are to be six volumes of travels in Europe: Switzerland is just out, and London, Scotland, and the Rhine will follow in course. The volumes are beautifully illustrated, and written in the charming and instructive style of the author. We saw one of our New England governors, lately returned from a European tour, quite absorbed in the volume upon Paris, while traveling in a railway car, a short time since.

Ten volumes of Dr. Cumming's works have been published by Jewett & Co. The sale is very large, which certainly is a hopeful sign of the times, as these books are eminently Scriptural and evangelical. The nine exegetical volumes will be published in handsome, uniform bindings, and inclosed in a case, to be offered as a series for presents during the holidays. A beautiful and a wholesome gift, indeed, will they make.

In the next edition of the Plurality of Worlds, the publishers will append the answer which has been prepared by its author to the objections which have been advanced in the leading reviews to his theory. The answer will also be published separately for the benefit of those who have purchased the first edition. Gould & Lincoln, who publish the above, will also soon issue a didactic work which has been well received in England, entitled "Christianity viewed in some of its Leading Aspects," by A. P. J. Foose, author of *Incidents in the Life of the Barriour*. The author of that very popular book for boys, called *Clinton*, has in their press another volume for the same lively readers, to be styled "Oscar."

The seventh and eighth volumes of "Lingard's History of England" have been delivered to the trade by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who have taken the poets of the nineteenth century under their special care, have just introduced a new aspirant to the public attention. At the opening of the great theater in Boston, a few weeks since, upon unsealing the envelope containing the name of the successful competitor for the prize poem, spoken on the occasion, Thomas W. Parsons was announced as the author. His collected poems, forming a handsome volume of the serial size published by this house, fully justify the honor of print and binding with which they have become embodied. In the same neat style of publication, Whittier presents his prose articles, contributed from time to time to the public prints, to his numerous readers. They are perennial flowers preserving their verdure and fragrance unaffected by time. No one

will blame him for arresting these *fugitives* and binding them to perpetual service. They also announce a new and enlarged edition of "Moses from an Old Manse," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Memorable Women," by Mrs. Newton Crosland; and "Illustrations of Genius, in some of its Relations to Culture and Society," by Henry Giles.

Munroe & Co. will soon issue "Will's Chemistry," it being a translation from the German of Professor Will, of the University of Giessen. The translation is by Daniel Breed, M. D., of the United States Patent Office, and Dr. Skinner, of the Washington Medical College. It will form an octavo volume. They will also publish at an early date a revised and abridged edition of "Stewart's Philosophy, with Critical and Explanatory Notes," by Francis Bowen, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Harvard University. This will form a large 16mo. of five hundred pages.

Jenks, Hickling & Sloan are bringing rapidly through their press a new and revised edition of the "History of Greece," by William Smith, LL. D., editor of the Dictionary of Roman Antiquities, &c. This edition is issued under the editorial supervision of Professor Felton of Harvard University, and will contain copious notes illustrative of the text. The accomplished editor will also append an additional chapter upon the Modern History and Present Condition of Greece. Having lately returned from the scenes of classic story, the professor will be enabled to give special interest and value to this standard work. Weber's *Outlines of Universal History*, by the same publisher, revised and improved by Francis Bowen, of Harvard College, is taking its place in the English department of most of our New-England Colleges and higher academies. It is at the head of compendious histories of the world.

Crosby & Nichols have in press a "Commentary on Romans," by Rev. A. A. Livermore; "The Belief of the first three Centuries concerning Christ's Mission to the Underworld," by Frederick Hildekoper; "The Life and Character of Rev. Sylvester Judd;" "The Works of Ann Letitia Barbauld, with a Memoir."

Benzeroff will issue very soon, through the press of Little, Brown & Co., the sixth volume of his "History." The beautiful Aldin edition of the Poets, published by this house, increases by continued additions, and we learn the enterprise is generously sustained by the reading community. The last volumes contain the poems of Akenside, Parnell, Tickell, and Gay, in two volumes.

With all the attractions presented by the theater and opera, for the use of which immense sums have been expended during the last season, the *lectures* still promise to be the great feature of the winter's entertainment. Several literary and scientific courses are already announced, and the first talent in the country has been secured to sustain them. There will be four or five gratuitous courses before the Lowell Lyceum; the first of which is to be given by Professor Felton, with *Modern Greece* for his subject. The Mercantile Library will present its usual brilliant array of literary names, and crowd the temple with its immense audiences. The *Transcript* says that "one of our most popular speakers informs us, that within six weeks he has declined upward of forty invitations to deliver lectures. Another of our friends, who appeared before several societies in this vicinity last winter, declined one hundred and ninety invitations to repeat his lectures. Several of our well-known lecturers spoke upon upward of fifty nights last winter, and a few of the speakers most in demand lectured from eighty to a hundred times during the season. One of the most popular lecturers of the country traveled upward of ten thousand miles last winter, and addressed upward of ninety thousand people. For a hundred days, he averaged a hundred miles of travel a day, in order to meet his engagements. A friend, who is an eloquent extemporaneous speaker, informed us, that he had received nearly a thousand dollars for a single lecture, and the subject had so expanded upon his hands, that although he never spoke beyond an hour, he had material enough to occupy three hours upon the theme, and yet he had never written out a word of the lecture!" The Anti-Slavery Society will secure the delivery of a course of lectures upon topics peculiarly adapted to the times; and two courses of Sabbath evening sermons will be preached before the Christian Associations of young men.

This is the day of free speech, and every man that has the "pen of a ready writer" finds an appreciating audience. There will be considerable license in all this freedom of address; but truth is omnipotent, and God is at the helm!

B. K. P.

Book Notices.

The Gentle Nations—A Plea for Infant Baptism—Stories of the Norsemen—Kenneth Forbes—Bohn's Series—Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises—Life of Carvoso—Firmilian; or, the Student of Badajos—Fitzherald; or, the Temptation—The Better Land; or, the Believer's Journey and Future Home—Grandpierre's Glance at America—Sunday School Hymn Book—Fowlers and Wells' Almanac—The Living World—The Religious Denominations in the United States—The Scout—Nautical Magazine and Commercial Review—Heroines of History—Milton's Works—Goldsmith's Poems and Essays.

Messrs. CARLTON & PHILLIPS, New-York, have issued the third and concluding part of Smith's "Secred Annals." It is entitled *The Gentle Nations*, and forms a stout octavo of more than six hundred and sixty pages. The preceding works of the series have enabled the reading public to estimate its merits, and, bating the defects of the author's style and some rather startling but plausible original hypotheses, these three publications must be admitted to be among the most substantial issues of our theological literature for the last ten years. The chief characteristics of the present volume are, that it first sketches skillfully the religious history of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. Second, it comprises the important results of the late Egyptian, Persian, and Assyrian researches—an invaluable advantage. Third, it forms a complete connection of sacred and profane history. The publishers have got up the work in excellent style; it reminds us of the better class of English publications.

We are indebted to the same publishers for *A Plea for Infant Baptism*, by the Rev. Moses Hill—a very small volume but comprising an unusual amount of argument. Mr. Hill defines elaborately the relation of the Abrahamic covenant to the Christian dispensation, and makes the continuation of the former into the latter the basis of his argument, insisting that the facts and words of Scripture relating to his subject are to be viewed in the light of this hypotheses, and that, thus viewed, "they all speak with a clearness for infant baptism which cannot be misunderstood." We recommend this brief essay to all parties on the question, as among the ablest extant.

Two juvenile volumes have been sent us by the same house, *Stories of the Norsemen* and *Kenneth Forbes*: the former is a series of biographical pictures, taken from the history of the Norwegian invasions of England—the latter a little tale showing fourteen modes of Scripture instruction, as exemplified by a Christian mother, and including no insignificant amount of Biblical criticism. The mechanical style of these books is worthy of special commendation. The cuts are numerous and unusually fine.

Four more volumes of Bohn's unrivaled series lie on our table, through the courtesy of Messrs. Bange & Brothers, the American agents. The first two comprise the *History of Magic*, by Ennemoser, a German, who has almost exhausted the fertile subject. They have been translated by William Howitt, and edited by his amiable wife, Mary Howitt, both of whom

give evidences in the work that their minds have been thoroughly infected by its superstitions. All the marvels of the preternatural in literature belong to these magical pages—even the latest phenomena of Table Turning and Spirit Rapping receive attention. *Hungary*, with a *Memoir of Kossuth*, is another of these fine volumes. It is chiefly a justificatory biography of Kossuth, the historical portion being but introductory to the personal narrative. The whole forms a comprehensive survey of the development and catastrophe of the Hungarian movement. The third work is the fourth volume of *Gibbon's Decline and Fall*. Bohn's is one of several rival editions now issuing from the English press. It abounds in variorum notes, including those of Guizot, Wenck, Schreiter, and Hugo; the whole edited, with additional illustrations, by "an English clergyman." It is probably the best edition yet printed of this historical classic.

We have repeatedly referred to Bohn's serial publications as unquestionably the best and cheapest ever attempted by the English press. Our estimate of them is confirmed by every new number. They are edited with great care, are mostly standards, and their typography is liberal and even elegant.

Carter & Brothers, New-York, have issued a complete edition of *Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises*, in four volumes—one for each season. This work is a classic in our devotional literature, too well known to need a word of commendation. We only remark that its mechanical style is very neat, the paper good, the type large, and the binding substantial.

Robert Hall says that he sought invigoration for his spiritual nature in the biographies of Wesleyan Methodism. One of the very best of these is the *Life of Carvoso*, a remarkable personal demonstration of the power and uses of faith. A translation of it, in the Swedish language, lies upon our table, got out by the Methodist Tract Society, from the press of Carlton & Phillips, New-York. It is one of the neatest issues of these superior publishers. They have also the English edition in various styles.

No recent work has produced a greater sensation in England than *Firmilian; or, the Student of Badajos*. A spasmodic tragedy, by F. Percy Jones. It is attributed to Professor Aytoun of Blackwood's Magazine, and its design, though somewhat ambiguous, is to parody and satirize the new *epasmodic school* of English writers, as exemplified in Carlyle, Gillilan, Tennyson, Alexander Smith, Bailey, and Dobell, particularly in the Balder of the latter. The story is well conducted, the imagery brilliant and daring, the versification remarkably successful, and the satire keen but delicate. The satirist, in fine, excels the whole poetic tribe which he chastises, and affords a decisive proof of the facility with which the pseudo poetry of the day can be produced, and of its consequent rapidness, notwithstanding its af-

fection of vitality and intensity. *Redfield* has issued an excellent American edition.

A very entertaining story has been published by *Carter & Brothers*, bearing the title of *Fisher's Herald; or, the Temptation*. It is a translation from the German with emendations, and its lesson, most impressively presented, is that neither innate principle, nor careful training, can enable the heart to withstand temptation without the observance of the Scripture precept, "Watch and pray." This house is deservedly noted for the substantial worth and elegance of its publications. Its juvenile books especially appeal, as all such works should, to the eye of the reader; the present volume is really beautiful in all respects.

Gould & Lincoln, Boston, have published a work entitled *The Better Land; or, The Believer's Journey and Future Home*—a tribute from the pen of Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Roxbury, Mass., to his people, on leaving them for Europe. After some delightful essays on the "passage," "way-marks," &c., of the way, the mass of the volume is made up of dissertations on the recognition of friends in heaven, children in heaven, beauty of angels, activity in heaven, the resurrection body, &c. The book is replete with good and consoling thoughts.

The same publishers have issued a translation of Rev. Mr. Grandpierre's *Glance at America*. Mr. Grandpierre is a distinguished French Protestant clergyman: he traveled in this country lately, and writes in these pages the impressions of his visit: they relate mostly to our religious and educational interests, and are very complimentary, though somewhat meager. He writes for his own countrymen, not for us, and his book has little interest for American readers.

One of the very best *Sunday School Hymn Books* which has come under our eye is a compilation edited by Rev. Dr. Kidder, and recently published by *Carlton & Phillips*. The hymns are numerous and well classified; they are not too long; there is little or none of that *pettyism* with which children's books are often and wretchedly spoiled, and which in poetry begets a taste for doggerel. It provides for all possible occasions, and is a fine model book of the kind.

Foulers & Wells are already out with their *Almanac*—Hydropathic and Phrenological—for 1855. These annuals are always replete with valuable information on various subjects, as well as peculiar information on their special topics.

The Living World, is the title of a monthly periodical, edited by E. D. Babbitt and C. T. Morse, and published in New-York, Cleveland, and Cincinnati. It is arranged on a new and comprehensive plan, consisting of the very cream of the news and statistics of commerce, education, religion, literature, the fine arts, inventions, and discoveries. Each number contains sixteen long pages, or forty-eight columns, being of the size of the usual dollar works, while its terms are only fifty cents a year. It is cheap enough for the million, and elegant enough for the choice few.

Potter, Philadelphia, has issued a large octavo of more than a thousand pages, entitled *The Religious Denominations in the United States*, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Belcher. It gives the usual outlines of denominational government and creeds, and also a preliminary sketch of Judaism, Paganism, and Mohammedanism. A large portion of the work is made up of such anecdotes and general and miscellaneous matter as will render it readable among the people, while detracting perhaps from the favorable estimate of critical readers. It is interspersed with a superabundance of pictures.

Redfield, New-York, continues the series of Simms's works. The last volume laid upon our table is *The Scout*. We have heretofore given our estimate of Simms's writings. The mechanical style of this edition is, like all Redfield's publications, substantial and elegant.

Griffiths & Bates, 79 John-street, have started a new magazine, to be devoted to nautical affairs: it is entitled the *Nautical Magazine and Commercial Review*. The first number is filled with valuable articles on its peculiar topics. The whole number makes a fine appearance, and begins bravely for these hard times, when so many periodicals are disappearing from the literary ranks.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have issued a really elegant reprint of Mrs. Owen's *Heroines of History*. It is an able defense of woman against those Voltarian satirists of the sex, who accuse it of possessing neither of the masculine attributes, "ideas nor beards;" and consists of some of the most striking examples of female heroism in history. These examples are classified under the heads of "Jewish," "Classical," and "Modern Eras." They extend from Jael to Marie Anfoinette. The engravings, eight in number, are exceedingly fine. No house in the United States excels Carlton & Phillips in wood illustrations.

Glorious John Milton would be only worthily bound in solid gold and precious gems; but as these decorations, however befitting, would make him inaccessible to ourself, and the rest of mankind, in these present hard times, we are glad to see *Phillips & Sampson's* beautiful edition of the blind old bard. The liberal type and fair paper of the present volumes will do much to prevent the poet's misfortune in any of his, we hope numerous, readers. The poems, including his great works, the miscellaneous ones and the sonnets, are prefaced by "Milton's Life of Milton," with copious notes and addenda. A fine steel engraving of the poet ornaments the volumes.

The same publishers have also issued, in similar style, *Goldsmith's Poems and Essays*, with "Aiken's Memoirs and Critical Dissertation on his Poetry," and an "Introductory Essay" by Tuckerman. Those of our readers who are about to purchase copies of these English classics, cannot supply themselves with more admirable editions at the same expense. There are now several rival editions of the series of British poets issuing in both this country and England—none of them excel that of *Phillips & Sampson* in mechanical excellence.

LITERARY RECORD.

English copyright and American Authors—De Quincey—Gray's Elegy—Rev. Mr. Rule's Historical Works—Academy of Inscriptions—Thiers—Dr. Akers—Cardinal Wiseman on the Corruptions of Popular Literature—Madame George Sand—Ancient Price of Books—Literary Labor—Wisconsin School Fund—Popular Education in the United States.

THE decision of the House of Lords on foreign copy-right, giving to American works in England only the same advantages which English writers have in this country, and establishing the same rule in regard to all countries, has had noticeable effect on the London trade. We learn from the London Literary Gazette, that in regard to foreign music, on which the question latterly arose, a reduction of price by one-half is announced. Messrs. Boosey and Sons have issued a catalogue of the principal works affected by the decision, including some of the most popular operas of the day. In general literature, the activity of republishers is chiefly shown in regard to American books. Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories" had recently appeared in two formidable volumes, Messrs. Low and Co. counting on the absence of rival editions, as sole possessors of the copyright in England. As soon as it was known that the exclusive property could not be validly held, the publishers had to announce an edition at eighteenth-pence; with sixty illustrations, to meet the rivalry of Messrs. Routledge, who announced a cheap edition of the book. Other publishers have since printed still cheaper copies, and we observe an issue commenced, to be completed in six penny numbers. Of more important American works, such as those of Prescott and Bancroft, the removal of the restrictions on reprinting involves more serious injury to the publishers who had made arrangements with the authors. Mr. Bentley is the chief holder of the now valueless English copyright of this higher class of American literature. Thus, then, for want of an honest copyright law, our authors are to suffer both at home and abroad—the genius of the country is to be sacrificed to the cupidity of its publishers.

The veteran *De Quincey*, after being neglected by his own country for years, finding consolation meanwhile in "feeding on the daintiness of his own thought," and albeit on opium too, is fast becoming a "living classic"—thanks to the appreciation of American publishers. The English monthlies and quarterlies begin to abound in critiques upon him. He seems yet to be in good vigor. A late writer describes him as one of the smallest-legged, smallest-bodied, most attenuated effigies of the human form divine that one could meet in a crowded city during a day's walk; and if one adds to this figure clothes neither fashionably cut nor fastidiously adjusted, he will have a tolerable idea of *De Quincey's* outer man. But his brow, that pushes his obtrusive hat to the back of his head, and his light gray eyes, that do not seem to look out, but to be turned inward, sounding the depths of his imagination, and searching out the mysteries of the most abstruse logic, are something that you would search a week to

find the mates to, and then you would be disappointed. *De Quincey* now resides at Lasswade, a romantic rural village, once the residence of Sir Walter Scott.

The original MS. of *Gray's* exquisite "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," to which we referred in our last number, has since been sold for one hundred and thirty-one pounds—thirty-one pounds more than Mr. Penn, of Stoke Pogis, gave for it, some ten years ago. The purchaser was not an autograph collector, not a dealer, not even a Yankee, not even an English nobleman. Will the reader believe it?—the purchaser was a poet, Mr. Robert Charles Wrightson, writer of the *Fine Arts' contributions in Ari's Birmingham Gazette*, and author of a volume of poems, entitled "The Trance." For *Gray's* poetical notes Mr. Wrightson paid down, says a London paper, proudly and at once, new and crisp Bank of England notes, with an air of well-justified delight, that he had become the possessor of the original MS. of one of the best-known poems in the world; in short, that he was a person to be envied.

The *Rev. William H. Rule*, one of the editors of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, and author of the "Brand of Dominic," has just got out a new work bearing the title of "The Third Crusade: Richard I., Cour de Lion, King of England." This is said to be the first volume of a series of historical subjects, which will comprehend many of the most eminent personages, and nearly all the leading events from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries down to the present time. Each volume will be a distinct original history; and the volumes, when completed, are intended to represent, consecutively and fully, the principal phases of social and religious progress from the barbaric age of the Crusades to that in which we live.

The *French Academy of Inscriptions et Belles Lettres* has printed an account of its literary operations during the first half of the present year. Among other things, it has brought out the second part of the twentieth volume of the collection of writings of foreign savans on erudite subjects; it has published another volume, the third, of the account of national antiquities; and it has made progress with the literary history of France, the collection of French historians, and the collection of historians of the Crusades, &c.

M. Thiers is occupying the leisure which ejection from political affairs affords him, in writing his book on Italy and the Fine Arts in the Sixteenth Century. *M. Villenain* is completing the second volume of his "Souvenirs Contemporains," the first of which created great sensation in Europe. As to the less distinguished portion of the literary fraternity in Paris it is still doing nothing, and in consequence is still in frightful distress; but some of its more energetic members are trying to establish three or four partly literary partly satirical periodicals.

The *Rev. Peter Akers, D. D.*, has completed a work on Scripture Chronology, which is about to be published by Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati. It will make an octavo volume, and is said by those who have examined the manuscript to throw some new light on the important subject of which it treats. Dr. Akers contends, with some European critics, that the Christian Sunday is the day of the original Sabbath. His work has employed his studies for years.

We have lately referred to the *Educational Exhibition*, got up in England, under the auspices of Prince Albert. It was attended with a course of lectures, among which was an extraordinary one by *Cardinal Wiseman*, on "*The Home Education of the Poor*." Taking his illustration from France, he gave an account of the recent proceedings of the government of France in reference to the popular literature of that country. He explained (according to the reporter of the *Times*) how it had been carried on for three hundred years by *colportage*—how annually from eight to nine million volumes, varying in price from one cent to twenty, had been thus distributed—how little, in the lapse of ages, this literature had changed or been improved—and how, at length, the government of the present emperor had resolved to inquire into the character of the works thus circulated, with the view of prohibiting such as it considered noxious or foolish. On the 30th of November, 1852, a commission had been appointed, and, in consequence, the *colporteur* was required to have a stamp of permission on every book that he sold. The publishers had also been invited to send in their publications to be examined, and approved or rejected. The number of works in consequence submitted had been seven thousand five hundred; and of them three-fourths had been refused permission to be put in circulation. He asked the meeting to imagine, with such a result, the state of the literature infecting every cottage in France, not for five, ten, or twenty, but for the last three hundred years. Many of these books were filled with superstitions, and the exploded fallacies of astrology were still preserved in them as scientific truths. A great void had been created by the withdrawal of these works,—and the question had arisen, how that was to be filled up? The government had at first trusted to the exigency of the demand for a supply; and subsequently, finding that it did not come, had entertained the proposition of instigating men of real genius to prepare works on history, on agriculture, on elementary chemistry, and on other suitable subjects; but it had been considered dangerous thus to enter on a competition with the ordinary book trade, and the matter was still under consideration. This disclosure of the extent of *colportage* in France is quite surprising. Our own country is fast imitating the example.

Madame George Sand's "*History of her Life*" is about to be published in one of the principal Paris newspapers. It is to fill altogether five volumes. It is of course expected with the liveliest interest, and if it imitate the frankness of *Rousseau's* "*Confessions*," will, from the genius and the adventurous career of the

authoress, be one of the most extraordinary works in existence. The newspaper proprietors esteem its popularity so highly, that they have paid *Madame Sand* \$20,000 for the copyright.

Price of Books among the Ancients.—What an immense reduction has been made in the price of books by the invention of the art of printing! It is recorded of Plato, that although his paternal inheritance was small, he bought three books of *Philolaus* the Pythagorean for ten thousand denarii, nearly \$1500. We are also informed that *Aristotle* bought a few books belonging to *Speucippus*, the philosopher, for three Attic talents, a sum equivalent to about \$2800. *St. Jerome* also ruined himself by purchasing the works of *Origen*.

Literary Labor.—The American author, *Alcott*, has written one hundred volumes, *Wealey* wrote thirty octavo volumes, *Baxter* wrote several hundred volumes, and *Lopez de Vega*, the Spanish poet, published twenty-one million three hundred thousand lines, which are equal to more than two thousand six hundred and sixty volumes as large as *Milton's Paradise Lost*! *Lopez de Vega* was the most voluminous of writers. But it is not the quantity so much as the quality of literary matter that insures immortality; for long after the millions of *Lopez de Vega's* lines are buried in oblivion, the few simple verses of *Gray's Elegy* will live to delight mankind.

Wisconsin has a school fund of one million dollars, and lands which, when sold, will increase it to five million dollars. There are three thousand school districts in the state; one hundred and five thousand and eighty-two dollars were expended last year for teachers' wages. During 1853, the number of children in the state between the ages of five and twenty years, was one hundred and thirty-five thousand five hundred, of whom one hundred and eight thousand three hundred, or nearly four-fifths, attended school. Five years ago, of seventy thousand five hundred and sixty-seven children, only thirty-two thousand one hundred and seventy-four, or less than one-half, attended school.

Alabama.—The legislature of this state has recently passed an act "to establish and maintain a system of free public schools," and has appropriated two hundred and forty thousand dollars annually for that purpose.

Texas has established a permanent school fund of two million of dollars.

There are in the United States about sixty thousand common schools, which are supported at an annual expense of nearly six million dollars; more than half of which is expended by the states of New-York and Massachusetts.

By a recent vote of the House of Commons, two hundred and fifty-one to one hundred and sixty-one, Dissenters are admitted to study at the University of Oxford. The motion was merely to the effect that no oaths or subscriptions be necessary, except the oath of allegiance, to any person matriculated at the University. The difficulties in the way of graduating, however, are not yet entirely removed, as the oaths and subscriptions to the thirty-nine articles are not dispensed with.

Arts and Sciences.

Great Invention in Printing.—The Telegraph.—Ericsson's Caloric Engine.—Flowers.—New Reaping Machine.—Didron.—Artificial Quinine.

ONE of the most important announcements since our last bulletin of scientific news, is from Paris. It promises a revolution in printing. This marvelous discovery, as our European papers pronounce it, is nothing less than the power of producing, instantaneously, copies of engravings, lithographs, and printed pages, with such minute exactitude that the most searching investigation, even by a microscope, cannot distinguish them from the originals. The *modus operandi* is not described, and is, in fact, it is stated, kept a profound secret by the inventor, who is a M. Boyer, of Nismes; but it seems to resemble the operation of lithography. As a specimen of his art, M. Boyer is represented to have produced, in less than a quarter of an hour, a reproduction of a sheet containing, first, a page of a Latin book, published in 1625; second, a design from the "Illustrated London News," of April, 1854; third, a page from a recently printed biography; fourth, a page of a book printed in 1503; fifth, an engraving of the façade of a palace; sixth, a specimen of gothic characters. All these were, it is alleged, imitated with such extraordinary minuteness, that neither the eye nor the microscope could detect the difference of a letter, a line, or a spot, between them and the originals. A great number of copies can, we are told, be struck off from the stone employed, and the expense is alleged to be extremely small, fifty per cent. at least for printed works, and more for engravings. If there be no exaggeration in what is stated, M. Boyer's discovery will effect an extraordinary revolution in the printing and engraving professions: with it neither print nor book can possibly be protected from piracy. It is not denied that he has already produced fac-similes of rare old engravings and books.

We have heretofore referred to the prospect of a submarine telegraph from this country to Europe. This great instrument is to be still further extended in the old world. It has lately been announced in one of the leading French papers, that after a serious study of the matter, a convention, in which the different powers interested have taken part, has been concluded for the establishment of an electrical communication which will unite the European continent with Algeria by crossing the islands of Corsica and Sardinia. The submarine telegraph from England to France is to be continued by land, and after crossing Nice and Genoa, will reach Spezzia, at the bottom of the gulf of that name. The new line will start from that point, and after crossing the island of Corsica, will pass by Sardinia to the coast of Algeria, near Bona. From that place, if it be thought necessary, it will be continued as far as the Regency of Tunis. The works necessary for the accomplishment of the first part of this plan will be completed in two years from the date of the promulgation of the law. At that time the line will be prolonged by the shore of the Mediterranean in Africa as

far as Alexandria, in order from that point to reach India and Australia; and thus shall Shakspeare's *Ariel* fulfill his promised feats.

While announcing these important movements onward, we regret to say that the sanguine announcements of the New-York press respecting Mr. Ericsson's caloric engine have failed. The apparatus has been finally abandoned, and is to be taken out of the ship bearing his name, steam-boilers being substituted. From the beginning this result has been foreseen by practical and scientific men, notwithstanding the alleged complete success of the experiment.

Our transatlantic papers report an interesting discovery—interesting not only to our fair readers, but to men of science—by a distinguished artist in flower-painting, Madame Leprince de Beaufort, for preserving flowers. By her art, not only flowers, but trees, can be embalmed; the tree remains always green, and the flower retains its color and brilliancy: the process is instantaneous. Thanks to this discovery, the ladies can always have real flowers for their bonnets and *coiffures*, and also for the vases in their *appartements*; but what will become of the poor *artistes* in artificial flowers?

It is claimed, with a great flourish of trumpets, that a Frenchman has recently succeeded in perfecting what the English and Americans have so long sought to perfect, and failed—a *reaping-machine*. In two hours and a quarter this machine, it is said, cut two acres of wheat, with only one horse and three servants; it did not leave a straw behind; it gathered them all in bundles, and left them on the ground ready to be tied. With a relay horse they can cut ten acres per day—the work of ten cradlers and a multitude of reapers! It is also said that eight other reapers of French invention, and a quantity of thrashers, will figure at the Paris Exhibition in competition with those which may be brought from abroad. Harvest hands were scarce, this year, in France, on account of the extensive recruitments for the war, and the preparations for war, and an impetus has therefore been given to labor-saving inventions, which it is to be hoped will not be subject to reaction.

M. Didron, the author of the "Iconographie Chrétienne," has been authorized by the French Minister of Public Instruction to proceed to Italy, in order to study the ancient Christian monuments of that country which have relation to his subject. He is to visit Rome, Florence, Ravenna, Venice, and Milan. Two draughtsmen have been appointed to accompany him.

Two manufacturing chemists have presented to the French Academy of Science sealed papers, each containing a specimen of artificial quinine, which they had made by different processes. The pathological qualities of the substance are to be tested, and if they are found satisfactory, the discovery is certainly important. It will obviate the necessity of importing the bark of the cinchona-trees, from which alone has the great tonic, thus far, been extracted.

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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KING, THE SCULPTOR.

“HOW palpable,” says a late writer, (Rev. H. W. Bellows,) “the profound design entertained by Providence, of awakening and educating man’s soul through the necessity under which he lies of subduing and regulating the material world.” And in this adaptation of the outer world to the inner and higher wants of man, he well remarks, “we behold the grandest and most glorious proof of the being of that God, that wonderful designer, whose plan, as it opens, shows an infinite forecast—and of the

patience, wisdom, benevolence of that Providence, which keeps his own gifts half hidden, half revealed, that they may be received with the best advantage of his creatures, while he strictly subordinates the natural world to the spiritual discipline and moral victory of his rational offspring.” The same divine mind has also provided the proper stimulants for the culture of the imagination and the taste. As all the concealed capabilities of the natural world to add to the comforts of the race are so many heavenly invitations and even

commands to discover and subjugate them—the cloudy steam, the fugitive electricity, the expansive gas, new esculents, new medicinal elements—so the ductile metal, the finely veined wood, and the yielding marble are all as direct intimations of the divine will and purpose. In the mind God has implanted the restless urgency to realize, in beautiful forms, the spiritual ideas that rise into life within its pregnant boom—a craving more powerful than the cry for bread, and even conquering the strong natural instinct for rest and for life. And he has himself provided the unapproachable paradigms, which ever inspire and excite the human powers to their utmost ability. A beckoning hand, and a spiritual voice whispering *excelsior*, ever invite the reverent imagination to a higher conception, and the cunning fingers to a more delicate execution. The world is hung with pictures, adorned with statuary, and piled up in sublime forms of architecture. The great Sovereign of the universe is evidently worshiped and glorified as truly in an effort to develop and cultivate the imagination, as in the toils of daily labor and the investigations of science; and the work may be as devout. Sir Godfrey Kneller was accustomed to say:—“When I paint, I consider it as one way, at least, of offering devotions to my Maker, by exercising the talent his goodness has graciously blessed me with;” and Francis I., when his noblemen expressed their surprise at his grief upon the death of Leonardo da Vinci, exclaimed: “I can make a nobleman; but God Almighty alone can make an artist.” Indeed, the inspiration to accomplish these noble and beautiful results is ascribed in Holy Writ to the Almighty: “Then wrought every wise-hearted man in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding, to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary;” and in the disclosures of the “new heavens” and “new earth,” the adornments of art are the chosen symbols of its glory: “Behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors and thy foundations with sapphires, and I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones.”

The effect of a true and pure work of art upon the mind of the beholder can but be wholesome and ennobling. “Though the cultivation of the taste,” says the

author of the “Manual of the Fine Arts,” “will not create moral principles in the mind where they do not exist, it is maintained that there is an affinity between the refinements of taste and the virtues of the soul; between the beautiful and the good. Heaven, the peculiar abode of holiness, is represented as a place of transcendent beauty and glory. And granting that the fine arts are utterly powerless to implant pure principles, still, if not abused, they will foster and expand them, and imbue them with a fine sensibility.” The same author remarks with much propriety: “A cultivation of the taste, by a proper degree of attention to literature and the fine arts, elevates the mind above trivial cares and conventional jealousies, giving it a vigorous independence, and a fund of inexhaustible resources within itself.” The increase of material wealth, with us, exhibits itself too often in the gratification of appetite or of the lower affections—in the over-luxuriousness of our dwellings and their furniture, and in those forms of domestic art that strike the sight with the most glaring effect—in plate and jewelry. “I cannot but think,” says Ruskin, “that part of the wealth which now lies buried in these doubtful luxuries, might most wisely and kindly be thrown into a form which would give perpetual pleasure, not to its possessor only, but to thousands besides, and neither tempt the unprincipled, nor inflame the envious, nor mortify the poor; while, supposing that your own dignity was dear to you, this, you may rely upon it, would be more impressed upon others by the nobleness of your house walls than by the glistening of your sideboards.”

No form of art is better adapted to accomplish these high purposes than sculpture. Ruskin is of the opinion that there is less liability of a perverted taste in this form of art than in painting. “You are aware,” he says in his interesting lectures, “that the possibilities of error in sculpture are much less than in painting; it is altogether an easier and simpler art, invariably attaining perfection long before painting, in the progress of a national mind.” Our young country has presented its full share of claimants to the honors of this noble art, and among the living and the dead can point, with national pride, to names that the world will not readily let die. The lamented Horatio Greenough

—a Boston boy—whose valuable life was finally fretted out, in the prime of his years, by the vexatious delays of our government in sending for the group of statuary executed by him in Italy, which had been ordered, under the administration of Mr. Van Buren, to embellish the pediment of the eastern portico of the capitol at Washington, had lived long enough to secure a European reputation. To him belongs the honor of the severe and sublime design of the monument upon Bunker Hill. His younger brother, Richard Greenough, is an emulator of his genius, and is rising to fame in the same province of art. Eve, the Greek Slave, and the Neapolitan Fisher Boy have rendered the name of Hiram Powers immortal—a New-Englander by birth, but early transplanted to Ohio, and claimed by Cincinnati as one of her noblest sons. The majestic bronze statue by Ball Hughes of Dr. Bowditch, in Mt. Auburn, and other equal works, have placed the author's name among the conspicuous sculptors of the day. Henry Dexter, of New-York, became a painter, by the irresistible force of genius, and a sculptor almost involuntarily. About the time of his coming to Boston, Greenough was leaving the country for Italy, and a friend of the young painter advised him to obtain the molding clay left behind in the sculptor's rooms, as modeling might help him in acquiring a knowledge of forms. The suggestion was followed, and the clay obtained. "I mixed it with water," he says, "and prepared a mass of it in the way I supposed it was to be used. My hands were in the clay when Mr. White, the painter, came in. I requested him to let me make his face in the mud. He readily assented. In about half an hour, with only my fingers for instruments, I astonished my sitter, and almost frightened myself. This was my first attempt at modeling." His marble "Binney Child" in Mt. Auburn will not soon leave the memory of the observer. Clevenger, and Crawford, the latter of whom conceived and chiseled the striking monumental representation of the death of Dr. Amos Binney, in Mt. Auburn, have both justified by ample results their right to a position in the "goodlie" company of sculptors. And then there is Stevenson, who executed the "Wounded Indian;" Bracket, the sculptor of the "Shipwrecked Mother and Child;" Brown, whose colossal statue

of De Witt Clinton, in bronze, was a great achievement of art; Thomas Ball, of Charleston, whose head of Webster has been much admired; Clark Mills, whose equestrian statue of Jackson adorns the National Capitol; and Miss Hoemer, the latest, and in some respects most remarkable cultivator of the art of sculpture—a young lady of Watertown, Mass., whose "Hesper" is considered an extraordinary production, affording an eloquent prophecy of fame.

John C. King, whose name stands at the head of this sketch, is intimately connected, in his early artistic history and fortunes, with his warm friend and companion, Hiram Powers. Mr. King is a native of Scotland, having been born in the town of Kilwinning, Ayrshire, on the 16th of October, 1806. His later studies and labors were foretold by his early tastes and passion for painting. At five years of age, he began with chalk sketches, and the gift of his first box of water colors, he says, made him "happier then, than a fortune could make me now." He practiced as an amateur artist, without instruction, until the age of manhood. He was persuaded to learn the business of his father, (a machinist,) that the aid of his services might be secured to the family. In 1829, Mr. King, having become restless at home, and having heard glowing accounts of the openings for business in America, embarked for New-Orleans, where he arrived in due season, and soon after sailed for Cincinnati. His time was occupied in various forms of his trade until 1836, when, in the financial crisis of that memorable period, all manufacturing business was paralyzed. In 1832, while residing in Cincinnati, he became acquainted with Hiram Powers, and a warm and lasting friendship was the result. "In 1834," writes Mr. King, in his sketch of his life prepared for Mrs. Lee, "a young friend of Mr. Powers died of cholera. Powers was applied to, to model a bust of him from memory. I had an invitation to look at it when it was finished. This was the first model in clay I had ever seen, and it possessed great interest for me. After examining it carefully, and making remarks on the parts that pleased me most, Powers came directly in front of me, threw his hands behind his back, looked at me with his large, serious eyes, as if he saw through to the back of my



DANIEL WEBSTER.

head, and said, 'King, if you had as much practice as I have had, you could model as good a bust as I can.' I asked him why he said so; he replied, 'I know it from the remarks you have just made on that model. Get a piece of clay, and I will give you my modeling stand, and lend you my modeling tools, and if your modesty will not allow you to ask any gentleman to sit, make a bust of your wife; and if you should fail, don't be discouraged, as a female study, for a beginner, is rather a severe test.' The clay was procured, and the block set up, into which I was to work my way, to come at the likeness. Most of the work had to be done at night, as early in the morning I had the duties connected with my business to attend to. About two weeks served to throw aside the clay in the front of the head, and, somewhat to my astonishment,

the likeness was apparent. I summoned courage to ask Powers to look at it. I confess that I was quite nervous about the time the model was uncovered. He looked at it, and said, 'Did I not tell you that you could model? And if circumstances should occur that make it expedient for you to resort to sculpture as a means of supporting your family, you need no teacher: you have that within you that will guide you better than any master.' Thus was one artist quickened into life by the genial and unselfish kindness and appreciation of another. From this time Mr. King continued to cultivate the art which he had espoused with all the warmth of a first love, modeling busts and medallions.

In 1837 he removed to New-Orleans, and gave himself up to his profession, leaving in this city when he removed, as

the evidences of his peculiar skill and success in copying nature, among others, the busts of Rev. Theodore Clapp and Honorable Pierre Soulé, and a number of his remarkable likenesses in cameo. In 1840 he removed to Boston, continuing his work of modeling busts with great assiduity, and multiplying his accurate and beautiful cameos. His great works in marble are the busts of John Quincy Adams, Dr. Samuel Woodward, and Daniel Webster.

Mr. King has not yet illustrated his genius by any ideal statuary; indeed, although in the simple sketch that we have given, the life of the artist may seem to have run quietly and happily on, behind this outward and visible life there may have been the keen inward struggle against the pressure of daily necessities, and also against the mental despondency arising from the inadequate returns of labors that had become a craving and an almost necessary condition of happiness and life.

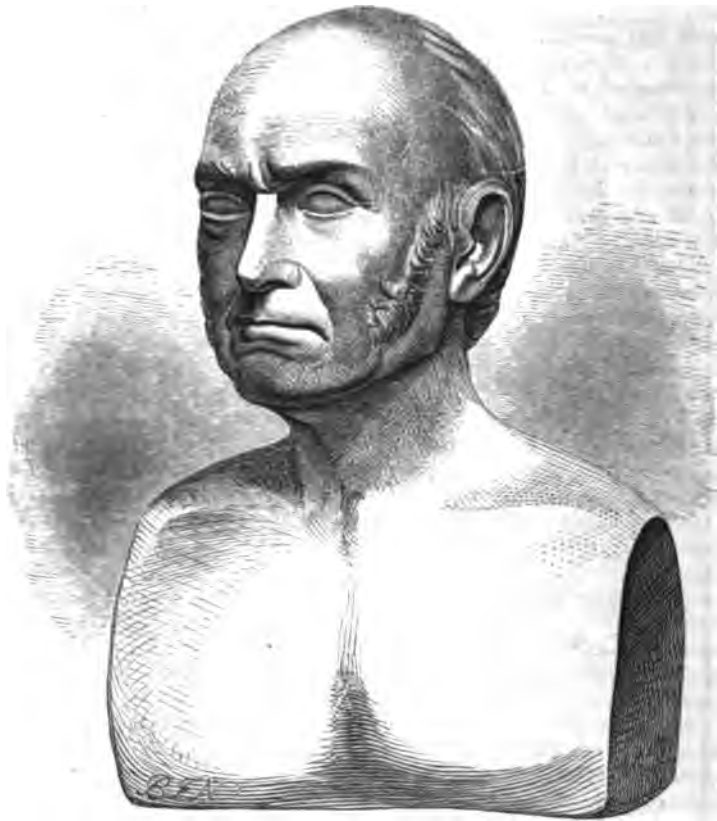
A more touching and painful record could hardly be written than the confidential history of most of our artists. Long months of toil, without resources to meet the continual wants of a family, must be passed, before the speaking marble or canvas returns even its limited recompense; and with the comparatively few appreciators of art, the supply ordinarily is in advance of the demand. The wonder is, that art is still so generously cultivated by its devotees, at such a price of neglect and agony. But the ideal power is not lacking in Mr. King: it reveals itself by unmistakable symbols in his marble busts. The original forms of beauty stand around his mental gallery awaiting the hour of hope, when they shall come forth and assume a material embodiment. "Those can know but little of the miracles in primitive clay," says the *Washington National Intelligencer*, "who have not seen King's gorgeous, but truthful bust of the great expounder of the constitution." His power of seizing upon the best expression and producing a likeness of extraordinary precision both in cameo and in marble, is not more marked than the ethereal grace of original genius with which he invests the perfect images that rise under his hand.

His noble bust of the "old man eloquent" stands in the room of the speaker

of the House of Representatives, on the very spot where Mr. Adams breathed his last—a perpetual remembrancer of the fearless and faithful sage of Quincy, and honor to the sculptor. In the spring of 1850, Mr. King had the privilege of a series of sittings from Mr. Webster. He saw him under the most favorable circumstances, and by careful measurements was enabled to secure an exact counterpart of the illustrious statesman. The majestic subject, in both physical and mental proportions, was all that art could ask for a noble display of her handiwork. And the success of the artist was complete; he has succeeded in perpetuating in marble that wonderful "personification of intellect and power, and of self possession and energy in repose."

Of this work the discriminating critic of the *Boston Post* remarked: "The likeness, the expression, the character of the remarkable man are all faithfully and wonderfully presented, the bust is life-like, impressive to an astonishing degree, and must rank altogether among the best efforts of modern art." Another Boston critic, the editor of the *Transcript*, remarked: "It is the true historic head of Webster—that by which he will be best known to posterity—that which his most intimate friends will most confidently refer to, as, at once, the most agreeable and the most minutely accurate of the many likenesses of the man." A marble copy of this bust was ordered for Faneuil Hall; and when completed and the object of universal commendation, the memorable fire which consumed the Tremont Temple destroyed this noble result of months of toil, together with the artist's casts, models, valuable busts, all his cameos and all the implements of the art which he had collected in his studio. The gentlemen, however, who had ordered the original bust, generously called for another; a plaster cast, happily, having been preserved. Mr. Grinnell, of New-York, is possessor of another marble bust of Webster from the hand of Mr. King; and the artist is at present in England with his fine copy of the American senator, ordered by Lord Ashburton. We hope he may bring with him, upon his return, orders for many more of his great work.

If life and an opportunity for the development and cultivation of his genius are



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

enjoyed by Mr. King, we may confidently predict a still richer recompense of emolument and fame for him. He is but inspired by his early successes, and the cunning of his hand has not yet expressed itself as it may when the pressure of necessity is removed from it, and it follows unembarrassed the conceptions of an untrammelled mind. A keen observer, and one well qualified to form a comparative estimate of the genius exhibited by the cultivators of art, says in a letter to the writer: "I know of no artist of our own day so well entitled, whether in cameo-cutting, or in modeling, or in exquisite skill in chiseling, to unqualified eulogy and ample patronage, yet securing so little in proportion to his merits. In cameo work, we have no living artist, at home or abroad, who, in his characteristic style, unites, with original life and freshness, so much classical elegance and

finish. In his admirable busts he has the rare skill to retain a well-marked individuality and life-like portraiture, with an ideal dignity and grace, seldom revealed by other artists without sacrificing truth and resemblance." We trust that brighter days are beginning to beam upon the pathway of the artist, and that his genius will have yet an unobstructed path. However this may be, the true artist may ever say of his art as Coleridge said of his poetry: "I expect neither profit nor general fame from my writings, and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward: it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."



LUTHER BESIDE THE COFFIN OF HIS DAUGHTER.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

LUTHER BESIDE THE COFFIN OF HIS DAUGHTER
MADELEINE.

WE stand here before a sanctuary. On the altar of his God, from the inmost depths of his painfully struggling soul, the father gave up the dearest of all he possessed ;—his beloved child, ripe for heaven while still on earth, he placed resignedly into the lap of his Creator and Redeemer.

On Wednesday, September 20, 1542, his daughter Madeleine, not yet fourteen years old, closed her eyes forever. "I love her much," he said at her bed-side ; "but if it be thy will, O God, to take her, I shall gladly know her to be with thee !" When he asked her : "Madeleine, my

little daughter, thou wouldst gladly remain here with thy father ; but thou wilt also readily go to thy other Father ?" the dying child replied : "Yes, dear father, as God wills." And after the funeral he said : "My daughter is now provided for, body and soul. We Christians ought not to mourn ; we know that it must be thus : we are most fully assured of eternal life : for God who has promised it us through his Son, cannot lie. God has now two saints of my flesh ! If I could bring my daughter to life again, and she could bring me a kingdom, I would not do it. O, she is well cared for ! Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord ! whoever dies thus is assured of eternal life. I wish I and

my children, and you all, might depart; for I see evil times coming."

The great effectiveness of this picture arises from the holy peacefulness breathing in the words of the mourning father, so powerfully impressive in their solemn simplicity. We seem to hear them: "Thou hast given, thou hast taken away; blessed be thy name!" No woman knew better the affections of home than this sturdy gladiator of the moral world. Children especially were dear to him. "Children," he said, "are the happiest. We old fools are ever distressing ourselves with disputes about the word—constantly asking ourselves, 'Is it true? Is it possible? How can it be possible?' Children, in their pure and guileless faith, have no doubts on matters appertaining to salvation. . . . Like them we ought to trust for salvation to the simple word; but the devil is ever throwing some stumbling-block in our way." Another time, as his wife was giving the breast to his little Martin, he said, "The pope and duke George hate this child, and all belonging to me, as do their partisans and the devil. However, they give no uneasiness to the dear child, and he does not concern himself what such powerful enemies may do. He sticks to the teat, or crows laughingly aloud, and leaves them to grumble their fill." One day, that Spalatin and Lenhart Boier, pastor of Zwickau, were with him, he pointed to his little Martin playing with a doll, and said, "Even such were man's thoughts in Paradise—simple, innocent, and free from malice or hypocrisy; he must have been like this child when he speaks of God and is so sure of him."

He said, among other things, "God has not given such good gifts these thousand years to any bishop as he has to me. We may glorify ourselves in the gifts of God. Alas! I hate myself that I cannot rejoice now as I ought to do, nor render sufficient thanks to God. I try to lift up my heart from time to time to our Lord in some little hymn, and to feel as I ought to do." "Well! whether we live or die, *domini sumus*, in the genitive or the nominative.* Come, sir doctor, be firm."

"The night before Madeleine's death,

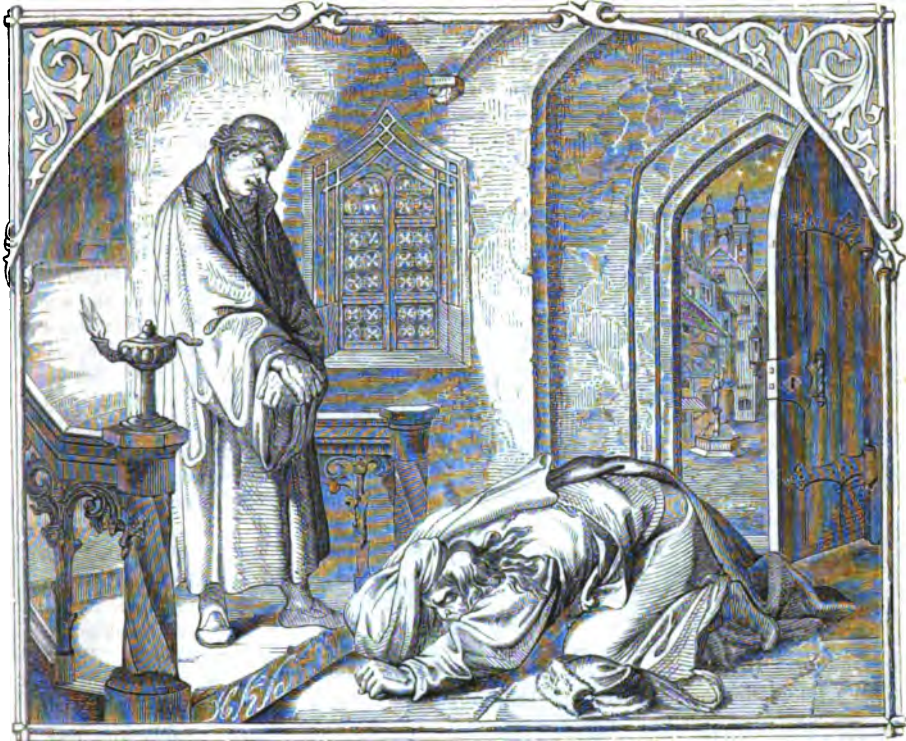
* A play upon the word *Dominus*. "*Domini sumus*" may signify, (*Domini* being constructed in the genitive,) "We are the Lord's;" or else, (constructed nominatively,) "We are lords," (i. e., masters, teachers.)

her mother had a dream. She dreamed that she saw two fair youths beautifully attired, who came as if they wished to take Madeleine away with them, and conduct her to be married. When Philip Melancthon came the next morning and asked the lady how it was with her daughter? she related her dream, at which he seemed frightened, and remarked to others, 'that the young men were two holy angels, sent to carry the maiden to the true nuptials of a heavenly kingdom.' She died that same day. When she was in the agony of death, her father threw himself on his knees by her bedside, and weeping bitterly, prayed to God that he would spare her. She breathed her last in her father's arms. Her mother was in the room, but not by the bed, on account of the violence of her grief. The doctor continued to repeat, 'God's will be done! My child has another Father in heaven!' Then Master Philip observed, that the love of parents for their children was an image of the divine love impressed on the hearts of men. God loves mankind no less than parents do their children. When they placed her on the bier, the father exclaimed, 'My poor, dear little Madeleine, you are at rest now.' Then, looking long and fixedly at her, he said, 'Yes, dear child, thou shalt rise again, shalt shine like a star! Yes! like the sun! . . . I am joyful in spirit: but O! how sad in the flesh! It is a strange feeling this, to know she is so certainly at rest, that she is happy, and yet to be so sad.'"

LUTHER AND HANS KOHLHASE

PROMINENTLY to depict the moral courage of Luther, and to show the great weight of his name, the artist refers to his intercourse with Hans Kohlhasse.

This unhappy individual, originally an honest much-respected man, of a strong and vigorous mind, but passionate, and with a keen perception of justice and of his own rights, was driven to desperation by a series of injuries, and a denial of all redress, inflicted upon him by the ruling powers: he became a robber, and on several occasions acted in concert with the most violent opponents of the constituted authorities of that day. A character such as this was well calculated to inspire Luther with the most lively interest; for in the depths of his soul also violent pas-



LUTHER AND HANS KOHLHASE.

sions lay hid, subdued and controlled by his higher qualities and by his faith.

The *Chronica* of Peter Hafititi states that a warning letter which Luther addressed to Kohlhasse, and in which he solemnly and impressively admonishes him to repentance, encouraged the outcast to go to Luther's house, and, without naming himself, implore for admission. "It occurred suddenly to Luther that this might be Kohlhasse; therefore he went to the door himself, and said: '*Numquid tu es Hans Kohlhasse?*' to which the answer was, '*Jam Domine Doctor.*' Upon this he was let in; and Luther conducted him solemnly to his own room, and sent for Master Philip (Melancthon) and several other divines. These Kohlhasse made acquainted with the state of his affairs; and all remained with him until late at night. In the morning he confessed himself to Luther, received the holy communion, and promised that he would abstain from violence, and injure the Saxon lands no further. He departed, unrecognized and unobserved, from the hostelry; having

been consoled by the promise that they (Luther and his friends) would advocate his cause, and bring it to a good end." When this interference proved unavailing, Kohlhasse resumed his attempts to right himself by violence; and was at length taken, condemned, and executed, 1540.

In the picture Kohlhasse appears despairing; bowing down before Luther only, because he could have faith in and respect him alone. Luther receives him seriously and compassionately; for he reads in this darkened mind, and perceives that a great and divine power had been given it, the degeneration and destruction of which he deeply laments.

LUTHER VISITING PLAGUE PATIENTS.

LUTHER, inspired by the courage which faith gives, looked death in the face even when it approached in the terrible guise of the plague. This awful disease had broken out three times in Wittenberg (1516, 1527, 1535;) and three times he remained in the midst of the danger,

although he was pressingly requested to absent himself.

"I hope," he wrote to Lange, in 1516, "that the world will stand, though Martin Luther fall. I mean to disperse the brethren in all directions; but I have been posted here, and here I must remain. I do not say this because I do not fear death

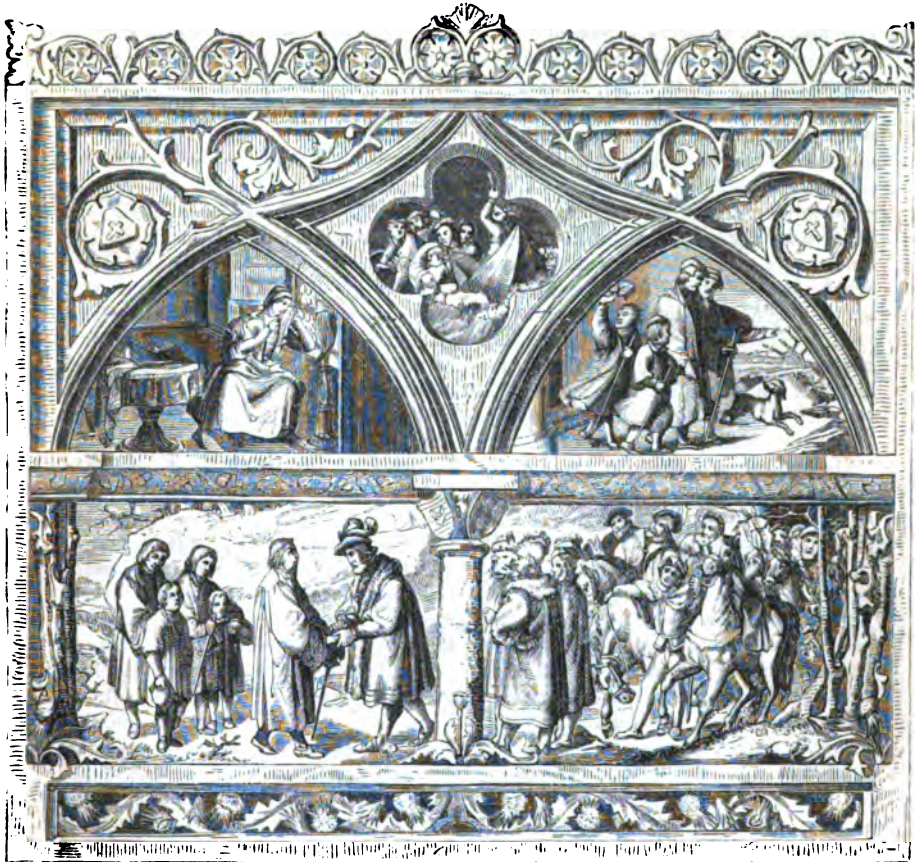
—for I am not the Apostle Paul, but only his commentator—but I trust God will protect me from all my fears." Eleven years later, when the greater number of the inhabitants had left, and the university had been removed to Jena, he cried: "We are not alone; Christ and your prayers, and those of all the saints, are with us;



LUTHER VISITING PLAGUE PATIENTS.

also the holy angels, invisible, but powerful! If it be the will of God that we should remain and die, our care will avail us nothing. Let every one dispose his mind this way: if he be bound to remain and to assist his fellow-men in their death-struggles, let him resign himself to God, and say, 'Lord, I am in thy hand; thou hast fixed me here; thy will be done.'

On All-saints' day, ten years after the indulgences had been trodden under foot, (1527,) he complained to Amsdorf: "My house is becoming an hospital; Hannah, Dr. Augustin's wife, has carried the plague about with her, but she is now recovered; Margareta Mochina frightened us with one symptoms, but she is not so much, for



LUTHER'S LAST JOURNEY.

she is near her lying in; my little son also has been ill for the last three days. Thus there is struggle abroad and fear within—and both violent enough. Christ visits us sorely; the only consolation which we can oppose to the wrath of Satan is, that we have God's word for the salvation of our souls, even though he destroys our bodies. Therefore do thou and our brethren include us in your prayers, that we may firmly bear the hand of God." On the 10th of December he writes: "I am like a dying man; and behold, I live!" At the end of the year he exclaimed thankfully: "God hath shown himself wondrously merciful unto us."

In the picture we see the horrors of a plague-scene. Luther administers the last consolations of religion to a dying woman; she has already overcome the afflictions of this world, even the painful

sight of her dead child, in the anticipation of a future life. Around her are depicted the different degrees of the fear of death, which stalks along in the back-ground as a never-ending funeral train.

LUTHER TAKES LEAVE OF HIS FAMILY; EXPERIENCES GREAT DANGER DURING HIS JOURNEY; HIS RECEPTION AT THE FRONTIERS BY THE COUNTS OF MANSFELD.

THE man of battles begins a journey of peace: as peacemaker he proceeds to his home; it was, as he had felt it to be, his last journey, which led him to eternal peace, and to his real home. "The world is tired of me, and I am tired of it; we shall part easily, as a guest leaves his hostelry not unwilling."

He had twice attempted in the preceding year to adjust the quarrel between the Counts of Mansfeld; and now, accom-

panied by his three sons, he started a third time (January 23d, 1546.) His Katherina saw him depart with a sorrowful heart, as if she had a presentiment that she should never see him again, at least not otherwise than in his coffin. In vain he sought to cheer her in his letters by gay and grave remarks: "Read St. John and the Little Catechism, my beloved Kate, for thou seemest to fear for thy God as if he were not almighty, and could not create ten Dr. Martins, if the one old one were drowned in the Saale." "Do not trouble me with thine anxieties; I have a better protector than thee and all the angels. He lieth in the manger, or clings to the breast of the Virgin, but sitteth also at the right hand of God our Father Almighty. Therefore rest in peace. Amen."

He had escaped death in crossing the Saale during a flood, (January 28th,) that he might depart this life a few weeks later at the very place where he had entered it, at Eisleben. At the frontiers of Mansfeld he was received by the counts with a great retinue: he went there to reconcile the brothers and other relations who were at issue among themselves about their worldly possessions. This task was a most painful one for him. "In this school," he says, "one may learn why the Lord in his Gospel calls riches thorns."

LUTHER'S DEATH.

An eventful great life, of which the results are incalculable, approaches its end; the heart stands still, that had beaten so warmly and faithfully for his people, for Christianity, and for the gospel. During the last years of Luther's life, his enemies often spread reports of his death; with the addition of the most singular and tragic circumstances. To refute these, Luther had printed in 1545, in German and Italian, a pamphlet, entitled *Lies of the Goths touching the Death of Dr. Martin Luther*. "I tell Dr. Bucer beforehand, that whoever, after my death, shall despise the authority of this school and this Church, will be a heretic and unbeliever; for it was here first that God purified his word and again made it known. . . . Who could do anything twenty-five years since? Who was on my side twenty-one years ago?" "I often count and find that I approach nearer and nearer to the forty years, at the end of which I believe all

this will end. St. Paul only preached for forty years; and so the Prophet Jeremiah and St. Augustin. And when each of these forty years had come to an end, in which they had preached the word of God, it was no longer listened to, and great calamities followed."

The aged electress, when he was last at her table, wished him forty years more of life. "I would not have heaven," said he, "on condition that I must live forty years longer. . . . I have nothing to do with doctors now. It seems they have settled that I am to live one year longer; so that I won't make my life a torment, but, in God's name, eat and drink what I please."—"I would my adversaries would put an end to me; for my death now would be of more service to the Church than my life." (February 16th, 1546.) The conversation running much on death and sickness, during his last visit to Eisleben, he said, "If I return to Wittemberg, I shall soon be in my coffin, and then I shall give the worms a good meal on a fat doctor." Two days after this he died, at Eisleben.

Luther often said that it would be a great disgrace to the pope were he to die in his bed. "All of you, thou pope, thou devil, ye kings, princes, and lords, are Luther's enemies, and yet you can do him no harm. It was not so with John Huss. I take it that there has not been a man so hated as I for these hundred years. I, too, hate the world. In the whole round of life, there is nothing which gives me pleasure; I am sick of living. May our Lord then come quickly, and take me with him. May he, above all, come with his day of judgment. I would stretch forth my neck . . . so that he hurled his thunderbolt and I were at rest. . . ."

Luther had arrived, the 28th January, at Eisleben, and, though already ill, he joined in all the conferences until the 17th February. He preached also four times, and revised the ecclesiastical statutes for the earldom of Mansfeld. The 17th, he was so ill that the counts prayed him not to go out. At supper he spoke much of his approaching end, and some one asking him if he thought we should recognise each other in the other world, he replied that he thought so. On returning to his chamber with Master Cælius and his two sons, he drew near the window, and remained there a long time in prayer.

After that he said to Aurifaber, who had just arrived, "I feel very weak, and my pains seem to increase:" on which they administered some medicine to him, and endeavored to warm him by friction. He spoke a few words to Count Albert, who had come to see him, and then laid himself down on the bed, saying, "If I could only sleep for half an hour, I think it would refresh me." He did sleep without waking for an hour and a half. This was about eleven o'clock. When he awoke, he said to those in attendance, "What, still sitting up by me: why do you not go to rest yourselves?" He then commenced praying, and said with fervor, "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis.* (Into thy hands I commend my spirit; thou art my Redeemer, O God of truth.") He also said to those about him, "All of you pray, my friends, for the gospel of our Lord, that his reign may be extended, for the Council of Trent and the pope threaten it greatly." He then slept again for about an hour, and when he awoke, Doctor Jonas asked him how he felt, "O my God," he replied, "I feel myself very bad. I think, my dear Jonas, that I shall remain here at Eisleben, where I was born." He then took a few steps about the room, and laid himself down again on the bed, where they covered him with soft cushions. Two doctors, and the count with his wife, then arrived. Luther said to them, "I am dying: I shall remain at Eisleben." And Doctor Jonas expressing a hope that the perspiration would perhaps relieve him: "No, dear Jonas," replied he, "it is a cold and dry sweat, and the pain is worse." He then applied himself to prayer, and said, "O my God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, thou the God of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, in whom I believe; whom I have preached and acknowledged; whom I have loved and honored; and whom the pope and the ungodly persecute. I commend my soul to thee, O my Saviour Jesus Christ! I shall leave this terrestrial body; I shall be taken from this life; but I know that I shall rest eternally with thee." He repeated three times following, "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine veritatis.*" Suddenly his eyes closed and he fainted. Count Albert and his wife, as well as the doctors, used their

utmost efforts to restore him to life, in which they with difficulty succeeded. Doctor Jonas then said to him, "Reverend father, do you die in constant reliance on the faith you have taught?" He replied distinctly, "Yes," and fell asleep again. Soon after he became alarmingly pale, then cold, and drawing one deep breath, he expired.

In the picture his two sons kneel beside their dying parent; his faithful friend and companion, Dr. Justus Jonas, addressed his last words to him; Michael Cælius prays for the preservation of the beloved life; the physician, Simon Wild, holds the now useless medicine-bottle in his hand; to the right stand Count Albracht and his wife, for whose sake the weary warrior had undertaken this troublesome winter journey.

Below, Master Lukas Fortenagel, from Halle, is kneeling at the coffin of the departed, whose portrait he is about to take. Above, the swan prophesied by Huss, rises anew from the flames.

LUTHER'S OBSEQUES.

ONCE more we stand at Wittenberg before Luther; but the eloquent lips are silent, the eye is closed which once he raised with holy confidence to the emperor and the country, to the pope and the cardinals; he is silent forever in the Church to which he had affixed thirty years before a word that was to shake the world. His body had been carried, as ordered by the elector, in solemn procession from Eisleben to Wittenberg, that a place of rest might be prepared for it in the electoral chapel. Next to the coffin stands his friend Melancthon, who had during twenty-eight years fought indefatigably by his side. On the morning of the 19th of February he had, deeply affected by the news of the death, pronounced in his lecture-room, with few but emphatic words, the testimony of history and of the Protestant world upon the departed: "The doctrine of the forgiveness of sins and of faith in the Son of God has not been discovered by any human understanding, but has been revealed unto us by God through this man, whom he had raised up." On the day of the funeral also, after Dr. Bugenhagen had preached, he once more bore witness to the value of the labors of the departed: "His doctrine does not consist in rebellious opinions



LUTHER'S DEATH.



LUTHER'S OBSEQUIES.

made known with violence; it is rather an interpretation of the divine will and of the true worship of God, an explanation of the Scriptures, a sermon of the word of God, namely, the gospel of Christ. . . . Now he is united with the prophets, of whom he loved to talk; now they greet him as their fellow-laborer, and with him thank the Lord who collects and maintains his Church."

Three times has the centenary festival of his death been celebrated in Wittenberg; but still Germany and the German Evangelical Church await a second Luther. To many has been given the power to develop in an equal or a higher degree some one single feature of his sublime being; but where find a second time that inexhaustible depth of faith, with the same irresistible command of the popular language, united to the same strength of will and readiness for action? where this blessed absorbing in God, with the power of ruling mankind? where find once more that union of qualities, the non-existence of which as thus united has constituted for centuries the hereditary want of Germany? Even to-day we still ask this at the grave of the German reformer.

We close this series of articles with a beautiful engraving of Campbell's picture—"Martin Luther's first view of the Bible." Luther, it will be remembered, entered the University of Erfurt in 1501, being then in his eighteenth year. It was here, while in quest of knowledge, that the grand episode of his life occurred—the opening of his mind to the blessed truths of Christianity as they exist in the Bible. Here he first distinguished himself, and formed the principles which had afterward so much effect upon the Christian world.

Every moment that could be spared from his academical labors, the young student spent in the university library. Books were as yet hard to be had, and access to the treasures brought together in that vast collection was to him a great privilege. After having been two years at Erfurt, and being then about twenty, he happened one day to be turning over a number of books in the library, to see who their authors were, when a volume, which he opened in its turn, struck his attention; until that hour he had seen nothing resembling it; he reads the title—it was a Bible!

a book which was then seldom to be met with, and almost unknown. It excited his liveliest interest; he was utterly astonished to find that the book contained something beyond the fragments from the gospels and epistles, which were selected by the Church, for people to read at public worship on each Sunday in the year. He had always thought that in these was comprised the whole word of God; but here he found pages, chapters, entire books, of which he had never an idea before! His heart beat high as he held in his hand the whole of that Scripture which is divinely inspired. With an eagerness and interest that no words could express, he ran over all those leaves of the Book of God. The first page that caught his attention, told him the story of Hannah and the boy Samuel, and in reading it he could with difficulty control his emotions. That child, lent by his parents to the Lord for the whole of his life; the song of Hannah, in which she declares that the Lord raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar out of the dung-hill to set him among princes; the boy Samuel growing up in the temple before the Lord—the whole history—the whole word then discovered, made him experience feelings before unknown to him. He went home with a full heart, thinking, "O that God would give me such a book to be my own!" Luther did not yet know Greek or Hebrew. There is little probability of his having studied those tongues during the first two or three years of his university course, and it was a Latin Bible that had thrown him into such a transport of joy. He was not long in returning to his treasure in the library; he read and read again; and with mingled surprise and delight he still returned to read. It was then that the first dawn of a truth, entirely new to him, gleamed upon his mind.

What a blessing to mankind was this simple but wonderful discovery of the poor student of Erfurt! Throughout all time, wherever the light of the gospel shines, the name of Martin Luther will be revered. When monarchs, warriors, and statesmen are forgotten, and the laurels they won shall have faded away, the narrative of his glorious deeds and self-sacrifices will be related with the same enthusiasm that they are now, and, we trust, with equally good results.



LUTHER'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE BIBLE.

A TRIP FROM ST. PETERSBURGH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

PASSAGE TO BUCHAREST—TRAVELING POST IN THE PRINCIPALITIES—KHANS—LIFE IN THE MAHALAS OF BUCHAREST—CITY LIFE—A FRAST—THE GLORIES OF THE WALLACHIAN BATH.

I HAVE at last reached Bucharest; the journey from Jassi, over the monotonous plains which separate the two capitals, was more wearying than I can possibly describe. If one could only forget his troubles in slumber during the entire route, it would be a relief; but it would require a Rip Van Winkle sleep to produce insensibility to the jerks and plunges of eight or ten horses, driven at their utmost speed, by postillions whose shouts and cries are enough to wake the dead. I made many efforts to isolate myself in a world of thought, less noisy and disturbed, while sweeping over the dreary sameness of the way; but the *hurrahs* of the driver, or a frequent ascent of some two or three feet into space, effectually ended my meditations. The only incident which varied the journey was our arrival at the posts where we change horses. Nothing could be more primitive than these same post stations. The cabins consisted only of branches of trees, and the stables were of the same material: the horses were never found in the latter, however, as they had the good sense to prefer the grass of the surrounding plains. Upon reaching the post, two men on horseback drive at full gallop into a herd of thirty or forty grazing animals, which, thus disturbed, are driven in a straight line, like a squadron of cavalry, with loud cries and whip-crackings, toward the waiting vehicle; the necessary number are forthwith attached to it, and as we start off in triumph, the whole remaining troop again betake themselves, neighing and kicking their feet into the air, to their green pastures.

The level and mountainous regions of the Principalities are entirely distinct, and unfortunately for me, with my passion for mountains, the three hundred miles which separate Jassi from Bucharest were entirely through the dead plains; which, notwithstanding the rapidity of the horses, seemed to stretch themselves further and further, as we passed over them. An entire day's journey is frequently unrelieved by a hill or even a tree.

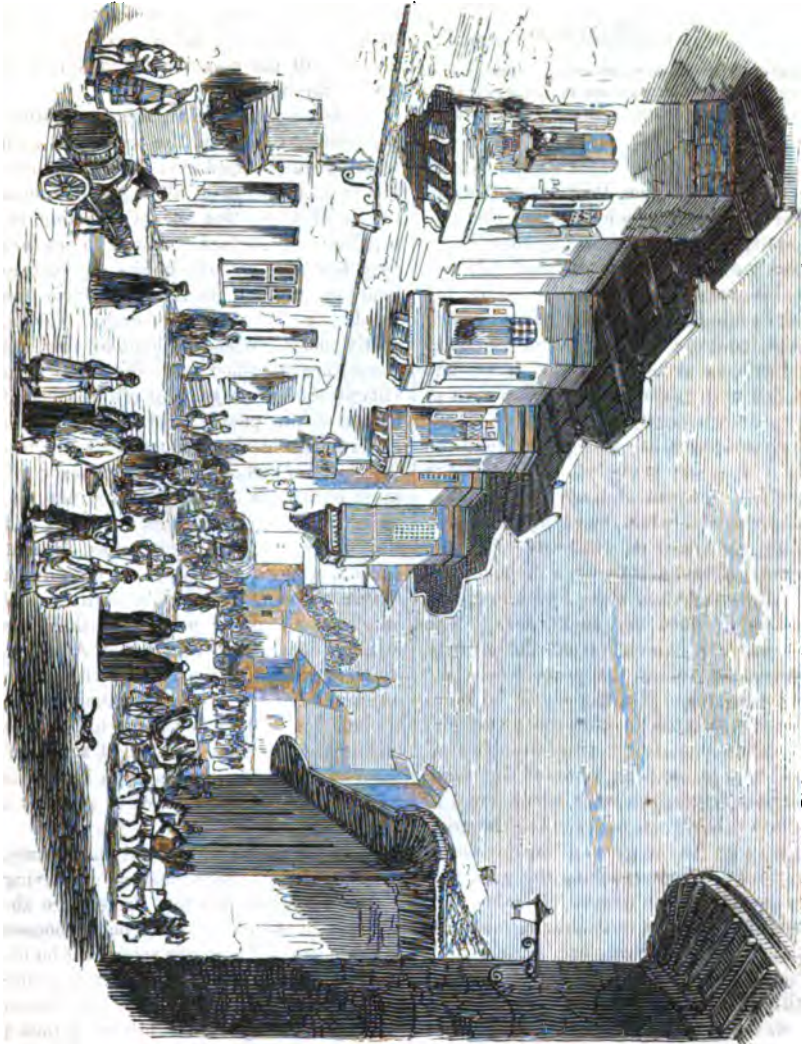
The sight of any object upon these dreary and desolate wastes is as interesting as the appearance of a sail at sea; the horizon has all the monotonous sameness of that of the ocean.

It was a repetition of my Russian posting, and you may imagine the weariness with which I was hurried over these distances, nearly as destitute of all signs of animal life as of vegetation and of relieving inequalities of surface. The villages are very few, and entirely unlike any picture your imagination would draw from the word. Here a few miserable hovels, partly underground and built of clay and straw, are dignified with the name of a village, though on account of the pastoral habits of the people, and the uncertain government of the country, it is not unfrequent for whole towns composed of these perishable and valueless structures, to disappear entirely from one spot and rise up in another many miles distant. Indeed, a town or village is no more a fixture to be determined by latitude and longitude in these provinces, than the locality of a flock of birds. America, itself, is rivaled in the facility with which cities are created here out of the smallest capital. A collection of wooden houses immediately becomes a city; if a few of them are brick or plastered with lime, it is a chief place of the district or perhaps a bishopric.

After my wearying and painful journey, you may imagine my dismay upon arriving at Bucharest, to find that there were absolutely no hotels or even public-houses in the place. There are some vast buildings or caravansaries, designated as the red khan or the yellow khan, in which straw takes the place of furniture; tumbled upon this in picturesque confusion are found Wallachians, Moldavians, Hungarians, Transylvanians, Germans, Albanians, Turks, and Greeks. The scene, with its contrasts and clamors, would afford the very best suggestions for an Ostade or Teniers.

The hospitality of the inhabitants is, however, proverbial; the yellow khan, especially, is a kind of ambush, where any respectable traveler may be seized and carried to some private residence to be made comfortable; the generous-hearted citizens disputing with each other for the possession of the guest. I was fortunately furnished with letters of introduction,

A STREET IN BUCHAREST.



which immediately procured me an agreeable asylum in the Mahala de la Stella.

The suburbs of Bucharest are distinguished by the name of *Mahalas*—a number of crooked little streets, quite without the noise and bustle of the city, are terminated by a fence, a wall, or a hedge, behind which are partially concealed rural residences, charmingly situated in the surrounding trees, or overgrown with vines and clematis. A white church, with its assemblage of towers terminating in Indian pagodas, stands at the end of the *Mahala de la Stella*. It is surrounded with acacias, while near it is the residence of the bishop.

Two or three white houses with Persian blinds stand opposite the church. Everybody seemed on the best terms in this miniature world. Two or three times a week I saw from my windows one of the neighboring houses brilliantly illuminated, and servants with lanterns conducting the beauties of the mahala, in their ordinary attire, toward its cheerfully lighted rooms. This kind of enlarged family life was quite charming to me. After a short residence in my new abode, I was so fortunate as to obtain an invitation to one of these social reunions. Several of the matrons of the neighborhood were seated in graceful and

picturesque positions upon the red divan which extended round the apartment, forming a suitable background for the tableau of girls who were present. Their animation seemed a little intimidated upon my entrance, but after a few moments their timidity vanished, and they were quite regardless of my presence. I found that dancing was the chief amusement of the evening, and it was at once proceeded with in the simple style of the country, accompanied with music on the violin and the pipes of Pan. The women of Bucharest are proverbially beautiful, and those of our quarter did not detract from the established reputation of their countrywomen. Some of the names struck me as pretty and melodious. Among them I remember Maritză, Paraskéva, Lianka, Zinka, &c. The graceful national costume, although rapidly falling into disuse, especially with the young people, and indeed never seen in what is called society, was frequently worn on these occasions, slightly modified. On Sundays, also, I was often struck with its picturesque beauty, as I saw the fresh and smiling faces of those whom it adorned, coming forth from the white church in the midst of the flowering acacias. I leave it for your readers to decide if any fashion plate compares with this graceful attire of one of our belles of the *Mahala de la Stella*.

The apartment which had drawn me into its magic circle was quite simply furnished. The illumination which had struck me as so brilliant, was produced by four large candlesticks reflected in four mirrors of highly polished steel, with the addition of a handsome three-branched lamp. Two young Bohemians soon entered with refreshments; they were brown



YOUNG GIRL OF THE MAHALA DE LA STELLA.

as Indians, with their large black eyes set in blue enamel. The national dishes of preserved citron, and a delicate preparation of roses, were served in primitive and national style. Two vases were filled with them, from which each guest helped himself to as much as he wished, with a spoon, which was then passed to his neighbor. The other tray had a large glass bowl, containing the pure water of the Dimhowitza, from which all drank as in the days of the patriarchs. As my turn came, a lady smilingly repeated one of the poetical proverbs of the country, respecting this pretty and beloved river. It is very musical in the original, but the translation must suffice: "Sweet Dimhowitza, who



GIPSY CHILDREN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

drinks of thy waters shall leave thee no more." It must be powerful water indeed if it stops my vagabondizings!

I was much struck with the grace and beauty of many of the Bohemian or gipsy children. Two little figures whom I frequently saw filling their *donitzas* with water at the fountain, seemed to me to possess all the quiet grace and repose of the antique, as they balanced the weight of their jars with their extended hands clasped together. The Bohemians, or gipsies, are scattered everywhere through the Principalities. I shall give you a

more lengthened account of them in a future letter.

But I must emerge from the charming seclusion of the Mahala, and again "begin at the beginning," like an orthodox traveler, with some information respecting my present resting-place—the "City of Joy," as its inhabitants like to distinguish it.

Bucharest is nearly two hundred miles from the Black Sea, a little more than fifty from the Danube, and three hundred from Jassi. It lies on a vast plain, with a gentle inclination toward the Dimbo-witza, which passes directly through the

city in many graceful windings. It occupies sufficient space for a large number of inhabitants, but the population is by no means so great as it appears, on account of the gardens and public places which surround nearly every residence. Most of the houses have all their apartments upon the ground floor. They are built in this manner because of the earthquakes which occur so frequently in these countries. For the same reason few of them are elegantly constructed.

The streets are generally unnamed and unpaved; they are long, narrow, and crooked, and revoltingly filthy at all times. Instead of pavements, most of them are roughly laid with planks, under which channels have been constructed to carry away the water and impurities of the city; but these wretched conduits are almost always obstructed. You think nothing can exceed the disagreeable uncleanness of the city in winter, until you find it in summer with the additional aggravation of whirlwinds of dust. It is not extravagant to say that it is often ankle-deep; few, however, ever measure it in this manner, for in Bucharest feet are luxuries, carriages are absolute necessities. No respectable person is ever seen in the streets of the city on foot, any more than without clothes. The human being was not more inseparable from the quadruped in the fabulous *centaur*, than is respectability from an equipage in this community. A moderate income is obliged to support one vehicle, and often two. During my stay here I have seen no one on foot in the streets, except the beggars and gipsies; but you may frequently see the occupants of such houses as your day-laborers would despise, alighting from one kind of a carriage in winter, and another in summer. People are supplied with two or three equipages here, as among you they furnish themselves with the same number of boots or shoes. They are the grand ambition of life, and, as in countries older in civilization, the great aim in the possession of an equipage is to eclipse some rival in the display of vehicle or steed. The Albanian breed is valued most highly, and is only at the command of the most wealthy. The coachman, in his ragged and filthy garments, seems perched on his seat purposely to display to better advantage the elegant form and gorgeous caparisons of the horses, which are covered

from head to foot with silk and cashmere, elaborately ornamented with gold, silver, and gems. There are fashionable drives for the display of all this extravagance, and they are usually thronged. Next to theatrical displays and gaming, the drive is the most serious employment of the Bucharians. Games of chance are frequently pursued with a passion amounting to frenzy; more than one nobleman has lost his entire fortune in a single evening's play.

The indolence of the Moldo-Wallachians is proverbial; they prefer repose to everything. Nowhere have I found such an utter aversion for the proper use of the pedal extremities. But a better day is coming. A few of the streets are already paved; more examples will follow when their superiority is seen. Carriages will become a luxury for the vain and wealthy alone; and Bucharest, the City of Joy, receding still further from Asia in its progress, will receive a new impetus toward the civilization of Europe, when her citizens can tread her streets without disgrace.

A great point has already been attained in the destruction of the dogs with which the city was formerly infested. One of my countrymen who visited it in 1835, stated their numbers at thirty thousand. Unfed and homeless, their battles were, of course, perpetual. Woe to the unfortunate whelp who secured a bone for his private repast. He was immediately the object of attack from troops of starving curs, with inflamed eyes and foaming mouths, and with whom the victory was a matter of life or death. Everything fled before these tyrants of the streets. The authorities of the city were at last obliged to attempt some remedy, and a few paras were offered for every carcass. The Bohemians, to whom the calling seemed a natural one, armed with long sticks pointed with iron, entered upon their duties at five o'clock in the morning, and pursued them until mid-day. The carnage was dreadful, but it resulted in the relief of the city from the grievous evil under which it had so long suffered.

As in most eastern and Russian cities, each trade has a particular quarter assigned to it. The quarter of *Leipsikani* is occupied by traders whose supplies come from the annual fair of *Leipsic*. There is also the bazaar of the *bacans* or gro-

cers; the *sarafs*, or bakers; the *kajokars*, or fur-dealers; the *abadji*, or clothiers; the *zerkenkauls*, or toy-shops; the *mat-chelars*, or butchers; the *kofetars*, confectioners; the *skaoumelé*, or musicians. Jews also have their department, called *ovrai*, which has no communication whatever with those of the Armenians, Servians, Bulgarians, German and French, who surround them.

The most obvious characteristic of Bucharest is the inequality which marks its buildings. Its elegant public edifices are side by side with miserable hovels. In this respect it bears no resemblance to the European cities which it endeavors to imitate. The diversity of costumes is also very striking to a stranger, even to those who have been accustomed to the various garbs of a Russian city. Here it is not unfrequent for the father to preserve the national costume, while the youngsters of the family adopt the European fashions. The French language is generally taught, precisely as the classics are made a part of education in your schools; it is also the general language of polite circles; its use and the recognized forms of French society and French mode, are exclusively adopted by the aristocracy. It is as yet, however, quite impossible to ingraft the taste and cultivation of western Europe upon this odd *melange* of population, just emerging from eastern barbarism and obscurity.

Among other objects attractive to a stranger in Bucharest is the hospital of Coltza, with its ruined tower, which was built in 1715, by the soldiers of Charles XII., of Sweden. It will be remembered that this "Madman of the North" took refuge, with a remnant of his troops, in Turkey, after his defeat by the Russians. His heroic pranks while here perplexed the grave Turks with profound astonishment. They called him the *Demirbash*, or the "Iron Headed." Tradition still speaks of his whimsical but courageous feats, and this monument of the presence of his troops is regarded with special interest by natives as well as travelers.*

* Charles, while living in Turkey, on the hospitality of the sultan, had a freakish quarrel with the authorities, and actually defied the whole military force. His officers and ministers, his chaplain bowing before him, supplicated him not to sacrifice them by his rashness; but he fortified his house, and, as Voltaire says:

Besides this relic the visitor will find at Bucharest several interesting structures, such as the Convent of St. George, the Khan of Mahmoudk Bey, an immense caravansary, of two stories, with a double balcony in its interior; the Museum of Antiquities and Natural History, the College of St. Sava, &c., &c. It possesses also a library of some six or eight thousand volumes, and is rich in oriental manuscripts.

Instead of wearying myself with the details of these charitable and scientific establishments, true to my instincts, I preferred making my observations in the *Mahalas*, upon the habits, costumes, and manners of the poorer classes. Their habitual food consists of a porridge made from coarse wheat or other grain. They scarcely ever taste animal food of any kind. Notwithstanding the affectation of European and more particularly French manners by the wealthier classes, the character of the people is decidedly oriental, and many of the formal manners of the Arabian knights are still retained in their social intercourse. When a lady enters a saloon she kisses the brow of the mistress of the house; a young girl drops gracefully upon one knee and presses her lips upon the hand of the hostess, presenting her cheek as she rises. Smoking is evidently the chief business of the sterner sex. Upon the entrance of a visitor, a chibouque is brought by a slave, from which the master of the house draws a few whiffs and then offers it to his guest.

"*Il se défend avec quarante domestiques contre une armée,*"—"He defended himself with forty domestics against an army." The Turks sent a delegation of venerable janissaries to entreat him to yield. He would not see them, but sent them word that unless they left the mansion he would cut off their beards. They retired in amazement, saying, "Ah, the Head of Iron, if he will perish, let him perish!" The army, with ten cannon, bore down upon the house, the janissaries penetrated its chambers, but as Charles opened a door with his little force, "the Turks," says Voltaire, "burdened with booty, were so struck at the appearance of the strange man whom they had so much wondered at, that they threw away their arms, leaped out of the windows, or hid themselves in the cellars." In less than fifteen minutes the crazy king and his crew killed two hundred of the Turks from his windows. They had, at last, to burn him out. He dashed in among them, cutting right and left. The account of the scene in Voltaire, is exceedingly amusing. Don Quixote never equaled the feat.



THE TOWER OF COLTEA.

When this ceremony is finished, he claps his hands three times, a servant appears with coffee, *deubchatz* and rose water. Immediately after they separate, often without a word being spoken by either party. You smile, incredulously, perhaps! But "it is a fact and no mistake," as you Yankees say.

Public and private entertainments are conducted on a scale of great magnificence. I attended a soiree given by a lady of the city, that rivaled royalty itself in splendor. The guests were introduced into a vast saloon, which was filled like a conservatory with the rarest exotic flowers; and flowering-shrubs, and even trees were waving in the breath of an invisible ventilation. Intoxicating perfumes floated on the air, while fluttering among the thick clusters of myrtle, cactus, honey-suckle, and jasmine, were innumerable tamed birds, of brilliant plumage, warbling their sweetest melodies amid this fairy scene. Two Albanian servants in the richest costume opened and closed the door at each arrival. The lordly *boyards* (noblemen) reposed on the divans with the indispensable chibouque; the young people sauntered about talking French, while the magnificently dressed

mammas discussed that theme of endless interest—the fashions.

At eight o'clock five slaves entered bearing massive silver vases, which contained rose-water and a delicate extract of vanilla, designed for the ablution of the hands. These were followed by five others, who presented each of the guests with a napkin of the finest linen of the Crimea, elaborately embroidered in silk and gold. A moment after the doors were thrown open, revealing the dining-hall illuminated with three hundred wax candles, the light of which was dazzlingly reflected by the crystals and silver that covered the tables. Fifty-two guests were seated at this sumptuous repast, which was served quite in the French style, save that the order of dishes was reversed, commencing with salad and closing with soup. Several of the national dishes were furnished on the occasion—the *meisch-spisen*, a pastry of the utmost delicacy cooked with fruit something like fritters; *sarmates*, balls of meat roasted and enveloped in young vine leaves, fresh eggs served with wine, and mutton covered with *deulchatz*. Native and foreign wines were abundant. The four quarters of the globe contributed to furnish the

dessert with every imaginable luxury. During the entire repast, numerous servants busily plied large feather fans, that the guests might remain undisturbed by gnats and flies, which infest these climates. Such is high life in Bucharest!

I must not close these rambling remarks without attempting some description of one of my first adventures in Bucharest, with a sense of gratitude that I am alive to tell the tale. One morning I awoke after a night of profound sleep, and rubbing my eyes, bethought myself that a bath would not be amiss. I went forth to inquire for one. The Turkish and Wallachian baths are both patronized here, and as I had heard the latter highly extolled, I determined to test them. They are situated in a disagreeable quarter of the city called Leipsikani; the building which incloses them resembles an immense bee-hive, and I walked three times around it without finding the entrance. A kind of trap-door was then discovered by the friend who accompanied me, somewhat similar to those by which cellars are protected in country towns. Having raised it, we descended eight steps, and found ourselves in the center of a round hall, perhaps a hundred feet in circumference. Its walls were of rose-colored marble, spotted with blue; its pure white pavement was also of marble; and the whole area was surrounded with a kind of divan, comfortably cushioned. The light, dimmed by the thick vapor through which it passes, is only admitted by a circular window, about a foot in diameter, of concave and convex glass, inserted in the freestone dome. This is supported by eight granite pillars, each of them containing tubes through which the water of as many different degrees of heat falls into the same number of marble vases. I also discovered more than "seven sleepers" stretched around apparently in as profound a slumber as is generally ascribed to those mythical personages.

Utter silence reigned over the luxurious scene, and I was inquiring of myself if we had not wandered into the kingdom of the gnomes, when my companion clapped his hands, and immediately there appeared before us, as if he had sprung out of the earth at our feet, a little figure, crooked as *Æsop*, bearded like a fawn, and covered with the most curious habiliments. Again I appealed to myself, with

as little prospect of a satisfactory reply, if this was not one of the genii of the Thousand and One Nights.

"*Silam alekoum*," said the strange figure, (which being interpreted is, I salute you,) bowing his odd little form to the ground very good humoredly.

He now clapped his misshapen hands, accompanying the motion with a chuckling sound. Two servants answered these summons; their skins were yellow and dry as parchment, their eyes were dull and deep set, they were dressed like pugilists, and appeared large, strong, and young enough to sustain the character. Our presence was a sufficient explanation of our wishes, and without a word, one hand was laid upon our neck, and in a twinkling we were completely divested of every article of clothing by the other. One of them then placed wooden slippers, about six inches in height, upon our feet, while the other wound three or four yards of gray cloth about our forms; turbans completed our equipment for the bath.

We were now conducted to a small arched closet, the temperature of which was a little more than tepid. The water flowed over the warm pavement from every side, and escaped by a channel in the wall. We remained here but about two minutes, and were then taken to an apartment, a little larger than the first, arched in the same manner, and furnished with three large scallop-shells, each supplied with water still warmer than the other from tubes continually overflowing the receptacles, and filling the space with so condensed and penetrating an odor, that I nearly fainted.

At the end of ten minutes, which appeared like so many ages, one of the servants opened the door of a third apartment, larger than either of the two preceding ones, in the midst of which I was thrust, without the slightest explanation from our silent attendants; my companion also submitted with martyr-like-composure to the same fate. I immediately came to the conclusion that this was a furnace where people were burned alive. I made an effort to remonstrate, but in vain; my voice was lost in my throat, my knees trembled, my head swam, and I sank down in utter helplessness. In a few seconds my chest dilated and natural respiration was resumed. I opened my eyes to ascertain my true position. In the midst of

the apartment, which was a vast amphitheater with vaulted arches so skillfully cemented that they seemed cut from the solid granite, was a large circular basin which represented a wheel; the water, spouting from the center and divisions, formed a fountain of distinct compartments, furnished by eight brass tubes with mouths of girasol—a gem resembling the opal. Four of these compartments were occupied by bathers, whose purpled visages were expressive of the most blissful beatitude. Wishing to share their enjoyment, I looked round, and finding that the attendants had disappeared, like a child in the absence of his master, I darted with one bound into the deceitful fountain. Fatal imprudence! I paid dearly for my impatient curiosity.

These compartments are heated by subterranean conduits, the temperature of the water varying in each. In my precipitation, ignorant that it was necessary to pass from one to the other of the graduated baths, I had plunged my limbs into the hottest basin, the temperature of which was sixty-four degrees Reaumur, only six less than the spring of Neidubrum, in which the villagers boil eggs.

It is useless to add that I sprang out quite as soon as I had sprang in, with an exclamation that excited the hilarity of my fellow-bathers, whose mirth was only increased by the sight of my legs, which were as red as well-boiled lobsters.

Quite infuriated, I called my attendant; no sound answered my voice save a sad and hoarse echo. I attempted to escape, notwithstanding my ridiculous figure; but the door was firmly clasped. My strength had returned after a few moments of faintness; but it was now again deserting me, and though I was not frightened, these transitions were certainly far from agreeable. Firmly persuaded that twenty-four hours of this discipline would reduce a man to his original elements, I attentively examined my companions, and they seemed to me gradually shriveling up in the misty atmosphere which enveloped them. Yet I could not but admit that their silence appeared to proceed from their ecstatic enjoyment. I came to the conclusion that the ineffable delights of this voluptuous bath could only be enjoyed after long experience.

My meditations were, however, interrupted by the opening of the door and the

reappearance of the bayaches, or servants. One of them bore a bowl of clay, in which he dissolved some rose perfumed soap; the other unfolded a package of coarse cloth. The latter made a sign expressive of his desire for me to extend myself upon a marble table, and I obeyed with the utmost docility, for I assure you I had been thoroughly subdued; he then dipped his cloth in the soapy water, and with it rubbed my face and the entire surface of my body. The second bayache now seized me firmly by the neck and legs in order to prevent me from kicking, while the other rubbed my back and breast with hair gloves; then lifting me up, as if I had been a feather, he laid me at full length in the first compartment of the fountain. After being thoroughly rinsed in this from the soap with which I was pasted from head to foot, I passed successively through the seven others, until I reached the one where I had been so cruelly scalded. It was now quite as endurable as the others, though its temperature remained the same.

I was then again stretched on the table, for the purpose, as it seemed to me, of having all the bones of my body dislocated. To crown the tortures to which I was doomed, one of my executioners turning my face down upon the table, now leaped upon me, and applied his feet with vigorous kicks to my back and loins.

I presume many of these details will seem incredible to you; but you may be assured that I am a faithful chronicler, except that my description must fall short of the reality. For about three minutes I was perfectly convinced that every vertebra in my spine was broken; my terror nearly bereft me of my senses, but upon returning to full consciousness I found the other bayache vigorously rubbing the soles of my feet with pumice stone.

This was the last act in the tragedy; my fate began to brighten, the woolen slippers were replaced upon my feet, the cloth was again wound about my form, and my head was recrowned with the turban. I returned through the small apartments to the common hall, and was given into the hands of the bayache who has special charge of that department. After enveloping me in a warm covering, he rolled me on the divan, precisely as a baker kneads his bread, perfumed me with rose water of the sweetest odor, and contemplated his work in silent complacency.

Our nimble little Æsop now reappeared, bearing a dish of *deulchatz*, a most excellent preserve, which he offered me with numerous and profound bows. I swallowed but a spoonful, as you may well suppose. The bayache spread over me a *pechtewal*, or silk coverlid, surrounded me with soft pillows, replaced my first turban with another of linen, called a *largue*, and nursed me as tenderly as if I was suffering from gout. He then withdrew courteously, recommending me to sleep, which was an entirely superfluous advice.

"Well," said my friend, after an hour of the most profound slumber, "how do you feel?"

"Indeed," I replied, panting, "these baths are by no means as bad as might be imagined; my spine is still sound."

Our dwarf again appeared, this time with two long lighted chibouques. We smoked and prepared to depart. I can give you no idea of the agreeable sensations which diffused themselves through my entire frame—the elasticity of my limbs—the vigor of my nerves. I was full of courage, and ready to fight with Hercules.

And what do you suppose was the whole expense of all the boiling, roasting, beating, kicking, sleeping, smoking, &c., through which we had passed?—just one *zwanzig*, less than a "York shilling!"

Thus have I introduced you, in my desultory way, to the life of the Bucharian Mahalas, the festivities of the upper class, and the beatitudes of the bath. Enough for the present. *Au revoir*.

LOVE AND CHANGE.

THE CLOUD.

Love stood before me in my youth's fresh prime.
 "Life's hill is steep," he said; "the way is long;
 Be Love thy guide! Love's heart is bold and strong,
 Love's truth triumphant over Death and Time."
 O! very fair was Love, and sweeter far
 His voice than any bird's—my soul did seem
 Touch'd by an angel in a silver dream,
 Sent down from regions of the morning star.
 I turn'd to follow, but, austere and strange,
 Another voice cried "Pause!" whereat a wail
 Broke from me—lo! sweet Love wax'd wan and pale,
 And dark, behind him, lower'd the shadow,
 Change.
 That sterner voice was Truth's, for now I know
 Change followeth Love wherever he doth go.

THE "SILVER LINING."

"Poor child!" truth murmur'd, "thou dost shrink to see
 Love thus companion'd; on thine ear doth ring
 The grand 'forever' that the seraphs sing
 In the heavens only. Love that melody
 Hath dream'd; nor questioneth, nor doubteth he,
 But chanteth loud and strong, yet pauseth oft,
 And . . . ceaseth soon. Poor child! the clouds,
 aloft,
 Are just as stable—yet some grace must be
 Hid in that sorrow; with meek hands uplift
 The shroud and search; behold! how, one by one,
 Life's feeble loves die out, like flowers in the drift
 Of the first snow; grief lingers, but anon,
 By faith transfigured, sets the whole heart free,
 To clasp a love whose term's eternity."

GRIEF.

I could not lift that pall—my heart was full,
 Mine eyes o'erflow'd—Life's glory seem'd to grow
 A shadowy semblance and a mocking show;
 Dull grew the earth—the sky, all leaden dull.
 O Love! I cried—O Love, the beautiful!
 O Love, the joy o' the heart, the light o' the eyes!
 Thou hast undone me with thy witcheries.
 O fair, false Love! a pitiless hand doth pull
 Thy mask off, and behold, Decay hath shed
 Dust on thy lip and ashes on thy head.
 O Death, unbar thy door! my soul doth pine
 To enter in—and thou, the one, divine,
 True Love, uplift me, where the sweet heavens ring,
 With that "forever" which the seraphs sing.

RESIGNATION.

The river flow'd in music to the sea,
 The summer wind its wild, sweet tune began;
 The little field-mice in the furrows ran;
 From out the flower-bells buzz'd the wandering bee.
 A calm sank on my soul. This misery
 Of loss and change, I said, all life doth bear,
 Nor riseth in revolt, nor in despair
 Doth languish. God is very strong, and we,
 In rash rebellion, but as sapling trees,
 That front the lightning; I will lift that pall,
 And bow me where the deathly shade doth fall,
 And scan, with patient heart, those mysteries;
 If haply I may find—O! sweet and strange—
 God's Love enfolded in God's bitter Change!

A GREAT MAN is, in fact, the instrument of Divine providence. Hence all great men have been, more or less, fatalists. The error is in the form, not in the substance of the thought. They are conscious of immense power, and, not being able to attribute its possession to any merit of their own, they attribute it to a superior power, whose instruments they are, and which makes use of them for its own ends.—*V. Cousin*.

PLYMOUTH, THE PILGRIMS AND PURITANS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

A GOOD name is no mean inheritance—for, strive as we will, we are not able to separate ourselves from the glory or shame of our ancestors; but while not insensible to "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," prized so highly by our transatlantic contemporaries, we, Americans, are well content to forego the tracing of lineage at that great landmark of liberty, Plymouth Rock.*

The Pilgrim Fathers! What brave-hearted and great-hearted pioneers those words conjure up! Hardly a pulse is there among their millions of descendants, now speaking one language, and carrying a liberal literature to the farthest parts of the world, that does not thrill at the mention of those words. Thoroughly grounded in the right, as they understood it, they were reliable as the rock on which they first planted their feet, and, like it, unyielding. Pious, even to austerity, they fetched out of their own souls, which were, in fact, set on edge with zeal for God, the intolerance which ended in persecution. Not by the larger light which has come into the world since their day must we judge them, but rather by their own standards; and thus judging, we trace their hardest dealings to personal sanctity, and are ready to say—

"Even their failings lean'd to virtue's side."

Pilgrims we may well call those heroic refugees, who, leaving not only native homes, but what seemed to them all the world, planted themselves in the wilderness, believing that in its awful and solemn shadows God could hear them and Gabriel could find them. In the legends of romance, or the chronicles of history, no event, perhaps, takes precedence of their curious emigration for singularity of origin or pregnancy of result.

* It is estimated that only about one-third of our present European population is of Puritan origin.



It is believed that a condensation of the history of this handful of sectaries who, in the frail little May-Flower, landed on our shores in 1620, and of the Puritans, shortly following, will not be found uninteresting to a majority of readers; for it is only with a few great facts of their history that most of us are familiar. We are all ready at once to throw over them a mantle of pride and veneration, long enough and broad enough to cover whipping-posts, ducking-stools, witch trials, hanging ropes and all, without stopping to inquire into details.

Unlike our Puritan ancestors, we have become a race of dreamers and reliers upon hearsay—they *knew* things, and never doubted that they knew; having once fixed a standard there was no question about its perfection, and wo to the dissenter who was too long or too short for its measurement—there was no way but that he must be stretched out, or cramped down to fit it.

The name *Puritan* was bestowed in derision, by adherents of the Church of England, on a little band of dissenters, on account of their profession of superior piety—of following the pure word of God in opposition to all traditions and human institutions.

The Puritans, on the accession of Elizabeth, resolved to extirpate the last vestige of popery from the English Church, and introduce the practices of the continental reformers. And here began a struggle between those entrenched in the high places of the Church, and maintaining the royal supremacy, and the lesser and more reformatory party. Both were alike con-

scientious, and alike prepared to endure or to inflict punishment, even to death, if thereby their opponents might be silenced. The high Church party had the advantage of numbers and of entrenchment in royal favor; but the Puritans had an indomitable firmness, and a scathing zeal, which enabled them to dare their prelatist foes, and set themselves as one against a thousand.

Fines, prisons, and death, were the portions of the Puritans during the reign of Elizabeth. James had been educated a Presbyterian, and had written in defense of the doctrine, and the Puritans expected toleration, at least, from his ascendancy of the throne; but they were destined to disappointment. He had suffered at the hands of both Puritans and Presbyterians, and hated both alike—he saw the principles of Knox and Calvin tended to republicanism, and that the bishops were allied to monarchy. The Puritans became Separatists, assuming, day by day, a gloomier and more austere demeanor, and receding in politics as well as religion further and further from the Established Church. At length the Separatists began to contend for larger liberties—the power of appointing their own officers, and performing all the functions of self-government with absolute independence of all foreign control.

Worn with toil and suffering, a society composed of artisans, whose names are still preserved in authentic documents, met toward the close of the sixteenth century, in the house of one Roger Ripon, in Southwark, to spend their Sabbaths in expositions of the Bible and in prayer. The names of the martyrs, Henry Barrow, John Greenwood, and John Penry, are connected with this society. At one time, a majority of the members of the Church being in bonds, meetings were held in prison, through the connivance of the jailor.

Other associations of similar character, were at the same time in other parts of the kingdom, reading and exhorting by stealth. At the dying request of the martyr, Penry, a conference was held among the brethren to take measures for some plan whereby they should depart in a body to some distant country; but with no immediate success. Subsequent sufferings, however, resulted in the *May-Flower*, which landed at what is now the pleasant little town of Plymouth, on a bay of the same name, about forty miles from Boston,

some men and women, who received their principles from the Pilgrim martyrs, and were "seasoned with the seeds of grace and virtue." There a solid groundwork received them, and the greatest commonwealth which the world has ever known was established, but not without the encounter of new difficulties.

Formidable enough was the aspect of things to those weary men and women come to seek shelter and repose. "The ground (I quote from White's Brief Relation) was covered with snow a foot deep, and they being without habitations, and having among them divers women and children, no marvel if they lost some of their company; it may be wondered how they saved the rest." "After having passed over the difficulties that usually encounter new planters, (says the same author,) they began to subsist in a reasonably comfortable manner, and after a year's experience or two of the soil and inhabitants, sent home tidings of their well-being there, which occasioned other men to take knowledge of the place, and to take it into consideration."

It is hard for us to estimate the "deep and bitter concern" it must have cost our conscientious ancestors to leave their iron-bound wains and yokes of oxen, friends and kindred; everything but rectitude, and faith in God—that was best and dearest to them—and especially with no prospect of bettering their condition in anything but religious liberty. So far from amendment, they had prospectively the severest poverty, the hardest toil to encounter, the cruelty of a savage foe, and the famine and sickness incident to a strange and uncultivated land. These things awaited them so surely as the perils of the ocean were overpast. Our steam-vessels, with all their splendid appointments and ingenious contrivances to master time and subdue danger, give us very inaccurate notions of the old ships known to the colonists. "At James's accession, there were not above four hundred vessels in England of four hundred tons burden. In their build, though very picturesque, they were tub-like and clumsy—the shape of the hull being very broad-bottomed and capacious, while the lofty cabins, built up fore and aft on deck, must have caused them to roll heavily in bad weather. This style has now become obsolete in Europe, but may still be seen in the Arab vessels



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in the Red Sea and the Levant." The cut which we give is supposed very nearly to resemble the *May-Flower*.

As long as our language exists, the name of this little vessel will live too, and so will the names of some of those who adventured in it life, and all that was dearer than life, and sought in the great strange wilderness freedom to worship God, and ground wherein their bones might be buried.

The annexed description of his own feelings on leaving home, and of the wonder of his neighbors, is quoted from Bradford himself, the early governor of Plymouth colony:—

"Being thus constrained to leave their native country, their lands and livings, and all their friends and familiar acquaintance—it was much—and thought marvelous by many. But to go into a country they knew not but by hearsay, where they must learn a new language, and get their livings they knew not how, it being a dear place and subject to the miseries of war, it was by many thought an undertaking almost desperate—a case intolerable, and a misery worse than death—especially seeing they were not acquainted with trades nor traffic, (by which the country doth subsist,) but had only been used to a plain country life, and the innocent trade of husbandry."

And he concludes by saying:—

"These things did not dismay them, for their desires were set on the ways of God, and to enjoy his ordinances; they rested in his providence, and knew whom they had believed."

And what a beautiful example this resting of theirs in divine protection has bequeathed to us! Softly the winds were

tempered to their shorn lambs, and the stony hills of New-England, under their culture, speedily blossomed as the rose.

Theirs was no half-way trust, and theirs were no shivering souls that sought to wrap themselves in the pious mantles of Papal pretensions—warmed by the fire of zeal, they encased themselves in what seemed to them the armor of righteousness, and did battle mightily against the arch-enemy in whatever shape he appeared to them to assume. If they met his pride in the starch of a ruff, it was straightway broken—if they recognized his lures in the pranking of a Maypole, they stripped off the garlands, mindless of the sharp pricking of their own fingers; for they were no less brave in endurance than severe in infliction. They would have dashed themselves on the stones which they cast at dissenters, if they could have thought themselves other than instruments in the hands of God.

Having put their hands to the plow there was no looking back—only a steady and firm going forward; and whatever objects opposed, must be torn up root and branch, or wrenched away, or burned up in the fire. No matter what cares oppressed them, or what enemies beset them, the main object of their lives, the propagation of the gospel, was never lost sight of. "Only let us not be wanting on our parts, now that we are called to this work of the Lord's," writes Cradock, Governor of the "Company for the Plantation of Massachusetts Bay," to his worshipful friend, Endicott. I cannot but wish this good governor's estimate of tobacco were a little more popular in our day. If it could have been foreseen that in after times even the meeting-houses would be defiled by reason of it, doubtless the growing of it would have been prohibited altogether, even with the "necessity consideration" involved. In the letter already quoted from, Governor Cradock says:—

"The course you have taken in giving our countrymen their content in the point of raising tobacco there for the present (their necessity considered) is not disallowed; but we trust in God other means will be found to employ their time more comfortable and profitable also in the end; and we cannot but generally approve and commend their good resolution to desist from the planting thereof, whenas they shall discover how to employ their labors otherwise; which we hope they will be speedily induced unto by such precepts and examples as we shall give them."

But though averse to the raising of tobacco, and provident in the wisdom of the serpent as regarded trust in the fidelity of the "salvages," mere worldly interests were a secondary thing; and while wary in their trust of the "salvages," they were careful to make plentiful provision of good ministers; by whose faithful preaching, godly conversation, and exemplary life, they trusted to reduce them to obedience.

To *reduce*, and not to persuade, was the method of procedure at the planting of the colonies, and we find the council styled the "Council of the Massachusetts Bay," authorized to exclude from certain privileges which had been obtained, from the "especial grace of His Majesty, with great cost, favor of personages of note, and much labor"—"all persons, but such as were peacemakers, and of honest life and conversation, and desirous to conform themselves to good order and government." The annexed quotation from the aforementioned company's letter of general instruction to Endicott and his council, shows how strictly the growth of religious difference was guarded against. Thus:—

"Mr. Ralph Smith, a minister, hath desired passage in our ships; which was granted him before we understood of his difference in some things from our ministers. But his provisions for the voyage being shipped before notice was taken thereof, through many occasions wherewith those intrusted with this business have been employed; and forasmuch as from hence it is feared there may grow some distraction among you if there should be any siding, and that the worst may grow from different judgments; we have, therefore, thought fit to give you this order, that unless he will be conformable to our government, you suffer him not to remain within the limits of our grant."

It further appears from the colony records of the court proceedings of the time, that "Ralph Smith was required to give, under his hand, that he would not exercise his ministry within the limits of the patent without express leave of the governor upon the spot." With regard to Sabbath keeping, we quote from the same letter of instruction:—

"And to the end the Sabbath may be celebrated in a religious manner, we appoint that all that inhabit the plantation, both for the general and for particular employments, may surcease their labor every Saturday throughout the year at three of the clock in the afternoon; and that they spend the rest of that day in catechising and preparation for the Sabbath, as the ministers shall direct."

Mather informs us that John Cotton began the Sabbath the evening before, for which keeping of the Sabbath from evening to evening, he wrote arguments before his coming to New-England—so the practice appears to have been introduced from abroad. It doubtless originated in the injunction in Leviticus—"From even unto even shall you celebrate your Sabbaths." The Jewish Sabbath (Saturday) began at six o'clock of our Friday, and the preparation for it at three in the afternoon. There appear to have been different opinions as to the length of time to be kept sacred, and in reference to it Hooker says:—

"The question touching the beginning of the Sabbath is now on foot among us, hath once been spoken to, and we are to give in our arguments, each to the other, so that we may ripen our thoughts concerning that truth, and if the Lord will, it may more fully appear."

We find no record of summer vacations among the ministers of those times. No time was out of season, and sometimes no choice as to the field of their labor seems to have been given them; and that there might be no difference about the appointing one to be minister to those sent to inhabit at Massachusetts Bay, we will have you (say the instructions) "make choice of one of three by lot; and on whom the lot shall fall, he shall go with his family to perform the work."

The professions appear to have been less accessible in the olden time than now-a-days, inasmuch as the wholesome requisite of some sort of capability was desired on the part of the applicant. The following, throwing some light on this matter, is extracted from the "Letter of General Instruction to Endicott and his Council," previously quoted from:—

"We have entertained Lambert Wilson, chirurgeon, to remain with you in the service of the plantation; with whom we are agreed that he shall serve this company, and the other planters that live in the plantation, three years, and in that time apply himself to cure not only of such as came from hence for general and particular accounts, but also for the Indians, as from time to time he shall be directed by yourself or your successor, and the rest of the council. And, moreover, he is to educate and instruct one or more youths in his art, such as you and said council shall appoint, that may be helpful to him, and if occasion serve, succeed him in the plantation; which youth or youths, fit to learn that profession, let be placed with him; of which Mr. Hugeson's son, if his father approve thereof, may be one, the rather

because he hath been trained up in literature; but if not he, then such other as you shall fittest most fittest."

John Hugeson became a minister, and not a "chirurgion," and died in Salem, in 1780, aged ninety-two years, and having preached more than seventy years.

That "ill weeds might be nipt before they took too deep a head," Endicott was directed to take special care in the settling of families, that the head of each should be grounded in religion, and to have a watchful eye to the performance of morning and evening family duties. It was esteemed a business worthy of his best endeavors to look into this, and, if need were, make some an example to all the rest; else, say the advisers, "our government will be esteemed a scarecrow." "Our desire," they continue, "is to use lenity all that may be, but, in case of necessity, not to neglect the other, knowing that correction is ordained for the fool's back."

The necessity of labor, which should be the privilege, as well as duty of us all, but which has sadly fallen into disrepute in modern times, is enjoined thus urgently:—

"And we heartily pray you that all be kept to labor, as the only means to reduce them to civil, yea, a godly life, and to keep youth from falling into many enormities, which by nature we are all too much inclined unto."

"And God, who alone is able and powerful, enable you to this great work, and grant that our chiefest aim be his glory."

So endeth the first Letter of Instruction from the loving friends of Endicott, "the Governor and Deputy of the New-England Company for a Plantation at Massachusetts Bay."

In a subsequent letter of instructions from the London company to the planters, they are put in mind to be very circumspect in the beginning to settle some good orders, whereby all persons resident in the colony should apply themselves to some calling or other, and no idler be permitted to live among them; for if care was taken at the first, it was thought a world of disorders would be prevented, and many grievous sins and sinners kept out of the world.

Ay me, even with their severe regulations, they found it a hard task to keep drones and idlers out of their midst. The keeping of a daily register in every family was prescribed, so that what was

done by each member of the family might show for itself, and be a help to them, or a remembrance of good works to posterity.

It is to be regretted that none of these registers have been preserved—it would be curious to the fashionable ladies now-a-days to note the daily employments of the women of the olden times. For all derelict in duty, severe punishments were proposed, and those to be inflicted at once and in public.

Among other ains, say the advisers, "we pray you make some good laws for the punishment of swearers." This was enjoined, if comfort or blessing from God was expected on the plantation. Many who sought of the company to come over were refused, even when they had been at "great charges" with them, on account of their pernicious practices. But over and beyond their temporal comfort, they looked steadily to the glory of God.

Some temperance measures appear to have been taken chiefly with regard to the salvages, as to the strong waters sent for sale. Public and exemplary punishment was recommended for him who exceeded in that inordinate kind of drinking, so much as to become drunk. As to the raising of tobacco, we find repeated instructions for its discouragement. Care was advised to be taken that none was planted by new planters, unless in small quantities for mere necessity and for physic, and for preservation of health; and that the same were only taken privately by ancient men.

Notwithstanding all the hardships and trials which accompanied the new heritage, and all the sacrifice of accustomed comforts, the planters seem to have been more than satisfied. From Francis Higginson's account of "the earth of New-England, and all the appurtenances thereof," I transcribe the following:—

"It is a land of divers and sundry sorts all about Massachusetts Bay, and at Charles River is as fat black earth as can be seen anywhere; and in other places you have clay-soil and sandy soil. The form of the earth here in the superficies of it is neither too flat in the plainness, nor too high in the hills, but partakes of both in a mediocrity, and is fit for pasture or for plow, or meadow ground, as men please to employ it. Though all the country be, as it were, a thick wood for the general, yet in divers places there is much ground cleared by the Indians; and I am told that about three miles from us, a man may stand on a little hilly place

and see divers thousands of acres of as good ground as need to be, and not a tree in the same. It is thought here is good clay to make brick, and tiles, and earthen pots, as need be."

The author goes on to say there was plenty of slate in the Isle of Slate, and lime-stone, free-stone, and smooth stone, and iron stone, and marble stone, in such store that they had great rocks of it. He expresses great hope too of minerals, though no trial had been made in the soil, the fertility of which, he says, "is to be admired at in the abundance of grass that groweth everywhere, both very thick, very long, and very high, in divers places." "It is scarce to be believed," he continues, "how our kine and goats, horses and hogs, do thrive and prosper here, and like this country." It is strange that we find no despondency for the hard portion they found—no regret for all they had left—all they saw was good, and they believed that greater blessings which they did not see awaited them. "Our plantation," writes the same author, "already yields us a quart of milk for a penny, and the abundant increase of corn proves the country to be a wonderment. Yea, Joseph's increase in Egypt is outstripped here with us."

The cheerful, the almost exultant spirit in the records of these devoted worthies affords a pleasing and faith-inspiring contemplation. We cannot read their history without having our belief in the efficacy of prayer increased, our religious trust strengthened and elevated. God seems everywhere to have met the measure of their faith—in the perils of the sea and the famines of the land; pledging us anew, as it were, in their faith, that he walks with us still, and answers those that call on him. But of these things presently. I quote further from Francis Higginson's *New-England*, and the appurtenances thereof. In one place he says:—

"Our governor hath store of green peas growing in his garden, as good as ever I eat in England."

And in another:—



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"This country aboundeth naturally with store of roots of great variety, and good to eat. Our turnips, parsnips, and carrots, are both larger and sweeter than are ordinarily to be found in England. There are also store of pumpkins, cucumbers, and other things of that nature which I know not. Also divers excellent pot-herbs grow abundantly among the grass. Strawberries in their time, and penny-royal, winter-savory, sorrel, brooklime, liverwort, carvel, and water-creases; also leeks and onions, and divers physical herbs. There are also abundance of sweet herbs, delightful to the smell, which I know not; plenty of single damask roses, very sweet, and two kinds of herbs that bear two kinds of flowers, very sweet, which they say are as good to make cordage and cloth as hemp and flax. Excellent vines are here up and down in the woods."

The accompanying cut is designed to illustrate the beautiful may-flower, the pioneer of the sisterhood of blossoms. It answers to the primrose in Old England, starting first to life, and being regarded with a similar affection—the securing of its earliest blossoms bringing, or being supposed to bring, good fortune. We can imagine the children about Plymouth, with a sort of pious superstition, gathering in subdued merriment armfuls of these pretty and fortunate flowers—doubtless



THE ALLYN HOUSE.

from Old England, we performed the same in six weeks and three days."

The governor went aboard ship to meet them, and himself and family were lodged in his house, which he describes as fair and newly built. Not one of the pilgrim houses is left standing now. The Allyn House, a cut of which we here give, is a specimen of the old style, but more spacious perhaps than that in which Higginson was lodged by the governor.

they fringe the grassy covering now of many a trusting and demure maiden, who believed in their marvelous virtues. And who shall say but that faith lends to its object something of the quality with which it believes it to be already endowed.

For myself, it seems to me that we are more indebted to the Puritans for the beautiful examples of faith and trust bequeathed to us, than for their noble independence and resistance of oppression. There was no questioning about chance, and fate, and free-will—they knew no will but God's will; and under the severest afflictions still prayed—"Thy will be done!"

Speaking of a little daughter whom he had lost at sea, Mr. Higginson says:—

"So it was God's will the child died about five of the clock at night, being the first of our ship that was buried in the bowels of the great Atlantic sea."

Writing of a great storm which befell them shortly after the burial, he says, with a simplicity which begets in us confidence in all his curious narrations, "This day Mr. Goff's great dog fell overboard, and could not be recovered."

As they came near the shore, (I speak now of the emigrants of 1630,) abundance of yellow flowers, which they supposed to have come from the low meadows, floated out to meet them, which made them the more anxious to see the New-England paradise.

"Through God's blessing," he says, "our passage was short and speedy; for whereas we had a thousand leagues to sail

We can imagine psalms and thanksgivings going up from beneath that roof for preservation from "maledictions" and the divers perils of the sea, and for the delight which they had received in beholding the wonders of the Lord in the deep, which our author quaintly says, "those who dare not go to their town's end, shall never have the honor to see."

Of their habits during the voyage, he says: "That they constantly served God, morning and evening, by reading and expounding the Scripture—by singing and prayer—and the Sabbath was solemnly kept by adding to the former preaching twice and catechizing." And in great need they kept solemn fasts with gracious effect—and he desires all to take notice that fasting and prayer are as "prevailing" by sea as by land. The ship-master and his company, we are told, "set their watches with singing, and prayer that was not read in a book."

Higginson but exemplifies the general spirit of trust, of piety, of cheerfulness. "Experience doth manifest," he says, "that there is hardly a more healthful place to be found in the world that agreeth better with our English bodies." For himself, he says: "Whereas I did formerly require such drink as was both strong and stale, now I can, and oftentimes do, drink New-England water very well."

Throughout all the chronicles kept by the settlers of Massachusetts Bay, we find the same cheerful piety manifested as has already been exhibited in Master Higgin-

son's report. No lamentings anywhere for the blessings they had foregone, but a constant setting forth of those that were left.

William Wood, in his description of Massachusetts, says: "In an ill sheep year, I have known mutton as dear in Old England, and dearer than goat's flesh is in New-England; which is altogether as good, if fancy be set aside."

Among their other afflictions came pestilence, insomuch that there was scarcely a house where there was not one dead; "but they who survived were not discouraged, but bore God's corrections with humility," remembering always that he had power to raise them up, as well as cast them down.

Of one it is said, "She was a godly virgin, making a comfortable end;" and that the like loss of her had not been sustained; and it is added, without murmur or complaint, "she deserves to be remembered."

"There are graves in other places," writes one, "as well as with us." Of the death of Robert Welden, "a hopeful young gentleman," who had just been chosen captain of a hundred foot, the chronicle says: "he was buried as a soldier, with three volleys of shot;" and in the next sentence a thanksgiving is recorded. On every page of their records our pusillanimity is shamed by their great trust and steady perseverance—remembering always the primary object of their pilgrimage, they paused only to bury their dead, never to mourn.

But to return to the Pilgrims of 1620, for I have been led away from them by the interest attaching to the narratives of their followers.

Early in the morning of the 9th of November, after the sufferings of a crowded passage of sixty-four days, these Pilgrims obtained their first view of the coast of America. Their rejoicing and praising of God we must leave to be imagined. Wonderfully refreshing must have been the sight of the sand-hills covered with scrubby woods and sloping toward the sea, leafless and snow-covered as they were. After being driven about by contrary winds and endangered by shoals, they were anchored safely in Cape Cod harbor.

Before making land, however, they had covenanted and combined themselves together into a civil body-politic for the hon-

oring of their king and country, the advancement of the Christian faith, and the glory of God. This voluntary agreement has been defined by some American writers, "the birth of popular constitutional liberty;" and this has undoubtedly proved the fruit of the tree they planted, although they had no idea of the gigantic growth it was destined to, or of its fruit.

As soon as anchor was cast, parties went ashore to fetch wood and water, and a shallop was fitted for the exploring of the coast, and selecting a suitable place for settlement. This plan was shortly relinquished, in consequence of the shallop proving unworthy; and a party, under the leadership of Captain Miles Standish, volunteered to make an exploration on foot. This was esteemed a service of great peril, and rather permitted, we are informed, than approved. At length, however, sixteen men, armed with musket, sword, and corslet, were put ashore.

They spent the first day in tracking Indians, but were overtaken by night without having encountered any; and kindling a fire, appointed sentinels, and lay down to sleep. The following day they renewed the tracking, but became entangled in thickets, by reason of which their very armor is said to have been literally torn to pieces.

The annexed cut represents the armor of the period, though it is probable our pilgrims had only a corselet and head-piece.



SUIT OF ARMOR.

These explorers appear to have found nothing more worthy of note than some Indian traps, in one of which Captain Standish was caught accidentally, the site of a house, an old ship's kettle, and a basket of Indian corn, which they carried away, intending to reimburse the owners; also, they crossed some graves. Wearily they drew toward the seashore, and were glad to have their signal answered from the ship.

Subsequently, a larger party went out in the boat, which, owing to boisterous winds, could not keep the sea, and the men were forced to wade ashore through water above their knees, and after toilsome marching to encamp for the night in the open air, and exposed to a fall of snow, so that some who afterward died were supposed to have there "taken the original of their deaths." The following day the explorations were renewed, the snow through which they waded, and the wintry woods, making the scene doubly desolate. Their only good fortune seems to have been the finding of a supply of corn. By the third day several were too sick to proceed further, and were accordingly sent back; and shortly the whole party became worn out with the hard toil and discouragement, when ten of the staunchest volunteered to proceed alone; among these were Standish, Carver, Bradford, and Winslow. The cold was intense, and from their great suffering two of the ten were taken ill; the sleet froze over them, and, says the chronicle, they were speedily cased all over in coats of iron.

They met traces of Indians, but encountered none. One night a hideous cry surprised them, and the sentinel cried "To arms!" but having fired off a couple of muskets, nothing more was heard, and the shrieks were supposed to have been wild beasts. This supposition proved untrue, for on the morrow, having prayed, and being about to breakfast, a repetition of the yell burst upon them, followed by a storm of arrows. Standish was the first to fire, and his companions quickly followed with a general discharge of musketry. The sachem stood bravely, but was at length overcome, and wounded fled back into the woods. "The First Encounter" the place of this skirmish is called.

They now betook themselves to the boat, but the sea proved more inhospitable

than the shore. Heavy snow and rain came on, and with the prospect all obscured, "the gale increased, the sea got up, the rudder snapped," and a poor attempt at steering was made with a couple of oars, the waves threatening to swamp them, and the light of a winter day fading from a perilous shore—surely they needed then their great trust. The pilot having called them to be of good cheer, for he beheld the harbor, all sail was strained to get in, when the mast snapped in three places, and the pilot exclaimed, "The Lord be merciful! my eyes never saw this place before." Breakers were just before them, but with wonderful presence of mind the shallop was got about and carried into the harbor with flood tide. Safe from the danger of the sea, night came down upon them, wet, hungry, almost frozen. Fear of the savages kept them for some time in the boat, but so near perishing were they with cold that a few went ashore, and having kindled a fire, were joined by the rest. The place proved to be an uninhabited island, and having looked about they resolved to pass the day there, dry their baggage, and refix their muskets. The next day was Sunday, and sore pressed as they were to join their companions, they remained and observed it with customary solemnity. Monday, sounding the harbor, they found it eligible for shipping, and determined to explore the shores further, and making land, stepped on the rock which has since acquired such celebrity. Here their researches ended, as has been already recorded, and, weighing anchor, they carried back the good news to their friends.

During their exploration, Mistress White gave birth to a son, whom she called Peregrine—the first child born in the colony—and Dorothy, the wife of Bradford, was drowned.

On the 17th of December, the *May-Flower* set sail from Cape Cod Harbor, and the next day anchored in Plymouth Bay, and having called on God for direction, went ashore.

The spot where they resolved to settle was a ridge of high ground which had been cleared and planted with corn some years before. The place, we are told, abounded with "delicate springs" of water, and under the hillside ran "a very sweet brook."

A rude shelter was erected, where the



MAP OF PLYMOUTH BAY.

party set themselves down and began to build houses, and here the town of Plymouth now stands. The Indian name was Accomack. A indicates Plymouth village, B the Town Brook, C Billington Sea, D Captain's Hill, Duxbury; E Clark's Island, F Saquish Head, G Jones' River.

"The Common House," as the first habitation was called, was but twenty feet square, and in it men, women, and children, sick and well, corn, goods and all, were huddled together, until new houses could be built, which was a hard and slow work, so often was it interrupted by alarms of the Indians, by the severity of the weather, and by sickness.

Two of their number soon had the misfortune to lose themselves in the woods, which caused the most painful apprehensions to the rest, and as may be supposed was anything but agreeable to themselves; fear of wild beasts and Indians adding terror to the bitterness of the frost and snow. But it pleased God, to quote their own words, "so to dispose that the beasts came not;" and, after great hardship and fright, they found their way back to the settlement. By the 4th of February, the Common House was as full of beds as they could lie, one beside another; and there, in that rude habitation, and in the strange country to which they had come, the labors of a great number were ended.

Doubly sad must have been the parting of those who had endured so much together—they had reached the promised

land only to learn that here there is no rest for us, and no abiding place.

When the spring came, one half the little band lay asleep on the cliff overhanging the rock where they had so lately landed—side by side they were laid, as they stood in life; and their surviving friends, so far from making tombs, or planting flowers, leveled the sacred earth, and planted corn, in order to conceal their great loss from the Indians, lest, tempted by their weakness, they might fall upon and destroy the little handful of survivors which they were become.

When the spring came round, and the flowers began to appear, a solitary Indian, of noble and fearless carriage, made his appearance one "fair warm" day, and using all the English he knew, bade the pilgrims welcome. He proved communicative, and the settlers obtained some valuable information from him. They entertained him as well as they could, that they might counteract the bad impression which the savages already had of them; and when he departed, gave him some little presents. His name was Samoset, and he often returned with his companions to the settlement, after his solitary adventure. He is described as a man of able body, grave countenance, and spare of speech, and differing in attire from his followers only in that he wore a chain of great white bone beads about his neck. "His face was painted a sad red, like murrey, and he oiled both head and

face so that he looked greasily. All of his followers painted themselves of different colors, yellow, red, and black, and some dressed in skins, and some went naked." Governor Carver is represented as pledging his wild visitors very courteously in strong drinks, which they reciprocated in more potent draughts.

With the warm weather, preparation for the departure of the *May-Flower* was made, and it is strange, in view of all the hardship and suffering, and the losses of friends, brothers, sisters, husbands and wives, that not one sought opportunity to return home, but remained, resolved at all hazards to make homes among the graves of their kindred.

Soon after the departure of the *May-Flower*, Governor Carver, while at work in the field, was taken ill, in a few hours became speechless, and after a few days died. It is said of him that his great care "for the common good shortened his days."

William Bradford, of whom we have previously spoken, was chosen his successor. The first marriage took place May 12th, 1621, and was between Edward Winslow and Susanna White, both of whom had been recently bereaved of their companions. Under ordinary circumstances, this proceeding would have been regarded as an indecency and a scandal; but under the trying circumstances it seems to have been considered exemplary.

The first offense, as recorded in the journal of the governor, is that of John Billington; and was contempt of the captain's lawful command, and opprobrious speeches, for which he was adjudged to have his neck and heels tied together; for what length of time the journal saith not. It appears, however, that in humbling himself and craving pardon he was forgiven. Remarkable leniency for the times. The second offense was a duel fought upon challenge at single combat with sword and dagger, between Edward Dotey and Edward Leister, servants of Mr. Hopkins. What the cause of challenge was, appears not; but the parties actually fought and were both wounded, for which they were adjudged to have their head and feet tied together, and so lie for twenty-four hours without meat or drink.

The visits of the savages began to be

frequent and disorderly, insomuch that it was thought advisable to send an embassy to the nearest chief to make arrangements mutually agreeable. Winslow was appointed diplomatist; and taking with him a coat of red cotton, edged with lace, a present for the sachem, and accompanied by an interpreter, they set out. After a weary march they fell in with the chief, to whom they presented the red coat, and whom they paid for the Indian corn which they appropriated on a former expedition.

The chief was so pleased with these courtesies, that he promised to comply with all their requests, and distinguished his guests by lodging them in the same bed with himself and wife. If the Pilgrims had always acted upon this conciliatory plan, it would have saved their names from centuries of reproach.

The good ship *Fortune* came in November, bringing a reinforcement of over thirty settlers; but in consequence of extravagant reports about the fertility of the country, she brought no supplies of food; so the colony was reduced to short allowance.

It is pleasant to contemplate the friendly intercourse between the settlers and the Indians at this period. Winslow says:—

"We have found them very loving and ready to pleasure us. We often go to them, and they come to us; some of us have been fifty miles in the country with them."

They were entertained familiarly, and repaid the hospitality with skins and venison. And it was a common picture to see the Englishmen in corset and buff sitting on the grass beside the plumed and painted chief. We pass over the details of the first bloody encounter, quoting, simply, what Robinson, the good pastor whom they had left behind them, said, on hearing of it. "Consider your ways, and the disposition of your captain, who is of warm temper," he wrote—he doubted whether there was not wanting that tenderness of the life of man which was meet, and added: "O how happy a thing had it been, if you had converted some before you killed any."

He seems to have been heartily loved by his people, and deserving all their love; but he was too much in advance of them and of the age to be always appreciated. "I charge you," he said, in his last address to them, "that you follow me no

further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ." In the sentiment annexed, there is a wisdom which even in this day has been attained by few :—

"The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed Churches which have come to a period in religion, and will go, at present, no further than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times; yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw: and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God."

And he further charges them to be ready to receive TRUTH whenever it shall be made known to them.

In 1625, "having finished his course and performed his work," he was taken home. In a letter to Governor Bradford, in reference to his death, occurs the following passage :—

"He was taken away even as fruit falleth before it is ripe, when neither length of days nor infirmity of body did seem to call for his end. The Lord even then took him away, as it were in his anger, whom if tears could have held, he would have remained to this day."

April, 1623, found the settlers reduced to severer privations than they had yet known. The corn was exhausted, and faint and staggering for want of food they began to plant for the harvest. All had been hitherto held in common; but as a greater stimulus to labor, the land was now divided, and each man wrought for himself. No sooner had the corn appeared, than a drought set in, and continued for six weeks, so that starvation seemed inevitable; and the more, that a ship dispatched to their relief, after being driven back twice, was wrecked on the coast. In this fearful exigency a day of fasting and prayer was appointed, and the narrator says :—

"In the morning when we assembled together, the heavens were as clear and the drought as likely to continue as ever it was, yet (our exercises continuing some eight or nine hours) before our departure the weather was overcast, the clouds gathered together on all sides, and on the next morning distilled such soft, sweet, and moderate showers of rain, continuing some fourteen days, and mixed with such seasonable weather, as it was hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were most quickened or revived—such was the bounty and goodness of our God."

Having followed the Pilgrims thus through all their sufferings and toils to the dawn of prosperity—the day of magisterial authority—there comes a time of denunciation, of whipping, and banishment, and hanging, which we are glad to pass over. The perilous wandering of Roger Williams, which lasted for fourteen weeks, during which he had no bread nor bed—no shelter from the storm, and no guide or companion—and all for that he pleaded the rights of conscience, has left dark spots on the Puritan character that cannot be washed out.

The public flogging of Anne Burden, who came from London to deliver her message of peace, has left a picture to the world of a whipping-post adjoining the meeting-house; and the meek exclamation of poor Mary Dyer, "The will of the Lord be done," as she folded her hands and awaited on the scaffold the execution, makes us almost deaf to the long prayers of her accusers.

Doubtless they saw at stake truths of eternal moment, and the lives of a few heretics were as nothing in comparison. If it be true that the evil which men do lives after them, and the good perishes with their bones, it is best to discourage the tenacity of bad memories as much as we may by silence.

From "The Pilgrim Fathers," an excellent work to which I have already been much indebted in the compilation of this article, the subjoined particulars of Plymouth as it is now, are gathered :—

"It consists of a few principal streets and some straggling by-lanes, running off into the surrounding country—a quiet, old-fashioned place, yet having a cheerful look. It is charmingly rural, many of the gay rustic looking dwellings being detached, and standing amid gardens full of shrubs and flowers. The principal avenues are lined with wooden houses, often furnished with verandahs, neatly painted white or stone color, and with blinds and shutters of light green. Rows of tall elms with shooting branches meeting overhead give the scene an air of tranquillity and delicious repose."

The street first laid out by the Pilgrims is upon high ground, and below runs "the very sweet brook," the mouth of which afforded harbor for shallops and boats, and in their season abounded with fish. At the head of this street was the hill where the fort was erected, and which was called Fort-hill, now Burial-hill.

The shores are flat, rising with gentle acclivities from the water—with the exception of Captain's-hill, named in honor of Miles Standish, and the ridge of Manomet. From the principal street, Leyden, the descent is steep to another which runs parallel with the seashore, and leads to the Forefathers' Rock. On the left is an abrupt ridge, the top of which is covered with grass, but its sides disguised by modern edifices. This is the Cole's-hill, and was the first burial place of the Pilgrims—there are no tombstones, nor other marks to indicate their resting-places now. Formerly this eminence overhung the seabeach, and immediately below it, and projecting into the waves, was the rock on which the Pilgrims landed. The scene is greatly changed, and the original features with difficulty traced. A part of the rock was removed from its first position in the time of the revolution for purposes of political excitement, and placed in the Town-square; and thence, finally, to its present position in front of Pilgrim-hall, where it is surrounded with an iron railing which bids defiance to the patriotic lovers of memorials, who, if it were accessible, would soon break it to pieces. A picture of this fragment will be found at the head of the chapter.

The Burying-hill is the most remarkable and conspicuous spot in Plymouth—a green mound, rising above the buildings, and set thick with gray tombstones. Its summit commands a wide view of sea and land, embracing the whole field of Pilgrim adventure, from the first arrival till the settlement of Plymouth. The white sand-hills of Cape Cod in the distance, the indented shores of the bay, embracing within its wave Clark's Island, Saquish Head, and the Gurnet light, the green hill of Duxbury and the pine-clad ridge of Manomet. But the cemetery itself is the most interesting feature of all. It is covered with dark slate stones, most of them brought from England, and adorned with quaint carvings of death's head and cross bones, and bearing the names of the first comers and their descendants. The graves of the earliest pilgrims are, however, unknown. A column was erected some years ago to the memory of William

Bradford, the stout yeoman of Austerfeld, and afterward honored governor of the settlement of Plymouth. The spot was known to his descendants, many of whom are buried around him. Among these the tomb of one of his sons, Major Bradford, is selected as a good specimen of the style of the more ornamental ones.



TOMB OF MAJOR BRADFORD.

Upon the southern extremity of this hill was erected a strong timber fort, upon which they planted their cannon, and where watch was kept against the approach of the Indians. The building afterward served for a long time for a meeting-house. On the opposite side of the bay, the view inland extends over an irregular ground fringed with primitive forests. Small lakes surrounded with trees lie among the hills, and, notwithstanding the occasional fields and houses, the scene retains much of its original wildness.

On the other side of the town brook rises a bold eminence crowned with a wind-mill, and called Watson's-hill. It was here that Massisoit first made his appearance with his Indians; and from the hollow beneath that, Winslow and his men advanced to meet them.

Many of the tombstones bear the record of eighty, ninety, and in some cases of a



STANDISH'S SWORD, KETTLE AND DISH.

hundred years; and among the Christian names taken from the Old Testament, may be found such as "Experience," "Patience," "Fear," "Mercy," "Wrestling," and the like.

In the neighborhood of Plymouth is Captain's-hill—a long slope covered with short thick turf and gray boulders. Here the spring of Miles Standish still flows, and here his house formerly stood. From this point, the course which Standish and his companions took on their first voyage of discovery may be seen. In the distance are the hills of Cape Cod, and the long shore which the shallow explored on her way to Plymouth Bay. The dark pine-covered ridge of Manomet is seen to the south, and to the north the Gurnet Light and the projecting point of Saquish Head, between which were the breakers where the little shallow was so nearly cast away. Near the shore lies Clark's Island, where the half-frozen pilgrims found shelter from the storm; where they kindled a fire, and watched all night, and rested on the Sabbath preceding the memorable Monday when they first trod upon the Rock of Plymouth. This hill was originally occupied by Standish, together with John Alden, Jonathan Brewster, and Thomas Prence; whence they moved to Plymouth in the winter for the greater convenience of attending worship. The hill and some adjacent lands were afterward assigned to Standish, and named Duxbury, after his ancestral estate in England. Some faint indications of the dwelling-house are said to be seen yet, and the spring trickles out freshly through moss and sedge, and among wild flowers finds its way to the sea.

There lived Miles Standish, after his

many conflicts; and here, in 1656, he died at the age of seventy-two, and his sepulcher no man knoweth to this day.

Many memorials of him are still in existence. His good sword, with a large kettle and dish, are preserved at Plymouth, and are here presented in a group.

The weapon, from an Arabic inscription, is supposed to have really been one of the Damascus blades so famous for temper and keenness. Among the entries of the first winter's mortality is this: "On January 29, died Rose, wife of Captain Standish."

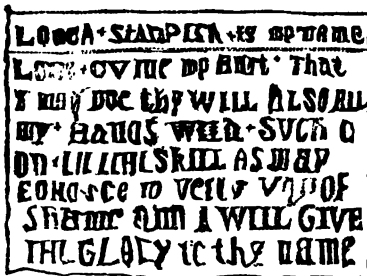
Good Miles seems to have been less successful among the ladies than as a soldier, if tradition be to be trusted. It is related of him, and the story is strikingly characteristic of the Puritan simplicity of heart, that in the course of time the gallant captain sought to fill the melancholy void occasioned by the death of the beloved Rose, and to this end fixed his heart upon one Priscilla, the daughter of William Mullens, as a help-mate for him. Unfortunately, he adopted the singular method of addressing the lady by proxy, and by some strange infatuation chose a young and comely gentleman named John Alden, as the interpreter of his wishes to the fair lady, who was too much pleased with the handsome youth to remember the sober captain at all; and so it fell that as the blushing herald stood stammering forth the proposals of his patron, the lady interrupted him with, "Prythee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?" Upon which the young man did speak for himself, not unsuccessfully, as may be inferred, and the defeated Miles was taught thereafter to woo for himself. No doubt he was a good deal laughed at, but his

courage seems not to have been diminished, for it was not long until a certain Barbara became his wife.

He left several children, of whom his daughter Lora, as appears by his will, died before him :—

"My will is, that out of my whole estate my funeral charges be taken, and my body be buried in a decent manner: and if I die in Duxbury, my body be laide as neare as convenient to my two daughters, Lora Standish, my daughter, and Mary Standish, my daughter-in-law."

The annexed is a part of the sampler of this beloved Lora, which is still preserved in Plymouth Hall :—



It is a sample of fine workmanship, and the words wrought on it, which may not be easily made out, are these :—

"Lora Standish is my name. Lord, guide my heart that I may do thy will. Also fill my hands with such convenient skill as may conduce to virtue, void of shame, and I will give the glory to thy name."

The country about Plymouth is naturally hilly, rocky, and barren, and though there is much of almost primeval forest, yet in its vicinity, patches of clearing, rendered fruitful by industry, and containing comfortable and pretty houses, neighbor each other, along the sea-shore, almost continually.

Cape Cod, in the harbor of which the *May-Flower* first found shelter on her arrival on our coasts, is "an out-of-the-way nook, almost cut off from the rest of the world." Arms of the sea, with extensive salt marshes, perforate it so that it may be called half land, half water, the land sandy and covered with grass and dwarf timber, with here and there a spot brought under some degree of cultivation. And the inhabitants are in keeping with their dwellings, depending chiefly upon the sea for subsistence. Many of them, however, when the fishing season is over,

resort to shoemaking, or some other occupation, by which they eke out their subsistence.

The country above the marshes is a remarkable instance "of the triumph of skill and industry over natural obstacles, and nothing can exceed the neatness of the villages, and the comfortable look of the inhabitants."

One of the townships of the Cape bears the name of Brewster, and from Truro to Provincetown has been called the Venice of New-England. The harbor itself is one of the finest in the whole line of coast, being completely land-locked, and the entrance accessible, in all winds, to vessels of the largest class. The curve of land by which it is formed is called Longpoint, and at its extremity is a light-house, and here, three quarters of a mile from the shore, the *May-Flower* came to anchor.

Considerable remains of the original forest of "oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet woods," are still to be found about Provincetown. The wood for the most part is stunted, though there are some specimens of a fine growth. The pilgrims remarked the whales, and regretted that they had no means of capturing them—their descendants have made the Cape famous for its whale fisheries. Provincetown is described as a few streets of frame-houses, built on sand, overhung by sand, and approached by sand; and altogether of a wild, singular, and out-of-the-way appearance. It is thriving and enterprising, the inhabitants mostly fishers and sailors—their fishing boats perfect models. In the hills behind the town are many places as wild as when first explored by Standish and his brave companions, and imagination is here naturally borne back to the time, two centuries ago, when all the northern states were a wilderness, silent and desolate, save for the hut and the whoop of the Indian; and when the battered *May-Flower*, pregnant with the mightiest results, rounded the point, making no noise louder than the voice of prayer. From the feeble planting of Plymouth, a grand republic is sprung up, and the influence reflected back upon the old world is incalculable.

In our next number we shall invite the reader to accompany us in an examination of some of the relics and other attractions at Plymouth.

THE RELIGIOUS SCARECROW OF THE AGE.

HAVE we reason to fear the Pope in this country? Of course we do not mean his questionable holiness, personally, but the system which he represents and names—Popery itself. Of himself personally or officially, it would be a very grave joke for us to entertain a single anxiety. He sits in the Vatican, only the shadow of what he once was—the impersonation of decrepitude, smothered under the obsolete and grotesque habiliments of a long gone age, and mumbling from a toothless mouth the language of mere imbecility. What then would he become here, where our public decorum would not allow him any public state, were he even, by the possible accidents of these odd times, to be tossed across the waters? The poor old man, considered as a poor old functionary, almost deserves our sympathy—there is such a contrast between his present and his past figure—his power, once sublime, even in its iniquitous grandeur, has become such a paltry, impotent pretension. There is a great deal of practical farce going on still in the governments of the world, not excepting our own “great country;” but assuredly there is no more thorough tragic-comedy now enacted among the powers of the earth than the Popedom.

We confess we once were terribly panic-stricken at the prospects of Popery in this country; but we were then, with most of our fellow-citizens, in the dark respecting the subject—and men see ghosts only in the dark. We ventured so far as even to publish a pamphlet expressly against his holiness—a rampant “bull,” bellowing with denunciations, as much, we fear, as any of his own. But we have since become heartily ashamed of our cowardice, and never have met with a copy of the publication without “suppressing” it. We feel a little malicious at his holiness, as we pen these lines, for having occasioned us such unnecessary trepidation.

We hardly know whether to consider it an apology for our alarm that the Christian public generally shared it—to such an extent in fact, that it became an almost universal infection. It was the mighty, invincible argument for almost every “religious enterprise” among us. Pulpit

orators—religious platform speakers—palpitating Christian assemblies, could scarcely see anything above the moral horizon of the country, especially westward, but the triple tiara expanding out, like the celestial hemisphere, into a vast nightcap over the nation under which she was to lie down in a hopeless sleep, a moral nightmare. Now all this was doubtless honest; but it was exceedingly cowardly—it was all fudge—as events in Europe and this country are daily and irresistibly demonstrating. It was very pernicious, too, for it gave undue importance to Popery. It set the politicians to overvaluing (as we shall see directly) most egregiously the numerical availability of the Roman Catholics at the ballot-box, and it gave them that dangerous influence over the politics of the nation, which has been so undeservedly held by them for years, which has disgraced the country, and which now, thanks to the return of somewhat of our national self-respect, is about to be broken forever.

Popery has lost what we may call its essential force, even in Europe. This is our first argument against its probable dangers to our own country. Its central strength is sapped—its very citadel is undermined. The Abbe de la Mennais, some few years since, proclaimed on his return to Paris from Rome, “Withdraw the arms of Austria from Italy to-day, and to-morrow, there will be an uprising of the people against the pope and the priesthood, from Turin to the Calabrias.” The same could be said this moment in respect to the arms of France. Loyalty to Popery is dead this hour in Italy itself, and we should not be surprised, if at the next popular emeute of Europe (which will inevitably come) the head of a pope falls, and thus secures, by a demonstration which cannot be forgotten, the popular claims of Italy, as the decapitation of a Stuart did the rights of Englishmen.

What now is the influence of the Roman court in the affairs of Europe? Nothing at all. It is a significant fact that in the present struggle, involving more or less almost all the European courts, we hardly hear a reference to the pope. A few generations ago his diplomacy guided all the great movements of the continent.

What is a Pope’s bull now-a-days? Nothing but a religious epistle to his ecclesiastics against heresy, Bible societies,

&c. A few generations ago it was the thunderbolt of Jove smiting a whole province, shaking a throne, or paralyzing an army.

What sovereign would now care for the pope's excommunication?—that terrific mystery at which the knees of kings a few centuries since smote together? We never hear of it any more as against rulers, and if it should be revived, it would be a joke in almost any court of the world.

Why? Because the prestige of Popery is gone—irrecoverably gone. The delusions of the Dark Ages are past; mankind have awakened from that thousand years' sleep, have risen up, rubbed their eyes, and found they had been dreaming. The people nearest to him—the Italians—would now, if they could, chase the pope—the “vicegerent of God” as they once believed—off of their peninsula. The courts of Europe recognize the popedom as an historical fact, still lingering, and therefore to be taken account of in some way or other in their conservative policy; but it is no longer a potential fact, in any respects, among them. The pope has little or nothing to do with them directly, except occasionally to act the puppet in the ceremonial of a coronation. Since the first French revolution (a great curse with a great many blessings) this has been about his significance in the affairs of Europe.

And this remark leads us to a second consideration, one which accounts for the declension of Popery, and at the same time renders it irreversible, viz., that it is founded in the modern and inevitable progress of the race. The world is outgrowing it; and that is the explanation of its late history. It may make efforts to retrieve itself—it may attempt to relate itself to the movements of states, as in the French reaction and in the politics of America—it may by Jesuitical agencies insinuate itself into the religious movements of anti-Catholic countries, as in the Tractarianism of Oxford—it may attempt to startle the remains of superstition among the multitudes by new trumpety, as the winking Madonnas or the coat of Treves; but they all ultimately fail, and, worse than that, they all react. Puseyism, as a project for Papalizing the Anglican Church, is now a determinate failure. The imposture at Treves excited the ridicule of Europe, and turned

thousands out of the ranks of Popery. The winking and nodding Madonnas have of late years become standing jokes in the newspapers of Christendom. It is too late in this working day of the world for such nonsense. Men—honest men—will either weep or laugh at it; but they will not respect it. The last of these obsolete follies is a proposed great convention at Rome, to decide the question of the “immaculate conception of the Virgin”—not the immaculate conception of Christ, as some of the papers of the day represent. It has long been a question among Papists whether the Virgin herself was born in a manner so different from the usual course of our common humanity, as to allow this preposterous ascription to her. A sort of œcumenical council is to convene for the purpose of discussing the somewhat delicate question—the “Mariolatry” of the Church depends rather seriously upon it. The newspapers are already handling the subject in their usual style; the *Paris Univers*, nevertheless, tries to affect a grave dignity in its allusion to it. What is it, however, but a preposterous attempt to maintain the superstitions of a past age—an attempt which cannot fail to incur the pity of thoughtful men, and the scorn of the profane.

This incompatibility of Popery with the progress of the age and its consequent decline, are seen by the wiser heads in Papal states. Michael Chevalier, the French journalist, and one of the ablest thinkers in France, expressed some time ago his apprehensions for Romanism in the *Journal des Debats*, in very unqualified language. “On comparing,” he says, “the respective progress made since 1814 by non-Roman Catholic Christian nations with the advancement to power attained by Roman Catholic nations, one is struck with astonishment at the disproportion. England and the United States, which are Protestant powers, and Russia, a Greek power, have assumed to an incalculable degree the dominion of immense regions, destined to be densely peopled, and already teeming with a large population. . . . They have proved their superiority over the Roman Catholic nations of the New World, and have subjected them to a dictatorship which admits of no further dispute. To the authority of these two powers, England and the United States, after an attempt made by the former on

China, the two most renowned empires of the East, empires which represent nearly the numerical half of the human race, China and Japan, seem to be on the point of yielding. Russia, again, appears to be assuming every day a position of growing importance in Europe. During all this time, what way has been made by the Roman Catholic nations? Unquestionably, since 1789, the balance of power between Roman Catholic civilization and non-Roman Catholic civilization has been reversed."

"Unquestionably," Monsieur Chevalier; and "unquestionably," because "the balance of power" between the enlightened and the barbarous tendencies of the world "has been reversed." Destiny itself has set in against Popery. It must descend into the abyss of the past, its appropriate grave. Its old follies, like the congenial ones of alchemy, astrology, witchcraft, scholastic metaphysics, cenobitic and anchoritic life, must inevitably disappear amidst the increasing light of the age, as bats and owls flee before the day. It may make temporary and spasmodic efforts at self-resuscitation, but it cannot succeed. The waves may dash forward upon the strand when the tide is descending; but as sure as the invincible laws of nature will they at last go down. Popery attempts to extend itself abroad—it has many foreign missions, and they at times seem to have the energy of life in them. But where do they succeed now as they did two, three and four hundred years ago? We are all familiar, from our childhood, with a long-legged spider, which when pierced through the center, still struggles in its extremities—and the severed extremities themselves still for a time move with convulsive life; but at last die. Such is Popery.

We affirm, in the third place, that local evidence confirms these general views. Popery is rapidly declining in Ireland. The Catholic papers of that country—that beautiful country, so long and foully degraded by Romanism—admit the fact, and express fears of the speedy overthrow of the Papal sway. And this is not owing merely to emigration, but very largely to evangelical conversions. Thousands after thousands of Roman Catholics have there been added to the ranks of Protestantism within ten years. The late census of England, like that of

the United States, throws an altogether unexpected light on the question of the relative force of Popery; it is found to be scarcely one half of what it has been supposed to be.

A similar declension has taken place in the British colonies. *Mackenzie's Weekly Messenger* says, that in 1820 the population of the Canadas may have been 520,000, of whom perhaps 380,000 were Papists, and only 140,000 Protestants—exhibiting nineteen to seven of the whole country as in favor of the Popish Church. In 1853, the population may be assumed to number 2,000,000, of whom 940,000 belong to the Popish religion, and 1,060,000 to the Protestant—showing nearly eleven Protestants to every nine Papists; the latter having gained 560,000 in thirty years, the former 920,000.

It is unduly preponderating, however, in England, in one respect. According to a report of parliament published in the Catholic *Tablet*, of London, February 25, 1852, out of a population of 21,000,000 in England and Scotland, whereof the Roman Church claimed 1,000,000, she supplied the prisons with three candidates to one of all other Churches. The wretched neglect of the education of its poor is acknowledged, even by its own friends; they say, in a late number of the same paper, "In London there are 22,000 Catholic children, of whom only about 4,000 are receiving Catholic education. The greater part of the remaining number are left to pass their tender years in the novitiate of a London street. There is no proportion between the wants of our poor and our provision for them—between our wealth and the education we can give. We are put to shame by every other body; and yet we are the salt of the earth!" Salt of the earth! How ironical the phrase sounds along with such admissions.

All this reasoning bears on the question with which we started. Popery, smitten with this inherent decay everywhere, cannot become formidable here. Dying out elsewhere because of its incompatibility with the practical energies and increasing lights of the age, how can it hold up its head here, where the characteristics of the age are all most rife? It does not succeed here. Its bishops and papers complain incessantly that the children of the Church are, to a great extent, lost. Even the

first generation born in the country grow up with a faint zeal for the faith of their fathers; and the second and third generations generally turn away entirely from the confessional. Hence the desperate exertions of the priesthood to break down the common-school system of the country. They would prevent the apostasy of their children by educating them to the old darkness of their faith, rather than to the new light of the age.

We have now under our eye a statement, the authorship of which we cannot trace, but its accuracy is unquestionable, which shows the relative strength of Popery in different sections of this country, and presents some striking facts on the subject:—"Maryland, one of the oldest states in the Union, was settled by a colony of Papists who fled hither from England in 1633, on account of political disturbances which rendered their condition in their mother country uncomfortable. Florida was settled by Papists from Spain. The whole country, west of the Mississippi, now embracing Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, extending north, belonged originally to the French, and was settled by them. The Jesuits were the first Europeans that trod those extensive regions. The whole of our northern frontier, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Fond du Lac, has ever been exposed to the influence of Popery from Canada. The most of the towns and cities on that frontier were settled by Papists. The state of Texas, until its annexation to the United States, was closed against Protestant influence. The same was true of New-Mexico and California. In addition to these advantages, the wonderful tide of emigration for the last fifty years from the Papal countries of Europe is to be remembered. Several millions of Irish Papists have come in upon us. Yet the last United States Census shows that in Maryland, there are about eight hundred Protestant Churches, and only sixty-five Papal. Out of one hundred and fifty-two Churches in Florida there are only five Papal. In Louisiana there are two hundred and twenty-three Protestant Churches, and only fifty-five Papal. In Texas there are one hundred and sixty-four Churches, only thirteen of which are Papal; and at the present time, the Protestant is greatly the predominant influence in California. The Census reveals the fact that in all the

country the Papists have but one thousand one hundred and twelve Churches, accommodating six hundred and twenty-one thousand persons. The Protestant population of the United States is to the Catholic population as twelve to one."

Catholic journalism in the United States is exceedingly lame—as much so in patronage as in talent. One of its most vociferous organs, *The Shepherd of the Valley*, has at last blown its breath away, and expired. Bishop Hughes's organ, *The Freeman's Journal*, has become a weekly instead of a semi-weekly issue, for want of patronage we suppose. The *Metropolitan* for September contains an account of Roman Catholic journalism in the United States. We learn from it that *twenty-three papers have been discontinued at different periods since 1836.*

Such, then, Protestants of the United States, is Popery. Has it not been made a bugbear among us? We cannot too carefully watch it; but never again let the Protestantism of this land cower before it. With all its hordes of immigration, it stands before us thus shorn of its pretended strength.

And its growth by immigration is no longer a peculiarity—a fourth consideration in favor of our main position. The German accessions to our population from abroad (largely Protestant) are now in advance of the Irish. This fact has attracted attention for some time past, but the German preponderance has lately become so marked as to excite peculiar interest. The immigration for August, into the port of New-York, classified according to nationalities, was as follows: Germans, 23,672; Irish, 8,898; English, 3,658; Scotch, 796; Welsh, 115; French, 649; Spanish, 86; Swiss, 451; Dutch, 233; Norwegians, 482; Italians, 143. For the eight months, commencing with January and ending with August, the returns show a total of arrivals of Irish, 54,548; Germans, 116,400; natives of other countries, 38,466; making a grand total of 209,414.

We may mention in the fifth place, that while the relative strength of Popery thus declines, the ratio of the growth of Protestant evangelical sects to the growth of the population of the country advances, and has advanced, during the last half-century. In the last fifty years the number of members of the evangelical Churches

in the United States has increased from four hundred thousand to three millions and a half, being an increase of eight-fold, while our population has increased only four-fold.

True religion thus keeps pace with the progress of the country, while Popery dwindles, notwithstanding all its foreign resources.

We cannot but repeat here the hope, expressed some time since in another article on the subject, that the politicians of the country will learn at last from the national Census, as well as from these other evidences, that the political importance of the Romanists, so much emphasized, is little short of a humbug. We doubt not that it has been the policy of the priestly leaders to foster a sense of their numerical importance among the political leaders. There has been a preposterous exaggeration of their value in this respect. There are other denominations who eclipse them numerically—denominations, too, which will hereafter resent any compromise of any political party with them. It is time, indeed, that the Protestant sects of the country should distinctly assert themselves in this respect. They insist upon no coalitions of religious and political parties; but if the leaders of the latter are guilty of direct or indirect concert with Popery, the Protestant sects of the land, any one of them, or all of them, will be justified in arraying themselves against the unrighteous league.

The last Census of the United States shows the comparative strength of Popery in this country. We gave some remarks on the subject some months ago, but may again refer to it opportunely here. We inserted at that time the following table:—

	Number of Churches.	Aggregate Accommodations.	Total Value of Ch. Property.
Baptist	8,791	3,130,970	\$10,981,889
Christian	612	996,050	848,510
Congregational ..	1,674	795,177	7,978,962
Dutch Reformed..	824	181,966	4,096,780
Episcopal	1,422	625,212	11,261,970
Free	861	108,605	252,255
Friends	714	282,522	1,709,867
German Reformed	827	156,989	965,890
Jewish	31	16,575	871,600
Lutheran	1,308	561,100	2,367,886
Mennonite	110	29,900	94,245
Methodist	12,467	4,200,888	14,686,671
Moravian	881	112,185	448,847
Presbyterian	4,564	2,040,816	14,369,889
Roman Catholic..	1,119	620,950	8,978,683
Swedenborgian ..	15	5,070	108,100
Tunker	52	85,075	46,025
Union	619	218,562	690,065
Unitarian	248	187,367	3,263,122
Universalist	494	205,462	1,767,015
Minor Sects	895	115,847	741,930
Total	30,011	13,849,896	\$36,416,639

The representation of the Roman Church here is surprising, and should undeceive at once our political managers. It has but one thousand one hundred and twelve churches, which can accommodate only six hundred and twenty-one thousand hearers!—not *one-eleventh* of the number of churches belonging to the Methodists, scarcely more than *one-eighth* of the number of the Baptists, not *one-fourth* the number of the Presbyterians. It has not *one thirty-third* of the whole number reported, while the Methodists have more than *one-third*, and the Baptists nearly *one-fourth*.

The comparative feebleness of Popery among us, as shown in this table, accords with the statement of the government Report respecting immigration. We have had quite exaggerated apprehensions on this subject. Of our twenty-four millions, only about two and a quarter millions are natives of Europe. This is less than ten per cent. About one million of these are Irish, a people who have been supposed to be more numerous than the whole foreign-born population reported by the Census.

Lastly: coincident with the discovery of these real facts respecting Popery, the public mind of the nation has been roused to resist its aggressions and pretensions. By a concerted scheme it attempted, within a short time, to overthrow the common-school system of the country; but it was defeated at every point. Its attacks were made with evident confidence and courage; but it has had to retreat, utterly discomfited from the contest, in Detroit, Cincinnati, Baltimore—everywhere, in fine, except in California, where, it is said, a bill, smuggled in at the heel of the session of the legislature, provided for its iniquitous demands. No blow has stunned so thoroughly the strength of Popery among us, as its defeat on the common-school question. The conflict has determined the character of the Church as disloyal to the highest interest of the country—for what interest is higher than the education of the common people? There was moral if not legal treason in its design. The circumstances of the conflict render every evasion of the charge impossible. The infamous shame is branded upon the very brow of Popery, and it will hereafter be watched with the vigilance which its well-ascertained intentions demand.

Meanwhile the newly-awakened popular hostility to it has taken a new form in an energetic political organization, which seems destined to control the elections of the country. We "know nothing" of the "Know-Nothing" movement except by its public results as reported in the election returns. We are not prepared to indorse its measures, as we do not understand them; but we do most unhesitatingly indorse its main design—the restoration of a truly American control of the affairs and destiny of the country. It is high time that this were done. Every native citizen should insist upon it. The pretensions of Popery in our politics should especially and conclusively be ignored. Comparatively feeble as it is, it has, nevertheless, been for years a potent element in the politics of the country. It has received in this respect a tolerance, an indulgence even, which would not have been accorded to any other religious body of the land. What if the Baptists, the Presbyterians, or Methodists, native citizens though they mostly are, had interfered with politics as have the foreign Romanists among us? What would have been the outcry of all the land against the "Union of Church and State"—the degradation of religion to ambitious ends—the corruption of the clergy! Any Protestant sect which should have attempted the wretched game, would have been ruined by it. But a horde of foreigners, bound by their religion to a foreign allegiance, have done the thing openly and for years, and have been courted and complimented, and fawned over by our intriguing politicians for the very fact—the fact which would blast with public scorn any denomination of native Christians. There is an end to this iniquity now, however, let us hope.

In attempting to show the real state and prospects of Popery, we have not argued against the necessity of a continued and uncompromising conflict with it. We have only argued for the feasibility of such a conflict. Let us then wage it incessantly—not as heretofore, with servile terrors at the supposed magnitude and power of the enemy, but with an unmitigated conviction of its iniquitous designs, and yet the confidence of assured superiority and assured success. While the hordes of Popery pour in upon us from abroad, let us neutralize the corruption they bring into the country by constantly

increasing our provisions for the intellectual and religious education of the people. Let us especially extend the "common school" everywhere, and without delay, even where it must be but the log cabin. Let us maintain in it our old common Bible—the Bible which the first Congress of the United States, itself, provided for the people, by express vote and an express appropriation. Let us vest the public responsibilities in genuine Americans, who know how to value them. Let us break the power of Popery at the polls. Let us demonstrate, as we have now attempted to do, the falsehood of its numerical pretensions. Let us treat it as an egregious folly of a long-past age, which cannot, and ought not, to hold up its head with self-respect amidst the light and liberties of our country and our century. It will affect to smile at us for such opinions and attempts; and others, not of it, will smile also, reminding us of its historical vigor and chicanery; but all good men, who rely upon a divine providence, and not only they, but all sagacious men who understand the inevitable tendencies of the times, will predict our success. A half a century ago many of our Christian fathers predicted that Popery would either destroy our liberties, or be itself here destroyed; all the indications now favor the latter alternative. It has been coming in upon us as the icebergs float into the southern waters—only to melt away. We need but a confident and energetic persistence in our lawful means of defeating it, to save our children, and perhaps the world, from its intolerable evils. A hundred years from to-day will, we have a right to believe, have concluded its deplorable history as a great power in either the political or religious world.

PEEVISHNESS.—Peevishness gives rise frequently to discord. Peevishness we may regard as a family canker. It is not like an acute disease in plants, or like the devastations of the locust and caterpillar, that cause vegetation suddenly to disappear. It is a corroding malady; it eats in, and it eats on, till the vital sap is wasted. Whether the evil be communicated by provocation and example, or whether it be natural and hereditary, we cannot tell; but, strange to say, there are many houses in which there is not an individual free from this unfortunate disease.

[For the National Magazine.]

ENGLAND'S SHAME—THE OPIUM TRADE IN THE EAST.

THE nominal masters of British India are the Directors and Proprietors of the Honorable East India Company. The history of this great organization, from its earliest incorporation in the days of Elizabeth, until the recent discussions in the House of Lords of her present Majesty's Parliament of 1853, is the history of insatiable avarice leading to merciless oppressions. Its career, begun in piracy, has been led on by ambition and inordinate thirst for wealth, to the acquisition of vast territories, the possession of an unlimited monopoly, the exercise of absolute prerogatives, and the accumulation of incalculable wealth, wrung from the defenseless subjects of two of the greatest empires in the world—India and China. In the former, the treacheries, the aggressions, and the maladministrations, of nearly a century, heaped with remorseless perseverance upon a population of more than one hundred millions, have extorted from those millions frequent but unheeded cries of wrong, and have debased the people, and well-nigh drained the resources of the country. In China, the insatiable thirst of wealth, accompanied with perpetual financial embarrassments, has led to the establishment of an infamous traffic, which with alarming rapidity is exhausting the wealth of the nation, and spreading demoralization and death throughout the country.

To whom is this great corporation responsible for the wrongs it heaps on so vast a portion of the human race? Or, rather, to whom should the world look for redress for these cruel oppressions, and whom should she hold responsible for the administration of the affairs of this vast territory? From the days of Elizabeth until now, the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain have claimed and exercised an authority progressively more extensive and important over the interests of this great dominion. The successive legislation of the British government with regard to the affairs of India, the constant appointment by the Crown of the highest functionaries in the realm, the regular renewals and modifications of the charter of the East India Company, the assumption by Parliament of the acquisitions of ter-

ritory made by British arms in the East—all point to the government of Great Britain as the responsible power for the administration of the affairs of British India. And at this day, when the established government of India is confessedly, even in England itself, an irresponsible, extravagant, and inefficient government, we cannot but look upon the home government of Great Britain as the proper representative of the controlling power in India, and, as such, responsible to the world for the evils which have their origin under the administration of the East India Company. To what extent, then, is the government of Great Britain responsible for the traffic in opium? We answer, unhesitatingly, *to the full extent of the trade*; and this, too, not only on the principle of *qui non prohibet, cum prohibere possit, jubet*, but also by encouraging and fostering the production of the drug in India, and by lending the authority of her name, and the power of her arms, to enforce and defend the trade in China. But to sustain this answer we must examine the connection of the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain with the government of India.

In 1772, when the corruptions of the East India Company had reached an extent truly appalling, the Parliament of England began to interfere decisively with the affairs of India. From that time until the present, the home government has been gradually absorbing into itself the powers and privileges, and perhaps we may add, the emoluments of the Company; and it needs but little prophetic acuteness to predict that long before the same length of time shall again elapse, all the powers and rights of the Company will be absorbed by the national government, and the possessions of the Company will be held and controlled by the Crown of England—and the Honorable East India Company, with its vast possessions and its anomalous prerogatives, shall become a matter of history. This interference began with the farcical examination and dubious censure of Lord Clive, when Parliament first condemned, and then assumed the conquests he had made, by resolving:—

“That acquisitions made by the arms of the state belong to the state alone; and that it is illegal in the servants of the state to appropriate such acquisitions to themselves.”

In the following year the ministry introduced two bills into Parliament, in

which were distinctly asserted the claims of the British Crown to all the territorial acquisitions of the Company. These bills not only assumed the Company's possessions, but also regulated its internal affairs, by raising the qualification to vote in the Court of Proprietors; by changing the annual election of the whole twenty-four directors, and limiting it to the annual election of six only; by inserting the government of the Presidency of Bengal, in a Governor-general and four counsellors, rendering the other Presidencies subordinate to that of Bengal; and by fixing the salaries of all the government officers.

But we cannot in a single article trace the history of the gradual assumption of authority and power over the affairs of India, on the part of the home government. We reserve this for another form, in which we design to give to the public a full and systematic investigation of the whole opium question. We need only now observe, that ten years later than the passage of the above bills,—that is, 1784,—the celebrated Pitt introduced his famous India bill, which established the Board of Control, which institution fixes the responsibility of the government of India on the Crown and Parliament of England. This body consists of six members of the Privy Council, appointed by the Crown, two of the principal Secretaries of State being always members. The President of the Board is, in fact, Secretary of State for India, and is the officer responsible for the government, and for the proceedings of the Board. This body extends its superintendence over all the civil and military affairs of India. Macaulay says:—

“It revises, cancels, or approves, all dispatches, letters, orders, or instructions, proposed to be sent out by the Court of Directors to the local government in India; it may also require the court to prepare and send out dispatches on any given subject, couched in such terms as it may deem fit; it may transmit, in certain cases, orders to India, without the inspection of the Directors; and has access to all the Company's papers and records, and to all proceedings of the Courts of Directors and Proprietors. It is clear, therefore, that from 1784, when the Board of Control was established, the real sovereignty of British India was taken out of the hands of the Company, and placed in those of ministers.”

What, then, is the real government of British India? It is obvious, that while it is a government apparently in the hands of the East India Company, it is in reality

a government under the entire control of the Parliament of England, and which, though of a different form, is as essentially under the management of British sovereignty, as any colonial possession of the British empire. Nor can the responsibility of the English government be evaded by declaring the Indian empire to be a “foreign dependency, and not a colony; that it does not enjoy that exemption from taxation for the benefit of the United Kingdom, enjoyed by other colonial possessions; and that it has occasionally remitted considerable sums as tribute to England.”

The English government has always been aware of the extensive growth of the poppy, and the manufacture of opium in India. The poppy is grown on soil declared to appertain to the Crown of Great Britain; opium has always been prepared and sold by the acknowledged subjects of the British empire. The magnitude of the trade, the enormity of its evils, the contraband character of the traffic from its origin to the present day, are facts known to every member of the British Parliament; yet that government, by every means which ingenuity could devise, has encouraged the trade in opium. The government has presented no objections or remonstrances against the unjust and oppressive system—has passed no acts intended to arrest, or even to limit it. On the other hand, it has repeatedly afforded facilities and assistance, and has fostered it, by its encouragement and approbation, into its present magnitude. Great Britain has given her soil to the growth of the poppy; has lent her arms to the acquisition of new territories, whose possession increased the extent and value of the traffic; has allowed and defended the trade in India; and, which brings her complicity to its acme, she has enforced the ruinous trade in China by the power of her arms. The secret of all this is, that India has been enriched by this traffic. It has been the life of English proprietors and English possessions in the East. The exchequer of China has been almost exhausted by the payment for this pernicious drug. The bullion of China has been transferred to the treasury of British India. It has paid large salaries to the incumbents of the civil, judicial, and military officers of England's possessions in the East; it has fought the battles of India, and made new acquisitions to British ter-

ritory ; it has covered vast tracts of India with smiling fields, worked by a groaning population ; it has conferred princely fortunes on English subjects ; it has opened an extended field throughout India for the importation of British manufactures ; and it has paid large remittances to the exchequer of England. The English government has not possessed the moral courage to do right, when the cost might be the loss of such golden fruit.

Nor is the British government unwilling to acknowledge this responsibility, nor does it hesitate to give its power and authority to the cultivation of the poppy, and its assent to the receipt of revenue from this source. In 1832, when about to renew and modify the Company's charter, this subject came under review, and a "Select Committee" was appointed by the House of Commons to investigate the subject of the Indian revenues. From the report of this Committee we extract the following sentences :—

"The monopoly of opium in Bengal supplies the government with a revenue amounting to 8,459,425 sicca rupees, or £981,298 in sterling money, per annum ; (that is in 1832 ; it now reaches three millions sterling ;) and the duty which is thus imposed, amounts to 301½ per cent. on the cost of the article. In the present state of the revenue of India, it does not appear advisable to abandon so important a source of revenue ; a duty on opium being a tax which falls principally upon the foreign consumer, and which appears upon the whole less liable to objection than any other which could be substituted."

And again :—

"Unless it should be found practicable to substitute an increase of assessment on poppy lands, it does not appear that the present high amount of revenue could be obtained in a less objectionable manner."

And yet again :—

"The time may probably be not very far distant, when it may be desirable to substitute an export duty ; and thus, by the increased production under a system of freedom, to endeavor to obtain some compensation for the loss of the monopoly profit."

We have here at once a full confession of acquaintance with the evils of opium, and a full assumption of responsibility for them. This looks like managing the affair in a business-like manner. There is no mistaking the meaning of the report of the Select Committee. The government of Great Britain, after a full investigation of the matter, thinks it advisable to con-

tinue the production and sale of the drug as a source of revenue ; and if any contingency should arise to endanger and diminish this income, it is prepared to adopt other measures, calculated to increase the production of the article to compensate for any threatened loss. And this has been the obvious policy of the government ever since.

Wars have been declared for this purpose ; and this very policy had a large share of influence in producing the conquest of the great territories of Scinde, by which the large products of Malwa were brought under the control of the Anglo-Indian authorities.

Is it to be wondered at, that a few years after this, when the outrages of the smuggling traffic had brought the opium merchants in China into imminent danger, and when more than twenty thousand chests of the contraband article had been seized and burned by the Chinese authorities—is it to be wondered at, that this very report of the House of Commons should be referred to, and quoted by the British merchants, when calling upon the home government to defend them, and to demand indemnity in their behalf for the opium that had been seized and destroyed ? The government then felt the weight of its responsibility, and under a deep sense of its own complicity in the forbidden traffic, dared not refuse to succor its imperiled subjects in China, many of whom had been seduced into the trade, by the constant approbation given by the home government to the opium traffic. The consequence was, a war with China.

Nor in the parliamentary debates which were produced by the crisis in the affairs of China which led on to the opium war, do we find any tendency to a denial of British complicity, or any disposition to abandon the cause of their merchants, who, through the countenance lent to the traffic by the English government, became involved in it. Not a few of the noble speakers frankly avowed their personal interest in, and connection with the opium traffic ; not a few sanctioned and approved the conduct of Captain Elliott, and thereby pledged the nation to fulfil his stipulations made with the merchants, to indemnify them for any losses which might be sustained by delivering into the hands of the Chinese authorities all the contraband drug that might be found in their posses-

ation; and not a few demanded war with the Chinese, as the only means of securing indemnity for the *twenty thousand two hundred and eighty chests* then seized and destroyed, and of enforcing the helpless government to submit to the British trade in such a form as the British Parliament would have it.

Such, for instance, was the language of Lord John Russell, who, in answer to the queries started with regard to the war-like preparations in the China seas, replied:—

“That they were to obtain reparation for the insults and injuries offered to Her Majesty’s Superintendent, (Captain Elliott); and, in the second place, they were to obtain indemnification for the loss of their property, incurred by threats of violence offered by persons under the direction of the Chinese government; and in the last place, they were to obtain a certain security, that persons and property in future trading with China should be protected from injury and insult, and that their trade and commerce be maintained on a proper footing.”

That property, for which indemnification was to be sought in the blood of the Chinese, and which was paid by China, first by the lives of her slaughtered children, and secondly, by the payment of twenty millions of dollars as one of the stipulations of peace, it will be recollected, was twenty thousand chests of opium! Those “threats of violence,” by means of which these chests of opium were taken possession of, were but the repetitions of laws and edicts which had been in existence for more than thirty years, and well known to the traders who had so long, by ingenuity and force, evaded them, but which an insulted and outraged nation was now determined to enforce.

The same facts are acknowledged, and the complicity of the British government maintained in the speech and resolution offered by Sir J. Graham, and acknowledged, defended, and enforced by Mr. Macaulay; and the true secret of the war was indicated with commendable frankness by Sir John Hobhouse. Lord Melbourne was explicit, and stated at once the ground and the necessity of the war; the one being the introduction into China of Indian opium, the other being a necessity for an Indian revenue. But more bold than all these was the stern old “Iron Duke,” who never shrank from any responsibility. “Further,” said the Duke of Wellington,—

“With respect to the trade in opium, we must, as British subjects, look at it in another view. It is a trade perfectly well known to the government of India; it is perfectly well known to Parliament; it is perfectly well known to all Her Majesty’s servants—to the East India Company; and it was known to the government previous to the existing administration. I sat as a member of a committee of the House of Lords to inquire into this, among other branches of trade, and I remember that evidence was received upon this subject, and I saw that it was a great object that this very trade in opium should be continued after the monopoly by the East India Company had been done away with. Questions were put to witnesses, whether trade could not be extended, but more particularly this very branch—the trade in opium; and in the report of the Committee of the House of Commons, it will be found, that it is particularly observed, that it was desirable that it should be continued.”

These are all truisms, frankly uttered by the noble duke; but what sad paradoxes do they become when urged as an argument for the declaration of war with China!

We have not space for the introduction of any more of the selfish and far-fetched considerations which were gravely offered by these noble legislators, as arguments for the defence of the opium traffic and a declaration of war with China. We refer the reader to the debates themselves. The manner in which this momentous question, involving the plunging of a mighty, but comparatively powerless nation, into the horrors of an unequal war, was treated in the British Parliament, is a disgrace which can never be wiped from the name of England. Venerable statesmen publicly urged their own shame and guilt, and their own selfish interests, as justifiable grounds for the declaration of war. Not a word was spoken in reference to the high moral principles which were unquestionably involved in the subject; no expressions of indignation, or even of doubt or disapproval, were uttered with regard to the growth or smuggling of opium, which were acknowledged to be the occasion of the war; nothing with regard to the rights of an insulted nation; nothing with regard to those great principles of international law which are the highest expression and the bond of the enlightenment of modern times, and the discussion of which at such a crisis would have reflected honor on the representatives of “the most enlightened, moral, and benevolent people under the sun.” India and Indian interests alone were

thought of; the god of mammon, and not the God of justice and mercy, presided over the discussion. Representatives who were themselves deeply implicated in the iniquitous system; who were themselves holders of East India stock, and in the receipt of handsome remittances from this source, could only look at the grand financial results, and these results must be secured even at the expense of the impoverishment and demoralization of a vast, but helpless nation; these results must be secured though they could only flow through the blood of slaughtered hundreds, who flew to arms to defend their country from the threatening desolation. The great idea which filled the mind, and excluded every benevolent thought, was the fact that the skillful cultivation of about one hundred thousand acres of land would produce an article, which, sold at a profit of several hundred per cent., would yield to them a net revenue annually of nearly three millions sterling. They only saw that by the transportation of this drug by a few opium clippers, British mercantile houses in China could realize magnificent profits, while the Chinese themselves, the wretched consumers of the drug, would annually part with five or six millions sterling, which would save the government from embarrassment, and British subjects from taxation; and now these profits and this revenue were in danger from the determined opposition of an oppressed people. The merchants of China must be defended—the powerless Chinese must be made to succumb—twenty millions of dollars must be paid for the opium which they seized and burned—they must no longer interfere with the opium traffic—and “certain security must be obtained, that persons and property (*i. e.* opium) in future trading with China shall be protected from insult and injury.”

The war came. The coast of China was made wet with the blood of her people. As was to be expected, victory in every engagement crowned the arms of Britain. The Chinese were convinced that they could not contend with this powerful foe, and begged for a cessation of hostilities. The crisis arrived for the settlement of treaties of peace and commerce between the two nations, and now was thought to be the time to secure at once and forever the legalization of the

opium traffic. In this interesting business, Sir Henry Pottinger was the representative of “Her most gracious and religious Majesty.” What a moment! What a scene! The representative of the first Christian nation of the globe petitioning a heathen prince, an idolater, through his commissioners—to abandon the interests of his people; to yield to the demon avarice; and, forgetting the lives, the health, the morals, and the property of his people, to legalize the traffic in a deadly poison; to grant to the subjects of Christian England the right to deluge his empire with a besotting and demoralizing drug. We can fancy the blush that suffused the cheek of this Christian representative, and the sense of his own pusillanimity, as he cowered before the magnanimous answer of the heathen prince, which soon reached him. Taow-kwang said:—

“It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison; gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people!”

Pity for the interests of trade, that Sir Henry and Lord Melbourne could not have had an interview with His Majesty; they would soon have enlightened his dark and heathen mind, and shown him the egregious folly of sacrificing his own to his people's interest—an antiquated thing that is scarcely even thought of in parliaments and congresses, in these days of enlightenment.

Such acts as these, under the direction of the British Parliament, have given apparent respectability to the trade. The most eminent merchants, under such sanction as this, have engaged freely in the traffic, and no one feels any diminution in the respectability of his character, by the most intimate connection with this dreadful trade. Though contraband in China, it is acknowledged, encouraged, and defended by the government of Great Britain, and its fostering care has developed the iniquitous traffic into its present enormous dimensions. The prestige of England's name, the remembrance of the war of 1840, the colors of Great Britain flying at the mast-heads of opium clippers, still encourage and perpetuate the traffic.

And must we not say, too, that these acts and decisions of the Indian government and of Parliament have been sanc-

tioned and confirmed by at least the tacit consent of the people, among whom but a few feeble voices have been raised against the traffic. Indeed, the British public is even yet silent and immovable with reference to this great evil. It is one of the most astounding facts of the opium trade, that it has been conducted with such skill as to have eluded almost entirely the watchful eye of Christianity itself, so that Christian sensibilities have not even yet been roused in relation to its iniquities and horrors. But how could it be otherwise? Public opinion can only be formed on the basis of the information communicated to the public. The opium traffic has been studiously kept in the dark; the iniquities of the trade have been kept out of view as much as possible; distance throws its mistiness over the injustice and the outrages which attend the illicit traffic; its horrors are made the subject of ridicule; the evils which attend it are recounted with smiles of incredulity; the wretchedness and demoralization which it is producing are denied by the government, the manufacturers, and the traders, while unprincipled book-makers and pamphlet writers, who never were nearer China than half the globe's circumference, and who aim much more at making a book out of the product of other men's labors which shall please and pay, than at conveying truth to the public, misrepresent and encourage the traffic.

But the British public may now no longer plead ignorance, as an excuse for indifference and inaction with reference to this great vice of their nation. The subject has been boldly represented in its true character, and British subjects residing in China, and beholding the enormities of the trade, have known their duty, and have done it fearlessly and well. The eloquent letters and speeches of the Bishop of Victoria; the earnest and touching sentences of Dr. Medhurst; the fearless and stirring truths of R. Montgomery Martin; and the letters, remonstrances, and appeals of many others, are now before the public, and the iniquities of the opium traffic have, in recent years, been rung again and again in the ears of the British people. And yet the trade continues. Notwithstanding her bold and reckless effort to secure legalization to the business, England failed to compel the assent of the authorities of China, and yet

she continues the contraband trade, accompanied as it is with all the vices of a smuggling traffic, and under her approbation and her fostering care in India and China, it is yet growing into still more fearful magnitude. It is now carried on with boldness and impunity. No more edicts are promulgated against it. No more laws are issued to control it. Its narcotic fumes have put the British Parliament to sleep, and its uncontrollable vices have driven the authorities of China into despair.

Has the policy of the Chinese government changed? Not at all. While the eastern coast of China was yet reeking with the blood of her children, the government refused to sanction the infamous traffic, or derive a revenue from the wretchedness of its subjects. The government is powerless. The remembrance of 1840 has paralyzed both the authorities and the people. The treasury is drained. The army is corrupted and enervated. Poverty and wretchedness everywhere abound in that country, which a century ago was pronounced one of the richest on the globe. Insurrection and civil war are ravaging the entire empire, and still England's drug, British India's staple product, is pouring into it, and working uncontrolled its fearful sum of vice, poverty, and death.

HOUSES OF THE WEALTHY DURING THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—The two chief rooms were the hall and the great chamber, or, as we now should call it, the best bed-room. Carpets were unknown; but the floor of the hall was generally strewed with rushes. The walls were covered with tapestry or other hangings. The fireplace was in a deep insertion in the masonry, leaving an open space large enough for the family to be ranged round it during the darkness of the winter evenings. One long table extended down the middle of the room with a form on each side; this constantly remained in the same position. A few stools and a couple of high-backed chairs, reserved for the master and mistress of the family, completed the "garnishing" of the hall. The bed-room was little more inviting: a large, heavy bed, a cumbrous press or chest, a few chairs, and perchance a buffet-stool or two, would sum up the furniture of this apartment.—*Wills and Inventories.*

THE ARTIST OF DRESDEN.

AT a time when true religion seemed almost extinct in Germany, and dead form to have usurped its place, Philip Jacob Spener was raised up to arouse his countrymen from their indifference. It is generally by the "foolishness of preaching" that it pleases God "to save them that believe;" and so it was at the end of the seventeenth century. But then, as now, the faithful preacher met with great opposition from the worldly. He was not called to martyrdom nor to open persecution; but taunts, sneers, scoffs, and slanders, met him on every side.

"Pietist" was a word invented to deride those who listened to him, who tried to profit by the means he recommended for growth in grace, such as meetings for mutual edification and sacred singing, and attending catechetical lectures; and, above all, by carefully avoiding conformity with the corrupt and dissipated fashions of that day. This was a nickname, however, which did not hurt Spener's feelings, for accusing his beloved flock of piety, he felt was no reproach; but another word, used to ridicule them, pained his sensitive mind to a degree that would have gratified his enemies had they known it. This was "Spenerist." He knew and taught that "there is but one name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," and he felt that in any way calling the followers of Christ by the name of a human being, was detracting from the honor due to the Saviour. He often said, "I am not fit to wipe the shoes of such men as Luther and Calvin, yet to hear believers called by their names is painful to me. O let us cease from men, and glory in the name of Christ alone."

At one period he was named chaplain to the Elector of Saxony. This raised still further opposition to the truth, and all talked and disputed about religion, many without really caring what was truth, so that they were left to enjoy their revelings and feastings. Spener steadily pursued his course, nor did these disputes seem so sad in his eyes as insensibility and carelessness.

Things were in this state, when, in the autumn of the year 1688, a young artist returned to Saxony from Italy, where he had spent three years studying the works of the great painters. Partly from choice

and partly from economy, he made the latter part of his journey on foot. When he was within an hour or two's journey of Dresden, however, he got so foot-sore, that he sat down on the side of the road to wait for some carriage passing in which he could take a seat. After a while he heard one approaching, and looking through the trees he saw that it was drawn by two horses, and came on at a slower pace than pleased the lively young artist, who was very impatient to reach his father's house. "I suppose it is some invalid," he thought, "for such fresh-looking, well-fed horses would otherwise be urged to a swifter pace." As it was a private carriage, he hoped the traveler would observe how tired he was, and would offer him a seat; but as the carriage drew nearer, he perceived that the gentleman within was so deeply engaged with a book, that there was little hope of his taking any notice of him. Our artist, not being of a shy disposition, called out, "May I ask, sir, whether you are going to Dresden?"

"Yes, my friend," was the answer; "if you wish to come with me, open the door, and get into the carriage."

"You are very kind," answered the young man; "and as I have hurt my foot, and my shoe presses it, I will gladly accept your offer, for your horses are too strong to suffer from the additional weight. If my presence disturbs you"—

"Not at all," said the gentleman, interrupting him; "you see I take my book as a companion, which proves I like company."

"O, but," said the painter, politely, "your book may be far better company than I am."

"Were I to answer you with strict truth," said the gentleman, "I should say it is so, for the man does not exist whose company would compensate for the loss of this book."

Our friend George felt this a reproof for having intruded into the carriage, but, on looking at his companion, he saw plainly no reproof or unkindness was meant. His open countenance and his pleasing smile forbade his thinking so. The gentleman was dressed in a style of simplicity different from the fashion of the day, but in accordance with the want of ceremony with which he had invited George to share his carriage, and had answered what George, on entering, had said as words of course.

As a portrait painter, George was of course an observer of countenance, and in that of his companion he discerned quietness, equanimity, and a degree of decision and command almost inconsistent with its humility and softness. It was no common countenance, and one that raised a curiosity in his mind to know the character of him to whom it belonged. He was somewhat at a loss how to answer what had been last said, and not liking to remain silent, remarked, "There is nothing more uncomfortable in a long walk than tight shoes. The shoemakers in Prague make them terribly narrow."

"Have you come so far on foot?" asked the elderly gentleman.

"I have come from a much greater distance, though not always on foot. I am just returning to Dresden from Italy, that land which may well be styled the painters' home. Have you ever been there? Have you ever breathed its ambrosial air?"

"Not unless you call the road from Lyons to Geneva, Italy," replied the other with a smile.

"Then you cannot judge of that lovely country," said George, with enthusiasm excited by the very recollection of Italy. "I would rather live in a hut there, than with all that riches can procure in this cold, bleak country. There they know what it is to live."

"And what do you call life?"

"Life!" cried the young man, his eyes sparkling with joy. "I call it life to see mountain and valley, forest and meadow, stream and lake, such as Italy offers, and to hear the poetic language spoken by its people under their sunny skies. I call it life to suck in health and joy with every breath of its warm air. I call it life to enjoy its natural earth and heaven, and the pictures of them by the first-rate masters; to live where the first dawn of morning tells of joy, and the last rays of evening sun tell of pleasure; to live as if in the Hesperides or in Arcadia, whose sons may well be called the sons of the morning. But in this cold, bleak Saxony we scarcely know what joy and light is—all seems so chilled."

"My young friend, you disparage your native land. Do you not think that the wisdom of God has appropriated to every country its own peculiar happiness, and given to every land the climate suited to

it? Do you not know that it is through true religion that man becomes the son of light, and that true faith is the morning dawn of heaven?"

"I can easily perceive that Saxony is your native land," answered the artist, evading a direct answer.

"You are mistaken; my native land is in a milder climate than Saxony, but, like Saxony, it is under the sky which God has spread over the earth, and is lighted by the same sun which warms and lights the Hesperides and Arcadia; and, my young friend, if the expression I use is not an improper one, every man's Arcadia ought to be where God has placed him, and said to him, 'Here live and work, and walk toward heaven,' for every part of the earth belongs to the Lord, and every part is well fitted to be a place of preparation for heaven."

The young painter looked at his companion with timidity and embarrassment; but seeing nothing but mildness and kindness in his countenance, he felt again attracted toward him, and asked, "But do you live in Dresden, sir?"

"I have done so for the last two years and a half," was the answer.

"Then probably you know my father," said the young man with his usual openness, "the goldsmith Guldenmeyer in Pirna-street, and my sister Elizabeth. When I went to Italy she was sixteen: she must be nineteen now, and greatly grown. You cannot conceive how delighted I feel at the thoughts of seeing her again. She does not know I am coming to-day, for I wish to surprise her; and I will ask you to let me out of the carriage before we reach the house, and I will get in by a private door. Elizabeth," he continued, without allowing his companion time to speak, "was one of the liveliest girls possible; there was life and animation in all she did and said. Her first letters to me were full of joy and pleasure. I carry all her letters in the breast of my coat. They were delightful to read, but gradually they have changed. I don't know how it is, but by degrees they have become calmer and quieter; not but they are still very loving. But my sister writes about religion so much, and about pious life, and about true Christianity; and she even sent me a book written by a man called Spener—the most tiresome book you ever saw. I found it impossible to read it. This

Spener is, I fancy, chaplain to the court of Dresden. Do you know him?"

"Very little," answered the elderly man, with an almost sorrowful smile; "I take the greatest pains to get intimately acquainted with him, but there is something in him that I cannot pierce through and completely understand."

"What do you think of him?" asked George, who seemed glad to hear something about him.

"I am certain of this much," said the other, "that he means to act honorably with himself and others; but the daily increasing knowledge of his shortcoming in the fulfillment of his duties gives him so much sorrow, that nothing but his certainty of the grace of God, and of the strength that he vouchsafes to man to do what is required of him, and the hope that God will answer his prayer, and give him that strength, keeps him from retreating from his post."

"That sounds very strange," said George, "and seems to me exaggerated. What is the use of all this self-torturing? Man can do no more than he is able. But," he continued, after a pause, "the name of Spener is very well known; I hear it everywhere—everybody talks of him; some speak good of him, others ill; they say he is the head of a new sect called the Pietists. I am particularly curious to know something about him, and to get acquainted with him, for my sister Elizabeth writes about him so continually, and praises him so highly."

"But what is the evil they say of him?" asked the elder.

"The evil! If you are a friend of the man, surely you would ask the good they say of him."

"I am not sure of that, my young friend; the good one man says of another is almost always somewhat mistaken. It is generally said with the blind partiality of friendship, or it proceeds from the not thoroughly knowing the man, or from some selfish reason for preference. There is a something in our human nature that makes us see in truer light the evil than the good that is in others. It is one of the wise arrangements of Providence, that man is made better rather by blame than by praise; he becomes more humble, more pious, in short more Christian, when he is not puffed up by praise. Therefore I should like to hear the evil

said of Spener, just because I am his friend."

"But I have scarcely courage to repeat it, because, though I am but young, I have gained some experience in my three years' travel, and found it wiser to repeat good than evil. There is a proverb that says, 'Slander is a poisoned arrow that returns to wound the speaker;' and suppose the evil were slander?"

"But you do not know it to be slander; and as you have been absent so long, and may very fairly think it the truth, which it probably is, you need not fear to repeat it. And," he added, smiling, "I promise you it shall not return to wound you. So pray speak openly, and tell what they say of the new court chaplain."

"Well, since you must know, they say that he is a schoolmaster, not a preacher; that he has no theological learning; that he cannot converse in Latin. Some say that he is a hypocrite; that he appears pious outwardly, but that in reality he is full of hypocrisy and vice; that he is inwardly—it was some words from Scripture about Pharisees."

"Inwardly," calmly interposed the other, "full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness."

"Yes, that was it. Some say he has not one true friend in Dresden. The nobility and gentry dislike him, because they say he preaches against their luxury and dissipation; and even among the clergy he is disliked, because it is reported that he said Christ was not preached in the pulpits of Dresden, and that he would preach nothing else; that he pretends to be better than his brethren, which is trying to cast blame on them. They cannot conceive why the elector should send to Frankfort to choose a chaplain, when there are so many more learned and more deserving men in his own dominions. Some of the clergy are angry because they have been ordered by the higher authorities to hold catechetical examinations of the young. Such childish doings were not heard of till Spener set the example, and now all the clergy must turn themselves into schoolmasters. They say, however, that the elector has already discovered his mistake, and seldom goes to hear Spener preach, and never attends his week-day lectures. Others say the elector is so pleased with his proceedings that he has given him his own private chapel for his

lectures and for the instruction of the children, and has given orders that his letters shall go everywhere free of postage, in hopes of his instruction thus spreading through the land. I heard this, and a great deal more than I have time to tell you. I have passed through Switzerland, Suabia, Franconia, and Bohemia, and in every inn where I stopped, people were talking of Spener—sometimes praising, sometimes blaming him; but certainly the clergy seem everywhere to oppose him."

"It is very melancholy," said the elderly gentleman, and bowed his head with an air of sadness.

"I am sorry," said the painter, "that my talk has made you sad. You are a friend of the preacher, and if I thought you would not repeat to him"—

"You need not care whether I do or no, for he knows it all already. But it is your remark about opposition from brothers in the ministry that I think so sad, because I know it is really the case."

"But I wonder why it is. We might naturally think that those who from the pulpit preach, 'Love one another,' 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' would be the very men to know better."

"Ah," said the other more sadly still, "it is caused by the envy and hatred that is natural to the heart of man; it is caused by the pride of learning and of worldly wisdom, that drives men to hate what is lowering and humbling; it is caused by the love of ease, which makes us dislike any new plan if we must be troubled to follow it, though we secretly feel it to be right. But sometimes also strife is caused by true zeal for the Lord. Zeal, however, is sometimes mistaken; the apostle speaks of a zeal that is not according to knowledge. Zeal must be accompanied by love, and those who preach reconciliation to God should practice it with their fellow-men. Yet we see this message of reconciliation raise strife everywhere."

"I saw a specimen of it this day," said the young painter. "It was at the little inn at Lorkwitz, not long before I met you. Spener had been lecturing there in the morning, and as I ate my dinner in the public room, I heard a warm disputation between two men, which I suppose the lecture had given rise to. One of these men seemed very learned, but he was pedantic, and used very fine words, which, however, I thought rather embarrassed his

argument, and made it more difficult to understand than the simpler mode of speaking of his opponent. They became warm, and at last angry, and the pedantic gentleman said, as putting an end to further discussion, 'There is no use in my wasting my time trying to convince you of the error of your opinions, for I plainly perceive you are a confirmed Pietist.' I now ventured to ask what was a Pietist, for having lately arrived in this country, I was unacquainted with the word, though I have frequently heard it used within the last few days, as I pursued my journey. 'The Pietists,' answered the pedantic gentleman, 'are a sect lately risen among us, who set themselves up as better than other men. Their piety consists in condemning, as sinful, the wearing of embroidered neckcloths, brilliants in their shoe-buckles, curled or powdered perukes, gold chains or rings. They fast daily, and make long prayers, and look gloomy, and wear shabby clothes, and attend Dr. Spener's lectures on Sabbaths and Wednesdays.' 'You may, perhaps, understand Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, and Chaldee,' said the plain-spoken gentleman, in a tone of contempt; 'but I can tell you, you do not understand Dr. Spener, nor do you know what true piety is.' They both left the room, and I do not think I understand the term even now."

"A Pietist," replied the other, "is simply one who tries to follow Christ, and who tries to prove his devotion to his heavenly Master more by following his precepts, than by learned disputations and arguments,—one who humbly submits to the will of God, even when he cannot understand it, and who takes the revealed Word of God as his only rule of life and morals."

"O, but it must be something else, for there is no harm in all that, and I have always heard it used as a term of reproach."

"It is so used, and was invented by those who do not love the people of God. The Pietists themselves do not like the designation, and wish only to be called Christians."

"Thank you for your explanation. I hope you are right, for Elizabeth so constantly mentions this Spener in her letters, and I hear him so constantly spoken of as the head of these Pietists, that I feared she was one, and that they were hypo-

crites. If they are what you say, I hope she is one, and that her newly-found religion is not one merely of words. But here we are at the gates; I must get out here, and walk quietly to my father's house."

"Whatever you wish," said his companion, and called to the coachman to stop.

As George got out, the gentleman offered him his hand in token of good-will, and the young man, heartily returning the friendly grasp, said, "Sir, will you permit me to continue an acquaintance, the commencement of which has given me so much pleasure? May I ask your name, and where I may have the pleasure of meeting you again?"

The elderly gentleman put his head out of the window, and answered with a smile of the greatest good-humor, "I hope, young friend, my name may not frighten you. It is Spener. I am the new court chaplain. Give my best regards to your sister Elizabeth. I hope to meet you with her at those lectures which you are inclined to think too childish for grown persons. Come and judge of their simplicity for yourself." And then in a graver tone he added, "The Lord be with you and bless you."

The carriage was some way off before George stirred from the spot. He felt embarrassed, and thought, "I might have guessed from his conversation that it was Spener himself. What a fool I was! The carriage, too, is no private one, but the one the elector appropriates to the use of his household. Doubtless it was lent to the chaplain for the journey."

George Guldenmeyer did not find Elizabeth a less loving sister from being a pious Christian, and he was easily persuaded to accompany her to hear gospel truth set forth in simple exposition of Scripture, and he received the seed into good ground prepared by the Holy Spirit. On further acquaintance with Spener, however, George's love and admiration of the preacher became so great, from the natural liveliness and ardor of his disposition, that there was danger of his becoming a Spenerist, for his reverence for the man who led him to a knowledge of salvation became almost idolatry. The word of Spener had little less weight with him than the words of Scripture. Spener found it often necessary to remind George and other friends, that though he did not preach

"with enticing words of men's wisdom," yet if the very simplicity of his words and manners led them to lean upon him for teaching, instead of applying to Christ for that Holy Spirit that he has promised to give to those who ask, "that Spirit which will guide us into all truth," they were certainly going astray, and following man rather than God.

[For the National Magazine.]

ACTION.

No beauteous thing was made for rest—
A mission, fond and free,
Is on each little life impress'd,
A charge of destiny.

The universe is but the march
Of atoms in their course—
Each change of beauty in life's scene
The secret might of force.

The little particle moves on;
It sports with wind and storm;
Or lodgment takes deep in the earth,
To wake in fairer form.

In matter's mystic cavalcade,
Through crystal leaf and flower,
Through rain and dew, through rock and
pearl,
It moves with secret power.

For higher life, for purer form,
The atom struggles on,
To gleam within the rainbow's arch,
Or sit on beauty's throne.

How shall not man whose nature stands
Bound up with forces vast,
Innate with strength, reveal his life
In mold of holiest cast.

His law is action—gates of power
Stand open in his view;
A restless soul, a holy zeal,
Shall give him entrance through.

Potential is the good of life,
Action the secret key
That opens the garner'd wealth of Him
Who gives with this decree,

That man shall gather from the realm
Of beauty and of love,
Bright gems for his own coronal,
Within the bliss above,

'Tis action gains the higher life
That bursts the life of sense,
And spirit greeting gives the soul
In holy utterance.

And holier faith leads on the life,
Its evolutions through,
Till, crown'd within God's temple high,
All life is ever new.

D. WILLIAMS.

[For the National Magazine.]

MOSES AND GEOLOGY.

MR. CROFTON'S THEORY.

GEOLOGICAL disclosures are viewed as variously by different minds as those minds differ from each other, especially in their moral character. By one class the supposed discordance between geology and revelation is regarded with a feeling of triumph, as if the great question is now decided, and the Bible must yield to infidelity. Another class look upon the vaunted discrepancy between Scripture and geology with serious apprehension or positive alarm. They are ready to ask: "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" Psa. xi, 3. While a third class console themselves with the assurance that God is always consistent with himself—that he never contradicts in his *word* what he has *done* in his works. Hence they cheerfully abide their time. They would much sooner believe that the true hypothesis of interpretation remains to be adopted by commentators and divines, than that there is the least actual contradiction, or insuperable incongruity between the account of creation in Gen. i, and the veritable facts of geology.

This is doubtless the only true and safe position; and while it is calmly maintained, one is prepared to canvass, without prejudice on one hand or over eager fancy or solicitude on the other, any reasonable and enlightened hypothesis which proposes to relieve the difficulty.

The several hypotheses advocated for the purpose of harmonizing Scripture and geology are reducible to the following:—

1. That all those fossils which are claimed to denote the vast age of the world were deposited during the Noachian deluge.

2. That the fossiliferous strata were deposited during the interval between man's creation and the deluge; or that the primary and secondary were formed during this period, and the tertiary and diluvial by the flood.

3. That the "days" of creation were not twenty-four hours long; but may have been indefinitely long periods.

4. That taking the days as natural ones, periods indefinitely long elapsed between them.

5. That the first verse of Genesis is

an epitome of what follows in detail in the first chapter.

6. That the first verse of Genesis declares the original creation of the entire universe, including earth and heaven; and that a period of unknown length intervened before the creation of man and the present order of animals and vegetables; and that the inspired historian resumes his narrative in the second verse in so far as concerns the human race.

This last hypothesis assumes that a vast interval of duration came in between the period alluded to in the first and second verses of Genesis—ages during which the earth was peopled by numerous and successive tribes of animal and vegetable creations, differing widely from any now existing. And also that in the transition of the surface of the earth from its original to its present condition, it passed through to one of "igneous fluidity," by the gradual process of cooling, and by the elevating and lowering agencies of fire and water—agencies which are still at work forming and reducing continents and islands: that it was by the joint action of these forces that the crust of the earth was remodeled till it became the fit abode of man, fitted up thus for his occupancy previous to his creation.

This last hypothesis, thus explained, is, if we comprehend him, the one indorsed by Mr. Crofton. In its support he sets forth *ten* propositions. These he has elaborated and defined with as much fullness and force as the narrow limits which he prescribed to himself in his small work allowed. We shall now state his several propositions, together with a synopsis of his principal arguments in their support:—

Proposition 1.—"That the absolute age of our earth is not defined in the sacred volume."

The proof lies in the indefiniteness of the term "beginning," in Gen. i, 1. It is employed in a great variety of senses in the Scriptures. By Solomon, to express the eternity of wisdom, (Prov. viii, 22, 23,) "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning." Our Saviour uses the term with reference to the origin of the human species, (Matt. xix, 4,) and to the commencement of his own ministry, John xv, 27. Its use in John i, 1, expressive of the eternity of the incarnate Word, will also be remembered. From

these examples it is clear that its import in any given case must be determined by the nature of the subject to which it has reference. So in this case, the age of the world cannot be determined by the term "beginning." The date of the creation may have been cycles of ages before the present state of things commenced. *When* the beginning was, Moses does not inform us.

Prop. 2.—That there may have been a long interval in duration between the creation of the heaven and the earth, mentioned in the first verse of Genesis, and the continuance of the earth's history in the second.

In the several examples adduced in proof that the supposition that a long period intervened between the 1st and 2d verses of Genesis, is not in violation of the usage of the sacred writers, it is not of course pretended that a perfect parallel can be shown. The following deserve attention:—

In Exod. ii, between the 1st and 2d verses, an interval of some seven or eight years must have elapsed. The first speaks of the marriage of the parents of Moses; the second of his birth. But it is undeniable that Aaron and Miriam were born before him; the latter being at the time of his birth some eight or ten years of age.

In Deut. x, there is a chasm of thirty-eight years between verses 5th and 6th; the latter referring to Aaron's death, which occurred thirty-eight years after the tables of the law were deposited in the ark by Moses, mentioned in verse 5th.

1 Chron. supplies another example between the last verse of the tenth chapter and the 1st verse of the eleventh, of the omission of seven years and a half; during which David reigned over Judah before he was crowned king over Israel at Hebron.

A like chasm of fifty-seven years occurs in Ezra, between the 6th and 7th chapters.

And in the one hundred and fourth Psalm, between the 5th and 6th verses, an interval of 1656 years, namely, from the creation to the flood, is passed over in silence: or according to the Septuagint 2262 years, according to Josephus 2256.

In Daniel xi, between verses 2 and 3, an interval of some one hundred and fifty years, comprising the reigns of six Persian kings, is passed over in silence. And in Acts xxii, between verses 16 and 17,

three years are passed over in a similar manner.

Now, when all these examples are taken together, it is clear that the interval assumed in the hypothesis under consideration, between the 1st and 2d verses of Genesis i, is not without considerable plausibility. The simple fact of such interval is not without a parallel.

Prop. 3.—"That the term 'the earth,' does not apply, necessarily, in every instance, to the whole of our planet; but sometimes to only a part of it."

The reference here seems to be to the question as to the universality of the deluge of Noah. And that the term "earth" is sometimes employed with limitation may be admitted—as indeed the ten instances cited by this writer when the term undeniably must be taken in this qualified sense clearly prove, without yielding the point that the flood extended over the whole earth. Nor do we see how this question, decided either way, affects the hypothesis of our author. As far as we can discern, his theory of interpretation is not affected by adhering to the common opinion that the whole earth was submerged in the deluge. Indeed, this fact is too well established, being too explicitly stated by Moses, to be set aside by anything yet adduced.

Prop. 4.—"That the state of the earth, described in the 2d verse as 'without form and void,' does not necessarily mean matter never reduced to form and order, but may signify matter reduced to disorder, after previous organization and arrangement."

The Hebrew terms rendered, "without form and void," occur in only two other places in the Old Testament. Isa. xxxiv, 11, "The Lord shall stretch upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness." The prophet is describing the desolations of Edom or Idumea. In Jer. iv, 23, we meet with these terms again. The prophet is foretelling the invasion of the Holy Land by the Chaldean army, and exclaims: "I beheld the earth, and lo, it was without form and void; and the heavens, and they had no light." That the imagery was borrowed from Gen. i, 2 there can be no question.

And what is there incredible in the supposition that these terms describe a state of the earth at a certain point in its transition from its previous to its present condition? Assuming that in its former

state it was peopled by those enormous animals, known to us only by their rude and massy fossil remains, when it produced that luxuriant vegetation which supplied them with sustenance, and which now constitutes those vast anthracite and bituminous coal deposits which supply the world with such immense quantities of fuel, why is not this hypothesis, in itself considered, as reasonable as any other? And when we become familiar with the idea that "without form and void" denotes a *transition* state of the earth, and not its first known condition after it was spoken into being by Omnipotence, why will not one hypothesis be as plausible as the other?

Prop. 5.—"That the 'darkness' upon the face of the deep, mentioned in verse 2, is not negative of a *previous* existence of light, but may have been only a temporary one."

In this view it was a temporary darkness occasioned by the transformation the earth was then undergoing, and which was succeeded by the breaking in of light mentioned in the next verse. Hence the 2d verse is a connecting link between the broad and sublime declaration in verse 1, ascribing the creation of the universe to the only true God, in opposition to all idolatrous myths and fancies, with those several transforming acts of the Creator in remodeling the earth and making it the fit abode for that new order of intelligent beings about to be created, called man, who should fill up a niche midway between angels and irrational animals, partaking as we know him to do of the nature of both. All this in theory is, at least, plausible; and for aught that can be shown to the contrary, may have been verified in fact. And is there not something striking in the conception, giving vastly more than mere plausibility to the hypothesis? But let us hasten to the next proposition.

Prop. 6.—"That the commencement of the account of the first six days of the creation dates from the beginning of the 3d verse: 'And God said, Let there be light.'"

Of course creation is here to be understood, not in the strict and proper sense of the term; but in that of *transformation*, *remodeling*, required by the hypothesis. The actual creation of the world took place, on this principle, in the "beginning," previous to any of the six days, and to

that transition state of things described in verse 2. His interpretation receives no slender support from the form of speech which designates those six days; which is for their commencement, "And God said," and for their close, "The evening and the morning were the first, second, third," &c., "days." But on the old hypothesis, assuming that there is no chasm between the 1st and 2d verses in the narrative—filled by an unknown pre-Adamite period, at the close of which the historic period commenced—a state of things only glanced at in verse 2, as being "without form and void"—we might look for the notation of the *first* day at the end of the 2d verse; but it falls in at the end of the 5th verse! And while this is quite inexplicable on the common or old interpretation, it is most natural and consistent on the hypothesis here advocated.

Prop. 7.—"That the act of 'the first day' does not necessarily signify the *creation* of light, but may have been only the calling it into operation upon the scene of 'darkness,' described in the 2d verse."

There is one consideration which militates strongly in favor of this interpretation; it entirely relieves the almost insuperable difficulty of conceiving how light should have been created on the *first* day, while the *sun*, its great natural source from which it emanates to our system, was not created, according to the common interpretation, till the *fourth* day! But let it be assumed that the sun had from "the beginning" held his present central position, enthroned as monarch of the solar system, and had for cycles of ages shed his intense beams upon this young, prolific earth, warming into life and then nourishing the enormous growth of fossil animals and plants; and that in the breaking up of the earth's crust and in its transformation requisite for it to become the fit abode of man, by the joint action of fire and water, it became mantled in one vast "swaddling cloth" of clouds and darkness; and then in connection, the "moving of the Spirit of God upon the face of the waters,"—that is, the fluid, igneous, heterogeneous mass, was no sooner made to feel than it yielded to the omnipotent touch; clearing up the shrouded horizon, rarifying the murky and suffocating atmosphere, and condensing the dense and loaded vapors into water, rolling the separating mass into those vast excava-

tions, or ocean beds already prepared to receive it; thus permitting the islands, plains, and mountains, to lift up their heads; when the long-intercepted rays of the sun might again greet the new-modeled earth. This, we conceive, would be a practical exemplification of the theory assumed in this hypothesis. And to what more rational hypothesis can we yield our suffrage?

Prop. 8. "That the calling 'the light day,' and the 'darkness night,' with the declaration, that 'the evening and the morning were the first day,' does not necessarily imply that this was the first day, *absolutely speaking.*"

Because it may only have been the first day under the new order of things; the first day to the earth in its remodeled state. This interpretation is borne out by a marked peculiarity in the Hebrew numeral denoting the first day, not otherwise easily accounted for. The *cardinal* number is used instead of the *ordinal*; whereas the latter is used with respect to all the other days of the six. Hence literally it would be, "and the evening was, and the morning was, *one* day." This peculiarity consists as well with the reference of this *one* day to the new order of things under the remodeled state of the earth, as with its reference to a similar period of duration under the original state and order of things.

Prop. 9. "That the work of the 'second day,' mentioned in the 6th, 7th, and 8th verses, may have been only an operation performed on the atmosphere of our earth."

Our limited space will not allow us to dilate upon this point. Several scriptures are collated by the writer in support of his position; but we cannot recount them. The truth of the proposition turns mostly, we imagine, upon the main position which distinguishes this interpretation; that the first verse states a great original fact, between the occurrence of which and the account of what followed, an indefinitely long interval elapsed. Hence "the heavens and the earth," which were created "in the beginning," must include the *sidereal* as well as the *aërial* heavens. As a further consequence, the making of the "firmament" consisted in the elevation of the clouds to their present ordinary height or level; the waters above the firmament, signifying the humid vapors suspended in the clouds compared with, or in distinc-

tion from, the waters of the seas; and thus the rising and sweeping away of the clouds, so as to disclose the *expanse* or *first* heaven, as understood by the Hebrew people, namely, the *aërial* or atmospheric; and when the clouds thus disappeared to open up the vision to the measureless depths above in the stellar regions, by the Hebrews called the *second* heavens, must be the import of these verses according to the hypothesis of this proposition,—an essential part of this theory of interpretation.

Prop. 10. "That the work of the 'fourth day,' described from the 14th to the 18th verse, does not necessarily imply that the sun, moon, and stars, were then first created, or formed for the first, from preëxistent matter, but may only have been that they were then for the first time, in the detail of the history of the present earth, made visible to it, and ordained to their offices with respect to the coming human creation."

That the sun, moon, and stars, are collectively the great dial-plate of this world's chronometer, is a fact well understood. Their various revolutions, conjunctions, cycles, &c., are the data by which we estimate the current progress of duration. In the sense of this proposition, they now commenced to serve their present important purposes to the earth in its present remodeled state. And what is there impossible or absurd in the supposition? Indeed, it is a necessary consequence, from the hypothesis on which it is proposed to interpret these verses. And we might almost venture to add, that the hypothesis itself is necessary to harmonize the word and works of the Creator: at least this or some other, differing from the common or vulgar theory, seems to be a desideratum.

As it was not the object of the inspired writer to present a scientific view of those facts and events of which he treats, we have reason to suppose that it was his intention to describe things as they would have appeared to the reader had he been a spectator of the scene described. Indeed, who can deny that the inspired writer may have been in a sense himself a spectator, *in vision*—that is, had a mental survey of the scenes contained in his narrative? For they were of such a character, that they could not have come to him authentically like those, for example, which

pertain to the sin and fall of man, by transmission from hand to hand. And if a long train of facts, constituting the materials of the future history of nations as well as individuals, were made to pass in a sort of panoramic exhibition before the mental eye of the inspired seer, with all the nice delineations of the perfect landscape, why may not those things which transpired long before the historic period of the world commenced—before there was a man to be the subject of that history, or to record its current events—have been disclosed in the same way to the mind of Moses? The only difference would be this—to the latter, facts and events are revealed long after they occurred; to the former, future events are thus disclosed. But how far this view is entitled to toleration, and how far it will lend support to the above hypothesis if tolerated, are questions to be decided by evidence.

The claims of geology are based upon assumed facts. The evidence of these facts seems to be indisputable: for example, that the surface of the earth has undergone, at some time and by some agency, great convulsions, disruptions, upheavings, and displacements. These facts admit of no dispute; the evidence amounts to demonstration. It is ocular and conclusive. And that some fossil remains belong to extinct species of animals, is equally certain. But when those upheavings and displacements transpired is the grand question to be decided. One of four things may be true: 1. That the breaking up of the earth's surface was the work of the Noachian deluge. 2. That it must have taken place between the flood and the creation, as ordinarily understood. 3. That it must have occurred in connection with the assumed transformation and remodeling of the earth, agreeably to the hypothesis under consideration. Or, 4. That the present state of the earth resulted partly from this supposed transformation, and partly from the deluge. For all that appears to the contrary, one of these hypotheses is, at least, probable. And admitting, for the sake of the argument, that probability is all that can be pleaded, then the evidence in favor of one or the other of these conclusions is, in amount, the mere balancing of probabilities. And that the probability makes us strongly in favor of that hypothesis which assigns to the world an unmeasured duration previous to the

commencement of the present order of things, scarcely admits of denial or doubt; unless, indeed, the fourth and last hypothesis above named preponderates. The flood is a recorded event, coming down to us with all the attestations of revelation itself. And that no inconsiderable changes may have passed upon the surface of the earth at the time, cannot be disproved.

Nor is it in the least strange that the inspired writers have shed no more light on any of these questions. It was not their object. They do not profess to do it. They maintain the same silence with respect to other subjects, purely scientific. It was their object to teach religious and moral truths—not the sciences as such. This they have done. They have done it clearly, adequately, fully. That they ever contradict well-established scientific truths it were inconsistent to believe. The supposition cannot be admitted. But it should not be forgotten, that in what they do utter, their statements are only *allusive* to those things which are strictly scientific—never *expository* or *descriptive* of them. And in all their allusions two things are obvious: they refer to things as they appeared to the common beholder; and they are contemplated as they were held at the time. Had the sciences, including the arts, stood in their present advanced condition, corresponding allusions would doubtless have been made to them; and they would doubtless have been drawn upon by the inspired writers for imagery, differing as much from that which now adorns their writings, as do modern attainments in the arts and sciences from ancient.

It follows from the foregoing theory, that *death* in the animal kingdom was prior to the fall of man. This is contrary to the common opinion on that subject. This opinion refers death and suffering in every case, and in all their forms, to *man's* offense. We cannot help regarding it as a misapprehension of facts. Such a conclusion is reached by a misinterpretation of those passages of Scripture which clearly refer to the subject. The great apostle of the Gentiles affirms the contrary. He limits his own meaning when he says: "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Rom. vii, 12. The extent to which sin obtained, thus introduced, could not be more defi-

nately expressed. It "passed upon all men." Hence, animals are excluded.

On the contrary, the current theory involves an absolute impossibility. It was not possible for either man or animals to have lived and moved before the fall without destroying myriads of insects and animalculæ. To exonerate the Creator from the imputation of partiality in thus subjecting *some* of his creatures to inevitable death, while others were not so exposed, should it be replied that life is relatively more important to some species than to others, we reply, that this is the same as to say there *may* be reasons why death is allowable to some creatures. And why not to others? Hence this is to give up the argument. For who shall draw the line between those which may be thus subjected and those which should be exempted?

VELASQUES AND THE MAGICIAN— BRILLIANT PROSPECTS.

PEDRO VELASQUES was the most renowned singer that the cathedral of Valladolid could boast. He was the great attraction at all the high solemnities, and his merit and musical organization rang throughout all Spain. Pedro Velasques possessed a magnificent tenor voice; of course his natural vanity, and the praises bestowed upon him, caused him to find his empire too confined, and his soul panted for a more extended arena than the organ-loft of the cathedral of Valladolid.

It happened there came to Valladolid a celebrated magician named Mendozus, who it was reported worked the most astounding prodigies. Pedro Velasques immediately saddled his mule, and sought the dwelling of the magician Mendozus. He tied his mule to the door-post, and entered his dwelling.

"Illustrious Don," said Pedro Velasques, "there can be little doubt that my name has already reached you. I am Pedro Velasques, the magnificent tenor singer of the cathedral of Valladolid. Weary of vegetating in a position so obscure, and so unworthy of my talent, I have recourse to your skill, that it may enable me to achieve the most lofty pinnacles of art. Should I reach the apex, my gratitude toward you, illustrious Don, shall be boundless."

"Your gratitude!" replied Mendozus, with an air of incredulity. "The human

race is ungrateful—it is an old saying, which nobody can deny."

"Ah! illustrious Don, rely upon my word, my faith, and my honor."

"It is well," replied Mendozus; "upon your promise, I will call into action all the resources of my art." Then opening a small door, which communicated with the kitchen, "Jacinta," he cried, with a stentorian voice, "put two partridges on the spit; Pedro Velasques, the magnificent tenor singer of the cathedral of Valladolid, dines with us to day."

He then conducted his guest into an obscure chamber, which he called his laboratory, and which was filled with books of magic, and variously shaped alchemical instruments. There were seen at the various angles of the chamber myriads of tiny demons, with crimson and purple complexions, and hairy skins, and yellow mustaches, and shut up in cages like squirrels. When these beheld Pedro Velasques enter, they saluted him with grotesque attitudes, and cut the most quaint capers.

"Be seated," said Mendozus; "the science which I profess is peculiarly dry; we will moisten it with a flask of Xeres."

He then opened a trap, descended some steps, and returned with a long sea-green bottle in his hand; then murmuring some unintelligible words, he filled the two glasses, and emptied into one of them twelve drops of a blood-red liquor, and presented it to Pedro Velasques, who swallowed it with a wry face.

It is not known what mystery followed in the laboratory of the alchemist.

Soon after the organist of the cathedral of Valladolid died, and some hidden influence seconded so well the movements of Pedro Velasques, that he was nominated to fill the situation of the deceased.

Mendozus, the principal instrument of this rapid elevation, came in person to felicitate the newly-elected organist, and at the same time to solicit a slight service in return. Pedro Velasques received his friend in an hospitable and amiable manner, but he begged to be excused, as he could not immediately show his gratitude—"pressing demands had impoverished him, and he must establish himself in his new post, but for all that, my friend, do not abandon me; exert yourself more than ever for my advancement, and I will pay my debt with good interest."

Mendozus bowed, and left the new organist without reply. He continued in the meanwhile, to labor so well in his favor, that Pedro Velasques soon saw his fame extend throughout all Spain, and he was some time subsequently nominated master of the chapel to the cathedral of Seville.

Mendozus continued to serve him in his new residence, and after his installation came humbly to implore his good will. "I ask not money," he said, "I only desire the small employment of chorister for my son, whom I wish to see terminate his musical studies under your enlightened direction."

"I will give him better than that," replied the new maestro; "but wait a little longer. I have now to find places for a number of youths recommended by people of the highest distinction; as soon as I can rid myself of these importunities your son shall find in me a most zealous patron. In the meantime he shall lose nothing by the delay, for without doubt I shall make during the time a favorable step in the arts, and the higher I mount the more my friends may rely upon me."

Without allowing himself to be discouraged by this answer, the magician continued to exercise all the resources of his art to elevate Pedro Velasques, and his zeal was soon recompensed. The King of Spain heard such eulogiums of the maestro of Seville, that he desired to hear him. Pedro Velasques was summoned to court, and played and sung in the royal presence. The monarch evinced so lively a satisfaction, that he constituted Pedro Velasques director of the fêtes and spectacles of the palace. In this brilliant post the fortunate Pedro Velasques succeeded in conciliating the affection of the prince, who soon awarded to him his boundless confidence, and made him his first minister. From that time, Pedro Velasques had it in his power to recompense him to whom he owed his rapid elevation. But in vain!

Mendozus supported for some time this iniquity without a murmur; but finding that he was soon entirely forgotten, and that he was no longer regarded in the palace of his excellency, Don Pedro de Velasques, but with contempt, he took courage to remind Don Pedro de Velasques of the magnificent promises that the singer and organist of Valladolid, and the master of

the chapel of the cathedral of Seville, had made him.

"How dare you, rascal!" replied Don Pedro de Velasques, regarding him with inflamed features, "how dare you attribute to yourself the advantages which I have acquired by my knowledge and genius? You deserve to suffer the *auto da fe* for being devoted to magic and the occult sciences. But I am generous—begone—I banish you! If within three days you do not quit the kingdom of Spain, you shall be burned to death for your insolence!"

Without change of countenance, Mendozus heard himself banished.

"Jacinta," said Mendozus, the magician, "take the two partridges from the spit; Pedro Velasques, the tenor singer of the cathedral, does not dine here to-day."

At these words, Pedro Velasques awoke, rubbed his eyes with affright, saw himself far from his magnificent palace, in the humble dwelling of the magician. It was there, in the old arm chair, he had had the finest dream of his life: he had become by turns organist, master of the chapel, director of the spectacles and fêtes at court, and first minister and favorite of the king. He fell at once from his exalted sphere, and awoke the simple tenor singer of the cathedral of Valladolid.

Mendozus smiled grimly. The tiny demons in their cages tittered and clapped their hands gleesomely.

Pedro Velasques took no leave of Mendozus, but precipitately mounted his mule, and rode home mournfully.

ARTISTIC GRATITUDE!!

BURIAL-PLACE OF THE TURKS.—The principal place of sepulture for the Moslem population of Constantinople and its environs is at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, where there is a city of tombs that may almost contest the palm with the catacombs of Rome. The Turks, it appears, never forget that they but "camped in Europe;" so that what was merely a *bon mot* for the Frank author of the saying, is to them a serious and every-day truth. Accordingly, almost all the more serious and patriotic Moslems who can afford it order in their wills that their remains should find burial in Asia, where, when the race of Othman again gives place in Europe to the Ghiaour, the hoof of no infidel's charger will spurn their resting-place.

THE CIRCASSIAN TRIBES AND SCHAMYL.

SO great is the number of books which have lately appeared on the subject of those mountain tribes of the Caucasus who have so long withstood the assaults of successive Russian generals and armies, and so perplexing the variety of opinions and commentaries propounded in these works, that while few persons possess patience and opportunity to peruse them, fewer still, unless habituated to deal with scattered and discordant literary materials, would be enabled to arrive at any definite impressions, amid the "great obscure" of conflicting and inconsistent description. We have, therefore, considered that we should perform no unacceptable service by condensing the essence of some of the most accredited works which have come under our notice, and placing the result before our readers, accompanied by such comments of our own as may appear calculated to render the narrative intelligible, and to dispel illusion and misconception respecting a people and a leader, whose deeds of daring and valor have secured an imperishable renown.

A narrow strip of mountain land, running obliquely and irregularly across the country which intervenes between the Euxine and Caspian, affords shelter, in its inaccessible retreats, to several hardy tribes of warriors and freebooters, who have for ages been the terror of each other and of the neighboring districts. Between tribes, families, and individuals, the doctrine of blood for blood was formerly carried out in its most sanguinary meaning; so that the death of a member of one tribe by the hand of a member of an adjoining one placed all the surviving members in a state of war; murder retaliated by murder was not only the theory but the practice; and while maintaining a running flight of rapine and plunder with their neighbors to the north and south, the Circassian tribes were further engaged in perennial warfare among themselves.

It is no wonder if, under these circumstances, combined with the general sterility of the mountain districts, (only partially compensated by the exuberant fertility of isolated spots,) population did not augment rapidly. The hideous slave-trade, so long carried on between the Turks and the Circassians—a traffic in which the fairest

of the Circassian damsels were regularly sold and shipped to Constantinople for purposes which modesty shrinks from describing—further contributed so much to thin the number of the Circassians, that it seems rather matter of surprise that the population nearly approaches 1,000,000, than that it does not far exceed that estimate.

Though exhibiting more or less of the same general traits—valiant but treacherous, hospitable but greedy, patriotic but still more factious—the characteristics of the western and eastern tribes have been so much modified by position and circumstances, that very great differences exist between the two; and these differences were much wider until the overruling genius of Schamyl suppressed, if it did not destroy, many of the ancient local distinctions. The eastern tribes, toward the Caspian, are probably descendants of the Arabs, who eight hundred years ago converted the country to Mohammedanism by fire and sword, almost extirpating the original inhabitants. The descendants of the conquerors have, through the long vista of subsequent ages, been remarkable for the intensity of their attachment to the doctrines of Islamism. That attachment has been, in fact, a fanaticism of the most fierce and sanguinary kind; and most travelers concur in thinking that among the followers of Mohammed there are no people who would more willingly carry out the motto of "Death to the infidel." Within the last half-century, the ancient Mohammedanism has, under successive "prophets," become modified into a species of mysticism, on which the dreams and superstitions of many oriental nations are ingrafted. The company of Murids, who form a species of body-guard to the prophet, and claim the title of his privileged and special disciples, have on divers occasions proved, by the eagerness with which they have courted death in his service, that their faith in his mission and inspiration is sincere; but some few writers have maintained (in opposition to the majority) that the great mass of the mountaineers, including the priests of the old school, would willingly see an end of the new system of asceticism and mystery.

The western Caucasians are a very different people. For almost as many generations as their brethren toward the Caspian have been rigid Mohammedans,

those of the western mountains were regarded as "fast and loose" in their notions of religion. At one time they were half-Christianized, in the sense that they had lost all they had ever possessed of Mohammedanism, and afterward became Mohammedanized to the extent of forgetting all that they had heard about Christianity. The close of the last century found them nominal Mohammedans, with no particular regard for any creed or religion whatever.

They differed, moreover, from the eastern tribes in the kind of feudalism which prevailed among them, and which has been compared to that of western Europe in the middle ages, though it more nearly resembled that which, until 1745, flourished among the Highland clans of Scotland. The western Circassians were in fact divided into clans; and the clansman was devotedly attached to his chief, sacrificing life, property, and family, at his bidding. The clans were incessantly engaged in wars of pillage, retaliation, and revenge. The villages or souls were (as they are still) perched on the tops of the steepest and highest hills where existence was possible, and from these Alpine heights the stream of war rushed down, leaving devastation in its track over the plains. There is no record of a period when Circassia enjoyed peace externally and internally. Capital horsemen, (a rare accomplishment among mountaineers,) and possessing a strong and hardy breed of horses, they were forever engaged in expeditions against each other, or, in combination, against the Lowland Cossacks, by whom they were dreaded more than ever was Highland riever by cozy Scottish grazing farmer.

The sultan was, as our readers no doubt know, long the nominal sovereign of Circassia; but his actual authority was little greater than that which he may be supposed to have wielded in Egypt during Mohammed Ali's life. It was, in fact, *nil*. The Circassians carried on their wars among themselves and against their neighbors, without awaiting or receiving any opinions from Constantinople. When the Russians pushed their conquests as far as the banks of the Kuban, they found themselves in the neighborhood of the Circassians. Between the designs and ambition of one side and the habits and predilections of the other, collision was inevitable, and

it soon occurred. For upward of seventy years a war has been going on, sometimes languishing, sometimes active, but always marked by the cruelty and intrepidity with which both parties conducted their operations.

It would form a very dull chapter, filled with uncouth names, and narratives of barbarous scenes of massacre, plunder, and perfidy, to enter into a detail of the hostilities which have been waged between the Russians and the Circassian tribes for a period of nearly three quarters of a century. The preachings of a celebrated dervish in the first instance aroused to decided action the piety and patriotism of the mountaineers. To him succeeded other holy men, all pretending to inspiration, and all, no doubt, inspired more or less by an earnest fanaticism.

Under the Russian general, Yermoloff, great advantages were gained against the Circassians; his government lasted twenty-three years, and he had brought the mountaineers so low that, but for his recall in 1826, it is highly probable that they would have been compelled to succumb. After this, Khasi Mollah, the Circassian leader and prophet, gained many victories; but at length, in 1832, was destroyed by Van Rosen, the Russian general. Khasi Mollah and all his immediate followers were killed, with a single exception. But that exception was a momentous one. It was SCHAMYL, whose body was found pierced by two bullet wounds, and by one wound from a saber. When the victors retired, they left behind what they imagined to be the mutilated corpse of some obscure Circassian. Schamyl, however, recovered;—how, the world has never known, for secrecy and mystery are part of this remarkable man's character, and are perhaps necessary to the maintenance of his position.

The Turkish empire was, at this period, at its lowest stage of debasement, debility, and humiliation. The sultan had, some time before, resigned to Russia his nominal sovereignty over the Caucasus. The Circassians objected to being thus made over to an enemy whom they detested, and against whom they had fought gallantly for so many years. They determined to have a sultan of their own. The celebrated Mollah Mohammed consecrated Hameed Beg, as sultan and imam.

But many disorders ensued. Dissensions broke out among the chiefs, a faction of whom set fire to the castle in which Hameed Beg and his followers had taken up their quarters, and the only one who escaped was again Schamyl, and again, too, by some extraordinary chance which has never been explained.

Schamyl had before this been distinguished among his fellow-warriors for daring, extraordinary even among the Circassians—for austerity of devotion, gravity, and abstemiousness, wisdom in council, and skill, not less than courage, in the field. He was precisely the man to become marked and influential; to "rule the whirlwind and direct the storm," at a period when less robust spirits craved some strong head and bold heart to lean on. Toward him most men looked, as the one on whom the mantle of inspiration had fallen, and he succeeded to the titles of Hameed Beg. But he had to struggle before he could confirm his power. The Russians, with subtle policy, attempted to create a diversion against the man whom they regarded as their most formidable enemy, by pretending to support a more "legitimate" competitor. Affairs were looking threatening; but Schamyl proved himself equal to them. He confided certain commands to some of his most trustworthy Murids, who solved the difficulty in true Oriental fashion; and Schamyl's enemy was soon removed by assassination. This trouble over, the open struggle recommenced; Schamyl fought bravely, skillfully, desperately, but he was driven to straits, and a convention was agreed on, at which he swore fealty to the Czar on condition that the Russians should retire to a certain distance. Neither party observed, or intended to observe, the promises. The moment Schamyl found himself safe, he issued a fierce proclamation against the Muscovites and their Czar, while the imperial army pushed forward strenuously in its ever-foiled attempt to subdue the country. In one of the expeditions headed by the Russian general, Grabbe, the latter had very nearly accomplished a practical illustration of the vulgar meaning attached to the pronunciation of his name in our English vernacular. The Circassian hero was all but caught, but escaped through the devotion of some of his followers. Schamyl, and a few others, were hiding in a cave by a river

side—a party of Russians were approaching—detection was inevitable—when his disciples rushed out of the cave, and seizing a boat, rowed away in ostentatious haste, calculating rightly that the Russians, supposing that Schamyl was on board, would pursue and direct their fire upon them. So it turned out. The pursuers set out in chase after the boat; every one of the devoted Murids was killed, as they had expected; while the prize swam quietly off and regained the mountains.

He was now reduced to such extremities as to be forced to treat seriously for terms of submission. But the conditions offered by General Grabbe included the surrender of Schamyl's two sons as hostages; and they were of course refused, the probable object of the Circassian chief being merely to gain time until he could recruit his exhausted forces. Hostilities having recommenced, Grabbe penetrated to the Circassian head-quarters, but had to beat a hasty retreat after sustaining a heavy loss. Prince Woronzow, the present governor, succeeded Grabbe in 1845, and in the following year Schamyl effected his memorable invasion of the Russian territory—when, after doing the enemy infinite damage in loss of life, property, and arms—ravaging the country in every direction, and obtaining a rich booty—he retired with a meteoric rapidity which left the imperial generals in a state of extreme bewilderment as to how to deal with an enemy who was nowhere but everywhere; scarcely to be seen, but most unmistakably and unpleasantly to be felt. From this time, however, the fortunes of Schamyl have not been in the ascendant. He has sometimes been reduced so low as to have appeared on the brink of ruin. But his genius and recuperative energy seem inexhaustible; and now that he is likely to receive, directly and extensively, the aid which hitherto could only be conveyed to him surreptitiously and in insignificant fragments, he will—the past furnishes every reason to hope—be able to deal heavy and effectual blows against the arrogant power which has set itself up as the common enemy of his country and of the peace of the world. At the age of fifty-seven, with mental and physical energies undiminished, he has still, probably, many years of active exertion before him, and an ample field for such exertion seems to be opening.

He has, so far, displayed great powers of governmental organization; and one single instance of the influence of a master mind is the success of his efforts in suppressing the old local feuds and distinctions among the mountain tribes, and in inspiring even the somewhat skeptical inhabitants of the western districts with much of the religious enthusiasm of the eastern tribes. Would his government be a theocracy? Possibly, to some extent. To his dreams and visions—to his periodical annual "retreats" for consultation with his celestial inspirers—he owes much of his predominant sway over the minds of his followers. In some of these particulars, he seems to have closely imitated the example of Mohammed. No doubt, when left to organize his system peaceably in his own way, and to mature his plans for the future, he would see the expediency of laying aside some of the more transcendental portions of his pretensions; for though by no means possessed of so fine an order of mind as the Emir Abd-el-Kader, he is a man of keen intelligence, and of unquestionable patriotism. The ancient system of raids and forays would also, beyond all doubt, be discontinued; while, with respect to the "export trade" in women, it may be hoped and believed that in "Young Turkey" regenerated, and in Circassia under the rule of a man of wisdom and experience, that infamy would be at an end forever. Although part of his proclaimed creed has been to hold no faith with infidels, it is evident that this applies only to his dealings with his enemies the Muscovites; and the government of Circassia, organized wisely, and recognized in its sovereign independence, would probably be as faithful and respectable as any other Oriental monarchy.

It is well that the Circassians and their able and prudent chief should receive a full meed of admiration for their long and gallant resistance to a gigantic assailant. Russian blood has flowed in torrents in those wild and remote regions; and though a rigid calculation of probabilities leaves it scarcely possible to doubt that, but for the total change which recent events have created in the position of Russia, the mountaineers would, in the course of a few years more, be conquered by sheer process of exhaustion, the wars in the Caucasus would, under any circumstances, occupy a conspicuous page in the annals

of resolute struggles against superior force. Of the policy of the Russians it may in truth be said, setting aside the ruthless barbarity with which the war has been conducted, that their principal crime consists in the *antecedent* crimes which rendered the invasion necessary. It is impossible for them to hold or consolidate their unjustly-acquired territory in the neighborhood, without obtaining possession of the mountain country. The wrong done to the latter is inextricably interwoven with the fraud and violence committed against the former; and the Circassian war is only one link in a prolonged concatenation of injustice.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE DEAD BABY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

AH, beautiful one!

Thou hast pass'd away like the morning flower,
Like the rainbow's blush in the summer shower,
And thy smile of love and thy glance of light
Have paled like the stars on the brow of night
When their course is run.

When the sunset glows,
Thou wilt steal no more to thy gentle rest,
Or, nestling, cling to thy mother's breast,
While the angels come in thy dreams to bless
With heavenly music or light caress,
Thy sweet repose.

With the roseate day
Thou wilt spring no more, in thy blameless glee,
For a frolic wild, to thy grandsire's knee,
Or with merry laugh, or with prattling word,
Rejoice when thy father's step is heard
On his homeward way.

Yet thou, evermore,
A beautiful presence, art lingering near!
They will hear thy voice in the zephyr clear;
They will see thy smile in the sunlight fair,
They will feel thy kiss in the ambient air
For aye, as of yore.

In the still, still night,
When the ether-arch wears its softest hue,
And the stars shine out from their haunts of blue,
Will the mourners turn in their yearning love
From thy little grave to thy home above
In the Eden bright.

O friends, can ye weep?
Where the blight and the mildew may not come,
Is the fair young rose in its delicate bloom;
O'er the little form that is sleeping near,
Doth the guardian love that was round it here,
Its vigils keep.

Ah, cherub immortal!
There is not a shade on thy sinless brow!
There is not an ill that can harm thee now!
So early thou 'rt call'd to the' kind Father's side,
So safely thou 'rt housed where the blessed
abide,

Beyond the grave's portal!

STITCH! STITCH! STITCH!

AN ANTI-HOOD VIEW OF THE MATTER.

WHO has not wept over the *Song of the Shirt*? Who has not sympathized with the tenant of the garret—

In poverty, hunger, and dirt
Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt!—

until the very names, "needle-work" and "needle-women," become associated with poor half-starved creatures, doomed by their employers to sit in foul atmospheres, chained to their seam by the constantly-plied needle and thread, like galley-slaves to the oar? And yet this continual ringing the changes on

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,

is not such a scarecrow to all—is not always so fatal in its consequences; and, though it may be the exception which proves the rule, in an instance we are about to mention, this stitch! stitch! stitch! was preferred—nay, as enthusiastically followed as any branch of high art—as absorbingly as a passion for music, or a love of painting.

Annie Linton was the best sewer in Mrs. Roy's school; and the mistress declared, on inspecting the first shirt she made for her father, "that the Duke of Buccleuch himself might wear it!" This was high praise for little Annie, who was only eleven years of age; and she never forgot it. Her work was the neatest and the cleanest ever seen. Then she did it so quickly, her mother could not keep pace with her daily demand for "something to sew."

"I wish Annie would take to her book," said Mrs. Linton to her husband. But it was quite clear that Annie never would take to her book; she had little reading and less spelling; and yet she could "mark" (with cotton) all the letters of the alphabet, as if she was a very miracle of learning.

"Something to sew!" eagerly demanded Annie.

"Will any mowing come of this sewing?" asked her father, with a very natural attempt at a pun.

"Those who do not sew shall not reap," said little Annie, cleverly taking up her father's meaning and her work-bag at the same time, as she whisked past him in fear of being too late for school.

Three weeks after: "Annie's learning to be a scholar," said Mrs. Linton; "no more demands for sewing." That afternoon Annie came bounding into the house from school, sat upon her father's knee, opened her work-bag, which hung over her arm, and putting a screwed-up paper into his hand, said; "There's the mowing."

Her father undid the paper, and found four half-crowns. "Annie," questioned her father, "where did this come from?"

"From the sewing," answered Annie, laughing delightedly at his surprise, as she escaped from his knee, and ran out of the room, to delay a little longer the solution of the riddle.

"Wife," said John Linton, "it is impossible that Annie could earn all this by the sort of child's play girls call work; and whom did she earn it from? I'm afraid there's something wrong." And, to tell the truth, Annie Linton was practicing a little disguise; nor had she given her father all the money she had earned. The sum originally was twelve shillings. This was all designed for her father alone; but a prior claim had come in the way. It was cold winter weather, and the children of the school brought the forms, in a sort of square, round Mrs. Roy's fire. Annie, who was a favorite of the mistress, always occupied a warm corner close to her own big chair. On the day in question, Mrs. Roy happening to be out of the room—

"I'll change seats with you, Jessie Wilson, if you're cold," said Annie, addressing a little girl, a very book-worm, who, clad in a threadbare printed cotton-gown, sat shivering over her lesson.

Jessie, thus invited, came a little nearer.

"You should put on a woollen frock, like mine, and warm yourself well at your mother's fire before you come to school these winter-days," said Annie, scrutinizing the poverty-struck appearance of the girl.

"Mother says," replied Jessie, "that she'd rather do without a fire than my schooling, and she can't pay for both."

"Has your mother no fire at home this cold weather?" asked Annie in amazement.

"No," said Jessie; "I wish I dared bring her with me here—it's warmer than at home. And I know mother is ill, though she won't tell me."

"Sit there," said Annie, placing Jessie

in her warm corner ; and don't go out of school without me."

That afternoon the two girls went hand in hand to Jessie's door.

"Have you plenty to eat, if you've no fire?" asked Annie.

"This is the first day mother has been forced to send me to school without any breakfast," said Jessie, hanging down her head, as if ashamed of the confession.

"Here," said Annie, after a slight pause, untwisting the paper in which were deposited her first earnings ; "I won't go in with you, for your mother might not like to take it from a little girl like me ; but—and she put two shillings into Jessie's hand—"that is to buy you something to eat, and a fire ; and if your mother can sew as well as I can," said Annie, with pardonable vanity, "I can tell her how to get plenty of money to pay for both."

No wonder Annie's riches increased : the first investment was a good one. Nevertheless, the concealing it from her parents she knew to be wrong ; she feared they would disapprove ; and she added to her little prayer at night, after the usual ending of "God bless father and mother—and forgive me for keeping secret that I helped Jessie Wilson." Could the recording angel carry up a purer prayer to heaven ?

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Linton very soon discovered that Mr. Seamwell, of the "Ready-made Linen Warehouse," was the grand source of Annie's wealth. He said there was no one who could work like her, and that he would give her eighteenpence each for the finest description of shirt-making. This was no great payment for Annie's exquisite stitching—and, thirty years ago, it would have brought her three-and-sixpence a shirt. But Annie is of the present, not of the past ; and as she could complete a shirt a day, her fingers flying swifter than a weaver's shuttle, she earned nine shillings a week.

"Good wife," said Mr. Linton, "we are not so poor but that we can maintain our daughter till she's twenty, and by that time, at the present rate of her earnings, she will have a little fortune in the bank." But this little fortune amassed but slowly, for Annie seldom had nine shillings to put by at the end of the week—there were other "Jessie Wilsons" who required food and fire.

Had Annie been a poet, she would as-

surely have written, not *the* song, but a song of the shirt ; for once when she was questioned as to the dull monotony of her work : "Dull ? Delightful !" said Annie, in advocacy of her calling. "Why, with this rare linen and fine thread, my stitches seem like stringing little pearls along the wristbands and collar !" What an anti-song of the shirt might not Annie have written !

Annie's eighteenth birthday was celebrated by a tea-party to all the seamstresses of Mr. Seamwell's establishment, where she was now forewoman ; besides being a cheerful, kind-hearted little creature, beloved by everybody, it was a compliment, Mr. Seamwell said, she well deserved—her admirable superintendence of the department allotted her having increased his business tenfold.

Some time after, there was a greater day of rejoicing in the firm of Seamwell and Co. The father had taken his son as a partner, and the son took a partner for life—the indefatigable little seamstress, Annie Linton. There never was a blither bridal. Annie—herself having risen from the ranks—had a present for every work-woman. Indeed it was a day of presents. For on that very morning, and in time to be worn at the wedding, a shawl arrived for Annie all the way from India—an Indian shawl that a duchess would have envied ! Upon it was pinned a paper, on which was written : "Wear this for the sake of one who is now rich and happy, but who never can forget the service you rendered to the poor school-girl—JESSIE WILSON."

"Annie," said young Seamwell after the marriage, "I fell in love with you when you were a child, and came to our shop for your first sewing. I also happened to be passing when you gave part of your first earnings to Jessie Wilson. I was a boy then, but I said to myself: 'If I were a man, I'd marry Annie Linton ; not because she's so pretty'—here Annie blushed most becomingly—'not because she's so industrious, but because she's so kind-hearted.'"

NOTHING can be very ill with us when all is well within : we are not hurt till our souls are hurt. If the soul itself be out of tune, outward things will do us no more good than a fair shoe to a gouty foot.—*Sibs.*



WINTER AND CHRISTMAS, BY THE ELDER POETS.

WINTER, BY SACKVILLE.

THE wrathful winter, 'proaching on a-pace
 With blust'ring blast, had all ybared the green;
 And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
 With chilling cold had pierced the tender
 green;
 The mantle rent wherein enwrapped been
 The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown.
 The tapers torn, and many a tree down blown;
 The soil, that erst so seemly used to seem,
 Was all despoiled of her beauties' hue,
 And stole fresh flowers, (wherewith the Summer's
 queen
 Had clad the earth,) now Boreas' blast down blew;
 And small fowls flocking, in their songs did rue
 The Winter's wrath, wherewith each thing,
 defaced,
 In woeful wise bewail'd the Summer past:
 Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
 The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
 And, dropping down the tears abundantly,
 Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me
 told
 The cruel season, bidding me withhold
 Myself within.

WINTER, BY SPENSER.

NEXT came the chill December:
 Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
 His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad:
 Upon a shaggy bearded goat he rode—
 The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
 They say, was nourish'd by the Icean maid;
 And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,
 Of which he freely drinks a health to all his
 peers.
 Lastly, came Winter clothèd all in frieze,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
 While on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
 And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill,
 As from a limbeck, did adown distill:
 In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
 With which his feeble steps he stayèd still;
 For he was faint with cold, and weak with eïd,
 That scarce his loosèd limbs he able was to wield.

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CHRISTMAS TIDE, BY SHAKSPEARE.

SOME say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir
 abroad;
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets
 strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to
 charm,
 So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

THE SHEPHERDS' SONG.

BY EDMUND BOLTON.

SWEET Music, sweeter far
 Than any song is sweet—
 Sweet Music, heavenly rare,
 Mine ears, O peers, doth greet.
 You gentle flocks—whose fleeces, pearl'd with
 dew,
 Resemble Heaven, whom golden drops
 make bright—
 Listen, O listen, now; O not to you
 Our pipes make sport to shorten weary
 night;
 But voices most divine
 Make blissful harmony—
 Voices that seem to shine;
 For what else clears the sky?
 Tunes can we hear, but not the singers see:
 The tune's divine, and so the singers be.

Lo, how the firmament
 Within an azure fold,
 The flock of stars hath pent,
 That we might them behold.
 Yet from their beams proceedeth not this light,
 Nor can their crystals such reflection give;
 What then doth make the element so bright?
 The heavens are come down upon earth to live.
 But hearken to the song:
 Glory to glory's King,
 And peace all men among.
 These choristers do sing.
 Angels they are, as also shepherds, he
 Whom in our fear we do admire to see.



"Our pipes make sport to shorten weary night."

Let not amazement blind
Your souls, said he, annoy;
To you and all mankind
My message bringeth joy.
For lo, the world's great Shepherd now is born,
A blessed Babe, an Infant full of power:
After long night, up-risen is the
morn,
Renowning Bethlehem in the Sa-
viour.
Sprung is the perfect day,
By prophets seen afar;
Sprung is the mirthful May,
Which Winter cannot mar.
In David's city doth this Sun ap-
pear,
Clouded in flesh, yet shepherds sit
we here.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY GEORGE WITHERS.

As on the night before this happy
morn,
A blessed angel unto shepherds
told,
Where (in a stable) He was poorly
born,
Whom nor the earth, nor heaven
of heavens can hold:
Through Bethlehem rung
This news at their re-
turn;
Yea, angels sung
That God with us was
born;
And they made mirth because we
should not mourn.

Their angel-carol sing we then,
To God on high all glory be,
For peace on earth bestoweth
he,
And showeth favor unto men.

This favor Christ vouchsafed for our
sake;
To buy us thrones, he in a manger
lay;
Our weakness took, that we his
strength might take;
And was disrobed that he might
us array:
Our flesh he wore,
Our sin to wear away;
Our curse he bore,
That we escape it may;
And wept for us, that we might sing
for aye.

With angels, therefore, sing again,
To God on high all glory be;
For peace on earth bestoweth he,
And showeth favor unto men.

GOD REST YOU, MERRY GEN- TLEMEN.

BY AN OLD AUTHOR.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day;
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on
Christmas day.



"Now to the Lord sing praises."

nothing could be occasionally more witty and crushing than his remarks. One evening, in a rather crowded place, (I was sitting by him,) a minister was preaching very *finely* and *flourishingly* to little purpose, from the 'white horse,' and the 'red horse,' and the 'black horse,' and the 'pale horse,' in the Revelation. He sat very impatiently, and when the sermon closed he pushed out toward the door, saying, 'Let me out of this horse-air.' I was once in the library at the academy, conversing with one of the students, who was speaking of his experience, and lamented the hardness of his heart. Mr. Hall, as he was near, taking down a book from the shelf, hearing this, turned toward him, and said, 'Well, thy head is soft enough; that's a comfort.' I could not laugh at this; it grieved me; for the young man was modest, and humble, and diffident. * * A minister, popular too, one day said to me, 'I wonder you think so highly of Mr. Hall's talents. I was some time ago traveling with him into Wales, and we had several disputes, and I more than once soon silenced him.' I concluded how the truth was; and, some weeks after, when his name was mentioned, Mr. Hall asked me if I knew him. 'I lately traveled with him,' said he, 'and it was wonderful, sir, how such a baggage of ignorance and confidence could have been squeezed into the vehicle. He disgusted and wearied me with his dogmatism and perverseness, till God was good enough to enable me to go to sleep.'

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—A correspondent of the Petersburg (Va.) *Express*, writing from Charlestown in that state, relates the following series of incidents, which, if true, are certainly very singular:—

Washington was accustomed to wear two seals on his watch, one of gold and the other of silver. Upon both of them the letters "G. W." were engraved, or rather cut. The seals he wore as early as 1754, and they were about his person on the terrible day of Braddock's defeat. On that day he lost the silver seal. The gold one remained with the general until the day of his death, and was then given by him to his nephew, a gentleman of Virginia, who carefully preserved it until about seventeen years ago, when in riding over his farm, he dropped it and could never recover it. The other day, the gold seal, lost seventeen years ago, was plowed up, recognized from the letters "G. W." on it, and restored to the son of the gentleman to whom Washington had presented it. At almost the same moment, the silver seal, lost in 1754, just one hundred years ago, was plowed up on the site of the battle in which Braddock was defeated, and in like manner recognized from the letters "G. W." so that in a very short time the two companions will be again united. I have this whole statement from the most reliable source possible, namely, from the gentleman himself, who has thus restored to him these precious mementoes of his great ancestor. The affair is but one more proof of an oft stated maxim, that truth beggars fiction in strangeness. I repeat, there is not the slightest exaggeration or misstatement in the matter, and no room for mistake. In legal phraseology, the proof excludes every other hypothesis.

As a proof of the extensive adulteration of liquors in this country, the New-York *Sun* says, that more port wine is drank in the United States in one year than passes through the custom-house in ten; that more champagne is consumed in America alone than the whole champagne district produces; that cogniac brandy costs four times as much in France, where it is made, as it is retailed for in our grog-shops; and that the failure of the whole grape crop in Madeira produced no apparent diminution in quantity or increase in the price of wine. The fact is, there is no more thorough practical farce going on in society than that of wine-drinking. The poor soakers guzzle down daily their potations of diluted drugs, and smack their lips under the illusion that they are refreshed by the real bacchanalian nectar. Very seldom does a drop of the "real juice" go down their excooriated throats; they become living drug

caaks, and imagine themselves jolly followers of the jolly god. Bacchus would n't own them.

The very large and splendid edifice in this city which is in course of construction on Astor Place, through the munificence of Peter Cooper, to be called "The Union," is expected to be completed next year, at a cost of \$300,000. The work was partially suspended on account of difficulty in procuring iron beams as fast as wanted; but it is now going forward again. The building will be literally fire-proof, and its proximity to the Bible-house, the Mercantile Library, and the Astor Library will make that neighborhood a sort of literary centre.

MATHEMATICAL CURIOSITY.—The properties of the figure nine are peculiarly curious and capable of being used in a variety of tricks. Not to mention the fact that the fundamental rules of arithmetic are proved by the nine, there are, among others, the following curiosities connected with the figure:—

Add together as many nines as you please, and the figures indicating the amount, when added together, will be 9 or 9 repeated. The same is true in multiplying any number of threes—the sums of the figures in the product will be 9 or a number of nines. For instance—

Twice 9 are 18—8 and 1 are 9.
Three times 9 are 27—7 and 2 are 9.
Four times 9 are 36—6 and 3 are 9.

And so on till we come to 11 times 9 are 99; here we have two nines, or 18, but 1 and 8 are 9.

Twelve times 9 are 108—1 and 0 and 8 are 9.

The curious student may carry this on still further for amusement.

Another curiosity is exhibited in these different products of the 9, when multiplied by the digits, as follows, the products being 18, 27, 36, 45, &c.; reverse these, and we have the remaining products 54, 63, 72, 81.

The 9 digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, when added, amount to 5 times 9; or instead of adding, multiply the middle figure by the last, and the amount will be the mysterious nines, or 45, and 4 and 5 are 9.

Once more. Let the digits as written be

128456789
987654321

1111111110

and we have 9 ones, and of course 9 once more.

Or let the upper series of numbers be abstracted from the under:—

987654821
128456789
864197589

And in the figures of the difference, once more we have the 5 nines or 45, or 9.

We will now multiply the same figures by 9:—

128456789
9

1111111101

and we have 9 ones again, or 9.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, remarking upon these singularities, says:—

"One of these properties is of importance to all book-keepers and accountants to know, and which I have never seen published. I accidentally found it out, and the discovery to me (though it may have been well known to others before) has often been of essential service in settling complicated accounts. It is this:—The difference between any transposed number is always a multiple of 9; for instance, suppose an accountant or book-keeper cannot prove or balance his accounts—there is a difference between his debits and credits, which he cannot account for after careful and repeated additions. Let him then see if this difference can be divided by 9 without any remainder. If it can, he may be assured that his error most probably



BETHLEHEM.

BIRTH-PLACE OF CHRIST.

WE give in our present number several illustrated Christmas poems from the elder poets; and add the above moonlight view of Bethlehem, the birth-place of Christ, as a suitable counterpart to them.

We may not be able to determine the exact spot where Christ was crucified, or point to the cave in which, for part of three days, his body lay; nor is the locality from which he ascended to heaven ascertainable. The Scriptures are silent, and no other authority can supply the information. But we know that in the Holy Land

are the scenes which he looked upon—the Holy Mount, which once bore the Temple—that Mount Olivet which once overlooked Jerusalem—we know that Mount Gerizim still overhangs the Valley of Shechem—that there is Nazareth, within whose secluded vale our Lord so long awaited the time appointed for his public ministry—the plain of Gennesareth, and the Sea of Galilee—the mountains to which he retired—the plains in which he wrought his miracles—the waters which he trod, and the Jordan, still rolling its

consecrated waters to the bituminous lake where the wicked cities stood; and, knowing all this, we can look upon Palestine as something more than mere masses of ruins, invested with countless traditions—as something, in fact, inseparably associated with a literature which excels in sublimity all the ethics, and philosophy, and poetry, and eloquence of the remainder of the ancient world.

As the scene of the solemn events which marked the dawn of Christianity, every foot of Palestine is hallowed ground; and when we come to reflect on the divine character of the religious system thus inaugurated—on its mission and immortal tendencies—all our surprise at the enthusiasm—at some periods the absolute delirium—which prompted the pilgrimages of the middle ages, vanishes. Christianity had taken a firm hold of the public mind—it had reached the heart, and in the first bursts of gladness, a loftier, purer feeling than curiosity induced the *furor* which led to those extraordinary invasions now known as the Crusades. They were natural and incidental to an age of mental deprivation. We who live in an age of intellect and books, do not need such a stimulus—we can bring distant places before our mind's eye without traveling to them in person; and we will undertake to say, that those who read diligently know more of the world without their own sphere, than those who travel leisurely, merely to write learnedly. The facilities afforded by modern literature have brought a knowledge of the most remote places to almost every fireside; therefore this is not an age of pilgrimages. If we want to be introduced to the principal features of the Holy Land, our wish can be gratified without taking a passage in a Levantine steamer: the artist and the writer can bring them before us with almost magical celerity; and as Bethlehem—next to Jerusalem—is the most interesting place in the Holy Land, we thought our readers would gladly accept an illustration, accompanied by some description, of that scene of the Saviour's nativity.

Bethlehem is a village situated on a rising ground, about six miles from Jerusalem. The first view is imposing. The village appears covering the ridge of a hill on the southern side of a deep and extensive valley, and reaching from east to west. The most conspicuous object is

the monastery erected over the supposed "cave of the Nativity;" its walls and battlements have the air of a large fortress. From this point the Dead Sea is seen below, on the left. The road winds round the top of a valley, which tradition has fixed upon as the scene of the angelic vision which announced the birth of our Lord to the shepherds; but different spots have been selected, the Romish authorities not being agreed on the subject. The number of inhabitants in Bethlehem is about three hundred, the majority of whom gain their livelihood by making beads, carving mother-of-pearl shells with sacred subjects, and manufacturing small tables and crucifixes. The monks claim the exclusive privilege of marking the limbs and bodies of the devotees with crosses, stars, and monegrams, by means of gunpowder—a practice borrowed from the customs of heathenism; for Virgil expressly mentions it in the fourth book of the "Æneid." But at Bethlehem, as well as Jerusalem, the puerilities and mummeries of the priests sadly interfere with the harmony of the associations that are clustered in and about this interesting locality. The monastery being built on a rock, the legend has been concocted, that the *stable* in which Christ was born was a *grotto* cut in the rock.

The ancient tombs and excavations are occasionally used by the Arabs as places of shelter; but the gospel narrative affords no countenance to the notion that the Virgin took refuge in any cave of this description. On the contrary, it was evidently a manger belonging to the inn, or khan; in other words, the upper rooms being wholly occupied, the holy family were compelled to take up their abode in the court allotted to the mules and horses, or other animals. To suppose that the inn, or the stable, whether attached to the inn or not, was a grotto, is to outrage common sense. But the New Testament was not the guide which was followed by the mother of Constantine, to whom the original Church owed its foundation. The present edifice is represented by Chateaubriand as of undoubtedly high antiquity; yet Doubdan, an old traveler, says that the monastery was destroyed in the year 1263 by the Moslems; and in its present state, at all events, it cannot lay claim to a higher date. The convent is divided among the Greek, Roman, and Armenian

Christians, to each of whom separate parts are assigned, as places of worship and habitations for the monks; but, on certain days, all may perform their devotions at the altars erected over the consecrated spots. The church is built in the form of a cross—the nave being adorned with forty-eight Corinthian columns in four rows, each column being two feet six inches in diameter, and eighteen feet high, including the base and the capital. As the roof of the nave is wanting, the columns support nothing but a frieze of wood, which occupies the place of the architrave and the whole entablature. Open timber-work rests on the walls, and rises into the form of a dome, to support a roof that no longer exists, or that perhaps was never finished. The remains of some paintings on wood and in mosaic are here and there to be seen, exhibiting figures in full face, upright and stiff, but having a majestic effect. The nave, which is in possession of the Armenians, is separated from the three other branches of the cross by a wall—so that the unity of the edifice is destroyed. The top of the cross is occupied by the choir, which belongs to the Greeks. Here is “an altar dedicated to the Wise Men of the East,” at the foot of which is a marble star, corresponding, as the monks say, to the point of the heavens where the miraculous meteor became stationary, and directly over the spot where the Saviour was born, in the subterranean church below! A flight of fifteen steps, and a long, narrow passage, conduct to the sacred crypt or grotto of the nativity—which is thirty-seven feet six inches long, by eleven feet three inches in breadth, and nine feet high. It is lined and floored with marble, and provided on each side with five oratories, “answering precisely to the ten cribs or stalls for horses, that the stable in which our Saviour was born contained.” The precise spot of the birth is marked by a glory in the floor, composed of marble and jasper, encircled with silver, around which are inscribed the words, “*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*” Over it is a marble table or altar, which rests against the side of the rock, here cut into an arcade. The manger is at the distance of seven paces from the altar: it is in a low recess, hewn out of the rock, to which you descend by two steps, and consists of a block of marble, raised about a foot and a half above the

floor, and hollowed out in the form of a manger. Before it is the altar of the Magi. The chapel is illuminated by thirty-two lamps, presented by different princes of Christendom. Chateaubriand has described the scene in his usual florid and imaginative style.

“Nothing can be more pleasing or better calculated to excite devotional sentiments, than this subterranean church. It is adorned with pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools, which represent the mysteries of the place. The usual ornaments of the manger are of blue satin, embroidered with silver. Incense is continually burning before the cradle of our Saviour. I have heard there an organ, touched by no ordinary hand, play, during mass, the sweetest and most tender tunes of the best Italian composers. These concerts charm the Christian Arab, who, leaving his camels to feed, repairs, like the shepherds of old, to Bethlehem, to adore the King of kings in the manger. I have seen this inhabitant of the desert communicate at the altar of the Magi, with a fervor, a piety, a devotion, unknown among the Christians of the West. The continual arrival of caravans from all the nations of Christendom—the public prayers—the prostrations—nay, even the richness of the presents sent here by the Christian princes—altogether produce feelings in the soul, which it is much easier to conceive than to describe.”

Such is Bethlehem, the humble village rendered illustrious by the grandest circumstance in the whole range of human experiences—a circumstance which brought the despised and savagely-neglected poor nearer to their Maker, and, in the course of the development of its purposes, changed the aspect of the whole world, by imparting to it that spirituality of sentiment of which before it had been wholly destitute. It was a revelation of which we have yet but the glimpses; but which, nevertheless, we can distinctly perceive, is gradually producing conditions which will not only ultimately make the inhabitants of the whole earth one family, but which now, in their cumulative action, are rendering mankind more industrious, more virtuous, more confident, more intellectual, and more happy.

If the tree do not bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit in the spring, it is commonly dead all the year after; if in the spring and morning of your days, you do not bring forth fruit to God, it is a hundred to one that ever you bring forth fruit to him, when the evil days of old age shall overtake you, wherein you shall say, you have no pleasure.—*Brooks.*

THE YOUNG MARTYR.

A STORY OF QUEEN MARY'S REIGN.

ON a bright summer's evening, about three hundred years ago, two young men—scarcely to be called men; the one sixteen, the other a year or two older—walked down Cheapside, London, together.

Business was over—people kept early hours then—the clumsy shutters were for the most part closed. Tradesmen lounged at their doors, pretty faces looked out of lattice windows, and apprentices played at clubs, quarter-staff, or single-stick in the road, and woke up quiet people with their clatter. While things were thus, the two young men I named before—Mark Lorimer the younger, and Edward Dawmer the elder—walked down Cheapside together. They were talking very earnestly, and did not seem to heed the boys at play, or the loud laughter that rang through the Chepe, and made the rooks upon St. Mary Arcubus come out of their homes to see what was the matter.

"I am sorry that it should be so," the elder lad observed; "and sorry that our lot should be cast in such troublous times."

"Would God," returned Mark, "we knew when they would end!"

"I understand," went on the other, "that there is to be another burning in Smithfield to-morrow, and that Queen Mary and her husband will be present."

"God pity them!" said Mark; "may they find more mercy in the last judgment than they have meted out upon the earth."

"Amen!"

"Why," said Mark, and his face flushed crimson, "I heard, and knew it for a truth, that they burned a child not many days old in the flames with its mother; they drove another frantic, and then slew it for its mad words. They are crowding the streets with orphans, and offering up, in the fires that are daily kindled, the best and bravest of the land!"

"Hush, hush!" said Dawmer; "there are ears everywhere—be careful."

"I am not afraid," Mark answered, with all a boy's heroism. "I say again that these things ought not to be."

"Yes, yes, that is all very well," Dawmer returned; "but it is not a pleasant thing to be tied to a whipping-post, as more than a score of lads were, not many days ago, and lashed almost to death."

"I would not deny the truth," said Mark, "if the whips were scorpions, and the whipping-post the stake."

"But supposing now," Dawmer asked—O, so slyly and so softly!—"they were to come to you and say, 'What do you think about the bread and wine in the Lord's supper?'"

"What do I think of it?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Bread and wine."

"But after the prayers of the priest?"

"Bread and wine."

"Why, don't you know," said Dawmer, "that it would be flat heresy to say so?"

"Why?"

"After the priest, it is bread and wine no longer."

The young man laughed. "What is it, then?" he asked.

"The body, blood, soul, and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"That I deny," said the young man, "and always will deny."

"Well, you know it is better to be cautious," said Dawmer. "Nobody can tell what may happen in these troublous times; better, I should think, try some cunning way of getting out of it."

"What," said Mark, smiling again, "frame some pet verse, like poor Princess Elizabeth—God save her!—"

'Christ was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe and take it.'

Thus talking, the young men passed on, crossed the Stocks market, and shaped their course for London Bridge, where they parted.

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Mark Lorimer lived with his father on this famous old bridge, for in those days it was covered with houses, and had the appearance of a regular street. It was evening, and the sun was setting when Mark reached home. In a small room, which overhung the river, sat his old father; he was watching the stream as it flowed rapidly onward, gurgling and struggling against the piles of the bridge, as it dashed wildly under the narrow arches. The old man turned his head as Mark entered, and clasped his hands. They sat and talked together about the troubles of the period, about the cruelty of Queen Mary, and the dread that was on all those

who held the reformed faith. They talked of those whom they had known, with whom they had often worshiped, but who had suffered death by fire or sword for the faith they held so dear. They sat and talked together till the last rays of the sun had glided away, and the pale moon had arisen in the heavens, and cast its flood of mellow light on the picturesque old city. Then the old man summoned his servant—a godly woman, stricken in years; the cloth was spread, a frugal meal spread out, and they sat down to supper. The old man asked God's blessing on their food, and as he ended there was a loud knock at the outer door. Margery withdrew to open it. A few moments more, and a tall, well-made man strode into the room. He lifted his cap as he did so with a courtly air, then, pointing to a paper which he held in his hand, said, "*In Queen Mary's name.*"

They saw it all. The old man arose, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; Margery wept aloud; but the young man was gone. The few moments which had elapsed between the knock and the entrance had been sufficient to apprise the old man of his son's danger. The other knew and felt it, and at his sire's command had concealed himself in one of those secret closets with which old houses then abounded.

"Sir," said the officer, "I have come here, commanded to arrest your son. Let him come forth."

"Sir," returned the old man, "my son is but a child; yet do your errand if you list."

"Your son was seen to enter here—he is here now—surrender him at once!"

The old man refused. The officer called aloud to his men, who waited outside, and five or six stout fellows, in leathern jerkins and half armor, came at his command. They searched, but searched in vain; and when every effort proved fruitless, they turned fiercely on the old man, who watched their every movement.

"Old blood shall pay for young blood, if you conceal him longer," said the officer. "As I live, you shall taste the rack for this!"

"Spare the green and take the ripe," the old man answered; "and God be judge between us!"

What needs it to repeat all that was said—how oaths were mingled with the

holy name of Jesus, and how they roughly used the venerable man, and were about to test him, as they said, by holding his hand over a burning lamp. Just at that moment the secret door was opened, and the young man came forth.

He was thrown into prison that night, and the old man, with a heavy heart, was left in his home. The next day and the next he sought to see his son, but sought in vain; on the third he was told that he was condemned—that he who had betrayed him had borne witness against him—conclusive evidence, they said, of guilt. This fellow was but a lad himself; no other than Edward Dawmer—Judas that he was!—he had sold his friend for the blood-money, and had left him now to die.

So there was another high holiday. Crowds thronged the way again from Newgate to Smithfield; thousands gathered in that open space; and city officers and soldiers kept guard about the stakes, which were ready for the victims. Six or seven were to die that day, and huge bundles of fagots were being brought together for the burning. At the hour fixed, the prisoners were brought through the street—four men, two women; and the lad Mark Lorimer. They were exhorted by the priests to repent, but remained true to the gospel; were fastened by strong chains and iron rings to the stakes, the fagots piled about them, and at a given signal fired. So the black smoke curled up, and the fire leaped and danced, and some of the people wept. It was more than an hour before it was all over, and then the people went their way. So perished young Mark Lorimer—a victim to the persecution of Queen Mary's reign.

If you had entered the old house on the bridge, and gone with Margery to the little room that overlooked the Thames, you would have seen the old man kneeling down. If you had touched him, you would have found him dead!

GOOD HUMOR.—Good humor is a bright color in the web of life; but self-denial only can make it a fast color. A person who is the slave of selfishness has so many wants of his own to be supplied, so many interests of his own to support and defend, that he has no leisure to study the wants and interests of others. It is impossible that he should be happy himself, or make others around him so.

The National Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE RELIGIOUS SCARECROW OF THE AGE.—Since our article, bearing this title, was written, the *North American Quarterly* has appeared with a masterly review of De Maistre, the French Catholic writer, in which views quite coincident with our own are boldly stated. Of Romanism in general the *North American* says:—

“To us, every prognostic indicates decay, notwithstanding some apparent counter-tendencies on the surface, such as we mentioned at the beginning of this article. The Romish Church has no sympathy with the predominating activities of the modern era, and can never be the soul of such a body. If she does not directly oppose them she is felt to be unfavorable to the natural sciences, as withdrawing man from the sphere of the priest; to commerce, as the corrupter of morals and the worship of gold; to political economy, as an earthward-pointing knowledge, withdrawing man from the things of the soul; to popular sovereignty, as the violation of all hierarchical order; to the inner light, as a fatal will-o'-the-wisp of fancy; to self-government, as mere anarchy; to progress, as an unsanctified substitute for a future heaven; and to education, as food for pride, the nurse of disobedience, and as sowing the seeds of discontent and presumption. As these great phenomena of modern life have appeared, the Church has stood aloof. To these rising influences she has succumbed for the last three centuries. And can the theology and the ideal which have fallen back, wilted, sapless, before the rising sun, abide its mid-day splendor? The honest pulsations of the common human heart do not thrill through her any more. She is the organ of no world-wide thought and aspiration.”

Of its attempts to perpetuate popular superstition by preternatural marvels—a point discussed in our article—the reviewer says:—

“What more manifest evidence of decline could be given, than the attempt to revive the worst features of miraculous displays, under forms which not only science, but common sense and the deepest instincts of a religious fitness, must class with the lowest types of Fetishism and the most impotent deceptions of an expiring Polytheism? Winking eyes, bleeding hearts, charmed beads, consecrated images of the Blessed Virgin, and exorcising formulas, are poor appeals to the earnest soul of the nineteenth century. It is by an irresistible law, that, in the declining period of a religion, its defenders are compelled to fall back upon what is peculiar to it, and thus most offensive to the rising opposite tendency. A profound thinker reckons it as one of the testimonies to the noble efforts of Catholicism, ‘that, in its contest with Polytheism, it enlarged the field of human reason, as yet narrow, at the expense of the theologic spirit.’ In its decline, it seeks to narrow the circle of reason, uniformly cast sinners upon it, and would extend as far as possible the bounds of credulous ignorance. And by the same judicial necessity, excending itself from the wants and work of the times, it must exert its powers in some chosen sphere, conjuring up phantoms while not discerning the real foes.”

These are strong, but, we think, logical views of the subject. Popery has outlived its day; it must hereafter be an example merely of ecclesiastical decrepitude.

A personal friend calls our attention to some sentiments deemed exceptional in the article on George Fox, in our October number. Their appearance, without better qualification, was an inadvertence on our part, at a time of engrossing cares and absence. Ours is not a sectarian publication, and therefore we willingly forego our sectarian predilections; in politics also,

we do not feel ourselves justified in obtruding upon our readers our favorite ideas. In other respects, too, we deem ourselves reasonably restricted as a journal which is designed for common family use, and not especially for the collisions and contentions of the times. Meanwhile, we believe there is a wise and just way of treating even such matters—a way which may not provoke harm, but may do real good. In our editorial articles we have thus attempted to discuss several important public questions—and shall continue to do so hereafter. We must ask our readers, and especially our correspondents, to bear in mind our real position in this respect, and to accord to us and to each other all suitable liberty. It will be our editorial care that it shall not be abused.

The newspapers report that *Bulwer*, the novelist, has recently written to a friend in Boston this noticeable declaration:—“I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have exhausted the powers of life, chasing pleasure where it is not to be found.” Some few years ago Bulwer startled the literary world by an eloquent but extravagant letter on the “water cure.” Extreme as its views of that remedy were, it was, nevertheless, interesting for the glimpses of the man which it afforded. It showed a previous state of mental, if not moral ill-health, which bordered on insanity. For a long while had he lived in such a condition that, except when absorbed in the labor of writing, he felt as if he were in “hell”—that is about the language he uses. His daily effort was to forget himself in his books and manuscripts. Such suffering is perhaps most usually the effect of moral causes, but not always—it sometimes results from cerebral exhaustion, and is well known to medical men as a common—and we fear growingly common—affliction of men of genius and literary habits. A distinguished medical writer warns all students to fly for their lives away from their books, whenever they begin to feel that the intermission of their studies renders them restless and miserable. Madness is then at hand, and he that would escape must do so promptly and with a resolution which no temporary uneasiness can break. Recreation, and especially social enjoyment, will, sooner or later, restore the wasted nervous vitality. One curious symptom of this morbid condition, as described by medical authors who have especially studied it, is the inclination of the sufferer to self-accusations, especially on moral points. He imputes to himself imaginary crimes—crimes that he perhaps never thought of before. He exaggerates faults into extreme vices. He misconstrues facts of his life, innocent if not even noble in their design, into matters of self-suspicion or downright guilt; and the worst of all is, that these morbid self-accusations are not penitential, like the humility of true repentance, but morose and hardening.

Bulwer, if we may judge from his own intimations, considered his former morbid state to be the result of his literary labors, and pronounced himself cured at last. But here he is again dissatisfied with life, and the later portraits of him represent him as the very picture of exhaustion and discontent.

There is something more, we trust, in his case, than a merely morbid mental state. A better moral view of the significance of life we hope has dawned upon him. His last two works have surprised the world by their improved moral tone, and their undiminished intellectual vigor and brilliancy. In one of them he repeatedly refers to a religious biography as the great book of the times for the support of a suffering soul—the *Life of Robert Hall*—a work with which he is himself evidently too familiar not to have received from it a profound impression. The remark imputed to him by the papers as above, would seem to indicate, in connection with these facts, that that corrected view of life, which often, though it may be through deep anguish, raises it to its true significance, has dawned upon the conscience of this greatest but most perverted of our popular writers.

There is, probably, in every man's history, a period when the soul—divinely illuminated for however brief a time—looks out with a right and therefore a startling vision upon life—when it sees things as they are probably seen by a man dying in the full possession of his faculties—when the past shows itself in its true relation to the eternal future. A man thus aroused wakes up as from a dream, and perceives that his life has been without moral import—has been a *faux pas*, so far as all its ultimate designs are concerned. Such is the case in respect to life as ordinarily pursued; but how much more remorseful must the retrospect of a life like that of Bulwer be?—a life in which the splendid gifts of intellect have been perverted to the terrific work of corrupting the soul—of murdering the moral life of men—a crime that transcends all mere physical violence, as it can multiply itself through nations, and extend its desolating effects through ages!

There is no responsibility so appalling as that of the man of genius who sends out into the world a bad book. A man may live on through centuries in a book, and live thus a more energetic life than ever he could have lived in person on the earth. The frightful fact of such a case is that there is no remedy for the mischief—it is beyond the control of the guilty intellect, however it may relent. Like those higher spirits which, as theology teaches us, are not only damned, but irrecoverably damned, because they have forfeited their probation and the power of self-recovery, the man of genius who has cursed the world with a pernicious book, cannot stop the mischief. There are such men, who have been hundreds of years in their graves, and whose moral responsibility is still going on in this world perhaps as extensively as the most prominent living man's. They may see, with unutterable anguish, from their position in the spiritual world, the moral havoc their writings are producing, but they cannot arrest it, and every day adds to the account which they must at last render unto Him who is not only "the Judge of the quick"—the *living*—but also of "the dead." Fortunate the man, though unutterably miserable, who sees his guilt before the light of another world shows it, and who spends his remaining days in mitigating and deploring, though he cannot wholly

correct the disaster he has committed. His repentance may, at least, deter others from the great crime. Such, if this report about Bulwer is correct, will be, we hope, the effect of his example.

THE QUESTION IN EUROPE.—Our own country has almost alone the unenviable credit of disputing the Scriptural hypothesis of the unity of the human race. At the thirty-first meeting of the Society of German Naturalists, held lately at Gottingen, Professor Magner (Holforth) of Gottingen read an address in which he treated, with much severity, the new speculations on the subject, giving no quarter to the few Germans who have adopted it. The subject he had chosen was "On certain Portions and Modes of Considerations of Anthropology." A better title, he observed, would perhaps have been, "On the Creation of Man and the Substance of the Soul." The main objects of his address were, 1st, the praise of Blumenbach; and 2d, a polemical attack on the anthropological views of a modern author whom he did not name, but who is supposed to be Carl Vogt, whose doctrines he denounced as immoral and derogatory to human nature. After explaining Blumenbach's doctrine of the five races which showed no greater differences than the local and geographical varieties of the same species in many of our domestic animals, and which had been confirmed by modern science, he stated that these views were still further strengthened by the recent linguistic investigations. Then comes the question—are all men of one race, and are all descended from one pair? Notwithstanding partial assertions to the contrary, the result of his scientific investigations had convinced him that no argument could be drawn from the study of the natural history part of the question against the existence of only one species; and, moreover, although it was difficult to adduce any direct scientific proof for or against the descent from one single pair, he was equally convinced that there was no argument against such a view. He then proceeded to discuss the other portion of his theme, and to consider whether modern science, either as natural history or physiology, had made any progress respecting the future life, or with regard to the state and nature of the soul. Materialism in this respect had made great progress in latter times; and he vehemently attacked the views of a modern author, who, among other things, asserted that to assume a spiritual soul dwelling in the brain, and thence directing the motions and actions of the body, was the greatest absurdity, and who had also denied the truth of such a thing as individual immortality. Were the views of this author, who also denied the existence of free will, founded in truth, or even recognized as such, where would be the use of all the exertions of those great and good and learned men who for centuries have labored and worked for the improvement and instruction of the human race? There would be nothing great or noble in man's nature; there would be no reality in history—no truth in faith. Where would be the result of all our scientific investigations? He concluded by observing, that however difficult or even impossible it might be to explain the nature of

the soul, we must be satisfied that the answer could not be one which was opposed to all morality and all virtue. Sound logic this. Professor Owen, who is now at the head of English naturalists, delivered an address before the last session of the British Association on the same subject, in which he vindicated the Mosaic doctrine of the unity of the race.

BEAUTY AND GENIUS.—It is not often (so at least say certain squeamish satirists) that "the strong-minded" of the sex are its most beautiful angels. Mr. Clapp, the well-known clergyman of New-Orleans, thinks however that he has found an exception, in the authoress of the *Lamplighter*—a work which the *New-London Quarterly* places above "Uncle Tom." Mr. Clapp, on a late visit to Dorchester, saw Miss Maria Cummins, its writer, and says in a letter to the *Picayune*:—"I wish that my words could convey to your readers some adequate ideas of her personal appearance. But I have no talents for this kind of description. Miss Cummins, to my taste, is very beautiful. She is of middling stature, fair complexion, soft, delicate auburn hair; cheeks with the red and white delicately blended; eyes clear, blue, and beaming with intelligence. The form of her person is symmetrical, elegant, and dignified; her conversation is easy, natural, and unaffected. Indeed, simplicity is the crowning ornament of her manners as well as writings. Though possessed of superior genius, a lively fancy and brilliant imagination, she is perfectly free from pedantry, and all those arts of display which are dictated by the love of distinction and flattery. No lady of my acquaintance is more richly endowed with those mild, social, refined, and gentle qualities which, in the view of our sex generally, constitute the principal beauty of the female character. Is it not surprising that one brought up in the seclusion of rural life—so young—hardly out of her teens, should write the best novel that has been published in our day?"

ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD.—Taking the cube yard of gold at \$10,000,000, which it is in round numbers, all the gold in the world at this estimate might, if melted into ingots, be contained in a cellar twenty-four feet square, and sixteen feet high. All our boasted wealth already obtained from California and Australia would go into an iron safe ten feet square, and ten feet high; so small is the cube of yellow metals that has set population on the march, and roused the world to wonder!

MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS.—The last census of Great Britain has afforded matter of exhaustless interest to critics, politicians, and moralists. Volumes and almost countless articles in periodicals have appeared respecting it. The *London Literary Gazette* continues a series of curious notices of its principal features. In a late number it discusses the *conjugal condition* of the British people as illustrated by the Registrar General's statements, and shows some new and surprising facts respecting the liberal facilities provided by nature for replenishing the work of the destroyer. The population has increased within the last half-century a hundred-fold, and we find that in the year of the last census the

excess of births over deaths was nearly one-third—615,000 births to 390,000 deaths—and yet the peopling force of the nation, if we may so call it, is only exerted in a comparatively moderate degree. A large number of men and women, in every part of Great Britain, who live to advanced ages, never marry. The Registrar General's editor announces, somewhat triumphantly, that the British population contains "a reserve of more than a million unmarried men, and of more than a million unmarried women, in the prime of life, with as many more of younger ages;" and that if these celibate millions were married, it would result that the births per annum, instead of being 700,000, would be 1,600,000. The *Gazette* contends that the world should no longer sneer at bachelors and old maids, but rather honor them for their single blessedness. It admonishes those who are married to beware lest the unmarried millions marry, and so double and quadruple the annual compound increase of births to an extent which might in that case be really alarming. "The perpetuity of the British nation is thus secured," continues the registrar's report, "against all contingencies:"—

"The proportion of children to a marriage, and consequently the population, are regulated, not so much or so immediately by the numbers of the people who marry as by the age at which marriages is contracted. The mothers and fathers of nearly half of the children now born are under thirty years of age; and if all the women who attain the age of thirty should marry, and none should marry before that age is attained, the births would decline to about two-thirds; and if the marriage age were postponed to thirty-five, the births would fall to one-third part of their present number; so the population would rapidly decline—firstly, because the number of births to each generation would grow less; and secondly, because, as the interval between the births of successive generations would increase, and the duration of life by hypothesis remain the same, the numbers living contemporaneously—in other words, the population—would be further diminished. The age at which first marriages take place necessarily varies according to circumstances in different populations and in different classes of the same population: in the eldest and youngest sons of noble families; in the various rising or declining professions; among skilled artisans and laborers. The *twenty-sixth year* is the mean age at which men marry, and the *twenty-fifth year* the mean age at which women marry in England and Wales. About this period of life the growth of man is completed. *Half* of the husbands and of the wives are married at the age of twenty-one and under twenty-five; the higher average age is the result of later marriages, which occur in great numbers at the age of twenty-five and thirty."

The results of the census are decidedly in favor of Christian morals. The licentiousness of the century from 1651 to 1751—the reaction of the Puritan strictness—was terribly fatal to the popular increase. The Registrar General, or rather his editor, discusses the subject in detail. He shows that the population of Great Britain increased only sixteen per cent. during that century—"the increase was but one million and fourteen thousand for the hundred years!" The restoration of morals was the restoration of the people.

CLERICAL ODDITIES.—The recently issued memoirs of Jay, of Bath, present some striking portraits and anecdotes. The famous Rev. John Ryland is drawn to the life. He was one of those whimsical, overbearing, eccentric divines—Johnsons and Parrs of the Tabernacle churches—who belonged to old times, and whose say-

ings and doings there is small chance of any modern chapel-goer seeing reproduced. His apprehension, imagination, and memory, to use an expression of his own, rendered his "brains like fish-hooks, which seized and retained everything within their reach." His preaching was probably unique, occasionally overstepping the proprieties of the pulpit, but grappling much with conscience, and dealing out the most tremendous blows at error, sin, and the mere forms of godliness.

"The first time I ever met Mr. Ryland," says Jay, "was at the house of a wholesale linendraper in Cheapside. The owner, Mr. B——, told him one day, as he called upon him, that I was in the parlor, and desired him to go in, and he would soon follow. At this moment I did not personally know him. He was singular in his appearance: his shoes were square-toed; his wig was five-storied behind; the sleeves of his coat were profusely large and open; and the flaps of his waistcoat encroaching upon his knees. I was struck and awed with his figure; but what could I think when, walking toward me, he laid hold of me by the collar, and, shaking his fist in my face, he roared out, 'Young man, if you let the people of Surrey Chapel make you proud, I'll smite you to the ground!' But then, instantly dropping his voice, and taking me by the hand, he made me sit down by his side, and said, 'Sir, nothing can equal the folly of some hearers; they are like apes that hug their young ones to death.' He then mentioned two promising young ministers who had come to town, and been injured and spoiled by popular caressings; adding other reasonable and useful remarks. From this strange commencement a peculiar intimacy ensued. We were seldom a day apart during my eight weeks' continuance in town, and the intercourse was renewed the following year, when we were both in town again at the same time. As the chapel was very near, and spacious, he obtained leave from the managers to deliver in it a course of philosophical lectures, Mr. Adams, the celebrated optician, siding him in the experimental parts. The lectures were on Friday mornings, at the end of which there was always a short sermon at the reading-desk; and the lecturer would say to his attendants, 'You have been seeing the works of the God of nature; now go yonder, and hear a *Jay* talk of the works of the God of grace.'"

The following anecdotes are in harmony with the opening scene:—

"The young could never leave his company unaffected and uninstructed. I once passed a day at his house. It was the fifth of November. He took advantage of the season with his pupils. There was an effigy of Guy Fawkes. A court of justice was established for his trial. The indictment was read; witnesses were examined; counsel was heard. But he was clearly and fully convicted; when Mr. R., himself being the judge, summed up the case; and, putting on his black cap, pronounced the awful sentence—that he should be carried forth and burned at the stake; which sentence was executed amid shouts of joy from his pupils. Of this, I confess, my feelings did not entirely approve. Speaking of him one day to Mr. Hall, he related the following occurrence:—"When I was quite a lad, my father took me to Mr. Ryland's school at Northampton. That afternoon I drank tea along with him in the parlor. Mr. Ryland was then violently against the American war; and, the subject happening to be mentioned, he rose, and said, with a fierce countenance and loud voice,—"If I was a General Wash-

ington, I would summon all my officers around me, and make them bleed from their arms into a basin, and dip their swords into its contents, and swear they would not sheath them till America had gained her independence." I was perfectly terrified. "What a master," thought I, "am I to be left under!" and when I went to bed, I could not for some time go to sleep." Once a young minister was spending the evening with him, and when the family were called together for worship, he said, 'Mr. —, you must pray.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I cannot.' He urged him again, but in vain. 'Then, sir,' said he, 'I declare, if you will not, I'll call in the watchman.' At this time a watchman on his round was going by, whom he knew to be a very pious man, (I knew him too;) he opened the door, and calling him, said 'Duke, Duke, come in; you are wanted here. Here,' said he, 'is a young pastor that can't pray; so you must pray for him.'"

It was Mr. Ryland, moreover, who, in the Surrey-Chapel pulpit, called Belshazzar a "—— rascal," not worthy of wasting a sermon upon. "So meet extremes." The divine's outbreak is a worthy companion to the fine lady's comment upon the proceedings of Adam in Paradise, conveyed in her explanation, "*Shabby fellow!*"

Here are a few traits of Rowland Hill:—

"Mr. Hill was not, as many think, who have only heard of him by report, that lying tale-bearer, a mere bolsterous bawler. He was sometimes loud, and occasionally even vehement; but in common his voice only rose with his subject; and it was easy to perceive that it was commonly influenced and regulated by his thoughts and feelings. He was not like those who strain and roar *always*, and *equally*, having no more energy or emphasis for one thing than another. As the parts of a subject must vary, some being more tender, some more awful, some more plain, and some more abstruse, a uniformity of vehemence must be unnatural; it is obviously mechanical; and will, after a while, have only a kind of automaton-effect. Mr. Hill had an assistant that erred this way, and I remember how he one day reproved him. 'J——,' said he, 'you yelp like a puppy as soon as you get into the field; but I am an older hound, and do not wish to cry till I have started something.' * * * Not very long before his death, meeting an acquaintance who was nearly as aged as himself, he said, 'If you and I don't march off soon, our friends yonder,' (looking upward,) 'will think we have lost our way.' Reading in my pulpit the words of the woman of Samaria at the well, 'the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans,'—looking off, as if he saw the parties themselves, he exclaimed, 'But the devil has had dealings enough with both of you.' Mr. Hill sometimes rendered a word of rebuke equally strong and witty. Thus, when a preacher of no very good reputation was in the vestry of a place where he was going to preach, and seemed uneasy lest his servant should not arrive in time with his cassock, Mr. Hill said, 'Sir, you need not be uneasy; for I can preach without my cassock, though I cannot preach without my character.' As he was coming out of a gentleman's house in Piccadilly, he met in the passage a minister with a begging case, who, though popular with some, had, it was suspected, been imposing for a good while on the religious public; who offered him his hand, but Mr. Hill drew back, and looking him in the face, said, 'Ah, I thought you had been hanged long ago.' * * * I know that once at Wotton he was preaching in the afternoon, (the only time when it seemed possible to be drowsy under him,) he saw some sleeping, and paused, saying, 'I have heard that the miller can sleep while the mill is going, but if it stops it awakens him. I'll try this method;' and so sat down, and soon saw an aroused audience."

Here is a specimen or two of the well-known caustic and sometimes almost cruel wit of Robert Hall:—

"He was at the Tabernacle the first time I ever preached in Bristol, and when I was little more than seventeen. When I came down from the pulpit, as I passed him, he said, 'Sir, I liked your sermon much better than your quotations.' I never knew him severer upon a preacher, however moderate his abilities, if, free from affectation, he spoke with simplicity, nor tried to rise above his level. But, as to others,

nothing could be occasionally more witty and crushing than his remarks. One evening, in a rather crowded place, (I was sitting by him,) a minister was preaching very *finely* and *fourishingly* to little purpose, from the 'white horse,' and the 'red horse,' and the 'black horse,' and the 'pale horse,' in the Revelation. He sat very impatiently, and when the sermon closed he pushed out toward the door, saying, 'Let me out of this horse-sir.' I was once in the library at the academy, conversing with one of the students, who was speaking of his experience, and lamented the hardness of his heart. Mr. Hall, as he was near, taking down a book from the shelf, hearing this, turned toward him, and said, 'Well, thy head is soft enough; that's a comfort!' I could not laugh at this; it grieved me; for the young man was modest, and humble, and diffident. * * A minister, popular too, one day said to me, 'I wonder you think so highly of Mr. Hall's talents. I was some time ago traveling with him into Wales, and we had several disputes, and I more than once soon silenced him.' I concluded how the truth was; and, some weeks after, when his name was mentioned, Mr. Hall asked me if I knew him. 'I lately traveled with him,' said he, 'and it was wonderful, sir, how such a baggage of ignorance and confidence could have been squeezed into the violola. He disgusted and wearied me with his dogmatism and perverseness, till God was good enough to enable me to go to sleep.'

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—A correspondent of the Petersburg (Va.) *Express*, writing from Charlestown in that state, relates the following series of incidents, which, if true, are certainly very singular:—

Washington was accustomed to wear two seals on his watch, one of gold and the other of silver. Upon both of them the letters "G. W." were engraved, or rather cut. The seals he wore as early as 1754, and they were about his person on the terrible day of Braddock's defeat. On that day he lost the silver seal. The gold one remained with the general until the day of his death, and was then given by him to his nephew, a gentleman of Virginia, who carefully preserved it until about seventeen years ago, when in riding over his farm, he dropped it and could never recover it. The other day, the gold seal, lost seventeen years ago, was plowed up, recognized from the letters "G. W." on it, and restored to the son of the gentleman to whom Washington had presented it. At almost the same moment, the silver seal, lost in 1754, just one hundred years ago, was plowed up on the site of the battle in which Braddock was defeated, and in like manner recognized from the letters "G. W." so that in a very short time the two companions will be again united. I have this whole statement from the most reliable source possible, namely, from the gentleman himself, who has thus restored to him these precious mementoes of his great ancestor. The affair is but one more proof of an oft stated maxim, that truth begets fiction in strangeness. I repeat, there is not the slightest exaggeration or misstatement in the matter, and no room for mistake. In legal phraseology, the proof excludes every other hypothesis.

As a proof of the extensive adulteration of liquors in this country, the *New-York Sun* says, that more port wine is drank in the United States in one year than passes through the custom-house in ten; that more champagne is consumed in America alone than the whole champagne district produces; that cogniac brandy costs four times as much in France, where it is made, as it is retailed for in our grog-shops; and that the failure of the whole grape crop in Madeira produced no apparent diminution in quantity or increase in the price of wine. The fact is, there is no more thorough practical farce going on in society than that of wine-drinking. The poor soakers guzzle down daily their potations of diluted drugs, and smack their lips under the illusion that they are refreshed by the real bacchanalian nectar. Very seldom does a drop of the "real juice" go down their exoriated throats; they become living drug

caaks, and imagine themselves jolly followers of the jolly god. Bacchus would n't own them.

The very large and splendid edifice in this city which is in course of construction on Astor Place, through the munificence of Peter Cooper, to be called "The Union," is expected to be completed next year, at a cost of \$300,000. The work was partially suspended on account of difficulty in procuring iron beams as fast as wanted; but it is now going forward again. The building will be literally fire-proof, and its proximity to the Bible-house, the Mercantile Library, and the Astor Library will make that neighborhood a sort of literary centre.

MATHEMATICAL CURIOSITY.—The properties of the figure nine are peculiarly curious and capable of being used in a variety of tricks. Not to mention the fact that the fundamental rules of arithmetic are proved by the nine, there are, among others, the following curiosities connected with the figure:—

Add together as many nines as you please, and the figures indicating the amount, when added together, will be 9 or 9 repeated. The same is true in multiplying any number of times—the sums of the figures in the product will be 9 or a number of nines. For instance—

Twice 9 are 18—8 and 1 are 9.
Three times 9 are 27—7 and 2 are 9.
Four times 9 are 36—8 and 6 are 9.
And so on till we come to 11 times 9 are 99; here we have two nines, or 18, but 1 and 8 are 9.
Twelve times 9 are 108—1 and 0 and 8 are 9.
The curious student may carry this on still further for amusement.

Another curiosity is exhibited in these different products of the 9, when multiplied by the digits, as follows, the products being 18, 27, 36, 45, &c.; reverse these, and we have the remaining products 54, 63, 72, 81.

The 9 digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, when added, amount to 5 times 9; or instead of adding, multiply the middle figure by the last, and the amount will be the mysterious nines, or 45, and 4 and 5 are 9.

Once more. Let the digits as written be

123456789
987654321

111111110

and we have 9 ones, and of course 9 once more. Or let the upper series of numbers be abstracted from the under:—

987654321
123456789

864197583

And in the figures of the difference, once more we have the 5 nines or 45, or 9.

We will now multiply the same figures by 9:—

123456789
9

111111101

and we have 9 ones again, or 9.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, remarking upon these singularities, says:—

"One of these properties is of importance to all book-keepers and accountants to know, and which I have never seen published. I accidentally found it out, and the discovery to me (though it may have been well known to others before) has often been of essential service in settling complicated accounts. It is this:—The difference between any transposed number is always a multiple of 9; for instance, suppose an accountant or book-keeper cannot prove or balance his accounts—there is a difference between his debts and credits, which he cannot account for after careful and repeated adding. Let him then see if this difference can be divided by 9 without any remainder. If it can, he may be assured that his error most probably

lies in his having somewhere transposed figures; that is to say, he has put down 92 for 29, 83 for 88, &c., with any other transposition. The difference of any such transposition is always a multiple of 9. The knowledge of this will at once direct attention to the true source of error, and save the labour of adding up often long columns of figures. The difference between 92 and 29 is 63, or 7 times 9; between 83 and 88 is 45, or 5 times 9; and so on between any transposed numbers."

STARTLING FACT.—The late census shows that the number of Irishmen in the United States is less than one million; and our federal, state, and municipal "Blue Books" show that a majority of the public officers and places in the United States are filled by Irishmen. So say the newspapers, but we cannot believe the latter assertion. The statement cannot be correct unless among the "Municipal Blue Book" appointments are included the posts of scavengers, police, watchmen, &c.

Sheridan Knowles has been lecturing in Manchester, England, against Popery, and his son has been joining the Catholic Church; a brace of facts which, says one of our exchanges, may show either a want of logical power in the father, or unfilial perversity in his boy.

GREAT EVENTS FROM SLENDER CAUSES.—Dr. Paris observes, that "the history of great effects from small causes would form an interesting work."

"How momentous," says Campbell, "are the results of apparently trivial circumstances! When Mohammed was flying from his enemies, he took refuge in a cave; which his pursuers would have entered, if they had not seen a spider's web at the entrance. Not knowing that it was freshly woven, they passed by the cave; and thus a spider's web changed the history of the world."

When Louis VII., to obey the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterward Henry II., of England. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All this probably had never occurred, had Louis not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of Queen Eleanor.

Warton mentions, in his Notes on Pope, that the treaty of Utrecht was occasioned by a quarrel between the Duchess of Marlborough and Queen Anne about a pair of gloves.

The coquetry of the daughter of Count Julian introduced the Saracens into Spain.

"What can be imagined more trivial," remarks Hume, in one of his essays, "than the difference between one color of livery and another in horse races?" Yet this difference begat two most inveterate factions in the Greek empire, the Prasini and Veneti; who never suspended their animosities till they ruined that unhappy government.

The murder of Cæsar in the capitol was chiefly owing to his not rising from his seat when the senate tendered him some particular honors.

The negotiations with the Pope for dissolving Henry Eighth's marriage (which brought on the Reformation) are said to have been interrupted by the Earl of Wiltshire's dog biting his holiness's toe, when he put it out to be kissed by that ambassador; and the Duchess of Marlborough's spilling a basin of water on Mrs. Masham's gown, in Queen Anne's reign, brought in the Tory ministry, and gave a new turn to the affairs of Europe.

"If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter," said Pascal, in his epigrammatic manner, "the condition of the world would have been different."

Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the thunder-storm; Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St. Andrew's Castle; and if Mr. Grenville had not carried, in 1764, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging certain stamp duties on the plantations in America, the western world might still have bowed to the British sceptre.

Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not, by the merest accident, attracted the notice of Cimabue.

PHYSICAL BEAUTY AND MORAL EVIL.—"It is almost awful," said Dr. Arnold, when sitting above the beautiful Lake of Como, in Switzerland,— "it is almost awful to look at the overwhelming beauty around me, and then think of the moral evil. It seems as if heaven and hell, instead of being separated by a great gulf from one another, were absolutely on each other's confines, and indeed not far from every one of us. Might the sense of moral evil be as strong in me as my delight in external beauty; for in a deep sense of moral evil, more perhaps than anything else, abides a saving knowledge of God! It is not so much to admire moral good; that we may do, and yet be not ourselves conformed to it. But if we do really abhor that which is evil—not the persons in whom evil resides, but the evil which resides in them, and much more manifestly and certainly to our own knowledge, in our own hearts—*this* is to have the feeling of God and Christ, and to have our spirit in sympathy with the Spirit of God."

FAITHFUL JACK.—An English writer remarks that sailors preserve their technical terms more steadily than any other class of men. Those of sailors remain the same, though numberless terms of other trades and professions have become obsolete within the last two centuries. Scarcely the half of the technical terms of various trades and professions that may be found in that most curious *omnium gatherum*, Randle Holme's *Academy of Armory*, would be understood by their respective craftsmen at the present day; whereas every nautical term in the much earlier production, *A Ship of Fools*, would be understood by the modern seaman.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

This lecture season has fairly opened upon us, and the supply of speakers seems to be fully equal to the extraordinary demand. Modest men, through the kind offices of their friends, are announcing themselves as the proprietors of instructive and entertaining discourses, and ready to serve the eager public for a suitable consideration. No course of lectures excites more attention in its announcement than the Anti-Slavery series, to be opened by Honorable Charles Sumner, and to include within its number eminent speakers. The tickets to the course were nearly exhausted long before the first lecture. Dr. Felton's course before the Lowell Institute, upon the "Downfall and Resurrection of Greece," is fully attended by a large and appreciating audience; containing, as these lectures do, so much new and valuable matter, and illustrated as they are by so many interesting personal incidents, derived from a late tour through this storied land, they will, undoubtedly, be published, and obtain a still wider hearing from the public. Overflowing congregations attend upon the public services held on Sabbath evenings in the Tremont Temple, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The sermons are delivered by the pastors of the vicinity, and are eminently practical. Such seed as is sown on these occasions, falling upon soil so promising, can but produce an abundant harvest of good.

The two courses of the Mercantile Library Lectures are to be opened, the first by Honorable Charles Sumner, and the second by Honorable George F. Marsh, to be followed by Colonel Fremont, Cassius M. Clay, E. H. Chapin, H. W. Beecher, and other names of note in literary and political world. Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, proposes to remain some considerable time at the north, and to address our Lyceums as he may secure opportunities.

The executors of the late Honorable Samuel Appleton, who have in trust the magnificent sum of two hundred thousand dollars, to be distributed, as directed by the will, for "scientific, literary, religious, or charitable purposes," have transferred stocks to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars to the Boston Athenaeum. The interest is to be applied to the annual increase of the library.

It was supposed, and generally announced through the public prints, that the well-known and honored name of Charlestown had been effaced from the list of municipalities—it being merged into Boston, swelling its population and bringing renown to its history. But the regret felt by many and the rejoicing of others was premature. The Supreme Court has declared the act of annexation unconstitutional, and, for the present at least, Bunker Hill will remain in Charlestown. Honorable George W. Warren, ex-mayor of Charlestown, was employed as one of the counsel by the annexationists, and after the unfavorable decision was announced, a laudable wit, present on the occasion, remarked, that "the British and the Bostonians had both attempted to take Charlestown, and in each case a Warren had fallen."

The movement in favor of a Reform School for girls has resulted successfully. The state offered twenty thousand dollars, provided the same amount should be subscribed by individuals. The latter amount has been obtained, principally in Boston, and the governor of the state has appointed a judicious commission to obtain a site and arrange the details of the institution.

In the literary world our publishers are keeping their presses active upon new editions of established works, and not a few forthcoming volumes of general interest are announced. Honorable Lorenzo Sabine, of Framingham, whose articles in the public prints and speeches in Congress upon the Newfoundland fishery question have accomplished more than any other means to bring about the present happy adjustment of this matter, has in the press of Crosby, Nichols & Co., a volume upon dueling. It will be an encyclopædia of duels, comprising sketches of all the principal personal combats, with full accounts of the most important, especially those of historical interest in our country. It is stated in the English Athenæum that a literary man in the heart of Russia is engaged upon the translation of "The House of Seven Gables" into Russian. "This," well remarks the editor, "is something like fame."

The executors of Mr. Webster are now engaged in the preparation of several volumes of his correspondence, to be published uniform with the edition of his works. Little, Brown & Co., who issued the latter from their press, will publish the new volumes. As

Mr. Webster's correspondents were the most distinguished public men of the last half-century, both in this country and in Europe, the correspondence must possess extraordinary interest. From the same house has already appeared the sixth volume of Bancroft's great work. It treats upon the immediate causes of the Revolution, covering in its records the pregnant period of eight years between the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766, and the forcible efforts to subdue the obstinacy of Boston in 1774. Interesting in its subject, it is invested with a magical charm by the splendid rhetoric of its author.

Crocker & Brewster, the publishers of Neander's noble Church History, have issued the fifth and final volume of this work. The amiable and learned author went quietly to his rest—working upon it till the last, and dying with the harness on—before the manuscript of this volume was even corrected. But the devoted and pains-taking labors of an accomplished pupil have secured the completion of the work. Professor Terrey has accomplished an invaluable service for the Church in his excellent translation of this great history. The present volume is one of peculiar interest, recording, as it does, the history of Papacy to the Council of Basel, the Life and Times of Welf, and the Persecutions and Martyrdom of Huss in Bohemia. The five volumes will form a perpetual monument of the diligence, eloquence, and piety of this devoted Jewish Christian.

The second edition of Dr. Wayland's Mental Philosophy has been published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. This work is enjoying an unprecedented popularity for a philosophical treatise, and is securing a rapid introduction into the higher grades of instruction. This firm have fortified themselves against the expected demand of the approaching holidays, by preparing a large and beautiful variety of annuals. They have published four splendid quarto volumes, illustrated with fine steel engravings, and bound in the highest styles of the art, and nearly a score of juvenile volumes by our best writers, adorned with illustrations, and every way calculated to please and instruct the young recipients of these handsome annual benefactions.

It rarely occurs that an old periodical renews its age, and resumes a forfeited place in the estimation of the community; but this is the fortune of the North American. Under the administration of Dr. Peabody, it has recovered all its pristine vigor and popularity. It is sufficiently progressive, full of wholesome truth and just criticism; and altogether is a worthy representation of American literature. It deserves all the credit it has won, and even a larger circulation than it has obtained. Its publishers, Crosby, Nichols & Co., announce a new and revised edition of Miss Chandler's "Elements of Character"—a little volume which has already been favorably noticed and received high praise from the press in general. The first edition of the work was exhausted in a few weeks. A second series of "Thoughts to Help and to Cheer," furnishing, with the first series, a text of Scripture, a meditation and appropriate verse of poetry for each day in the year.

The Edinburgh and London publishers are beginning to compete a little with our booksellers in the sale of their own works. Blackee & Son, in addition to their well-known depot in Fulton-street, New-York, offer their valuable catalogue of standard and illustrated works to our reading community through Russell & Brothers of our city. While the Harpers are busily republishing the noble "Imperial Gazetteer" of this firm, they offer the original edition, with its fine engravings, beautiful print, and heavy paper, in numbers, or parts, at a greatly reduced price. It is an invaluable encyclopædia of geography—physical, political, statistical, and descriptive.

Wordsworth's Works, complete, with prefaces and annotations, on fine paper, in generous type, have been issued from the active press of Little, Brown & Co., in seven volumes. Captain Sleeper, the late excellent and accomplished editor of the Boston Journal, having retired from active editorial service, is devoting himself to the publication of the Sea Incidents and Tales, which from time to time he has written for his own paper, and which were well received in this form. The first volume, handsomely illustrated and printed, has been published by Reynolds & Co., entitled "Sea Bubbles," and will be followed by others. The same publishers propose to issue, from the pen of a popular writer, a series of juvenile volumes upon the noted men, civil and military, of our own country, especially of revolutionary times; something after the style of Abbott's series of Ancient Kings and Warriors.

B. K. P.

Book Notices.

Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons—Hester Ann Rogers—Simms's Works—Memories of a Grandmother—The World as it is—Abbott's Juvenile Works—Stories from the History of Italy and France—Loring's Hundred Boston Orators—The City-Side—Elements of Character—The Bible Reading Book—Children's Trials—Popular Tales—Gratitude: An Exposition of the Hundred and Third Psalm—Forrester's Magazine—Synonyms of the New Testament—The Seven Wonders of the World—The Inebriate's Hut—Kansas and Nebraska—May Dundas—Spirit-Rapping—The Tables Turned.

DUNCAN'S *Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons* has been reissued by Carter & Brothers, New-York, in two substantial duodecimos. It is the best work of the kind in our language, and supercedes the translation of Sturm by embodying the later discoveries of natural science.

Hester Ann Rogers.—This famous Methodist biography lies on our table in the Swedish language—a really beautiful book, got out by Carlton & Phillips, under the auspices of the new Methodist Tract Society. It has had great influence on the Methodist world, and will now go forth, on its message of usefulness, in Sweden and among our Scandinavian immigrants. There are many small defects in it, but it has the power of a genuine spiritual life.

Redfield continues the issue of Simms's works, in very elegant style. The last of the series received by us is *Woodcraft*; or, *Hawks about the Dove-cot*. It is founded upon southern life at the close of the Revolution. Simms has done more than any other American fictitious writer to bring into literary use the early history of the country. He maintains the historical integrity of his subjects with unusual scrupulosity. His characters are bold and sharply delineated, and his incidents abundant. We regret, however, that he deems it necessary to the accuracy of his characters, that they should be allowed to utter so freely their usual profanity.

The *Memories of a Grandmother* is the forbidding title of a really interesting little volume from the press of Gould & Lincoln, Boston. It consists of sketches of New-England life, evidently "from life."—one of the best New-England domestic portraiture that we remember. Magee, Boston.

Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia, have published, under the general title of *The World as it is*, two elegant little volumes from the pen of F. C. Woodworth, the author of several popular juvenile works. The first volume relates to *England and Wales*, the second to *Scotland and Ireland*. They are well-prepared descriptions of localities and life, and are attractively illustrated.

Among the juvenile works of the season, we must also enumerate a batch of volumes from the pen of Jacob Abbott, and got out in fine style by Reynolds & Co., Boston. They are the tireless and ever interesting *Rollo's Tour in Europe*—"Rollo on the Atlantic," "Rollo in Paris," and "Rollo in Switzerland." Rollo dogs Abbott everywhere, and there is no

youngster that likes good reading who is not happy to follow in his footsteps. The illustrations are well done—a *cine quæ non* with us, as our readers know, in juvenile publications.

We must not omit from our record of the juvenile literature of the season two fine little volumes from the press of Carlton & Phillips, New-York. The first is entitled *Stories from the History of Italy*; the second, *Stories from the History of France*. They are reprints from the editions of the London Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge—a good guarantee of their excellence. The selection of incidents and the style of execution are judicious and attractive, and the illustrative engravings are among the very best wood cuts we have yet seen from the American press. This house is unequalled in its artistic work.

Jewett & Co., Boston, have published the third edition of Mr. Loring's *Hundred Boston Orators*. This work is already known to the public; but we may refer again to two of its capital excellences: first, it presents some of the finest specimens of American eloquence; Quincy, Otis, Austin, Ames, Everett, Webster, Sumner, Cushing, Story, Choate, Horace Mann, Winthrop, Whipple, Star King, &c., are among its orators. Secondly, it comprises historical comments, gleanings, &c., illustrative of the progress of our republican principles. This last edition has an improved index of names.

We are indebted to Magee, Boston, for a copy of *The City-Side*. These "side" books have become very numerous lately, and threaten to surfeit us, like the "Bible Mountains," "Bible Lakes," and "Bible Birds;" which, we suppose, are yet to be followed by Bible Giants, Bible Babies, and Bible Frogs—until the good old simple and beautiful Bible narratives are buried under the excess of such rhetorical rubbish. The present is, however, a decidedly clever production—the incidents from clerical life are striking, and they are related with vivacity and tact. We would, nevertheless, suggest to our young authors that it is time to leave these "side" walks, and turn boldly out into the open road.

Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, have sent us a copy of the second edition of Mary G. Chandler's *Elements of Character*—a book of grave character and style, but solid in its instructions and excellent in its moral tone. We except to particular views of the author, but can commend the general character of her book as of unusual merit.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the well-known authoress, has prepared a volume of Scriptural lessons, entitled *The Bible Reading Book*. If it be desirable at all to present literal Scriptural instruction in any other form than the common Bible itself, Mrs. Hale has unquestionably hit upon the best method. Her volume contains such portions of the Old and New Testaments as form a connected narrative, in the real words of the text and in the order of the sacred books,

of God's dealing with men and men's duties to God. The most essential portions of divine truth are happily woven into the plan—the promises, precepts, miracles are carefully retained, God's attributes are fully exhibited, all the prophecies respecting Christ are related. The volume cannot fail to give such systematic instruction in the scope of the whole Bible as will secure the interest of children especially, for the entire Scriptures, much more effectually than the way of consulting them to which the young are generally trained. It has special adaptations as a reading book in schools. *Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.*

Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, have issued an exceedingly beautiful little volume for children, entitled *Children's Trials, &c.* It is a translation from the German of Linden. The illustrations are colored, and cannot fail to be attractive to the little folks.

The same publishers have sent out a new version of Madame Guizot's *Popular Tales*. Those of our readers who recollect the articles we gave some months ago, on the character and writings of this excellent lady, will be gratified at this announcement. The book is beautifully embellished with engravings.

Gratitude: an Exposition of the Hundred and Third Psalm. By Rev. John Stevenson. 12mo., pp. 324. *New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers.* This volume consists of a continuous series of pious meditations, founded on the expressions of the Psalm, of which it professes to be an exposition. It is a work better suited for occasional reading, with the design to excite pious sentiments in the heart, than for study, to give clearer views of the meaning of the text. For this purpose it may doubtless be used with profit; for though its theology is the superorthodoxy of the Scotch Kirk, yet it is confessedly full of the marrow of the gospel. Our friends, the Carters, are doing a good work by their republications of this kind; and we are happy to be assured that there are yet readers of sober Christian literature, in sufficient numbers, to justify, commercially, their enterprise.

Forrester's Magazine, published by *Rand, Boston*, we have repeatedly recommended as one of the very best juvenile periodicals of the day. It is characterized by the good sense as well as the attractiveness of its articles; its moral tone is unexceptionable, and its illustrations abundant and "taking." It is the magazine to excite a love of reading where that taste does not exist, and to guide it aright where it does. We commend it to all families, not only unreservedly but most warmly.

Synonyms of the New Testament; being the substance of a course of lectures addressed to the theological students of King's College, London. By Richard Chenevix Trench, B. D. *Redfield, 110 and 112 Nassau-street, New-York.* 12mo., pp. 250. The publication in this country of a number of valuable works by the author of this volume has introduced him to the favorable notice of our reading public, and prepared for this new comer a ready access to our libraries and firesides. Trench is a writer of real nerve and of clear powers of discrimina-

tion. These properties, so forcibly exhibited in the "Study of Words," are brought fully into use in this work; and though only a small portion of the field contemplated in the title is occupied by him, yet the portion traversed is well chosen, and ably discussed. We commend this little volume to the favor of all real Biblical students—those who wish to be aided to think for themselves, rather than to have their thinking done to their hand by "notes" and "comments," as venerable for their antiquity, though often rejuvenated, as they are destitute of all other claims to our reverence.

The Seven Wonders of the World is the title of an excellent though small volume from the press of *Carlton & Phillips, New-York.* Its design is to present what interesting traditions remain of "the seven wonders," which have made so much of the entertainment of almost every man's childhood. The sketches are well prepared, and the engravings exceedingly fine.

The Inebriate's Hut is the title of a new volume from the pen of Mrs. Southworth. It is a very interesting illustration of the effects of the Maine Law, and its circulation would do much to promote the success of that great legislative reform. *Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.*

A very valuable work on *Kansas and Nebraska* has been prepared by E. C. Hale, Esq., and published by *Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston*—a good manual for all who wish to immigrate thither. It sketches the history, geography, physical characteristics, political position, &c., of the country, and gives directions to emigrants, accounts of emigrant societies, &c.

Carter & Brothers have issued an edition of *May Dundas, or Passages in Young Life*, by Mrs. Thomas Geldart, illustrated. It is a domestic story, well narrated, and suggestive of the best lessons—the principal one being the inadequacy of the best education and associations to sustain the young soul in "the battle-fields of life."

Spirit Rapping—Necromancy—a Discourse by *Rev. Mr. Butler*, has been published by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*, for the Methodist Tract Society. It treats this new phenomenon theologically—showing that whatever may be its alleged solution, the intermeddling with it now, so extensive and so mischievous, is unscriptural and criminal. It is the very thing to put into the hands of considerate people, and especially of Christians, who may have been beguiled into the new mania. Mr. Butler reasons most impressively and conclusively, and few who read him with candor will be disposed to plunge into the evil.

The Tables Turned is the title of a rejoinder to Mr. Butler's discourse, written by S. F. Britton, Esq., and published by *Partridge & Britton, New-York.* Mr. Britton shows no little logical skill and rhetorical tact in this critique. We are taken somewhat by surprise by it, for we know not how to admit that a man of such evident shrewdness and ability can be duped by such manifest nonsense as the preternatural pretensions of the Spirit Rappers. He fails in the issue, but we give him credit for having written the best work we have yet met in favor of the Rappists.

Literary Record.

Arago's Manuscripts—The Warnerville Union Seminary—Schools in England—Notable Deaths—New-York Conference Seminary—Postage on Books—Religious Papers—The British Census returns—Dickinson Seminary—Death of Bartlett—Committee of French History—Newark Wesleyan Institute—New Works—Education in Poland—Fort Edward Institute—Education in the United States—Caryle—Wesleyan Female College.

SOME of the MSS. of Arago, containing 2,956 pages of writing, of which 2,509 are by his own hand, have lately been presented to the French Academy of Sciences. They contain observations upon magnetism, and the results of 73,000 experiments in that science. A committee has been appointed to examine these papers, with a view to their publication in the *Mémoires* of the Academy.

The Warnerville (N. Y.) Union Seminary, under the superintendence of Rev. A. J. Jenkins, offers gratuitous instruction to twenty young men contemplating the ministry. This institution reports one hundred and twenty-six students during its last term—its faculty is able, and its prospects bright.

Respecting schools in England, a correspondent of *The Church* gives the following summary of the census returns. It appears that of 1,413,170 scholars receiving education in public day schools, 1,188,786 are in schools receiving support from religious bodies; and that of this number the Church of England educates 929,474 children; while all other religious bodies (comprising all the dissenting sects, Scotch Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Jews, German and French Protestants) educate, by their united efforts, only 194,673. For every 1,000 educated by the Church of England, the Independents educate 54, the Roman Catholics and Methodists each 44, and all the others combined only 60.

Among the notable deaths in Europe, lately, is recorded that of the once famous *Ladoccat*, the bookseller and publisher—a man who was at the head of the publishing trade in Franco from 1815 to 1830—who was a veritable *Mæcenas* to authors—who had the honor of presenting to the world, or publishing for, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Hugo, Dumas, and other of the great literary celebrities of modern France—who was the friend of ministers and ambassadors—who at one time counted his wealth by millions, (francs,) and who rioted in more than princely luxury—who finally, by imprudent speculations, lost all he had, and after living for years in profound obscurity, died in a hospital, leaving his widow penniless and friendless, and compelled to make an appeal to the public for charity!—In Germany, death has carried off Canon Schmidt, who is so widely known by his writings for children; and at Rome, Cardinal Angelo Mai, distinguished by his discovery in the library of the Vatican of some palimpsests, containing the lost portions of Cicero's famous 'Treatise on the Commonwealth,' a loss which had always been deplored by classical scholars, and of which Scipio's

'Dream,' and the other fragments that remained, showed the immense importance. But what, for the renown of the cardinal, was equal to the discovery, or rather recovery, of this magnificent work, was the skill with which he deciphered it—a task of exceeding difficulty, and one which, in other manuscripts of equal antiquity, had baffled the scientific means and appliances of Sir Humphrey Davy.

The New-York Conference Seminary at Charlottetown, N. Y., under the Rev. A. Flack and a numerous faculty, is prospering remarkably. Its last catalogue reports more than twelve hundred students for the year.

Books not weighing over four pounds may be sent by mail, prepaid, at one cent an ounce any distance in the United States not exceeding three thousand miles; and at two cents an ounce over three thousand miles, provided they are put up without a cover or wrapper, or in a cover or wrapper open at the ends or sides, so that their character may be determined without removing the wrapper. If not prepaid, the postage under three thousand miles is one cent and a half; and over three thousand miles in the United States, three cents an ounce.

The number and circulation of English religious papers, says a foreign correspondent of the *Pittsburg Advocate*, will bear no comparison with those of the United States. The Church of England has two papers—the *Record*, published twice a week, with a circulation of 3,639 each number; and the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, weekly, with a circulation of 2,750. The Baptists have no paper, but they patronize the papers of the Independent denomination. These are—the *Patriot*, edited by Joseph Conder and J. M. Hare, Esq., issued twice a week, with 1,268 subscribers; *The British Banner*, with a weekly circulation of 3,888; and the *Non-Conformist*, with a weekly circulation of 3,211, edited by E. Miall, Esq., M. P. The Wesleyan Conference has only one paper, the *Watchman*, edited most ably by J. C. Rigg, Esq., with a subscription list of between 3,000 and 4,000. *The Wesleyan Times*, the organ of the agitators, is rapidly declining, its circulation having diminished one half since the year 1851.

From the population tables of the recent British census we glean the following items:—The return of authors, writers, and literary men, comprises 2,866 persons, to whom are added 8,600 artists, architects, &c., (doubtless including many drawing-masters and builders;) 496 professors of science, 34,378 male teachers, and 71,966 school-mistresses and governesses—the latter returned as 21,373.

Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Pa., under the care of Rev. Dr. Bowman, is represented by its last catalogue as in a flourishing condition. It has an effective faculty and a thorough classification of studies. The aggregate of its students, for the last academic year, was two hundred and fifty-five.

The papers announce the death, in his passage to Marseilles on board the French steamer *Egyptus*, of Mr. W. H. Bartlett, author of "Walks about Jerusalem," "Forty Days in the Desert," and other works, instructive and interesting in themselves, and valuable to many readers as illustrative of Scriptural scenes and history.

The Committee of French History, Arts, and Language, first appointed in 1834 by M. Guizot, has just made its report for 1852-3. This document exhibits the labors of the Committee for the past year, which labors, it may be remembered, included Augustin Thierry's second volume, entitled "Recueil des Documents inédits de l'Histoire du Tiers-Etat," and the sixth volume of the "Lettres Missives de Henri IV." The same document also makes certain promises which are not unimportant. It appears that twelve new works are in course of publication. Some of them will be voluminous: the Memoirs of Cardinal Granville alone occupying thirteen quarto volumes. But even thirteen quarto volumes are but a moderate instalment of Charles Quint's Chancellor,—since this eminent Churchman left no less than eighty quarto volumes of manuscripts, which T. B. Boisot, an abbot of Saint Vincent de Besançon, spent ten years in deciphering and arranging. The philological section of the Committee has resolved to publish the works of Chrestien de Troyes. MM. T. Desnoyers and Chabaille are appointed editors of the "Trésor de Toutes Choses," written in Paris in the thirteenth century, by the Italian refugee Brunetto Latino.

The sixth annual catalogue of the Newark Wesleyan Institute shows the seminary to be in a highly prosperous condition, under the principalship of Mr. Starr. The total number of students for the last academic year was nearly three hundred.

Among books about to appear, or recently out in England, besides the always-expected volumes from Mr. Macaulay, we learn through the London press of the completing volume of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece"—of the third volume of the "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox," edited by Lord John Russell—of Mr. Kaye's "Governors-General of India"—of a new work, "Romany Rye," by Mr. George Borrow—of a work on "Polynesian Mythology," by Sir George Grey, of which we hear curious accounts—of Mr. Leslie's "Handbook for Young Painters"—of a large edition of the works of Arago, and the concluding volume of Colonel Sabine's translation of Humboldt's "Cosmos"—of Mrs. Jameson's "Common-place Book"—"Thirty Years of Foreign Policy," by the author of "B. Disraeli," a Biography," and Lord Carlisle's "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters"—of new poems by the Earl of Ellesmere, Sydney Yendys and Mr. Alexander Smith—of two volumes of translations by Mr. George Borrow, "Songs of Europe," being metrical translations from all the European languages, and "Kampe Viser: Songs about Giants and Heroes," from the Danish—of new tales by Mr. Charles Lever, Miss G. E. Jewsbury, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Hubback and Mrs. Moodie—of new biographies by Mr. Bayle St. John, Mr. John Forster, Mr. Dennistoun, the Rev. C. J. F. Clin-

ton—with a life of the poet Montgomery, from the pen of Messrs. Holland and Everett—and among more miscellaneous works, of Dr. Doran's "Habits and Men"—Mr. J. A. St. John's "Philosophy at the Foot of the Cross"—Mr. Bell's "Town Life of the Restoration"—Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Domestic Life during the Civil War"—Mr. Howitt's "Note-Book of a Young Adventurer in the Wilds of Australia," and "Traditions and Superstitions of the New-Zealanders," by Mr. E. Shortland.

Poland was the first country in Europe that had a regular public education. It had in the Fifteenth Century, and before, departmental schools, free to all ranks, which were affiliated to the universities; each of which furnished and appointed the teachers of the department in which it was situated. Always, a complete education, including the university education, introduced a Pole into the ranks of nobility; for there was no difference of race between peasant and noble in Poland to interfere with a natural progress, as in the Western feudal nations. A university education, or an important service in the army, (to each of which the peasantry were free,) always made a Polish noble.

The Fort Edward Institute, under the principalship of Rev. J. E. King, has become one of the most successful literary undertakings of the day. The academic edifice is on a scale of great amplitude and convenience, and has been projected and built since June last. There is genuine American energy in the enterprise, and the well-known qualifications of its literary head guarantee its future success.

There are in the United States about 60,000 common schools, which are supported at an annual expense of nearly six million dollars; more than half of which is expended by the states of New-York and Massachusetts. In the state of New-York in 1853 were 11,684 school districts, and 622,268 scholars in attendance during some part of the year. The total amount expended for school purposes was \$2,469,248. Massachusetts, for the same year, numbers 4,113 schools, with 187,022 scholars during the summer, 202,081 in winter. Aggregate expended on schools, \$1,072,310. This state has a School Fund of \$1,220,238. The amount raised by direct taxation for schools was \$963,631. Boston appropriates \$330,000 annually to public schools of various grades.

The first money ever received by Thomas Carlyle for any book of his was remitted to him from Boston, he always having published on the "half-profit" principle, and the English publisher's balance-sheet never showing any profits to halve. This money was for the reprint of his *Miscellanies*; and this was after he had achieved an illustrious reputation as author of *The French Revolution*, which, together with his earlier works, was out of print; yet Carlyle despises our country.

The Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati, is one of the best institutions of the kind in the country. Its faculty comprises eighteen or twenty instructors, headed by Rev. P. B. Wilber, A. M. It reports nearly five hundred students for the last year.

Arts and Sciences.

The London Smoke Nuisance—Furnace Cinders—The Dahlia—Adamant—State of the Natural Sciences among the Japanese—Electricity.

We stated lately that by act of Parliament the *smoke of London* is "suppressed." A scientific writer in the *London Times* thinks the reform begins at the wrong end: that the sewers, &c., should be first so arranged as not to infect the atmosphere—the smoke is necessary to counteract them. Smoke, he argues, is nothing more than minute flakes of carbon or charcoal. Carbon in this state is like so many atoms of sponge, ready to absorb any of the life-destroying gases with which it may come in contact. In all the busy haunts of men, or wherever men congregate together, the surrounding air is to a certain extent rendered pernicious by their excretions, from which invisible gaseous matter arises, such as phosphuretted and sulphuretted hydrogen, cyanogen, and ammoniacal compounds, well known by their intolerable odor. Now, the blacks of smoke (that is the carbon) absorb and retain these matters to a wonderful extent. Every hundred weight of smoke probably absorbs twenty hundred weight of the poisonous gases emanating from the sewers, and from the various works where animal substances are under manipulation—by fell-mongers, for instance, and on the premises of fat-melters, bone-crushers, glue-makers, Prussian blue-makers, &c. This accounts for the undeniable fact that London, although the most smoky, is yet the healthiest metropolis in the world. As London is at present constituted, smoke is the very safeguard of the health of the population; it is unquestionably the mechanical purifier of a chemically deteriorated atmosphere.

The *London Athenæum* reports very favorably the result of experiments in England, testing our countryman, Dr. Smith's, invention for the use of *Furnace Cinders*. Dr. Smith professes to produce from the scoræ cast aside from the blast furnaces a variety of articles in daily use, such as square tiles, paving flags, and bottles, the last of which are much stronger, and the annealment more complete than in the common glass bottles, from which in appearance they are scarcely to be distinguished. The scoræ are thrown into a mold before they have time to cool. If it should turn out to be possible to put the furnace cinders to such uses, the invention will be of great importance to all proprietors of blast furnaces.

The dahlia is a native of the marshes of Peru, and was named after Dahl, the famous Swedish botanist. It is not more than thirty years since its introduction into Europe.

Adamant is a substance so extremely hard as to be able to polish the diamond. It is considered to bear the same relation to diamond which emery does to corundum. A few years ago, M. Dufresney exhibited before the Paris Academy of Sciences, a few pieces of adamant which were met with in the same alluvial formation whence Brazilian diamonds are usually

procured. The largest piece obtained weighed about 66 grains. Its edges were rounded by long continued friction; and it presented a slightly brownish, dull black color. When viewed with a microscope, it appeared riddled with small cavities, which separated very small irregular laminae, slightly transparent and iridescent. It cut glass readily, and scratched quartz and topaz. On analysis it was found that this adamant contains 96.8 to 90.8 per cent. of pure carbon; the small remainder consisting of vegetable ash.

M. Von Siebold, at a late meeting of the Natural History Society of Bonn, read a paper "On the State of the Natural Sciences among the Japanese." Their knowledge of these sciences, he says, is much more extensive and profound than is supposed in western Europe. They possess a great many learned treatises thereupon, and an admirable geological map of their island, by Buntajo. They are well acquainted with the systems of European naturalists, and have translations of the more important of their works. They have a botanical dictionary, in which an account is given of not fewer than 5,300 species, and it is embellished with a vast number of well-executed engravings. The flora of their own island is admirably described in a work by the imperial physician, Pasuragawa.

Some experiments have lately been made at Portsmouth (England) of a most important and remarkable character, and which would appear to open up and promise to lead to further triumphs in *electricity*, equal in importance to any that have already been achieved. The experiments in question were for the purpose of ascertaining the possibility of sending electric telegraph communications across a body of water without the aid of electric wires. The space selected for the experiment was the mill-dam, (a piece of water forming a portion of the fortifications,) at its widest part, where it is something near five hundred feet across. The operating battery was placed on one side of the dam, and the corresponding dial on the other side. An electric wire from each was submerged on their respective sides of the water, and terminating in a plate constructed for the purpose, and several messages were accurately conveyed across the entire width of the mill-dam, with accuracy and instantaneous rapidity. The apparatus employed in the experiments is not pretended to be here explained in even a cursory manner; this is of course the exclusive secret of the inventor. But there is no doubt of the fact that communications were actually sent a distance of nearly five hundred feet through the water without the aid of wires, or other conductors, and that there appeared every possibility that this could be done as easily with regard to the British Channel as with the mill-dam. The inventor is a gentleman of great scientific attainments, residing in Edinburgh, and lays claim to being the original inventor of the electric telegraph; but was unable to carry out the invention to his advantage.





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