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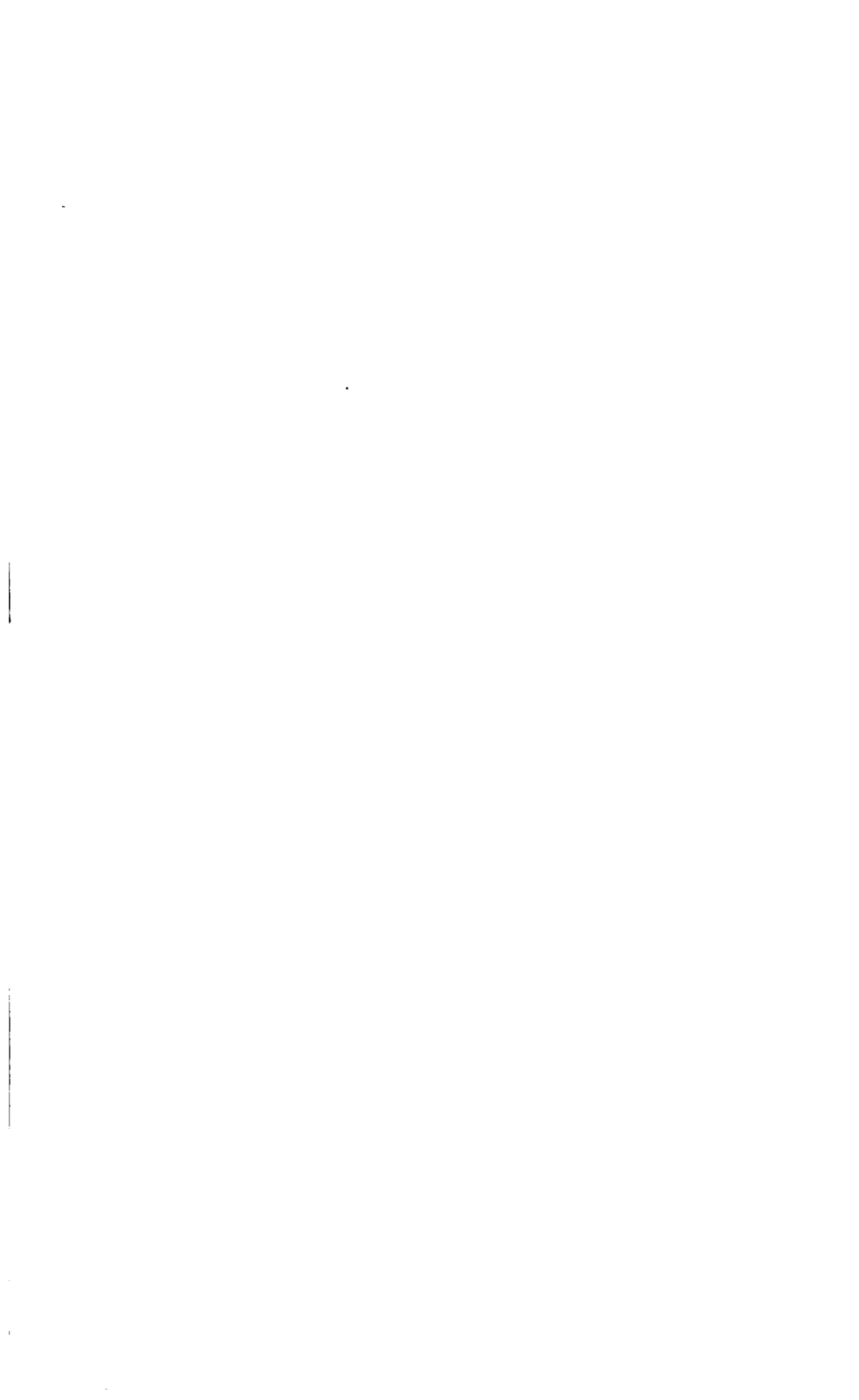
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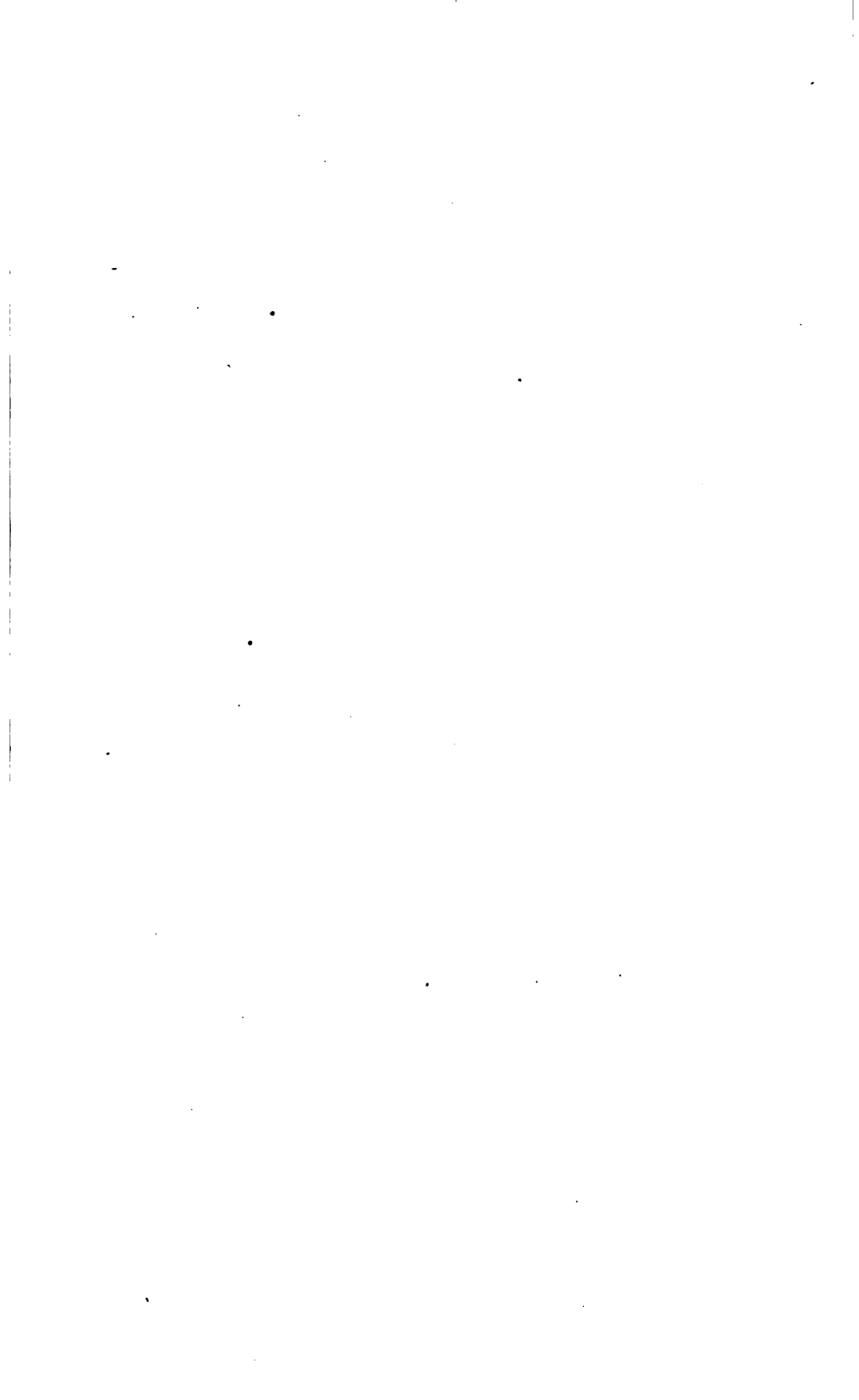
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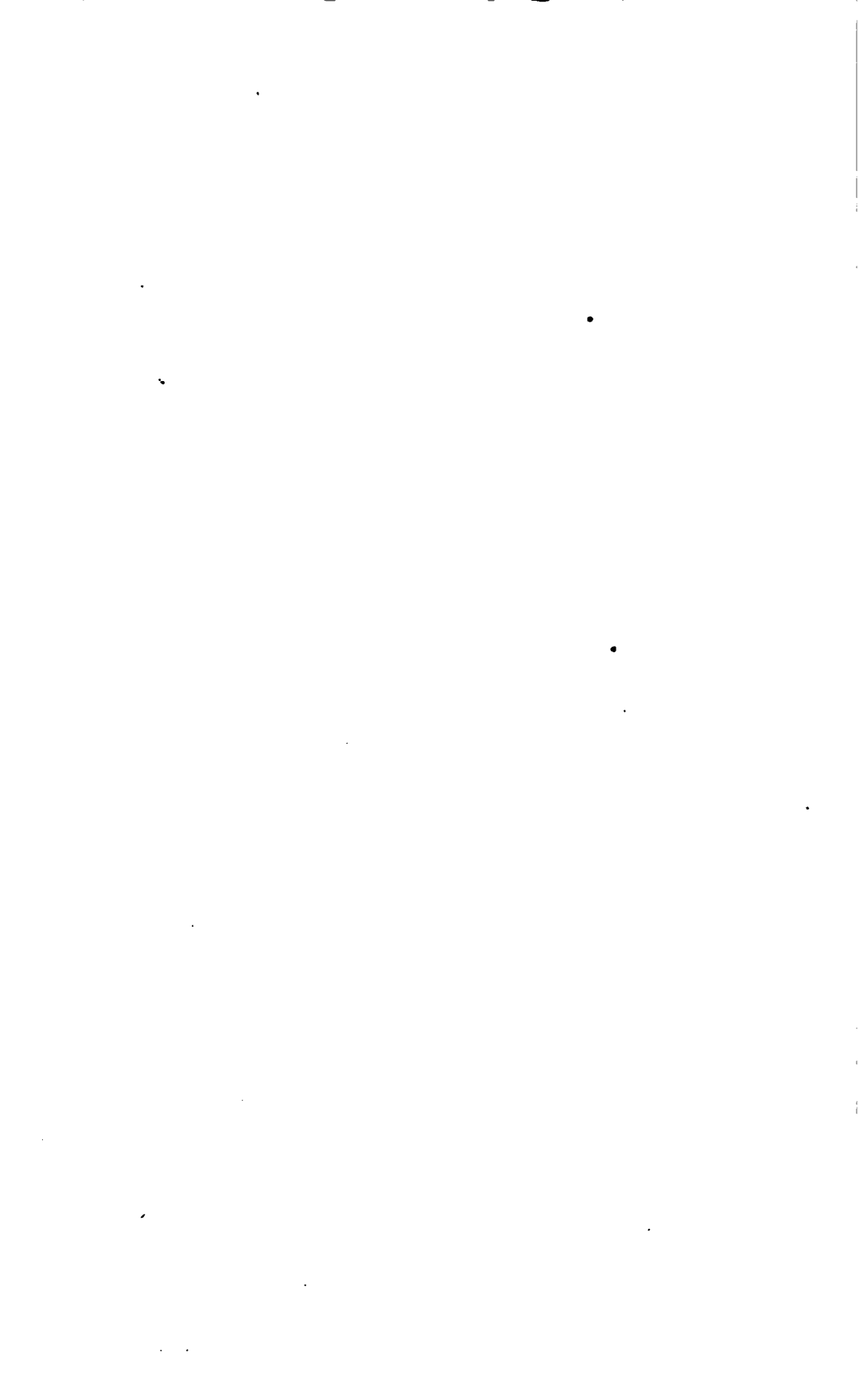
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THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1853.



LONGFELLOW.

SINCE we began to write this series of biographies, we have been somewhat struck with the representative character of our writers; and were we disposed to follow out our theory on the subject, nothing would be easier than to classify them: as Bryant, the moralist; Halleck, the wit; Hawthorne, the recluse; Whittier, the reformer; Holmes, the satirist; Willis, the man-of-the-world; Longfellow, the scholar; and so on through the whole batch. Not one, we believe, but would be found to express some idea in the popular mind, from which he derives his popularity; and not one but would exhibit in his writings the life which he has led, and is leading. We fail to reveal ourselves in action, but not in books; pens, ink, and paper are sad truth-tellers: not but there

is some deceit in even them, as in the matter of *morals*—many a vicious man often writing virtuously; but generally, in matters of taste, of mind, of soul, the books of an author are more to be trusted than hearsay reports of his life, and any amount of affidavits thereon. Do what we will, we cannot hide our minds and hearts; they will reveal themselves in thoughts. The thought may be shorn of its beams, or may be gilded brighter than it naturally is, but in either case it cannot be long disguised; something about it, some tone or aroma betrays it, and betrays the source from which it derives its weakness or strength; whether from nature, through familiarity with her outward shows; from other minds, through the medium of personal communication and books: or from

itself through years of self-communion and dreams; we all whisper whence we steal our spoils. To fully develop this idea we should have to write essays equal to those of Emerson. Doubting our ability to do so, (modest man!) we shall not attempt to develop it; but content ourselves with having given the clew, and come back to a subject to which it especially applies, the subject of our present paper, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. From what we have said, and shall hereafter say, the reader will know how to classify him.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. Of his youth we have no account, save that in his fourteenth year he entered Bowdoin College, from which he graduated in 1825. Then we hear of his prosecuting the study of the law till the college appoints him Professor of Modern Languages; to fit himself for the chair, he, in 1826, sailed for Europe, where he remained three or four years, visiting and residing in England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Holland; returning, he commenced his professional duties, and in 1831 took unto himself a wife. In 1835 the Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard College being rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. George Ticknor, the since author of several bulky tomes on Spanish literature, Longfellow was elected his successor, and, resigning his chair at Bowdoin, he again revisited Europe to make himself a more thorough master of his studies. The summer of '35 was spent in Denmark and Sweden; the autumn and winter in Germany, where he had the misfortune to lose his wife; and the spring and summer of '36 in Switzerland and the Tyrol. Returning to the United States again in the autumn of the latter year, he took the chair at Cambridge, where he has since resided.

The United States Literary Gazette, a feeble, but rather elegant journal of the old time, printed at Boston while Longfellow was an under-graduate, has the merit, it is said, of having first ushered his productions into the world. While professor at Bowdoin he wrote several papers for the *North American Review*, ("My Grandmother's Review, the British,") translated that heavy Spanish monody, *Coplas De Manrique*, and published *Outre*

Mer, or a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. In 1839 appeared *Hyperion*, his best prose work, a sort of sentimental journey; and the *Voices of the Night*, his first collection of poems. In 1841 came his *Ballads and other Poems*; in 1843 *The Spanish Student, a Play*; in 1844 *Poems on Slavery*; and a large octavo volume, the collected edition of his poetical works, which were highly popular. Since that time we have had *The Belfry of Bruges*; *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadia*; *The Seaside and the Fire-Side*; and *The Golden Legend*, in poetry; and *Cavanah, a Tale*, in prose. What he has on hand we know not, but we suspect something; it is about time for us to look for another volume.

Longfellow's present residence is at Cambridge, in the old Cragie house, formerly the head-quarters of Washington. In a beautiful poem addressed to one of his children, he thus alludes to it:—

"Once, ah, once within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country, dwelt;
And yonder meadows, broad and damp,
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.

"Up and down these echoing stairs
Weary with the weight of cares
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head."

Here Longfellow resides in elegant style with his wife and children—(there was a second marriage we forgot to say)—surrounded by a rare collection of books, and visited by the great, the wise, the good of both hemispheres. No man in New-England is more popular among his friends and the public at large; and no man, we fancy, more deservedly so. We might turn several neat sentences about his excellent qualities of head and heart; but when we say that he is a man, a gentleman, we say all that is necessary.

A real critique of Longfellow is yet, perhaps, to be written. Enough has been written in the shape of so-called critiques, both of praise and blame; but, as far as we have seen, the heart of the mystery remains yet untouched, or at the most has been but barely indicated, and then forgotten. A thorough analysis has never yet been made, and probably never will be in full; those who could make it not having the inclination, and those who would not having the ability. In the meantime

we wade through seas of general criticism, (save the mark!) which will just as well apply to anybody else, and know no more about Longfellow as he really is than about the man in the moon, a sort of fabulous halo surrounding both.

The first thing that strikes us about Longfellow is his scholarship, his acquaintance with books; we see the professor at once. Not that he ever puts forth his learning ostentatiously, or is in any degree pedantic—quite the contrary; but somehow he always reminds us of, and insensibly lapses into books. His themes and their manner of treatment are rather academical than natural; and even when they are natural, it is very apt to be nature in a high state of cultivation. We cannot long resist the bookish bent of his mind, however *malapropos* it may be: either he has no deep sense of fitness and poetic keeping, or else his learning overpowers it. No modern poet save Longfellow, or some poetical professor like him, would think of going into a wood to muse on old monkish legends; and no other modern poet, least of all an American one, would at such a time allude to Pentecost, except in religious poetry, or talk of "bishops' caps" among the flowers. What are bishops' caps, pray? and what are they doing in the woods of America? and what are the leaves doing when they clap their little hands? We are not generally disposed to curtail any man's fancies; but when they are so far-fetched we should like to do so amazingly. Had Longfellow dreamed of the Indians in the forest it would have been natural; had he even dreamed of the Dryads, it would still have been natural; for the old fables of Greece belong to all lands alike, they are so beautiful and worldly; but when he comes to traditions of saint and sage, to "chronicles of old," we feel that he is out of his sphere; he should be among missals and psalters in some old university or cloister, not among flowers and trees in vernal woods,

"Where shadows dark, and sunlight sheen,
Alternate come and go."

This, however, is the peculiarity, and, in our way of thinking, the fault of his genius. We are not, let us here remark, of that school of critics who would circumscribe a poet of the nineteenth century to the nineteenth century alone. The world of song is as wide as the illimitable

heavens, and things past, present, and to come, meet in its broad domains lovingly and beautifully. We allow the poet the widest range therein; but while we allow him this range, we would not have him abuse it; nor should he so far forget his own age as to sing of nothing but the ages before him. If the dead are beautiful, surely the living, who have discarded and outgrown so many of their imperfections, are equally so; and while the poet sympathizes with the past, he should love the present in which he works, and the future which is to give him his renown, and lead mankind to nobler destinies. Now this, it seems to us, is the point where Longfellow chiefly fails. For anything in the bulk of his poetry materially to the contrary, it might have been written centuries ago. It would have lacked then its present refinement and elegance, but its general cast and complexion would have been the same. Professor Longfellow sits in his professor's chair, between the kingdoms of the past and future, a kind of scholastic Janus, looking both ways; but his tenderest glance is evidently cast behind him, and his warmest sympathies and loves are with the dead and gone. The stir and tumult of the present fills the scene around him, and the future looms up grandly in the distance; but he turns from both to the dead past, and to its cloud-like pomps and pageants. The landscape of his thoughts is peopled with old feudal castles, and their picturesque inhabitants, lords and ladies, knights and squires, with gray abbeys and cloisters, mitred bishops, friars, and nuns, and minstrels and minnesingers; "Himself not least, but honor'd of them all."

He seems to have been born several centuries too late. He should have lived, we think, in the days of the Troubadours, and should have contended with them in the courts of love, where he could not but have been crowned a victor.

His knowledge of nature seems to be drawn exclusively from books; woods, fields, rivers, the sea and sky are but little to him as a poet, whatever they may be to him as a man. He seldom detects

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

But he discovers similarities between nature and art which no other man can, and makes pretty fancies thereon. He talks of spring's armorial bearing, summer's

green emblazoned field, and the brazen shield of autumn. The winds are anthems and masses, and the clouds are hooded friars who tell their beads in drops of rain. The brook pours its waters from a laver, the landscape is like a shield embossed with silver, the west at sunset is a painted oriel, and the evening is cowled and dusky-sandaled. He seems never to have observed nature on her own account, and never to have described her in unadorned beauty. Further than that he can make her poetical and picturesque, and that he can use her to hang his thick-coming fancies upon, he cares not for her. Such is the impression that we derive from his poems, though, for anything we know to the contrary, he may be as deeply enamored of her in private as was ever Wordsworth himself.

We have spoken of Longfellow's fancy, and as we have something to say on that subject, we may as well say it here, especially as it is calculated to attract attention—his fancy, we mean, not what we have to say—equally with his scholarship. Speaking of himself in "Hyperion," under the disguise of Paul Fleming, he says, (we change the tense from the past to the present,) "Imagination is the ruling power of his mind. His thoughts are twin born; the thought itself, and its figurative semblance in the outer world. Thus through the quiet still waters of his soul each image floats double, swan and shadow." This is happily expressed, and true—all but the word imagination. For imagination read fancy, and the characterization is complete. Imagination Longfellow has not, or only on rare occasions, and in a limited degree; but fancy he certainly has, more than any writer of the times, and it is his most distinguishing trait. Seldom does he give us a thought, without its "figurative semblance." A few examples are better than pages of precept:—

"Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea."

"Under its loosen'd vest
Flutter'd her little breast,
Like birds in the nest,
By the hawk frighted."

"And catch the burning sparks that fly,
Like chaff from the threshing-floor."

"His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flash'd like the falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue."

"Through the closed blinds, the golden sun
Pour'd in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream."

The reader will observe the repetition of the word "like," and the constant use of comparisons, good, bad, and indifferent: they are half Longfellow's stock in trade, and however he may fail in poetry, he can hardly become a bankrupt in metaphor; to the last he will give us dainty fancies. Beautiful many of them certainly are, and delightedly do we linger over them; and yet we would that they were not; while our heart approves them, our taste condemns. We object to fancies in general, and those of Longfellow in particular, because they retard poetry when they should advance it; however exquisite or fitting they may be, they bring it to a dead stand. The poet had to stop to make them, and we have to stop to admire them; besides, they direct our attention to themselves rather than to the thoughts which they accompany, the substances of which they are the shadows. Like the shadow in Anderson's fairy story, they claim more attention than the man who casts the shadow. To be thoroughly understood, and thoroughly useful, thought should be naked and abstract; clothed upon by shining fancies and quaint conceits, it degenerates into mere sentiment, and as such is forgotten. When the image fades from the mind, the thought fades with it; for it was probably by the image alone that the thought gained admittance. Not that true thought is really, and at all times, opposed to imagery; on the contrary, it is often rendered more impressive by it; but then the imagery must be natural, and really poetical and sublime—must elevate and not sink the thought. There is more truth in the old rhetorical rule, "The greater cannot be compared with the less," than some of our moderns are aware of. What we object to in much of Longfellow's imagery is, that it sinks rather than elevates the subject to which it is applied; it is often merely pretty fancy when it should be sublime imagination. When, for instance, he compares a vast landscape to a shield, the moon to a golden goblet, and the stars to forget-me-nots, we all feel that something is wrong, though we may not all be able to say what it is; and when, on the other hand, the pewter plates on a dresser are

made to recall the shields of armies in the sunshine, we feel that something there is equally wrong, and are either amused or angry at the poet's false taste. The truth is, there is a great deal too much fancy, a great deal too much comparison, for mere comparison's sake, in all Longfellow's writings. The faculty of comparison, we remark *en passant*, is one of the commonest of the human mind; too common, in fact, to attract any attention. The veriest clown is full of it: the day, he says, is as cold as ice, or, it may be, as hot as fire; the cheeks of his sweetheart are as red as roses, her eyes are as bright as sunshine, &c., &c.; through the muddy waters of his soul the images float double, duck and shadow! Of course Longfellow's comparisons are not altogether of this sort; if they were, we should not have taken the trouble to allude to them; but it is just because they are *not* of this sort, but in their way really admirable, and because they are so much admired by the world in general, and our young poets in particular, that we do allude to them, and in this—we hope not ill-natured—manner. What we remarked concerning Longfellow's themes, that they were academical, applies equally to the character of his fancies, for they are academical too, derived from books. Seldom does he draw his metaphors from the natural world, but mostly from old chronicles and histories, and the chivalrous customs of the past. And they appear to be ingrafted on his style rather than to grow from it naturally. And some of them are so far-fetched that they could not have possibly been suggested to him, in any known operation of the mind, in connection with the subjects they are falsely supposed to adorn. This leads us to believe that he is always on the hunt for images, which he preserves, when found, in a common-place book, to be kept till called for; and that when he begins to compose he turns to it, to see what he can work into his composition. Hence his habit of expressing a sentiment in the first half of a verse, and illustrating it in the last, by a fancy; hence the hot-bed character of some of his poems; and hence his quaint but often incongruous mosaic of sentiments and conceits, few of which are ever broadly true. An example will show what we mean. In one of his prettiest poems he personifies Death as a reaper, and the young children, as flowers whom the afore-

said reaper cuts down; so far well. But a few stanzas after, he speaks of the same flowers blooming again in fields of light, and that is not so well; for flowers that have once been cut down can never be made to bloom again; the comparison ends with their death, but Longfellow does not know it. We might multiply instances like this, but will not; it not being our object to chronicle Longfellow's shortcomings, but to show the difficulties which attend his style of writing. The wonder is that he has not failed much oftener, as he must have done but for his exquisite tact; and with those who follow him—imitation is a "vile phrase"—the wonder is that they succeed at all. Wanting his genius and tact, they only exaggerate his peculiarities. What in him is merely the ornament of a style, is with them the style itself. When he presents us with a flower, they present us with thousands, or the beginning of thousands; and where he says a good thing, they try to say more than could Shakspeare himself. Of his American followers, Miss Alice Carey is the most prominent, and the one who has most pushed his style to extremes. In one of her poems she compares a rose to a beacon-light, or a beacon-light to a rose, we are not certain which, for no other earthly reason than because they both are *red*, her feeling for *color* completely blinding her to their otherwise total dissimilarity.

And now that we have alluded to color, we have hit upon the great cause of some of Longfellow's failures, and upon one of the greatest charms and excellences of his poetry. In a feeling for color, harmonious color—always we think an unmistakable sign of genius—Longfellow is not surpassed by any living, and but by few of the dead masters of song. Many of his poems are absolutely beautiful, flushed with all gorgeous and magnificent hues, and bathed in golden splendors; like our American forests in autumn, when the leaves are million-colored, or like the marble pavements of old cathedrals, flooded with the light of the stained windows. Even where words of color are wanting, and where there is not the slightest allusion to it, it somehow impresses itself upon our minds, and becomes the distinctive type and badge of Longfellow's genius.

Akin to this feeling for color, and perhaps a different manifestation of it, is the

beauty which Longfellow sees in common things, and by which he most proves his right to the sacred name of poet. Selecting themes which other poets have considered common, and which of themselves are common, he dreams over them with a loving heart, and bathes them in the light of his genius till they become rare and beautiful, and often highly spiritual. No longer common is the village blacksmith in his old smithy under the spreading chestnut, and no longer common a rain in summer. The old tower at Newport is haunted by a skeleton in armor, and the Armory at Springfield is vocal with sounds and songs of war, yet over all is heard the voice of Christ saying, "Peace! Peace!" A city bridge at midnight is filled with a procession of all the care-encumbered men who have crossed it; a sea-weed floats ashore from the reefs of Bermuda or the bright Azores, with fragments of a song from the poet's heart. An old song-book recalls days of wandering on the banks of the Baltic, and the bards who penned its pages in solitary chambers. And the old clock, the dear old clock on the stairs, what does it not recall of "the old fashioned country-seat" in which it stands and utters its mystical words of awe, "forever, never, never! forever!" The homeliness of feeling, if we may use the phrase, which this last poem imbodyes, is a prominent trait in Longfellow's mind, and exhibits itself more or less in all his productions, lending to them a certain humanness which is undoubtedly the chief cause of their popularity. Poems like the "Psalm of Life," "The Light of Stars," "The Footsteps of Angels," are true, though rather faint imbodyments of something eternal in the heart of man; some bright aspiration, or vague regret. So with "Maidenhood" and "Excelsior:" in the one every woman recognizes a mysterious phase, and a charmed stage of her existence; while the other recalls to every man the brave bright dreams of his dead and gone youth, when he too bore,

"Mid snow and ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!"

"It would be easy," says Whipple, one of Longfellow's kindest and most appreciative critics,—"it would be easy to say much of Longfellow's singular felicity in addressing the moral nature of man. It

has been said of him, sometimes in derision, that all of his poems have a moral. There is doubtless a tendency in his mind to evolve some useful meaning from his finest imaginations, and to preach when he should only sing; but we still think the moral of his compositions is rarely thrust intrudingly forward, but rather flows naturally from the subject. There is nothing of the spirit of Joseph Surface in his genius; he does not pride himself on his being a man of 'noble sentiments.' The morality of 'The Psalm of Life' is commonplace. If versified by a poetaster it would inspire no deep feeling and strengthen no high purposes. But the worn axioms of didactic verse have the breath of a new life breathed into them when they are touched by genius. We are made to love and follow what before we merely assented to with a lazy acquiescence." Many of Longfellow's creations are exceedingly lovely, and impress the mind with their grace and goodness. There is in their very tone a certain tenderness and almost womanliness of feeling, and a pure and beautiful morality, which is the natural element of his genius. He is not wedded to creeds, sects, and formulas; no one can be farther from it; nor yet to the vague and misty benevolences of philosophy, and the moonshine of transcendentalism; but he is naturally devout, and his devotion breathes the spirit of Christianity. In the selection and management of his themes he shows fine taste and tact, perhaps the word "instinct" would be better, seldom if ever selecting subjects beyond the popular comprehension, and never once treating them in any but the most straightforward manner; plainness in fact being the very name for his style. Now and then his fancies may be a little too far-fetched, and his allusions too learned for the mass of readers; but commonly any fairly-educated person can understand him to his depths.

HOPEFULNESS.—True hope is based on energy of character, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth.



DR. BUNTING.

WESLEYAN THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION, RICHMOND, ENGLAND.

WE present engravings of this institution, and its first President, as a gratification to our Methodist readers. Many of them, perhaps the most of them, do not approve of Theological Seminaries; but they will not the less be interested to see these pictorial representations of the magnificent structure, which, for good or evil to Methodism, their brethren of England have erected. It is a monument of an important change in the history of the denomination—if not a change of sentiment, as some contend, yet a change of policy. As such, we are sure, American Methodists, of whatever opinion on the subject, will be interested in our cuts. We insert them merely as representations of a matter of historical fact, and not for the purpose of making out an argument for or against technical theological education. They are engraved from the *London Illustrated News*. The portrait of the venerable Bunting will especially be acceptable. It is a very correct likeness of what he was a few years since. Time has recently laid its hand heavily upon him, and he now ranks among the super-

annuated of his ministerial brethren. We notice, however, by the English papers, that he still occasionally appears in the pulpit with much of his former power and effect. He is considered the greatest mind yet produced by English Methodism since Wesley, and his talents alone have raised him to the chief directorship of the denomination. He has used his extraordinary power and influence with scrupulous and tireless devotion to the interests of the Church.

The *London Pictorial Times*, in describing this edifice, says,—

“The entire plan of the building is two hundred and forty-eight feet by sixty-five in its greatest depth, and that portion of the front which is between the wings is one hundred and sixty-five feet. Beyond the entrance-hall, which has a groined ceiling, is seen the principal staircase branching off right and left. This leads to the library, which is the only public room on that floor, all the rest of it being divided into studies or separate sitting-rooms for the students. The library is lighted by a single window at one end, namely, the lofty oriel over the entrance, which, contrasting with the other windows of the upper floor, gives a marked importance to that portion of the front.

The next floor consists entirely of sleeping-rooms for the students, corresponding with their sitting-rooms on that beneath it; and of each sort of rooms there are from sixty to seventy in number. Still higher up, however, is another room quite at the top of the building, intended to be used as an observatory, and commanding a singularly fine prospect of the beautiful scenery around the college, including Windsor Castle in one direction, and Greenwich and Shooter's Hill in another. Upon the ground-floor is the corridor or ambulatory, extending nearly the entire length of the building, forming a walk of two hundred and thirty feet in extent. The wings contain several additional rooms, but we have noticed the principal. The exterior of the building is of Bath stone of superior quality, and we believe the sum expended in its erection was £11,000."

About ten years ago this institution was opened with an address by Dr. Bunting, which we give, though in the meagre outline of a newspaper report from the *London Watchman*, as indicating somewhat the history of the design:—

"Dr. Bunting then addressed the assemblage, in which he entertained strong objections to this place being called the *Richmond College*; it was the *Richmond Institution*;—to speak more diffusely, the *Richmond Branch of the Wesleyan Theological Institution*. He hoped his excellent friends to whom would be permanently and regularly intrusted the management of the institution, and the education of the young brethren, would concur with him in the opinion he had just expressed. There were many things implied in what was properly speaking a college, which they did not aim to realize in this establishment. He congratulated the friends of the institution on the numerous assemblage now congregated. It was nearly a hundred years ago—namely, at the Conference of 1744—that the propriety of instituting a 'seminary,' as it was then termed, was first mooted; and this institution was, therefore, in principle anything but an innovation. The question proposed to the Conference of 1744 was, 'Can we have a seminary for laborers?' He hoped the young brethren who were receiving instruction in the Theological Institution would always bear this in mind, that when the establishment of such an institution or seminary was first suggested, it was proposed for the instruction



WESLEYAN THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

and training of 'laborers.' His young brethren must remember that they were to be 'laborers;' and if he thought that anything they might learn, or any habits which they might acquire in that institution, would unfit them for labor, or disincline them to labor, he would most deeply regret its establishment. But he anticipated a very different result. He anticipated that, by the blessing of God upon the assiduous efforts of their tutors, they would, in this in-

stitution, learn how to labor, and be strengthened in their determination to labor faithfully and zealously, wherever their lot might be cast. He had stated that, at the Conference of 1744, the question was proposed, 'Can we have a seminary for laborers?' The answer was, 'If God spares us till another Conference.' The subject was resumed at the next Conference, and it was asked, 'Can we have a seminary for laborers yet?' 'Not yet,' was the answer; 'not



ENTRANCE HALL, AND PRINCIPAL STAIRCASE.

till God gives us a proper tutor.' The want of a proper tutor was the only reason assigned why an establishment similar in principles and objects to this institution was not made coeval with the earliest periods of Wesleyan Methodism. At the end of a century, that which even at the early period he had referred to was felt to be a desideratum had now, by the providence of God, been supplied. An institution had been established which, for the sake of convenience, had branched into two divisions: one of those branches having been opened last September, at Didsbury, near Manchester, which was called the Northern Branch; and the other, or Southern Branch, being that which they were now assembled, in a more formal and solemn manner than had hitherto been done, to dedicate to the service of God. They seemed, indeed, to have all they required, except two things. They did want more money. (Hear, hear.) It might be said, 'Why did you erect such an expensive building as this? We cannot help doing justice to the architectural merit of the building; we

must allow that it is beautiful and commodious; but have you not spent upon the erection of the building money which might have been better applied to the support of the institution?' He would reply, 'No; these premises are a present to the institution, from the Centenary Fund, by a grant made for the specific purpose of such an erection; and I am informed that not one farthing of the money subscribed by individual friends for the support of the institution—for the maintenance and instruction of the students—will have to be appropriated to defray the cost of the building. (Hear, hear.) He believed it would not be necessary to trench upon any funds contributed for the maintenance of the institution; but that the sum granted from the Centenary Fund would just be sufficient to defray the expenses of the purchase, and of the erection of this beautiful and commodious structure, which was so well calculated to accomplish the *monumental* and *commemorative* part of the various noble objects contemplated in the original plan of the Centenary Fund.

Since then, they had obtained such convenient accommodation—and since there was in the building a considerable number of students, to whom he hoped more would be hereafter added—it now remained for them to provide means for the annual support of the institution."

Dr. Bunting feels satisfied with the results of the measure. At the session of the British Conference in August, 1852, after the presentation of the usual resolutions in respect to the Theological Institution, he arose, and, among other things, declared "*that he was more than ever convinced that the institution was of God—of God in its origin, and in its progress to that state of maturity and extensive usefulness which it had now reached.*" Professor Vail, in his recent book on "Ministerial Education," gives the following facts respecting its management, &c. He quotes chiefly from Grindrod, a Wesleyan writer:—

"The experiment of a Wesleyan Theological Institution has now undergone a trial of seven years;^o and although it has had to struggle with some unforeseen and formidable difficulties, it has been triumphantly successful. The apprehensions which were entertained from the possible dangers of the scheme have proved groundless; and the hopes of its friends have been fully realized. The young preachers who have successively become its inmates have derived, from the course of tuition pursued, incalculable advantages: at the same time, their personal piety has been guarded and confirmed; their Christian humility has been promoted, and their zeal for the salvation of the souls of men has been encouraged; habits of study, of regularity, of order, and diligence, have been formed; and such facilities for future improvement have been furnished to them as, if followed out with assiduity and perseverance, will make them, by the blessing of God, 'good ministers of Jesus Christ,' and instruments of extensive usefulness to our community and the world at large.

"During the year, the theological tutor delivers lectures to the students, on the evidences, doctrines, and duties of Christianity; on the proper use of the English Scriptures; the general principles of Biblical interpretation, sacred antiquities, and ecclesiastical history. He also gives expository lectures on some of St. Paul's Epistles; occasional lectures on Popery, and on various other subjects, particularly on the best methods of preparation for the pulpit. He reads the Greek Testament with one of his classes two or three times a week, during the whole term, with a design especially of rendering practical aid to the students in the exposition of the Scriptures. The classical and mathematical tutor has generally had one Hebrew class, and several Greek and Latin classes, one

in mental philosophy, one in logic, and one in geometry and algebra, and once in the week has delivered a lecture on the physical sciences. An additional tutor has sometimes been employed in the English and elementary department of instruction.

"The governor is specially charged with the oversight of the Christian character and conduct of the students. He meets them in class every week, inquires closely into their spiritual state and progress, and gives them advice and admonition as need requires. He is also expected to instruct them in the general economy and discipline of Wesleyan Methodism, and the nature and duties of the pastoral office.

"On the Sabbath the students are employed partly in supplying some of the smaller chapels of the metropolis; but principally, in conformity with the design of one of the original regulations of the institution, in preaching the gospel in the large and long-neglected districts of the metropolis itself, and in several adjoining counties. During the summer months an active and vigorous system of out-door preaching is maintained in the vicinity of places of public resort, or of great moral destitution.

"The institution is placed under a president and a committee of management, who meet once a month; there is also a 'house' sub-committee, which meets monthly, whose duties relate chiefly to the finances of the establishment, and to whom, in particular, is confided the inspection of its expenditure. A 'weekly board' meets at the institution house on the Friday morning, to whom the governor submits his plan of the students' appointments for the ensuing Sabbath, and any other matter, for counsel or discipline, which he may find necessary. The president of the institution exercises a watchful oversight of all its proceedings and an affectionate care for all its interests.

"Premises were rented at Hoxton, near London, and the institution actually went into operation in 1834. The first class numbered ten students, *four* of whom went on foreign missions. The second class, 1835, also numbered ten, *five* of whom went on foreign missions. The third class, 1836, numbered fourteen, *five* of whom entered upon the foreign work. The fourth class numbered thirty-one, *thirteen* of whom were sent into the foreign work.

"The above sum of twenty-seven thousand five hundred pounds is probably only about half the sum which has been appropriated to *buildings alone*, for the accommodation of the students and officers of the schools. This princely munificence of two hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars may well surprise us, when we remember that the whole membership in Great Britain is only about three hundred thousand. But this is not all. They pay about thirty thousand dollars every year toward the current expenses of these schools. According to the account of the treasurer, now lying before me, for the year 1849, the expenses of the institutions for that year were thirty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-three dollars and ninety-two cents. These annual expenses are met principally by the contributions of the circuits."

"It is now an essential and prominent feature of Wesleyan Methodism. The following

^o Mr. Grindrod's account was written about twelve years ago.



LIBRARY.

is an extract from the Minutes of the British Conference for 1851:—

“What are the resolutions of the Conference with regard to the *Wesleyan Theological Institution*?”

“The Conference gratefully recognizes, in the reports which have been furnished, occasion for augmented satisfaction in the original object and practical results of the institution, as well as occasion of renewed thankfulness to God; and trusts that these results will be regarded by its friends and supporters, and by the connection at large, as presenting a *strong claim* for its more general and liberal support.

“We learn from the annual report for 1852, that notwithstanding the agitation which has recently prevailed, and notwithstanding the fact that the agitators made this institution one of the prominent objects of their attacks, yet it has been nobly sustained, and returning peace will make it more than ever the object of affection to the Wesleyan Churches. The

annual grant from the Book Room is £500, and the interest on grants from the Centenary Fund £884 10s., which, together with the annual collection from the circuits, and the appropriation from the Missionary Fund for the education of *nineteen* students for the foreign field, nearly met the expenditures, viz., £6401 8s. 5d.”

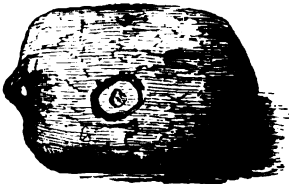
The controversy respecting the expediency of such institutions in the denomination, in this country, is still undecided. We have, therefore, avoided, as much as possible, any partizan view of the measure, in laying before our readers its merely historical and descriptive facts. It should be stated that this is but a branch of the provisions of the Wesleyans for theological training. They have another, and an effective institution, at Didsbury, Yorkshire, for the northern part of England.

A VISIT TO THE GUTTA-PERCHA WORKS.

ONE beautiful morning, a short time since, we found ourselves in a quiet and somewhat dirty thoroughfare, known as Wharf-road, City-road, London, the location of the factory of the Gutta-Percha Company. Provided with a passport, we entered their works, and spent a very interesting "leisure hour" in the inspection of the curious processes by which this truly wonderful production is adapted to such a surprising multiplicity of uses. It must excite astonishment in every mind that an article, the knowledge of which was so recently confined to a few Malaysians, should within so short a time have given occupation to the two hundred persons employed in these works, to say nothing of the multitudes who, by patent and otherwise, are already engaged in its sale and manufacture throughout the land. For three centuries and a half Europeans dwelt on the spots where it is raised, yet, strangely enough, it remained unknown to them till the year 1842!

Were the present a fitting place for a grave dissertation, we might, perhaps, pen an interesting passage on the marvellous mode in which great discoveries are providentially adapted to particular periods in the world's history: but we refrain from this curious speculation: our business is now simply to describe things which came under our notice.

Just inside the gates of the factory, as we entered, stood a large wagon full of lumps of a substance somewhat resembling, at a distance, a load of cocoa-nuts, with the outward fibrous husk still on them. To the touch however, on approaching, the difference was sufficiently palpable; they were far more solid and much heavier than the objects to which they seemed to bear some resemblance. The following cut will give some idea of the general appearance of these oblong masses, which are about half a cubic foot in size.



A very common practice among the cunning barbarians is to extend the bulk and increase the weight of their lumps of gutta percha by inserting stones, while the substance is yet in a plastic state and is being molded into suitable sizes for transmission to this country. One shape, however, is by no means rigidly adhered to. We were shown some lumps fashioned into rude representations of ducks, with two little berries for eyes; representations of fish and crocodiles are by no means uncommon; while one lump has been received in the shape of an infant's head!

Leaving the yard, we were shown the "cutting machine," where an immense solid disc of iron was revolving vertically, about one hundred and fifty or two hundred times per minute, against an inclined shelf, down which the blocks of gutta percha were guided by a workman, and being caught by the knives inserted in the disc, they were rapidly cut into slices. The large stones molded into the lumps played sad havoc with the knives. One instance of this occurred even during the few moments we stood looking on.

We now passed on to another department, where the gutta percha is separated from the dirt and all other extraneous matter which is often mixed up with it. Here we found several spacious tanks, into which the sliced gutta percha was cast, for the purpose of boiling, by means of the waste steam from the engine. Having been thus reduced to a uniform consistency, it is put into what is technically called a "teaser," which is something like what is known as a "scutcher" in a cotton-mill. This is a circular metal box, containing a cylinder, or drum, covered with rows of bent jagged teeth, which revolves about seven hundred times per minute. The shreds into which the gutta percha is thus torn fall into vats of cold water, and the gutta percha, being non-absorbent, floats on the top, whilst the various impurities sink to the bottom.



Sectional View of a Lump.

It is now subjected to another process, which is facetiously termed "kneading"—a term, however, which will give our housewives an accurate idea of the nature

of the process. The "kneaders" are thick, strong iron boxes, about three feet long and a foot and a half deep, and are kept hot by being enveloped in a chest, or jacket, containing steam. Inside these boxes the mass of gutta percha, hot from the boiling tank, is firmly secured. The chest contains a drum, which, continually revolving, presses the doughy gutta percha without intermission against the sides of the chest. But we fear it is almost impossible clearly to describe the minutæ of the process of manufacture, without indulging in illustrations to an extent which our limits will by no means permit. At this stage it is easy to incorporate gutta percha with other substances; as, for instance, when it is desired to remove, to some extent, its rigidity and tenacity, and to secure a greater degree of elasticity, that object is effected by the admixture of india-rubber. This principle is already carried out to an astonishing extent; and what the ultimate achievements in this direction may be, time alone can tell.

It is now rolled out into sheets, or driven by curious and complicated machinery into tubes. It is also cut into longitudinal slips, for "driving bands,"* &c., which appear to be very useful; so much so, indeed, that we were shown a testimonial from an eminent brewing establishment, stating

* We were told that some object to the use of gutta-percha "driving bands," from the difficulty experienced in joining them; but the following instructions will remove all obstacles in this direction. Cut the ends of the band obliquely at an angle of thirty or forty degrees, making the band rather shorter than the length required. Secure one end to a board or bench by a clamp, or a couple of nails. Having heated a piece of iron—say one inch broad and half an inch thick—to the temperature of a laundress's smoothing iron, so that it will soften the gutta percha without burning or discoloring it, place the iron between the cut edges of the band, pressing them against it, and keeping the band always in a straight direction until the edges are thoroughly softened, and in a sticky state. Then remove the iron, and press the two edges together as closely as possible, after which a couple of nails may be driven into the loose end of the band, by a heavy weight, or by means of a clamp, so as to make a smooth joint. A band of ordinary thickness may thus be rendered fit for use in ten or fifteen minutes, or even sooner, by the application of cold water. Flat joints may be made in like manner by shaving down the ends a little, so as, when laid one on the other, not to be much thicker than the other portion. Heat the surface of the splices, and press them together by a weight or clamp. Avoid heating the band throughout, and pare the edges when cold.

that their introduction had effected in respect to that single item of expense alone an annual saving of £30!

Perhaps the most curious application of gutta percha is that which we shall now attempt to describe. A portion of the machinery being pointed out to us, in connection with the numerous lathes in operation in various parts of the building, we were obligingly asked to notice anything peculiar which might strike us in two of the wheels above us. The fact was, that the portion of the machinery alluded to worked without any noise whatever; the cause of which was this:—The teeth of one wheel were of gutta percha, while those of the other, which worked in them, were constructed in the ordinary way of iron, thus avoiding the disagreeable noise necessarily caused by friction in such cases. This was certainly a very agreeable change for the better, and would save amateurs fond of mingling with the complicated operations of machinery many a headache, even if it had no alleviating influence on those who were daily accustomed to it. On expressing a doubt as to the durability of the thing, we were assured that the wheel in question had been in daily use for fifteen months, turning five lathes, without receiving any perceptible damage. It required no oil, but was slightly greased; and our conductor admitted that the results of this curious and interesting experiment had exceeded the most sanguine expectations. So far as the noise was concerned, it presented to us a most agreeable contrast with a similar pair of wheels a few yards off; and we therefore commend the hint to our manufacturing friends.

There is an old adage—not to be despised, however, on account of its antiquity—which was constantly recurring to us while inspecting various departments of this concentration of marvels—"Necessity is the mother of invention." The large wicker baskets in which gutta percha, in its earlier stages, is carried about from one portion of the machinery to another, had slips of gutta percha fastened round the handles. It had been put on while in a plastic state, and was therefore molded to the exact shape required by the hand of the party who was to use it; and being solidified by the application of cold water, it had permanently retained the requisite form. Now it is sufficiently obvious, that to any one who has to carry these large

baskets full of weighty articles, it must be considerably more agreeable to the hand to be in contact with a soft cool material like gutta percha, than the uneven and comparatively hard substance presented in the original wicker handle. The same principle was applied in all parts of the building. Most of the knives had a thin coating of gutta percha on the handles, which we were assured by the workmen made an agreeably perceptible difference to their hands in the course of a day's work. We also saw brushes, similar to those used by bookbinders and others, which had a casing of gutta percha around the twine with which the bristles are fastened on; thus rendering them twice as durable, seeing that the gutta percha is impervious to the wet; while any artisan who has used a brush much exposed to the water well knows how speedily it is "used up." Let them take this hint:—Warm a small piece of gutta percha in boiling water, and while in a plastic state squeeze it with the hand round the twine which binds the bristles, until cold, and it is at once ready for use. Some knife-blades had become loose and fallen out; they were placed in with gutta percha, and when solidified by cold water, such are its contracting properties, that they were as tight, if not perhaps more so, than in their original state. This, too, is a suggestion which will be very useful to operatives; for only a small modicum of ingenuity is requisite to apply the principle *ad infinitum*. We may add, also, that while the gutta percha, as thus applied to tools, is in a plastic state, you may mark them with your initials, etc., by the use of any sharp-pointed iron instrument, and thus be enabled to "know your own." We must leave the ingenious mechanic to draw on his imagination for other applications of this sort, as space positively forbids further detail.

The acoustic properties of gutta percha are truly marvelous. As a conductor of sound, it stands unrivaled. We found tubes in use all over the factory for the purpose of distant communication. Its application in churches and chapels has been well tested. A very beautiful "sound receiver" may be placed either inside or in front of the pulpit. From this a "main" pipe or tube is "laid on" in the middle aisle, from which branches are conducted to pews occupied by deaf persons. The only portion that appears at all in sight is

a small and elegant branch which reaches to the ear. By this means—as scores of the afflicted ones can joyfully testify—a deaf person can hear as well in one part of the church or chapel as another; and those now can hear distinctly who before could not even when close to the minister. The deaf gentleman can now sit in his own family pew in comfort, instead of being compelled to take up his uncomfortable location in some crowded spot near the pulpit, or, perhaps, even on the very stairs thereof. One church was named in which a single pew contained eight deaf persons, all now able to hear the preacher—a sight which must gladden the heart of every philanthropist, and indeed of every beholder. A mistress also may have a tube from her bedroom to that of her servant, and call her at once. This is valuable, as some domestics appear to experience considerable difficulty in hearing a bell, especially if it should ring somewhat too early in the morning for their tastes and inclinations. Tubes may also communicate with the parlor and kitchen. It would certainly be a great boon to servants to be told what is wanted in this way, instead of their having to run up-stairs, and then have to go down again, only perhaps to bring up some article which they may have had in their hands when the bell rung. Where gutta percha is "laid on" in the residence of a medical man, you ring the "night bell," and apply your ear to the mouthpiece of the gutta percha tube. He is in bed, and keeps there; putting his mouth to the other end, the dialogue goes on:—

Medical Man.—Who's there? (Here he puts his ear to his end of the tube for a reply.)

Servant Girl, (putting her mouth to the end of the tube at the street-door).—"Please, sir, Mrs. Smith is very bad."

M. Man.—"What's the matter with her?"

S. G.—"Please sir, she's worse."

M. Man.—"Did she take the draught I left?"

S. G.—"No, sir."

M. Man.—"Then tell her she must take it directly; and if she's no better in half an hour, come to me again, and I will soon be with her."

S. G.—"Very good, sir; I'll tell her what you say."

Thus the medical man just turns himself round in the bed, and without even taking his night-cap off, in many cases says all that is necessary. It is sufficiently obvious that this is an immense advantage over the old plan of getting out of bed in a cold wintry night, when just in that comfortable state known as the "first sleep," and thrusting

half one's body out of the window into the frosty night; all, perhaps, that comes of it being just such a conversation as we have given above. The only comment we can make is, that it is most surprising that any medical man should know of this tubing and not avail himself of the unspeakable advantages it affords.

At a certain stage of manufacture, gutta percha may be incorporated with other substances so as to give it colors and other properties not naturally appertaining to it. The first application of this principle that we witnessed was shown in some very beautifully variegated shot-pouches. The gutta percha, being a non-absorbent, "keeps the powder dry" far better than leather. We commend this hint to our reflecting military readers, and pass on. It appears that the admixture of some substances slightly extends and improves the properties of gutta percha; but, for most practical purposes, the article in its pure and natural state is preferable, especially in point of strength. The variegated gutta percha is prepared by placing layers of the different colors required one over the other, like so many strata, (as confectioners make the variegated sweet-stuff,) the whole then being rolled together and kneaded in warm water. Some beautiful tints procured by these means were shown us, one of which—a dark rosewood—particularly attracted our attention.

In the ornamental department, the exquisitely beautiful productions are too varied and multifarious to be fully detailed; they include inkstands in ten or a dozen useful and ornamental varieties, bowls, drinking-cups, picture-frames and looking-glass frames, ornamental moldings, jars, soap-dishes, vases of various styles, curtain and cornice rings, which are noiseless, and therefore a great boon to nervous invalids; card, fruit, pin, pen, tooth-brush, and shaving-brush trays; flower-stands, watch-stands, shells, and lighter stands; medallions, brackets, cornices, and an endless variety of moldings in imitation of carved oak, rosewood, etc., for the decoration of rooms and cabinet-work. Time will develop this department to an indefinite extent.

The surgical uses of gutta percha are almost equally varied. With regard to splints, an experienced surgeon says:—"I hereby certify that I have, during a stay of six weeks in Calcutta, in several

cases used gutta percha for splints, and did not find it in any way affected by the temperature, which was, on an average, from ninety-two to ninety-seven degrees." Thus much for its heat-bearing qualities. It is also used in thin sheets for bandages, while stethoscopes are constructed of it, and several other surgical articles.

Its domestic uses are still more diversified. Cisterns may be lined with it. It makes capital clothes-lines; for, being impervious to the wet, they are not liable to rot by being left out in the rain till "the day after the washing" by some careless or indolent domestic; besides, when broken, they are easily mended. Damp floors may be carpeted with it, damp walls may be papered with it, and bonnets may be lined with it. Sponge-bags and foot-pads may also be made of it; while a balsam may be prepared for cuts and chilblains by dissolving it in chloroform.

In its application to chemical purposes it manifests many unique properties. Its non-affection by hydrofluoric or acetic acids, bleaching liquids, or by caustic alkalis, renders it available in a vast variety of cases, and it is now extensively used in many chemical manufactories.

We may add, that in steam-vessels and ships gutta-percha tubing is invaluable, as by it the merest whisper is rendered perfectly audible between the "man at the helm" and the captain in the cabin, or between either or both of them and the man on the "look-out" "for'rard," and the hands aloft. The damage to vessels and loss of life which might have been spared, and may still be spared, by the substitution of this certain mode of intercommunication for the present uncertain one, by which a mistaken order leads to damage and perhaps to fatal results, no tongue can tell. In case of a "man overboard," a gutta percha rope will float, instead of sinking as the ordinary ropes do, and thus multiply the chances of safety to the sufferer. Many other articles of great utility on ship-board are also constructed of gutta percha, which, especially to emigrants and those unused to life at sea, will prove particularly valuable. One advantage is, that if you do break a gutta-percha article—not a very likely occurrence, by the way—there is little loss, since you can sole your shoes with a broken bucket, for instance, and then put the rest of your gutta percha articles into a state of thorough repair by

softening the little odd bits which are left.

A very excellent and permanent source of amusement for children on a voyage, and indeed for all children everywhere, particularly during the long winter evenings, is provided by gutta percha in various colors, which is sold for amateur modeling, with which the children may make fantastic figures, and amuse themselves with this plastic and beautiful substance in a thousand ways which will readily suggest themselves. Children may make gutta percha horses, dogs, houses, and other toys, and they not be liable to breakage. Moreover, if Johnny does break his horse, all you have to do, if it is past mending, is to soften it in boiling water, and sole his boots with it, or mend your gutta-percha baskets, bowls, or foot-pans. As a sanitary agent, in the conveyance of water, gutta-percha tubes are highly valuable. Our readers will remember the dangerous position of the late Louis Philippe and family while at Claremont, from the water being impregnated with the lead of the pipes in which it was conveyed. We were shown some sections of lead pipe from the Isle of Wight, in which the water in two years had eaten holes a quarter of an inch deep! The consequences to the health of the persons drinking such water it is truly frightful to contemplate. These pipes have been taken up, and gutta-percha tubes substituted in many instances. In no case should water be kept or conveyed in metallic pipes or cisterns. Gutta percha is at least twice as durable, and far more easily applied.

The latest application of gutta percha is in the shape of little shoes for sheep, to prevent the "dry rot," which, singular to say, is caught by the feet being much in the wet! These shoes being of the exact shape of the sheep's foot, are placed on, and the thin upper edge is tied on with a piece of twine, or it can be fastened to the foot by being moistened with warm water.

The "anti-dry-rot powder," which is placed in the shoe, as we are informed, removes the disease; and the use of these

curious little novelties is an excellent preventive against it.

In drawing our remarks to a close, we are reluctantly compelled to omit much interesting matter; and must content ourselves with the most marvelous of all the marvels which even this concentration of curiosities could present—the Submarine Telegraph.



The above is a very accurate representation of a section of the Submarine Telegraph, which has now been in operation for rather more than a year between England and France.*

* It will be seen that it consists, in the first instance, of the four copper wires, the ends of which are shown at A. These wires, by a curious process, are covered, or "insulated," as it is technically termed, with a double coating of gutta percha; this is done to prevent imperfections, as it is scarcely pro-

It must be obvious to all acquainted with the properties and tendencies of the electric fluid, that the insulation of the telegraphic wires is a very delicate process, requiring the greatest care, and gutta percha of the purest quality; for the slightest particle of any conducting substance, such as wood, for instance, in any part of the gutta percha covering, would permit the escape of the electricity, and render the whole contrivance entirely useless. The Gutta Percha Company have discovered a process, of a highly ingenious character, by which gutta percha undergoes this wondrous perfection of purification; but of course it is kept a profound secret. As it would never do to lay down the wires, or even to encase them with their outer covering, while any uncertainty as to the perfection of the communication remained, they are all tested previous to leaving the works. On the occasion of our visit, some fifty miles of wire were submerged in the canal adjoining the factory; one end of the wire was put in communication with a powerful galvanic battery, by S. Statham, Esq., the managing director, and the other end was placed close to a wire which had a communication with the earth. At the given signal, the electric fluid flashed down the line, round the fifty miles of coiled "insulated" wire in the canal, and in less than the twinkling of an eye flashed out in a spark at the other end communicating with the wire having an earth-connection. This experiment was repeated several times. The wires were for a submarine telegraph between Portpatrick and Dorughadee. Others are in course of preparation to connect Harwich and Ostend, as well as to unite England and Holland from some points not yet determined on. To show the strength of the submarine telegraph, as thus constructed, we may state, that the one laid down between Dover and Calais has twice been caught by the anchors of ships passing down the Channel; but, in both cases, after "heaving" for a considerable time, the cable of the ship had to be "cut away," and the anchors were left in

nable that both coatings should be imperfect at one and the same precise point. Being placed in the manner displayed in the cut, these wires receive a wrapper of yarn which is saturated with tar, and which allows plenty of "play," as it is called, when subjected to severe strainings, and it also serves to protect them from the friction of the exterior coating of galvanized wires, *n*, which are ten in number. At *n* is seen the appearance of the whole when cut straight through.

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company with the submarine cable. The communication was not impaired in the slightest degree.

As our object has been to show the vast diversity of uses to which gutta percha may be applied, we can hardly do better than conclude with the following poetic summary of them, written by a visitor who had preceded us:—

1. My parent died, when I leap'd from her side,
To fill mankind with wonder;
2. And now I abound in the wide world around,
The green-sward above and under.
3. I hold the flower in the sunny bower;
4. I shelter the dead in their graves;
5. I circle the hair of the maiden fair;
6. And bid defiance to knives.
7. The miser his gold often gives me to hold;
8. I aid to extinguish the fire.
9. I'm chased o'er the green, where the school-boy is seen;
10. I wait at the toper's desire.
11. I ride on the wave, the sailor to save,
When he shrieketh aloud in despair;
12. I whirl the machine, whose arms, dimly seen,
Hiss as they fly through the air.
13. I've been tried, and am cast with felons at last;
14. I'm balm to the wounded and torn;
15. I rival the oak; (16) the tell-tale I cloak;
17. I'm fashion'd as high and low born.
18. I constantly mind the sightless blind;
19. Many garments my long arms bear;
20. By the sick man's bed; (21) by the ship's mast-head—
In various forms I am there.
22. Deep in the earth, though unseen is my worth,
I faithfully serve mankind;
23. I bear the whisper of the softest lisper;
24. And hold that which traceth the mind!
25. When the emigrant lands on far-off strands,
Perchance he treadeth on me;
26. On the rich man's table, (27) in the horses' stable,
My forms you may frequently see!
Now I challenge your mind my secret to find,
28. Though I travel along by your bed;
29. I come from the south; (30) I may dwell
in your mouth;
31. Or may rest on the top of your head!^o

^o The following explanation may serve to illustrate the above:—1. Refers to the gutta-percha trees; they are tapped, and the article, which is then a milky juice, exudes. 2. It is used both above and under ground. 3. Gutta-percha flower-pots. 4. Lining for coffins. 5. Bonnet caps. 6. Policemen's sleeves. 7. Money-bowls. 8. Water buckets and engine pipes. 9. Cricket-balls. 10. Mugs. 11. Lift boys. 12. Machine driving-belt. 13. Indestructible vessels for the use of prisoners. 14. Balm for slight wounds, instead of sticking-plaster. 15. Ornamental moldings. 16. Coating of the telegraph wires. 17. Medallions and casts of celebrated and notorious persons. 18. Cord for window-blinds. 19. Clothes-lines. 20. Utensils for sleeping apartments. 21. Cordage and speaking-tubes. 22. Pipes for drainage, &c. 23. Acoustic tubes. 24. Inkstands. 25. Shoes. 26. Ornamental dishes. 27. Buckets and harness. 28. Noiseless curtain-rings. 29. From Singapore, &c. 30. For filling decayed teeth. 31. "Bou-wester" hat.

When we took leave of the factory, which we did with a grateful sense of the facilities that had been afforded to us, we found, to our utter astonishment, that, instead of the single hour we meant to have occupied, we had been three hours and a half engaged in our survey. Having thus introduced this wondrous article to the attention of our readers, and indicated the general principles sufficiently to enable them to make multifarious applications of it without difficulty, we leave the matter in their hands; and if they have felt a tithe of the interest in perusing our remarks that we experienced in our visit, and in subsequently jotting down these observations, they will be abundantly repaid by the amusement and instruction thus afforded them.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

HIS HOUSEHOLD—VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS.

THE spring of 1755 found Johnson domiciliated at Gough-square, where three years before his house had been desolated by the death of his wife. The work of "The Dictionary" was done, so that he no longer had occasion to employ his amanuenses, and having now no family to provide for, it might seem that he was at liberty to yield to the demands of poverty by discontinuing so costly an establishment. He however chose still to keep a house, and to maintain about him something of a family-circle. The private life of distinguished characters constitutes one of the most interesting portions of biographical literature, and Johnson's private history was so strongly anomalous, and it has been so fully and accurately transmitted to succeeding times, that a most interesting part of his biography is of a kind often wholly wanting in general memoirs. To this portion of his history it will now be agreeable to devote a passing notice.

Great men sometimes display strange fancies in their personal attachments. To genius is conceded the right to be eccentric, though some reverse this order of things, and affect eccentricity that they may seem to possess genius. According to this strange tendency of genius, we find Cowper cherishing his favorite hares, Gray his gold-fishes, and Sir Walter Scott his dogs. Our own Randolph of Roanoke was equally capricious, but more diffuse in the bestowment of his favors, as he in-

cluded among his favorites, dogs, horses, and negroes. Johnson too had his parasites, and if the taste displayed in their choice was singular even among the eccentric, the kindness that evidently mingled with his caprices is at least creditable to his heart. His favorites were all of his own race; but they were so unlike himself, and so different from those which a man of genius and learning would select for associates, that his action in this matter can be set down to nothing better than mere unreasoning impulses.

During the last few months of Mrs. Johnson's life, an intimacy had grown up between her and a Miss Anna Williams, the daughter of Dr. Zachariah Williams, a Welsh physician, who, supposing he had discovered a valuable method of determining the longitude at sea, had come to London in the hope of turning his discovery to account. Johnson, who was ever ready to assist whatever efforts seemed to promise an increase of valuable knowledge, aided him in preparing some of his papers to be presented to the Commissioners of Admiralty, but the matter resulted in nothing of immediately practical utility; and while it was still under examination, the projector died, in extreme old age, leaving his daughter, already past middle life, alone and destitute among strangers.

This person, whose history from this date is interwoven with that of Johnson, is described as possessing "uncommon firmness of mind, a boundless curiosity, retentive memory, and strong judgment." With her father's assistance she had acquired a knowledge of the French and Italian languages, and had also made great proficiency in general literature. She had, however, been for some time threatened with cataract in both her eyes, and had come to London in the hope of receiving medical relief. Johnson had also taken a lively interest in her case, and procured for her the advantages of the treatment offered at Guy's Hospital. While undergoing this course of treatment, she was much in Mrs. Johnson's company, and a warm attachment grew up between them. The disease of her eyes resulted soon after in total and hopeless blindness, and not long after Mrs. Johnson's death, she was taken into the house of her protector, where, whenever he had a house, she also had an apartment.



MRS. WILLIAMS.

As the name of *Mrs. Williams* (for so we shall call her, preferring to follow the English method of giving the matronly prefix to aged females though they have never been married, to the American conceit which classes girls in their teens with their maiden grand-aunts of four-score) will occur frequently in the subsequent course of our story, no further account need now be given of her than to add Mr. Boswell's estimate of her character:—

"She was," says he, who knew her well, "a woman of enlightened understanding; plain, as it is called, in her person, and easily provoked to anger; but possessing, nevertheless, some excellent moral qualities, among which no one was more conspicuous than her desire to promote the welfare and happiness of others.

To the endowments and qualities here ascribed to her, may be added a larger share of experimental prudence than is the lot of most of her sex. Johnson, in many exigencies, found her an able counsellor, and seldom showed his wisdom more than when he hearkened to her advice. In return, she received from his conversation the advantages of religious and moral improvement, which she cultivated so as, in a great measure, to soothe the constitutional asperity of her temper. When these particulars are known, the intimacy, which began with compassion and terminated in a friendship that subsisted till death dissolved it, will be easily accounted for."

Next in order in the household of the newly created Lord of Grub-Street was his physician, surgeon, and apothecary, *Doctor Robert Levitt*. This curious personage was more or less intimately associated with Johnson's family from a date some years before the decease of Mrs. Johnson to his death, which occurred in 1762. When he first became an inmate of Johnson's dwelling is not certainly

ascertained, though it was not till after the time now immediately under notice. Ten years later he is spoken of familiarly by his host, in writing to distant friends, as still occupying his post in the garret; as though he had been there so long that the fact was generally known as a part of the household arrangement.

His history is curious and interesting from the beginning. He was the son of a poor countryman who resided not far from Hull. In his youth he manifested a strong inclination to learning, which, however, his father was unable to gratify by putting him to school; he was, however, placed in the employ of a woollen draper at Hull, where he succeeded by his own efforts in obtaining a smattering of the science of medicine, and two years later he came to London, if possible to prepare himself for the medical profession. Here he obtained the situation of steward in a gentleman's family, till by his savings he was enabled to travel on the Continent in pursuance of his cherished purpose to become a physician. Five years were passed abroad, chiefly in Paris, where he held the place of waiter in a coffee-house, still keeping in view the great end for which he seemed to live. He made friends with the surgeons who frequented his place of business, and received from some of them assistance and instruction in their art. They also procured for him the privilege of attending the lectures in pharmacy and anatomy, so that he received the instructions of some of the ablest lecturers in Paris. He also gained admittance to some of the hospitals of the city, and profited by the opportunities thus afforded him. Afterward he returned to London, and taking lodgings near Charing-Cross, entered upon the practice of medicine among the poorest class of the people—the only persons that could be expected to employ him.

The middle portion of his life was passed in that deepest of all obscurities, the lower stratum of London society; and here he probably would have ended his days, as thousands of others have, but for his apparently accidental association with Johnson. How that connection commenced is not known; it began in 1746, and was cherished with equal constancy on both sides. For twenty years he resided under the roof of his benefactor, by whom he was regarded with real respect, and never treated as a mere dependent. He

breakfasted with his landlord and Mrs. Williams every morning, though Johnson used to say, that Levitt was indebted to him for little more than house-room, his share of a penny loaf at breakfast, and now and then a dinner on Sunday.

Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, used to tell of Johnson's manner at breakfast, with his curious little parasite—he would seize hold of the penny loaf, tear out the crum and throw the crust to Levitt. Mr. Malone states that he had frequently seen this strangely-mated pair at breakfast—or rather, Johnson breakfasting, attended by Levitt, who always had the management of the tea-kettle—and that he was never treated contemptuously. After breakfasting and making the toilet of his host, he would sally forth upon his round of professional calls, which was usually a wide one with numerous patients, made up exclusively from the poorest classes of society. His evenings, whenever it was practicable, were devoted to hearing lectures, or, in some way other than by reading, gathering up medical knowledge. "All his knowledge," said Johnson, "and it is not inconsiderable, was obtained through the ear." This, however, was not from want of books, of which he made a very good collection, though he seems never to have made much use of them.

Levitt possessed some very good traits of character. He was strictly honest, and always diligent; he had great tenderness of spirit, and his gratitude toward his benefactor knew no bounds. He would indeed sometimes come home overcome by liquor—the effects of a habit into which he was led by his avarice. Often in the course of his practice he would find himself compelled to take his fees in drams or do without them; and he was too much of an economist to forego the only opportunity of obtaining the reward of his labors, though the manner in which the payment was made rendered it much worse than worthless. Johnson used to say that "had all his patients maliciously combined to reward him with meat and strong liquor instead of money, he would either have burst like the dragon in the Apocrypha, through repletion, or been scorched up like Portia by swallowing fire." Yet was he liberal to the poor among the poor, and was never known to enforce a payment by legal compulsion.

Before he was fully domiciliated with Johnson he had married; but with him, as in more elevated walks of life, "the course of true love never did run smooth." He had been led to believe that his chosen one was an heiress defrauded by a relative of a large fortune, which however would be easily obtained when duly prosecuted; and she considered him a physician already established in practice. He had been married but a few months when the bailiffs were after him for debts contracted by his wife; but he eluded his pursuers, and at length was enabled to defy the minions of the law by the protection of a foreign minister to whom he became, by the favor of Johnson, nominally attached. Mrs. Levitt was soon after arrested for picking pockets, and though acquitted by the court, an entire separation from her husband took place, who about this time was received into Johnson's garret.

In stature he was about middle-sized and thin; his visage swarthy, scorched, and wrinkled. His conversation, outside of the beaten track of his daily round of duties and studies, was entirely barren. Indeed he seldom spoke except in answer to direct questions. When in dishabille he might have been mistaken for an alchemist, whose complexion had been burnt by the fumes of the crucible, and whose clothes had suffered from the spark of the furnace. Even Johnson confessed that his external appearance and manners disgusted the rich and terrified the poor; yet he esteemed him as no mean practitioner of the healing art, and congratulated himself on having so near him at all times one who was at once his physician, surgeon, and apothecary, and who would account it his highest honor in any way to serve his illustrious friend and benefactor. He resided with Johnson something more than twenty years, and his death was mourned with sincere though unostentatious sorrow.

Another of the household favorites of our mighty genius was his body servant, Mr. Francis Barber. He was a negro, a native of Jamaica, where he had been the slave of Colonel Bathurst, the father of Johnson's much-loved friend, and by whom he had been brought to England and put to school, and afterward emancipated. After the decease of Col. Bathurst, he resided with his son, Dr. Bathurst, by whom, upon his departure for the West Indies, Francis was transferred to Johnson. This

occurred very soon after the decease of Mrs. Johnson; but for what particular purpose he was employed might be difficult to determine.

"The uses he was intended to serve," shrewdly observes Hawkins, "were not very apparent, for Diogenes himself never wanted a servant less than Johnson seemed to do. His great bushy wig, by the closeness of texture that it had contracted and been suffered to retain, was nearly as impenetrable by a comb as a quickset hedge; and little of the dust that had once settled on his outer garment was ever known to have been disturbed by the brush."

Francis appears to have been on the whole a kind and dutiful servant, though not wholly free from the faults of his class. He remained with Johnson about five

"You know what matter of animosity the said Johnson has against you, and I dare say you desire no other opportunity of resenting it than that of laying him under an obligation. He was humble enough to desire my assistance on this occasion, though he and I were never *cater comine*, and I gave him to understand that I would make application to my friend Wilkes."

The application was accordingly made to the Commissioners of Admiralty, and about a year later the discharge was granted, when the liberated sailor, who knew nothing of nor desired this interference in his favor, returned again to his old master. In writing to Wilkes, Smollet designated Johnson that great "*Cham* of literature," which term was afterward printed "*Chum*," and this Bos-

well took in dudgeon, and soundly belabored Smollet for his ignorance in the matter. Afterward, when the blunder was rectified, and *Cham* was understood to be "the title of the sovereign of Tartary," he wished to "propitiate the manes of that ingenious and learned gentleman," and acknowledged that the title "was well applied." He seems, however, to have thought only of the notion of sovereignty expressed by the strange epithet; the Tartarian feature quite escaped his notice.

Johnson's growing reputation was now steadily extending the horizon of the social sphere in which he dwelt, and so increasing the number of his personal friends and acquaintances. Few men ever set a higher value on the pleasures of social intercourse, and that he might increase his facilities for this kind of pleasure, he closed his door against no visitor, nor repulsed any aspirant to his society, who would receive it on the terms upon which it was offered. Some, indeed, who would have gladly enjoyed his conversation, were repulsed by his dogmatical manner, which he used alike to nearly all who approached him; and towards those whom he disliked he was often cruelly and even discourteously sarcastic. Yet, on the list of his familiar friends, from even a comparatively early period, were found a large number of the leading men of learning of his times.

Signor Giuseppe (*Anglice, Joseph*) Baretti was a native of Turin, the son of an eminent architect of that city. He received a respectable education, but as he



JOHNSON AND BARBER.

years, and then went to sea, but whether voluntarily or by impressment is not determined. Two years later he was again in the port of London, and Johnson interfered to obtain his release from impressment, which had been made upon him either at his first going to sea or at this time. In this his master seems to have been actuated by purely benevolent motives. The life of a sailor was esteemed by him the most dreadful that could be suffered, and he loudly declared that "no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for being in a ship is being in a jail with the chance of being drowned." In this Johnson availed himself of the favor of Dr. Smollet, who at once wrote to the celebrated John Wilkes, then a person of great influence, soliciting his aid in the matter. In this letter Smollet remarked:—



JOSEPH BARETTI.

found himself in early life cast upon his own resources without either a fortune or a profession, he became an author. After a variety of such experiences as belong to the early stages of professional authorship, he came to England in 1750, about equally destitute of reputation and the means of subsistence,—

An angler in the tide of fame.

Having accidentally met with Mr. Lenox, the husband of the novelist, his services were engaged as Italian instructor to Mrs. Lenox, who, being on terms of intimacy with Johnson, introduced them to each other. An acquaintance, thus accidentally brought about, presently grew to an intimacy, and at length to a steady friendship. Having now been in England for nearly ten years, in which time he had made many friends and greatly improved his affairs, he revisited his native country. During his absence an epistolary correspondence was kept up between him and Johnson, in which the strength of their friendship is abundantly evinced. At the suggestion of his friend, Barretti made notes of whatever arrested his attention in the countries through which he passed on his journey, which being marked by great good humor and playfulness, and at the same time distinguished by much philosophic discrimination, constituted, when published, a highly valuable work. After his return to England, he enjoyed the friendship of many of the better class of society, and though his mercurial temper and supersensitiveness exposed him to some inconveniences, his career was on the whole highly successful. Few persons enjoyed Johnson's friendship in a higher degree than did this forlorn but fiery Italian.

When or how he became acquainted with Christopher Smart, the poet, we are not told; but Smart was now among the *esoteric* disciples of our great master of wisdom, and earnestly availed himself of the opportunities thus offered. Johnson's conversation is celebrated as of unrivaled richness, and possessing the peculiar faculty of making other persons also talk their very best. Smart himself declared that in their first conversation, such was its length and variety, they began with poetry and ended at fluxions.

Mr. Smart, about this time, brought with him at one of his visits to Gough-square a Mr. Tyers—commonly known in Johnson's letters and conversations as Tom Tyers—the son of the originator of Vauxhall Garden. He had been bred to the law; but having a handsome fortune, and possessing great vivacity of temper and an eccentric spirit, he could not confine himself to the regular duties of his profession. He accordingly became a gentleman of leisure, wandering at pleasure from place to place, and everywhere commending himself by his desultory conversation and pleasant carelessness. He was learned, sprightly, and complaisant, and having much leisure, he was often in Johnson's company, with whom he was something of a favorite. Boswell, though his rival, acknowledges, that he lived in as easy a manner with Johnson as almost any of his acquaintances. Like several others who held the same relation, he wrote a biographical sketch of his former friend—just such a production as would be expected from such a person—careless and straggling in style, abounding in anecdotes, and altogether constituting an entertaining collection of gossip and fragments.

Not long before this time, also commenced his acquaintance with Mr. Arthur Murphy—a name well known in the literary annals of the times, especially as a dramatic writer, and the translator of Tacitus—who also has left an essay on the Life and Genius of Johnson. The beginning of his personal acquaintance with Johnson was somewhat curious. Murphy, who was then quite a young man, published during the latter part of the year 1752, and most of the two following years, a periodical paper called the "Grey's Inn Journal," one of the numerous tribe to which the great reputation of "The Ram-



ARTHUR MURPHY.

bler" gave being. Some time in the summer of 1754, while in the country, to save himself the labor of preparing an original paper, he translated an essay from a French Magazine that had fallen into his hands, and sent it forward for publication. The essay, however, proved to be one of the papers of "The Rambler," which had been translated into the French, thus placing the editor of the journal in a rather awkward position.

Mr. Murphy deemed it but just for him to make his excuse to Johnson; and accordingly he sought and obtained an introduction, and as the offense was venial, and perhaps had not been detected by Johnson, pardon was readily obtained. After the first visit, Murphy became more intimate with his new-made acquaintance, and presently was enrolled among his cherished friends and associates.

At a little later period began his personal acquaintance with Dr. Charles Burney, the distinguished musician and author of a *History of Music*. Burney, then young and unknown, had been so well pleased with "The Rambler," and his expectations were so highly excited by the published plan of "The Dictionary," that when it was announced that that great work was about to be published, he wrote to the author, from Lynn, in Norfolkshire, whither he had retired for the benefit of his health, desiring half-a-dozen copies for himself and his friends. This letter was couched in terms of such delicate but decided compliment that it impressed Johnson very favorably, and elicited from him an answer that was equally agreeable to Burney. Other letters passed between them, and in the spring of 1758, Burney having occasion to visit the metropolis, sought and

readily obtained access to his hitherto unseen correspondent. Johnson was yet living at Gough-square, where he received his guest, who dined and drank tea with him, and was introduced to Mrs. Williams. After dinner they went into the "garret," where, says Burney, they found five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half. Johnson, giving his guest the entire seat, tottered himself upon the one with only three legs and one arm. Here he gave Mr. Burney Mrs. Williams's history, and also showed him some volumes of his Shakespeare already printed, to prove that he was in earnest. The impressions so favorably begun by their correspondence were more than sustained by their conversation, and the intimacy thus commenced was both cordial and enduring.



DR. BURNKY.

When Johnson found himself emancipated from the seven-years' bondage of "The Dictionary," he seems to have felt that the world was to be begun anew by him; for except as to his reputation and his friends, the end found him as poor as he was at the beginning. Accordingly we see him casting about for further occupations, and contemplating a more elevated standard of literary eminence, and a position better adapted to efficient action than any he had yet occupied. His plan was to publish a *Bibliothèque*, or, as he in another place styled it, "Annals of Literature, Foreign as well as Domestic." This plan was for some time seriously and earnestly contemplated by him; and though never accomplished according to his original design, it will presently be seen that something of the kind was actually accomplished by him.

He endeavored also to bring himself to

a more systematic mode of life, as to study and mental improvement, reproaching himself with the dilatoriness of his past course, and especially with the want of systematic devotion to his own improvement. About the same time (July, 1755) he made out a scheme of life for Sundays. "Having lived," as he humbly expresses himself, "not without an habitual reverence for the Sabbath, yet without that attention to its religious duties which Christianity requires," he now resolved to adopt a stricter and more systematic method of hallowing the day of the Lord. He accordingly drew up this scheme of life and devotion:—

"1. To rise early; and in order to it, to go to sleep early on Saturday night.

"2. To use some extraordinary devotion in the morning.

"3. To examine the tenor of my life, and particularly the last week; and to mark my advances in religion, or recession from it.

"4. To read the Scriptures methodically, with such helps as are at hand.

"5. To go to church twice.

"6. To read books of divinity, either speculative or practical.

"7. To instruct my family.

"8. To wear off by meditation any worldly soil contracted in the week."

At the beginning of the next year we find by the entries among his "Prayers and Meditations," which now became more frequent, that he was still renewing his devotion to pious duties. Relative to his conduct in this matter, it has been very appropriately said:—

"The pious gratitude with which he acknowledges mercies on every occasion is very edifying; as is the humble submission which he breathes when it is the will of his heavenly Father to try him with afflictions. As such dispositions become the state of man here, and are the true effects of religious discipline, we cannot but venerate in Johnson one of the most exercised minds that our holy religion has ever formed. If there be any thoughtless enough to suppose such exercises the weakness of a great understanding, let them look up to Johnson, and be convinced that what he so earnestly practiced must have a rational foundation."

A painful evidence that his past labors had not made him rich was given about this time. This whole affair is concisely set forth in the annexed letter and its indorsement. It was addressed to Richardson, (the author of "Clarissa,") for whom the indorsement was made:—

"GOUCH-SQUARE, 16th March, [1756.]

"SIR,—I am obliged to entreat your assistance; I am now under arrest for five pounds, eighteen shillings. Mr. Strehan, from whom I should

have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Miller. If you will be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations. I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Sent six guineas.—W. R."

Such even then was the pecuniary distress of a man whose fame filled the whole kingdom, and whose moral excellences were only seconded by the greatness of his understanding.

His literary productions during the year 1756 consisted in part of an abridgment, in octavo, of his "Dictionary," and a number of inconsiderable pieces in the "Universal Visitor." He also assumed the direction of the "Literary Magazine and Universal Review," which was first issued in May of this year, and to which he for a while contributed largely. This was, probably, a partial realization of the contemplated "Bibliothèque," spoken of above. The first fifteen monthly numbers of that work were issued under Johnson's supervision, and a large portion of their matter was the production of his pen; and at no period of his life did he display greater energy of thought and facility in writing than during this period.

Several of the most elaborate of these essays related to political subjects—a kind of discussion toward which his mind was strongly inclined, but with which he had but little to do, since his early unsuccessful essays at pamphleteering; for he observed a prudent silence during the time of the disastrous efforts of the exiled Stuarts to regain the throne and kingdom. From the constitution of his mind and all his habits of thought Johnson was of that political creed that is designated by the party epithet, *Tory*. An indefinite veneration for legitimacy inclined him to favor the claims of the Pretender; while an intense dislike of George the Second, and of the chief ministers of that monarch, greatly heightened his partisan antipathies. But practically no man was less inclined to favor or to practice the doctrine of passive obedience than was he. He was in favor of a strong government when its strength was exercised agreeably to his own predilections; but when the case was otherwise, he could as earnestly as any one assert the native rights of every Englishman to be informed of and to decide upon the affairs of the kingdom. While

George the Second filled the throne, and a Whig ministry directed the affairs of the nation, even a Tory would require that all available checks should be thrown around the action of the government; but the case seemed quite different when a Tory king and ministry had the direction of public affairs. No well-informed person, however friendly to Johnson's reputation, will hesitate to acknowledge that his mind was peculiarly susceptible of party bias, and that by reason of his prejudices he was often inconsistent with himself. Still, independent of all party influences, he was beyond a doubt a thorough friend of subordination, whether in State or Church, the school or the family; and though he joined in the popular clamor against Walpole, and so disliked the person of the king that he could not honor the king in the person of George the Second, yet his disposition was to support the throne and the convocation against the encroachments of parliament.

But if we look beyond the external forms and positive institutions of government, and examine his political notions in their elementary state, it will be seen that his heart was true to the great principles of human liberty, and a friend to the hardy independence of individual manhood. Evidence of this statement is found scattered through all his writings wherever the subject of political philosophy is alluded to, and most fully when only incidentally brought forward. The following extract, from an essay "On the Bravery of the English Common Soldiers," will prove and illustrate this subject. Assuming the subject of discussion as matter of fact, the cause of it is sought; and after examining and rejecting certain supposed causes, the whole is thus concluded:—

"Whence then is the courage of the English vulgar? It proceeds, in my opinion, from that dissolution of dependence which obliges every man to regard his own character. While every man is fed by his own hands, he has no need of servile arts; he may always have wages for his labor, and is no less necessary to his employer than his employer is to him. While he looks for no protection from others, he is naturally roused to be his own protector; and having nothing to abate his esteem of himself, he consequently aspires to the esteem of others. Thus every man that crowds our streets is a man of honor, disdainful of obligation, impatient of reproach, and desirous of extending his reputation among those of his own rank; and as courage is in most frequent use, the fame of courage is most eagerly pursued. From this

neglect of subordination, I do not deny that some inconveniences may from time to time proceed; the power of the law does not always sufficiently supply the want of reverence, or maintain the proper distinctions between different ranks; but good and evil will grow up in this world together; and they who complain, in peace, of the insolence of the populace, must remember that their insolence in peace is bravery in war."

This extract, while it proves that its author was closely bound by conventional notions of subordination, shows also that he had detected the existence of individual manhood, as a common attribute of our nature, and a most powerful stimulant to noble and virtuous conduct, though sometimes a little dangerous to that social order whose basis is usurpation and tyranny.

In this magazine Johnson appeared as a writer of reviews,—a species of composition for which he was eminently qualified. At that time the review had not assumed the specific individuality that it now has, though in his hands the less formal and elaborate article often aspired to the proportions and dignity of the review of the present age. During the fifteen months of his connection with the "Literary Magazine," he wrote notices, more or less extended, of no less than twenty-five new publications. Some of them were very little more extended than what are now called "notices," but quite unlike most of those in character—they are concise yet comprehensive, and just the opposite of their common-place remarks and unmeaning generalities. Some are mere extended *résumés* of the contents of the works under notice; and yet others, elaborate essays on the subjects of the works professedly reviewed. Of this class is the review of Soame Jenyns's "Free Inquiry into the Origin of Evil," an elaborate and somewhat extended discussion of that vexed question, abounding with piquant criticisms, and forcible refutations of that writer's strange assumptions, mingled with appreciative commendations of whatever was esteemed excellent in the work. The usual result of reviewing honestly and independently a living author occurred in this case; forgetting all the commendations of the reviewer, the poor author writhed terribly under the torture of the gilded arrows of his antagonist. But prudence dictated forbearance and silence, till the castigator had gone to his grave, when, with the spirit of the ass that trampled on the dead lion, he attempted,

by a coarse epitaph, to avenge himself for his past sufferings.

Among these essays is found a defense of the use of tea, against the objections of Mr. Jonas Hanway, who in a book then recently published had made a wholesale onslaught against that fashionable beverage. This defense was with Johnson a labor of love, for he was an inveterate and most extravagant tea-drinker. Two essays on the subject were issued—the first apparently designed only as a defense of the indulgence against Mr. Hanway's objections; the other was more controversial and personal, though it is carried on with much good-humor, and with a vein of quiet irony and ridicule. The advocate's participation in the condemned practice is confessed, and with assumed penitence he speaks of himself as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant—whose kettle has scarcely had time to cool—who with tea amuses the evening, with tea so-laces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning."* The whole affair was in itself a trifling one, and is now unworthy of attention, except as it serves to illustrate Johnson's private life as well as to show how well he could trifle with a matter of only a momentary interest.

A variety of inconsiderable pieces, proposals, essays, introductions and dedications, the offspring of his pen, belong to this period; which, while they evince both the kindness of his heart and the vigorous maturity of his understanding, add very little to his reputation. It is believed that about this period of his life he was accustomed to write sermons for certain clergymen to be used by them in their ordinary pulpit exercises, for which he was paid a guinea apiece.

The practice of giving other men's productions from the pulpit, to which Johnson thus contributed, has been often condemned as at best one of doubtful morality; for though doubtless better sermons would thus be obtained, yet if there is fraud in the transaction, no excellence of composition or matter could adequately atone for it. Johnson himself, however, seems not to have suspected that there

was any deception practiced in such cases. Writing to a young clergyman at a later period, who had consulted him as to what sermons he would do well to copy out of books for his own pulpit, that practice is commended, and any inclination to misgivings in the case anticipated by the declaration that "few frequent preachers can be supposed to have sermons more original than yours will be." He, however, advises his pupil to "attempt from time to time an original sermon." It is evident that Johnson had no suspicion that for the ordinary exercises of the pulpit only original compositions were to be used. He is said, in this manner, to have written and sold about forty sermons; and so fully did he conceive that he had disposed of his right of property in them that he never claimed even their authorship.

During this year (1756) the Ivy Lane Club, having become somewhat reduced in numbers by the removal of some of its members, and its attendants further diminished by the diversion of others to other associations, was first discontinued and afterward dissolved, though Johnson continued his interest in it to the last. At a later period of his history we shall find him establishing another association of the same kind, but of characters much more to his liking than were those from whom he was now unwillingly separated.

It was stated at a former stage of this biography that Johnson at one time contemplated issuing an edition of Shakspeare with notes and corrections—a project from which he was diverted by the simultaneous announcement of a like design by Warburton. He was now, however, by the earnest solicitations of the booksellers, induced to resume that deferred purpose, and a plan and proposals were accordingly issued. His preliminary strictures seemed to give a pledge and earnest of the excellence of the proposed annotations; but, as he came to the work reluctantly, so he prosecuted it but languidly. The edition was promised to be ready by the end of the year, 1757; but nine long years elapsed before it saw the day.

At the first thought it might seem that there was a peculiar fitness in Johnson's mind for the work he had taken in hand, and that something especially excellent might be expected as the result of the concurrence of two such minds as those of the author and commentator, in eluci-

* Johnson was much in the habit of applying some classical motto to any subject of conversation that came up; so relative to this, he would quote—*Te veniente dic, te decente.*

dating the themes of Shakspeare's dramatic works. But the result failed to justify any such expectation. The failure was no doubt in part attributable to Johnson's indolence, which at this period of his life was extreme and apparently invincible. Nor does it seem that he had at any time any special interest in the subject. He came to the work as to a task, and prosecuted it simply as a means of living—a condition of things but little suited to awaken the genius and elicit the best powers of the soul. His mind, too, was already jaded by task-work; for the ponderous mass of "The Dictionary" had rested upon him for more than seven years, and now he required rest and recreation. These considerations may in part account for the slow progress, and finally unsatisfactory character of the work; but there was a deeper and more invincible obstacle than this in the way of success. Shakspeare and Johnson were both of them great masters of the human mind; but they viewed their common subject from different stand-points, so that it presented to each different aspects. Shakspeare approached it by the way of the imagination, and conversed chiefly with the passions; but Johnson by the understanding, and he addressed himself almost exclusively to the judgment and conscience. Each had his own field, quite independent of that of the other, and this discrepancy rendered the one unfit for the office of interpreter to the other. Johnson's want of dramatic power, so clearly evinced in "Irene," is not less forcibly displayed in his criticisms on Shakspeare. "All that he writes," said Garrick, "comes from his head; Shakspeare, when he sat down to write, dipped his pen into his own heart."

About this time Johnson was solicited with a very eligible offer to enter into holy orders and assume the office of a rector. A living of considerable value, somewhere in Lincolnshire, was in the gift of Mr. Langton, the father of Bennett Langton, Johnson's cherished friend, through whose influence the proposal was made. The offer, however, though dictated by friendship, and presenting many temporal advantages, and also apparently one well-adapted to his deeply religious character, was declined. Two reasons were assigned for this determination. His love of society, and especially of the social ex-

citements of the town, would not permit him readily to exchange them for the gloomy quiet of a country parish, where his constitutional melancholy might prey upon him without check, since no genial power would be at hand to exorcise the imp by social converse or intellectual gymnastics. He evidently set a low estimate on the pleasures of the country, and in several instances he portrayed the folly of seeking happiness in rural pleasures, after a large portion of life has been passed among the activities of the town.

But a stronger reason for his determination in this case was found in his reverence for the clerical office, and his sense of the solemn responsibilities of those who have the care of souls. His views on these subjects, though still very defective, were greatly in advance of those generally entertained. He remarked to Hawkins that he had not the requisites for the office of a rector, and that he could not in conscience "shear the flock that he was unable to feed." He seemed to suspect that he had not the patience to undergo the fatigue of catechising and instructing a great number of poor ignorant persons, who in religious matters had perhaps everything to learn.

"He justly considered," says Boswell, "that the clergy, as persons set apart for the sacred office of serving at the altar, and impressing the minds of men with the awful concerns of a future state, should be somewhat more serious than the generality of mankind, and have a suitable composure of manners. A due sense of the dignity of their profession, independent of higher motives, will ever prevent them from losing their distinction in an indiscriminate sociality."

The fitness of these views will commend them to all judicious persons; and yet it must be obvious that these necessary and salutary restraints upon boisterous mirth and indiscriminate sociality would have been painfully irksome to himself. In his view the office of a rector implied more than the rendering of a few perfunctory services and the enjoyment of the living. Writing to a young friend who had recently entered upon this important service, after several other valuable instructions, he concluded:—

"Talk to your people as much as you can; and you will find the more frequently you converse with them upon religious subjects the more willingly they will attend, and the more submissively they will learn. A clergyman's diligence always makes him venerable."

At another time, when an old college-associate was wishing that he had chosen the life of a clergyman rather than that of a counselor and advocate, because he should in that case have had a much easier life, Johnson replied earnestly :—

“Sir, the life of a parson, of a conscientious clergyman, is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. I would rather have chancery suits upon my hands than the care of souls. No, sir; I do not envy a clergyman’s life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life.”

With such notions of the duties of the clerical office, joined to his own invincible indolence and want of order, it is not wonderful that he declined to take these responsibilities upon himself.

Johnson had now attained the high level of fame at which his later life was passed. But his recompense was not yet complete. He had won a reputation and a position of influence, and his society was sought by so many of those whose company he most valued, that the horrors of solitude no longer haunted him. But he was still the subject of starving want, and his life was imbibed by irksome labor and haggard poverty. He, however, still sustained himself manfully, and hoped for a brighter day in the future.

POETRY OF EVENING.

BY THE LATE S. B. BANGS.

LAST evening I stood by the farm-yard gate, after a day’s hard labor; the stillness of the evening had settled upon mountain and vale, and I thought such a beautiful evening I never before enjoyed. Two long ridges of mountains stretched away to the west, and just where the sun left his parting glory and disappeared, the lines of the perspective met, and seemed a gorge, above which the crimson flushes rose in beautiful radiance. At the foot of the northern range my friend’s farm is situated; by the side of the southern flows the incipient Delaware, skirted by thick shrubs and undergrowth. The rich moonlight streamed upon the fertile meadows of the valley, and the little tumbling rivulet, bearing its tribute on to the Indian’s river, sent up its voice of joy. Amid these beautiful scenes—above and around—I was impressed with the poetry of the hour. It was hymned by all the voices of nature not less than the human heart; and these

voices, heard only by the inward ear, speak they not far more emphatically than any audible sound?

How many associations render the moonlit hour poetical! The powers of the intellect are awake. Memory, with renewed energy, sways the soul—and we pay instinctive reverence to the past, for it belongs to the history of eternity—it once was ours, but is no more. The future is invisible, beyond the reach of our thought; the present is in our grasp but a moment, for the insatiable past seizes it ere we can use it; but at the close of day we are able to recount the moments that have fled away, and we feel

“Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bear to heaven.”

The love of the hour of evening, the spirit of poetry it kindles in the breast, is deemed sentimental weakness by your “strong minds.” But its very sentimentality is healthful as well as beautiful. It is inherent in the time as well as in the heart. It is the hour for self-reflection, for devotion, for penitence, for love. Never does the vanity of human riches, the disappointment of human hope, the nothingness of human honor, more deeply impress the mind. The gloom of the feelings, as we wander in the shadowing stillness, resembles the sadness and quiet of the churchyard, crowded with suggestive memorials. and we ask :—

“Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame,
Earth’s highest station ends in ‘here he lies!’
And ‘dust to dust’ concludes her noblest song!”

But the highest feeling which the human breast can enjoy is the holiest. And so the highest sentiment of poetry which evening inspires is Christian. It is felt only by those who, conscious of their enrollment among the redeemed, view earth as the dim vestibule of that great temple in which man is to worship the God of his adoration through countless ages, and in the fullness of light—that future which alone can be called happy.

I have seen many beautiful poems, descriptive of the associations of the evening; but none never reached the reality. The soul is wronged often by its material illustrations; the poetry of evening cannot be imaged through the medium of our feeble words. Still, though we have not the powerful utterance of Byron, or the

delicate sense of Wordsworth, the common soul can appreciate and the common heart feel what genius alone can express. And as I stood rapt in the inward picture of the outward glory, that seemed to pervade creation like an essence of life, I thought how meager must be the conception of him whose spirit is not elevated from the rapture to the Spirit of all things, from the created to the Creator.

[For the National Magazine.]

SHORT WORDS.*

"And ten low words oft creep in one dull line."

I CHOOSE this verse of Pope's for my text. He means to sneer at the use of short words—to brand them as low; they creep, he says, and make the lines in which they are found, dull. Of course they are not fit for verse. Short words are low; and those who would write to please should choose such as have length and sound—such as fill the mouth and stun the ear.

It seems as if most men are of the same mind as Pope; at least when they would write so as to stir the blood and rouse the soul. Then they seek out long words—words full of sound and gas. I think they are wrong; nay, more, I shall prove that short words, in spite of the sneer in my text, need not creep, nor be dull, but that they give strength, and life, and fire, to the verse of those who know how to use them.

And first, I take up *Watts*, and quote a few lines from his hymns:—

God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way.

Hymn 26, v. 3.

A glance of thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds and moves their frame.

H. 109, v. 4.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing.

H. 241, v. 1.

I know his name;

His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.—*H. 812, v. 2.*

Are there no foes for me to face?

Must I not stem the flood?

Is this vile world a friend to grace

To help me on to God?—*H. 734, v. 3.*

No one will dare to call these lines tame or dull. They are full of force and fire, and are all made up of short words. Try

* Our correspondent's article is an example of short words. The reader will notice that it is almost, if not entirely, in monosyllables.

now if you can add strength to that last verse, and let it be done by the change of a short word for a long one.

Next, I shall quote from Charles Wesley, whose hymns we rank in the first place. Montgomery is with us in the opinion, we think. And first hear him pray:—

Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live.

Hymn 34, v. 4.

Save me from death; from hell set free;
Death, hell are but the want of thee;
My life, my only heav'n thou art,—
O might I feel thee in my heart!—*H. 166, v. 4.*

Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.—*H. 524, v. 3.*

O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee.—*H. 732, v. 3.*

O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain;
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
My Eden how regain?—*H. 873, v. 5.*

These, as will be seen, are all short words, and need not my praise. They speak to the heart, and when sung from the heart they reach the throne of God, and bring down his grace to the soul. Of the same sort, and in the same style, is this verse from the hymn for those who go down to the sea in great ships:—

Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

H. 1037, v. 3.

Could length of words add strength to his trust in God, as shown in these lines:—

Give to the winds thy fears;

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;

God shall lift up thy head.—*H. 780, v. 1.*

or these?—

Who fed thee last will feed thee still;
Be calm, and sink into his will.—*H. 781, v. 1.*

The next is from a hymn in six lines eight, a kind of verse he loved, and in which he wrote a great deal:—

Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?

Tell me, O tell me, who thou art,

And speak thy name into my heart.

H. 371, v. 2.

But hear him when his theme is Christ, whom he styles

The Lord of Hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne on earth to live.

H. 123, v. 4.

And still, in short words, but words of strength, when he sings of our life as sure, for that He who was dead now lives to die no more :—

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell.

Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
H. 152, v. 3, 5.

And then the cross ! how it is made to buoy up the soul in the verse :—

We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise ;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.—*H. 267, v. 4.*

And yet once more, take the best verse in a hymn which it is said by some came not from his pen, though why they should so say I am sure I do not know. Here it is :—

To shame our sins He blush'd in blood ;
He clos'd his eyes to show us God :
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.
H. 292, v. 3.

But I have not yet made out my case, and I have a great deal more to say. I shall be told, and it is true, that those from whom I quote are far from the first rank of the world's great men ; and, though they both knew how to write good verse, their best friends will not place them on a par with Pope. Turn we then to the first name on the list of those, who, by their pens, have won a fame that will not die ; to him who shines like a sun at noon, and of whom it may well be said that, while placed by the side of his verse, the best things of Pope are but as the light of a dull far-off star. Let us read his King Lear, one of the best, if not the best of his plays, and see what he does with the short words at which Pope laughs. Let us see if there be no strength in them, no life, no power ; and if he dares to crowd ten of them into one line.

In the first act we have the old king and his three girls, fair maids, soon to be wives. Of her who scorns to boast of her love to him, and will not cringe, nor fawn, Lear says to the duke who claim'd her hand,—

When she was dear to us we did hold her so,
But now her price is fall'n ; sir, there she stands,
She's there, and she is yours.

But the duke will not take her on such terms. He sought gold as well as a wife,

and now that she has none he will not have her. The old king says,—

Then leave her, sir ; for by the Pow'r that made me
I tell you all her wealth.

Then he turns to the King of France, who, as well as the duke, had sought her as a wife, and says,—

For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate.

But the love of the French king is true, and is not built on hopes of wealth, nor needs he rank nor state. He sought a wife, and at length has found her ; for, says he, she that is thus

Thrown to my chance
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.

Lear soon finds that he has done wrong ; and, when it is too late, that he has played the fool by his large gifts to those whose love for him was all a sham, and in whose hearts self reigned. As the truth dawns on him he asks, in tones of grief,—

Does any here know me ? Why this is not Lear.
Does Lear walk thus ? speak thus ? where are his eyes ?

Ha ! sure 't is not so. Who is it that can tell me
Who I am ?

In this same act there are some scenes in which the king and his fool try their wit, in which, of course ; the fool wins. The old man, though he has found that one of his girls has proved false, has great hopes that it will not be so with both, but the fool says,—

I can tell what I can tell.
Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy ?
Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab.

In the next act the king finds this to be true. The Duke of Kent, who served him, he finds fast in the stocks, put there by that child of whose kind love, till now, he had felt sure. Let us see how and by whom this foul deed was done. The duke, the old king's son-in-law, in wrath, cries out,—

Fetch forth the stocks, ho ! we'll teach you.
Sir, (*says Kent*.) I am too old to learn :
Call not your stocks for me : I serve the king !
Duke. Fetch forth the stocks, there shall he sit till noon.

This does not suit his wife.

Till noon ? (*she says*) till night, my lord, and all night too !

They put him in the stocks, and there Lear finds him. His breast swells with rage. It cannot be that they, to whom he gave his all, had caused this to be done. Kent swears that it is so, that they have done it, and for no cause. The king's wrath is hot, but for a time he checks it, and mark, now, how well the short words do their work :—

Lear. Tell the hot duke that—

No, but not yet; maybe he is not well.

Go, tell the duke and his wife I'd speak with them.

Bid them come forth and hear me.

At length the duke and his wife do come to meet him. To her he tells his grief, but she mocks at it; and, in a word, the old man is worse used than he was in the place he left. In sad tones he says,—

I gave you all.

And in good time, (says she,) you gave it.

This is too much. He goes forth to meet the storm, and bares his old gray head to meet the blast; but ere he leaves them he thus gives vent to his pent-up grief :—

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.

You see me here, you gods—a poor old man, As full of grief as age. I will do such things,— What they are, yet I know not. You think I'll weep, But I'll not weep. O fool! I shall go mad!

The scenes in the next act, the third, are full of life and power. They show the great skill and art of the bard, and had he penn'd naught else would have placed him high on the rolls of fame. There, in the wild storm on the heath, the king with the Duke of Kent, and the fool, meet the young man who fled for his life and feign'd to be mad,—the son of him whose eyes are torn from his head, in this same act, and who is sent forth from his own house blind, as the wretch says who did the deed, "to smell his way." I may not quote at length; but a few lines, here and there, shall serve to tell the tale, and show what can be done by what Pope calls low words; and you shall see how they creep in dull lines. Of the storm on that dread night the Duke of Kent says,—

Things that love night love not such nights as these.

But the king, buoyed up by wrath, and with his wits, as yet not quite all gone, will face the blast and bid the storm howl on :—

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage, blow! Singe my white head! Spit, fire! Spout, rain! Here I stand, your slave. . . 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul. No, I will weep no more. In such a night To shut me out! in such a night as this!

The thought of how much he had done for those who thus had used him stings him to the soul: Him

Whose frank heart gave all;

—let me shun that! no more of that.

At length they reach a cave, and the friends urge the old man to go in and hide from the blast. In his deep grief his kind heart still yearns to the fool who shared with him the storm:

Come on, my boy; how dost, my boy? Art cold? I am cold. In, boy: go first. Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

In the cave the fool is scared by the sight of him of whom I have said he feign'd to be mad, that thus he might shun his foes and save his life. His style is not like Lear's. He calls himself poor Tom, and all through the play shows the great skill of him who paints man to the life, in all states in which our world has seen him. I glean from his talk, here and there, in this act of the play :—

Who gives any thing to poor Tom, whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame? Bless thy five wits! Poor Tom's a-cold. The foul fiend bites my back. Look where he stands and glares.

But rats and mice and such small deer Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

In the first scene of the next act "poor Tom" is met by an old man, who leads by the hand the duke, whose eyes had been torn out and stamp'd under foot. This is the first time the sire and his son have met since the young man fled for his life, and now he sees and knows at once who it is that has been thus used. But I quote :—

Old man. How now? Who's there?

Ed. (aside.) O, gods! who is't can say, I am at the worst?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Ed. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not so long as we can say, *This is the worst.*
O O O O Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

The blind duke asks his son, whom he knows not, to lead him by the hand to the top of a tall cliff, whence he may leap, and put an end at once to his grief and his life. The son feigns to do so, and when told that he is there, the old man jumps and

falls, and is thus met by him who had led him in a chang'd voice as if he were at the base of that high hill:—

Ho, you, sir! friend! Hear you, sir? Speak!
What are you, sir? ° ° ° Give me your
arm;

Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs?
You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Just now they are met by the king, who asks the blind duke to read:

What, (he says,) with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head. ° ° Yet you see how this world goes. A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears.

Lear is now led off by the Queen of France, is put in bed, and watch'd, and cared for by that child of whose true love he once had doubts. The scene, when the king wakes and finds her by his side, is full of grief, and true to the life:—

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire that mine own tears
Do scald.

The queen asks,—

Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spir't, I know: where did you die?

Queen. Still, still, far wide!

Lear. Where have I been? where am I?

° ° ° I know not what to say—

I will not swear these are my hands:
let's see;

I feel this pin prick. Do not laugh at me,

For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child.

Queen. And so I am. I am.

But I shall make my piece too long; and I have been warned, as well as all who write for this work, not to do so. Let us pass then to the last act, and now Lear comes to us with the queen, his dear child, dead in his arms. If Pope be right, it is most clear that short words will not do now. We cannot bear that the scene which ends this tale of grief shall be dull, or low, or that the lines should creep. Nor do they; at least I think they do not: but you for whom I write must be the judge. I have said the king bears in his arms his dead child, and thus he speaks:—

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heav'n's vault should crack: O, she is gone!

I know when one is dead, and when one lives.
She's dead as earth. ° ° No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come
no more.

Do you see this? Look on her,—look, her lips,—
Look there, look there! [*He dies.*]

[For the National Magazine.]

HESPERIA.

LAND of the dim, deep-crimson'd West!
Land of dreams, of joy and rest!
To thee the nations look; in thee
The hopes of unborn millions be.
The Persian knew thee, and adored
Thee as the temple of his God.
Dream'd the Greek of thee in his power,
And mused of thee in the sunset hour;
And with lifted voice and outstretch'd hand,
He cried to the gods of the sunset land!
And for him the sun did set on thee,
Italia! pride of the inland sea,
The Latin look'd to the crimson'd West,
And dream'd of a land of hope and rest;
Of a fertile soil, and a balmy air,
Of fruit and flowers, and perfume rare.
His happy land was the ocean shore,
Where billows rage and tempests roar.
Then across Atlantic's rolling tide
The old world look'd from its castled pride,
And it dream'd, Columbia, of thee!
A golden land beyond the sea,
Where mountains of gold and precious stone
Threw back the blaze of a torrid sun.
Youth bloom'd un fading and undying,
And sorrow came not there, nor sighing;
But a land of joy forevermore
Was the land of hope—the sunset shore!
And the shore was gain'd in wild delight,
But the hope-land faded from the sight;
As the desert stream that seemeth nigh,
But flies the eager-seeking eye.
The sceptre unto thee hath gone,
Columbia! 't is thine alone.
And there's gold upon thy western strand,
But not the gold of the dreamer's land;
Nor are thy fields that Eden fair,
With its life-streams clear and balmy air.
There is sorrow here, and pain, and wo,
And sere to the grave the aged go.
O, where is the sky that the evening sun
Crimsoneth deep as it sinketh down?
Where is the land that its setting smile
Bathed in beauty? is it the isle.
Men call the bless'd, that, passing fair,
Floats in the clouds of upper air!
Where is the land of Persian story?
Where is the Grecian land of glory?
Land the ages dream'd of ever,
Land of faith—of vision never,
When shall men thy glory see?
When the nation's joy in thee?

S. B. NEWCOMB.

WHAT a virtue we should distil from frailty—what a world of pain we should save our brethren—if we would suffer our own weakness to be the measure of theirs.

A TOUCH OF THE MYSTERIOUS.

OF all stories that are told, none have so absorbing an influence over the human mind as a ghost story. This remark, perhaps, might have been made years ago with even greater propriety than at the present time; for as knowledge has become more generally diffused, and superstitious tales been subjected to a closer scrutiny, much that was once believed is now discredited. There is, however, still a disposition very hastily to attribute to supernatural causes such events as cannot on common principles be explained. As in seasons of danger every quailing heart takes away from the confidence of those around, so in cases of mystery every one that gives in his adhesion to error becomes a traitor to the truth, and betrays the cause which he ought to investigate. But to our tale.

We go back to a period when, with youth sparkling in our eyes, hope told us many a flattering tale of those years through which we have since passed. We were then living in a populous town, whose reputation for useful and ornamental manufactures is wide as the world. A report was suddenly spread around, that in the habitation of a certain tailor the windows were broken in an unknown and most mysterious manner. Great was the sensation produced by this wondrous announcement, and we were among the first who hastened to the spot. On arriving at the house we found it a scene of confusion. Neighbors were going in and out; strangers were arriving from more distant localities, drawn there by the strange reports which had reached them; and the tailor and his wife, seemingly half beside themselves, were doing their best to satisfy the continual inquiries that were made. In the midst of the hurry and consternation which prevailed, every now and then there came a crash of the window-panes, and down came the jingling glass on the kitchen floor and the pavement in the yard. The house of the tailor was at the corner of the street, and the large window of the kitchen, which was glazed with small panes, looking into the yard, beyond which stood a few low buildings with a garden adjoining. House, yard, and garden were promenade by the excited visitors of the place, in the vain attempt to discover the unseen cause of wonder.

Such a state of things could not long exist without a great increase of excitement. From a private affair it became a public one; and every hour, rumor, with her hundred tongues, called forth the curiosity of the young and the old, so that women and children, apprentices, working men, and masters, hurried off to the habitation of the tailor. There they saw the devastation which had taken place, and there, from time to time, they witnessed with their own eyes the mysterious crashing of the window-panes. Wondering they came, and wondering still more they went away. Those who visited the house went away awed by what they had seen, while others who had not been there were affected by their reports in a similar manner. The affair became far too serious to be kept uninvestigated, for the neighborhood was in alarm. The constable and officers of police—"runners," they then called them—came in a body to inspect the premises; but while all of them were present, the windows continued to be broken as before. In vain they went up-stairs and down, kept their eyes in all directions, and posted themselves in different places; it was all to no purpose. The mystery was yet unrevealed, and the devastation still continued.

And now a consultation, at which we were present, was held, the constable, a man proverbially shrewd, taking the lead. After many suggestions, the general opinion seemed to be that the missiles which did the mischief were projected from a distance by the aid of a cross-bow, an air-gun, or some instrument of a like kind. It was therefore agreed to set watchers on the top of the house to ascertain the direction in which the stones were cast, and to extend their search far beyond the tailor's premises. This plan was at once put into operation, but with as little success as before. The watchers on the house-top declared that the stones flew too quickly for them to see them; and the examination of the surrounding premises afforded no clew to unravel the mystery. In spite of the constable and police, on went the breaking of the windows.

All at once a strange occurrence came to light, which added greatly to the mystery that prevailed, and altogether changed its character, for it was observed that the lead which had held the broken window-panes was bent outward, thereby exciting

suspicion that the mischief was done from the inside of the house.

Before this discovery, it was usually supposed that some neighbor, who owed the tailor a grudge, had in some way cast the stones, but now the belief gained ground that the house was haunted. People gravely shook their heads, and said all was not right in the tailor's dwelling: there must be something wicked there, that broke his window-panes.

The report of the tailor's house being haunted spread rapidly; but as some still held the opinion that the glass was broken from without, it was proposed that a large sheet should be suspended outside the window-pane. This plan of proceeding was adopted, but, lo and behold! the glass was broken just as before—the stones, in the apprehension of many present, passing through the sheet, and leaving no hole. It was now a settled thing that the house was assuredly haunted.

At this period, groups might be seen in different parts of the premises, whispering together, or talking with suppressed voices. The bent lead had done much, but the untorn sheet had done still more in convincing the skeptical and confirming the wavering in the belief that an evil agent was at work. Little doubt was entertained by several that some dreadful deed had there been perpetrated. Had it not been so, such mysterious things would never have taken place. Many who had laughed became grave, and not a few were thoroughly convinced that the windows had been broken by an evil spirit.

We are all wont, when an affair of mystery has been explained, to smile derisively at those who were impressed or puzzled by it, and to think that we ourselves should have acted with less simplicity; but let him who has the strongest mind first hear the report, that in a house said to be haunted, stones were thrown through a sheet without making a hole in it, and then, hastening to the spot, find himself in the position of seeing with his own eyes the jingling and broken glass falling from a window, while twenty people were gazing upon it from the one side, and a white sheet suspended over it from the other; let him witness, too, the pale faces, the wonder, the awe, and the fear, of the weaker-minded around him, and we doubt not that he will feel the infirmities of humanity working within him.

We were, as we have already said, much younger when the occurrence we have described took place than we are now. We had not seen what we have since witnessed, and were little capable of forming a correct judgment in a case of mystery. No wonder that we were carried along by the stream, and ready to adopt the opinions of those older than ourselves. On went the breaking of the large window in the kitchen, till not a pane of glass remained whole, and now and then a square in the chamber window was smashed. Toward night, however, visitors became few, and at last the house was quiet; but while the little girl who acted as a servant was in the cellar, brick ends came thundering at the door, and no sooner did she go up to bed than she ran down stairs again, shrieking out fearfully—six or seven panes in her window had been broken.

On the morrow the mysterious occurrences of the preceding day were renewed, and visitors increased in number, hour after hour, wondering what would be the end of the marvelous events which had taken place. A strange story seldom loses anything in its progress, nor did that of the haunted house. The wildest reports went abroad, and found plenty of people ready to believe them. We had been into the yard with the constable, where we met the little girl crying out that she had been struck by a stone, and we had been into the garden, where people were watching on the walls, when two or three friends came to us; so we all entered the house together. Not long had we been together in the kitchen, which was more than half full of people, before, to the fearful astonishment of all, hot burning coals came tumbling down upon us from the ceiling. There was a general cry out from the assembled company, and some made a precipitate retreat into the yard. It seemed as though something terrible was coming upon the habitation. Surprise and dread were visible in every face as the hot coals were seen rolling and smoking on the floor.

Things had now run their length, and the mysterious occurrences of the haunted house were drawing to a close. Hitherto they had proceeded almost without a check. The constable was at fault, the police had been baffled, the watchers had made no discovery, and those who had visit-

ed the house, for the greater part, had rather indulged their superstitious fears than exercised their judgment. The unseen stones, the outward-bent lead, the unrent aboet, the brick ends, and the hot burning coals, had succeeded each other in a way admirably calculated to impress unreflecting minds with surprise and consternation : but the end was now come.

The thought had occurred to one to adopt a more simple method of unraveling the mystery, for he felt certain in his own mind that some one belonging to the house was the unseen agent that had done all the mischief : who that agent was, of course he could not tell. The tailor himself was not at all likely to break his own windows, and his wife was evidently too fearfully affected by what had taken place to be for a moment suspected. The little servant girl was altogether out of the question, for she was not more than eleven or twelve years old, and had seemingly been more terrified than any other person. There were two or three children, but the eldest of them was from home during the day, and the others were quite young. As suspicion, therefore, had so little to rest on, he who had determined, if possible, to discover the truth, resolved to watch. While others were differently occupied, he kept his eyes on those belonging to the house, and soon saw the little girl go behind the company, and throw, while their backs were toward her, some coals over their heads against the ceiling. It seems strange that this thought of watching the inmates of the house had occurred to no one before.

There was now but one course to be taken ; the girl was at once delivered over to the care of the constable, and taken to prison, where, terrified by the fear of punishment, she made a full confession. That so young a creature could have acted so bold and so sinful a part seemed, at first, almost impossible, but afterward it appeared but too plain that she, and she alone, was the guilty perpetrator of all that had taken place. Some trifling disagreement with her mistress having awakened in her heart a desire of revenge, she broke a pane of glass, not intending to do more mischief, but seeing the passion into which her mistress fell, she was too much gratified not to proceed. Another pane was broken, her enjoyment keeping pace with the vexation of her mistress.

On witnessing the surprise of the people who came flocking to see the demolished glass, and perceiving that she was not suspected, her desire of revenge subsided into a desire to call forth in a still greater degree the fear and wonder of all around. Thus led on by her morbid pleasure, and becoming bolder and bolder by her success, she for a time bid defiance to all the plans that were devised to discover the cause of the alarm she had occasioned. Taking the advantage of her tender age and her freedom from suspicion, she provided herself with stones, bits of tile and brick, and other things, and took care not to throw them till she could do so without being seen. In a little room beside the kitchen she hid her store of missiles in the best way she could. When the constable was there, she came limping along the yard, crying, as if injured by a stone. When the kitchen was thronged with people who looked toward the window, she fearlessly threw her stones from behind them. At night, when the house was quiet, she went down into the cellar, where finding some brick ends, she crept with them up through the cellar window into the yard, and threw them with all her might at the house door, hastily descending again through the window, and running up the cellar steps as if in great alarm. Hardly have we a similar instance of youthful audacity and depravity. On going up to bed, this young, artful delinquent seized hold of a quart bottle by the neck, and with it smashed to pieces six or eight window-panes, running downstairs after, and saying she was afraid to stop, for that the stones were coming as fast as ever. And when a gaping throng in the kitchen were looking up at the broken window, she boldly took a shovel of red coals from the fire, and threw them up against the ceiling over the heads of the astonished assembly, of which we ourselves formed a part. Truly she was a marvel of juvenile delinquency. Revenge, deceit, and depravity were her crimes, and imprisonment and a private whipping were her recompense.

It is difficult to conceive how from such simple causes such an amount of amazement and consternation could arise ; but as, when looking through a colored glass, every object assumes the hue of the medium through which it is regarded, so when once the mind is impressed with the marvelous, common events become myste-

rious. Very many, and we among them, were ashamed of the silly opinions they had entertained. The habit of thoroughly investigating cases of mystery is a good one, and he who by adopting it scatters a superstitious delusion to the winds, has rendered a service to mankind. We ought ever to be open to conviction when reasonable evidence is presented; but were a hundred popular ghost-stories to be rigidly examined, not one among them, perhaps, would stand the test of truth better than the relation we have given.

AN ESTIMATE OF WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

WORDSWORTH'S poetry has passed through two phases of criticism—in the first of which his defects were chiefly noted, and in the second his merits. Already we have arrived at the third era, when the majority of readers are just to both. It will not be questioned that he was a great and original writer; and perhaps there will not be many to dispute that no poet who soared so high ever sank so low, or interposed so large a proportion of the commonplace among his worthier verse. Of the double end at which he aimed, he sometimes thought he had succeeded best in one, and sometimes in the other. He told Mr. Justice Coleridge, in 1836, that if he was to have any name hereafter, he founded the hope upon his truthful representation of the workings of the heart among the lower orders; and in 1849 he wrote to Professor Reed that what he chiefly valued was the spirituality with which he had attempted to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which he had exhibited its ordinary appearances.

He narrates, as we have seen, in "The Prelude," how he came to select his heroes from humble life. In the Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads" he assigned for his reason that the essential passions nowhere exist with such strength and purity as among peasants, and that in their case the emotion has the additional recommendation of being incorporated with the beautiful forms of nature. The entire position is open to contradiction; and, admitting it to be true, the inference that the passions of the poor must therefore be more interesting than those of their superiors would be refuted by the recollection that Hamlet,

Lear, and Macbeth are kings. But there was no harm in his limiting his range, if he had not imagined that everything within the select domain which had once enlisted his own feelings must have a perpetual value for the public at large. Alice Fell, weeping bitterly because she had made a few more rents in her cloak, would have excited the compassion of any kindly person who had witnessed the scene; but it was not worth while to put into a bottle the tears which were shed for sorrows so slight and transitory. His doctrine that the business of a poet is to educe an interest where none is apparent, engaged him in efforts to squeeze moisture out of dust. We are entirely persuaded, indeed, that if he had allowed his mind to work more freely, and had not been forever forcing it out of its bent in obedience to rules, he would have found in his personal emotions a surer index of what would interest the world. The main trivialities are attended almost invariably by paltry accessories which, far from being necessary to the development of his design, are in every way a clog upon it. A strong instance, and yet very little stronger than a hundred besides, occurs in all the early versions of "The Thorn:"—

"And to the left, three yards beyond,
You see a little muddy pond
Of water never dry;
I've measured it from side to side,
'Tis three feet long, and two feet wide."

In the sequel no use whatever is made of these accurate measurements; they are introduced for their own intrinsic interest, and answer no other purpose.

It might be supposed that, descending to the humblest details of the lowest personages, his portraits would be transcripts of nature. This, however, is seldom the case. He describes feelings with accuracy and minuteness, but they are not the feelings of the poor. As he made his "Wanderer" the sentimental sort of poddler he fancied he should have been himself, so on all other occasions he attended less to what was likely to be thought by his character than to what he should have thought in the same circumstances. His very principles of composition were opposed to dramatic truth. His aim being to exalt and color everything from his own imagination, the individuality of traits and incidents is apt to be lost in the reconstruction. Hence, too, another of his

peculiarities—that he is seldom or never carried away by his sympathies. Instead of identifying himself with the sorrows of his agents, and receiving their heart's into his own, he appears to stand apart, and to consider them as subjects for poetic and philosophic display. It is a blot even upon the masterly history of Margaret, in "The Excursion," that her woes are set forth with a stoical calmness. In general, the want of fervor in our poet produces lukewarmness in his reader; but he has told his tale in this instance with such pathetic power, that his contemplative composure has a painful effect, from the mind missing the assuaging influence of genial pity. Most of his happiest poetry upon character is contained in "The Excursion." In "The Ballads" the human traits are usually insignificant, and the poetry is in the sweet reflections they elicit.

But we agree with Wordsworth in his latest opinion, and think that the portions in which he treats of man are inferior to those in which he deals with nature. The latter have a twofold claim to preëminence, as being best in themselves and by far the most original. Other poets have excelled him in the vividness of their descriptions and in the power of conveying the emotions which the actual scene creates in the beholder; but the glory of Wordsworth is to have brought the mind into a deeper, livelier, and more intelligent sympathy with the inanimate world.

"To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life; I saw them feel,
Or link'd them to some feeling."

Every lover of his works can learn from them to do the same, and the conferring an additional sense could hardly open a wider avenue for the purest pleasure. A vast amount of poetry, which is finer, as verse, than many of the effusions of Wordsworth, is on this account far beneath them in the permanent effects on the heart and understanding. There are myriads in the condition of "Peter Bell:"

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

and the strains which succeed in making it something more—which teach the power of nature, and develop all its resources—have a merit and a use superior to the excellence of mere literary execu-

tion. It was with some such meaning that Sir James Mackintosh said to Madame de Staël, "Wordsworth is not a great poet, but he is the greatest man among poets." In turning negligently over the leaves of his volumes, the eye is most impressed by his numerous abortive attempts; but no one ever fairly drank in the spirit of his musings upon nature without acknowledging that he had infused a soul into the body of the universe.

The Sonnets are a distinct department of his works. Wordsworth, who borrowed little, takes more from Milton than from any one else. He has frequently imitated the turn of sentences, and adopted many phrases; but the best use he made of him was to frame his sonnets upon Milton's model. He has never attained to the austere grandeur of the sublime imprecation upon the persecuting Piedmontese. The instrument in his hands partakes more of the character of the lute than the trumpet, and in his most successful specimens he is not much behind his master in sweetness and simplicity. But as simplicity easily degenerates into poverty, Wordsworth has not avoided his besetting failing in his sonnets. No idea was too insignificant for the honor, and, notwithstanding the consummate beauty of many of these pieces, a large number of them are insipid to the last degree. It is not an unusual defect in the best, for the end to be inferior to the beginning and middle. The thought was exhausted before the space was filled.

The sonnets are among the smoothest of Wordsworth's compositions. In "Guilt and Sorrow," and a few of his minor productions, his rhymed verse is melodious; but his ear was not exacting, and his poems on the whole are deficient in harmony. Like Coleridge, from whom he had probably acquired the habit, he recited verse in a chanting fashion, which would have given tune to prose. Coleridge, with his perfect ear and his love of luxury of sound, employed it to render music more musical; but, by smoothing over asperities, and imparting increased volume to a slender strain, it led Wordsworth to rest satisfied with faulty metre. Worse than the want of sweetness was his fondness for the jingle of double rhymes. There are more of them, we believe, in his works than are to be found in all the poetry of his predecessors put together, and they

disturb some of his most graceful conceptions by a painful similitude to the cadence of singsong ditties.

There is nothing for which Wordsworth has been more frequently censured than his want of finish of style—and there was no charge that he was more eager to repel. He said he yielded to none in love for his art—that he worked at it with reverence, affection, and industry—and that he never left off laboring a line till he had brought it up to his notions of excellence. The great pains he took does not admit of a doubt; the sole question is, to what extent his efforts were successful. He has some of the most magical lines and stanzas which are to be met with in the whole body of literature; and ideas which seemed almost to defy expression are not unfrequently conveyed in the simplest, clearest, and happiest phrases. But these beauties only enhance regret for his inordinate quantity of feeble verse. The principal reason of the defect was his insufficient command of language. He confesses, as we have mentioned before, that he found it difficult to express himself in prose; and his letters are a conclusive proof how rarely nervous, idiomatic English dropped naturally from his pen. He has shown in entire poems, as well as in particular passages, that he could force chaste and polished diction into his service—but it did not come readily; and either his skill was often baffled or even his patience failed. His limited resources are especially conspicuous in his continual introduction of mean expletives for the sake of eking out the metre or providing a rhyme:—

“On a fair prospect some have look’d,
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away!”

The “I have heard them say,” which enfeebles this charming stanza, is the more displeasing that the poet is speaking in his own person, and obviously from his own experience. The examples are set so thick that it would be as easy to adduce five hundred as one; and, indeed, the very form of speech we have quoted, varied to “They will say,” and “You’d have said,” occurs again and again. The habit of reiterating the same phrase in two or three successive lines, which amounts in him to an offensive mannerism, was another re-

source to supply the comparative scantiness of his vocabulary. A solitary specimen will illustrate the usage, but it is its constant recurrence which renders it repulsive:—

“For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle,
He’s idle all for very joy.”

Some of the minor pieces, as “The Thorn,” are half made up of the changes rung upon a surplusage of colloquial common-places. Though he worked the frequent inversions in the words of brother poets a want of respect for the reader, his own are incessant, and of a most barbarous kind. It seems as if their wanting the sanction of custom had led him to fancy that they were not inversions at all. That none of these blemishes proceeded from haste, is the strongest evidence of his imperfect mastery over diction; and that they were not faults of impetuosity, is also the cause that they are seldom accompanied by the vigor and animation which atone for so many slips of fiery compositors.

Wordsworth professed that his chief ambition had been to write in pure, intelligible English. His sonnets seldom depart from this standard, and, though the language of the ballads is often far enough from classic, it is abundantly clear. In his blank-verse, however, he often indulged in the oppressive magniloquence of his worst prose, and he is then among the least perspicuous of poets. His obscurity arises in part from the vagueness of his doctrines, but more from the darkness of the lantern in which he buries his light.

It is constantly asserted that he effected a reform in the language of poetry, that he found the public bigoted to a vicious and flowery diction which seemed to mean a great deal and really meant nothing, and that he led them back to sense and simplicity. The claim appears to us to be a fanciful assumption, refuted by the facts of literary history. Feebler poetasters were no doubt read when Wordsworth began to write than would now command an audience, however small; but they had no real hold upon the public, and Cowper was the only popular bard of the day. His masculine and unadorned English was relished in every cultivated circle in the land, and Wordsworth was the child, and not the father, of a reaction which, after all, has been greatly exaggerated. Gold-

smith was the most celebrated of Cowper's immediate predecessors, and it will not be pretended that "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller" are among the specimens of inane phraseology. Burns had died before Wordsworth attracted notice; the wonderful peasant's performances were admired by none more than by Wordsworth himself. Were they not already far more popular than the Lake-poet's have ever been—or will ever be?—and were they, in any respect or degree, tinged with the absurdities of the Hayley school? When we come forward we find that the men of the generation were Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Crabbe, and one or two others. Wordsworth himself was little read in comparison, and, if he had anything to do with weaning the public from their vitiated predilections, it must have been through his influence on these more popular poets, whose works represented the reigning taste of the time. But nothing is more certain than that not a single one of them had formed his style upon that of the "Lyrical Ballads," or "The Excursion." Lord Byron, during his residence in Switzerland, was imbued through Shelley with some of Wordsworth's characteristic feeling for nature, which may be palpably traced in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, composed at the period.

The *style* of the noble poet, however, had been fixed long before, and displayed in more than one immortal production. Wordsworth, in fact, always spoke of Byron's language with unmeasured reprehension, and said that a critical review of it ought to be written to guard others from imitating it. He was equally emphatic in his censure of Scott—and between the diction of Moore and that of the Lakebard, there was no more resemblance than between water and perfume. Campbell, far from condescending to glean from the effusions of Grasmere and Rydal, was among their uncompromising opponents.

Whatever influence Wordsworth may have exercised on poetic style, be it great or small, was by deviating in practice from the principles of composition for which he contended. Both his theory, and the poems which illustrate it, continue to this hour to be all but universally condemned. He resolved to write as the lower orders talked; and though where the poor are the speakers it would be in ac-

cordance with strict dramatic propriety, the system would not be tolerated in serious poetry. The example of Shakspeare dispenses with argument. His characters are acknowledged to be nature itself, but their language in his tragedies is not that which is spoken by ordinary men. It is the richly metaphorical style of Shakspeare himself, which could never have been general unless in a world of transcendent poets. Yet the discrepancy pleases instead of offending, because all the characters display the passions which are proper to their situation, and with just so much greater power and effect, as Shakspeare's poetry was above common prose. Wordsworth's rule, however, did not stop at the wording of dialogues. He maintained that the colloquial language of rustics was the most philosophical and enduring which the dictionary affords, and the fittest for verse of every description. Any one who mixes with the common people can decide for himself whether their conversation is wont to exhibit more propriety of language than the sayings of a Johnson or the speeches of a Burke. If it were really the case, it would follow that literary cultivation is an evil, and that we ought to learn English of our plowboys, and not of our Shakspeares and Miltons. But there can be no risk in asserting that the vocabulary of rustics is rude and meagre, and their discourse negligent, diffuse, and weak.

The vulgarisms, which are the most racy, vigorous, and characteristic part of their speech, Wordsworth admitted must be dropped, and either he must have substituted equivalent expressions, when the language ceases to be that of the poor, or he must have put up with a stock of words which, after all these deductions, would have been scarcely more copious than that of a South-Sea savage. When his finest verse is brought to the test of his principle, they agree no better than light and darkness. Here is his way of describing the effects of the pealing organ in King's College Chapel, with its "self-poised roof, scooped into ten thousand cells:"—

"But from the arms of silence—list! O list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kiss'd
With sound, or ghost of sound in mazy strife."

This is to write like a splendid poet, but it is not to write as rustics talk.

A second canon laid down by Words-

worth was, that poetic diction is, or ought to be, in all respects the same with the language of prose; and as prose has a wide range, and numbers among its triumphs such luxuriant eloquence as that of Jeremy Taylor, the principle, if just, would be no less available for the advocates of ornamented verse than for the defense of the homely style of the "Lyrical Ballads." But the proposition is certainly too broadly stated, and, though the argument holds good for the adversary, because the phraseology which is not too rich for prose can never be considered too tawdry for poetry, yet it will not warrant the conclusions of Wordsworth, that poetry should never rise above prose, or disdain to descend to its lowest level. The great mass of the English tongue is common ground, but there are images which would sound affected out of poetry, and, still more frequently, there are combinations of words which would appear mean in verse. Wordsworth's works, notwithstanding his horror of poetic phraseology, present examples in the first kind as well as the second.

"Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashion'd by the glowing light,"

would be a fantastic mode of saying, in any description of prose, that the coolness of evening restored the activity suspended by the sultriness of the day—and we question whether the person exists who honestly believes that the stanza which follows is sufficiently dignified for what is, in design at least, a sentimental poem:—

"And Susan's growing worse and worse,
And Betty's in a sad *quandary*;
And then there's nobody to say
If she must go, or she must stay!
—She's in a sad *quandary*."

Such was the nature of the innovation for which Wordsworth struggled. In the species of diction where he had no precursor he is never likely to have any successor, and the compositions of his that promise to live exhibit a style of which the antiquity is the best security that it will never grow obsolete. No generation has been so prolific in distinguished poets as his own, and, dissenting from the prediction that posterity will allot him the highest place in the brotherhood, we yet cannot question that he will keep the sufficiently eminent station which the world has long since assigned him amid that illustrious group.

DEFECTS IN MODERN PREACHING.

WE have grave charges to urge against modern preaching. It is not in general adapted to the various characters and circumstances which are to be found in every audience. It is still more lamentably *mal-à-propos* to the wants, cravings, and circumstances of our present age. It is by far too strictly and slavishly modeled on the preaching of the past. When it departs from that model it is too apt to degenerate into twaddle and commonplace, or else to talk the language of an obscure and pointless intellectualism. It is in general too dry, formal, didactic, and dogmatical in its tone. It does not give itself sufficient scope and range. It is still too harsh and ferocious in its management of the doctrines of sin and future punishment, and too crude and one-sided in its pictures of the happiness here and the prospects hereafter of the good. It either ignores, or abuses, or makes awkward obeisance to genius, science, literature, and art. It is not sufficiently dramatic and imaginative. It is conversant more with the letter than with the spirit of the Bible. It has altered the position of the pulpit, which, in other ages, was far more than now a prophetic and prospective pinnacle. And hence our modern preaching is far inferior in power to our modern press—is wielding comparatively little influence either on the lower, or the upper, or the intellectual orders of the community, and seems rather, like the lines at Torres Vedras, to be covering a great retreat, than, like the fire of the final charge at Waterloo, to be carrying dismay and destruction into the ranks of the enemies of the Christian faith.

A volume could easily be filled with illustrations of these remarks. We can only at present drop a few hints upon each of them, in the order in which they have been now named, premising, however, that our remarks refer to the *general* state of preaching as it has fallen within the sphere of our own knowledge or personal observation. We deny not that there are in all Churches many and brilliant exceptions.

We very seldom find preaching studiously or successfully accommodated to the various characters and circumstances to be found in the audiences the preacher is addressing. A certain vague universality—such as Foster charges even on Hall—pervades the majority of sermons. The

preacher forgets of what a motley and mingled yarn his hearers are composed, and that each has a right to expect something in the discourse especially adapted to *him*. Here is seated a mourning family, expecting a morsel of comfort, a movement, as it were, across their weeping eyes of a finger of that Hand which is to wipe away tears from all faces, and *that* he should manfully, and not sentimentally, supply. Here is a poor, untaught, half-human creature, whose nakedness has been newly clothed, who has come from a "ragged Church" to this—surely a "crumb" might be spared from an overflowing feast to this "dog under the table," and yet often he has to go empty away. Here, again, is a hopeful little boy, whose soul is in his eyes you see just awaking, and the emerging of the evening star suddenly from black clouds is not so beautiful as the first shining out of immortal mind in a child's dark or deep-blue eye, and he is waiting for an incident, or little comparison, or some such barleycorn of truth, and shall not his young hunger be fed? Here, again, perhaps, is one bowing under a sense of secret sin, shrinking away from the preacher's eye, as if he knew all about it—shall there be no "Go and sin no more" for that poor fluttering heart? Here, on the other hand, is a proud and impudent transgressor, glorying in his shame; there should be a shaft in the gospel quiver to pierce him to the heart—some one word that shall stamp fire upon his callous cheek. Yonder is a conceited youth, who deems himself wiser than all his teachers—the preacher should have a word in season that may abate his pride. And here is another young and ardent inquirer seeking for truth; let there be a handfull of truth for him. And here is an artistic critic, demanding the beautiful; let the beautiful be there, either coming out in sudden gushes, or shed like a fine dew over the whole performance. There should be milk for babes, and strong meat for those that are of full age. There should be much that every one can understand, and perhaps (it was Baxter's avowed and uniform plan) there should be something in every discourse that only a few in the audience, if any, can understand. Contrast this ideal with a whole sermon employed in trying to prove the doctrine of the infinite evil of sin, or with another on the Arminian controversy, or with a

third, the half of which is taken up in proving that Christ's body was not a phantom, or with a fourth, showing elaborately that the fish with the piece of money in its mouth was an emblem of Christ coming back from the grave with the price of the world's redemption!

Of course a unity and a main subject there ought to be; but surely the preacher, if he has tact and imagination, if he be able to realize to himself, and map out with some accuracy, his audience, will be able so to diversify the illustrations of his theme, as to have in it something suited to most of the wants and most of the tastes of his hearers—ay, and may do so ere three-quarters of an hour have sped by. And this he may effect with greater ease, and greater success, if he will make his applications pointed, particular, and comprehensive—not so much a series of deductions as of practical and searching appeals. It is because this diversity for which we plead is not aimed at nor attained, that, paradoxical as the statement may seem, it is nevertheless true that audiences are often at once starved and fed, at once satisfied and tantalized.

Or, if it be thought too much to demand this diversity in every sermon, let it at all events characterize the sermons of every preacher as a whole. Let all stiff, and monotonous, and fixed idea schemes of sermonizing be abandoned. Let the pulpit be a "large place," where the flocks are liberally fed. But more of this afterward.

Modern preaching is not, we think, sufficiently adapted to the cravings, and wants, and circumstances of our present age. It seldom even recognizes that these are peculiar. It either cries out "Peace! peace!" when there is no peace, or proclaims war against phantoms, which were never aught else, and which have long ago vanished away. What, we ask, is the pulpit doing in order to meet the manifold skepticisms, and shams, and mammon-worships, and commercial frauds, and political wrongs of this section of the nineteenth century? Some eccentric and able men have indeed become famous by grappling, in their pulpits, more or less successfully, with some of these. But we repeat that in this part of the article we speak of rules, and not of exceptions. Premising this, we do not find that relation to the age in the pulpit, far less that precedence of it, which we should have expected and desired.

The skepticisms of the present day are not sufficiently attended to in our daily ministrations. Whether preachers know it or not, there is now a great deal of secret or lurking skepticism in all assemblies. Some are doubting about the very existence of a God, while listening to his word, or standing or kneeling in his worship. Others, with the leaves of the Bible open before them, are skeptics as to their divinity. Others, while joining in ascriptions of praise to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are doubtful all the while whether these three are one, or "whether there be so much as a Holy Ghost." Others are perplexed about inspiration, or about Churches, or about baptism. Could, in short, the dark doubts passing through the hearts of a congregation in the course of one act of public worship be laid bare before the speaker, he would tremble amid the fullest tide of his oratory, and hide his eyes from the terrible display thus given of the uncertainties and dubieties of thinking and earnest men in this age of ours.

But he ought not to turn away his eyes from this phenomenon. Far less should he, when he handles the subject of skepticism, do so in a harsh and peremptory spirit. He should distinguish between the dogmatist and the doubter; between the man willing to doubt and the man anxious to believe; above all, between the proselytizing skeptic and the man who, like that Spartan boy, allows the fox to gnaw his bowels rather than betray his secret. On the willful circulator of poison—whether in the coarse, crude opium of a Paine, or in the refined morphia of an Emerson—he should have no mercy. But to the man, whose doubt, like a demon, rends and tears him, and yet who keeps it to himself, or reveals it in a modest manner, he should extend sympathy, counsel, and compassion. For who has made him to differ? Who has taught him to cease to doubt? If he has never doubted, may it not be because he has never thought? and if he never doubted, is not that enough to prove him disqualified for, or should it not at least render him exceedingly cautious in, dealing with the case of those who have?

The genuine preacher will not only look at doubts in the face, but will inquire into their causes. He will not rest till he has explored, so far as he can, the "dark bosoms" of the sufferers, and found out whether their skepticism spring from se-

cret or open vice, or from a restless tendency to speculation, or from that excess of the imaginative faculty which so often unsettles men's views of Christianity, or from a gloomy temperament, or from false views of Christianity, or from the influence of great names, or from a combination of such causes; and according to the result of this diagnosis should be his mode of treatment and his plan of cure. It will not do now to stamp, stare, roar, and dogmatize down all skepticism in the same monotony of coarse and wholesale condemnation. Such may be the panacea for it of vulgar men and vulgar ministers, but cannot be approved of by any who have studied modern skepticism calmly, who have looked at it in a philosophical point of view, or who have compared its working in the hearts of others with its working in their own; for need we say that a portion of doubt has its dwelling in every thinking soul, and that religion lives in a constant state of warfare with it, and is glad, even when it cannot strangle, if it can suppress and silence its voice?

A ROYAL LESSON OF HUMANITY.

QUEEN CAROLINE, wife of George Q II., being informed that her eldest daughter always employed one of the ladies of the court to read to her till she fell asleep, and that on one occasion the princess suffered the lady, who was indisposed, to continue the fatiguing duty until she fell down in a swoon, determined to inculcate on her daughter a lesson of humanity. The next night the queen, when in bed, sent for the princess, and commanded her to read aloud. After some time her royal highness began to be tired of standing, and paused in hopes of receiving an order to be seated. "Proceed," said her majesty. In a short time a second pause seemed to plead for the rest. "Read on," said the queen again. The princess again stopped, and again received an order to proceed, till at length, faint and breathless, she was forced to complain. "Then," said this excellent parent, "if you thus feel the pain of this exercise for one evening only, what must your attendants feel who do it every night? Hence learn, my daughter, never to indulge your own ease, while you suffer your attendants to endure unnecessary fatigue."

ANECDOTES OF MISERS.

THE example of the parsimonious man is almost always bad. His neighbors see his anxiety about what they rightly consider trifles; and, perhaps, are witnesses to outbreaks of passion because all around him are not as parsimonious as himself. There is every probability, then, that his acts of wondrous, and, it may be, disinterested liberality will be ascribed, not to any goodness of heart, but to desire of applause—an ostentations telling how self-denying he is, and how prudent. We do not say that this is often the correct interpretation of the gifts of these parsimonious philanthropists; but, right or wrong, it is the interpretation given, and the influence of a man's example is greater than that of his gold. It is somewhere written, "Let not your good be evil spoken of." We believe there is often much good hid under a parsimonious habit.

Some years ago there lived in Marseilles an old man of the name of GUYOT: he was known to every inhabitant, and every urchin in the streets could point him out as a niggard in his dealings, and a wretch of the utmost penury in his habits of life. From his boyhood, this old man had lived in the city of Marseilles; and, although the people treated him with scorn and disgust, nothing could induce him to leave it. When he walked the streets he was followed by a crowd of boys, who, hating him as a grasping miser, hooted him vociferously, insulted him with the coarsest epithets, and sometimes annoyed him by casting stones and filth at his person. There was no one to speak a kind word in his favor, no one to bestow an act of friendship, or a nod of recognition upon Guyot. He was regarded by all as an avaricious, griping old miser, whose whole life was devoted to the hoarding up of gold. At last this object of universal scorn died, and it was found that, by his parsimony, he had amassed an ample fortune. What was the surprise of his executors, on opening his will, to find these remarkable words:—"Having observed, from my infancy, that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be procured at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property shall be expended in building an aqueduct for their use!"

When it was proposed to build Bethlehem Hospital, many benevolent individuals volunteered to solicit contributions by calling upon the inhabitants of London. Two of these gentlemen went to a small house in an impoverished neighborhood; for the pence of the poor were solicited as well as the pounds of the rich. The door was open, and, as they drew nigh, they overheard an old man scolding his female servant for having thrown away a match, only one end of which had been used. Although so trivial a matter, the master appeared to be much enraged, and the collectors remained some time outside the door, before the old man had finished his angry lecture. When the tones of his voice were somewhat subdued, they entered, and, presenting themselves to this strict observer of frugality and saving, explained the object of their application; but they did not anticipate much success. The miser, however, for such he was reputed in the neighborhood, no sooner understood their object, than he opened a closet, and bringing forth a well-filled bag, counted therefrom four hundred guineas, which he presented to the astonished applicants. They expressed their surprise and thankfulness, and could not refrain from telling the old gentleman that they had overheard his quarrel with his domestic, and how little they expected, in consequence, to have met with such munificence from him. "Gentlemen," replied the old man, "your surprise is occasioned by my care of a thing of such little consequence; but I keep my house, and save my money in my own way; my parsimony enables me to bestow more liberally on charity. With regard to benevolent donations, you may always expect most from prudent people who keep their own accounts, and who pay attention to trifles."

The really miserly have no end but that of hoarding. They are generally termed selfish, but they seem to have hardly so much of man in them; they gather, but they do not use. It may be, the pleasure they find in reckoning their accumulations is as great as that of the spendthrift in squandering them. Jemmy Taylor used to say, that "if his successors had as much pleasure in spending his property as he had in hoarding it up, they need not complain of their hard lot in the world." Sure we are it is a pleasure few others seem to appreciate. Con-

sequently, the miser is the most wondered and laughed at, and the least pitied, of all the fools by whom this earth is crowded. And yet it seems to us he more deserves our pity than almost any of the others. We cannot say, as our author does, "We detest the miser." He is hardly, if at all, distinguishable from the insane. His propensity to gather, manifested at first among his playmates, cherished, it is probable, at home, has become a passion; and so powerful, that useless as well as useful articles are eagerly added to his store. He sometimes satisfies his craving by blindly robbing one heap to increase another.

AUDLEY was a celebrated miser of the time of the Stuarts; he amassed his wealth during the reign of the first Charles, and flourished amazingly under the protectorate of Cromwell. Audley was originally a clerk, with only six shillings a week salary, and yet out of this scanty sum he managed to save more than half. His dinner seldom cost him anything, for he generally made some excuse to dine with his master's clients; and, as to his other meals, a crust of bread, or a dry biscuit, was regarded as fare sufficient after an ample dinner. In one circumstance he was somewhat different from other misers: he was clean, if not neat, in his outward appearance. But he was thus scrupulous in his apparel from principle; for Audley often asserted, that to be thrifty, it was necessary to pay some respect to such matters. He was remarkably industrious, even when a young man. At an age when others were seeking pleasure, he was busy in lending out, and increasing his early savings. He was always ready to work when the usual hours of business were over, and would willingly sit up the whole night to obtain some trifling remuneration. He was never above soliciting trifles, and touching his hat to his master's clients. So rigid was he in his economy, and so usurious in his dealings, that in four years, during which time, however, he had never received more than a salary of six or eight shillings a week, he managed to save and amass five hundred pounds. The salary of the remaining years of his apprenticeship he sold for sixty pounds, and after a while, having made up six hundred pounds in all, he lent the whole to a nobleman for an annuity of ninety-six pounds for nineteen years, which annuity was secured upon property producing eight hundred

a year. The nobleman soon died, and his heir neglected to pay the annuity. Audley had execution upon the property, and by legal trickery, in which he was well versed, he managed to obtain, in the way of fines and forfeitures, about four thousand pounds profit upon his original six hundred. His master being one of the clerks of the Compter, Audley had many opportunities of practicing his disreputable cunning, and of obtaining vast sums by deluding insolvent debtors, and in deceiving their creditors. He would buy bad debts for a mere trifle, and afterwards compound with the poor insolvent. One instance of his avarice and villany is so curious that we cannot refrain from giving the anecdote to our readers. A tradesman, named Miller, unfortunately got into arrears with his merchant, whose name was White. Many fruitless applications were made for the debt, and at last Mr. Miller was sued by the merchant for the sum of two hundred pounds. He was unable to meet the demand, and was declared insolvent. Audley goes to White, and offers him forty pounds for the debt, which the merchant gladly accepts. He then goes to Miller, and undertakes to obtain his quittance of the debt for fifty pounds, upon condition that he entered into a bond to pay for the accommodation. The drowning man catches at a straw, and the insolvent, with many protestations of thanks, eagerly signs a contract which, without consideration, he regarded as one so light, and so easy in its terms, as to satisfy him that the promptings of benevolence and friendship could alone actuate his voluntary benefactor. The contract was, that he should pay to Audley, some time within twenty years from that time, one penny progressively doubled, on the first day of twenty consecutive months; and, in case he failed to fulfill these easy terms, he was to pay a fine of five hundred pounds. Thus acquitted of his debt of two hundred pounds, Miller arranged with the rest of his creditors, and again commenced business. Fortune turned, and he participated liberally in her smiles. Every month added largely to his trade, and at last he became firmly established. Two or three years after signing the almost-forgotten contract, Miller was accosted one fine morning in October by old Audley, who politely demanded the first installment of the agreement. With a smile, and many renewed expres-

sions of thankfulness, the hopeful tradesman paid his penny. On the first of the succeeding month, Audley again called, and demanded twopence, and was as politely satisfied as before. On the first of December he received a groat; the first of February, one shilling and fourpence. Still Miller did not see through the artifice, but paid him with a gracious smile; perhaps, however, there was something cynical in the look of Audley as he left the shop this time, for the poor tradesman's suspicions were aroused, and he put his pen to paper, as he ought to have done years before, to ascertain the amount of his subsequent payments. Reader, what think you would have been the amount of the payment due on the first of the twentieth month? What sum, think ye, the little penny had become? No less than two thousand one hundred and eighty pounds! And what was the aggregate sum of all these twenty monthly payments? Why, the enormous sum of four thousand three hundred and sixty-six pounds, eleven shillings, and threepence? It sounds incredible; but, if you think it a fable, do as Miller did, and reckon for yourselves. Of course Miller refused the payment of his bond, and forfeited five hundred pounds by the benevolence and charity of the miser.

VANDILLE is one of the most remarkable characters, as a miser, that is to be found among the eccentric biographies of France. His riches were immense, and his avarice and parsimony extreme. He hired a miserable garret in one of the most obscure parts of Paris, and paid a poor woman a sous a day to wait upon him. Excepting once a week, his diet was never varied; bread and milk for breakfast, the same for dinner, and the same for supper, all the week round. On a Sunday he ventured to indulge in a glass of sour wine, and he strove to satisfy the compunctions of conscience by bestowing, in charity, a farthing every Sabbath. This munificence, which incurred an expenditure of one shilling and a penny per annum, he carefully noted down; and just before his death he found, with some degree of regret, that during his life he had disbursed no less than forty-three shillings and fourpence. Forty-three shillings and fourpence! prodigious generosity for the richest man in France! Vandille had been a magistrate at Boulogne, and while in that office he

partly maintained himself, free of cost, by constituting himself milk-taster general at the market. He would munch his scrap of bread, and wash it down with these gratuitous draughts. By such parsimonious artifices, and a most penurious course of life, he succeeded in amassing an enormous fortune, and was in a position to lend vast sums of money to the French government. When he had occasion to journey from Boulogne to Paris, he avoided the expense of coach-fare by proceeding on foot; and, lest he should be robbed, he never carried more than threepence in his pocket, although he had a distance of a hundred and thirty miles before him. If he found this sum insufficient, he would profess poverty, and beg from the passengers on the road a trifle to help him on. In the year 1735, Vandille, the miser, was worth nearly eight hundred thousand pounds! He used to boast that this vast accumulation sprang from a single shilling. The winter of the year 1734 had been very cold and bitter, and the miser felt inclined to purchase a little extra fuel in the summer time, to provide, to some extent, against the like severity in the ensuing winter. He heard a man pass the street with wood to sell; he haggled for an unconscionable time about the price, and at last completed his bargain at the lowest possible rate. Avarice had made the miser dishonest, and he stole from the poor woodman several logs. In his eagerness to carry them away, and hide his ill-gotten store, he overheated his blood, and produced a fever. For the first time in his life he sent for a surgeon. "I wish to be bled," said he; "what is your charge?" "Half a livre," was the reply. The demand was deemed extortionate, and the surgeon was dismissed. He then sent for an apothecary, but he was also considered too high; and he at last sent for a poor barber, who agreed to open the vein for threepence a time. "But, friend," said the cautious miser, "how often will it be requisite to bleed me?" "Three times," replied the barber. "Three times! and pray what quantity of blood do you intend to take from me at each operation?" "About eight ounces each time," was the answer. "Let me see," said the possessor of three-quarters of a million, "that will be ninepence: too much! too much! I have determined to go a cheaper way to work; take the whole twenty-four ounces at once,

and that will save me sixpence." The barber remonstrated, but the miser was firm; he was certain, he said, that the barber was only desirous to extort an extra sixpence, and he would not submit to such scandalous imposition. His vein was opened, and four-and-twenty ounces of blood were taken from him. In a few days, Vandille the miser was no more. The savings of his life, the wages of his vice and avarice, he left to the King of France.

A similar anecdote is related of Sir WILLIAM SMYTH, of Bedfordshire. He was immensely rich, but most parsimonious and miserly in his habits. At seventy years of age he was entirely deprived of his sight, unable to gloat over his hoarded heaps of gold; this was a terrible affliction. He was persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist, to be couched; who was, by agreement, to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write, without the aid of spectacles, during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored, than the baronet began to regret that his agreement had been for so large a sum; he felt no joy as others would have felt, but grieved and sighed over the loss of his sixty guineas? His thoughts were now how to cheat the oculist; he pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason, the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. Taylor was deceived by these misrepresentations, and agreed to compound the bargain, and accepted twenty guineas, instead of sixty. Yet Sir William was an old bachelor, and had no one to care or provide for. At the time Taylor attended him, he had a large estate, an immense sum of money in the stocks, and six thousand pounds in the house.

Many years ago, there lived in a large, cheerless, and dilapidated old house in St. Petersburg, a wretched miser. He confined himself to one room, and left the rest of the rambling edifice to molder into ruin; he cared for no comfort, and deprived himself even of those things which the poorest regard as the necessaries of life; he seldom lit a fire to repel the dampness which hung on the walls of his solitary chamber, and a few worthless objects of furniture were all that the room con-

tained. Yet to this singular being the Empress Catherine the Second owed a million of rubles. His cellar, it was said, contained casks of gold, and packages of silver were stowed away in the dismal corners of his ruinous mansion. He was one of the richest men in Russia. He relied for the safety of his hoards upon the exertions of a huge mastiff, which he had trained to bark and howl throughout the night, to strike terror into the hearts of thieves. The miser outlived the dog; but he disliked to part with any portion of his treasure in the purchase of another cur, and he resolved to save his money by officiating as his own watch-dog. Every morning, and every evening, would that insane old man wander about his dismal habitation, barking and howling in imitation of his recent sentinel.

The miser, poor wretch! as he approaches eternity, clutches his gold the firmer. Fain would he take it with him, but that cannot be. He must allow it to pass to others, who, perhaps, squander as foolishly as, and far more speedily than, he accumulated. Strange stories are told, in the book before us, showing the strength of the passion even in death. How terrible, sometimes, is the death of the miser! That which he made a god, and thought a saviour, proves a destroyer.

A miser, of the name of Foscu, who had amassed enormous wealth by the most sordid parsimony and the most discreditable extortion, was requested by the government to advance a sum of money, as a loan. The miser, to whom a fair interest was not inducement sufficiently strong to enable him to part with his treasured gold, declared his incapacity to meet this demand; he pleaded severe losses, and the utmost poverty. Fearing, however, that some of his neighbors, among whom he was very unpopular, would report his immense wealth to the government, he applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual way of hiding his gold, should they attempt to institute a search to ascertain the truth or falsehood of his plea. With great care and secrecy, he dug a deep cave in his cellar; to this receptacle for his treasure he descended by a ladder, and to the trapdoor he attached a spring-lock, so that, on shutting, it would fasten of itself. By-and-by the miser disappeared: inquiries were made; the house was searched; woods were explored, and the ponds were

dragged; but no Foscue could they find; and gossips began to conclude that the miser had fled, with his gold, to some part where, by living incognito, he would be free from the hands of the government. Some time passed on; the house in which he had lived was sold, and workmen were busily employed in its repair. In the progress of their work they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock outside. They threw back the door, and descended with a light. The first object upon which the lamp reflected was the ghostly body of Foscue the miser, and scattered around him were heavy bags of gold, and ponderous chests of untold treasure; a candlestick lay beside him on the floor. This worshipper of mammon had gone into his cave, to pay his devoirs to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion!—*S. F. Merryweather.*

THE ART OF TAMING ANIMALS.

SOME years since, the public were full of wonder when they beheld a large cage in the Waterloo Road, filled with a variety of animals of opposite tastes, habits, and dispositions. They saw the cat familiar with the rat, pigeons with owls; jackdaws, hawks, guinea pigs, leverets, hares, rabbits, &c., &c., herding together in apparent amity. This cage was christened the "Happy Family," and the exhibitor reaped a rich harvest of pence. With *him*, the "harvest" is now over. He is cut down and withered. The grave closed on his remains years ago. He was himself a happy creature. We see him now, with his full-moon countenance, triumphing mentally as well as facially in the work of his hands. It was "as good as a play" to see him glide mysteriously round the corner of the cage, armed with a saucer to collect the dues; one almost felt the "obliged party" whilst contributing to the funds.

The mantle of this brute-tamer has since descended upon some others; and we have now foxes, badgers, pole-cats, monkeys, and a host of other novelties, gracing some half-dozen similar cages in different parts of the town. As regards ourselves, we see little to marvel at in these animals, or in their training. We sometimes smile at them in the winter season, when a lighted candle is placed inside. It is no uncommon circumstance for a monkey, on such occa-

sions, to singe, if not to burn, the end of his tail; and to watch the contortions of his face, the while, is excruciatingly droll indeed! The cat, too, often gets singed; and the antics consequent thereupon among the monkeys, foxes, &c., is funny—very. But in the association of these creatures, there is no "art of taming" exhibited. A stick, a rod of hot iron, starvation, and "use," ("second nature,") are the "inducements" held out to make these creatures fraternize—and they surely are very powerful persuasives. We look at these things several times; and all wonder, all interest ceases.

It is not so with birds or animals regularly "tamed." We see in them that the prevailing feeling is affection—that the animal loves you for yourself. It hears your voice, your step; and tries hard to get at you. If a bird—it sits on your finger, your head, or your shoulder; it eats from your mouth; nestles in your bosom; sidles towards you in the cage; and *must* enjoy your society. Its heart, though small, is full of love, and it will impart it to you. This is true affection.

Now all this is the result of a naturally-affectionate disposition in the master or mistress. It affects the atmosphere it inhabits—diffuses, by contact, all its healthful influence around. It is the same as with ourselves and our associates—for there is a very close analogy, in many things, between the higher and the lower world. The instincts of the latter are strangely marvelous. We have had birds in our time whose "love" for us, and ours for them, has been such that no person could credit it. We shall, therefore, be contented with this remark, *en passant*.

Now, as regards animals generally, they are won in precisely the same way. Kindness of speech, familiarity of manner, the whole heart given up, and confidence shared—these the animal readily comprehends, appreciates, reciprocates. Perhaps the horse and the dog are the most susceptible to "pure friendship" of all animals. We have had proofs innumerable of this. What would our readers think of us, if we were to say that we have had more real happiness, experienced more true affection and constancy, from certain of these quadrupeds, than from any other creature living! We will not say it—but if we did, every word would be truly spoken.

We cannot help smiling at some of the

letters we receive on this subject. The writers, evidently most truly amiable, evince so much charming ignorance that we cannot be angry with them. They "want their little friends to love them, but don't know how to set about it." If we knew any nice, affectionate young lady, and wanted her to love us, how should we set about it? We always meet the case in this way. Why, by delicate attention; showing our delight by constant propinquity, (that overpowering argument in matters of the heart,) and by tendering little offerings of affection. *This* is the talisman.

But it is not always that animals or birds are so won. The eye has much to do with the subjection of certain of the larger kinds. The eye speaks the wish of the master. The eye enforces the commands of the master. The animal sees, *feels*, and instantly obeys. We have been in the stables of the late Andrew Ducrow (at Astley's) when two horses (between which we were standing) on hearing his voice, trembled to the very foundation. They quaked through fear. (He was an awful brute to them.) We have noted his eye; we noticed their eyes. There was "a mystery" to us, no longer. This is Mesmerism, properly so called. We may introduce the word now, harmlessly; for all the world are opening their eyes to its power. Its *quondam* bitterest enemies, are, whilst we write, among its firmest adherents.

Our lady readers will *not* need to have recourse to the "eye," when taming their "pets." The "heart" is everything with them; and we must confess, it is the best "argument" of the two. Never yet was affection foiled, if it had the smallest particle of good material to work upon. We could be eloquent on this, and bring proofs inexhaustible. When others have failed, we have "gone in—and won!" This perhaps ought to have been a "confidential communication!" Our remark, however, does not necessarily apply to the "higher" world.

We have spoken of the "eye" as a powerful agent in taming an animal. We are now about to prove it, by relating a few particulars that have come under our notice, connected with a very wonderful and a very clever gray parrot, the property of G. Trotter, Esq., a gentleman residing in the Isle of Thanet. The fame of this bird has traveled far and near. Being anxious to satisfy ourselves if Fame was

always a *fibber*, we have seen the bird and judged fairly. Fame, in *this* case, has redeemed her character. The gray parrot is an admirable performer.

The parrot rejoices in the name of "George." He has been in Mr. Trotter's possession fourteen years; and never was yet known to utter the word "Polly." In this, he is a solitary exception, it is believed, among all his tribe; neither does he shriek nor scream. In all respect he is a mirror of perfection. When we saw him, he was, like an ordinary parrot, seated on his perch, in a large cage. His master's voice reached him, and their eyes met. A sympathetic chord ran through the twain.

"Give me your right foot and kiss me," said the master. The foot was presented, the kiss was given. The same request was made for the left foot, and the kiss; and with the same result. There were many attempts made to persuade the bird he was "mistaken"—but he knew better. He also passed and repassed his master's arm, by stooping, when requested so to do.

"George" next went through a very curious and entertaining series of experiments. He lay down at command as "dead." He was then taken up, an apparently lifeless mass, thrown backwards and forwards, hither and thither, upwards and downwards. Still, no motion. He was then *de-mesmerized*, and once more "himself again." Then did he go through a long exercise with three tea-spoons. One he held firmly in his mouth, and one in each of his claws. He was then held up by the hand of his master, and performed a dance, first on his head, and then on his feet. It was a dance—*à la* three tea-spoons. A tune was whistled to him; and he kept time to it.* This and much more. In all that we have related of "George," it must be borne in mind that the "eye" alone has been called into exercise.

Then he is a first-rate dancer—full of fun, full of attitude, and as for "talking," there is no end to it. This last, however, he will do *only when he pleases*. The "eye" here has no power. His most favorite expressions are—"Prince Albert!

* More correctly speaking, as the bird was shamming to be "dead," he passively danced, under his master's guidance; the tune being mentally remembered, and repeated on a *future* occasion.

Come and kiss pretty, pretty Queen Victoria—Pretty, pretty, Queen Victoria! Come and kiss poor George—Poor George is in his cage and cannot get out—One hundred guineas for poor George, cage and all, cage and all.” &c., &c. He will also, when he hears a noise, cry out “Silence!” This, of course, from having heard his master say so.

We need hardly add that this bird—a sweetly-pretty creature!—is, like the rest of his tribe, possessed of certain powers, largely developed by circumstances. He has no knowledge of *the meaning* of what he says, but mechanically obeys an impulse over which he has no power.

Herein we have endeavored to show the “Art of Taming and Training Animals.” It is a subject on which little can be said, save in outline; but one that is replete with interest if carefully studied. We shall, no doubt, be constantly treating on something connected with it; for new discoveries are being made daily.

THE GRAVE OF ISAAC WALTON.

THERE are few places of more interest than Winchester, England. The venerable cathedral would of itself amply repay the cost and trouble of a summer day's pilgrimage. The hospital of St. Cross is a most interesting structure, and is in many respects perfectly unique. Then there is the college, with its curious ecclesiastical brasses, and the celebrated quaint figure. The market-cross, the round-table, the ancient gateways, the ruins of the castle, and the numerous churches, are all objects of attraction, and will afford the antiquary and artist very great gratification and pleasure. The opportunities of visiting this city are now so great, and the means so accessible by reason of the railways, that from London or the west of England the journey can be accomplished with very little expense, and in a very short time.

It is not, however, my intention to lead the reader to the contemplation of the architectural beauties of the work of William of Wykeham; or to invite him to linger in the cloisters of the beautiful hospital of St. Cross. He may, if he pleases, eat a munchet of bread at the porch of the hospital, and bless the bounty that has so liberally provided for the corporeal necessities of pilgrims and wayfarers

like himself; but, having thus far satisfied the cravings of nature, let him follow me by the banks of the sweet river Ichen; he shall listen to the pleasant ditties of the birds, and hear a music, as he lists, in the light-toned trembling of the reeds. The gaily-decked kingfisher shall hover round the trunks of the moss-grown trees; and the trouts shall rise with their burnished fins so to tempt him, that he shall scarcely forbear the use of his rod and line. And the nightingales! ay, they shall feed the air with their melodious warblings. Very fragrant, too, shall the wandering breezes be, laden with the delicious aroma of the new-made hay. Bees, and blossoms, and all fragile things, shall float in the clear and ambient air; so if he be not cheerful and content he will be truly “a grave man.” Of a verity, it is a lovely spot; and, all England over, there is none other to be found so suggestive of one who once listened to the singing of its birds, and who angled many a summer's day in its pure and peaceful waters. And not far from this he rests in the long sleep of the night that knows no waking. Who has not read the Complete Art of Angling, by Isaac Walton, Gent.? Who has not followed him by this same stream, and by the Lea, and heard him discourse upon the dainty pleasures of his favorite pursuit? Who can ever forget his descriptions of rural life in that quaint old tome, or his free and pleasant colloquies? Above all, and through all, what a true and unaffected piety! what a humble sense of the divine blessings! what a fervent expression of gratitude and joy for the beauties with which the gladsome and teeming earth so copiously abound. He is truly worthy to be ranked amid the number of those who string their lyres to gentle verse.

The apathy of the past and a passing age has too lightly regarded that amusing volume. Many, who look on angling as a cruel pastime, and unworthy their attention, have turned with indifference and aversion from those delightful pages. Open the book once with a fair and honest attention, and thou must read on,—O! lover of nature, poet, philosopher, moralist, or whatever other title thou dost call thyself! It is a book for all ages, and all times. Thou must needs be critical if there is ought to offend thee in it. It is a perfect English pastoral—an idyl in prose. To enjoy it, as it ought to be enjoyed, let it be read by

the side of some murmuring stream, where the waters, flowing with a gentle sound, shall be the sweet and fitting accompaniment to the voice of one who being dead yet speaketh. It is the sweetest commentary on the scenery of river-ways that was ever sung or said. It is enough to persuade any one to turn piscator, and to realize its contents in his own person. But let not the gentle reader forget that he has been roaming by the side of the Ichen; and, having accomplished so agreeable a stroll, let him direct his steps to the antique Minster. There he may pause to admire the effect of the beautiful columns, and lose himself in a transport of delight, as the organ's solemn peal is heard vibrating through arch and transept. The choir, too, is particularly good; and he may listen with ever-renewed pleasure to the voices so happily blended. But it is my wish that he bend his steps to a chapel formed in the eastern aisle of the south transept by screens of stone tracery work. It is called Silkstede's Chapel. He was a prior from 1498 to 1524. On the cornice or crest of the stone screen his Christian name, Thomas, is so carved that the monogram M. A. is distinguished from the other letters. The Virgin Mary having been his patroness, it was in this manner he testified to the fact. A skain of silk, the rebus of his surname, also appears.

Upon entering the chapel the eye will be soon arrested by a blue stone. Hereunder lies all that is mortal of Isaac Walton. Reader! it is worth more than a passing glance, so let us pause and read the inscription. Before doing so, we may see for a fleeting moment, in our mind's eye, the good old angler in his habit as he lived; we may hear the utterance of one of his sweet homilies on nature, and then, bending reverently forward, trace these lines:—

"HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
MR. ISAAC WALTON,

Who died on the 15th of December, 1683.

Alas! he's gone before;
Gone, to return no more.
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full many years and past;
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done:
Crown'd with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIO FLEBUNT LIBERE."

So, almost within sound of one of his most favorite rivers, lies the body of the old high-priest of anglers. Peace to his ashes! It is by no means improbable that the spot was selected by himself. Oftentimes he would lay aside his rod and tackle to cogitate and muse on the things that never fade. Doubtless he must have wandered, amid the passages of his art, through the cloisters and aisles of the beautiful cathedral; and, after reviewing the delicate tracery and fretwork all round him, he may have entered Prior Silkstede's chapel, and letting his staff fall gently down, may have exclaimed, "Here let me lie!"

There are several portraits of him; one in the possession of the Earl of Cowper bears a striking resemblance to the plate which is appended to the first edition of his work on angling; it represents him to be precisely the figure and face one would have expected to see. Generosity, benevolence, charity with all men, beam in every trait. The spectator might gaze upon it till he could fancy the lips were uttering—

"Come away!
Turn, countrymen, with me!"

or speaking in goodly commendation of the beauties of the outer world,—praising the earth, the water, the skies, and in all things else manifesting his poet-love for the sweet realities of life. To the voluptuary, the man sated with the unrealities of a career of mingled dissipation and folly, let me advise a stroll by some river's side, and there, with Isaac Walton's pages in his hand, he may taste new life,—ay, and inhale a vigor foreign to his wearied senses. He will learn there, how full of fair and soft compensations Nature is; how, to him who seeks it with a trustful faith and a reverent love, she holds forth a draught of the purest nectar,—one which never palls upon the taste; a draught every way superior to the Circean cup of mad enjoyment which clings to the sensualist, at the renewal of each intoxication, with disgust and loathsome tenacity. To the poet the book is a study, full of sweet conceits and quaint and pleasant prettinesses. To the angler it is a manual, without which his piscatorial equipments would be incomplete.

Surely the grave of such a man is worthy of a visit, if only to renew and refresh our

memories with a feeling of reverence for his excellence and worth. So may we pass from out the magnificent minster, and the chapel of the old prior, into the sunny air, and take our path again by the Ichen banks; where we shall feel that the spirit of the old poet-angler hovers all around us; and we shall be led, like him, to praise and thanksgiving for all earth's fairest blessings. Not unaptly may we exclaim in the words of Sir Walter Raleigh—

“Blest silent groves! O, may ye be
Forever mirth's best nursery!

May pure contents

Forever pitch their tents

Upon these rocks, these downs, these meads,
these mountains,

And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,

Which we may every year

Find when we come a-fishing here.

DWARFS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WHAT subject is there over which brooding and prolific fancy has not thrown its colors? Its ideal creations are of all kinds. Now it magnifies, and now it dwarfs the ordinary proportions of things. Always exaggerating realities, it makes them either very small, or very large; very bright, or very dark. And extending its transmuting wand over human beings as well as over inanimate subjects, it evokes a giant or a dwarf. Poetry, fancy's tongue, even in her earliest words, fabled of diminutive races of men, partly in sport and partly in scorn. Homer, amid his gods and heroes, condescended to speak of the legendary conflicts of the pigmies with the cranes:—

Thus by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land;
With shouts the Trojans, rushing from afar,
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:
So when inclement winters vex the plain
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
To warmer scenes the cranes embodied fly
With noise and order through the midway sky;
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing.

Iliad III, 1-7.

These pigmies were people about eight-
een fingers high. Their height is indicated in their name; for the Greek *pygmé* denotes the length of the forearm, from the point of the elbow to the joint of the fist. Their abode is placed by Homer near his fabulous and mystic ocean. Later

writers, less indefinite as to the locality, place them in the interior of Africa, on toward Ethiopia, near the sources of the Nile; whither the cranes came from the north to contend with them for the products of the earth. Strabo, with an affectation of accuracy, divides pigmies into two classes; of which one contained those which were three spans high, and the other those which were five spans high. “It was,” he gravely states, “the former who fought with the cranes.” Ctesias describes a similar race of dwarfs as existing in India. Other authors speak of the northern pigmies, who dwelt near the legendary Thulé; as well as a race of pigmies in Caria, in Asia Minor. Ovid, and other ancient poets, found the pigmies suitable employment, or turned them to account as playthings for their wit. A favorite amusement with them was to contrast their petty proportion with the huge and brawny dimensions of Hercules.

When a better acquaintance with the earth and its inhabitants had caused these fables to fall into disrepute, or consigned them to the domain of mythology, grave history began to speak of dwarfs, without, however, discriminating between the fabulous and the true. According to the definition of Aulus Gellius, dwarfs were human beings of a short and low stature, standing but little above the soil. In this description he followed the popular view of dwarfs, according to which, the name is given to individuals of the human race, the size of whom is much below the middle size of their race. But in scientific language, the application of the word dwarf is restricted to the instances on which the diminutiveness of the stature depends on the small volume of all the parts of the body; so that a general reduction of size, in due proportion to the several members, is preserved. Buffon and others have attempted more precision. Proceeding on the assumption that the normal height of human beings varies from four to six feet, they consider as giants all whose height is above six feet, and as dwarfs, all whose height is under four feet.

In the period of the degeneracy of the Roman people it is, that dwarfs come into prominence on the page of history. With worn and degraded affections, the voluptuous Romans wearied of natural and ordinary pleasures, sought excitement in what was strange, unusual, deformed, and mon-

strous. Not satisfied with the rare instances of dwarfs which nature presented, men, greedy of gain, made it a trade to produce dwarfs, in order to pander to the perverted taste or the brutal passions of the great and the opulent. By confining individuals of diminutive size in boxes, made for the purpose, and by the use of bandages devised so as to hinder the natural growth, they produced monstrosities, and made themselves guilty of a species of slow homicide. Pleasures prepared by this horrible and disgraceful art were worthy of princes whose souls, at once ignoble and atrocious, aimed to diversify the indulgences of debauchery by the sight of pain and blood. Accordingly, among those who most eagerly sought these gratifications, the emperors Tiberius, Domitian, and Heliogabalus have precedence. Tiberius admitted to his table a dwarf, in whom he tolerated great license of speech; and who, with a brutality not unlike his master's, hastened the execution of a citizen charged with a political misdemeanor. Domitian collected a number of dwarfs, in order to form of them a troop of diminutive gladiators. Following his example, Heliogabalus defiled his court with male and female dwarfs. Marc Antony is recorded as having in his house a dwarf less than two feet high. Even Augustus exhibited on the stage a young man of good family of similar stature, and who weighed only seventeen pounds. Pliny mentions the Roman knights, whose height was about three feet. According to Champollion, the Egyptian princes also had their dwarfs. Among the Turks, dwarfs were sought for as objects of amusement. On the conquest of Mexico, the Spaniards found in the palace of Montezuma several dwarfs, who had been purchased for the amusement of the sovereign. Thus, in ancient, as well as modern times, in the new world as well as the old, dwarfs have been sought for, and kept in mansions and in palaces for the amusement of princes and the derision of courtiers. Such is the perversity of the human will.

In modern times a better spirit has prevailed—which, however, is not without its exceptions. When toward the end of the seventeenth century the fashion of "court fools," as the phrase was, began to decline, dwarfs were employed in their stead to diversify the routine, and relieve the tedium

of noble or royal existence. By force of contrast, those pitiable manikins enhanced the pleasures of elevated rank, according to the words, "I think of what I am in seeing what thou art." Catherine de Medici brought together a number of male and female dwarfs, between couples of whom she formed marriages, which, however, remained sterile. More recently dwarfs have become purely objects of curiosity. By men of science, however, their conformation and history have of late been carefully studied, and valuable instruction in physiology has been gained. In this case, as in others, it has been found that for a complete and useful knowledge of nature, nature must be investigated in departures from its ordinary forms, and in the infractions of its own laws. The moral philosopher, too, has found his account in carefully observing the influences produced on character by the disturbing and modifying causes put into operation by dwarfism. This branch of study has been far from pleasurable, seeing that the littleness of mind which commonly characterizes the dwarf, begetting vanity, presumption, and self-conceit, excites a pity, which borders on contempt. It will, however, be not without advantage should it lead to a system of moral and intellectual training, specially adapted to the peculiarities of the case. Of such a training there is great need; for, in general, dwarfs are a neglected class.

The cause of dwarfism, after all the researches of the scientific, remains in obscurity. We have here one of those anomalies in which, with all her regularity, nature sometimes indulges. In the constitution of some parents there may be tendencies which issue in the birth of dwarfs. Yet, if such is the case, those tendencies seem as little subject to law as the general fact of dwarfism itself. Mention is made of a woman who gave birth to eight children; of which the third, the fifth, and the seventh attained to the ordinary stature, while the other five were dwarfs. A German female was born of parents of the ordinary height, who, however, had previously produced a dwarf. At the age of eight years this girl was only eighteen inches high, and her weight was about that of a new-born infant. She was lively and gay, but not very intelligent. She did not begin to walk and speak till near her fourth year. Her first set of teeth were

late in appearing. Her pulse beat about ninety strokes in a minute.

Disease is sometimes connected with dwarfism in such a way as to wear some appearance of being its cause. Dantlow, thirty inches high, was very rickety, and even monstrosous in his formation. His smallness of stature appears to have arisen from the malformations produced in his bones and limbs, especially in the vertebral column, by the rickets. Though without arms, and afflicted with a grievous malady, he was, at thirty years of age, of an agreeable figure, and full of intelligence and address. He wrote a legible hand in Latin and Russ with his left foot. By the same means he made pen-drawings and engravings of no mean kind. He also knitted stockings, and for that purpose formed needles of wood. He ate, as well as dressed and undressed himself with his left foot. In a word, he executed a great number of almost incredible things. Having a great desire for knowledge, he learned with great facility. At the same time, he succeeded in maintaining a cheerful disposition.

This instance suffices to show, that dwarfs are not necessarily those churls or those idiots which some authorities have fancied. A proof to the same effect is found in Nannetta Stocker, who was exhibited as a dwarf in the early part of this century. She was very intellectual and had great skill on the piano. The cure of dwarfism lies beyond the reach of human art. Yet, whatever tends to improve the natural development and general vigor of the human frame may not unreasonably be supposed to exert a favorable check on tendencies to the production of dwarfs. Our ordinary modes of life are unhappily detrimental to the soundness, vigor, and due development of the human frame. As an animal, man is subject to the ordinary laws of animal existence; and there is little reason to doubt that a proper regard in intermarriages to the soundness and general well-being of the constitution would, under the favor of Divine Providence, in due time give birth to a race of men far superior to that which now exists, and less liable to the painful exceptions in distortion and diminutive stature that occasionally appear. The conclusion finds support in the fact, that dwarfs are not seldom rickety. This disorder has its origin partly in a weak and disordered maternal frame, and in bad and

ignorant nursing; and might be expected to yield, at least to some extent, to the healing and strengthening operation of that wise physiological education which all human beings, and especially girls, ought to receive as a part of their training at home and in school.

CHEMICAL CHANGES IN THE BLOOD CAUSED BY BREATHING.

WHAT happens when the wick of a candle is lighted? It burns, you will answer, as long as the candle lasts. Just so; but suppose you were to put it when lighted into a glass jar, and cover it over, what would happen then? If you were to try it, you would see it burn for a short time, then grow dim, and then go out. And thus you would learn that the flame of the candle lived upon something in the air, and that as soon as it had consumed it all, it could exist no longer, and expired.

Now this shows us that the atmosphere is composed of more than one kind of gas, for the jar is just as full of air when the candle has burned out as before it was lighted, but it is air of a different kind.

Before the candle was lighted the air in the jar consisted of a mixture of *oxygen* and *nitrogen* gases, in the proportion of twenty-one parts of the former to seventy-nine of the latter. These gases are not merely mingled but absorbed into one another, (just as water is absorbed into a lump of sugar,) so that we breathe both at the same time. When the candle had burned out you would find the whole of the nitrogen still remaining in the jar; but most of the oxygen would have disappeared; and in its place there would be another gas of totally different properties, called *carbonic acid*. If curious to know how this came there, you would be told that the lighted candle, being gradually melted and raised into vapour by the heat of its flame, the *carbon* of the tallow united with the *oxygen* of the air in which it was burning, and thus formed the *carbonic acid*. The nitrogen merely served to dilute the oxygen and thus to moderate the energy of the combustion. The oxygen supported the flame until it was overpowered and quenched by the carbonic acid.

Now this is very like what takes place in the lungs every time we breathe. Our

blood—like the candle—contains carbon, arising from the continual waste going on in the different parts of the body through which it circulates. In this state it is brought to the lungs to be purified, by having the carbon removed from it. This takes place when air is drawn into the lungs; it parts with its oxygen to the carbon of the blood—which passes out of the chest again in the form of carbonic acid with the returning breath. Of course this rapidly contaminates the air around us, and renders it unfit to breathe again—and the inconvenience felt in close and crowded rooms is owing to this cause—aggravated, as it frequently is, by many lights burning at the same time, and each one consuming its share of the oxygen in the air which the room contains. Oxygen supports life as it supports flame. Carbonic acid tends to extinguish them both. In the open air this evil is not felt, nor wherever proper means are taken to insure a due and constant supply of fresh air. Indeed, without it, like the candle, we should soon expire. If a mouse were put into the jar in which the candle had just burned out, it would die in less than a minute; and a bird, under the same circumstances, could not support life longer than thirty or forty seconds.

As the conversion of carbon in the candle into carbonic acid maintains the heat of the flame, so the formation of carbonic acid in the blood is attended by the development of heat in the body by which the vital warmth is sustained. When death puts a stop to this process, the body, like any other heated substance, soon grows cold.

Plants may be said to breathe as well as animals, by means of their leaves, which serve the purpose of lungs. But the leaves of plants, when in a healthy state, absorb carbonic acid from the air by day, and give out oxygen. By night, or when the plant is in a sickly state, as when the leaves are about to fall, the reverse takes place—oxygen being absorbed, and carbonic acid given out as by animals—and this is the reason why plants should not be kept in sleeping apartments during the night. By this beautiful arrangement the oxygen consumed by animals is replaced by the vegetable world, and a grand system of compensation is constantly going forward by which the preservation of the atmosphere in a state of purity is accomplished.

LITERARY GEMS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE art of producing and multiplying impressions by means of lines and figures cut on wood or metal may be traced to a very remote antiquity. In the tombs of ancient Thebes stamps which might have been thus used have been found, and one of them of the date of a Pharaoh, who lived at the time when the Israelites resided in Egypt. It is also conjectured that the arrow-headed characters impressed on bricks which have been brought from the ruins of ancient Babylon, and supposed to be the most ancient species of inscription now extant, were produced in the same way. A similar process gave rise to the first books, which appeared in the early part of the fifteenth century. They were printed from engraved blocks of wood, on which the first artists represented Scriptural subjects, formerly portrayed by the limners of the monasteries, in rich colors and gilding, on the walls of their institutions or on the missals and other books which they were in the habit of copying.

Of these *block-books*, the memorials of the first step taken in the art of printing, several specimens may now be seen in The British Museum, and particularly "The Poor Man's Bible," a sort of catechism for the young and the humbler orders of the people. It consisted of about twenty pages, each of which was cut on a separate block of wood, and represented various figures of Christ, angels, and prophets, with texts or sentences in abbreviated Latin, by way of explanation.

The next step taken in this wondrous art was that of using metal types, which is ascribed to John Guttenberg, who, aided by John Fust, produced, to the astonishment of western Europe, the earliest printed book known; and in the Museum the eye may fall upon it. It is "The Mazarine Bible," in which there are no fewer than six hundred and forty-one leaves. With this most precious relic of former times various specimens of the earliest printing in types will be observed—a spectacle of extraordinary interest, and giving rise to the liveliest emotions of admiration and gratitude.

Amidst the deep ignorance that prevailed at the time when this art arose, whatever effect could not readily be ac-

counted for was generally attributed to the exercise of supernatural power. To obtain this it was supposed that persons "sold themselves to Satan;" and accordingly, when the people found that books, having the appearance of being written, were produced with far greater rapidity than human hands could copy them, they ascribed such results to "the black art," and originated the story—reprinted again and again, to a very recent period—of "the Devil and Dr. Faustus." The astonishing in this instance, as well as in many others, was, however, entirely due to the diligent thought and practical skill which still so frequently amaze and delight us.

Passing onward from the first products of the printing press, the visitor enters a magnificent room three hundred feet long, forty-one feet in width, increasing in the middle to nearly sixty feet, and thirty feet in height, entirely filled with the "Royal Library," collected during a long course of years by King George III., and presented by his son and successor to the nation.

We know not where in this country such another sight can be enjoyed. No fewer than eighty thousand volumes are thus presented to the eye, while it is gratifying to know that they are all easily accessible to our literary men and women, who may render them subservient to their personal and public objects. Some of the earliest printed classical and mathematical works may here be noticed, in glass cases, with others in the languages of Continental Europe.

And now a different class of objects will ask for attention—a very valuable collection of autographs; a series of letters written by the sovereigns of Britain, from the days of William the Conqueror; the great seals of our country, from the time of Edward I. to that of Queen Anne; a letter of Oliver Cromwell; others of foreign potentates, the most distinguished statesmen and philosophers of England, and of the great leaders of the Reformation. Thus we may examine the very hands they wrote, and the statements they actually made.

In the middle of the room there is another case, filled with eastern manuscripts, showing the variety of the materials used in writing them, as the leaves of the talipot-tree, wood, ivory, silver, and gold. Against the wall stands an upright case, containing a Latin manuscript of the Bible,

long supposed to have been preserved by Charlemagne. Opposite to this are two rolls of the Hebrew Scriptures, and close by are other manuscripts of inestimable value. One of these is the Alexandrian manuscript, or "Codex Alexandrinus," consisting of four folio volumes, and written in Uncial, or capital letters. It contains the whole of the Greek Scriptures, of which it is the most ancient copy extant. Another attracts the eye by its pre-eminence beauty and richness. Its "illuminations," as they are called, are exquisitely drawn, and the coloring is exceedingly vivid. It is a splendid manuscript of Valerius Maximus.

Two objects, not far apart, appear in decided and striking contrast. One is the bull of Pope Innocent III., before whose legate King John knelt, as he placed the crown in his hands, surrendering England and Ireland "to God, St. Peter, St. Paul, and the Pontiff, and his successors," while by this very document the pope receives the kingdom in fee from the abject and wretched sovereign, and confirms the act by his golden seal. The other is the Great Charter, which Langton, Fitz Walter, and other illustrious men extorted from John at Runnymede—the basis of the noble edifice of England's liberty, and the germ of all subsequent improvements in its state. Well may the eyes of its sons and daughters dwell upon it with unutterable feelings. As Sir James Mackintosh says:—

"To all mankind it set the first example of a great people for centuries, in blending their tumultuary democracy and haughty nobility with a fluctuating and vaguely-limited monarchy, so as at length to form from these discordant materials the only form of free government which experience had shown to be reconcilable with widely-extended dominions. However any future age or unborn nation may admire the felicity of the expedient which converted the power of taxation into the shield of liberty, by which discretionary and secret imprisonment were rendered impracticable, and portions of the people were trained to exercise a larger share of judicial power than was ever allotted to them in any other civilized state, in such a manner as to secure instead of endangering public tranquillity—whoever exults at the spectacle of enlightened and independent assemblies, who, under the eye of a well-informed nation, discuss and determine the laws and policy likely to make communities great and happy—whoever is capable of comprehending all the effects of such institutions, with all their possible improvements, upon the mind and genius of a people—is sacredly bound to speak with reverential gratitude of the authors of the Great Charter. To have produced it, to have preserved it, to

have matured it, constitute the immortal claim of England on the esteem of mankind."

Passing onward, the library is entered which was bequeathed by Sir Joseph Banks; it consists of sixteen thousand volumes. The books succeed which were included in the British Museum when it was first founded, or have been added since, by gift, purchase, or copyright. It is one of the privileges of the Institution to demand a copy of every book published at Stationers' Hall—a royal grant which makes an addition yearly of about twenty thousand volumes. To it are bequeathed, from time to time, large and valuable collections of books; of this there is an instance in a handsome room, which opens out of the hall on the right-hand side, and which, though seventy-three feet long by thirty-three feet wide, is occupied by those which form the bequest of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, whose notes appended to many of the books are demonstrations of his great and varied intelligence, while their possession by the nation is no less so of his most praiseworthy generosity. According to a recent estimate, the total aggregate in the British Museum is more than four hundred and sixty thousand volumes.

Had we space, we might particularize many more of the literary gems which are now presented to the popular gaze; but we can only just glance at the volumes which exhibit the successive stages of the Book of Common Prayer; at those in which we may trace the entire history of the English Bible, from the edition of Tyn-dale to the authorized version of James I.; at the varied productions of Caxton, England's first printer; as well as those of Wynkin de Worde, and others of his successors; at the singularly interesting products of the foreign press, often presenting to view the earliest of them all. And now we must pause, however reluctant to do so; only remarking that those who are able should look on these literary gems *at once*; and that those who are not can only judge from so brief a paper of the aggregate they enrich, as they might from a few ears of a large field ready for the harvest. Lord Bacon says:—

"The images of men's wits remain unmaimed in books forever, exempt from the injuries of time, because capable of perpetual renovation. Neither can they properly be called images, because they cast forth seeds in the minds of men,

raising and producing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages; so that if the invention of a ship was thought so noble and so wonderful, which transports riches and merchandises from place to place, and consociates the most distant regions in participation of their fruits and commodities, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships passing through the vast seas of time, connect the remotest ages of wits and inventions in mutual traffic and correspondence!"

[For the National Magazine.]

NIGHT-SCENES.

TWILIGHT.

THE holiest hour of earth, methinks, is thine,
O twilight, meekly fair! Welcome to all
When, soft and sweet, thy vestal light divine
Over life's toil-worn travelers doth fall.
Then the world pauses from its busy cares;
Then play-tired children say their evening
prayers;
Then the low cradle-hymn the mother weaves;
The bird folds up its wing, the flower its
leaves.
Yea! hallow'd of all hours since the time
God's presence blest it in the cedar shade,
When the leaves thrill'd with joy, though
man, afraid,
Shrank from his voice, and fled the Guest divine!
That peerless paradise is lost, but still,
O, Father! let *this hour* be free from touch of
ill.

THE MOON.

In her serene and solemn loveliness
She looketh down, and meets a human gaze;
Her fair familiar face, through the thin haze
Of dewy night, revealeth not the less
Her pure and perfect beauty: fairy moon,
Thy pearly finger silvereth the paper
Whereon I write—small need of lamp, or taper,
In this starr'd midnight's haunted hour of noon.
And O, the heaven-touch'd radiance of thy
brow
Is like a dream of poetry, enchanting
All the dark depths of my lone heart, beating
With one bright vision of the past that now
Shines seraph-like, all sanctified and sainted—
But for that spiritual presence, O how oft my
heart had fainted!

THE STAR.

There is a star—eve's fairest and her first—
That in unalter'd beauty ever shineth:
What visions of the heart its light once nursed!
Ah! hope's fair hand no more her rose-wreath
twineth!
Beneath thy silvery rays, O, peerless star,
The *beautiful* floats dimly and afar.
The fair ideal wrought of the poet's dreaming
Hath left me with an ever-pining heart:
No more my fancy, with bright visions teeming,
Brings to these idle lines the inspired art.
O, angel of my youth! return once more,
And 'neath this star, which is to me a shrine,
The enchanted lamp of poesis restore,
And fill my lone heart with its light divine.

A CLOUD.

You delicate cloud of faintest violet,
Floating in peerless beauty 'long the sky,
Heeds not the eternal stars around it set,
But silent as a dream goes gliding by.
O, wand'ring cloud! fair child of dream and
vision!

Radiant illusion! shining vapor! thou
Art like our ideal pictures of Elysium
Too bright and brief—as from thy beauteous
brow

The changeful glories pass! as thou to heaven,
Was hope, the angel, to my future given.
Her wing is folded now; not long she wore
The dew of morning on her pearly plume,
Cloud-like she pass'd away—O, never more
Will hope return to gild life's grief and
gloom?

NIGHT-WIND.

Whence is the tone of mastery that thrilleth
Through all the changes of thy voice, O wind?
Thy mournful voice, whose mystic music filleteth
With solemn thoughts the changes of the
mind.

Between thee and the human heart there seem-
eth

To dwell a strange ideal sympathy;
Off-time, O wanderer, my fancy dreameth
That what the soul is to humanity,
Thou to the mighty universe may'st be!
And when, as now, at midnight's hour I hear
Thy fitful voice, it seemeth to whisper me
That human life with all its hope and fear,
Its joy and grief, night wind! is most like thee,
Both things of wonder wrapt in mystery!

E. J. EAMES.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE TRIUMPHS OF OUR LANGUAGE.

Now gather all our Saxon bards;
Let harps and hearts be strung,
To celebrate the triumphs
Of our own good Saxon tongue;
For, stronger far than hosts that march
With battle-flags unfurl'd,
It goes with FREEDOM, THOUGHT, and TRUTH,
To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays
On every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears it echoing far,
As Orkney's breakers roar;
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills
It floats on every gale,
And warms with eloquence and song
The homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming-deck
It scales the rough wave's crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage,
The fresh and fruitful West:
It climbs New-England's forest steeps,
As victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice
Still mightier than his own.

It spreads where Winter piles deep snows
On bleak Canadian plains,
And where, on Essequibo's banks,
Eternal summer reigns:

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It glads Acadia's misty coasts,
Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where, gay with early flowers,
Green Texan prairies smile.

It lives by clear Itasca's lake,
Missouri's turbid stream,
Where cedars rise on wild Ozark,
And Kansas' waters gleam:
It tracks the loud swift Oregon,
Through sunset valleys roll'd,
And soars where Californian brooks
Wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves,
On seas of fierce Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,
And towers of proud Bombay:
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,
Dusk brows, and swarthy limbs;
The dark Liberian soothes her child
With English cradle-hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won
In gentle Saxon speech;
Australian boys read CAUSOR's life
By Sidney's shelter'd beach:
It dwells where Africa's southmost capes
Meet oceans broad and blue,
And Nieuvel'd's rugged mountains gird
The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart
That, while it praises you sing,
These may be clad with Autumn's fruits,
And those with flowers of Spring:
It quickens lands whose meteor lights
Flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross
Hangs its orb'd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,
And righteous kings desired;
With all that great apostles taught,
And glorious Greeks admired;
With SHAKESPEARE's deep and wondrous verse,
And MILTON's loftier mind;
With ALFRED's laws, and NEWTON's lore,
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
And error flees away,
As vanishes the mist of night
Before the star of day:
But, grand as are the victories
Whose monuments we see,
These are but as the dawn which speaks
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,
Take heed, nor once disgrace,
With deadly pen, or spilling sword,
Our noble tongue and race:
Go forth prepared, in every clime,
To love and help each other,
And judge that they, who counsel strife,
Would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time,
By good men pray'd for long,
When Christian States, grown just and wise,
Will scorn revenge and wrong;
When Earth's oppress'd and savage tribes
Shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words,
FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, and HOME.

JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

[For the National Magazine.]

RELATIONS OF NEW-YORK TO THE COUNTRY.

MUCH might be written on the relations between New-York and the rest of the country, and a volume would not exhaust the subject. We shall only suggest a few thoughts, to set our country readers to thinking of some of the reasons why they should feel a personal concern in the welfare of New-York.

New-York is the commercial metropolis of the nation. There is no arrogance or exclusiveness in saying so. The immense preponderance of the foreign trade of New-York, of our banking and commercial capital, of the public revenue collected here, of the number and extent of commercial transactions, and the lines of contact with other places, in our own country and all over the world, must settle the question. The progress of events for seventy-five years shows that it is becoming more and more a metropolis, or "middle city" of the country; because, spite of all efforts to the contrary by other places, and all the blunders and mistakes of New-York, it is a fact that the great business relations of the country do constantly more and more concentrate here. It is better for all parties to admit the truth, so far as it is undeniable; because we shall then better appreciate the relations, and obligations, and liabilities which grow out of this one cardinal fact.

New-York, then, is not an independent existence, growing out of itself and existing for itself. It is a part, a working member of that huge existence called the nation, out of which it obtains its growth, and for which it exists as a living member of a living body, a serviceable and valued instrument of the complex existence to which it belongs. As a commercial metropolis, it is the counting-room, the shipping-wharf, the storage-depot of the nation. The business which is done here is the business of the nation, not of New-York. Nothing grows in New-York. Production is done elsewhere, and its fruits come here to be exchanged—the products of one section for those of another—of foreign lands for those of our own country. Our merchants, bankers, shipmasters, carters, sailors, are but the employees of the country, to do this work of exchange, and keep the accounts, and see

that all parties have their due. And for this service the people of New-York are entitled to a good living out of the productive labor of the rest of the country, and the rest of the country ought not to grudge them this their just due.

The people of the metropolis are not only the agents of the country; they are also mostly of the country themselves. There are so many causes at work in a city to shorten life, to hinder marriage, and to lessen its productiveness, that cities are never able to keep their number good without the constant introduction of new citizens from the country. A city which enjoys such a prodigious growth as has marked New-York for the last hundred years is still more essentially made up from the population of the country. It is surprising to notice how very large a proportion of our men of business are from the country. And in visiting any part of the country, one is surprised to find how many families there are who have relations in New-York. Indeed, you can hardly find a neighborhood anywhere which has not one or more representatives in this metropolis. We are your kindred, therefore, as well as your agents. You have sent us here, nominally, perhaps, to seek our fortunes, to get our living, or because we were uneasy or not wanted at home; but in reality to do the business by which your life at home is rendered more happy and your labor more remunerative. Let us not forget the relations that subsist between us, and the ties which bind our interest and welfare to each other.

It is greatly for the advantage of the country to have a commercial metropolis. The trade of the country is vastly more extended and enriching for it. Were there to be no center of trade for the country, each of our great commercial towns would be the center of its circle of trade and influence; but they could never accumulate sufficient capital and commercial strength to remove the country from its position of a mere dependency of some great commercial center in the Old World; and thus the nations which controlled the large transactions of trade could realize the principal effects of commerce in the production of wealth. But now, we find that by having in New-York a place of business of our own, having the capital, the intelligence, the energy, the credit, the unity,

which enable New-York to take a stand alongside of the greatest commercial centers of the Old World, we find that there is a prodigious increase of wealth spreading all over the country. The power of productive industry, intelligently laid out to accumulate wealth, has never been measured or calculated. And when this is all kept in the hands of the people, and made to enjoy in addition the full benefits of commerce with all parts of the earth, and that commerce carried on by its own agents in its own metropolis, the increasing growth of the wealth of this nation is mainly accounted for. With all the magnificence and extravagance of New-York, and the thousands of splendid fortunes that have been accumulated here in the last fifteen years, the combined wealth of the city is but the toll of the grist compared with that which has spread all over the country in the same period.

There are several laws of life and of trade which may be safely relied on as a guarantee that the metropolis shall not absorb much more than its proper share of the profits of commerce. The number of equalizing agencies that operate can hardly be reckoned. The road to the city is an open one, and anybody may come who wishes, to try his hand in some of our employments, and clutch his share of the profits which New-York secures out of the common stock of trade of the whole country. The inducements to a city life are so numerous and so attractive, especially to the young and enterprising, that there is no fear but that enough will come. As many as can make a living through a series of years are sure to come. Indeed, large numbers every year return to the country disappointed at finding the competition and struggle of life harder here than there. The ups and downs of trade make life more exciting; but they also make success far less certain, and failures far more numerous and more disastrous than in the country. There are innumerable causes which carry capital accumulated in the city to the country for investment. So entirely dependent is the city upon the country, that you may as well try to keep the water in your hydrant at a higher level than the nearest lock in your aqueduct, as to think of holding the wealth of New-York above the proper level which belongs to it

as the representative metropolis of the country at large. The disasters of former days are a warning on this point.

It is easy to see now where the money comes from that goes to build up New-York and support all its expenses, good and bad. Our friends in the country, when they read about our magnificent edifices, water-works, steamers, and packet-ships, our private extravagance and public waste, may well ask the question, "Who pays?" Clearly the money does not grow in our little court-yards, and is not dug or smelted out of our paved streets. All that is expended or wasted in support of a commercial metropolis is to be set down as a part of the cost of doing the business of the country. Every expenditure that is on the whole unnecessary is a needless deduction from the profits of trade, or the exchange of products, which ought to be spread over the country to enrich the producers faster than is now done. Just so far as you can economize here, without any loss of talent, and energy, and fidelity in the aggregate of those who manage the business, just so much you lessen the cost of commerce and increase the wealth of the country.

We hope our country readers will take a clear idea of these relations, so that they may always remember who pays the expenses and makes up the losses of New-York. And then they must consider that the metropolis draws from the country also its principles as well as its people and its products. The men you send here to do your business come here just what you made them in the country. Bringing men together in masses does not make them wicked. Good principles are just as social as bad ones, and are as likely to be strengthened by combination. Our city can show as great specimens of purity and integrity as of corruption and rascality—characters as much intensified in virtue as others are in vice, and just about as good a proportion as the country; for they were formed in the country. Consequently, the better-educated and the better-principled men you send here, the more discreetly and uprightly will your business be done, including all the local arrangements which are necessary to keep the city in a condition to transact the trade of the land. Remember this, men of the country: *you* make New-York; you should make it better than it is.

ST. PAUL AND THE PREPARATION FOR CHRISTIANITY.

WE assume that it was the divine intention to reveal a religion which should suffice for the moral and intellectual elevation of ALL MANKIND; which, laying its foundations in individual convictions, should clear and exalt the conscience, purify the affections, ennoble the intellect, while, at the same time, it disclosed a hope common to all men, and capable of sustaining under every possible trial of humanity. We assume further, that *this religion was Christianity*. And we are thus led to the contemplation of definite historical facts. Christianity was introduced into the world at a certain time, and under certain circumstances. Can we, by examination of the state of mankind at the time, perceive any remarkable preparations for the assumed work which Christianity had to accomplish? Periods of this world's history may be conceived singularly *unfitted* for the promulgation of a religion which was to take general hold on mankind. Does the period of the promulgation of Christianity present any remarkable contrast to these?

Again: if it was the intention of the Allwise to bring the whole of mankind under one bond of union, we might imagine that there would be visible in history some traces of previous preparation; that amid the wars of states, and the conflict of opinions, we should find some advance made toward the possibility and efficacy of such a blending of both as was destined hereafter to take place. Nay, we may go further than this. Excluding mere chance from any part in the arrangement of man's world, we may fairly say *a priori*, that we might expect to find some adaptations in local circumstances themselves to the end which was to be answered. Situations might be conceived which should be most *adverse* to the accomplishment of the end assumed. Was Christianity introduced in *those* situations, or in others of a very different character?

Again: if Christianity is to be founded in individual convictions, the weapon of its warfare, above all others, must be *persuasion*; and in order to persuasion, there must be *one able to persuade*. Do we find any provision made for such a persuader? The work will be no ordinary nor easy one. The conflicting ele-

ments of the ancient social system could never be amalgamated, but by one specially and unusually prepared for the task. The hierarchical prejudice of the Jew, the intellectual pride of the Greek, the political preëminence of the Roman, would present insuperable obstacles to any man who was not capable of entering into and dealing with each, not as extraneous to himself, but as a part of his own character and personality. And more than this. The religion of Christ was, from each of these elements, itself in danger. It might become hierarchical and Judaistic, or philosophic and Grecian, or might lose its great characteristics in the political liberalism of Rome. It would need one singularly fitted by education and temperament to mark boldly and keenly the outlines of the faith to be preached; who, while he recognized the legitimacy of the Judaistic and Grecian elements in Christianity, and laid down the canons of civil and political conformity, might yet be under exclusive subjection to none of these, but able to wield and attempt them all.

Have we any traces of the preparation of a workman for such a work? Does any appear on the stage of the early Christian period answering to these unusual and difficult requirements? Can we find any person able, at that time of strange complication and difficulty, to *carry out all men's religion among all men*?

Mr. Howson strikingly remarks,—“The city of God was built at the confluence of three civilizations.” The Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, had each borne their part in the preparation of the world for the gospel. “They were” (it is the saying of Dr. Arnold, *Life*, vol. ii, p. 413, 2d edition,) “the three peoples of God's election: two for things temporal, one for things eternal. Yet even in the things eternal they were allowed to minister: Greek cultivation and Roman polity prepared men for Christianity.”

The first pages of the father of history are devoted to tracing the original quarrels and reprisals between the inhabitants of the opposite coasts of Europe and Asia. And if ever two continents were designed for intercourse, these surely were. The Grecian or Asiatic fisherman could hardly sail out from the beach of his native creek without being tempted onward by the blue islands in the distance, which, like so many stepping-stones to

another land, stud the waters of the Ægean. Adventure in the early ages was inseparable from piracy; and, as villages banded into states, and states into confederacies, piracy became war, and war brought national glory. Thus the first undying song celebrates the expedition of the confederate Greeks to Troy in reprisal for the rape of Helen. Nor should the commercial element in this early intercourse be forgotten; nor the important fact that one article of commerce was the *persons of men*. The principal trading cities were Tyre and Sidon; and we have in the prophecy of Joel (whose most probable date is as far back as the ninth century, B. C.*) a distinct charge against the Tyrians and Sidonians, that they had "sold the children of Judah and Jerusalem to the sons of the Grecians,† that they might remove them far from their border." Thus we have the Jew at a very early period carried into Greece and introduced into Grecian families; and the first nucleus formed of that vast dispersion which we witness in subsequent history. The captivities, first of Israel, then of Judah, can hardly fail to have driven westward, through Asia Minor and the Greek colonies, some scattered portions of the main bodies of captives. And doubtless the break up of the great remnant of Xerxes' army under Mardonius added considerably to the number of Jews in Greece. Mr. Howson has remarked, (vol. i, p. 18,) that about the time of the battles of Salamis and Marathon, a Jew was the minister, another Jew the cup-bearer, and a Jewess the consort, of the Persian monarch. Great indeed must have been the number of Jews settled throughout the East.‡ The small glean- ing which returned with Ezra and Nehe-

miah was as nothing compared with those who remained contented in the land of exile. Asia was full of Jews. On the coasts and in the islands of the Ægean, along the Asiatic, European, and African sides, we find Jews and their synagogues. By trade for themselves, or by the policy of their patrons and conquerors, they had been thickly planted in the chief rising seats of civilization and commerce. In Antioch, Alexandria, Cyrene, Corinth, Athens, Thessalonica, and many other well-known cities, we hear of Hebrew settlements more or less considerable in number.

Nor is it too much to say, that the influence of these widely dispersed Jews must have been everywhere felt. In the case of the Jew alone was religion bound to a law of moral purity. The Jew only had a conscience, in the better and higher sense.* Everywhere a mystery to the surrounding heathen, despised by the cultivated and learned, he yet found his way into the bosom of households, and laid hold on those feelings after purity and truth, or even those weaknesses and pronenesses to superstition, which are common to the tender in age, or sex, or bodily constitution. We find, in some of the most renowned cities of the East, that a large proportion of the female inhabitants had embraced Judaism.† And, allowing for every admixture of superstition and misunderstanding, there can be no doubt that better convictions, and a yearning after something more solid than Paganism, must be conceded to have operated widely on the proselyte class. Where such feelings existed, the way was being admirably prepared for a religion, which, founded on all that was true and permanent in Judaism, should yet winnow off the effete and temporary, and embody in itself, with yet loftier sanctions, all that was pure and good in it before.

But this was not always the character of the world-wide Judaism of the day. Regarding the conscientious "God-fearing" proselyte as the mean, we have for

* See the various opinions given and discussed by Winer, *Realwörterbuch*, sub voce.

† Joel iii, 6. (Hebrew Bible, iv, 6.) The words are לְבָנֵי צִיּוֹן וְיִשְׂרָאֵל

‡ Mr. Blackburn refers to the residence of Ezekiel in Assyria, that the mighty minister to the captive Jews settled by the river Chebar. He repeats, on the authority of Layard, (*Nineveh and its Remains*), that the description by Ezekiel of the interior of the Assyrian palaces so completely corresponds with the monuments of Nimroud and Khorasabad, that there can scarcely be a doubt that Ezekiel had seen the objects which he describes—the figures sculptured upon the wall and painted.—*Blackburn's Nineveh, its Rise and Ruin as illustrated by Ancient Scriptures and Modern Discoveries.*

* "Treffend und schön bezeichnet De Wette als die auszeichnende Eigenthümlichkeit des Hebräischen Volkes, dass in ihm von Anfang an das Gewissen rege ist."—*Neander, Pfl. u. Leit.*, p. 91.

† Josephus, *Bell. Jud.* ii, 20, 2, says of the women of Damascus, that they were ἀνάσας πλὴν ὀλίγων ὑπηγμένους τῇ Ἰουδαϊκῇ θρησκείᾳ. See also Acts xiii, 50; xvii, 4, 12.

our two extremes Pharisaism and Hellenism.

The Pharisaic society formed a hierarchico-political combination only equalled in efficiency and influence by that of the Ulemas in Turkey or the Jesuits in modern times, and forming to this last, in some respects, a remarkable parallel. Schrader has vividly depicted the zeal, aims, and practices of the Pharisees. By their stern theocratic exclusiveness, their minute literal observances, their proselytizing zeal, they formed the inner stronghold of Judaism—the conservative power which kept inviolate the letter long after the spirit had departed. At the same time that the gross materialism of their expected Messianic kingdom attracted the lower and selfish multitude, the apparent earnestness and perfection of their legal obedience acted as a lure for better and loftier spirits. In comparison with the importance of collections for the temple, the first moral duties were set aside by them: weighed against the advancement of hierarchical Judaism, justice and mercy were light altogether. Their history, like that of the body to whom we have compared them, is one of intrigue, turbulence, and bloodshed. We find them in the courts of princes, and in the houses of widows; praying apart in the holy places at Jerusalem, and mingling with the great concourse at Rome; the stirrers up of the people to sedition and tumult, the secret organizers of conspiracies, and subverters of thrones.

From this compact and organized body it was to be expected that Christianity would meet with the most determined opposition. They had been the bitterest enemies of its Divine Founder. His teaching was the negation of all their views; its success would be death to their dearest hopes. Moral purity was by him upheld at the expense of ceremonial correctness; all hierarchical system was abolished by a religion whose foundations were laid in individual conviction; the Messianic pomp of the expected kingdom was apparently resolved into some spiritual renovation, to them unintelligible, or, if understood, unwelcome.

Such was one, and that the prevailing element in the Judaism of the time; prevailing, not because numerically the greatest, but because in it was concentrated all the fire and zeal of the system;

because it had the only organization, the only perfect unity of mutual understanding and action. The other, the Hellenistic element, embraced all those Jews who had become mingled with Grecians, used their language, and had learned their habits of thought. To them, for the most part, the sacred tongue was unknown. They had their own version of the Scriptures, made in their great metropolis, Alexandria. They formed a widely-spread and motley combination of various grades of opinion and practice. For the most part, Hellenism was a fruitless attempt to unite principles essentially discordant. Its philosophico-allegoric speculations on Scripture may have amused some ingenious minds like that of Philo; while, on the other hand, the refuge which its purer creed offered at small cost from the utter abandonment and hopelessness of heathenism, attracted many of the conscientious and upright; but we can hardly imagine in the Hellenist either logical consistency or very fervent zeal.

As regarded Christianity, Hellenistic Judaism was a most important preparation. By it the essential truths of the Old Testament had long ago been clothed in the language of philosophic thought. At Alexandria, at Antioch, at Ephesus, the weapons had been prepared with which the warfare of persuasion was to be carried on. It was the link between the schools of Athens and the schools of the Rabbis; the form in which, if at all, the truths of Christianity must be presented to the Grecian mind. The processes of dialectic argument, unknown to Eastern composition, were eminently suited to a religion whose hearers were to prove all things in order to hold fast that which is good. And it was now no new thing to have sacred truth propounded in these dialectic forms.

We have thus been gradually led to the second great element in the social system at the Christian era—the intellectual culture of Greece. If humanity is to be gained for the highest purposes, the reason of man must be satisfied, and his intellect ennobled; nor can that be the religion under which man's highest state is to be realized, which is not prepared to enlist and consecrate every lawful use of his powers and faculties; to work in the lump till the whole is leavened. At the same time, let it be granted that this is to

be done, not by unaided human power, but by a revelation from above, and it is manifest that a very important part of the preparation for receiving such a gift would be the demonstration of the insufficiency of man himself to attain to this ennoblement of his powers. And this is the work which, in the designs of Providence, was accomplished by that wonderful development of the human intellect witnessed in ancient Greece. That a height of intellectual excellence should there have been reached which has never since been attained—that in philosophy, in art, and in poesy, the patterns for the world should there have been set once for all, will surprise only those who do not bear this purpose in mind.

But while the failure of Greek philosophy to regenerate mankind was thus in progress of demonstration, these highest exercises of man's intellect were but preparing the way for Him who was to come. The *language* of the Greeks is itself a wonderful monument of the culminating intellectual period of our race. In no other tongue under heaven can the minutest shiftings and distinctions of the mental feelings be expressed with so much precision. In no other are there so many varieties of construction and arrangement, by each of which some minute distinction of meaning or emphasis is given. In no other language have we so many apparently insignificant particles by which the exact reference of secondary clauses to the main subject and to one another can be marked off and determined. In that language, every term relating to things human or divine had already been discussed, and its meaning labored out with marvelous patience and accuracy.

Nor was Providence, which was thus preparing a garb for Christianity, wanting in making it generally known and used. The dispersion of Greeks is hardly less wonderful than that of Jews. In early times their colonies had spread along the coasts of Italy and Sicily, of Africa and Asia Minor. Their hostile intercourse or intrigues with Persia had gradually carried them further East; till finally the conquests of Alexander distributed the Greek tongue and influence over the whole of his vast but fleeting empire. Amid the struggles and confusion incident on his death, this one effect alone of his conquests remained undisturbed and in-

creasing. All the dynasties which sprang from his grave were Greek, and tended to consolidate the Grecian element which his victories had first introduced. Greek letters and arts became everywhere cultivated; the language usurped the place of the indigenous tongues in all polite intercourse. Nor was Judea exempt from this influence. Lying between the contending kingdoms, and ever involved in their quarrels, it too received, although slowly and reluctantly, the unhallowed boon of Grecian culture.

There yet wanted a political power which might adjust to equilibrium these disturbing forces. Had the world been seething in tumult, as it was under the successors of Alexander, the propagation of Christianity would have been, humanly speaking, impossible.

And we must here express our opinion that there are few things more instructive in history than the relation of the Roman empire to the spread of Christianity. Whether we regard it in its rise, at its height, or in its decline, we see in it a vast instrument to subserve the purposes of Providence with regard to the religion of Christ. In its rise, with which we are here more immediately concerned, by a rapid succession of conquests and annexations, it reduced to political unity and security the various conflicting powers whose struggles had hitherto distracted the world.

Crushing and afflicting as was the character of its rule over its provinces, it was everywhere the government of order and the friend of commercial intercourse. Among its works conducive to safe transit by sea and land we may reckon for the first the extinction of piracy in the Mediterranean; for the second, the admirable roads with which every part of its vast territory was intersected. It was through these seas and along these roads that "the noble army of martyrs," as well as the armies of Rome, advanced to the conquest of the world. In times of restricted intercourse and unsafe transit these missionary journeys would have been impracticable.

The Roman policy with regard to religion was entirely consistent with the other parts of the system. Every existing religion of nation or tribe was sanctioned by law; but no countenance was given to the introduction of new tenets or

modes of worship. Thus Christianity, for many years after its promulgation, grew up undistinguished from Judaism, and under the shelter of this *religio licita* as one of its sects. It was not till the inhabitants of whole districts flocked to baptism amid the indignation of surrounding Jews and Pagans that we find systematic persecution enjoined; and by that time Christianity was strong enough in numbers to be aided, rather than crushed, by such hostility.

During and for some time after the reigns of the first twelve Cæsars, the citizen of Rome was endowed with considerable privileges. Among these, exemption from corporal punishment and the power of appealing to the people were the chief and best known. It is true that this last had now merged into an appeal to him who wielded, by his concentration of offices, the power of the *populus* and the *plebs* alike; but it had not, on that account, lost its value as a means of rescue from arbitrary decisions, and from the warping of justice by the venality of provincial judges.

The foregoing sketch of the state of the world shortly after the Christian era will enable us to lay down *a priori* the necessary and desirable qualifications of the man who is to be the main agent in propagating the Christian faith.

First. It is absolutely necessary that he be a Jew. Founded as Christianity is on the ancient covenant and promises, its appeal to the world was mainly through Judaism; addressing itself "to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile." It is to the Jews that the preacher must look for his earliest and his most able converts: men who, having been reasoned with out of the law and the prophets, were thereby convinced, and prepared to convince others, that Jesus was the Christ. And none but a Jew would gain access to that exclusive and prejudiced people. The synagogues would be forbidden ground to a Gentile teacher: the ears of the Jews would be absolutely closed against him.

For the same reason the apostle of the world must be not a Hellenist, but of pure Hebrew descent. It is of the utmost importance that he should be able to speak and cite in the sacred language of the law and prophets. The Hellenists were looked on by the purer Jews with disparage-

ment and contempt. They had their own synagogues, in which the sacred tongue was never heard, and to enter which would have been pollution to the scrupulous and rigid Pharisee. Thus a Hellenist would have acted at a great disadvantage in leaving the central fortress of Judaism untouched, because to him inaccessible.

This last consideration will at once bring before us another requisite. None but the strictest sect of Judaism will furnish the man who shall be sufficient for this work. The pretended mysteries of the Rabbinical teaching must be in his grasp to deal with and set aside. None must be able to say of him, "This man, who knoweth not the law, is cursed." In one point at least his message to the Jews should be without fault: all should be compelled to look up to him as one trained to teach, and thoroughly capable of doing it. If the question, "Whence hath this man letters?" was for other and wise purposes permitted to be asked respecting Him who came to be rejected and suffer and die, it would have been, as far as we can judge, a serious obstacle to the work of one who must be to the Jews as a Jew, in order to persuade and gain them.

But yet another reason existed (and this is ably brought out by Schrader and Neander) why the great apostle of Christianity should be a Pharisee. Of all the opposition offered to Jesus of Nazareth, that of the Pharisees was the most consistent and entire. They saw in his teaching the abnegation of hierarchical Judaism. If he were a teacher from God, the ceremonial law had passed away, the barrier between Jew and Gentile was broken down, and Judaism became an empty husk henceforward. None thoroughly understood this but the bigoted Pharisee. The lapse of years, and the warning of heavenly visions, had not kept the greatest of the chosen twelve from vacillating on this vital point; and there is every reason to believe that the Church at Jerusalem remained to the end practically prejudiced against the free admission of the union of mankind in Christ. Amid all the difficulties and inconsistencies on this matter, he only would be sure never to go wrong, who having during his life of Pharisaic zeal keenly stigmatized as an abomination the anti-exclusive spirit of the religion of Jesus, had thus gained the clearest view of its universality, and

in his conversion adopted this view as his own to the full.

But Jew and Pharisee as he must be, other elements must be mingled in him, which few who were Jews and Pharisees united in themselves. A Jew born in Palestine, and receiving a purely Jewish education, could have been a missionary for the most part to pure Jews only. It is plainly necessary that he be, though not a Hellenist himself, yet from youth accustomed to the use of the Hellenistic version of the Scriptures, together with the Hebrew original—nay more, from youth accustomed to the habits of thought and expression of the more cultivated Greeks—no stranger to the literature and rhetorical usage of that language which had been prepared for the work which Christianity had to do. The advantage of a boyhood spent in the haunts of Greek literary culture would be great, even if he himself did not frequent the schools for instruction. A certain pride in the place of his birth would lead a youth of genius to some acquaintance at least with the Greek writers who had sprung from it, or were connected with the studies there pursued; and the first remembrances of his early days would be bound up with his taste, however brief, of the sweets of profane literature. All this would eminently fit him to address a Grecian audience; to know the peculiar stumbling-blocks which the hearers must be taught cautiously to approach and gently to step over; and skillfully to avoid incurring those charges which might exaggerate in the Greek mind the repulsiveness of himself and his message. At the same time no extraneous culture could educate a Pharisee. In the Holy City alone, and in the schools of the Jerusalem Rabbis, was the fountain-head of Judaism to be drawn from.

Thus we have arrived at the complicated, and we may conceive not often united requirements, of pure Judaic extraction, with birth and early education among Hellenists and Grecians, and subsequent training in the rabbinical schools of Jerusalem. If, however, we rested here, one important advantage would be wanting. The great apostle is sure to incur the deadliest hatred of the Pharisaic party, which he has deserted to pass over to Christianity. That hatred will be unrelenting, and will pursue him wherever his message is delivered. No calumny

will be spared, no attempt withheld, to make him odious to the local magistracies. Should he be found in Judea itself, the jealousy of the Roman procurators, ever ready to awake against turbulence and sedition, will be aroused to effect his ruin. One safeguard, and one only, humanly speaking, would obviate the danger of his career being cut short by conspiracy on the part of his enemies, or the tyranny of an unprincipled governor. If he possessed the privileges of a Roman citizen his person would be safe from punishment at the hands of the officers of Rome; and an escape would be always open to him from conspiracy or apprehended injustice in an appeal to the supreme power in the great metropolis.

We have said nothing of personal characteristics. That the apostle of the world should be full of earnestness and self-forgetting zeal is too obvious to be insisted on. That a great persuader should, besides convincing men's minds, be able to win and keep their hearts—that he who wishes others to weep must weep himself—has long ago passed into an axiom.

That the person so required *was found*—that so many and unusual attributes were combined in one individual—is known to us all.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

SINCERITY is to speak as we think, to do as we profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.—Misery and ignorance are always the cause of great evils. Misery is easily excited to anger, and ignorance soon yields to perfidious counsels.—Education is the proper employment, not only of our early years, but of our whole lives.—It is not the *accumulation* of wealth, but its *distribution*, which is the test of a people's prosperity.—Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.—Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.—Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.—What is not for the interest of the whole swarm, is not for the essential interest of a single bee.—Keep a low sail at the commencement of life; you may rise with honor, but you cannot recede without shame.—*Workingman's Friend.*

SUNSET AT PATRAS.

[The following fragment is translated from a work by M. A. Rigopoulos, a young poet and political writer of Greece, who was born in 1891, on the first day of the Greek revolution, on the borders of the sea at Patras, at the time that the flames of the burning city were mounting to the skies. When this was written (July, 1848) he had just returned to Greece, after a long journey in other portions of Europe, for the completion of his education.]

AT the hour when every man seeks to finish his daily labor, when his arm moves with redoubled force at the thought that a few minutes will bring him rest in the bosom of his family, the hour when the sun dips below the horizon, I find myself on the sandy shore.

The sea stretches out before me, and the sea knows me, because I was born in her arms, because she was the first to hear my earliest cry. Her waves, remembering their little brother, come one after another over the white shells of the shore to caress my feet, and send to my afflicted heart a gentle murmur, as if they would say to me, "How well we remember your infancy, brother! Where hast thou been so long since then? Where hast thou rested so many nights? Why this shade of sadness on thy brow, why these tears in thine eyes? Where are the roses of thy cheeks, the smile of thy lips? Why hast thou not remained young like us? Why are you not the same as when you played with us? Ah! how well we remember your infancy, brother."

And these waves are in truth still young and fresh, as if now first issuing from the hand of the Creator; and, amid the deep sadness of my heart, I find a sweet consolation in thinking that all things do not fade. If man, if the flowers wither and die, with the breath of the wind and of grief, the sea, the mountains, and the stars preserve their first splendor, their early smile. But if seas, mountains, and stars do not fade, how much less does virtue!

My glance wanders over the waves toward the delicious isles of the Ionian Sea, and my soul flies to the mountains of Ithaca, whose fresh breezes I inhaled when a child, whilst wandering among the gigantic ruins of these towers, where the faithful Penelope awaited in tears twenty years the wandering hero of the Trojan war. From thence my mother once showed me the mountains, gilded by the setting sun, of our country, which was fighting for liberty; and I have yet a vivid recollection of the hot tears falling from her eyes. O, days of infancy, why are

you so brief, or why at least do you not leave in our hearts serenity and peace?

It is among these mountains of Ithaca, between the desert Echinades and Leucadia, that the sun sinks to repose. The light of this setting offers all that the soul can conceive of gentleness and melancholy. The sky is at first suffused with a slight blush, and then reddens by degrees as the sun approaches the horizon. The sea, which is usually at that hour in repose, is of a deep blue, tinged with gold. The Ionian Isles, whose outlines are at all times strongly marked, then assume a tinge of golden blue, and stand out still more boldly from the sky, allowing us to distinguish their hills and gulfs, among which the sun descends, no longer shedding dazzling rays, no longer terrible, but calm and collected, although grander in appearance: sometimes resting on a hill-top, it seems as if it were a golden fruit from the diamond gardens of the Genii of the East, or a vast comet, whose radiant tresses have been submerged in the abyss; or from the surface of the waves to form a temple with golden arches, a St. Peter's of Nature, from which you fancy that you hear the spirit of old ocean speak of the mysteries of another world; and tiny clouds, edged with gold and purple, such as are usually hovering over these isles, float among its vaults, like cherubim bearing the decrees of heaven. Then from the bosom of the waves and of the zephyrs you hear profound and incomprehensible sounds, interrupted sighs, expiring psalmodes. You fancy that in such a scene some great action is going on. Then you place on the scene the most gentle of your dreams. There you fancy lies the land of happiness and love, the habitation of superior intelligences. You cannot resist such enchantments; your whole being is enraptured, and your soul, in the midst of its infinite reveries of love, of separation, of torments, and of hopes, suffers, now and then, a sigh to escape. Surely the last song of hapless Sappho, when she committed to the waves her terrestrial beauties—the song which was unheard by mortal—may be read in the scene before us. Divinity has written it with the sea, the mountains, and the sun—worthy monuments of such suffering and of such genius!

The last ray of the sun is now scarcely apparent on the horizon; but my heart is impelled to follow his course in my thoughts

Already have many gentle eyes bidden him adieu; already have my friends told him to rise with liberty over their unfortunate country. But, alas, what chord have I touched!—one of sweet but sad recollections, for bitter is it to be separated from cherished friends!—one of grief, even to a hoping heart, for what son of Greece can refrain from a sigh on beholding her sister Italy still groaning in chains? Farewell, O sun! Salute, O salute for me the beautiful, the beloved country which once afforded me hospitality.

The sun has set; the twilight has also vanished. And now, while Hesperus is beginning to display her gentle light in the heavens, I enter the cemetery, but a few paces distant from the sea, where repose the remains of my beloved mother.

* * * * *

When God closes my earthly existence, happy shall I be, if I may find a grave between the tomb of my mother and my cradle the sea, facing that sublime and melancholy spectacle of the setting sun, which has so often charmed moments of my agitated life!

EUTHANASIA—LAST DAYS OF AN OLD DIVINE.

JOHN KETTLEWELL was an English divine, of great piety, benevolence, and humility. He was the author of some devotional works, and the beloved friend of Mr. Robert Nelson. It is said that all Mr. Kettlewell's words while on his death-bed made such deep and lively impressions on Mr. Nelson's mind, that they never afterward left him. In his sickness and preparation for death, he thought that too much of his time was taken up in receiving the kind visits of his friends; and he would sometimes say, he wanted it to spend in devotion and in packing up for his removal, according to the rules and directions he himself had laid down for it, and therefore, when decently he could, he avoided them; though his good temper yet could not admit of any thing that looked harsh, and especially when it was the effect of respect and attention toward him. But of all his friends, which were many, none was ever more acceptable to him than Mr. Nelson, who thus informs us of the last hours of his departing friend:—

"I visited him," says Mr. Robert Nelson, "very often, because I found it grateful to him; not but that I was very desirous of it too, being sensible how short a time I was likely to enjoy so advantageous a conversation. However, out of respect, I should have forborne, if he had not suffered me with a great deal of willingness.

"He had an entire trust and confidence in God, and would often say, 'that God was able, if he thought fit, to restore him to his health again, notwithstanding his great weakness, and that his medicines seemed to give him no encouragement, but that according to appearances his distemper was likely to end in his death. But, as to the issues of life and death, he referred it wholly to God, who knew what was best for him.' He appeared to me neither desirous of life, nor afraid of dying, but he wholly resigned his will to the will of God; and, notwithstanding the well-grounded and comfortable hopes he had of a blessed immortality, he never wished to have his pains shortened, nor the time of dissolution hastened, but was entirely resigned to what Providence should determine. I was once inquiring into some particulars of his past life, with a design of getting materials toward the assistance of such as should undertake to write it. He, apprehending what I drove at, said to me, 'Mr. Nelson, it matters not that the world should be acquainted with the particulars of my life: they will be all laid open at the day of judgment; and then it will be time enough to have them known.'

"He carried himself with great decency to those that attended him: his wife never did the least thing but he returned her thanks, as he did likewise upon several occasions to his servant that was always about him, which was a great mastery in such a languishing distemper, to overcome that peevishness which too ordinarily attends it.

"I never found him in a murmuring, complaining temper; but, when he was worst, he would always find out some favorable circumstances, for which he would thank God. If he had not slept, he would thank God he had lain quiet, and had not been restless: if he had coughed much, he would thank God he had refreshing sleeps between his fits of coughing. He would always make the best of what he suffered, and was thankful that it was not worse, so far from being discontented that it was so bad. He gave as little trouble as he could, and would suffer nobody to watch with him till a night or two before he died.

"On Thursday morning, the 11th of April, 1695, he apprehended himself departing, and said to Mr. Bell, the minister that attended him, 'I am now entering upon my last labor: the Lord gave, and he is now taking away; blessed be the name of the Lord. For, I thank my God, I am going, without any distrust, to a place of rest, joy, and everlasting bliss. There is no life like a happy death. I have endeavored, even from my youth, to approve myself a faithful servant to my great Master: I have taken some pains in writing several books: I have seriously considered them, and am fully satisfied (looking on those about him) that you may find in them the way to heaven; the Christian duties contained therein have been

my practice as well as study; and now I find the advantage of it. Therefore, be all of you careful to read them often and seriously, and live suitably thereunto, that, when you come to the condition I am now in, you may die with comfort, as you see me do. I have little pain indeed, but my pain is nothing so extraordinary as my hopes; for I have earnestly repented of all my sins, and verily believe that, through the tender mercies of my God, and merits of my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, I shall be carried into Abraham's bosom.'

"After which, he made this short prayer:— 'I wait, O God, for that everlasting rest, which I want at present, but shall not long. I am ready when thou, my God, callest for me, yet can stay with patience till thou pleasest, for thy time is the best time, and thy pleasure is the best pleasure.'

"His brother coming in, he told him, wherein he had given offence he forgave him heartily, and prayed for him and his: then he said, 'Brother, have I done you any wrong? Tell me; for if I have, I am ready and willing to make compensation.' Being answered, 'No,' he put the same question to several others present. 'For,' said he, 'I am now going to offer my gift upon the altar; therefore, if my brother hath sought against me, I must first be reconciled to my brother, and then offer my gift.'

"The afternoon before he died, he was pleased to acknowledge my friendship toward him; but said, his wife had no reason to expect the same to her. I knew his concern for her, and gave him all the assurances of treating her as the relict of one whom I greatly esteemed and dearly loved. Some little after this he turned to me as I sat by his bed-side, and in a voice which I could hardly hear, said, 'Mr. Nelson, it is brave to go to a place where one can enjoy a friend, without fear of losing him; where everything is agreeable, because neither sin nor sorrow enter; where there needs no sun to shine, forasmuch as God is the light of that place, and every saint is a star, each one's bliss is felt by every blessed inhabitant, and happiness is dispensed by a blessed circulation.'

"He added something more about the heavenly Jerusalem, and the heavenly state, which I lost by the lowness of his voice, and his difficulty in speaking. The same afternoon, he desired his wife to read to him out of his book of death, which she did at two several times, at which he was extraordinarily devout, and very thankful to her, according to his usual custom, for her assistance. After this, he called her to him, and said, 'Child, trust God with thyself; I trust him with thee freely. God's providence is the best protection; and there is no such way to engage his good providence as by trusting him.' Some time the same afternoon she asked him how he did: he answered her, 'Very praiseworthy well, I thank God, for one near departing.' The prayers in the last agonies were read to him, at his desire, out of that book which was made the companion of his sickness, and which was the last effort of his charity for the salvation of his brethren. He sunk all of a sudden; for, being raised to take some chocolate for his refreshment, he died in a moment in that posture."

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, born at Paris, on the 20th of April, 1808, is the son of Hortense de Beauharnais, married, by the emperor, to Louis Napoleon, King of Holland. In 1831, taking part in the insurrections in Italy, where his eldest brother was killed, Louis Bonaparte attempted to overthrow the papacy. On the 30th October, 1836, he attempted to overthrow Louis Philippe. He had a failure at Strasbourg, and, pardoned by the king, he embarked for America, leaving his accomplices to be tried. On the 11th of November he wrote:—"The king, in his clemency, has ordered me to be taken to America." He declared himself vividly affected by the king's "generosity," adding, "certainly, we are all culpable toward the government in having taken up arms against it, but the most culpable person is myself;" and he ended thus:—"I was guilty against the government, therefore the state has been generous toward me." He returned from America and went to Switzerland, was appointed captain of artillery at Berne, and a citizen of Salenstein, in Thurgovia; equally avoiding, amid the diplomatic complications occasioned by his presence, to call himself a Frenchman or to avow himself a Swiss, and contenting himself, in order to satisfy the French government, with stating in a letter, dated the 20th August, 1838, that he lived "almost alone," in the house "where his mother died," and that he was "finally resolved to live in quiet." On the 6th of August, 1840, he disembarked at Boulogne, parodying the disembarkation at Cannes, with the little hat on his head, carrying a gilt eagle at the head of a flag, and a live eagle in a cage, a whole bundle of proclamations, and sixty valets, cooks, grooms, disguised as French soldiers with uniforms bought at the Temple, and buttons of the 42d Regiment made in London. He scatters money among the passengers in the streets of Boulogne, sticks his hat on the point of his sword, and himself cries, "Vive l'Empereur!" fires at an officer (who had said to him, "You are a conspirator and a traitor") a pistol-shot, which hits a soldier and knocks out three of his teeth; and, finally, runs away. He is taken into custody; there are found on his person five

hundred thousand francs, in gold and bank-notes; the Procurer-General, Franc-Carre, says to him, openly, in the Court of Peers, "You have been tampering the soldiers, and distributing money to purchase treason." The peers sentenced him to perpetual imprisonment. He was confined at Ham. There his mind seemed to take refuge within itself and to mature. He wrote and published some books, impressed, notwithstanding a certain ignorance of France and the age, with democracy and with faith in progress: "The Extinction of Papperism," "The Analogies of the Sugar Question," "The Ideas of Napoleon," in which he made the emperor a "Humanitarian." In a treatise entitled "Historical Fragments," he wrote thus: "I am a citizen before being a Bonaparte." Already, in 1852, in his book, "Political Reveries," he had declared himself a Republican. After five years of captivity he escaped from the prison of Ham, disguised as a mason, and took refuge in England. February arrived; he hailed the Republic; came to take his seat as a representative of the people in the Constituent Assembly; mounted the tribune on the 21st of September, 1848, and said: "All my life shall be devoted to the confirmation of the republic;" published a manifesto, which may be summed up in two lines—liberty, progress, democracy, amnesty, abolition of the decrees of proscription and banishment; was elected president by seven million five hundred thousand votes; solemnly swore the oath to the constitution on the 20th December, 1848; and, on the 2d December, 1851, broke it. In the interval he had destroyed the Roman Republic, and had restored, in 1849, that popery which, in 1831, he had essayed to overthrow. He had besides taken, more or less, a share in the obscure affair of the lottery of the ingots of gold. A few weeks previous to the *coup d'etat*, this bag became transparent, and there was visible within a hand greatly resembling his. On the 2d December and the following days he, the executive power, assailed the legislative power, arrested the representatives, drove out the assembly, dissolved the council of state, expelled the high court of justice, suppressed the laws, took twenty-five million francs from the banks, gorged the army with gold, swept the streets of Paris with grape-shot, and terrorized France. Since then he has proscribed eighty-four representatives of

the people; stolen from the Princes of Orleans the property of their father, Louis Philippe, to whom he owed his life; decreed despotism in fifty-eight articles, under the name of constitution; garroted the Republic; made the sword of France a gag in the mouth of liberty; pawned the railways; picked the pockets of the people; regulated the budget by *ukase*; transported into Africa ten thousand democrats; banished into Belgium, Spain, Piedmont, Switzerland, and England, forty thousand republicans; filled all souls with sorrow; covered all foreheads with a blush.

Louis Bonaparte is a man of middle height, cold, pale, slow in his movements, having the air of a person not quite awake. He has published a tolerable treatise on artillery, and is thought to be acquainted with the maneuvering of cannon. He is a good horseman. He speaks drawlingly, with a slight German accent. His histrionic abilities were displayed at the Eglington tournament. He has a thick moustache, covering his smile like that of the Duke d'Artois, and a dull eye like that of Charles IX.

Before the 2d of December, the leaders of the Right used habitually to say of Louis Bonaparte, '*T is an idiot*. They were mistaken. Questionless that brain of his is perturbed, and has large gaps in it, but you can discern here and there in it thoughts consecutive and concatenate. '*T is a book whence pages have been torn*. Louis Napoleon has a fixed idea, but a fixed idea is not idiocy; he knows what he wants, and he goes straight on to it through justice, through law, through reason, through honesty, through humanity, no doubt, but still, straight on. He is not an idiot. He is a man of another age than our own. He seems absurd and mad, because he is out of his place and time. Transport him in the sixteenth century to Spain, and Philip II. would recognize him; to England, and Henry VIII. would smile at him; to Italy, and Cæsar Borgia would embrace him. Or even, taking care to place him beyond the pale of European civilization, place him, in 1817, at Janina, and Ali-Tepelini would grasp him by the hand. He is of the middle ages, and of the Lower Empire. That which he does would have seemed perfectly simple and natural to Michael Ducas, to Romanus Diogenes, to Nicephorus Botoniates, to the Eunuch Narces, to the Vandal Stilico, to

Mohammed II., to Alexander VI., to Exzelino of Padua, as it seems perfectly simple and natural to himself. The only thing that he forgets, or knows not, is, that in the age wherein we live his actions will have to traverse the grand courses of human morality, chastened by three ages of literature and by the French revolution; and that, in this medium, his actions will wear their true aspect, and appear what they really are, hideous. His partisans—he has some—complaisantly parallel him with his uncle, the first Bonaparte. They say, "The one accomplished the 18th Brumaire, the other the 2d of December: they are two men of ambition." The first Bonaparte aimed to construct the empire of the west; to make Europe his vassal; to dominate over the continent by his power, and to dazzle it by his grandeur; to take an arm-chair himself and give footstools to the kings; to create his place in history: Nimrod, Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon: to be master of the world. * * *

To be so, he accomplished the 18th Brumaire. The other man aims to have horses and women, to be called Monseigneur, and to live luxuriously. To this end he brought about the 2d of December. Yes. They are two men of ambition: the comparison is just. Let us add, that, like the first Bonaparte, the second also aims to be emperor. But that which somewhat allays comparison is, that there is, perhaps, a slight difference between the conquering an empire and the pilfering it. * * *

The great talent of M. Louis Bonaparte is silence. Before the 2d of December he had a council of ministers who, being responsible, imagined they were something. The president presided. Never, or scarcely ever, did he take part in their discussions. While MM. Odillon Barrot, Passy, Tocqueville, Dufaure, or Faucher was speaking, he occupied himself, says one of these ministers, in constructing, with intense earnestness, paper figures, or in drawing men's heads on the documents before him. To faint death, that is his art. He lies mute and motionless, looking in the opposite direction to his object, until the hour for action comes; then he turns his head, and leaps upon his prey. His policy starts out on you abruptly, at some unheeded turning, pistol in hand, *ut fur*. Up to that point there is not the least movement. For one moment, in the course of the three

years that have just passed away, he was seen face to face with Changarnier, who, himself, on his part, meditated an enterprise. "*Ibant obscuro*," as Virgil says. France observed, with a certain degree of anxiety, these two men. What was in their minds? Was not one, she thought, Cromwell; the other, Monk? Men asked one another these questions as they looked on these two men. In both of them there was the same attitude of mystery, the same tactics of immobility. Bonaparte said not a word, Changarnier made not a gesture; this did not stir, that did not breathe; they seemed competing which should be the most statesque. * * * Machiavel has made small men; Louis Napoleon is one of them.

THE DISCONTENTED VIOLETS.

AN ALLEGORY.

THE violets, beautiful, modest flowerets, once on a time, long, long ago, became foolish and discontented. They sent up a petition to their mistress and mother, the Fairy Queen. "How long," said they, petulantly, "are we doomed to cower under our leaves, and bend beneath the very mass that clings to the roots of the trees? Are we not as worthy to show our faces and assert our presence as you gaudy tulip, or that upright auricula?"

The Fairy Queen sent her foreign ambassador to appease her discontented subjects. He flew to the earth in a drop of rain, and cried to the offended violets, "Be assured you are more lovely and interesting in your humble, unassuming sphere, than you can possibly be in one more exalted. Your constitution will not admit of any change in your condition. Who ever heard of a tall aspiring violet?"

"And for that very reason," they all exclaimed, "it is high time we assumed a more important and conspicuous position in the flower world. We have been secluded long enough. We feel as competent to hold up our heads as others. It is unjust bondage to conceal any longer our purple-scented blossoms. Give us freedom; let us see around us, and be seen."

The Fairy Queen frowned and sighed, and rode down on a sunbeam to punish her disaffected subjects. "O my children," she exclaimed, "be wise ere it is too late; you are altogether unfitted for the position

you seek. Be happy, be contented. Thousands of happy violets have lived among the moss and leaves, playing merry bopeep with the gentle summer zephyr and glancing sunbeams. What sweeter life could you desire? It is far better you should attract the passer-by to search for your sweet blossoms by the soft perfume you shed around, than if you stared him in the face at every corner, your unprotected odors rudely dispersed by every wind that sweeps by. I will grant your request, my daughters; but, alas! it will be a fatal one for you. No longer shall the village children, as they come from school, loiter in the lanes, to smell the pleasant scent of spring violets, and laugh for joy when they spy the blue flowerets lurking behind the broad sheltering leaves. No longer shall the weary denizen of the hot dusty city inhale gratefully your perfumed breath on a spring Sabbath, as he strays through the hedgerows. No more shall the eager lover search for you in your green hiding-places, to lay you on his mistress's bosom, and call her modest and exquisite as yourselves. Never again shall the duteous child, with anxious eyes, look diligently for the odorous buds that will call a grateful smile from the lips of a dying mother, as she wanders back in memory to the hours passed away, when she, light-hearted, young, and strong, ran to the well-known bank where the fairest violets were found. No more—but it is enough; you will prove for yourselves the truth." She folded her wings, and drooped her head, as she slowly returned in her bright chariot to Fairyland.

The prayer was granted. The violets suddenly started up, tall and aspiring, upon straight high stalks, and braved the full heat of the sun. They were glorified for a brief space, but soon the bright beams that danced in their eyes dazzled and confused them. They longed for one leaf to soften the intensity of the rays, but low at their feet were these sweet veils. A few repentant flowers strove to stoop to the old and pleasant couch where they had oft reclined in shady ease; their slender stems snapped in the effort, and they lay broken and lifeless on the earth. Nor were their proud companions more fortunate. One hour scorched with heat, the next shivering in the rough approaches of the varying wind, their delicate color faded, their fresh liquid beauty fled: pale,

scentless blossoms only remained, the jest of the flower world. Rosy tulips flushed deeper with scorn, and the full sweet rose looked anxious and displeased. Even the bees, as they wandered by, called no more to sing the sweet flattery of old in their ears, but passed on, without recognition, to other fair blossoms, and their small voices seemed to chant a solemn reproof. The sweet primroses and buttercups mourned for their old friends, and sighed for the olden days of happy companionship. And the poor violet, the flower of modesty, became a byword and a laughing-stock. Quickly this foolish generation became few in number, and faded in beauty. One by one drooped, broken-hearted, and all their high ambitious aspirations were quenched in cold death. At last but two remained, poor broken monuments upon the graves of their companions. The pitying wind heard their despairing sighs, and bore them tenderly and faithfully to Fairyland.

"Go tell them," said the Fairy Queen, "their punishment is severe, but merited. Yet, before those survivors die, bear a message of forgiveness and hope. Their own doom is sealed; their unhappy days are numbered, but from their ashes shall arise a happier race. Bright, blue, and sweet, shall be their children's faces. No traces shall they inherit of their progenitors' weaknesses and misfortunes. My love shall make them beautiful and blessed."

The soft wind whispered these sweet words in the ears of the unhappy violets.

"We die content," they murmured; "but hear, sweet zephyr, our last request,—receive our legacy. When our sweet representatives shall bloom in the future springtime, to you, O breeze! we intrust this solemn charge. Tell them our mournful story. Let them have the benefit of our bitter experience, that they may learn their chief happiness and only security is in *humility*. If ever they confide to you a wish, a fancy that reminds you of our fatal mistake, bear it far away, O breeze! upon your wings, and instill instead the sweet spirit of content and lowliness. Thus, in your voice, we, though silent, shall ever speak, and our old friendship shall be a pledge for your faithful guardianship."

"It shall," sighed the breeze, sadly: "Farewell!" and he hid his face. When he looked up, he chanted a wild dirge of sorrow over the graves of the dead violets.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF HEALTH AND DISEASE.

SINCE the time of Hippocrates (says Mr. Keith Johnston, in a paper read before the British Association) a belief has existed that the development of the moral and physical faculties of man is dependent, not on an original organization only, but also on the atmosphere by which he is surrounded, and the nature of the soil on which he is reared; and modern researches in physical geography, combined with statistical investigations in medical science, have confirmed this opinion. Sweden furnished the first tables of mortality; since then, England, France, Prussia, and the United States, have each contributed systematic statistical returns, and thus a vast mass of material has been accumulated, from which valuable conclusions may be deduced, especially since it is known that, during a similar series of years, the same diseases reappear with the most astonishing regularity, both as to periodicity and extent, and with reference to moral as well as physical causes. Endemic fever, including remittent and intermittent fever, prevails in North America, the West India Islands, on the west coast of Africa, in Syria, South Italy, the Ionian Islands, and, in general, the low, marshy districts of warm countries. Yellow fever is endemic in North America and in the West India Islands, between latitude 5° and 40° N., its northern limit in Europe being the latitude of Gibraltar. Diseases of the digestive organs are most prevalent in India, West and East Africa, England, Guiana, &c. Diseases of the liver greatly predominate in the East Indies, while consumption is most conspicuous in Great Britain, British North America, and Jamaica. Dropsy is most prevalent in West Africa, Great Britain, and Guiana. Among the different countries the most striking contrasts are sometimes exhibited; thus the west of Africa is the most fatal to Europeans, while the south-east is the most healthy country on the globe. Although many causes besides that of climate contribute to produce these results, yet generally, both in countries and cities, the chances of longevity are greatly in favor of northern latitudes. Of the former, we find near the bottom of the scale, Java as indicated by Batavia, some of the West India Islands, Sicily, Naples,

&c.; and near the top, Norway, Sweden, and portions of England.

The proportion of deaths from consumption indicates how little mere climate has to do with the extent of this disease; since, while it is almost unknown in the Madras Presidency of India, it is more frequent at the Cape of Good Hope than in the Northern United States, nearly even in Britain and British North America, nearly the same at Gibraltar as in the West Indies generally, and is most fatal among European troops in Jamaica.

In order to judge of the effects of a climate, it is necessary to compare the amount of mortality among the native population of a country with that of strangers to the soil. Now, we find that in all India the average amount of mortality among European troops is nearly three times as great as among natives, and that when in one locality 75 per cent. of European troops died, the mortality among the black troops was little more than 2 per cent.; that the number of deaths from cholera in India is twice as great among Europeans as among natives. In Britain, the number of deaths among the troops, generally, is 15 per 1,000 per annum, while among officers and the civil population it is only 9 per 1,000. In France, the mortality among troops is 18 per 1,000, among civilians it is 10 per 1,000. In the island of Barbadoes, the mortality among civilians is not more than 14 per 1,000, while among European troops it is 58 per 1,000. At the Cape of Good Hope, and in West Africa, the mortality among troops is 450 per 1,000, or 45 per cent.; in the navy, at the same places, it is only 25 per 1,000, or 2½ per cent. In general, the mortality among the sailors of the navy is much less than among the troops.

The effect of the means adopted for checking disease in England, France, and Germany, during the past century, are such that, while formerly 1 out of every 30 of the population died each year, now the average is 1 of 45, reducing by one half the number of deaths in these countries. In the year 1700, 1 out of every 25 of the population died in each year in England. In 1801, the proportion was 1 in 35; in 1811, 1 in 38; and in 1848, 1 in 45; so that the chances of life have nearly doubled in England within 80 years. In the middle of the last century, the rate for Paris was 1 in 25, now it is 1 in 32.



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

THE Children in the Wood is characterized by Mr. Addison, as "one of the darling songs of the common people," and "the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age." In the motto prefixed to the essay in which he refers to it, he describes it, by a quotation from Horace, as "*sine pondere et arte*,"—"a plain and simple copy of nature, destitute of the helps and ornaments of art." Few compositions in the language have been more universally read, or more extensively popular, among all classes; so true it is, that

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
for the language is mean, and the style is poor. There is, indeed, to borrow from the same classic authority, "even a des-

picable simplicity in the verse." But it makes its way into the heart by a surer passage than that of poetic grace: the sentiments are genuine and unaffected; and, therefore, "they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion." Mr. Addison perceived and appreciated the intrinsic value of the gem, through its coarse natural coating; it gave him a "most exquisite pleasure," and he recommended it to popularity by a short paper in the "Spectator." According to Ritson, "it appears to have been written in 1595, being entered in that year on the Stationers' Books."

We regard the ballad as a very model of the pure old English style. Our ver-

sion is taken, not from the "Reliques" of Dr. Percy,—although the accomplished prelate took few liberties with the ballad as he found it in the Pepysian Collection,—but from an old copy in the British Museum:—it is thus entitled: "The Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament, who, on his deathbed, committed the keeping of his two children, a boy and girl, to his own brother, who did most wickedly cause them to be destroyed, that so he might possess himself and children of the estate; but, by the just judgments of the Almighty, himself and all that he had was destroyed from off the face of the earth. To the tune of 'Roger.' London: Printed by and for W. D., and sold by C. Boxes, at the Sun and Bible, in Gilt-Spur-street."

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possesst one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde,
In love they lived, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And made in beautyes molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare;

And to his little daughter Jane,
Two hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd;
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Looke to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
A little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."

With that bespake their mother deare,
"O brother kinde," quoth shee,
"You are the man must bring my babes
To wealth or miserie:

"If you do keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deedes regard."
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist the children small:
"God bless you both, my children deare!"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sicke couple there:
"The keeping of your children deare,
Sweet sister, do not feare:
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave."

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But for their wealth he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went the pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speche they had,
Made murtherers heart relent:
And they that tooke the deed to do,
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life:
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
Where babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
When teares stood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not crye:
And two long miles he led them thus,
While they for bread complainde:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring ye
bread
When I do come againe."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty tops with black-berries
Were all beset, & and dyed,
And when they saw the darkness night
They sat them down and cryed.

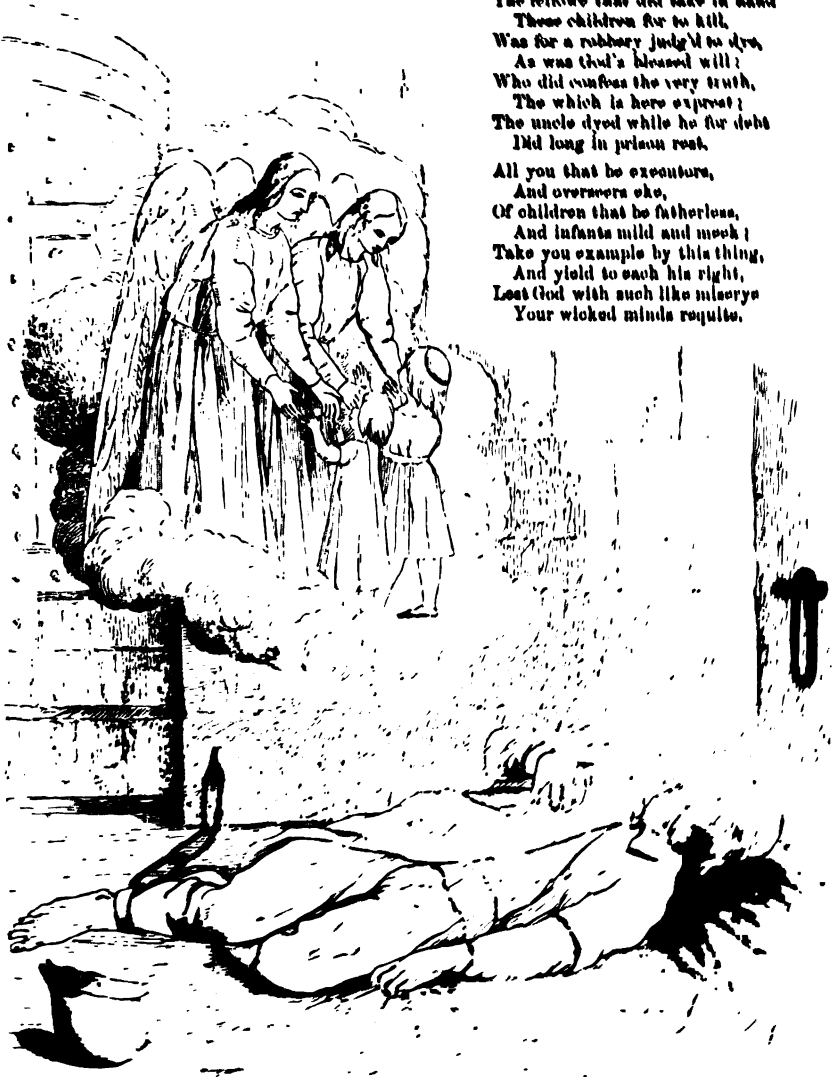
Thus wander'd these two pretty babes
Till death's Evil end their grief,
In one another's arms they dyed,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial these pretty babes
(Of any man receives,
Till robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wreath of woe
I see about your brow:
Yea, death's cold hand has taken hold,
His recompense till he did
His hours were short, his griefs unnumber'd,
His days were barren made,
His name dyed with the soil,
And nothing with him laid.

And in the voyage of Piteous
Two of his names did dye:
And so conclude himself was brought
Unto much misery:
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
As was thof's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here express'd:
The uncle dyed while he for debt
Did long in prison rest.

All you that be executors,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek:
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like misery
Your wicked minds requite.



THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

YOU may look in vain, on any map, for the large town of Summerville—the Summerville of my story. It is to be found, nevertheless, under an *alias*; but for this time, and for a reason which satisfies myself, I prefer to use the prettier name.

Towards the close of a gloomy February day, a female, slight and rather diminutive in stature, and not very warmly clad, hurried out of the High-street of Summerville, passed hastily through the cathedral close—Summerville is a cathedral town—and, descending a broad flight of stone steps, continued her course through more than one ill-lighted and ill-paved narrow street of neglected tenements, until she reached and entered a small shop, which was illumined only by the dim light of a tallow candle, which flared and guttered famously, in spite of the screen carefully interposed between it and the ill-fastened door.

The little shop was a curious study. Seen by the imperfect light of the wasting candle, it looked as if the rubbish of half-a-dozen old libraries had been shot into it, together with the clearings of as many bankrupt schools. Heaps upon heaps of old worm-eaten books, in tattered bindings, or no bindings at all; dogs-eared and dirty grammars, dictionaries, ancient English Readers, and long-forgotten and exploded histories; huge folios of ponderous divinity; bundles of old plays and political pamphlets of distant dates; novels, imperfect and odd volumes mostly; these formed the staple of the stock in trade of that small shop. Besides these, and filling up spaces on the dark wainscoted walls, were strange-looking pictures, black and grim, some in tarnished gilt frames, some in no frames; old engravings, tattered and torn, in black frames, and one or two with cracked glass shields. A rusty musket, with worm-eaten stock, and old flash-in-the-pan lock, flanked on each side with a horse-pistol of equally ancient construction, hung against one part of the wall, near the ceiling, and looked formidable. And on one shelf of the dirt-grimed window were scattered, in confused piles, strangely at variance with the solid literature with which elsewhere it was crammed, gay snuff-boxes, and odd-looking pipes of foreign material and make. The

whole shop, from ceiling to floor, had a smoky, dirty cast of character, and it smelt most mustily.

The proprietor of this strange assortment of wares might be rich, or he might be poor: he *was* poor, however. Patiently he sat that evening, in a little nook behind the broken counter of his shop, with paste-pot at his elbow, and India-rubber in hand, patching and cleaning an odd volume, page by page. The work went slowly on; for, as he patched, he read. He was a strange-looking figure: short and slim, and wrapped from neck to heels in a threadbare, greasy great-coat. His hat, napless and misshapen, was pulled tightly over his forehead, down to his eyebrows; and beneath it could be dimly discovered a face which, thirty years before, might have been handsome, but which retained few traces of former beauty. Thin it was; and a broad red scar, which covered one side of it from forehead to chin, obliterating in its course the light of one eye, and contracting the muscles of the mouth, glared ghastly, that evening, when the solitary candle shone upon it. Nevertheless, an acute physiognomist, had he judged rightly, would have pronounced concerning that disfigured and mean-looking man, "There is a soul of kindness there, beneath that unpromising exterior. I'll trust him! He is one of nature's diamonds, rough and beclouded, but a diamond nevertheless."

James Underwood looked quietly up from the ragged book as the female entered his dirty shop. He seemed to have been expecting her, for he merely observed, "You have been longer than you expected, Miss Bevan; it is a cold night, is n't it?"

"Very cold, Mr. Underwood,"—the voice was soft and young,—"very cold, and I am afraid it is late: is Willy come in yet, Mr. Underwood?"

The man shook his head. "He came in just after you went, Miss; but he would n't stop. I told him you would n't be long, and gave him your message; but he said it was so gloomy to be alone in that old room. I asked him to stop here and keep me company; but he would n't. I dare say he won't be long, poor boy, such a night as this. If I knew where to look for him, I would go and tell him you are returned."

The young woman sighed, and turned



THE SEMPSTRESS AND THE BOOKSELLER.

to another topic. "I am able to pay you, Mr. Underwood, a part——"

"Not to-night, Miss Bevan; I don't need it, indeed. I did not know that you were going out such an evening as this to get money for *me*. O, no, I could n't think of taking it to-night," he continued, as, with benumbed fingers, she was trying to find her way into a scantily-filled purse.

"I owe you for three weeks' rent, sir; and I am sorry, so sorry, I cannot pay it all; but if you will please to take a part——"

"Not to-night, Miss Bevan—well, let

it be a very small part, then;" and, taking one of the proffered shillings, he pushed the rest away resolutely. "You will have more work soon, and then you shall pay me all. I can wait, you know."

The young sempstress—for such Mary Bevan was—muttered broken thanks. "If it were not for you, Mr. Underwood, what should poor Willy and I do?"

"For me, Miss Bevan! You don't mean to say that I have ever done you any good! If I were a rich old fellow now, and had a nice extravagant dressy lady for a wife, to keep your fingers al-

ways a-going, I might do you some good, perhaps; and then, maybe, Willy would listen to what I might say. But, there, never mind. I ought to be ashamed of myself for keeping you in the cold, in this draughty old shop. Here's your candle, Miss Bevan;" and the speaker reached from under the counter a flat candlestick.

"This is not my candle, Mr. Underwood," said Mary; "mine was not half so long."

"O yes, it is all right. I wanted a bit in a hurry, so I used yours, and put another instead; that's all. And, Miss Bevan—you won't be offended—it was a great liberty I took, to interfere with a young lady's room; I thought you would be cold when you came home, so I sent old Betty to make up your fire. Poor old Betty! you don't mind her having done it, do you?"

Again murmuring her thanks, the young needle-woman left the shop by an inner door, shielding her candle as she went up, up, up to the third story of the dilapidated old house, till she reached her own room. Then she sat down, and wept desolately.

But the disconsolate mood did not last long unchecked. Thanks to her considerate landlord, Mary's fire burned brightly, and its genial warmth cheered her. "Tis very foolish to give way so," she said to herself; and resolutely wiping her eyes, she took up a book which her good friend down-stairs had lent her. It might be interesting; but she could not read. Thoughts, mournful and anxious; recollections of the past, and anticipations of the future, would come unbidden; and while they were in their full current, the door opened, and a lad, younger than herself by at least three years—and Mary had not seen eighteen summers—pushed hastily in, and threw himself into the only other unoccupied chair, tossing into a corner of the room the cap, which till then he had not removed from his head.

That Mary and Willy were sister and brother no one could have doubted who saw them together; and that they were orphans, and poor, and probably friendless, might have been guessed from the faded mourning garments they wore, their seclusion, and the poverty-stricken aspect of a home painfully bare of comfort. A broker would have given but a few shillings for all the room seemed to contain.

"Willy dear, it is you, then? I am so glad—"

"And I am so cold, Mary. You have got a good fire, I see: that's right—jolly. I don't know where you got the coals, though; but never mind, there they are. And hungry, are you, Mary dear? I am."

It is inexpressibly painful to witness the attempts which are sometimes made to cover, with the appearance of gayety and exuberant spirits, the throbbings of an aching, dejected heart, or the pressure of physical suffering. And when the sufferer is young, how much more so!

Willy Bevan was a mere boy; and as he spoke, his voice was quivering; and when he warmed his long thin fingers over the bright fire, they trembled. His face was gaunt with habitual privation; his long dark hair hung in straggling locks negligently over his forehead; and every limb seemed faltering with weakness. He had evidently outgrown both his clothes and his strength; had it been manly, he could that evening have cried bitterly; but it was n't manly, so he laughed un-naturally.

"I don't think I am hungry, Willy," said his sister; "but I am sure you must be; and I have been paid for that last work: here, go and get what you like for supper; you need not think about me; just get enough for yourself;" and Mary put sixpence into her brother's hand.

He disappeared at once, and soon returned with a loaf and a small, very small, bit of butter.

"Now, Mary," said he, as he put the loaf and butter on the table, "you see that?"

"Yes, Willy."

"Very well; you know you have not had a bit between your lips these twelve hours; and I haven't either. Now, my lady, if you won't share and share alike, there's no supper for me—that's all."

It was true enough; and that day of twelve hours had not been the first, by many a one, in which food had not passed between the lips of brother or sister. That night they ate almost enough to satisfy hunger—not quite. The butter—that was an unwonted luxury—Willy had bought on the strength of the payment Mary had that day received.

"Capital! Well done you and I, Mary love," exclaimed the boy, when their meal was ended. "Now if we had but a glass of double—eh! Mary—to wash it down, we might be what I call jolly. But, I say, how about those coals? where did they

come from? The cupboard was empty this morning, I'll—; no, I won't, neither, because you don't like it; but you did n't go and fetch them yourself, did you? If you did——"

"Mr. Underwood was kind enough to send me some up, Willy: he is very good."

"What a regular trump that old fellow is, Mary; but, I say, he's a rum'un to——"

"Willy, dear Willy," said Mary, eagerly interrupting her brother in his career of slang, "I wish you would not; I am sure you would not talk in that sort of way, if you knew how it pains me."

"Well, I won't then; there! But, after all, what does it matter? one must be like other people."

"Why *must*? and what other people? If our own dear father had lived, Willy——"

"But he didn't live. What's the use of talking about *that*, Mary. If he had lived you would n't have to starve—starve—starve at that horrid shirt-making; and I should n't be—what I am. Look here," he added, holding up his foot, and showing a ragged shoe-sole and a lacerated foot-sole; "and here——" stretching out an arm, down which a patched and shrunken jacket-sleeve reached not far below the elbow—"and you, Mary, look at your old frock and faded shawl; and thin, patched boots; and, worst of all, your long, pale face; and think of our being beholden to such a man as old Underwood for a bit of fire to warm us! Who would have thought of the children of William Bevan! William Bevan, Esquire!" the boy added, and repeated it bitterly; "William Bevan, Esquire, as they used to write on the letters they sent him! who would have thought of our coming to this! Better forget it all, Mary; forget we ever had a father, or mother either, I think; and be what we are—beggars!"

"Willy, dear Willy, this is worse than all, to hear you talk so. What shall I do? But we are not beggars, Willy."

"Very near it, Mary. Do you know what I did to-day? But you do n't, and won't guess; so I'll tell you. You know that great bookshop in the High-street. Well, I stood looking in at the window; and there was one of papa's books—I mean, one of the books he wrote—with his name on it as large as life; 'By Wil-

liam Bevan, author of——' I do n't know what all. I do n't know what possessed me, but I cut into the shop. I did not think of what I was doing: my head was all in a whirl.

"Well, my man, what do you say?" said the bookseller; and I told him my name was William Bevan. He looked at me from head to foot; he'll know me again, I'll be bound. 'Well?' he said. So I told him who I was, and who my father was, and asked him if he could recommend me to any employment. You should have seen his looks, Mary. Talk about slang! He *looked* slang enough for twenty blackguards; and out I came. I had enough to do to keep from picking up a stone, and dashing it through his window, though. But I did n't do it."

"Everybody does not treat us unkindly, Willy," said Mary, brushing away the tears which would come, as her brother was indignantly telling his tale. "There is Mr. Underwood, now; he would not take the money we owe for rent, though I know he wants money almost as badly as we do, now he has no lodgers but ourselves; and he sent up this box of coals, and I don't believe he has another boxful in the house."

"You are right, there, I think," observed her brother; "for when I passed by his little den of a place, behind his shop, as I went out just now for the loaf, not a spark was there in his grate; and I heard him tell the old woman—he did not see me though—that he did not want his fire lit to-night."

"It isn't the first time," continued Mary, "that Mr. Underwood has been kind to us. There was that week, last autumn, when I had no work, and we had no food, and no money to buy it——"

"I remember it well enough, Mary," said William, with a shudder at the recollection.

"And when he found it out," Mary went on, "you know what he sent us——"

"And went without himself; I know he did," said the boy; "and I say, he is a good old fi——; there, I did n't mean slang—a good-natured, benevolent friend."

"Our only one," rejoined Mary Bevan, speaking sadly.

"And a funny one, too," continued Willy, in his rattling manner. "I can't think how he lives: there are plenty of old books in his dirty old shop, to be sure,

but he can't eat *them*; and I don't think he sells one a week. A customer is quite an event to him, I am sure. I say, Mary, is n't he a miser, do you think? I should n't wonder, now, if there's a hoard of guineas somewhere in this tumble-down old house, if we could but get at them, eh?"

"Nonsense, Willy. Mr. Underwood is not a miser; and if he were, it would be nothing to us, and——"

"Well, well; I don't believe he is, either. And I say, do you know what makes him so ugly?"

"Ugly! No, Willy; what do you mean?"

"That great red scar on his face, and his blind eye. I can tell you."

"I think, Willy, we ought not to be talking so much about people that are absent."

"Why, it is no harm—not a bit; you will like to hear it. It was twenty years ago, or more, and Mr. Underwood lived, I do n't know where; but it was n't in Summerville; and the house he lived in caught fire, and was burnt to the ground. He was n't a bookseller then; I do n't know what he was; but he had a good deal of property in a box—'t was money, I dare say; and he ran out with it all safe, and was going to take it where it would have kept safe, when he heard dreadful shrieks. There was a baby, or something of the sort, left by mistake at the top of the house, when everybody thought it was cleared out of living things. So what did he do—Mr. Underwood, I mean—but toss his box into somebody's hands—'Take care of this for me,' said he; and back he went into the burning house. Everybody said it would be of no use, for the stairs were on fire; but he did n't heed them, and up he went somehow, and down he came with baby in his arms, all right, till he got to the first floor; and then he was stopped—the stairs were all in a blaze. 'Catch this,' he said; and he pitched the baby into the crowd, and it was n't hurt a bit; but as soon as he had done it, down he fell, right into the fire; the smoke had choked him. Well, they pulled him out, of course, or else he would n't be alive now; but burnt up, he was, all on one side; and that's the story of his scar. And that was n't the worst; for when he came to himself, his box was nowhere to be found; and it never was found; and so he lost every-

thing. I do n't know how he came to set up in the old book line; but here he is, and—and I just wish we had something to drink his health with—that's all."

"It was just like Mr. Underwood," said Mary; "to think of others before himself. And it ought to make us think less of our own sorrows, to know that others have suffered more. It is dreadful to think of, though—poor Mr. Underwood;" and Mary, in her turn, shuddered.

"And who told you this? Did he?"

"No, he did n't: Sam Blackman told me about it."

"'T is the only good thing I ever heard of *his* telling, Willy. Why do you keep company with such a boy as that? I am sure he is not a proper companion for you."

"Why is n't he? Because he is poor, like us, I suppose, Mary," said the boy.

"No, dear brother; no, no. But is it not of him, and such as him, you learn that strange, low, ugly way of talking you have got into lately? and do n't you waste day after day, and evenings too, in the streets with boys you would once have been ashamed to be seen with? Dear Willy!" and Mary burst into tears.

"And what would you have me do?" asked Willy, sullenly. "Look at these beggarly clothes; who else would keep company with me, do you think, if such as Blackman did not? And as to wasting time—what can I do all day long? Have n't I tried, again and again, till I won't try any more—I won't!—to get a berth? Nobody knows us, and nobody cares for us; why should I care for anybody? And as to talking—you would have me remember that I am a *gentleman's* son, I suppose? I tell you, I mean to do all I can to forget it."

Poor Mary—poor sister of a willful, but affectionate, a high-spirited, but a crushed-spirited youth—what could she do? what could she say? She felt how wrong Willy was; but she felt, too, how natural his feelings were, and how desperate her case and his case were. It was quite true, that they were unknown and unfriended in Summerville. Two years before, their father—a literary man of medium ability and some evanescent popularity, but poor, and broken in health and spirits, a widower too—had come from a distant county to Summerville, with the vague hope of more permanent employment than he had

previously been able to insure, and of obtaining situations for his girl and boy. He came to be disappointed, and to die. And these were the orphan children, cast upon the world with none to care for them but the seller of second-hand books, in whose house their father had happened to take lodgings.

Piece by piece, almost every valuable the orphans inherited—and they were not many—had to be parted with, till starvation stared them in the face. But, at length, Mary obtained employment as a sempstress, having to leave with her employer, as security for her honesty, her father's watch and her mother's gold ring—the last relics of former days.

But strive as she might—and Mary Bevan had a quick and neat hand, and a stout heart—she could do nothing more than provide for daily wants; and there were times when work failed. Meanwhile, her brother, under no control save hers—feeble sister as she was—grew almost unmanageable. He had sought, and she for him had sought employment, but in vain; and, between him and moral ruin, the barriers seemed to become weaker and weaker every day. Where was it all to end?

(To be continued.)

LUTHER AND THE COUNT EBERHARD VON ERBACH.

IN the year 1518, on the evening of the 8th of April, Count Eberhard might be seen striking his spurs into the sides of his black charger, as he galloped over the bridge of his castle at Erbach, so fast that his followers could hardly keep up with him. It had cost him a hard struggle to leave home at this time, for in one of the chambers his little daughter Hildegard was lying, to all appearance, at the point of death. The countess had flung her arms round her husband, and strove to detain him, as if she thought that the angel of death would not seize his prey in the presence of her valiant lord. But it was all to no purpose; his determination was fixed; he tore himself away, though a severe pang pierced his heart as he bade his wife farewell, and cast a last look on his child's pale form. Yet, mingled with his anguish a watchful observer might have noticed something like a wild joy gleaming in his eyes, when at the head of his retainers he

entered at full gallop the little town in the vicinity, which was already lighted up, while the evening chimes were sounding. As he cleared the castle-gate, John Speckel, the priest of Michelstadt who was staying in attendance on the sick child, shouted after him, "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully;" and added, "Whose loveth father or mother, son or daughter, more than me, is not worthy of me!" but the loud and earnest tones of the monk's voice were lost in the clatter of the horses' feet.

People who lived in the neighborhood were puzzled to imagine what this hurried departure of the count, at such a time, might mean. They knew him to be of a passionate, fiery temper, that could ill brook contradiction, but withal of a tender, sympathetic heart. Some thought that he was in haste to fetch the famous physician just settled at Amorbach, and that he had taken so large a retinue with him because the road over the Eulbacher heights was reckoned dangerous; others asserted that he was going to chastise the inhabitants of Sickengen, who had decoyed and captured his son and his tutor, who had been living at Strasburg, for they had seen Rüd't of Collenberg, a menial, whom he had employed as a spy, enter the castle gates not long before the count took his departure. But they were all at fault. It was something quite different that had checked the tender feelings with which he sat at his daughter's bedside, and had filled his breast with emotions of another kind.

In the autumn of the preceding year God had caused the long-forgotten word of his grace in his Son Christ Jesus to be once more proclaimed at Wittenberg by his servant Martin Luther, and within a fortnight it had spread through almost all parts of Germany, and found an entrance into many hearts. But, as always happens under such circumstances, it was attended with gainsaying and misunderstandings. While it met with acceptance among the common people, and even with many of the higher classes, who, amid their outward splendor, had hearts alive to their spiritual wants; yet among the great and wise of this world there were those who attempted to "kick against the pricks." To this latter class belonged Count Eberhard von Erbach. He threatened apostates from the Romish Church with the severest punishments, and roused the clergy of all

ranks and orders to oppose the progress of heresy. John Speckel, whose name we have already mentioned, a man of learning and irreproachable character, earnestly seconded his efforts; but all attempts to shut out the new doctrine from the count's domains were as powerless as if he had tried to stay the blasts that rushed through the valleys of the Odenwald.

The count and his ecclesiastical fellow-worker were delighted when Eckius, Prierias, and others took the field against Luther; but persons who were more-farsighted, and had read their writings, and better understood the signs of the times, were disposed to believe that his cause would only be advanced by such opponents. Under all these attacks Luther's own courage and faith waxed stronger; and this very year, on the 26th of April, when a meeting of the Augustin friars was to be held at Heidelberg, the undaunted reformer, having provided himself with letters of introduction to the Prince Palatine, set out on foot, though many who were anxious for his safety strongly dissuaded him from the journey.

Luther's progress from town to town resembled a triumphal procession; the poor, suffering people everywhere received him as a man who sympathized with their unhappy lot; and even many, who had been hitherto undecided, or positively hostile, were won over to his cause, when they heard him preach in the streets or high-ways so powerfully and yet so humbly, giving all glory to the Lord. From Wurzburg, where he met with a very friendly reception from Bishop von Bibra, he came down to Wertheim, intending to proceed to Heidelberg by way of Miltenberg. From every quarter people flocked to Miltenberg, to see the man whose name had found its way into the most distant peasant's cottage; and that town, which had declared entirely in his favor, was prepared to give him a most cordial welcome.

Excepting the abbot of Amorbach and the Benedictine monks of Michelstadt, no one was more indignant at Luther's popularity than Count Eberhard. Every report of the approach of the detested reformer, and of the general feeling in his favor, was like one of Job's messengers; and he was ready to gnash his teeth when told of the festive preparations of the Miltenbergers. From the moment he heard of them no one could get a pleasant

word from him excepting his little daughter, whose dangerous state only served to deepen the gloom that overcast him. At last his resolution was taken. The priest had thrown out hints, how one bold, determined man might put an end to the confusion into which this so-called reformer had thrown a whole nation. By degrees he let out his meaning in plainer terms; he represented to the count that he had already resorted to physical force in order to ward off temporal evil from his subjects; and, therefore, he might surely gird on his armor for the glory of God, and the spiritual welfare not only of his own vassals, but of the whole German nation. He would find it no difficult matter to attack the reformer unawares, as he traveled without an armed retinue, and might give him in custody to the monks of Michelstadt or Heimbach till he consented to recant, or his name and doctrine were forgotten. The count lent a ready ear to this advice: he had often longed to encounter heresy with lance and sword, and like his ancestor, after hearing Pope Urban at Clermont, he exclaimed, when the priest had finished, "God grant it! God grant it!" as if he were setting out on a crusade.

Having dispatched a messenger to bring him word when the reformer would set out from Miltenberg, and what road he would take, whether under Maine, by Aschaffenberg, or by Amorbach, through the Odenwald, he made arrangements to meet either case. If Luther went by Maine, then the count's vassals, Echter of Mespelbrunn, Bernhold of Eschan, and the bailiff of Wildenstein, with six trusty servants, were to fall upon him, and convey him with the utmost secrecy to Erbach; but if he proceeded through the Odenwald, then the count himself would conduct the enterprise. After two days his scout returned and brought word that Luther was to set out the next day, but nothing certain was known respecting his route. But to make sure of his prey in either case, the count, as we have seen, notwithstanding his daughter was at the point of death, sallied forth in the evening, and took the road to Miltenberg. It was already twilight when he crossed the heights of Eulbacher, and the pine-wood torches were lighted in the adjoining hamlets; but the count hurried on so fast in front of his retinue, that when the clock

struck eight, they had reached the mill on the Mudan, where, according to agreement, a messenger from the bailiff was waiting for the count, with the news that his orders had been punctually obeyed, and that the armed men were lying in ambuscade.

Von Erbach felt satisfied, and passed through the gate which the magistrates of Miltenberg had adorned and illuminated with the following inscription in large letters :—

“God’s word and Luther’s lore
Quench shall Satan nevermore.”

The whole town was alive. Groups of men were moving about the streets, and talking of the wonderful man to whose powerful preaching they had been listening that day. The count dashed through the excited crowd straight to the inn near which Luther had taken up his quarters. “Heyday! my lord count!” exclaimed Nicol Uhrig, the innkeeper, with many a profound bow; “I should never have dreamt that Luther would have made your grace stir from home!” The count made no reply, but, as if in a churlish mood, withdrew at once to his bed-chamber.

Wearied out by his hasty ride and mental agitation, he threw himself on his bed, and dropped into a deep sleep. After some hours he awoke, and, as he wished to keep awake, rose up and went to the window.

The stillness of night has a wonderful influence on almost every one whose heart is not thoroughly hardened. When every being that lives and moves on earth, from man in his chamber to the bird in its nest, is asleep and silent, one seems to hear the breath of Him who keeps guard and watches over all. Earth seems like a land in which rebellion has been put down and its voice silenced, and gives us a foretaste of the time in which the kingdom of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ. Perhaps the count felt something of this kind, for the wrathful emotions of his heart were stilled, and the wild fire quenched that raged only the evening before. Darkness and silence were spread over the little town with its slumbering population; only here and there a star twinkled in the sky, and the light glimmered in the warder’s tower; the stream of the Maine might be heard as it rushed along; and when the bell of the nearest convent tolled for matins, the count was quite at a loss what course to

take. His yesterday’s ride, and the design which had occupied him, seemed to have passed away like a dream; his thoughts first traveled homeward to his sick child and anxious wife; then they rose upwards to the heavenly Father, the “sole arbiter of life and death,” and ended in a heartfelt, earnest prayer, with which he placed his cares in God’s hands.

All of a sudden a light shone in the corner chamber of the next house, and a deep, fine, manly voice, which, in the silence of the night, fell on his ears quite audibly, uttered the words, “This may God grant, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen!” As the count occupied the highest story, he overlooked the chamber, and, though the curtain was let down, he could plainly discern the dark form of some one kneeling down in prayer. For a while this person seemed to be turning over the leaves of a book, and then began his prayer again: “O Lord my God, in thee do I put my trust; save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me: lest they tear my soul like a lion, while there is none to deliver.” These words were taken from the seventh Psalm. The count had never before heard any one pray in this manner; each word in the lips of the worshiper seemed like a sledge-hammer, knocking at heaven’s gate, especially the concluding verses: “My defence is of God, which saveth the upright in heart. God judgeth the righteous, and is angry with the wicked every day. If he turn not, he will whet his sword; he hath bent his bow, and made it ready. He hath prepared for him the instruments of death; he ordaineth his arrows against the persecutors. Behold, he travaileth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood. He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head.” These words were uttered with such power and confidence, that the count could not help thinking, “Truly this man has a better shield than I have, and a sharper sword. With such a man I would not wish to be otherwise than on good terms.” And when the person went on to pray for all Christendom—that God would cause the clear light of his gospel to shine forth; that he would turn the hearts of princes as the rivers of water are turned, and make the poor common people free by his truth;

and that, as to the enemies of the word, he would crush their pride; and that ignorant persecutors might take warning by his judgments, and attend to the one thing needful—at the close of these petitions the count could not help clasping his hands with tears in his eyes, and exclaiming aloud, "Amen! amen! Grant it may be, O God, as thy servant has said!"

The count walked up and down his chamber restlessly, occupied with the single thought of seeing the man face to face whom he had heard praying in this manner. At last he noticed that the day had begun, and the sun was shining in at his window. He rang for the innkeeper, who immediately made his appearance with a tankard of warm ale on a silver waiter, which he was going to place on the marble table. But the count stopped him, saying, "Cannot you tell me who that person is in yonder chamber with the curtain let down?" "Can I tell you?" replied the innkeeper. "Certainly. And have you really seen him? Why it is Luther, the arch-heretic. His lamp has been burning for some hours."

The count stood thunder-struck. "Luther, is it?"

"Yes; Dr. Martin Luther," said the innkeeper, seeing his astonishment. "Has your grace any commands to give?" but receiving no answer, he made his bow and withdrew.

For some time the count stood as if fixed to the spot. At last, without touching his breakfast, he hurried down stairs, went over to the next house, and stood in an instant before Luther. On the count's entering, Luther rose from his seat, and beheld a portly figure, in complete armor, with his sword by his side, standing before him with an anxious look, but not uttering a word. But when at last, in a kindly tone, Luther broke the silence by asking what he wanted, the count fell on his knees, and exclaimed, "O man, you are better than I am. God forgive me that I ever thought of doing you harm!" He then told what was his design in coming thither; and how he heard him pray, and how his words overpowered him.

"Not my word," said Luther, "but the word of the Lord, which I, a poor unworthy sinner, have the honor of bringing into Germany. Go your way in peace, my lord count; he who has begun a good work in you will carry it on to the day of

Jesus Christ. If it please God, you shall see still greater wonders, for 'he breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder.' His word they cannot destroy, for the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

The count's attendants were waiting at the entrance of the inn, where they had been joined by Echter and Bernhold, expecting to receive his orders. But he galloped past them, taking the road homeward, and waving his hand, said, as if lost in thought, "Go in peace; the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

As he entered the gateway of the castle his wife came out to meet him, and clasped him joyfully in her arms. Their child had passed a good night in a long, sound sleep, and was sitting up in her little bed, playing and waiting for her father.

Without going into particulars, we may state that from that time the count zealously endeavored that the word which he had persecuted might be published with all fidelity to his subjects. Among the princes who were present at the Diet of Worms is to be found the name of Count Eberhard von Erbach, as an enlightened friend of the Protestant cause, who there made a good confession on its behalf.

John Speckel also, formerly priest at Michelstadt, was the first of a succession of ministers who published the gospel at Brensbach; and on his pulpit, which was erected by Count Eberhard in the year 1528, is to be seen an inscription, which was then the watchword of Protestantism, "VERBUM DOMINI MANET IN ÆTERNUM!" "The word of the Lord endureth forever."

GREAT PRINCIPLES AND SMALL DUTIES.—A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies. So far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavy spirit taking up its abode can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquilly pass the humiliations of our condition. Even in intellectual culture, the ripest knowledge is best qualified to instruct the most complete ignorance. So, the trivial services of social life are best performed, and the lesser particles of domestic happiness are most skillfully organized, by the deepest and the fairest heart.

The National Magazine.

JULY, 1868.

THE SPIRIT RAPPINGS AGAIN.

THE "Spirit Rappings" are extant in England, and threaten to grow rife there as here. Brother Jonathan introduced them to John Bull with his usual persistence, and the latter is fairly bluffing with dignified surprise at them. Dickens, in his "Household Words," some time since, endeavored to quash the Celestials by a satirical report of a London circle, but they are "alive and kicking"—or at least "rapping" away as friskily as ever. A Mr. Spicer has published a curious and somewhat able book about them.^o He declares himself outrightly converted, and "shows up" Dickens's report as one-sided and a sheer trick of satire. Mr. Spicer precedes his discussion with former examples of these phenomena. Among these the most remarkable were the exploits of the once famous drummer of Tedworth; the whimsically unaccountable knockings and bangings of "Old Jeffery," that disturbed the family of John Wesley's father, at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, a "full, true, and particular" account of which is to be found in Wesley's Journal, and which Southey and Isaac Taylor both were inclined to believe preternatural; the invisible ghost which swallowed the red wine of Counselor Hahn, at Slawensick, in Silesia; the hard-working demon of Mr. Doda, in Penobscot County; the prophetic vision of a Mademoiselle F. Lamb, recorded in the "Arcanes de la Vie future dévoilés" of Cahagnets; the case of the celebrated French actress, Mademoiselle Clairon, elaborately attempted to be explained, on the hypothesis of a trick, in the first number of "Household Words;" and that of Angellique Cottin, which excited attention in Paris so late as 1846.

Mr. Spicer was in this country, and was here introduced into the "circles." He sends us back some information respecting our "spiritual progress," which is quite novel to ourselves, (that is to say, to our own editorship.) The "fishes" and the "Foxes" figure largely in his pages, and the "astounding" marvels at Dr. Phelps's residence, Stratford, Connecticut, are recorded with a minuteness and an air of authenticity which must make John Bull rub his eyes. The author reports that there are at present more than thirty thousand "media" in the United States; and that in London, "houses of the first distinction receive them with circles chiefly from the ranks of fashion and the nobility." He gives some very odd accounts of the "writing media," most of whom, as their oracles have been given in the public prints, have appeared rather to disadvantage. One of these, however, as represented in Mr. Spicer's pages, quite redeems this class of media. Mrs. Lydia Tenney, of Georgetown, Massachusetts, is said to have no "poetic fire" whatever, and yet she has given some specimens of genuine poetry from the

"spheres." So much driveling nonsense has been sent us by the bards and sages of those empyrean regions, that we feel quite tempted to allow them to redeem themselves, as much as possible, by a couple of quotations. Here is one which Mrs. Tenney gives from poor Edgar Poe. Tait's Edinburgh Magazine says, "It certainly embodies a most striking and unaccountable resemblance to the very peculiar strains of that singular genius." We think so, too, and give it as a specimen of really fine poetry, whether from muse or demon:—

"O, the dark, the awful chasm!
O, the fearful spirit spasm!
Wrought by unresisted passion
In my heart.
Fancies joyous but alluring,
Love pure, but unenduring,
From time to time securing
Each a part.

"Then embraced by seraph hands—
Drawn by tender loving hands—
From these treacherous, hateful sands
Of despair,
How my soul was waked to gladness,
And cast off the deadening madness,
And the soul-devouring madness
Writhing there!

"Then came dreams so soft and holy,
O'er roses wandering slowly
With sweet music stealing lowly,
To my ear.
Hark! I hear—I hear her calling,
In tones no more of wailing,
But in dewy sweetness falling—
'Here—up here.'

"Thanks, Great Heaven, I am stronger—
Slave to earthly lusts no longer,
I am free.
O, this lightness! O, this brightness!
O, this pure and heavenly whiteness
Marking thee!
Freed from earth and sin forever—
Death can us no more dis sever.
Humbly thank great God together—
Thou and we."

You may read that again, reader, and not amiss. The theology is heterodox, but the poetry is celestial.

Here is another specimen, from Southey, very poor as a specimen of his poetry, as any very good poem must necessarily be, but a really fine specimen of the genuine Muse, better in some respects than that from poor Edgar Poe:—

POEM

Dictated by the Spirit of Southey, March 25, 1851.

I.

"Night overtook me ere my race was run,
And mind, which is the chariot of the soul,
Whose wheels revolve in radiance like the sun,
And utter glorious music, as they roll
To the eternal goal.
With sudden shock stood still. She heard the boom
Of thunders; many cataracts seem'd to pour
From the invisible mountains; through the gloom
Flow'd the great waters; then I knew no more
But this, that thought was o'er.

II.

"As one who, drowning, feels his anguish cease,
And clasps his doom, a pale but gentle bride,
And gives his soul to slumber and sweet peace,
Yet thrills when living shapes the waves divide,
And moveth with the tide;
So sinking deep beneath the unknown sea
Of intellectual sleep, I rested there:
I knew I was not dead, though soon to be
But still alive to love, to loving care,
To sunshine and to prayer.

^o Sights and Sounds; the Mystery of the Day, &c. London, Thomas Bosworth.

III.

"And life, and death, and immortality,
Each of my being held a separate part:
Life there, as sap within an orbivorn tree;
Death there, as frost, with intermingling smart;
But in the secret heart
The sense of immortality, the breath
Of being indestructible, the trust
In Christ, of final triumph over death,
And spiritual blossoming from dust,
And heaven with the just.

IV.

"The soul, like some sweet flower-bud yet unblown,
Lay tranced in beauty in its silent cell;
The spirit slept, but dream'd of worlds unknown,
As dreams the chrysalis within its shell,
Ere summer breathes its spell.
But slumber grew more deep till morning broke,
The Sabbath morning of the holy skies,—
An angel touch'd my eyelids and I woke;
A voice of tenderest love said, 'Spirit, rise.'—
I lifted up mine eyes,

V.

"And lo, I was in Paradise. The beams
Of morning shone o'er landscapes green and gold,
O'er trees with star-like clusters, o'er the streams
Of crystal, and o'er many a tented fold.
A patriarch, as of old,
Melchizedec might have approach'd a guest,
Drew near me, as in reverent awe I bent,
And bade me welcome to the land of rest,
And led me upward, wondering as I went,
Into his milk-white tent."

Now is it not mortifying to our common human nature to find talents, genius even capable of such things, prostitute to this abject nonsense—this imposture, or, at least, delusion! The mind that gave birth to these verses could propose to itself the noblest fame—a monument on Parnassus itself—but it will probably whirl and perish in the "circles," or in a mad-house.

We have given some outlines on this subject, and have proposed to give, at some leisure hour, what we deem the best solution of the mystery. We may do so yet; meanwhile, it appears to us like one of those absurdities for the explosion of which satire was given to the world; and it will probably have to die by the excess of its follies. Satire and science must both contribute to its cure. One of our cotemporaries gives the following astute explanation of it:—

"The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for the taps is the physiological defects of the membranaceous system. The obtuseness of the abdominal indicator causes the cartilaginous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm, and depresses the duodenum into the fandango. Now if the taps were caused by the vocation of the electricity from the extremities, the *lympasms* would dissolve into the spiritual sinetium, and become identical with the pigmentum. Now, this is not the case; in order to produce the taps the spiritual rotundum must be elevated down to the spiritual spero. But, as I said before, the inferior ligaments must not subvert over the digitorum sufficiently to disorganize the stericletum.

"A friend of ours, who graduated with 'distinguished honors' at one of the northern universities, says, that he must dissent *en toto* from the idea that the 'depression of the duodenum into the fandango' could, by any possibility cause the olfactory ossifactor to ferment, and become identical with the pigmentum. He says the thing cannot be done; and after quoting several learned authors on the subject, winds up his argument with the remark that 'the vibratory motion communicated to the tunica albuginea by the parturition of the alveola process, effectually disintegrates the pericardiac influences of the epigastrium, and produces a compound corpuscular movement of the lymphatic glands; which abnormal

and diagnostical state of the nervous system deteriorates a preponderance of the lactical fluid to the posterior portion of the cerebellum, and predisposes the patient to preternatural distension of the auricular membranaceous orifice; in which case the rappings become painfully and distinctly audible.'

"Now, whether this is or is not so, we will not undertake to say, but will leave the whole matter in the hands of the learned *assens*, in the full confidence that little can be added to the above triumphant incontrovertible exposition."

So much for a Yankee's definition; let us give "fair play," however, and allow the Englishman to state his views of the subject. He gives it summarily as follows:—

"*First*.—That manifestations of an extraordinary character are rife in the United States, and are becoming familiar in England.

"*Secondly*.—That demonstrations of a similar kind have been known almost from time immemorial, in civilized and barbarous countries alike; their true origin, as in the present instance, never having been ascertained.

"*Thirdly*.—That the American manifestations have been closely watched, carefully investigated, and submitted to every conceivable test, by persons eminently qualified to conduct such inquiries, and whose characters entitle them to the fullest credit. Those have decided—

"*Fourthly*.—That the phenomena present features which render the theory of the employment of mechanic art wholly inadmissible.

"*Fifthly*.—That the recognized laws of electricity are utterly insufficient to account for, and the properties of that agent inapplicable to, the results obtained.

"*Lastly*.—That the theories of animal electricity, magnetoid currents, nerve-spirit, &c., will not suffice to explain the whole phenomena, while unconnected with some independent intelligence; though where that intelligence is to be sought, and how explained, there is no satisfactory evidence to prove.

"At these conclusions, so many enlightened and liberal minds have already arrived, that we recognize the last and most favorable feature of the whole strange history in the fact of the question being permitted to halt and remain stationary, exactly at the point where profound and anxious interest, for the first time, really attaches to it!

"A wonder, whatever its agency has no doubt been wrought in the land. Considered in the light of an undiscovered hoax, its marvellous ingenuity, and the incomparable fidelity with which a secret that must be known to many thousands among the neediest and most purchasable of the community has been preserved, raise it beyond dispute to the dignity of what it has been styled—a wonder. In spite of the hostility and denunciation of the greater portion of the press—the warning tone of the clergy—the ridicule and *assens* of the non-reflecting portion of society, the subject has gradually won its way through all opposition; and, up to the present instant, added thousands, almost daily, to the number of those who deem it worthy of zealous inquiry."

What is the right treatment of this delusion? Those who would remedy it have fallen, we think, into two opposite extremes. Mr. Beecher and his class have erred egregiously in admitting the main pretension of the mania, *viz.*: that these marvels are *preternatural*. Grant this, and you grant the essential fact claimed by the rappers. They will not care much for your qualification that it is *diabolically* preternatural, if you only admit that it is preternatural. Its moral character is a subsequent question between you and them; they will be willing to meet you in its discussion, and with evidence, too, that will embarrass you. This admission of Mr. Beecher's report we consider the most unfortunate and preposterous incident in the whole history of the matter. Its influence on the already over-excited popular inter-

est for the subject must be terrible. It will precipitate thousands into that abyss of superstition and semi-madness into which tens of thousands have already plunged, and the reaction, when it comes, as it inevitably must, under the right scientific solution of the mystery, will be fatal to the faith of many in the religion whose teachers and whose doctrines have been degraded by the explanation given in their name.

Nor have the opposite class, who treat the subject with mere sarcasm as downright jugglery, much advantage over Mr. Beecher and his adherents. Doubtless there is some jugglery in the matter; your public lecturers have, after the style and genius of Brother Jonathan, turned it to account. It is natural for Jonathan to turn everything to account; he would invade pandemonium to catch Satan himself for exhibition, were it possible. But we believe that most of the hundreds of thousands who are now infected with this mania, throughout the United States, are sincere minds. They are convinced that there is something beyond jugglery in these marvels. And they are right. The evidence upon which they credit the strongest claims to their confidence in the ordinary affairs of life justifies them in the present instance.

What is the true solution then of these mysteries? It is scientific, we reply; and upon our scientific men chiefly devolves the duty of rescuing the popular mind from the growing delusion. Faraday's "diamagnetism" and Reichenbach's "odc force"—identical facts—as Reichenbach himself believes—meet all the conditions of the new phenomena—even the most remarkable of them are solved by it. Not merely the "rappings," but sights, "apparitions"—the most ghostlike—are explained and exploded by it, and the popular superstitions, founded upon such phenomena, believed in all lands and all ages, and on that very account credited by the learned heretofore as including some inexplicable element of preternatural truth, are proved to be founded in truth, but not supernatural—to be results, in fine, of a purely physical agent. Reichenbach himself has drawn many marvelous explications from his discovery; but Dr. Rogers, in his "*Philosophy of Mysterious Agents*," has applied it successfully to the recent phenomena in this country, and put, we think, the question to rest with all intelligent readers.

The difficulty with many of the most unquestionable instances of "apparitions," as well as other supposed preternatural phenomena, has been that they have lacked meaning, "final cause," as the philosophers talk; they have been in some striking respects incongruous, and, while they have appalled our imaginations, they have also vexed exceedingly our sense of propriety—a defect that we have not expected in the invisibles. Here is an authentic example from Rogers:—

"What shall be done with the following case? It certainly shows a strange and hitherto unknown physical agent, in or by which the brain may act even at a great distance, and produce physical results perfectly representing the cerebral action when the mind's controlling power is suspended.

"Rev. Joseph Wilkins, an English dissenting minister, relating the case of himself, says:—'Being one night asleep, I dreamed that I was traveling to Lon-

don, and, as it would not be much out of my way, I would go by Gloucestershire, and call upon my friends.' Accordingly he seemed to have arrived at his father's house; but, finding the front door closed, he went round to the back, and there entered. The family, however, being already in bed, he seemed to ascend the stairs and enter his father's bed-chamber. He found him asleep; but, to his mother, who seemed awake, he said, as he walked round to her side of the bed, 'Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good-by;' to which she answered, 'O, dear son, thou art dead!' This, understand, was but a dream, to which this gentleman at the time attached no importance.

"He was, however, greatly surprised, when, soon after, he received a letter from his father, addressed to himself, *if alive*, or, if not, to his surviving friends, begging earnestly for immediate intelligence, since they believed him dead. For that on such a night (that on which their son had his dream) he, the father, being asleep, and Mrs. Wilkins, the mother, being awake, she had distinctly heard somebody try the fore-door, which being fast, the person had gone round to the back, and there entered. She had perfectly recognized the footstep to be that of her son, who ascended the stairs, and, entering the bed-chamber, had said to her, 'Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good-by.' Whereupon she had answered, 'O, dear son, thou art dead!' Much alarmed, she had awakened her husband, and related what had occurred, assuring him that it was not a dream, for that she had not been asleep at all.

"Mr. Wilkins remarks that this singular circumstance took place in the year 1754, when he was living at Ottery; and that he had frequently discussed the subject with his mother, with whom the impression was even stronger than on himself. *Neither death nor anything else remarkable ensued; and he had no idea of a journey.*

"This is easily accounted for by the method we are considering; and we can see no other wherein there are not insuperable difficulties. In this case we have again the condition required for the play of mundane powers in reference to the brain; and that in which the brain, as a point, being irritated, may act, and, by the mundane agency, represent its action (as in this case) fifty miles or more distant. This, to many, at present, may seem almost as incredible as that of the electric telegraph a few years before its establishment.

"Other cases of a similar character present themselves, all of which demonstrate that when the brain acts under an irritant, and consequently independent of the mind's control, if it takes place under specific relation to any local point related to this particular condition of the brain, a result will be produced exactly representing the specific action of the brain."

We cannot now present a fuller account of the odc agency,^o but we assure the reader that if he will study Dr. Rogers's elaborate volume he will pronounce the mystery of the "spirit rappings" solved and their supernatural pretensions refuted utterly; while at the same time a region of scientific marvels, until lately quite occult, will be disclosed to his view.

The moral reaction of this epidemic will be extensive, and, we fear, disastrous. Mr. Beecher's report, and no inconsiderable concurrence of Christian men, has compromised somewhat the religious opinion of the country, as we have said. Besides this committal, many persons, thousands it may be, have professed to have received their most confident impressions of the spiritual state from these supposed revelations. Numerous doubters, and even infidels, have professed to have been rescued from skepticism by them. What will be the effect on all such minds of the demonstration of the purely physical character of these supposed revelations and of their utter worth-

^o See an article on the subject in our number for November last.

lessness as grounds of theological belief? Thus it is that all unhealthful, all exaggerated means of religious impression come at last to militate against true piety.

L. E. L.—The death of the celebrated authoress, Letitia E. Landon, at Cape-Coast-Castle, Africa, has never been fully relieved of its mystery, and of the dark suspicion of suicide. A work recently issued in London throws some new and favorable light on the subject. The book is entitled "Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast of Africa, &c., by Brodie Cruikshank." L. E. L., it will be remembered, married a British functionary on that coast, Mr. Maclean, who has suffered severely from the imputations of the journalists respecting his conduct toward his wife—conduct to which they have chosen very romantically to attribute her sudden fate. Mr. Cruikshank, as a personal witness of the last scenes, very agreeably spoils all this melancholy romance, and at once relieves both the memory of "L. E. L." and the character of her husband. He speaks as follows of his first interview with her at the Castle:

"I sent in my name by the servant, and immediately afterward Mrs. Maclean came to the hall and welcomed me. I was hurried away to his bedroom, Mrs. Maclean saying, as she tripped through the long gallery: 'You are a privileged person, Mr. Cruikshank, for I can assure you, it is not every one that is admitted here.' I took a seat by the side of his bed, upon which Mrs. Maclean sat down, arranging the clothes about her husband in the most affectionate manner, and receiving ample compensation for her attentions by a very sweet and expressive smile of thankfulness. We thus sat and chatted together for some hours, Mrs. Maclean laughingly recounting her experiences of roughing it in Africa, and commenting, with the greatest good-humor and delight, upon what struck her as the oddities in such a state of society.

"Your departure for England has called up a world of delightful associations. You will tell Mr. F—, however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out; but I knew he would be mistaken." We joined the governor in the parlor. I bade them good night, promising to call in the morning, to bid them adieu. I never saw her in life again."

At breakfast next day Mr. Cruikshank was alarmed by a summons—"You are wanted at the Castle, Mr. Maclean is dead," said the messenger. Hurrying to the Castle, he found that it was not Mr., but Mrs. Maclean—whom he had left the previous night so well—who was no more. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the horror-stricken expression of Mr. Maclean's countenance."

"We entered the room where all that was mortal of poor L. E. L. was stretched upon the bed. Dr. Cobbold rose up from a close examination of her face, and told us all was over; she was beyond recovery. My heart would not believe it. It seemed impossible that she, from whom I had parted not many hours ago so full of life and energy, could be so suddenly struck down. I seized her hand, and gazed upon her face. The expression was calm and meaningless. Her eyes were open, fixed, and protruding."

An inquest was immediately held.

"All that could be elicited, upon the strictest investigation, was simply this: It appeared that she had risen, and left her husband's bedroom about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to her own dressing-room, which was up a short flight of stairs, and entered by a separate door from that leading to the bed-room. Before proceeding to dress, she had occupied herself an hour and a half in writing letters. She then called her servant, Mrs. Bailey, and sent her to a store-room to fetch some pomatum.

Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes. When she returned, she found difficulty in opening the door, on account of a weight which appeared to be pressing against it. This she discovered to be the body of her mistress. She pushed it aside, and found that she was senseless. She immediately called Mr. Maclean. Dr. Cobbold was sent for; but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor, there had not appeared any symptom of Mrs. Bailey further asserted that she found a small phial in the hand of the deceased, which she removed and placed upon the toilet-table. Mrs. Maclean had appeared well when she sent her to fetch the pomatum. She had observed in her no appearance of unhappiness. Mr. Maclean stated, that his wife had left him about seven o'clock in the morning, and that he had never seen her again in life. When he was called to her dressing-room, he found her dead upon the floor. After some time, he observed a small phial upon the toilet-table, and asked Mrs. Bailey where it had come from. She told him that she had found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand. This phial had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid. His wife had been in the habit of using it for severe fits or spasms, to which she was subject. She had made use of it once on the passage from England to his knowledge. He was greatly averse to her having such a dangerous medicine, and wished to throw it overboard. She entreated him not to do so, as she must die without it. There had been no quarrel nor unkindness between him and his wife. Dr. Cobbold, who had been requested to make a post-mortem examination, did not consider it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased; and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person. My own evidence proved, that I had parted from Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at a very late hour on the evening before, and that they appeared then upon the happiest terms with each other. There was found upon her writing-desk a letter not yet folded, which she had written that morning, the ink of which was scarcely dry at the time of the discovery of her death. This letter was read at the inquest. It was for Mrs. Fagan, upon whom she had wished me to call. It was written in a cheerful spirit, and gave no intimation of unhappiness. In the postscript—the last words she ever wrote—she recommended me to the kind attentions of her friend. With the evidence before them, it was impossible for the jury to entertain for one instant the idea that the unfortunate lady had willfully destroyed herself. On the other hand, considering the evidence respecting the phial, her habit of making use of this dangerous medicine, and the decided opinion of the doctor, that her death was caused by it, it seemed equally clear that they must attribute her death to this cause. Their verdict, therefore, was, that she died from an overdose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid taken inadvertently."

Mr. Cruikshank subsequently differed in opinion from this verdict; he ascribes her death to some sudden affection of the heart, the cause probably of her former spasms.

INTERESTING VIEW OF THE SABBATH.—The late learned Dr. Lee, Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, England, published an elaborate sermon on "The Duty of Observing the Christian Sabbath." It was preached before the University, and includes, according to a statement of the *North British Review*, the following propositions:—"First, that the primitive Sabbath of those patriarchal epochs, which went before the exodus of the arising Hebrew people from Egypt, was in reality put back a day by Moses after and in commemoration of that outcoming; secondly, that this was intended to be a temporary and purely Jewish change, or a mere deciduous graft, foreordained to fall off when the fullness of the time should come for making the whole world kin by and in Jesus Christ; and, thirdly, that the Sunday of Christendom is actually the Sabbath-day of Abraham."

This is not altogether a novel view of the subject. Dr. Lee cites confirmations of it from Capellus, Usher, and Gale. Their investigations had come to the same result. The Sunday—day of the Sun—was in universal regard among the heathen nations, and its traditional importance gives color to Dr. Lee's learned argument. The *North British* remarks that "wherever Christianity appeared, and triumphed, and grew strong, there the day of the Sun became transformed, yea, transfigured into the Christian Sabbath-day; and, if our Cambridge Hebraist and his divines be right in their computation, that the Sabbath of the patriarchal dispensation was on one and the same day with the wild solar holiday of all pagan times (the latter having, in reality, descended and degenerated from the former) then the restoration of the heaven-descended resting-day of Paradise, of Enoch, and of Abraham, was as beautiful as it was natural and easy."

The article in the *North British* from which we have quoted is quite unique in both its views and its style. It has a long and curious dissertation on what it calls the "seventh-ness of human nature." We attribute it to Isaac Taylor. It concludes with the following practical suggestion on the subject:—

"We are disposed to go further than some of our Sabbatarian friends in behalf of the first element of the world-old Sabbath, namely, bodily rest, intending that of brain and nerve, as well as that of bone and muscle; and this is the element with which the state has to do, intent upon refreshed and healthy citizens against the day of need. The body has far less to do with the manifestation of humanity than the phrenologist supposes, but far more than anybody else suspects. It is mentioned with lyrical emphasis that, when Israel went forth of Egypt, 'there was not one feeble person among their tribes.' The wild Sunday of the great pagan nations of antiquity was no Sabbath, and they are gone; the Jews were always disobedient, idolatrous, and Sabbath-breaking, though singularly persistent, too, being a living contradiction, and they are scattered; the gay and turbulent Sabbath of continental Christendom is liker the pagan Sunday than the quiet feast of Christian people, and they are the prey of despotism, that many-headed vulture. In short and urgent fact, the nations want a genuine day of rest, else they perish; and we Britons need it more now than ever, being the advance-guard of humanity in Europe; and that almost alone now, needing all our self-possession and well-rested strength. The whole physiology of the country craves repose; and that man is no faithful keeper of the Sabbath-day who expends it in an excess of even Bible-studies, passionate communings in the closet, church-services, and sermons, prayer-meetings, Sunday-school labors, domestic solitude, and unsociality, and untimely vigils. Such a day was never drawn from the Old Testament, and nobody ever pretended to draw it from the New. To listen to the re-reading of the well-known law, to tell the oft-told tale of Egypt and the wilderness, were quieting and easy exercises, alike to priest and people, to parents and children. By all means, let the Sabbath be maintained as 'a day of holy convocation,' as it certainly was from the very commencement of the Mosaic era; but let it also be remembered and kept holy as a day of much passivity and real repose, for such was its other, and indeed its primary use from the beginning."

The Crown matrimonial of France.—A writer in a late number of *The Dublin University Magazine* gives sketches of all the Queens of France, from Hermengarde the First, consort of Charlemagne down to Amelia, the widow of Louis

Phillippe. The catalogue is a tragic one. According to this article, "there are out of sixty-seven but thirteen on whose names there is no dark stain of sorrow or of sin. Of the others, eleven were divorced; two died by the executioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly traduced; three were exiles; thirteen were had in different degrees of evil; the prisoners and the heart-broken make up the remainder. All those who were buried at St. Denis—about twenty^o in number—were denied the rest of the grave; their tombs were broken, their coffins opened, their remains exposed to the insults of a revolutionized populace, and then flung into a trench, and covered with quick-lime. Does history," asks this writer, "show any parallel to the list of queens and empresses in any civilized country?"

The new empress has a dismal retrospect from her throne; the prospect from it is also shadowed from the past.

EDITORIAL WORK.—A late number of Dickens's *Household Words* gives the following sample of editorial experience:—"In the last year we have read nine hundred manuscripts, of which eleven were available for this journal, after being entirely re-written. In the same period we received and answered two thousand letters, and made appointments with an odd two or three hundred more of our fellow-creatures than there were pounds to pay for the celebrated nails in the horses' shoes, which will go down to posterity rusty with the tears of school-boys. On the other hand it is delightful to state that five of our very best regular fellow-laborers first became known to us as volunteers, at various periods within the three years and upwards of our existence; and that some remarkable descriptions in this journal have come to us from wholly unaccustomed writers, who have faithfully and in thorough earnest put down what they have undergone or seen."

A METHODIST sends us a correction of our late statement (made on the authority of *Zion's Herald*) that the denomination has erected about one chapel a week since its origin. He shows by figures that since the Church was organized in 1784, one chapel has been erected by it in about every two days, taking the late United States census as the basis of the calculation.

Our article on *The Christianity required by the Times* is deferred till our next Number. These articles, though serial and generally related, are so far distinct as to allow of their insertion as we may have convenience.

The article by our friend at Washington seems to us doubtful in its alleged facts. It needs authentication before the public could accept it, and even then its practical results might be questionable.

^o This number only refers to the royal consorts from the time of Charlemagne; others of earlier date were buried at St. Denis, and subsequently exhumed.

Book Notices.

A VERY interesting and valuable volume, entitled, "*New-York, a Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Metropolitan City of America, by a New-Yorker*," has been published by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. It begins with the discovery of the island and concludes with a very able chapter on the "Future" of the city. It is not a guide-book, but will answer very conveniently for one. Its historical matter is abundant, but selected with much discrimination, and its descriptions are minute and exact. In fine, we know of no book on the city which can take its place. The last chapter but one, on the "People of New-York," will be recognized by the readers of the "Knickerbocker" as an able and entertaining article which appeared in that magazine a year ago. The engravings are twelve in number, and well-executed.

The name of Dr. Grant is identified with the history of the Nestorian Mission. His work on the Nestorians, and his theory of their Jewish origin, has made him familiar not merely to Christian readers, but to historical students generally. *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*, have issued an exceedingly interesting memoir of him, written by Rev. Thomas Laurie, his surviving associate in the mission. We predict for the volume much popular favor. Independently of its religious interest and its portraiture of an excellent character, it is replete with entertaining sketches of the curious countries and peoples of that section of the East. It is one of the most valuable contributions to our already extensive missionary literature. Besides a very fine portrait of Dr. Grant, it contains some twelve maps and illustrations.

The "*Village Blacksmith*" is a remarkably interesting memoir of a humble, but original character—Samuel Hick—a Wesleyan local preacher. It is written with much skill, and forms one of the most entertaining books for popular reading that we can commend to our readers. In England it has passed rapidly through many editions.—*Carlton & Phillips*.

"*Carvoso*" is the title of another of the cheap popular volumes now being issued by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. It is the memoir of an extraordinary layman of the Wesleyan connection in England—a man who seemed to live more in heaven than on earth. There is no uninspired book, perhaps, in the language, which so clearly and powerfully illustrates the principle of Christian faith in its application to ordinary life. Good Carvoso (whose humble likeness can hardly be said to adorn the volume) was sixty years a class-leader in his denomination, and did the work of an apostle. St. Paul would have saluted him with a "holy kiss." Get this book, reader, if you would have your soul made brave and strong in faith. It is an 18mo. of 350 pages, elegantly bound, and sold for only 32 cents; its former price was 45 cents.

Putnam, New-York, has published "*Every Day Scripture Readings*," with brief reviews and partial observations for the use of families and

schools, by Rev. J. L. Blake, D. D. It is designed to present the most striking and beautiful portions of the Bible, and yet give a somewhat connected outline of the sacred history. Each chapter is chronologically marked, and the gospel narrative is harmonized on the plan of Newcombe. It is fitted to be a Bible textbook for schools. The work is well-prepared throughout; but its engravings are not the best, and might well be spared.

George C. Rand, Boston, has issued a fourth edition of *Prof. Upham's "Treatise on Divine Union"*—a work of rare religious interest. It is designed to point out some of the intimate relations between God and man in the higher forms of religious experience. Dr. Upham's mental philosophy furnishes a psychological basis for the work. Its style is perspicuous and calm, its analysis very minute—a little tiresome some will say; and its spirit somewhat mystic. Dr. Upham is too much inclined to the old Catholic Quietism; but the faults of the book are, we can assure the reader, but spots on the sun. The Christian who comes up to the ideal of this volume will be a saint, and ready, at any moment, to become an angel; and that, we believe to be the true standard of the New Testament Christianity.

We have previously noticed the fine edition of *Coleridge's Works* now publishing by the Harpers. The fifth volume consists of the *Literary Remains* of this notable mind—fragmentary remarks in many cases, marginal notes on the authors which he read; in others, lengthy disquisitions or novel theorizings—but ever erudite, original, and full to overflowing with thought. Two more volumes complete the edition.

We have received from *Bangs, Brother & Co.* another volume of Bohn's classical series. It contains "The Idylls of Theocritus, Bion and Moschus," and the "War-Songs of Tyrtæus." The translations are by the Rev. J. Banks, M. A., and are given literally in English prose. The value of the work is enhanced by the numerous notes appended to each page, giving the best and most recent critical information on every point within the range of these classical bucolics. Metrical translations of the Idylls are added by M. J. Chapman, of Trinity College, Cambridge. Messrs. Bangs & Co. are agents for all the publications of this celebrated London house.

Another volume from the same London publisher, through the courtesy of the above-mentioned agents, we venture to say will need no editorial puffing to render it saleable to the American public. "*Stories of English and Foreign Life*, by William and Mary Howitt," will be eagerly sought by all those who have any appreciation of the pure, fresh, and vivacious picturings of these charming story-tellers. It is embellished with twenty engravings, several of which are lovely female heads, illustrative of the characters described in the text, and a few are landscape gems well worth the price of the volume.

Literary Record.

BOSTON PUBLISHERS.—Our Boston correspondent writes us as follows:—

Our publishers are issuing, daily, works of permanent value, and promising more of the same class during the ensuing months. Phillips, Sampson & Co., have published the first volume of Lingard's History of England, which was announced some months since. The work will be comprised in thirteen handsome duodecimo volumes, and will be issued at intervals of two or three weeks. It opens with the Roman Invasion, and extends to A. D. 1688, the period at which Macaulay takes up the thread of history. P., S. & Co. continue their monthly issues of standard, illustrated, octavo editions of the English Poets. A complete edition of Moore, and a new stereotyped edition of the works of Shakspeare, with twelve fine portraits of the heroines, have just been published; and they will be followed by Grimshaw's edition of Cowper, and the collected works of Felicia Hemans, with a memoir by Mrs. Sigourney. In the same superior style they will publish, during the season, the works of Ben Jonson, of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the Dramatic Works of Massinger and Ford. These will be crown 8vo. volumes with portraits, being an exact reproduction of "Moxon's London editions of the Dramatists." They will issue at an early day a new work by Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D., which promises to make its mark upon the religious world. It is the result of long and laborious thought and study. It will be entitled, "The Conflict of the Ages; or, The Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man." It will make a duodecimo of five hundred pages. They also announce "Father Brighthope; or, An Old Clergyman's Vacation," by Townsend Trowbridge. "The Last Leaf from Sunny Side," with a graceful and affecting tribute from Professor Phelps, to his talented and lamented wife, has been out a short time, and will be read with mournful pleasure by the thousands that have been charmed by her previous volumes.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., announce as preparing for publication an edition of the British Poets, from Spenser to Moore, reprinted from the celebrated Aldine edition. It will be comprised in forty 16mo. volumes, retelling at seventy-five cents each. The first volume of the series, comprising the Poetical Works of Thomas Gray, with a Life by Milford, is already published. A practiced eye cannot distinguish the difference between the American and English copy of this work, save that the former is printed on whiter paper, and, if possible, is of superior mechanical execution. The same publishers are preparing a new edition of Hume's England—an exact reprint of the English octavo edition; Washington's Correspondence of the Revolution, by Jared Sparks; The Life of Sir James Mackintosh; Life and Letters of Francis Horner; Plutarch's Lives, &c.; the Journal of John Winthrop, edited by Hon. James Savage, 2 vols. All these works will be illustrations of the highest book-making art in America.

Crosby, Nichols & Co., announce The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, by William Sterling; God with Men: or, Footprints of Providential Leaders, by Rev. Samuel Osgood, 12mo.; A History of Jesus, by Rev. William H. Furniss, D.D.; The Child's Matins and Vespers, comprising Meditations and Prayers for Morning and Evening; Regeneration, by Rev. Edmund H. Sears; The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament, by Rev. F. D. Maurice, author of "The Kingdom of Christ," &c.

James Monroe & Co. announce as forthcoming, Star in the Desert, by the author of "A Trap to catch a Sunbeam," &c.; a new edition of Stewart's Philology; Lucy Herbert; or, The Little Girl who would have an Education; Appeal to Young Ladies, by Rev. W. G. Elliot, of St. Louis, Mo.; and Sunlight in the Clouds. Also the following classical editions:—Demosthenes on the Crown, by Professor Champlin; Septem Contra Thebas, with Notes. They have just issued the seventh volume of Hudson's fine edition of Shakspeare, and the Locke Family, a Genealogical Register.

Gould & Lincoln are bringing through the press Dr. Grant and the Mountain Nestorians, a work of great interest; Chambers's Home Book: or, Pocket

Miscellany, containing a choice selection of interesting and instructive reading for the old and young; 6 vols., 16mo.; The American Statesman: or, Illustrations of the Life and Character of Daniel Webster, for the Entertainment and Instruction of American Youth, by Rev. Joseph Banvard; The Priest and the Huguenot: or, Three Sermons in the Reign of Louis XV.—a sermon at court, in the city, and in the desert—translated from the French by L. Burgener.

Ticknor, Reed & Fields, have just issued, Notes from Life, in Seven Essays, by Henry Taylor, from the third London edition; A Book of Thoughts, sharp and original, upon money, humility and independence, wisdom, choice in marriage, children, the life poetic, the ways of the rich and great; also, an admirable little treatise on the Education of Girls, by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell. Every teacher should read it. The finest editions of the "English Poets of the Nineteenth Century," to be found in the country, are published by this house. We doubt not, the lectures of Dr. Holmes have caused a very lively sale of these volumes during the present season.

Hon. I. Davis, of Worcester, Mass., has presented the American Antiquarian Society nine magnificent folio volumes, elegantly bound, comprising Lord Kingsborough's Antiquities of Mexico. This magnificent work was purchased for the liberal donor by John Keith & Co., and originally cost \$750. It contains fac-similes of ancient Mexican paintings and hieroglyphics, preserved in the royal libraries of Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, the Vatican, and the Borgian Museum at Rome, the Institute at Bologna, the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and various others, the greater part inedited. Also the Monuments of New-Spain, by M. Dupax, illustrated by upwards of one thousand elaborate and highly interesting plates, accurately copied from the originals, by A. Aglio.

The American Geographical Society, at a recent meeting in this city, listened to a paper by the Hon. J. R. Bartlett, on the Boundary Line between the United States and Mexico. Mr. Bartlett illustrated his lecture with maps of the country, prepared by himself, a certified copy of the boundary commissioners' map, and by other authenticated documents. In the treaty map, the Rio Grande, (the western boundary,) was placed two degrees further east than its true position—an error which, by adhering to the map on the eastern boundary, would reduce New-Mexico from three to one degree of longitude on the southern boundary. An error in the position of the town of El Paso was another obstacle to the settlement of the boundary.

The New-York Conference Seminary, Charlotteville, (N.Y.,) under the control of Rev. Alonzo Flack, assisted by a numerous faculty, reports a total of five hundred and twenty-five students. It is conducted on the plan of cheap expenses but thorough instruction, and of course must be prosperous.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, appointed first Consul at Liverpool, after spending some few days among his literary friends in New-York, sailed immediately for his official station.

There are now published in the United States about four thousand periodicals, three thousand of which are mainly devoted to politics, miscellany, and general news; the rest to literature, education, religion, &c. Five hundred of the

newspapers are now published daily, as many more often than once a week, and the remainder weekly. The weekly issue of newspapers is not less than ten millions of copies, and of other periodicals at least two millions more, making a total of twelve millions of periodicals weekly, or about two copies for every family in the Union.

The Socialist writer, *Althorne* of Kiel, announces that he is about to establish a Communist Colony in Venezuela, to which he invites the coöperation of all persons in Germany who share his opinions.

Macaulay's History of England has been prohibited by the Congregation of the Index at Rome.

The Governor of Massachusetts has approved an act, which provides for the establishment of forty-eight scholarships, to aid in educating young men for principal teachers in the high schools of the Commonwealth. The State is to be divided into school sections, and every town in these may recommend any one, or more. From these, the Board of Education selects one out of each of the forty-eight classes, and provides for his education at any college in the State, receiving \$100 annually for four years. After leaving college, he is bound to teach in the public schools a term equal to that for which he received the bounty.

The catalogue of the *Richmondville* (N.Y.) *Union Seminary*, reports unusual success. This institution is under the care of Rev. J. L. G. McKown and an effective faculty; its terms are remarkably low and its students numerous. Its new buildings are rapidly going up.

At the late session of the *New-England Conference* a resolution was adopted giving the name of "Flak Professorship," to the professorship created in the Wesleyan University by the payment of \$20,000 by the New-England and Providence Conferences.

Rev. Dr. *Novis* having declined the Presidency of Franklin and Marshall College, the trustees of that Institution have elected Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D.

Charles Phelps, of New-York, has donated to Knox College, Illinois, lands in that vicinity valued at \$13,000, for the support of an additional professorship in the institution, to be styled the "Phelps' Professorship," and the trustees have accepted the same.

At the late anniversary of the *Central American Educational Society*, held in this city, the secretary reported that thirty-eight young men had been assisted by this society during the year past, in acquiring an education in the Union Theological Seminary in New-York.

From the report of the superintendent of *Public Instruction in California* we learn that the number of children in the State between the ages of four and eighteen is estimated at seventeen thousand eight hundred and twenty-one, the number of common schools at twenty, of scholars attending them three thousand three hundred and fourteen, and the total amount of expenditure \$28,103. About one hundred and fifty thousand acres of school lands have been sold, yielding a school fund of \$300,000. It is estimated that by January next about \$50,000

resulting from the interest of the fund will be ready for distribution. The school money assessed and paid into the State Treasury up to January last amounted to \$12,874.

The new *East Maine Conference Seminary, Bucksport*, (Me.), is prospering under the Principalship of Rev. L. L. Knox and a good board of assistants. Its last catalogue announces already two hundred and twenty-seven students. Success to it.

A popular abstract of the voluminous memoirs of the great *Thomas Chalmers* by Dr. Hanna has been recently published by Rev. James C. Moffat, and published at Cincinnati.

The establishment of a college in Missouri, under the care and patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, to be located in Fayette, Howard County, has been decided upon, and the plan of scholarship endowment has been matured.

There have been two hundred and seventy sermons and eulogies on *Daniel Webster* already printed and in circulation in the United States. Several persons, it is said, are engaged in making collections of them, that they may be preserved in more permanent and accessible form.

Emory & Henry College, (Va.) reports one hundred and thirty-one students. It is healthfully situated among the mountains of Western Virginia, its terms are moderate, and its faculty, headed by President Wiley, composed of "workmen that need not to be ashamed."

The venerable German poet, *Ludwig Tieck*, died recently at Berlin. Tieck has been called "the last of the great poetic age of Germany." He received his academic education at the Universities of Halle, Göttingen, and Erlangen, where he devoted himself with the greatest interest to the study of history and the poetical literature of ancient and modern times. His first production in poetry, "Abdallah," appeared when he was twenty years of age. Tieck exerted a marked influence in the literary and dramatic affairs of Dresden, during his residence in that city, where he passed many of the best years of his life. His Shakspearian readings to a select circle of friends were among the principal intellectual attractions of Dresden, and have become widely celebrated through the descriptions of American and English travelers.

The French government forbade the insertion of an article in "The Moniteur," on the character and works of M. Prondhon, written by Ste. Beuve, on the ground of its being too severe a criticism.

The poet *Montgomery* has made a collection of his hymns, many of which, as they appear in the various denominational hymn-books, have been altered to suit the taste of the compilers. In this collection the poet has left them in the form in which he desires they should go down to posterity. Montgomery is now in his eighty-first year. A recent American traveler (Benjamin Moran) says: "He is a hale old man, in the enjoyment of a governmental pension, and is quietly wearing out the thread of existence in Sheffield. Occasionally he attends public meetings, and gives both his time and money to aid and relieve the distresses of the poor."

Religious Summary.

From an abstract of the annual report of the *Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions*, we learn that during the past year twenty-one new missionaries and assistant missionaries have been sent to different fields. The Board has now among the Indian tribes ten ministers, one preacher, and fifty-two assistant missionaries. The schools contain about four hundred pupils. In Africa, four ministers, six assistant missionaries. In Upper India, twenty-six ministers, two of whom are natives, twenty-five female assistant missionaries, and twenty-five native helpers. Instruction is given to upward of twenty-three hundred native youth. In Siam, two ministers and three assistants. In China, and among the Chinese in California, ten ministers and thirteen assistants. Among the Jews in New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, three ministers and a licentiate preacher. The total receipts of the Board for the year amounted to \$153,222 83, being \$8,000 more than the receipts of the last year.

The *New Bible House* recently erected for the American Bible Society in this city is built in part by the avails of the former house, which was paid for by special contributions in New-York, and which house more than doubled in value while in the hands of the Board, and in part by another late special subscription by citizens, amounting to \$56,400. The debt yet remaining will be removed by means of the income from the stores and offices rented. The building fund is kept distinctly by itself, and has no connexion whatever with the ordinary contributions of the Society.

A new religious Society, which will hereafter probably hold an important and conspicuous position among the anniversary meetings, has recently been formed in this city. Its aim is to provide a bond of union and acquaintance among Congregationalists, and to promote the interest of the Congregational polity, without, however, any legislative or ecclesiastical power, it being a purely voluntary organization. It will gather a large library and have its consulting rooms in this city, but will be a national society, taking the name of the "*American Congregational Union*."

Over \$22,000 have been raised by the *Wesleyan Missionary Society* in Canada during the past year.

The *Scottish Episcopal Church* numbers seven bishops and one hundred and forty-seven clergy; six of the former, and sixty-two of the latter being of English ordination. The churches and chapels are, in all, one hundred and forty—the schools in connection therewith eighty-three.

"*Letters from Rome*," says a Paris correspondent of a Washington paper, state "that in a secret consistory, held lately, the Pope completed the Sacred College by the creation of eight new cardinals. These letters contain some interesting information relative to the Roman Cardinalate. According to the Pontifical Constitution, the Sacred College is composed of seventy cardinals, divided equally between the

three orders, thus: Six of the order of bishops, fifty of the order of priests, and fourteen of the order of deacons. The youngest is Cardinal Andrea, born in 1812; the oldest is Cardinal Oppozoni, who is eighty-four years old, and who has worn the hat fifty years. Fifty-four of the actual cardinals are Italians; sixteen are foreigners. Of the fifty-four Italians, thirty-three are Romans by birth or adoption, seven are Piedmontese, seven Neapolitan, two Tuscan, and five belong to the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Of the sixteen foreign cardinals, six are of France, three of Austria, two of Spain, two of Portugal, one of Belgium, one of England, and one of Prussia."

The only Lutheran Churches in New-England are one in Waldobero, Me., and one in Boston. The one in Waldobero was formed by a colony of Germans in the last century, and the one in Boston within the last three or four years. There are now about ten thousand German emigrants in New-England, the most of whom are mechanics, and reside in cities and large towns.

Rev. Dr. Cusning, of London, has received a present of a thousand guineas and a service of silver plate worth three hundred guineas, from his friends, in acknowledgment of his services in the Popish controversy—in all, amounting to near \$7,000.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Christian Observer* from Tennessee states that the average salary of Presbyterian preachers in that state is less than \$200 a year.

Mrs. Thomas Fussitt, of Philadelphia, lately deceased, has made large and liberal bequests to several of our benevolent institutions, bequeathing \$5,000 to the Philadelphia Education Society; \$5,000 to the Philadelphia Home Missionary Society; \$5,000 to the American Sunday-School Union; \$1,000 to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

From a comparative view of the statistics of the *Presbyterian Church*, Old School, we learn that in 1840 there were seventeen synods and ninety-five presbyteries, one thousand six hundred and fifteen ministers, one thousand six hundred and seventy-three churches, and one hundred and twenty-six thousand five hundred and eighty-three communicants, and \$173,498 collections. In 1852, twenty-five synods and one hundred and forty presbyteries, two thousand and thirty-nine ministers, two thousand seven hundred and thirty-three Churches, and two hundred and ten thousand four hundred and fourteen communicants, and \$1,191,107 collections—showing an increase, since 1840, of eight synods, forty-five presbyteries, four hundred and twenty-four ministers, one thousand and sixty Churches, and eighty-three thousand eight hundred and thirty-one communicants.

The religious excitement in *Holland* continues intense. The old ministry have resigned, and a more rigid Protestant ministry succeeds. There are in Holland one million six hundred and seventy thousand members of the Dutch

Reformed Church, one million one hundred and sixty-five thousand Roman Catholics, and two hundred and forty thousand and three hundred of other denominations.

A late communication to the legislature of California from Hon. J. W. Denver, Secretary of State, gives a tabular statement of the number of Asiatics in each county in California, which will be interesting to those who are looking to that country as a field for missionary labor. There are, according to this table, 22,175 Chinese; 1,125 Anstrallans; 836 Sandwich Islanders; 39 New-Zealanders; Manillas 6; Malays 28; Bombays 10; Hindoostan 4; Van Diemen's Land 5; Society Islands 21. In Tuolumne County there are 2,486 Chinese; 46 Australians; 14 Sandwich Islanders; 4 New-Zealanders, and 1 from Van Diemen's Land.

Miss Mary Murray, of this city, has gratuitously conveyed, for a Presbyterian congregation, organized, or to be organized, in connection with the Presbytery of New-York, and to be known as the "Murray Hill Presbyterian Church," a sufficient portion of land on the north-west corner of Thirty-fourth-street and Fourth-avenue, for the erection of a church, Sunday school, and lecture-room. The land is valued at from \$25,000 to \$30,000.

The American Baptist Home Missionary Society employs one hundred and sixty-five missionaries and agents, at an expense of about \$38,000.

The Roman Catholic Church in this country comprises six archbishops, twenty-six bishops, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-one priests, and one thousand five hundred and forty-five Churches, with an estimated population of two millions, ninety-six thousand three hundred. There are thirty-three ecclesiastical seminaries, forty-five literary institutions for young men, and one hundred and two female academies; there are forty-two religious institutions for males, and ninety-six for females; there are one hundred and eight charitable institutions.

The Georgia Baptist State Convention, recently held, represented a constituency of eight hundred and twenty Churches, and about sixty thousand members, while there were in the state about four hundred and thirty-eight Baptist Churches not represented, having sixteen thousand members. It thus appears that the Baptist denomination in Georgia consists of one thousand two hundred and three Churches, and about seventy-six thousand members.

The annual report of the American Seamen's Friend Society states that the receipts for the past year amounted to \$25,283, and its expenses to \$23,732. This society has sustained chaplains and missionaries in the principal ports, and has fostered Sailors' Homes, Savings Banks, and Libraries. The number of boarders at one of the Homes during the eleven years of its establishment has been 36,596. About one and a half millions of dollars have been deposited in the Seamen's Bank.

The receipts of the American and Foreign Christian Union for the past year amounted to \$67,507, being an advance of \$11,000 on the previous year. The expenditures were \$65,742. The number of missionaries, &c., in the service

of the Society was one hundred and eighteen. The society supports five missionaries in Canada, two in Hayti, four in South America, one in Ireland, fourteen in France, two in Belgium, two in Sweden, and two in Italy.

From the report of the Committee on Statistics connected with the *Brooklyn Sunday-School Union*, we learn that the seventy-five schools connected with the Evangelical Churches in that city have at present 710 male and 930 female teachers; 5,646 male and 6,623 female pupils. Total—teachers, 1,840; children, 12,269. The average attendance during the year has been 8,916. Of the teachers, 1,103 are Church members; of the pupils, 565; 110 teachers and 327 scholars have made a profession of religion during the past year, making the conversions in the Sabbath school 439—over three times as many as were reported in the preceding year. The aggregate number of volumes in libraries is 32,876, and the contributions by the schools for benevolent objects during the year amount to \$5,768 25.

The income of the New-York State Colonization Society for the year was \$18,000, being \$4,500 more than in any previous year. Six expeditions have been fitted out for Liberia during the year which have taken out seven hundred and twenty-eight emigrants. The receipts of the American Colonization Society from regular sources for the past year were \$53,000.

Eighteen French Catholic missionaries have taken their departure very recently for different points of the globe, as follows:—Seven for China, two for Cochinchina, one for Thibet, four for Pondicherry, two for Tonquin, one for Siam, and one for Mysore.

From the last report of the American Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Jews, we learn that the prosperity of the society has been greater than during any former year, the whole amount of receipts in the treasury having been about \$13,269 03. There have been employed nine regular missionaries, besides from five to seven colporteurs, all converted Jews. They have met with a cordial reception by the Jewish people, and their messages of consolation and salvation have commanded respectful attention. The fruits of missionary labor are on the increase. They have been the past double the number over the preceding year. Fourteen Israelites, through the instrumentality of the society, have publicly professed faith in Christ, and the prospect is that twice this number will follow their example during the next year. Of the converts of the past three years, one is a missionary, two are colporteurs, two are students preparing for the missionary work, and one a missionary teacher. Of the 15,000 or more Jewish converts in the world, about every one in sixty is a preacher.

Funds are being raised in Vienna to build a church, as a memorial of the recent escape of the emperor from death. The subscription on the 9th ult. had reached about 300,000 florins, about \$125,000, making a proper allowance for the condition of the Austrian currency. It is stated in *The Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, that Franz Joseph has granted a pension to the mother of Lebenyi, who attacked him.

Art Intelligence.

A MONUMENTAL obelisk has been erected at Krieblowitz, in Austria, to the memory of *Bucher*; it is composed of massive blocks of granite, quarried in the neighborhood. It contains the ashes of the marshal, and is ornamented with a half-length medallion portrait of him. The oldest soldiers of the Blucher hussar regiment are to have the honor of guarding the remains of the veteran warrior.

Mr. Healy, the artist, after spending a few weeks in this city, left for Europe recently with the view of remaining there some years, and prosecuting his profession, in which he has already won for himself the highest reputation.

M. Friederich, a sculptor of Strasburgh, has resolved—so say the French papers—to erect a statue of red mountain stone in honor of St. Bernard de Menton, founder of the well-known hospital on the pass which bears his name. It is to stand near the hospital, and will be the most elevated monument in Europe.

The death of the celebrated landscape painter, *Callamme*, is announced from Geneva. Though he had been ill for a long period, he did not permit the disease from which he suffered entirely to suspend the efforts of his pencil. He was one of the most admirable landscape painters of the age; his "Forest in a Storm," and his "Ruins of Pestum," are acknowledged by all who have seen them to be consummate master-pieces of art. Callamme was born in Neufchatel, but early took up his residence in Geneva, where he founded a school of painting.

The city of *Bremen* is about to send a block of marble for the Washington Monument. It will bear the inscription, "To Washington, the great, the good, the last, from friendly Bremen."

The first painter of France at the present day is *Couture*. He has just finished a great picture ordered by *Cavaignac* when at the head of the Republic. Its subject is Enlistment for the Defense of France. It contains some eighty figures, and is described as full of life, power, energy, and beauty of drawing, so far as much to excel all recent productions of French art. Nothing can be conceived more replete with enthusiasm than its groups rushing to the altar of the country, its women consecrating their children to the fatherland, and its men and youths approaching in sober earnestness to offer their lives for their native France.

The eminent Parisian artist *Decamps*, though not yet sixty, has abandoned his profession, in order not to injure his fame by producing inferior works as he advances in life. The sketches, cartoons, pictures, and other objects in his studio, brought about \$30,000 at auction; the sale occupied three days.

A portrait of the Emperor *Napoleon III.*, in imperial costume, has recently been executed by *M. David*; the sceptre, instead of bearing an eagle as heretofore, has a statue of *Charlemagne*.

It is said that a government appropriation of eighty thousand francs is to be made for an equestrian statue of *Napoleon I.*, which will figure in the Crystal Palace of the Champs d'Elysees, in imitation of *Victoria's* statue at the Crystal Palace of Hyde Park. The Minister of the Interior has already sent out a circular to the Departments, sounding the note of preparation for the World's Fair in 1855.

In 1850, says the *Randolph Whig*, *John H. Fairbanks, Esq.*, of this county, took out a patent for an invention calculated to enable any man who can move his hands rapidly in a vertical direction to report a speaker in full, with ease and certainty. It is operated by keys, which, by their movement connected with stenographic type, imprint a new alphabet of shorthand characters upon the paper. The alphabet contains only five elementary characters, and by combinations of these, all the other letters, together with numerous word-signs, are made. The fingers and thumb of one hand are sufficient to operate five keys, which constitute the alphabet, and to make innumerable changes upon the same, so that one hand can write one row of signs upon the paper, while another set of five keys under the other hand can, at the same time, be made to write another one. It is a curious and ingenious contrivance, and it is certain that it will write very rapidly in the hands of one who knows the alphabet perfectly and can operate the keys with facility. Messrs. Fairbanks & How have now in process of construction an improvement upon this invention, calculated to write out a speech in Roman characters, instead of short-hand. For sketch-reporting this would be admirable, as the "copy" would be more complete and easier for the compositor.

Mr. H. K. Browne, of Brooklyn, has executed, in bronze, a colossal figure of *De Witt Clinton*. The statue is ten and a half feet high. The costume is that of a gentleman fifty years ago. Over the left shoulder is thrown a cloak. This is held by the arm below, from which it depends in graceful folds. The right shoulder and arm are thus left free, as if for action or gesture. The ample robe, while it leaves a sufficiency of the person visible, supplies or conceals the meagerness of our modern garb. Without departure from the truth, it gives to the figure a classic air—not inferior in grace and dignity to the Roman toga. The attitude is easy and dignified. The likeness is approved by persons who well knew the original. The pedestal, which is about as high as the statue itself, is also of bronze. Its cornices are adorned with vines and oak leaves. The two principal sides are covered with bass-reliefs. The cost is estimated at about \$20,000.

Clark Mills has purchased a site for an American School of Design and Art, at the junction of the Anacosta and Potomac rivers. There he intends to mold and cast his equestrian statue of *Washington*; also, a group of statuary, representing two American Indians hunting the buffalo.

Scientific Items.

The *California Academy of Natural Sciences* recently held their second meeting. A constitution was adopted and committees appointed to draft by-laws, an address setting forth the objects of the society, and an addendum giving directions for preparations of specimens to be donated to the institution. This society is engaged in spreading to the world a knowledge of the natural history and resources in California. The field of the State is new, almost untrodden by the naturalist. The society will act as a center, around which the facts of great interest to the scientific world will gather.

It has long been known to *physiologists* that certain coloring matters, if administered to animals along with their food, possessed the property of entering into the system and tinging the bones. In this way the bones of swine have been tinged purple by madder, and instances are on record of other animals being similarly affected. No attempt, however, was made to turn this beautiful discovery to account until lately, when *M. Roulin*, of France, speculated on what might have been the consequences of administering colored articles of food to silkworms just before spinning their cocoons. His first experiments were conducted with indigo, which he mixed in certain proportions with the mulberry leaves serving the worms for food. The result of this treatment was successful—he obtained blue cocoons. Prosecuting still further his experiments, he sought a red coloring matter capable of being eaten by the silkworms without injury resulting. He had some difficulty to find such a coloring matter at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bignonia chioa*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry leaves, the silkworms consumed the mixture, and produced red-colored silk. In this manner the experimenter, who is still prosecuting his researches, hopes to obtain silk as secreted by the worm of many other colors.

The *Northern Bee*, a German paper published in Prussia, states that a Mr. Nobel, of Russia, exhibited an improvement on Ericsson's machine, which was kept in motion for some time to the great satisfaction of all the spectators, among whom was the Grand Duke Constantine. The improvement consists in putting the cylinders inside of each other, whereas Ericsson puts the supply cylinders on top of the working cylinders.

M. Robinet, an eminent French astronomer, and member of the Academy of Sciences, in an article recently published, has given some interesting details respecting the comet which is expected to make its appearance about the year 1856:—"This comet is one of the grandest of which historians make mention. Its period of revolution is about three hundred years. It was seen in the years 104, 392, 683, 975, 1264, and the last time in 1556. Astronomers agreed in predicting its return in 1848, but it failed to appear. Already the observatories begin to be alarmed for the fate of their beautiful wandering star. Sir John Herschel himself had put a

craps upon his telescope, when a learned calculator of Middlebourg, M. Bomme, reassured the astronomical world of the continued existence of the venerable and magnificent comet. Disquieted, as all other astronomers were, by the non-arrival of the comet at the expected time, M. Bomme, aided by the preparatory labors of Mr. Hind, has revised all the calculations, and estimated all the actions of all the planets upon the comet for three hundred years of revolution. The result of this patient labor gives the arrival of the comet in August, 1856, with an uncertainty of two years, more or less; so that, from 1856 to 1860 we may expect the great comet which was the cause of the abdication of the Emperor Charles V. in 1556."

A discovery has been made by *Mr. Ira Hill*, of *Lawrenceburg, Pa.*, which, to persons having the care of steam-engines, may be valuable, by which the deposition of lime upon steam boilers may be obviated. Two or three shovels of saw-dust are thrown into the boiler; after which process he states he never had any difficulty from lime, although using water strongly impregnated with it. He has always found the inside of his boilers as smooth as if just oiled. Whether the lime attaches itself to the floating particles of saw-dust, instead of the boiler, or whether the tannic acid in the oak saw-dust forms a salt with the lime which will not attach itself to iron, remains to be explained. The saw-dust was placed in the boiler for the purpose of stopping a leak. The experiment is cheap and easily tried.

The *Fitchburg Revueille* states that *Mr. Cyrus Bakhois*, of Manchester, N. H., the inventor of the bag-loom now used in the Stark Mill Manufactory, has invented two looms of wonderful construction, which get greater speed with less power. They have entirely a new shuttle motion, so that the shuttle can be stopped without stopping the loom. They do away with the use of cams, levers, treadles, pickers, and race-roads, thereby saving seventy-five per cent. of oil used about the looms. What is not less important, they can be used for weaving all kinds of fancy goods, with from one to twenty harnesses.

Judge Barret, the first president of the Astronomical Society of Cincinnati, and an active member after he was eighty years of age, is dead. He was also president of several other literary and other institutions, and on the nomination of General Lafayette, he was elected a member of the French Academy of Sciences—a very rare compliment. In 1847 he published an octavo volume, of historical interest, called "Notes on the Early Settlement of the Northwestern Territory," containing a vast amount of information on the rise and progress of the State of Ohio.

Two lines of submarine telegraph between France and Algeria are under consideration.

A diamond of beautiful form and the first water, accompanied by a fine sapphire, has been found in Australia, and brought to England by Sir Thomas Mitchell.

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JOHN HAMPDEN.

AMONG all the honored names which history bears on its pages as those of martyrs of liberty, there is not one which justly challenges greater regard from Americans than that of John Hampden. The purity of his life, the integrity of his motives, the solidity of his character, the devotedness of his zeal, commend him as a model republican patriot, while the interest he felt in the American colonies, and the intimate connection

of the struggle in which he died with the origin of our own free institutions, mark his name as almost our own. The American people have not honored his memory as he deserved. Our youth are not made as familiar as they ought to be with his name and history. His memory is not embalmed, as justice requires, along with that of our own Washington.

The great development of the spirit of liberty among the people of England dur-

ing the reign of Elizabeth is not properly to be credited to any intention of hers; but was rather the incidental result of her efforts to aggrandize her kingdom by the cultivation of science and literature, the extension of manufactures and commerce, and the general diffusion of intelligence and enterprise. Under such a regimen, aided by a free Bible, the spirit of liberty could not but grow. And when James I. came to the throne, and disgusted and alarmed the people by the arrogance of his claims to be an absolute sovereign, it was impossible but that the spirit of resistance should soon show itself, as what could not brook and would never bear a despot. In his first Parliament he undertook to displace Sir Francis Goodwin, the member who was duly elected for Buckinghamshire; but the House of Commons resisted the interference with their privileges, and, after a severe struggle, established forever their right of judging of the returns of their members. His second Parliament was dissolved for its unanimous vote against the power of the king to impose taxes by his own authority. His third Parliament was dissolved for claiming the right of free discussion of public affairs as "the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance" of the people of England; and sundry of its prominent members, Coke, Phillips, Selden, Pym, and others, were imprisoned. In this Parliament John Hampden made his entrance upon the theater of public life, and though only twenty-seven years old, was admitted at once to the councils of the veteran parliamentary leaders who conducted the great contest for liberty.

John Hampden was the head and representative of an old and wealthy family, and at four years of age inherited large landed estates in Buckinghamshire and the adjacent counties. He was born in 1594, entered Magdalen College at Oxford in 1609, was admitted a student of the Inner Temple in 1613, married in 1619, and at once retired from a life of gayety in London to the quiet pursuits of an educated country gentleman, occupied at once with the care of his estates, the pursuits of literature, and the enjoyment of domestic and social life. Elected to Parliament in 1621, he soon proved himself a man of the highest order of wisdom, integrity, and independence. Lord Nugent says, in his memoir, that "scarcely

was a bill prepared, or an inquiry begun, upon any subject, however remotely affecting any of the three great matters at issue—privilege, religion, or the supplies—but he was thought fit to be associated with St. John, Selden, Coke, and Pym, on the committee."

Charles I., on his accession to the throne, undertook to govern according to the absolutist principles of his father. Having tried two Parliaments without being able to persuade them to grant him the large supplies his extravagance required, he undertook to raise money by the device of a forced loan, by which wealthy subjects were required to lend the king for his necessities a sum equal to what would have been his tax if the bill had been passed by Parliament, and those who refused were imprisoned by order of the king. So, then, an attack both upon the property of the people and upon personal liberty required to be firmly resisted at the threshold, and Hampden was one of the first and boldest in refusing submission to the unjust demand, for which he suffered an imprisonment that not only established him inflexibly in his own purposes, but brought him conspicuously before the public as a man not to be subdued by arbitrary power. In the next Parliament, 1628, he assisted in preparing and passing the great "Petition of Right," by which the fundamental principles of English liberty were re-enacted; and then retired to his estates to devote his time to the study of the principles of government, the history of civil wars, and the military art. His religious principles, which were those of the Independents, in opposition both to Presbyterianism and Prelacy, led him also to the maintenance of the rights of conscience, in opposition to all forms of ecclesiastical authority.

For eleven years Charles now ruled without a Parliament, supporting his government by illegal exactions, by the shameless sale of offices and privileges, both civil and ecclesiastical, and by fines and confiscations obtained through subservient courts and the decrees of the despotic Star Chamber, enforced by imprisonments, loss of ears, and other cruelties. He even issued a proclamation making it criminal in the people to speak any more of Parliaments. In 1634 he revived the demand of ship-money, by which, under the pretext of chastising pirates, the towns and coun-

ties were required to furnish the king with such and such ships, or, in default thereof, to pay a certain sum of money, to be assessed and collected by the king's officers. Here Hampden resolved to make a stand. The sum demanded of him was thirty-one shillings and sixpence—a matter of no amount to him on the score of interest; but the very smallness of the sum served to show that his opposition was directed solely against the principle of the exaction. As Burke said in regard to the resistance of the colonies to the three-penny tax upon tea, "the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made Hampden a slave." His open refusal to pay the tax brought out the whole power of the king to crush him. The question was carried up to a hearing before the twelve judges of England. The whole kingdom looked on in breathless anxiety, while Hampden stood up with modest firmness, before a packed court, the representative in his own person of a nation's liberties. Lord Clarendon, a supporter of the king, testifies of Hampden that, in this momentous contest, "he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country, as he thought, from being made a prey to the court;" and he adds that "his carriage throughout this agitation was with that rare temper and modesty that they who watched him narrowly to find some advantage against his person, to make him less resolute in his course, were compelled to give him a just testimony."

The king, in his eagerness to carry out his own ideas of prerogative, undertook to change the religion of Scotland from Presbyterian to Episcopalian; but the Scotch people would not hold their consciences under the control of human authority, and they broke out in open rebellion. And when he marched an English army to bring them under subjection, he found among the officers and men such a dislike to the service that he was forced to compromise the matter by the Berwick Agreement in 1639, although, with characteristic perfidy, he disowned his own compact as soon as he had returned to London. Necessity then drove him to call a Parliament in hopes of inflaming national animosity against the

Scotch; but he soon found they were more anxious to recover and secure their own liberties than to help the king crush those of Scotland; and when they refused to grant any supplies until their grievances were redressed, he dissolved them in three weeks, and before they had passed a single bill. As Bolingbroke says, "The cup was now full, and this last drop made the waters of bitterness overflow." Such a manifest purpose on the part of the king convinced the leaders of the people that they had nothing left for their liberties but to fight for them. And it is highly probable that, as in the years which preceded our own independence, the more far-seeing clearly foresaw the necessity which was to arise of overthrowing the monarchy itself as the only means of breaking down the infatuation which guided it.

The "Short Parliament" in April, 1640, left the king so embarrassed that he could not get through the year without finding his wheels blocked, so that in November he was driven to summon his last—the famous "Long Parliament"—and run the risk of whatever they might decide in regard to the great questions of public liberty that were in issue. Of this, as of the preceding Parliament, Hampden was a leading member. Lord Clarendon calls him "the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempest and rocks which threatened it."

He was the head of the committee to impeach Strafford. He pressed through the bill requiring triennial Parliaments. He labored to procure the exclusion of the bishops from the House of Lords; and failing in that, resolved to abolish episcopacy altogether as an institution hostile to liberty. His name was seen much less than his influence was felt, for he was not a forward or frequent speaker in debate. Lord Nugent, in his "Memorial of Hampden," says:—

"His practice was usually to reserve himself until near the close of a debate; and then, having watched its progress, to endeavor to moderate the redundancies of his friends, to weaken the impression produced by his opponents, to confirm the timid, and to reconcile the reluctant. And this he did, according to the testimony of his opponents themselves, with a modesty, gentleness, and apparent diffidence in his own judgment, which generally brought them round to his conclusions."

This is not the place to review the progress of the controversy during the

FAC-SIMILE OF HAMPDEN'S AUTOGRAPH.

first session of the Long Parliament; though such a review would fill us with deeper admiration of the steady firmness as well as the guarded and wise moderation of the friends of liberty. Nothing thwarted or diverted them from their purpose. They formally vacated the judgment of the court against Hampden, and all other writs and proceedings for levying ship-money, and enacted that no impost, customs, or taxes, should be imposed except by act of Parliament. They abolished the tribunal of the Star Chamber and established the writ of *Habeas Corpus* as the sacred principle of English liberty, which Blackstone calls "the bulwark of the constitution," and which has ever been recognized by the people of America as a common right, not established but guaranteed by our own Federal Constitution. They introduced the practice of appointing judges to hold office during good behavior, instead of at the king's pleasure, and they completed the circle of safeguards around the liberties of the nation. Hallam has well remarked that these acts gave the Parliament "a higher claim to the gratitude of the nation, and effected more for English liberty than any which had gone before or has followed it;" and that it is from this "era of 1640-1, rather than from the revolution of 1688, or any other epoch, we must date the full legal establishment of the liberties of England."

The conduct of the king during all these transactions, and in the following parliamentary recess, assured Hampden and his compatriots that the danger was not over; and on the reassembling of Parliament, they introduced the "Grand Remonstrance," or declaration of the grievances of the country from the king, evidently designing this as a first step towards disarming him, and of probably working forward to the ultimate abolition of royalty itself.

The debates on this measure were very furious, and protracted till midnight. Sir Philip Warwick, who was a member, says: "We had sheathed our swords in each other's bosoms, had not the sagacity and great calmness of Mr. Hampden prevented it, and led us to defer our angry debate until the next morning." But the

result was decisive: the remonstrance was carried by a majority of nine votes, and the Rubicon was passed. The king saw the desperateness of his case, and as a last resort, framed an accusation of high treason against Hampden and four other members, and proceeded in person to the House, with a company of armed men to arrest them. This roused the country, and in a few days the armed patriots were escorted back to their seats by an immense body of freeholders, each wearing in his hat a declaration of their zeal for the legal privileges of their representatives, "in the just defense of which, as essential to the very being of Parliaments, they declared themselves resolved to live and die."

From this day, January 6th, 1642, Lord Clarendon says of Hampden, that "his nature and carriage seemed much fiercer than it did before; and without question, when he first drew the sword, he threw away the scabbard." A Committee of Public Safety was organized, and Parliament proceeded to pass an act for placing the militia of the several counties under the command of their own commissioners instead of officers appointed by the king; and when Charles refused to sign it, they passed it into an ordinance by their own authority, as the representatives of the people of England. The king made some feeble efforts to avert the crisis, but at length issued his commission of array, and on the 29th of August set up his standard against the people at Nottingham. Hampden was at once the master-spirit of the war, raised a regiment of troops in his own county, of which he was the commander, and passed from point to point to organize, and animate, and counsel the nation for the struggle. Having moderated the ardor of the less prudent through all the preparatory proceedings, he now became the foremost in courage and



STATUE OF HAMPDEN, ERECTED IN WESTMINSTER.

energy to bring the conflict to a speedy and decisive close. Here let us pause to admire the declaration put forth by Lord Nugent at the opening of the monument to Hampden in 1842:—

“When I speak of the right of resistance to unconstitutional and unjust infringements of public liberty, I am sure there is no man in England that would dispute it. Why, the crown of our queen—and may He who wears the crown of universal and eternal dominion establish hers and to all her lawful successors forever—is established by an act of Parliament, founded upon the doctrine of resistance; and he who propounds a doctrine contrary to this, propounds treason against the stability of the crown, by subverting the principles of public liberty on which it rests.”

Hampden ought to have been made at the outset commander of the parliamentary army, instead of Essex, who, though a brave and experienced soldier, was no general, and proved wholly wanting in that breadth of view which the crisis demanded. This was the capital mistake of the patriotic party, and it was irretrievable, and led to all their subsequent misfortunes, missteps, and final defeat by the restoration. Although wholly without experience, Hampden showed by his conduct at the head of the Buckingham troops, that he had admirable capacities for the leadership. He used his utmost exertions to arouse Essex to activity, in order to put a check upon the devastations carried on by Prince Rupert, from his head-quarters at Oxford. The impatient and admiring people already began to call upon Parliament to give the command to their beloved and trusted leader. But while the members were hesitating, because there was no second Hampden in council to press the appointment of Hampden in the field, the fatal fight of Chalgrove occurred, and death removed the only man in England who was then competent to gain permanent security for her liberties. What would have been the effect in our own revolutionary struggle had not Washington had an Adams in the Congress of 1776, with wisdom to discern and courage to effect the right choice of a commander of our armies?

In the spring of the year 1643, Prince Rupert, the commander of the king's troops at Oxford, busied himself almost weekly in laying waste villages and hamlets in all that region, while poor Essex was at his wits' end to know how to bring such anomalous proceedings within those old rules of strategy with which he was fami-

liar, and Hampden labored in vain to obtain some movement by the patriot forces to check the wanton ravages of the royalists. On Saturday, the 17th of June, Prince Rupert marched a body of about two thousand troops out of Oxford at three o'clock P. M., across the narrow stone bridge at Chislehampton, and by three in the morning reached and attacked Portcombe and Chinner. The country is much cut up by lanes between the fields, narrow, bounded on each side by bridges, and worn often to a considerable depth. It is also intersected by deep chalky hollows, so as to be almost impracticable for cavalry, except along the main roads—two old Roman ways called Upper and Lower Ikenild. Hampden was familiar with all the passes of the country, but finding it impossible to get the Lord General to act with promptness, he set forth with a squadron of mounted dragoons, and proceeded to harass the Prince and impede his flight till the army could intercept and prevent his return to Oxford. The forces met on Chalgrove Field, Hampden put himself at the head of the attack, and at the first charge was mortally wounded in the shoulder, the troops retreated, and Hampden rode back to Thame in great weakness, and there ended his life after six days of terrible suffering.

Having felt from the first that his hurt was mortal, he diligently occupied the few days that remained to him in corresponding with the leaders of the country, to urge them to break up the irresolute and lazy spirit that presided over the army, to rouse them from the despondency produced by their many recent disasters, and prepare to strike some blow that might be decisive. This was his last counsel for his country. About seven hours before his death, he received the Lord's Supper from his two attending ministers and friends, Dr. Giles, the Episcopal rector of Chinner, and Dr. Spurstow, the Independent chaplain of his own regiment. At length, being well nigh gone, and laboring for breath, he prayed audibly:

“O Lord God of Hosts, great is thy mercy, just and holy are thy dealings unto us sinful men. Save me, O Lord, if it be thy good will, from the jaws of death. Pardon my manifold transgressions. O Lord, save my bleeding country. Have these realms in thy special keeping. Confound and level in the dust all those who would rob the people of their liberty or lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counselors from the malice and wickedness of their

designs. Lord Jesus, receive my soul. O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be manifest to me."

Here his speech failed, he fell back on his pillow and expired—justifying the reputation he had long enjoyed for courage, patience, piety, and love of country. A general mourning followed his decease. As a newspaper of the time declares, "The memory of this deceased colonel is such, that in no age to come but it will more and more be held in honor and esteem; a man so religious, and of that prudence, valor, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind him." Richard Baxter says of him, "Mr. John Hampden was one that friends and enemies acknowledged to be most eminent for prudence, piety, and peaceable counsels, having the most universal praise of any gentleman that I remember of that age." And Lord Clarendon bears testimony that "his reputation for honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided that no corrupt or private ends could bias them."

There was nothing with which to repair the loss to the patriot cause. Essex became more irresolute than before, being no longer under the ascendancy of a mind greater than his own. Fairfax lacked the firmness which a statesman can derive only from the depth of his convictions as to the justice of his course, and the soundness of the principles he seeks to establish. The leadership was forced upon Cromwell, a cousin of Hampden, as the only man who had the requisite earnestness and energy to carry on the contest. But he lacked the varied and vast political resources for the government of men, in which Hampden's mind was so rich, and so was unable to train the newly emancipated nation to the practical enjoyment of republican liberty. Hence the Protectorate, the Restoration, the Revolution of 1688, the House of Hanover, American Independence, the French struggle and its failure, the outbreak of 1848, the reaction, the present.

In the year 1843, the two hundredth anniversary of the battle at Chalgrove Field was commemorated by the erection of a small and unembellished monument on the spot where Hampden received his wound. The monument is of freestone. On the eastern side is inserted a medallion portrait of Hampden, carved in marble. On the western side are the Hampden



THE HAMPDEN ARMS.

Arms, the motto being *VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM*. On the north side is the following inscription, written by Lord Nugent:—

Here,
In this field of CHALGROVE,
JOHN HAMPDEN,
After an able and strenuous,
But unsuccessful resistance
In Parliament
To the measures of an arbitrary Court,
First took arms,
Assembling the forces of the associated Counties
Of Buckingham and Oxford,
In 1642;
And here,
Within a few paces of this spot,
He received the wound of which he died,
While fighting in defense
Of the free monarchy
And ancient liberties of England,
June 18, 1643.
In the Two HUNDRETH YEAR from that day,
This stone was raised
In reverence to his memory.

Of all the memorable places in England that are as sacred shrines of liberty to be visited with reverence by the American traveler, there is no spot more worthy of attention than this of Chalgrove Field. There is another place containing more numerous memorials of the illustrious patriot, which has hardly begun to be made known to American pilgrims. It is Hampden House, in Buckinghamshire, on the estate which for at least seven hundred years has belonged to the Hampden family, and the little stone church which contains John Hampden's grave.

The writer of this article had the honor of receiving, some years since, a copy in marble of the monument at Chalgrove Field, with a cast of the medallion portrait, sent over by the excellent Dr. Lee, of Hartwell, a descendant of the Hampdens, to be presented to the college in America which had adopted the name of Hampden,—viz., to Hampden Sidney College, Prince Edward County, Virginia. The present was fully appreciated by the trustees of the college, who assigned it a suitable place in

the chapel of the institution. At the suggestion of the writer, that "the reception and placing of these memorials might be made the opportunity of fixing some salutary impressions upon the young men, through a commemorative address in honor of the glorious martyr whose name is known by the college," the Honorable William C. Rives, then a distinguished Senator of the United States, was invited to deliver an oration on the character and services of John Hampden. The service was performed on the 12th of November, 1845, and the discourse, which was in admirable keeping with the occasion, was published by the trustees. This article cannot have a more fitting conclusion than by quoting a few paragraphs from the elegant production of Mr. Rives:—

"The age of Hampden was the age of private, as well as public virtue. We are told by a writer, distinguished for his searching and philosophical investigations of the past, that it was 'an age more eminent for steady and scrupulous conscientiousness in private life than any, perhaps, that has gone before, or has followed.'^o Under the control of this high tone of national morals, the part which the middle and more numerous classes of society acted, in the busy and troubled drama of the times, was the result of sober and honest conviction—not the suggestion of heedless impulse, of passion, or of personal interest.

"The age of Hampden, too, was an age of extraordinary intellectual development and of the general spread of knowledge. Never before had the national literature shone forth with such sudden and amazing splendor. Bacon, Raleigh, Milton, lighted it up with the blaze of their immortal genius. The English language itself, employed now as the instrument of grand parliamentary debates and of appeals to the nation on the mightiest questions which can agitate the minds of men, became instinct with the new spirit of liberty, and throwing off the pedantry and jargon of the schools, exhibited a flexibility, compass, and force which it had never before discovered. The general improvement of the popular mind kept pace with the advance of literature and science; and the great body of the Commons of England were trained to the comprehension and enlightened decision of the momentous issues then for the first time submitted to their arbitrament. The wise men and patriots of that day knew and felt the vital connection between popular liberty and popular intelligence, and the hazards which must ever attend their unnatural separation.

"Let us not be unmindful of their wise instruction. Let us be profoundly thankful that by the virtuous struggles of our glorious ancestors we are now in the peaceful enjoyment

of the blessings of free government, without having to seek them, as they did, through the bloody scenes of civil strife. War, whether foreign or domestic, or for whatever cause undertaken, is the saddest ordeal through which human nature can pass, and but rarely repays in its results (however successful) the havoc, calamities, and crimes which mark its dreary footsteps. A gracious Providence has set before us a happier and a nobler destiny. 'Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war.' To these lofty and enduring triumphs let us address ourselves, treasuring up in our hearts the lesson so impressively taught by the inspired genius whose words I have just cited, himself a Republican, who had traversed the scenes of the mighty conflict for British freedom, and who had learned, by fearful experience, to distinguish true liberty from false."

The statue of "the patriot Hampden," by Mr. Foley, is one of the most interesting of those in the new Houses of Parliament, not only for its associations with the place, but also on account of its artistic excellence as a great historical portrait. We give a good engraving of it.

THE NEGLECTED GUIDE.—It is surprising to notice how this sacred book is neglected by sinful men. The votaries of taste and fashion will spend their days and nights poring over the morbid pages of sensual and fictitious narrative; yet if their God were to ask them if they had read the book which he sent them from heaven, where would they look? How could they say that they had never read the precious book throughout? Wherever you go, learn not of those. Take your Bible in your hand; make it the companion of your way. In the thirsty desert of this world it will supply you with the water of life; in the darkness of doubt and apprehension it will cast a gleam of heaven over your path; in the struggle of temptation and the hour of affliction it will lift up the voice of warning, encouragement, and comfort. It is the only helm that can guide you through the ocean of life and bring you safely to the immortal shores. It is the only star that leads the wandering seaman by the rocks, and breakers, and fiery tempests of utter destruction, and points him a way to the heights of everlasting blessedness. The Bible contains the only food that can satisfy the hungerings of the soul; and it is the Bible alone which can introduce us at last to the glories of immortality.—*Robert Pollok.*

^o Hallam's Const. History, ch. ix.—Also, Hume's History of England, ch. iv.



THE VILLAGE SPRING.

ONCE more, sweet stream! with slow foot wand'ring near,
 I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.
 Escaped the flashing of the noontide hours,
 With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
 (Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
 My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
 For not through pathless grove, with murmur rude,
 Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph — Solitude:
 For thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
 The hermit-fountain of some dripping cell!

Pride of the vale! thy useful streams supply
 The scatter'd cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
 The elfin tribe, around thy friendly banks,
 With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
 Released from school, their little hearts at rest,
 Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
 The rustic here, at eve, with pensive look,
 Whistling lorn ditties, leans upon his crook;
 Or startling, pauses with hope-mingled dread,
 To list the much-loved maid's accustom'd tread:
 She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
 Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.

Unboastful stream! thy fount with pebbled falls
 The faded form of past delight recalls,
 What time the morning sun of hope arose,
 And all was joy, save when another's woes
 A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
 Like passing clouds impictured on thy breast.
 Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
 Or sil'ry, stole beneath the pensive moon;
 Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns
 among,
 Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!
Coleridge.

[For the National Magazine.]

JOHN-STREET CHURCH—THE CRADLE OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

FEW periods of modern history are marked with greater interest than the early part of the eighteenth century. It was the brilliant era when Sir Isaac Newton astonished the world by his discoveries:—the day of Swift, Pope, Steele, and Addison. Although it was styled the Augustan age of English literature, still it was a time of general impiety and infidelity. The pernicious writings of Bolingbroke, Hobbes, and Shaftesbury, were then in full circulation.

At this moment John Wesley appeared, and became, with his brother Charles, and Whitefield, the principal instrument of reviving CHRISTIANITY in its true spirituality and power. Wesley may properly be called the Luther of his age, and, like the great Saxon reformer, he commenced a work beyond his control, until it is now identified with the advancement of evangelical Christianity in our world.

Thirty years before Mr. Wesley's death several members of his religious societies had emigrated to America from Great Britain and Ireland. Of this number a few resided in the city of New-York, and the little pious band met in a private house for religious services. This was a room in the residence of Philip Embury, who had heard Wesley in Ireland, and was also a local preacher in the "Connection." Mr. Embury was a carpenter by trade, and resided in *Barrack-street*, near where the present City-Hall stands. Six persons only attended his *first* sermon, which was preached in his workshop, and during 1766 this little flock formed the *first* Methodist Society in America.

A larger congregation followed this commencement, until the place could not contain the increasing number of hearers. So it ever has been when the truth is re-

ceived in the love of it. To a small company of comparatively unknown, but pious individuals, the Son of God himself once said: "Ye are the light of the world." The congregation still growing larger, a more commodious place was soon obtained in the same neighborhood for their meetings.

Upon one of these occasions, while singing, an officer in full military uniform entered the place. He wore the dress of the royal-American troops. This was Lieutenant, or, as he was generally called, Captain *Thomas Webb*. He was a pious officer of the British army, then stationed at Albany, and he shares the glory of being one of the founders of Methodism upon this continent. On this occasion, he knelt with them in prayer, and introduced himself as a preacher of righteousness, and soon became a zealous and successful advocate of the new sect. The memory of this excellent man should be preserved and honored; for his character and exertions, with those of Mr. Embury, form some most important recollections of earliest Methodism in the United States.

In the campaign of 1758 and before his conversion, Captain Webb served under General Wolfe. He was present at the memorable battle on the Plains of Abraham, when his gallant leader lost his life, and he himself received two wounds—one in his right arm, and another which deprived him of his right eye. Afterward, he returned to England, professed religion, and became a follower of Mr. Wesley. He was soon appointed *barrack-master* of Albany, and came again to America. When he heard of the newly-formed Wesleyan Society in New-York, he hastened to their assistance.

In his personal appearance Captain Webb united a portly figure with a fine commanding countenance, wearing over his forehead a strip of black ribbon and a blind to conceal his wounded eye. This description is in perfect keeping with a finely engraved portrait of him published in London in 1797, a copy of which is in possession of the writer, and is the original of that which accompanies this sketch. In the engraving his right hand is placed on his breast, whilst the left points to a Bible, from which he appears to be discoursing, as it lies with his sword and cap before him. At the bottom of the likeness is the coat-of-arms of his family,



CAPTAIN WEBB.

with this motto: "*I have fought a good fight.*"

In our youthful days we saw some who heard Captain Webb preach, and from all accounts he was a plain and very energetic speaker, performing his religious duties without the fear of man. Nor were his pious labors with those of Mr. Embury unsuccessful. The people attended in crowds to hear them, until the Wesleys were compelled a second time to look out for a larger place of worship. They succeeded in obtaining a more commodious building, about sixty feet long and eighteen broad which had been erected for a rigging-house. It was situated on William-st., at that period called *Horse and Cart-street*, from an inn there having such a sign.

In the alterations and changes to which the city of New-York is proverbially subject, it is quite a singular fact, that the old rigging-house is still standing. It stands near John-street, with its *gable end* toward the street, and is at present occupied as a factory. Hallowed spot! The little band of Wesleys who early worshiped in this humble place have long since passed away to

the spirit-land, but hundreds of thousands have succeeded them in the blessings and enjoyment of a "like precious faith."

Equally humble was the first place occupied by Mr. Wesley for a Methodist chapel in England. It was a large *foundery* in Moorfields, London, which had long continued in a dilapidated condition from a fatal explosion that happened during the casting of some cannon for the government. In 1739 Mr. Wesley obtained a lease of the edifice for £115, and after suitable alterations, he commenced public worship there on the 23d of July, 1740. At that period he had only *seventy members* in his "Societies." What myriads since in both worlds!

Great numbers now attended divine service at the rigging-house, and it could not contain half the people who frequented the place. Desirous of giving a character of greater permanency to their religious services, the congregation resolved at length to erect a church. This was a great and momentous undertaking for a people who, at that period, had but little resources of their own, with still less worldly influence. They invoked, however, the divine bless-

ings upon their contemplated undertaking by fasting and solemn prayer for three days. At first, it was proposed to lease a small lot of ground for twenty-one years, and here erect a chapel of wood. At this moment, however, a lady offered two lots of ground for £600 (\$2,666 66) on credit and security, and these were purchased by eight members of the society. Besides the purchase money, it was estimated that the new building would cost £400 (\$1,777 77).

The spot was situated upon *Golden Hill*, a rising ground then in the suburbs of the



THE OLD RIGGING-HOUSE.

city, but now, *John-street*. It took its name from a farm, celebrated for growing fine wheat, where *John-street* now enters into *Pearl-street* at *Burling-slip*. We have known some venerable persons who have seen the golden grain waving upon this now crowded section of our great metropolis.

To honor the name of a man who, by learning, piety, and unwearied Christian labors, has been an instrument of greater good to mankind than probably any other individual of modern times, the new edifice was called **WESLEY CHAPEL**. It was dedicated to the service of the **ALMIGHTY** on

the 30th of October, 1768, Mr. Embury preaching a discourse on the occasion from the pulpit which he had finished with his own hands.

The cut is a very correct exterior view of the old chapel. Its length was sixty feet, its breadth forty-two, and the walls were built of stone, the face covered over with a blue plaster, exhibiting an appearance of durability, simplicity, and plainness. Entrances to the galleries were subsequently added on each side of the door. The interior was equally plain, and remained many years in an unfinished state. There were at first no stairs or breastwork to the galleries, and the hearers ascended by a ladder and listened to the preacher from the platform. For a long while, even the seats on the lower floor had no backs. At that period in our colonial history, no public religious services could be performed in churches, except such as were established by law. Dissenters were therefore compelled to accommodate their places of worship in some way to meet this legal obstruction. This difficulty was avoided by attaching a *fireplace* and chimney to the internal arrangements of *Wesley Chapel*, as it was thus considered a private dwelling.

A small building of the antique *Dutch* style stood partly in front of the church, and became after a while the parsonage. The sextons used to reside in its basement. *Peter Williams*, a colored man, and one of the oldest members of the Church, served in this office. Whilst a slave, for slavery then existed in *New-York*, he purchased his freedom by his own industry, and then amassed a respectable property by diligent labor. He lived to see his children well educated, and one son was, for years, a useful pastor of a Protestant Episcopal Church in this city. The old door-keeper in the house of the Lord has long since left his post, and entered into that holy temple not made with hands, to go in and out no more forever. What a company in heaven, and how many thousands upon earth, have praised God for directing them to the "bread of life," that was freely distributed in this humble church!

Very numerous audiences soon were attracted to *Wesley Chapel* to "hear the



WESLEY CHAPEL, OR FIRST JOHN-STREET CHURCH.

word." In two years after its dedication, the congregation which had commenced three years before with *only six* hearers, had increased to a thousand and over, at times filling the area in front of the church. Such was the progress of the society, that Mr. Wesley was strongly solicited to send an able and experienced preacher to their assistance. In the letter sent to England with the request, the members used the following strong and remarkable language: "With respect to the payment of the preachers' passage over, if they could not procure it, we would sell *our coats and shirts to procure it for them.*" In answer to these earnest desires Messrs. Boardman and Pilmoor volunteered to be the *first* Methodist missionaries to this country. They arrived in 1769, and were the earliest itinerant Wesleyan preachers in America. They brought with them £50 (\$222 22), "as a token of brotherly love," to the new Church.

In addition to these two missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Asbury and Wright came over in 1771. Captain Webb returned in the meantime to England, and settled at Bristol, where he died at the age of seventy-two years, leaving this last and delightful testimony,—*"I know I am happy in the Lord, and shall be with him, and that is sufficient."* Thus true faith has her crown as well as her cross.

His fellow-laborer in the early field of American Methodism, Mr. Embury, retired into the interior, where he closed his useful life in the spring of 1775, without

a stone to tell where he lay. His grave was found in 1833, when his bones were removed to a neighboring burying-ground at Ash-grove, and here they were again re-committed to their mother earth with suitable religious ceremonies. A plain marble tablet has been placed over his remains, with this inscription:—

"PHILIP EMBURY,

The earliest American Minister of the M. E. Church, here found his last earthly resting-place.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

Born in IRELAND—an emigrant to NEW-YORK—Embury was the first to gather a little class in that city, and to set in motion a train of measures, which resulted in the founding of the John-street Church, the cradle of American Methodism, and the introduction of a system which has beautified the earth with salvation, and increased the joys of heaven."

During the war of the American Revolution, most of the churches in this city were occupied as military prisons or hospitals. The Middle Dutch Church, now the Post-Office, was a prison and charnel-house to thousands. No less than three thousand Americans were confined in that ancient temple of the Almighty. Six and eight dead bodies might be seen of a morning conveyed from this sorrowful abode. Its pews were consumed for fuel, and the place finally was occupied as a riding-school for the British cavalry. Two thousand rebel prisoners, so called, were incarcerated in the North Dutch Church, William-street. The Quaker meeting-house, formerly on Pearl-street, was converted into a hospital. Wesley Chapel shared a similar fate, a regiment of Americans be-

ing confined here for several weeks. The small-pox broke out among them, with dreadful fatality, and the whole corps, in consequence, soon after vacated the building. An old Dutch clergyman, known as *Dominie Sampson*, occasionally preached in the chapel, to the German refugees.

Religious meetings at night were then generally forbidden, but allowed in the Methodist church, as the British imagined, or rather desired, that the followers of Wesley should favor their cause. Still the services were sometimes interrupted and disturbed by the rude conduct of men belonging to the army. They would often stand in the aisle with their caps on during divine worship, careless and inattentive. On one occasion, before the congregation was dismissed, they sang the national song, "*God save the king.*" At its conclusion,

the society immediately began and sang, to the same air, those beautiful lines of Charles Wesley:—

"Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious
O'er all victorious
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

Jesus, our Lord arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd,
Lord, hear our call," &c.

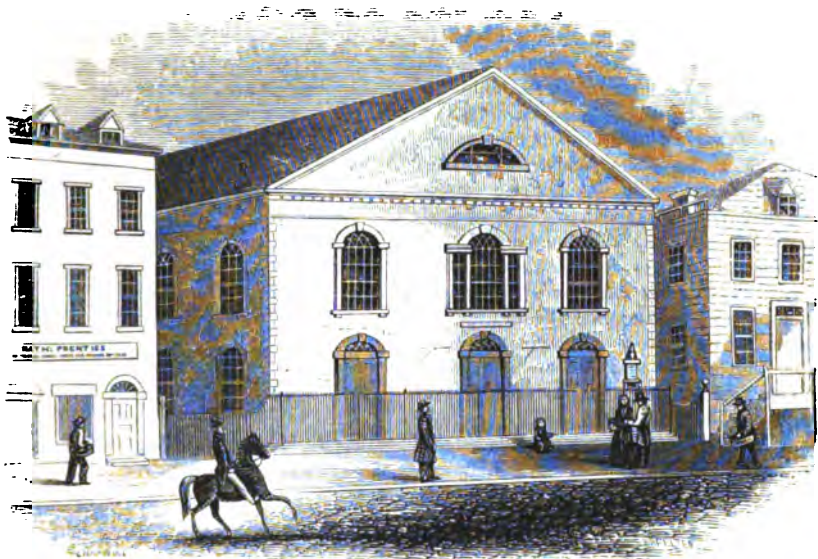
Upon a Christmas Eve, when the members had assembled to celebrate the advent of the world's Redeemer, a party of British officers, masked, marched into the house



THE MASKED DEVIL.

of God. One, very properly personifying their master, was dressed with cloven feet, and a long forked tail. The devotions of course soon ceased, and the chief devil, proceeding up the aisle, entered the altar. As he was ascending the stairs of the pulpit, a gentleman present with his cane knocked off his Satanic majesty's mask, when lo, there stood a well-known British colouel! He was immediately seized and

detained until the city guard was sent to take charge of the bold offender. The congregation retired, and the entrances of the church were locked upon the prisoner for additional security. His companions outside then commenced an attack upon the doors and windows, but the arrival of the guard put an end to these disgraceful proceedings, and the prisoner was delivered into their custody.



SECOND JOHN-STREET CHURCH.

This attempt to disturb the service originated at the play-house, which at the time occupied a spot not far from the chapel, where Thorburn's seed-store now stands. The British officers were often actors, and doubtless obtained their masks and grotesque dresses from this theatrical wardrobe. The affair caused no little excitement, as it was considered a bold outrage upon the rights of the religious community. There was, however, redeeming virtue enough in the British authorities to rebuke the rioters, and the devil-colonel made a public apology for his offense. To atone for what had been done, a guard of soldiers was regularly stationed, during a long time afterward, at the door of the chapel, to preserve order.

A state of war is always inimical to the advancement of morals and religion, and during the seven years, while the foreign foe had possession of New-York, it was a season of sorrow and trial to the Wesleyan Society. All the preachers from England, except Mr. Asbury, were obliged to return home on account of favoring the British king and cause. Many of the society removed into the country, and those who remained in the city, now destitute of their own ministers, would repair to St. Paul's Church, on Broadway, to receive the sacraments from the hands of an Episcopalian clergyman.

The glorious termination of the severe revolutionary struggle introduced a brighter day to the Church of Christ. Until now Methodism in America had been the same as Methodism in England. In its objects, doctrines, and moral discipline, it remains so to this hour; but Mr. Wesley's powers over the American Societies ceased when the United States became independent of the political and ecclesiastical authority of the mother country. Accordingly, in the year 1784-5 the *Methodist Episcopal Church* in the United States was organized.

From this period the march of Methodism has been rapid. Previously to the year 1817 six Methodist Episcopal churches had been erected in New-York. Still more room was needed, especially for the members in the lower part of the city, and it was determined to erect a new and large church upon the spot where Wesley Chapel stood. The old walls were accordingly demolished on the 13th of May, 1817, the Rev. Daniel Ostrander making a suitable address at the time, and on the first Sabbath of the new year, January 4, 1818, the new church was dedicated to the service of God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Immense congregations attended on the occasion, by estimation not less than two thousand. The Rev. Dr. Bangs, Samuel Merwin, and Joshua Soule, now bishop,

delivered the dedicatory sermons, distinguished for most impressive eloquence, and attended with unusual pathos.

The new church was one of the most commodious and beautiful in the city, and served as a model for many throughout the country. Its walls were of granite partly built from the materials of the old chapel, and the dimensions were sixty-two by eighty-seven feet. The cost was about \$30,000. It had a large lecture-room, and here was deposited a valuable library for the use of the congregation. To the credit of these early Methodists, it should be mentioned that this collection of books was commenced in the year 1792, and was formerly located in the old parsonage. The example is worthy the imitation of all religious societies. Here, too, was placed the old clock of Wesley Chapel, which still tells the hours of the sanctuary as it has marked the flight of so many annual rounds upon that consecrated spot.

There was a beautiful cenotaph to the memory of the Rev. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, placed in the front and outside wall of the church. He was President of the Young Men's Missionary Society, and its mana-



SUMMERFIELD'S CENOTAPH.

gers erected this memorial to commemorate his virtues, eloquence, piety, and devotion to the holy cause. The monument is made of finely polished black marble in the shape of a cone. An urn is fixed upon a pedestal at the base with a few volumes of books on either side, and drapery hangs in graceful folds from one part of the urn, while to the right of it there is a scroll half-unrolled. The following tribute, from the pen of *Bishop Soule*, is inscribed upon the tablet in the center of the cenotaph :

SACRED

To the Memory of the

REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, A. M.,

"A burning and a shining light."

He commenced his Ministerial Labors in the connection of the Wesleyan Methodists in Ireland, but employed the last four years of his life in the Itinerant Ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

His mind was stored with the treasures of science.

FROM A CHILD HE KNEW THE SCRIPTURES.

Meekness and humility, united with extraordinary intellectual power, exhibited in his character a model of Christian and ministerial excellence.

His perception of truth was clear and comprehensive,

His language pure,

And his action chaste and simple.

THE LEARNED AND THE ILLITERATE ATTENDED HIS MINISTRY WITH ADMIRATION,

And felt that his preaching was in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

Distinguished by the patience of hope,

And the labor of love,

He finished his course in peace and triumph.

Born in PRESTON, ENGLAND, January 31st, 1793.

Died in THIS CITY, June 13th, 1825.

This second church on the earliest spot of American Methodism continued to be used for its sacred purposes for twenty-four years, when it was taken down, and the third, which is the present edifice, was erected in 1841. When Wesley Chapel was finished in the year 1768, the city of New-York did not extend beyond the present Park. St. Paul's Church and the Brick Chapel were in "the fields," then so called. Its population did not quite reach twenty-two thousand, and three thousand of these were colored. Few cities of the world have increased more rapidly; in less than three-quarters of a century afterward its inhabitants numbered three hundred thousand. The lower part of the city had become the business section, and residences were built far beyond this limit. Many new Methodist churches had been provided to meet the wants of this rapidly-growing population.

It was now resolved to erect a smaller chapel on the spot, with two four-story

brick houses, one on each side, as a source of income. The cut is a very excellent view of the whole. In its external appearance the church is simple, plain, and neat—the inside beautiful and commodious, with a pulpit in a semicircular recess—dimensions, forty-two feet by eighty. The basement is above ground; it is an admirable room for religious meetings, and here may be seen the only *relics* of old John-street Church—its venerable clock and library.

There are two tablets in front, with these inscriptions:—

THIS CHURCH,

The first erected by the Methodist Society in America,
Was Built 1768. Rebuilt, 1817.

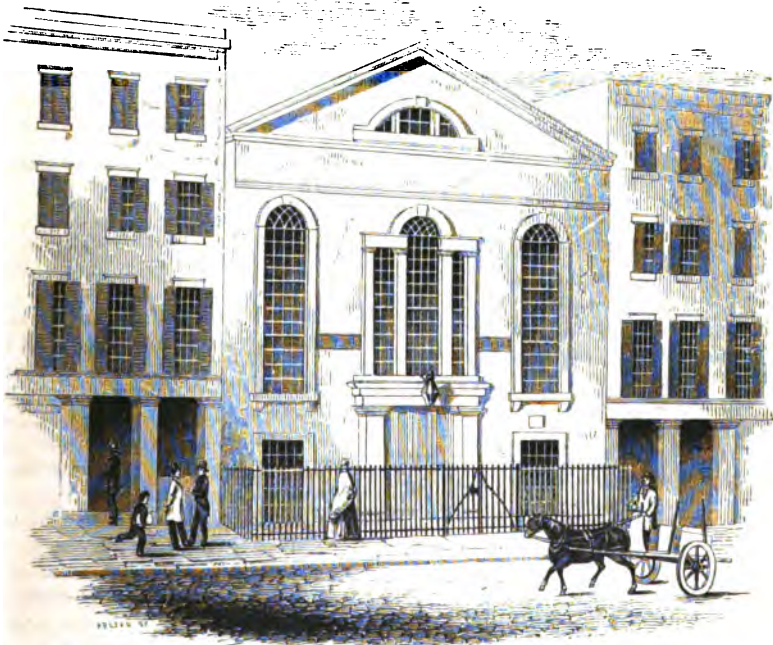
According to this time it shall be said, What
hath God wrought! (Numbers xxiii.)

THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
Rebuilt, A. D. 1841.

This is my rest forever: here will I dwell. (Ps. cxxxii.)

It is a remarkable fact, and worth recording, that although when Wesley Chapel was first founded its members were compelled to solicit aid from Mr. Wesley to finish it, their successors own the present beautiful place of worship. More than this—by the sale of the adjacent new houses the present trustees have an overplus of some thousands of dollars. Few spots have been thus more signally blessed. As long as there are hearers of the gospel in this great metropolis may this consecrated ground be devoted to the preaching of a pure, earnest, and evangelical faith!

What a history does Methodism present? In these few pages we have briefly traced its infant course in the city of New-York. It has grown rapidly since, and now its commanding form arrests the gaze and



THIRD JOHN-STREET CHURCH.

attention of the whole world. Well did the founder of this sect, John Wesley, exclaim, "The world is my parish!" Methodism suits the wants of the world. With ardent piety and zeal it has now outlived the trials and opposition of a century, and from its humble beginning in Moorfields, the system has won its way to
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a foremost rank among the Protestant Churches.

When the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, in the year 1784, it had in the United States eighty-three ministers, with fourteen thousand nine hundred and eighty-six members; now it spreads over the entire land its confer-

ences, districts, circuits, and stations, and in 1850, not three-quarters of a century afterward, the "Methodist Episcopal Church" and the "Methodist Episcopal Church, South," had five thousand six hundred and forty-six regular ministers, besides a large number of local, and one million one hundred and seventy thousand eight hundred and thirty communicants. We are speaking of Episcopal Methodism; but then there are besides, Wesleyan, Primitive, Welsh, Calvinistic, and African Methodist Churches, all combined having at least six thousand regular preachers, eight thousand local, and over a million and a quarter of members. We doubt not that the membership of this communion has increased in a ratio more than six times as fast as the population of the United States has since the year 1784!

According to the United States Census of 1850, the combined members of the Congregationalists, Presbyterians, (both branches,) Episcopalians, and Baptists, amounted to one million three hundred and seventy-four thousand seven hundred and forty. We do not vouch for the correctness of these numbers, but take them as we find them, and, if correct, the Methodist Episcopal Church only needs less than three hundred thousand to equal in her membership all the other leading denominations of the country! She exceeds all of these sister Churches nearly half a million, and almost doubles them.

American Methodism, in the short space of eighty-seven years, has built thousands of churches in our land, founded numerous colleges and academies, built innumerable parsonages, and supplies millions with Sabbath school instruction, religious literature, and the WORD OF LIFE.

"The day is broke which never more shall close."

The fathers of Methodism have long since ceased from their labors; but the gospel dies not with its champions. David's place may be empty, but "*instead of the fathers are the children, and the children's children.*" So long as her ministers feel an ardent love for the conversion of souls, maintain evangelical doctrine, and lead holy and zealous lives, the signs of their apostleship will accompany them, and the word preached shall accomplish the great purpose for which it was intended.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE THUNDER STORM.

In the willow grove by the gurgling rill,
The bird's full song is ringing still;
But the storm is coming,
Doom-like clouds are looming
O'er the towering western hill.
A strange, wild dread there seems to be,
A hush on the waiting earth and sea,
Save when o'er the silent woods and dells
The voice of the coming tempest swells.
Now the low breeze sighs by the cottage wall,
Large drops of rain on the door-sill fall,
The flowers unclose,
The drooping rose,
The fair white lilies and daisies small.
Now the rain pours down in a surging flood
On the thirsty plain, on the awaying wood,
And the upland streamlets, deep and wide,
In torrents rush down the steep hill-side.
Hark! hark! for the storm in its might hath come,
At once is the earth inwrapp'd in gloom;
To the shrouded heaven
Hath the tempest given
The sad, dark hues of the tomb.
Hush! hush! for the lurid lightnings gleam
On the glassy bosom of the stream,
And the thunder rolls through the echoing air,
And the wild beast quakes in his forest lair,
'T is an hour; and the western sky is clear,
A fresher bloom doth the green earth wear,
And the iris bow,
In its softest glow,
Doth the frowning face of the orient bear.
Again in the grove by the purling rill
Doth the wild bird's dulcet carol trill,
And the soft low notes of the forest swell
With the clear sweet chimes of the distant bell.

H. C. GARDNER.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE GRAVE OF THE LOVED ONE.

In yonder lonely quiet glade,
Beneath the yew-tree's solemn shade,
The loved one lies:
All nature there is hush'd and still,
Save the low gurgling, murmur'ing rill
Which softly sighs.
The light scarce penetrates the glade;
An emerald arch by nature made
Excludes its rays:
Within that cool and calm retreat,
Where crystal waters glide and meet,
No sunbeam plays.
Above her grave the dark rich mold
With flowers of crimson and of gold
Is sprinkled o'er;
But she, the gentle one and fair,
Who often loved to linger there,
Is seen no more.
The rose-tree waves above her head,
As she reposes on her bed
Of cold, cold clay;
Yet naught disturbs her slumbers now,
Or casts a shade o'er her fair brow,
Nor ever may.

W. R. LAWRENCE.



LEONARD BACON, D. D.

DR. BACON, editor of the "Independent" and "New-Englander," was born on the 19th of February, 1803, in the city of Detroit, Michigan. His father was one of that band of noble pioneers who have done so much for the advancement of the religious interests of the Great West—the American home missionaries. He was poor indeed in this world's goods; for he possessed nothing beyond a bare subsistence, unless we estimate the legacy which he left to the world of three sons and four daughters, all now engaged in active usefulness. Dr. Bacon's father died in the year 1817, after the family had resided several years in the towns of Hudson and Tallmadge, Ohio.

In his eleventh year, young Bacon commenced preparing for college in an institution near Hartford, Connecticut, where some of his father's friends resided. He entered the sophomore class of Yale College at the early age of sixteen. His class included many others who have since

arrived at considerable distinction: among them were the present President of Yale College; Prof. Twining, the distinguished civil engineer; Hon. J. H. Brockway, of Connecticut; Prof. Stoddard; Hon. Garret Duncan, of Kentucky, and others.

Into such a class Mr. Bacon entered, under rather disadvantageous circumstances, being the youngest of its members with one exception, and without a full preparation, as his pecuniary prospects rendered it necessary to sacrifice the advantages which might have been gained by the study of the previous year. Yet Mr. Bacon ranked high in all the studies of his comrades, and was esteemed one of the very best writers among them. He gave evidence of a strong social disposition, and took an active part in the meetings of the literary societies, which he regarded as a means of improvement well worthy of attention.

Mr. Bacon received aid from the Education Society during his collegiate course.

sufficient, with his own exertions, to maintain him. His father died soon after he entered college, and the young student was left self-dependent. Yet it may be questioned whether poverty is not a richer inheritance to a man of mind than any amount of wealth. Necessity, if anything, will develop the true man. It is this which teaches self-reliance and energy, and strengthens all the muscles of manhood.

Dr. Bacon's intentions, before entering college, had been to prepare himself for the Christian ministry: with this understanding, he was assisted by the Education Society, and after graduating at Yale in the autumn of 1890, he went to Andover to prosecute a course of theological study. Soon after leaving the seminary, at the age of twenty-three, he was invited to preach, as a candidate, at the First Congregational Church of New-Haven, in Centre-street, of which he is now pastor. He was ordained there in March, 1895. The post is a prominent one, having been previously filled by the late lamented Prof. Stuart, of Andover, who was dismissed in 1819; and subsequently by Prof. Taylor, of the New-Haven Theological Seminary, who left it in 1832. The Church itself was first established in 1639, in an ancient barn, the site of which is now occupied by the residence of the late Noah Webster, of Dictionary memory.

The present edifice was repaired and enlarged in 1849, and on its reopening Dr. Bacon delivered an eloquent sermon, which has been published. The Centre Church is pleasantly situated in the heart of that beautiful city. It is of simple architecture, harmonious proportions, and crowned by a lofty spire.

The Church now numbers between five and six hundred, a large, yet most harmonious body, free from the discords and jealousies which have rent in pieces many a smaller society. They are united in their pastor, whom they justly esteem. In 1828 and 1831, Dr. Bacon's labors were rewarded with extensive and powerful revivals of religion.

In the year 1851 Dr. Bacon made a tour of the continent of Europe, likewise visiting some of the missions of the American Board in Western Asia. While among the Mountains of Nestoria, he and his party met with a dangerous, yet most romantic adventure, in which they barely

escaped massacre by the Koords. He and his companions left Mosul on the 21st of May, 1851, with the intention of making their way across the mountains to the Nestorian mission at Oroomiah. They met with no adventures until they arrived in the hill-country, at a small village named Beyish, where the party were within a hair's-breadth of being murdered while sleeping, by a band of robbers, who were induced temporarily to defer the execution of their design by fear of damaging the reputation of the village. But on the following day they intercepted the travelers in the midst of their journey in a narrow and lonely pass. "Six worse-looking men," wrote one of the party, "it would be difficult to imagine. Each man wore around his high conical felt-hat a turban of handkerchiefs of every hue and texture, in his hand a long gun with short and narrow breech, and in his belt the universal Turkish carved and two-edged dagger. The leader of the gang was a man of middle age, with black eyes and a grisly, untrimmed beard, and with half his front teeth knocked out." The party was surrounded by the savages with rifles leveled, and grinning horribly; and having paid a black mail of fifty piastres, they were conducted, as prisoners, to the castle of a neighboring agha. Arrived here, they were received by the agha, a tall person, and elegantly dressed and equipped for that region. This person, with a princely wave of the hand, bade the travelers retire to the hill-side, a few hundred feet distant, while his royal highness should decide their fate.

They had received intimations from their servants that it was the intention of the agha to kill them, and this had been quite manifest from the conduct of the people whom they met. In anticipation of this fate, Dr. Bacon and his companions betook themselves to prayer, and awaited the course of events with calm resignation. But Providence had other designs, and the danger was averted, and that by a Koordish Pocahontas, the agha's wife. The trunks of the party were thoroughly searched, and all the money and other valuables therein contained were speedily appropriated by the chief of the robbers, yet in the most courteous manner imaginable.

Owing, in all probability, to the interference of the agha's wife, the bloody

intentions of the Koords were somewhat modified, and the council sat on the rocks debating whether to kill the Franks, or send them into the mountains. The latter expedient was determined upon; but before starting, the travelers were obliged to submit to another search. Dr. Bacon's son gives an amusing account of the manner in which some of their personal effects were appropriated:—

"A black silk cravat, which had seen much service in New-Haven drawing-rooms, was twisted about the suspicious-looking head of an uncommonly dirty boy. A pair of heavy riding-boots were transferred to the shoulders of a youth who bore 'the gallows-mark' on his features with unmistakable distinctness. A satin vest of Mr. Marsh's was circulating through the crowd on the person of a dirty child, who boasted no other wealth than a ragged shirt and a green pomegranate. I looked at the youngster with a smile of congratulation; but he turned on his heel and strutted gravely away, his new garment trailing on the ground at every step."

From this place they were led in another direction by an escort of the agha's, and by a good Providence came to the village of a benevolent mullah, to whom, under God, the party owed their ultimate preservation. They were received with kindness by him, passed the night in security under his roof, and occupied the next day in prescribing remedies for numerous diseases which were presented to their attention. There Dr. Bacon's knowledge of surgery was turned to good account. The travelers were informed by Mullah Mustafa that messages had been sent to all the aghas toward Oroomiah to rob and murder them, and that the only safe course was to return to Mosul, and the good man volunteered to accompany them in person over the most dangerous portion of the journey. "He declared to us that if we had been angels from heaven, or pashas, he would not have gone to this trouble for us; but as he saw that we were men who willed only what God willed, and did what he commanded, he would do for us whatever was in his power."

Dr. Bacon and his companions recommenced their journey with gloomy forebodings, which were not without foundation; for at the next village they barely escaped death, even though accompanied by the venerated mullah. The agha of this village had received a letter from the one first named, directing him to rob and

murder the party, with the view, doubtless, of shifting the responsibility of the outrage to other shoulders than his own. Preparations had been made to fulfill this request, and a band of ruffians sat waiting the approach of the travelers to dispatch them. Mullah Mustafa had tried every means in his power to dissuade the agha from the bloody deed, but without effect, until, appealing to his greedy desire of power, he persuaded the old savage that these travelers were men of influence at Mosul, and that, by securing their influence against Mellul Agha, (the first-mentioned robber,) he might obtain a supremacy over that rival in the government of the district. This plea succeeded, and the party were set free by Khan Abdul, who also made a full revelation of the conspiracy against their lives among the Koordish chiefs. The travelers were then treated with great courtesy, and Khan Abdul remarked with a smile, that "if we had come alone he should have certainly killed us all; but as we were under the protection of his friend Mullah Mustafa, we were quite welcome; he was sorry that we could not remain four or five days with him, that he might show us proper honor." Coffee was then brought, and the party sat down with no great relish to the table with men who, but a moment before, were ready to deprive them of their heads.

Before starting, a young Koordish dandy, with rings, and soap-locks, and silver-mounted dagger, who had been quite vociferous in recommending plunder and massacre, having heard of Dr. Bacon's medical operations on the previous day, came up with his hands pressed upon the pit of his stomach, complaining that his "heart was as hard as iron," which expression he meant to have understood in a metaphorical sense, as, in the East, it denotes an attack of colic. Dr. Bacon informed the young gentleman that he was troubled with the dyspepsia, and prescribed rhubarb and pills enough to last till they should be out of reach of the mountains.

At this place the travelers bade farewell to Mullah Mustafa "with feelings of the profoundest gratitude." Dr. Bacon's numerous friends and relatives in this country remember the benevolent old Mussulman with feelings approaching affection, and many others will recollect with pleasure his name who has preserved

a man so useful to his country and to the Church.

In letters of the party the magnificence of the mountain scenery is graphically described, and, under different circumstances, the journey would doubtless have been enjoyed highly; but they were not yet out of danger. One prospect at length presented itself to their eyes, which was hailed with great satisfaction. Away beyond the desert the Tigris gleamed—a little streak of gold—the happy assurance of ultimate safety. The mountain was descended with thankful hearts, and the party bivouacked over night with glad hearts, though without other covering than blankets, while the rain poured down in torrents.

The next day they arrived at a large Christian village, crowded with people in holiday attire, who came out to meet the travelers, filled with the greatest astonishment; for the report had gone out that they had all been stripped and murdered. "A Chaldean first seated himself on one side of Mr. Marsh and a Jewish Rabbi on the other, and white-turbaned Moslems and swarthy Zizidis were scattered thickly through the crowd that came to gaze upon us. But Christian, and Mohammedan, and Jew, and even the very devil-worshippers themselves, declared again and again that nothing could have delivered us but the special protection of God."

After leaving this village they came near falling into the hands of an agha against whom Mullah Mustafa had specially cautioned them, as a man in whom no confidence should be placed; but were providentially delivered from this danger. The next day was the Sabbath; but the travelers felt obliged to press on, as they were not entirely beyond the reach of danger, and reached Akkre in the morning. Hence they made two forced marches by night to Mosul to avoid the attacks of the Bedouins, who were committing audacious robberies in sight of the city. They themselves brought the first news of their adventures to their friends, who were filled with wonder and gratitude to God at their deliverance.

Measures were immediately taken to obtain redress for these outrages, and memorials were transmitted to Constantinople, where the matter was taken up by Sir Stratford Canning and the American ambassador with praiseworthy energy. Suitable presents were also sent to Mullah

Mustafa as an acknowledgment. The matter has since been taken up by the Turkish government, and these marauders have been compelled to make full satisfaction to all the parties concerned. Thus terminated an adventure such as rarely occurs to diversify the stereotyped routine of newspaper correspondence from the East. From the adventures of Dr. Bacon let us turn more particularly to the man himself.

Dr. Bacon is about fifty years of age. If we did not know positively to the contrary, we should set him down as a native of Yankeedom beyond all doubt. We will at least venture to assert that his father came from that region. Were we called upon for a specimen of the real Yankee—not the pumpkin, clownish stage character, or, more properly, caricature, but the energetic, indomitable, wide-awake descendant of the old Puritan fathers—we should certainly point to Dr. Bacon. Resolution and steadiness of purpose are manifest in all his muscles and movements, in the lines of his face and the tone of his voice. Many would, perhaps, on slight acquaintance, detect traces of an overbearing disposition in Dr. Bacon's manner; but this is not confirmed by any personal knowledge of the writer. The tendency of very strong characters, however, is often too much in this direction.

Dr. Bacon is about the medium height, somewhere about five and a half feet. He is rather thick set, has a slight stoop in the shoulders, and a head of larger dimensions than is ordinarily seen. The forehead is remarkably high, eyes large and dark-colored, shadowed by heavy brows of very irregular formation, which, according to physiognomy, denotes great vivacity. His mouth is large, and the lines about it evince energy and habitually severe application.

Dr. Bacon's manner, as a speaker, is pleasing—his action quite energetic, sometimes vehement. He is not a finished elocutionist, but he possesses a powerful and well-trained voice. He rarely fails of entering fully into the spirit of his subject, and evinces sincerity and earnestness in every performance.

The mind of Dr. Bacon is of a strongly mathematical cast; this a physiognomist would read in his lofty forehead. He excels in debate, and is quite a master of logic. His style and thoughts are clear and

accurate, and he is rarely misunderstood. He has a great power of generalization—a mind comprehensive as well as acute. These traits are evinced in various critical essays on the manifold subjects which come within his province as an editor and a reviewer. He has a remarkable power of expression, which years of platform practice have developed and strengthened. This is one of the greatest and most desirable accomplishments of a public speaker, the power of communicating his thoughts with correctness and ease under any circumstances. There is a solidity in Dr. Bacon's character which manifests itself in his public addresses. He appeals to the reason and good sense of his hearers—he gives them facts and weighty argument. He does not, therefore, produce so much of immediate effect upon an audience as those who appeal more to the passions, but there is always something in his speeches to be remembered and thought over at home.

Dr. Bacon's sermons partake of the character of his speeches. They are sound, practical, earnest and impressive. Yet occasionally he is kindled by some extraordinary motive to an unusual effort, a splendid display of massive eloquence. His style is usually not without ornament, but the embellishment is less noticeable than the labored and imposing framework.

Dr. Bacon possesses a large share of sarcastic wit, which is frequently brought into play in debate, and sometimes with great effect. He is very often engaged in controversy, so much so as to create an impression, to some extent, that it must be congenial to his feelings.

Such champions are needed, and we know of no one who seems better constituted by nature for such a post than Dr. Bacon. A debate is the element in which he appears to feel most at home. His earlier productions show more of that scathing sarcasm to which he has a natural inclination, than those of later years.

Dr. Bacon is one of those men who can take no subordinate part in any movement which interests him. Indifference is foreign to his nature. He does not hesitate to give his personal services in every case where the cause of truth and justice is to be promoted, even though it may turn to his own disadvantage. His readiness to give his services on all im-

portant occasions, combined with something of a commanding air, which is natural to him, sometimes impresses a stranger with the idea that he has a little of the pope in his disposition; yet it is nothing more, we have reason to believe, than is common to men of unusually energetic and active temperament.

The extent of Dr. Bacon's literary labors is a proof of great industry and perseverance. To these, rather than to his efforts on the platform, or in the pulpit, he owes his influence and wide reputation. For the last twenty-seven years he has been constantly engaged in ministerial duty, and during that time, also, has published all the permanent matter which bears his name, besides a great number of anonymous communications which have appeared in periodicals with which he has been connected at different times.

He has been engaged in editorial labors, at different periods, for many years. This is a business, by the way, for which few men are better qualified than Dr. Bacon. He was connected with the "Christian Spectator," a quarterly, issued at New-Haven, which was discontinued about the year 1840. He is now senior editor of the "Independent," and a regular and effective contributor, and chairman of the association which conducts the "New-England-er." To the "Spectator" he contributed a series of essays on slavery, which were afterward collected and published in a more permanent form. A large number of occasional sermons have been published by request, and several in the "National Preacher." On December 29d, 1838, he delivered an annual address before "The New-England Society of the City of New-York," containing a sketch of the Puritan history, and a most elaborate and valuable analysis of Puritan character, which was published by request of the society. Dr. Bacon has a particular fondness for the department of history. He has published a large octavo volume, of four hundred pages, containing a series of thirteen discourses, delivered in New-Haven, in 1838, on the "Ecclesiastical and Civil History of Connecticut," from the establishment of the colony up to that time. He has also written a small but excellent work for the use of young Christians, besides some other productions, which we cannot at present enumerate. Earnest, vigorous, laborious, talented, he is a man for the times.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS LEAVING THE VALLEY.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

"THE IDLER"—"RASSELAR."

INDOLENCE, like most other vices, whether physical or mental, tends to perpetuate itself and to increase its intensity. Whoever yields to its demands to-day, will find them renewed with greater authority to-morrow; while the precedent of yielding already afforded will effectually justify its continuance. Motives that take their rise in the physical constitution are commonly found to exert the most direct and imperious control over the will, and so constitutional indolence—the *vis inertiae* of mind—not only controls the will, but, to the extent of its operation, takes away the power of willing. But while idleness is thus doubling the folds of indolence upon the spirit, the motive powers of the soul are renewing their strength by repose, and preparing themselves anew to demand their appropriate exercise. By this

means even indolence may be made to subserve the cause of industry, and opportunities are afforded to its victims to escape from its tyranny.

Johnson's growing disinclination to action seemed at length to quite deprive him of the power to choose as well as to act wisely. At no period were the claims upon his activity more numerous and imperative than at this time. The same un-elevated but imperious demands of hunger and thirst, that had so severely pressed upon him in former times, still called him to work that he might live. The additional weight of a great reputation was also to be sustained—a burden most galling to a sensitive spirit—amid the gloom and privations of poverty. And to these was now added the force of a moral obligation arising from the promise made to the public

of an edition of Shakspeare, to be issued as soon as the end of the year 1757, out of which had arisen a large number of personal claims, from subscription, that were paid for in advance. This last claim, so obvious and inevitable, it is probable, alone secured the fulfillment of the promise to the public; and it was a public exhibition of the fact that the subscription had been taken, and the equivalent not rendered, that at length aroused him to finish his hated task.

But even idleness was now to be tortured into a virtue. The excessive forcibleness of Johnson's style, and the pregnancy of his discourses, had operated unfavorably upon the demand for them. He had written in a manner that compelled his readers to think; and that intolerable drudgery but few would consent to do, and therefore his writings were not *popular*. Could he be gotten to write without thinking, or with the least possible amount of thought, then both his own indolence and that of his readers might be indulged, and even the author of the "Rambler" find readers in the bowers of pleasure, or among the poppy shades of idleness. A new weekly newspaper, the "Universal Chronicle," was started about the first of April, 1758, and the aid of the great moralist was evoked to add to its respectability and attractiveness. His themes and modes of writing were all left to his own determination, and yielding to the suggestions of his indolence, he embodied in its numbers the thoughts that floated upon the surface of his mind. No difficulty was experienced in fixing on the appropriate title to this new series of essays,—the offspring of indolence could be only "The Idler." As they were issued but once a week, and were neither so long nor so elaborate, either in thought or structure, as were the *Ramblers*, they occasioned but little disturbance to their author's habitual inactivity. Their publication was carried on through two entire years, and the whole number of essays amounted to a hundred and three. Of these, Johnson composed all but twelve. Three were written by Rev. Joseph Warton; three by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and one by Bennet Langton. The authorship of the other five is not ascertained.

Though "The Idler" bears sufficient evidence of its original, it is a very different production from most that had hitherto

proceeded from the same pen. It is, indeed, of the same substance as the "Rambler," but greatly diluted and enervated. Its identity of character with its great predecessor is easily made out, but "The Idler" is "The Rambler" in dishabille—the solemn teacher has become a social friend and companion. The subjects discussed are generally less serious and profound, and their tone and manner indicate less earnestness on the part of the writer. The style is looser, freer, and much more simple; for an idler could not be expected to master the hard words, nor to wield the swelling periods of "The Rambler." And these seeming defects, this absence of attempted excellence, rendered "The Idler" a much greater favorite with the public. It will be readily believed that many of these essays were written very hastily; and as they received but little subsequent emendation, they remain in all their original freshness.

It should not be inferred, however, that these essays are destitute of sound philosophy and valuable lessons of practical instruction. Johnson's thoughts would bear to be diluted without danger of becoming vapid and inane; he probably erred more frequently by excess than by defect in this matter. As it is quite consistent with the character he had assumed to be a philosopher, and especially to moralize on the burdens of life—to complain now, of the sluggishness of time, now of its stealthy flight—to execrate the labor of thinking and to speculate carelessly on all the affairs of society—a wide range was given to the drowsy muse of the essayist. These things, for the most part, constitute his themes; and though generally they are discussed characteristically, yet are they sometimes treated with real ability, and with much of their author's usual energy. When once aroused by his own mental action, it was difficult for him to appear other than himself.

During the first year of "The Idler," Johnson suffered one of those bereavements, the accounts of which diversify his history with such dark clouds of sorrow. More than twenty years had elapsed since he had left his native town, which he had not since revisited, though all this time it was the abode of his mother, a lonely widow, now almost ninety years old. For the most of this period they two were to each other sole surviving relatives in any

of the proximate degrees of consanguinity ; yet for twenty long years they had not seen each other. Miss Lucy Porter, Johnson's step-daughter, had during all this time resided with the elder Mrs. Johnson ; and between the two a large share of mutual affection subsisted. The little bookseller's shop, once kept by old Michael Johnson, was continued by the widow, and after her decease, by Miss Porter.

Johnson's failure to visit his aged mother unquestionably was not owing to any want of respect or filial regard for her. He seems to have entertained through all this period a strong repugnance to revisiting the scenes of his childhood and youth. He had left the associations of his early days with the determination to achieve for himself a name and fortune in the world ; and till that was done he had no wish to revisit them. This was indeed but a poor apology for his neglect, continued through twenty years, personally to pay his respects to his aged and desolate parent ; but with him impulses and repulsions were usually finally determinative ; yet he was not unmindful of her ; for, notwithstanding his own penury, he from time to time contributed to the means of her comfortable subsistence.

An illustration of his feelings toward the place of his nativity is given in a letter to a friend, at a period a little later than that now under notice. It appears that he made a hasty visit to Litchfield sometime during the winter of 1761-2, of which he gives this account. How aptly the reality agrees with the ideal of such a case, as sketched more than once in his writings, the reader will at once perceive :—

" Last winter I went down to my native town, where I found the streets much narrower and shorter than I thought I had left them, inhabited by a new race of people, to whom I was very little known. My play-fellows were grown old, and forced me to suspect that I was no longer young. My only remaining friend has changed his principles, and is become the tool of the predominant faction. My daughter-in-law, from whom I expected most, and whom I met with sincere benevolence, has lost the beauty and gayety of youth, without having gained much of the wisdom of age. I wandered about for five days, and took the first opportunity of returning to a place, where, if there is not much happiness, there is, at least, such a diversity of good and evil, that slight vexations do not fix upon the heart."

But to the story. In January, 1759, he was startled with the news of the severe illness of his parent, and her probable near

approach to death. That event could not have been wholly unexpected by him, yet he was evidently unprepared for it. Though he was endowed with both moral and physical courage beyond most men in ordinary affairs, yet in the near contemplation of mortality he was almost utterly without firmness. During the continuance of the sickness and shortly after his mother's decease, he sent frequent letters, first to his mother, and afterward to Miss Porter, full of religious instructions, and manifesting a lively interest in their affairs, and breathing the deepest sorrow at the fatal termination of the struggle. It is known that at this time he was especially straitened in his finances, yet did he by great efforts raise and forward to his dying parent, first, twelve guineas, and again twenty pounds—no mean sum for him to give toward meeting the extraordinary expenses of the mournful occasion. How he finally discharged these accounts will appear in the sequel.

The painful review of his past relations to the deceased, seen in the case of the death of his wife, was renewed after the death of his mother. In his first letter to her after he had heard of her illness, among many other expressions equally creditable to his heart, he asked, " Pray, send me your blessing and forgive all I have done amiss to you." A few days later he wrote in a similar strain : " You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well." Nor was this only a momentary impulse : in his " Prayers and Meditations," under date of June 23, 1759, is found this petition : " Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my mother, and whatever I have omitted to do." In a letter to Miss Porter, written immediately after receiving the news of his mother's decease, he remarked : " If she were to live again, surely I should behave better to her. But she is happy, and what is past is nothing to her ; and for me, since I can not repair my faults to her, I hope repentance will efface them."

It would be cruelly unjust to infer from these deprecatory expressions, that Johnson had been an undutiful son. But such was the strength of his feelings, and the severity of his judgment of himself, in

seasons of penitential sorrow, that he was ever writing bitter things against himself.

"The Idler" for January 29th of that year, (No. 41.) though in the form of a letter to himself, was acknowledged by Johnson to be his own production, written under the impressions produced by that sad event. It is evidently an artless and earnest delineation of his own heart's exercises, and as such, it is alike honorable to his feelings as a man, and his ability as a philosopher. His own case furnished him with an illustration of the strange but obvious truth so forcibly stated in the opening sentence: "Notwithstanding the warnings of philosophers, and the daily examples of losses and misfortunes which life forces upon our observation, such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day, such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity, or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses as a burden, but crushes as a blow." His own case is still more specifically noticed in another paragraph: "Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age must terminate in death; yet there is no man who does not believe that he may yet live another year; and there is none that does not upon the same principle hope another year for his parent or his friend. But the fallacy will be in time detected: the last year, the last day, must come. It has come and is past. *The life that made my own life pleasant is at an end,* and the gates of death are shut upon my prospects." But before quitting the subject, he resorts for comfort to his favorite notion of the guardianship of departed spirits: "Let hope, therefore, dictate," he adds, "what revelation does not confute, that the union of souls may still remain; and that we who are struggling with sin, sorrows, and infirmities, may have our part in the attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving their reward." The closing paragraph is a noble exhibition of the power of religion to comfort and sustain the soul when visited by these common and yet terrible bereavements; its length, however, forbids its insertion. The valuable paper for February 10th, (No. 43.) on *The Flight of Time*, was evidently written under the general impression produced by the same sad event; and though it has

all the easy naturalness that distinguishes "The Idler," it would not disgrace the company of the best class of "The Ramblers."

The same mournful event became the occasion of the production of another of Johnson's most valuable works—"The History of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia." The interest of that elegant and profoundly philosophical fiction, is not a little enhanced by a knowledge of the fact, that it was composed soon after the death of the author's only relative hitherto surviving, and for the immediate purpose of raising the means of defraying the expenses of his mother's funeral. The rapidity with which it was written is truly wonderful—a volume of forty-nine chapters was composed "during the evenings of one week." The work was thrown off as fast as it could be written, and probably never re-read till it was published—or, according to a statement by Boswell, not till some years afterward, when, meeting with a copy of it, while traveling, the author read it for the first time, and expressed himself as well pleased with it. Such an account of rapid composition would be almost incredible, were any other person the subject of it. If, however, he could write forty-eight octavo pages of "The Life of Savage" in one day, and "The Vision of Theodore" in a night, after spending the evening in company, he surely might, with even greater facility, compose the whole of "Rasselas" in the time designated.

Respecting Johnson's manner of writing, it should be remembered, that the last thing he commonly did with any composition was to commit it to paper. The excogitation, and the arrangement of the matter, were all done before he wrote a word. And, by the wonderful retentiveness of his memory, he was enabled to readily transcribe, with all necessary exactness, whatever he had elaborated in his meditations.

The account of the production of this admirable fiction given by Hawkins, though carped at by Boswell, is so probable, and also so appreciative of its author's condition and state of mind, that it may be adopted as presenting a fitting view of the case:—

"The fact respecting the writing and publishing the story of 'Rasselas,'" says he, "is, that finding the Eastern tales, written by himself in 'The Rambler,' and by Hawkesworth in 'The Adventurer,' had been well received, he had been for some time meditating a fictitious history, of a greater extent than any that had

appeared in either of those papers, which might serve as a vehicle to convey to the world his sentiments of human life, and the dispensations of Providence; and having digested his thoughts on the subject, he obeyed the spur of that necessity which now pressed him, and sat down to compose the tale above-mentioned, laying the scene of it in a country that he had before had occasion to contemplate, in his translation of Lobo's Voyage.

"But it was composed at a time when no spring like that in the mind of 'Rasselas' urged this narrator—when the heavy hand of affliction almost bore him down, and the dread of future want haunted him. That he should have produced a tale fraught with lively imagery, or that he should have painted human life in gay colors, could not have been expected. He poured out his sorrow in gloomy reflection; and being destitute of comfort himself, described the world as nearly without it."

To criticise a work that everybody has read, and upon which so many acute minds have given judgment, may seem at once superfluous and hazardous; but the theme is inviting beyond the power of these dissuaves. Perhaps the whole range of English literature can show no parallel to the richness of its language. The style is gorgeous and almost immaculate; and though it has the Johnsonian tumidity, even that so well agrees with the general character of the work, that it adds to the splendor without the danger of offending by a seeming affectation of excellence. As an exercise designed to enrich and strengthen a style naturally too barren and feeble, nothing better can be proposed to a young person than a diligent perusal of the pages of "Rasselas."

As the tale is purely fictitious, as to both its facts and circumstances, the author had the fullest possible liberty in the selection of his characters and the formation of his plot. The design is the same that is found in all of Johnson's didactic and imaginative works—to illustrate the unsatisfactory nature of all earthly enjoyments, and the delusiveness of human expectation. No intelligent reader of those writings can fail to detect this in all of them. Whether he composed a satire on the manners of the town, or sighed over the vanity of human wishes; whether he discoursed in grave didactics in "The Rambler," or laughed in pleasant satires in "The Idler;" whether, with the hermit of Teneriffe, he contemplated life with all its dangers and disasters; or, at the fountain of the fairies, saw that the most fearful ruin is made sure by the fatal power to have whatever we may wish,—in each case the ruling

idea is the same:—disappointment is the common doom of man, without respect to condition or circumstances in life.

The choice of his characters is wisely made, and their delineation skillfully executed. Untutored but ingenuous youth is exhibited in intensative perfection in the persons of the prince and princess, who, surrounded by every pleasure of sense, and absolutely free from fear of future want, are restless and unhappy because they are inactive, and sigh instinctively for a nearer contact with the world, by which mind is quickened in the pleasing excitements of effort, and gratified by the hopes and fears of its conflicts and contingencies. In Imlac, the sage, is seen the picture of the philosopher, whose youthful aspirations rose above the lust of wealth, and the pageantry of material greatness—whose early manhood was devoted to the acquisition of knowledge and the cultivation of the understanding. Yet even he, wearied with his own loved pursuits, had been allured by the apparent felicity of the Happy Valley, to seek there the bliss he had failed to obtain in the great world; and there, too, he had experienced the common dissatisfaction of those upon whom happiness is attempted to be conferred in opposition to the designs of nature and Providence.

The adventures of the prince and his associates after their escape into the world, afforded a fine opportunity to show the contrast between the ideal of life as obtained from second-hand sources of information, and the reality as learned from actual observation. The smiling exterior of society is soon found to only partially conceal a deep and almost universal dissatisfaction and positive unhappiness. The pleasures of youth, at first so fascinating, are at length seen to be purchased at the expense of virtue and self-respect, and to entail on their purchasers remorse and misery. The teacher of wisdom, who professes to guide his followers to happiness, is discovered to be himself the sport of folly and the victim of misfortune. The shepherds, whom they had considered as quite above the ordinary ills of humanity, were found to be sordid, morose, and dissatisfied with their lot. The rich man was miserable through fear of loss; and the hermit, after long pining in his solitude, again sought relief in the turmoil of society. In courts and palaces they found ambition,

intrigues, and often sudden ruin; and among the common people, social disquiets and home-born afflictions. Their own experience also soon taught them that life is full of vicissitudes, and that the pursuit of happiness often leads to much unhappiness.

In the conduct of the narrative, the author finds opportunities to discuss a variety of interesting and important topics, pertinent to his general subject. Imlac's travels had taken him to Mecca and Jerusalem, where he beheld the concourse of pilgrims, and out of this arises a discussion of the merits of pilgrimages; and while the sage condemns the superstitious views with which many go on pilgrimages, he is far from condemning their use, as a means of gaining knowledge, or of stimulating devotion. A visit to the Catacombs leads to a conversation on death and on the immortality of the soul, in which Imlac, (by whom the author usually utters his matured opinions,) adduces the usual arguments in favor of that great truth, with much force and felicity of expression. Certain transactions with a monastery serve as an occasion for a conversation as to the comparative excellence of contemplative and active piety. "He that lives well in the world," is the sage's conclusion, "is better than he who lives well in a monastery: but perhaps every one is not able to stem the temptations of public life, and if he cannot conquer he may properly retreat." The fallacy of this conclusion consists in the tacit assumption that the temptations of a seclusion are certainly less dangerous than those of the world—an assumption that the story of "Rasselas" is not calculated to establish.

As in others of Johnson's works, several of the most interesting passages are evidently autobiographical. The case of the astronomer, who by long and intense study of the heavens, had come to believe that the care of the seasons was devolved upon him, and, therefore, that the welfare of mankind demanded of him the most assiduous attention to the proper distribution of rain and sunshine, opens a subject of no ordinary interest, especially in relation to Johnson's own history. At an early period of his life he contemplated the subject of monomania, with more than a merely speculative interest; and here are described to us, with perspicuity and exactness of details, the causes, the phenomena,

and the cure of this form of mental disorder. Though some may hastily denounce the whole statement as a satire upon human nature, probably very few who shall soberly consider the subject, will differ very widely from the philosopher's conclusions as to the prevalence of partial insanity.

"Disorders of intellect," answered Imlac, "happen much more often than superficial observers will easily believe. Perhaps, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is in its right state. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason, who can regulate his attention wholly by his will, and whose ideas will come and go at his command. No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannize, and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability. All power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity; but while this is such as we can control and repress, it is not visible to others, nor considered as any deprivation of the mental faculties: it is not pronounced madness but when it becomes ungovernable, and apparently influences speech and action."

The tendency of too close application to a single train of thought, or of too little variety in the objects of the mind's contemplation to affect injuriously the understanding—a subject of great practical interest—is also forcibly set forth. After noticing the first evil effects of an ill-governed imagination, he proceeds:—

"In time, some particular train of ideas fixes the attention; all other intellectual gratifications are rejected; the mind, in weariness or leisure, recurs constantly to the favorite conception, and feasts on the luscious falsehood whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of the fancy is confirmed; she grows, first imperious, and then despotic. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or of anguish.

"This is one of the dangers of solitude, which the hermit has confessed not always promotes goodness; and the astronomer's misery has proved to be not always propitious to wisdom."

Yet another scene was needed in which to display the effects of that terrible desolation of which the author now felt himself the subject—the condition of that man who feels himself unloved with that affection which passes by accidents and circumstances and fixes upon the personality, because there is none to whom he is thus personally related. Such a condition is often the lot of old age, but it seldom happens, as in Johnson's case, at the age of fifty. To present this scene, the

adventurers are made to fall in with an old man, walking in the evening twilight, on the banks of the Nile. His placid countenance and steady air seemed to assure the youthful inquirers that at last they had found a happy man. But how significant is his reply to their eager congratulations: "Let the gay and the vigorous expect pleasure in their excursions; it is enough that age can attain ease." To virtuous age is commonly allowed the right to recreate itself in the recollections of the past, and to rejoice in the commendations of the wise and good. But even this consolation may fail of its power, by reason of the solitude that so often falls to the lot of the aged. "Praise," said the sage, with a sigh, "is to an old man an empty sound. *I have neither mother to be delighted with the reputation of her son, nor wife to partake of the honors of her husband.* I have outlived my friends and my rivals. Nothing is now of much importance, for I cannot extend my interest beyond myself."

But with all its beauty and excellence, it must be granted that this elegant work gives too dark a shading to human affairs. The details brought forward, though true in themselves, fail to give a truthful exhibition of the whole case. There are lights as well as shadows in the vicissitudes of life, and a picture made up of only one part must necessarily fail to portray the reality. Johnson probably copied from his own sorrow-stricken heart more than from observation; or, if he looked beyond himself, he saw things through the medium of his own darkened spirit. Nor is it always without its use to see the dark side of things. While the tendency of the youthful imagination is to store the future with hopes that are doomed to disappointment, it cannot be improper to abate this excessive confidence by exhibiting something of an opposite character. Such is the design of this work, as is shown in its initial sentence. Its lessons of instruction are good; but they are, as a system, incomplete. The unsatisfactory nature of earthly good is very forcibly set forth; but there is not a sufficiently clear exhibition of the recompense provided for suffering virtue. This, indeed, is not wholly omitted; but it is too briefly and faintly noticed to enable the consideration of these things to exert their proper influence upon the spirit. To incite them to

virtue and piety, men need all the allurements of hope cooperating with the impulses of fear, and a conviction of the emptiness and uncertainty of terrestrial enjoyments. It is presumed that Johnson was himself quite sensible of the partial character of this tale as a picture of human life; and he is said to have contemplated the addition of a second part, presenting the bright side of the picture. But with him to defer was generally the same as to abandon, nor did his genius delight to paint in gay colors; so that it is quite uncertain how he would have succeeded had he attempted it.

But another objection, and one that can seldom be brought against fictitious productions, may justly be urged against the story of *Rasselas*. The blemish of most fictions is their small proportion of manly thought, which, if there is any at all, is spread with almost imperceptible thinness over a wide surface, while every thought is rung through all the changes, and the same idea is produced and reproduced with wearisome tautology. Johnson's fictions, on the contrary, are surcharged with the elements of thought. As when one feeds on rich viands that nauseate before repletion, ere one is satisfied with reading, the amount passed over is greater than can be digested by a hasty meditation. Oftentimes thoughts the most prolific, and actually demanding deep and thorough excogitation for the development of their latent fullness, are compressed into a brief clause that may pass under the eye in an instant and leave its shadow on the mind for a moment, and then it is hurried away to make room for another equally suggestive.

The design of fiction should be to allure to the contemplation of the truths of which it is made the vehicle, and its use implies either a disinclination or an incapacity for forcible thinking. In either case it is required of the writer so to present his lucubrations as to tax to the least possible amount the mental efforts of the reader. The best purpose of fictions is to afford mental recreation, and their highest aim to mingle instruction with amusement. But whoever reads *Rasselas* as a pastime, though he may amuse himself with the tale, will pass over the golden stores that lie under its surface, and fail to profit by the treasures of deep philosophy among which he is conducted

Had the author expanded his work, by variations, illustrations, and embellishments, to four times its volume, though no new thought were added, yet would its practical value have been proportionally augmented.

The copy of this elegant production was purchased jointly by the booksellers Strahan, Johnston, and Dodsley, for a hundred pounds—certainly no mean price for a manuscript of no greater extent, and as to whose success with the public the purchasers must take the risk. It was published about the first of April, 1759, and immediately excited much attention, and was greatly commended. A second edition was presently called for, when the liberal publishers presented an additional sum of twenty-five pounds to the author. Since that time the editions of *Rasselas* have been beyond computation; it is read wherever the English language is spoken, and it has been translated into all the most considerable foreign tongues.

During the next summer Johnson made an excursion to Oxford, of which the only account we have is contained in a characteristic note to one of his London friends:—

“—— is now making tea for me. I have been in my gown ever since I came here. It was, at my first coming, quite new and handsome. I have swum thrice, which I had disused for many years. I have proposed to Vansittart climbing over the wall; but he has refused me. And I have clapped my hands till they are sore at Dr. King’s speech,” (at the installation of the Earl of Westmoreland as Chancellor of the University.)

At all of his visits to Oxford it is said that Johnson prided himself in being accurately academical in all points, and that he wore his gown almost ostentatiously.

For a long time after the publication of *Rasselas*, the account of Johnson’s literary labors is exceedingly meager. During this period his Shakspeare was upon his hands; but there is only too much evidence that it received but little of his attention. A few addresses, prefaces, and dedications, written for others, make up almost the entire amount of his works. Among these was a preface to Rolt’s “*Dictionary of Trade and Commerce*,” published in 1761, the account of which gives a curious illustration of the way in which such things are sometimes done. “I asked him,” says Boswell, “whether he knew much of Rolt and of his work.

‘Sir,’ said he, ‘I never saw the man, and never read the book. The booksellers wanted a preface to a “*Dictionary of Trade and Commerce*;” I knew very well what such a dictionary should be, and I wrote a preface accordingly.’”

The date of Johnson’s first acquaintance with the younger Mrs. Montague—the founder of the “*Blue-stocking Club*”—as is the case as to most of his acquaintances, is not certainly ascertained. In June, 1759, we find him addressing a note to her, soliciting her favor to a subscription in behalf of Mrs. Williams. Applications to her of this character were not unfrequently made by him, in subsequent years, in behalf of one and another of those who, knowing his sympathy for distress, taxed his generosity beyond his ability, and to them she usually responded with characteristic liberality. The relations between those two eminent persons, from this time forward, were intimate and cordial; they resembled each other in many interesting points of character, though occupying widely different social positions.

Johnson’s manner of life during the period embraced in this chapter very fitly corresponded with the title under which he conversed with the public. During a considerable part of it, indolence had assumed the form of a disease with him, depriving him of the power of manly determination, and enslaving him in inaction.

His diminished means of living at length compelled him to give up his house, and send Mrs. Williams into lodgings, while himself retired to Grey’s Inn, and soon after to chambers in the Inner Temple-lane; “where,” says the editor of Boswell’s Johnson, “he lived in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature.”

As an illustration of his manner of life in his newly-made arrangements, it is related that a gentleman having called on him at his lodgings, and intending while there to write a letter to be sent out in the city, was surprised to find the first writer in the kingdom unable to supply him with either pen, ink, or paper. His constitutional melancholy, aggravated by this state of his affairs, preyed fearfully upon his spirits, and his condition was becoming such as to awaken both the sympathies and the apprehensions of his friends. But a brighter day was at hand.

[For the National Magazine.]

A WESTERN POETESS.

YOUR Magazine is "NATIONAL," and since we of the West claim to be a part of the great nation, it seems fitting that the nation's ears should be opened to our sayings; and since Stoddard has his hands full, will you permit a Westerner to show up a Western poetess?

Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton was born in Newport, Kentucky, on the banks of the Ohio; but, while she was a mere infant, her father, Mr. Barrett, removed into the unsettled wilds of Indiana. The country around was unpoetical enough, and the first years of the now popular poetess were spent in a wild, gloomy wilderness of beech woods—a log cabin her home, and the wildwood flowers her companions. By the time Sarah was nine years old the sweet breath of poesy had fully begun to breathe upon her heart-strings. She loved the woods and loneliness, and many a poetic fancy escaped her lips as she mused alone among the flowers.

While she was of the age just mentioned, and before she had learned the alphabet, she composed a poem, and sang it to a tune of her own, alone in the woods. The poem was produced in this wise. There came along one of those preachers who, in the early settling of our country, poured out the balm of consolation to the famishing people. He was a man for such a mission, and fully fit to bear the rigors of a western wilderness. This man preached, and Sarah mingled with the little congregation. The preacher spoke of the judgment. All the grand scenes of the great day passed before the people. It was the source of inspiration to the child-poet. Never did a poet's mind revel in the sublimities of Milton, as did Sarah's in the sublimities of that exhibition of the judgment-day. She could not forget it. She turned the sermon into verse, and when afterward she had learned her letters, she wrote out her poem in large capitals. From the time of which I speak Sarah was a poet.

About this time Mr. Barrett, that he might have better advantages for the education of his children, settled in Madison.

At Madison Miss Barrett was brought among scenes more inspiring to the poet. Rivers and hills were more congenial to her tastes than the monotonous forest. During her school-days here she con-

tributed several little poems to a paper published in the town.

Mr. Nathaniel Bolton, who published a paper in Madison, solicited poems from her pen, and by this means an acquaintance sprung up which ended in Miss Barrett becoming Mrs. Bolton. She had been married but a short time when the dark days, in money matters, of 1837, forced Mr. Bolton to take charge of an inn, as a means of livelihood, and Mrs. Bolton became a landlady in a country tavern. The cares of a farm, and of a public house, bore heavily upon her for ten long years. Poetry was almost forgotten in the rugged realities of life. At last the embarrassments passed away, and the song-bird was free to sing again.

Mr. Bolton and family, after a time, removed to Indianapolis, where they have continued to reside until now. He holds the office of State librarian, and, with a frugal family, he has the means of a competent support. They have several children, and, like a good housewife, Mrs. Bolton orders well her own house.

In a quiet cottage, with the world easy about her, she passes her days, as we trust, happily. But we have said enough of the world-life, of the outer-being of the poetess. It is left us to speak of her as an inhabitant of song-land.

Since her freedom from the pressing temporal embarrassment mentioned, she has given herself to literature. But the measure of her fame is not yet full, as she is still young in years. All that she has written, of much account, has been written within the last five or six years. But in that short time she has written poetry that ought to rank any one in the category of national poets. In her poetry there is much of fact and fancy, but more of philanthropy. It breathes eminently the spirit of good-will to men. It inspires to effort and holy deeds.

Is there not poetry here?—

"Mournfully, mournfully toll for the dead.
He pass'd from our side, in his manhood's pride,
Ere the glow of his rainbow hopes had fled.
When his sky was bright with meridian light
Death bore him away to a dreamless night:—
Mournfully toll for the dead.

"Silently, silently let him sleep on:
From the hurry and strife of the battle of life,
A victor away to his home is gone:—
Gone, gone from the tears, from the sorrows
and fears,
That come to the heart on the tide of years:—
Silently let him sleep on.

"Hopefully, hopefully lay him to rest,
Where the dew-bright flowers, in the long still
hours,

Will weep o'er the sod on his pulseless breast ;
Where the breeze will sigh, as it wanders by,
Where the starlight comes from its home on high,
Hopefully lay him to rest.

"Solemnly, solemnly bow and adore !
An angel of light, on a pathway bright,
Conducted his soul to the viewless shore :
His dust from the gloom of the silent tomb
Shall arise again in immortal bloom :—
Solemnly bow and adore."

Here is a finely worded gem : she tells
us why she writes poetry :—

"Breezes from the land of Eden
Come and fan me with their wing,
Till my soul is full of music,
And I cannot choose but sing.

"When a sparkling fount is brimming,
Let a fairy cloud bestow
But another drop of water,
And a wave will overflow.

"When a thirsty flower has taken
All the dew its heart can bear,
It distributes the remainder
To the sunbeams and the air."

I will quote but one more ; and it
seems to me if she should never write
again, the following "two scenes" are
enough to make her name live on when she
is placed beneath the sods of the cemetery.

"SCENE IN A PALACE.

"Over the moorland the wind shrieketh drearily,
Ice-jewels glitter on heather and thorn ;
Pale is the sunlight that flashes out fitfully
Over a dome where an infant is born.

"Fold silken robes round the little one carefully,
Lay him to rest on his pillow of down ;
Watch o'er the sleep of that scion of royalty,
Born to inherit a sceptre and crown.

"Shut out the light that the room may be
shadowy,
Fold silken curtains around the proud bed ;
Ladies in waiting, step softly and silently ;
Let not a word in a whisper be said.

"Joy in the palaces lighted so brilliantly,
Beauty and bravery are reveling there ;
Wine in the jewel-wrought goblet foams daintily,
All things proclaim that the king has an heir.

"Joy in the villages, church bells ring merrily,
Rockets are lighting the sky with their glare ;
Bonfires are crackling, cannons are thundering,
Children are shouting, 'Long life to the heir.'

"Down-trodden millions, go join in the revelry,
Go, in despite of the fetters you wear ;
Vassals and beggars, and paupers, right joyfully
Flutter your tatters—the throne has an heir."

"SCENE IN A HOVEL.

"Over the moorland the wild wind wails
mournfully,
Ice-jewels glitter on heather and thorn ;
Pale is the sunlight that trembles out fitfully
Over a hut where an infant is born.

"None heeds his wailing, although it sounds
pitiful, [wild ;
None shield his form from the wind cold and
Heir to privation, scorn, misery, and poverty,
Dark is the pathway before the poor child.

"Child, with the spirit to live through sternity,
Born to the yoke of the tyrant art thou ;
Even the bread that is dealt to thee scantily
Thrice must be earn'd by the sweat of thy
brow.

"Cold is the hovel, the hearth-stone is emberless,
Creaks the old door as it moves to and fro ;
O'er the poor bed where the mother lies shivering,
Busily flutters the white-finger'd snow.

"Pale is the cheek of the plebeian sufferer,
Passing from poverty's vale to the grave ;
Better by far had she died in her infancy,
Ere to the millions she added a slave.

"Yes, she is pale, and her voice sounds huskily,
Begging in vain for a morsel of bread.
Hush ! it is over ; her heart slumbers silently :
Grim famine stands by the pale mother dead."

Thus, Mr. Editor, have I introduced to
you a humble poetess, whom your readers
will judge not unworthy of their acquaint-
ance. A. D. FIELD.

WIT.

WHEN wit is combined with sense and
information ; when it is softened by
benevolence, and restrained by strong
principle ; when it is in the hands of a
man who can use it and despise it, who
can be witty, and something much *better*
than witty, who loves honor, justice, de-
cency, good-nature, morality, and religion,
ten thousand times better than wit—wit is
then a beautiful and delightful part of our
nature. There is no more interesting
spectacle than to see the effect of wit upon
the different character of men ; than to
observe it expanding caution, relaxing
dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age,
and care, and pain to smile—extorting
reluctant gleams of pleasure from melan-
choly, and charming even the pangs of
grief. It is pleasant to observe how it
penetrates through the coldness and awk-
wardness of society, gradually bringing
men nearer together, and, like the com-
bined forces of wine and oil, giving every
man a glad heart and a shining counte-
nance. Genuine and innocent wit like this
is surely the *flavor of the mind* ! Man
could direct his ways by plain reason, and
support his life by tasteless food ; but God
has given us wit, and flavor, and laughter,
to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage,
and to "charm his pained steps over the
burning mart."—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

CONGREGATIONAL PSALMODY.*

IF I am asked to suggest means for restoring the good old custom in any particular congregation, I should say, first of all, abolish the red curtain and disband the choir. It may be an unpopular act: to break off a bad habit always demands a disagreeable effort, but it must be done. Or, if you think it desirable to engage a few of the more skillful to undertake the part of leaders or precentors, let them be such as that you can confidently trust they "believe in their heart what they sing with their mouth, and approve in their works what they believe in their hearts." Let them sit in their ordinary places, and feel themselves to be still a part of the congregation; and let their object and their desire be, not to display their own skill, but only to call forth the voice of praise from their fellow-Christians.

If this be *bona fide* the wish and the purpose of all concerned, there will be no difficulty about particular arrangements.

In the next place, let the people be exhorted and taught how simple a duty they omit, how happy a privilege they forego, when they stand silent in the congregation, and suffer others to praise God in their stead. There may be some reluctance at first to make the effort. There is an outer crust of reserve in all English Churchmen, and among highly-educated persons especially, that will have to be rubbed off; but, when once the ice is broken, when they have once felt that "it is a good thing to praise the Lord, yea, a joyful and pleasant thing to be thankful," they will not easily let slip the privilege again.

Let your organist, if you must needs have one, be a man whose chief qualification for the office is, that he desires above all things that the name of the Lord may be glorified. Then his object will be one with that of the pastor and of the flock: in his choice of music and style of playing he will aim only to draw forth the voice of praise from the people. He will never be so happy as when he feels that the sound of his own performance is overpowered and drowned in the loud accord of many voices.

* From "Remarks on the Protestant Theory of Church Music," by the Rev. S. A. Pears, B. D., one of the assistant masters of Harrow school. London: Hatchard. 1852.

The system of chanting requires so much careful practice as to be evidently more suited to the choir than the mixed multitude of the congregation. Therefore, if not entirely discontinued, it should be strictly limited to one psalm or canticle in each service.

The singing of prayers, such as the earnest ejaculations in the communion service after each commandment, appears to me so absolutely inconsistent with serious devotion as to require no remark here.

It remains that great care should be applied to the selection of tunes, both with regard to their adaptation to the general purpose of Christian worship, and to the words of the particular psalm or hymn. It is not only among the members of the village choir, but in persons of education and refinement, that we find a great want of knowledge and of judgment on this head.

The kindred science of architecture is, to a fair extent, studied and understood by most educated persons; so that their eye is struck, and their taste offended, at the introduction of any addition or ornament that is inappropriate to the general design. But on the subject of music there is by no means the same amount of information to be met with. Many of those who have to appoint the singing in a church seem not to be aware that there is any peculiar style of music appropriate to public worship.

An air that may come under the vague denomination of "pretty," a melody which, from its feeble sentimentalism, is felt to be unfit for any other use, is considered suitable for this purpose, from whence-soever it is borrowed, and with whatever meaning it was first designed; and thus we often hear words of the most solemn and religious import adapted to a lover's lament, a pastoral melody, or a dance of fairies: "Drink to me only with thine eyes," or "Lightly tread, 'tis hallowed ground," or, most strange and jarring of inconsistencies, "Rousseau's Dream."

I believe that it is commonly thought that a psalm-tune is a very easy thing to compose. Any teacher of the piano-forte, or any young lady who has taken six lessons in thorough-bass, is held to be fully capable of such a simple performance; and yet, if the object to be attained is considered, we ought to form a very different

estimate of the powers required for the accomplishment of it.

To produce music suitable for the voice of a multitude is, in itself, a work of science and of genius; but to compose a strain which shall be the fitting expression of that wonderful and mysterious union of feelings which move a multitude of Christians, must, indeed, require the mind of a master. The greatest composers have known and felt this. Perhaps the principal triumph of Handel's genius is to be found in that work in which, through such means of orchestra and chorus as he possessed, he has produced a wonderful, though of course a very distant, imitation of the song of triumph raised by the multitude of six hundred thousand Israelites on the further shore of the Red Sea.

And let it further be remembered, that he who composes a psalm-tune not only has the stupendous task of providing an expression for the feelings of a Christian multitude, but must produce a work of such a character that, while the most refined musician may hear it and take part in it with pleasure, the rudest and simplest of Christians, young men and maidens, old men and children together, without art, or practice, or training, may join in it, and so pour out the fullness of their hearts' emotions. Mozart composed his masses for the most accomplished singers of the day: the Protestant psalm-tune is for the peasant and the mechanic.

Surely, when all this is considered, it must be admitted that a good psalm-tune is the last work of a great musician. And, hence, we must not be surprised that they who understand the matter have been able to find so very small a number of really good and appropriate psalm-tunes out of the vast number current in our churches. Dr. Crotch's selection (the best) contains, of all measures, only seventy-eight.

No doubt, where a vicious taste has possession of the ground, it will require time to form a correct one. Still the attempt may be made with an almost certain prospect of success; and any congregation may be led by degrees to appreciate the highest and severest style of psalmody.

It must, however, be borne in mind that our great object is not the revival of a pure taste, but the encouragement of a popular psalmody. And, if there are tunes of a lower standard than the very best,

yet so well known and well liked as to be acceptable to the people, we must be contented, and thankful to have it so. Better to hear the praise of God heartily sung by the people to a vulgar tune, than an anthem of the highest order performed in the purest style by a dozen select singers.

Let me only further suggest, that in large parish churches, where the singing is usually led by the organ, one psalm in each service, either before or after sermon, might be sung by the people without any musical accompaniment whatever.

I believe that any clergyman who would try the experiment, who would bestow some pains with a view to cultivate real congregational singing in his church, would find the result such as fully to repay the trouble bestowed upon it. He would feel a pulse beating which was not felt before; a glow in his congregation which is at once the sign and the effect of an active and healthy circulation.

Might we not hope that, as in Jewell's time, neighboring Churches would take up the custom, and that our Protestant service generally would soon cast off that reproach of coldness which is so commonly attached to it?

No fear lest the younger or more imaginative members of such a congregation should stray after the æsthetic allurements of the Church of Rome; for their own service—a service in which they would then be active partakers—would be instinct with life, and nerve, and energy; and the most seductive programme of mass and anthem, executed with all the strength, vocal and instrumental, that the opera can lend, and aided by the most perfect scenic arrangements, would fail any more to enchain their senses, and would stand exposed in its proper character, as a cold, and tame, and insipid spectacle, a substitute only for the true music of the saints, a mere counterfeit of the real voice of the Church.

MENTAL EXCITEMENT.—So long as excessive mental excitement is kept up, but little relief can be obtained from the strictest attention to dietetics. Abstinence from mental toil, cheerful company, a country excursion, and relaxation of mind, will soon accomplish a cure, when all the dietetic precepts and medicines in the world would prove inefficacious.

DEFENCE OF CANT.

SINGULARLY enough, we have come to regard much that passes current in these days under the odious cognomen of cant with a very high degree of respect. Not that we like to hear it from the mouths of hypocrites and self-deceivers, or see it made the means of ostentatious display in the hands of the would-be-thought pious; nothing could be more revolting to our taste. But we have a profound conviction that cant in itself consists simply of short practical formulas, by which illiterate and unsophisticated persons regulate their moral life, and excite their religious feeling. That it should be abused and misapplied is only to share the fate of all good things; and those arguments which justify the right use of good things in general, justify the right use of this also. Before this question can be profitably discussed, however, it will be necessary to ascertain and define clearly, what is understood by the term in question; for it is certain that during the last few years the word has been most unscrupulously used as a closure to almost every species of argument in philosophy and religion, in which either party felt himself too weak or too lazy to engage or to protract an intellectual contest. This precaution is the more necessary from the fact, that in gravely sitting down to write a vindication of cant, we cannot but feel we are placing ourselves in a position which must appear superlatively ridiculous to a large majority of general readers.

In order to arrive at the meaning of this or any other word, two things must be taken into account. First, its literal and etymological signification; and secondly, those extensions or limitations which have been effected by conventional usage. Its etymological signification is easily arrived at, since it obviously takes its origin from the Latin *cantare*, to sing; whence *to cant*, is simply to say anything in a sing-song manner, and perhaps implies, further, the exercise of but little thought and feeling on what is said. If this be correct, then all sententious expressions, all moral proverbs, and scientific formulæ, may very properly be ranked under this one generic term. It may be, that they all owe their origin to a high order of thought or feeling: but when once that thought and feeling had acquired a verbal

embodiment, and had thus assumed the form of an aphorism, formula, or proverb, these latter were ever afterward used with but a small fraction of that inward emotion to which they are primarily indebted for their existence. But the conventional use of the term is far more limited; for the arithmetician may arrange his problem in "proportion," and look at his terms with the most awful profundity he pleases, while he runs through his "Multiply the second and third terms together and divide by the first;" or the merchant glibly chant his "Buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest;" or the economist his "Take care of the pence, and the pounds," &c.: nay, even the moralist may sing "Virtue is its own reward," and no one will ever think of calling any of these things "Cant:" but woe betide the man who, by way of *finis* to some fruitless *theological* discussion, informs his philosophizing friend, that "These things are spiritually discerned;" for here would be a genuine specimen of what in our day is universally recognized under that offensive name: and the philosopher would recoil with dignified revulsion, that such miserable jargon should be quoted in his hearing, while he paralyzed the canting fanatic with glances of withering contempt.

Here, then, we have a definite clew to the conventional signification of a term which is never used but with a view to depreciate the value of the rejoinders of an opponent, and which an opponent rarely hears applied to his rejoinders without an inward sense of mortification and chagrin. How far that mortification may be well-grounded we leave each one to judge for himself; for our own part, we have learned to say, under such circumstances—"Cant! yes, I know it is cant; and I prefer it to a verbose mysticism: there have been seasons when my mind has been wearied with thinking, and my heart overwhelmed with emotion, when, after days and nights of intense spiritual conflict, I have sought for some verbal embodiment in which to incorporate the great leading idea that brought me forth out of that conflict in triumph, and O! how precious have been the half-dozen or perhaps less number of monosyllables into which the quintessence of so much energetic thought has been compressed. And there have been other times when I sat at the feet of some self-abased but God-exalted minister of the

gospel, as he poured forth from his fervid lips brilliant elucidations of Scriptural doctrine, or from his glowing heart the most touching exhibitions of Christian experience, while both the one and the other have been but the natural development of the main idea contained in some short, sententious, and perhaps, hitherto to me half-enigmatical text. Thus it is, that words and phrases which have never been the objects of concentrated thought, or the vehicles of genuine feeling, remain a dead letter, while the same words and phrases, when made the practical embodiment of that thought and feeling, become a living spirit: and whereas they owe their existence to the operation of intellectual and emotional forces of a high order; so they in their turn exert a reflex influence on me, engendering in my own mind and heart spiritual products closely akin to those by which they themselves were begotten. Whether these condensed expressions be called *cant*, or by any other name, is to me a matter of perfect indifference: I, as an individual, certainly regard them and use them as such."

Now by this circumambulatory process, we arrive by degrees at the chief end and aim of this paper; that is to discover the sense in which the word "cant" is generally used, and to ascertain how far that contempt with which it is always regarded, is justifiable and appropriate. It might appear that the difficulty would be immediately overcome by reference to some dictionary of good reputation. But nobody looks into a dictionary for such a purpose now-a-days, except school-boys and members of parliament: for it would be about as rational as looking into "Moore's Almanac" to see if it were raining, when a glance out of the window would yield information on that point, far more certain in its character. Proceeding on this principle, we have arrived at this conviction,—That the stigma of "cant" is applied by a large class of persons, 1. To those expressions which make reference to a spiritual, supernatural power, as guiding and controlling the operations of the human mind. 2. To those expressions which make reference to an inward religious experience, and which regard that experience as more powerful to convince the understanding, than any amount of the most elaborate philosophical argumentation; and 3. To those which acknowledge the obliga-

tion of a severe practical morality. Not unfrequently, we see the term applied to words and phrases adopted from Holy Scripture; but the hardihood which prompts to such an application is happily comparatively rare. If this classification be correct, then it is obvious that the subject is one which demands illustration rather than definition; and in this spirit therefore our remaining observations shall be conducted.

Taking a glance at two or three dictionaries close at hand, we find that *to cant* is represented as meaning "to speak in a whining, affected tone," and "to use quaint phrases or peculiar forms of speech with frequency," and so forth. If this definition be accepted, then where can two other men be found who ever canted half so much as our illustrious Coleridge and his celebrated friend Thomas Carlyle? The former uttered all his conversations in a whining, snuffing tone, according to the accounts of those who were much in his company; while the quaint, peculiar, and oft-repeated phraseology of the latter is known to every one who has perused his works. But he would be considered a bold man who deliberately recorded it as his opinion, that the conversations and writings of these men were sheer cant. Lexicographers, therefore, must amend their definition, or sacrifice their authority. But now for an illustration or two of what *is* cant, according to modern acceptation, and which shall serve as types of most other cases which occur. A poor old widow, who had been beaten down by affliction, temptation, and adversity in its various forms, through a long series of years, was in the habit of comforting herself by incessantly quoting the familiar phrase, "It is all for the best." Now this phrase the gentle Sterling thought proper to stigmatize as cant; and, as we think, quite correctly. It was cant, if the word have any meaning at all. The chief difference betwixt ourselves and others is, that when used with apparent sincerity, we always hear it with complacency, but they with revulsion. How can it be expected, of the multitudes of poor illiterate creatures who constitute a large proportion of the Church militant, and whose religion is their all, that they should be able to express their fluctuating emotions in elegant and varied language, or even treasure up in the memory a large number of texts and aphorisms for that purpose? A Bible,

a Pilgrim's Progress, and a Hymn Book, constitute the entire library of many of them; and the phraseology of these books is all they can venture to use; while the particular texts and phrases selected by different individuals will depend much on the character of the teaching they have had, the worldly circumstances in which they are placed, and other causes too numerous to specify. But when the gist or application of certain texts and phrases has once been fully comprehended or felt, they ever afterward serve as lode-stars by which the benighted pilgrim directs his course—as rocks to which the shipwrecked mariner may cling in the spiritual tempest—as caskets, from which the sorrow-stricken man may pick the gem of comfort—as weapons, with which the Christian may repel the attacks of the adversaries by which he is unceasingly beset. True, like lode-stars, they may sometimes be gazed on; like rocks, they may be rested on; like caskets, they may be conned; like weapons, they may be wielded, when there is but little necessity for them, and consequently but with little reflection or emotion; nevertheless, their worth is not diminished, and they are as invaluable as ever when the time comes that they are wanted.

Let, therefore, the humble Christian, who has been beaten down with adversity and misfortune, express his resignation and his hope in those familiar aphorisms, "No cross, no crown!" or, "It is a long lane that has no turning." Let him whose life is one perpetual struggle with inward corruptions and carnal propensities, take up the language of his Bible, and acknowledge that "what he would, he does not; but what he hates, that does he." Let him who is assailed by the quibbles of letter-learned skeptics and the verbiage of heady professors, fall back on that knowledge which results from "the Spirit bearing witness with his spirit;" let him who eschews the race-course, the theater, the ball-room, and the card-table, because of the moral evils which are essentially or accidentally associated with them, repel the sophisms of their advocates with some or any of the mottoes whose value and adaptation his experience has aforesaid attested; and though there be those on whom fortune has smiled, and whose worldly or educational advantages have been greater than those of many of their fellow creatures, who will apply to such

language the epithet now under consideration, and that, not from any appreciation of its propriety, but because it is the most offensive and galling they feel at liberty to use; still, let the faithful and persevering pilgrim feel assured, that when he arrives at the brink of that cold, broad, deep river, which we shall all one day be called to pass over, and when its chilling waters begin to lave his heaving breast, and impart to his very life-blood their own frigidity; when his senses shall grow dim and when his memory shall fail; that the probabilities of a peaceful transit are immensely in favor of that man whose feelings have been educated to expand and soar beyond the limitations of mere verbal expression, or to start into active and vigorous existence at the mere mention or memory of words and phrases in which the highest and holiest emotions of the human breast have been embodied.

And let philosophizing and speculative religionists beware how they stigmatize the language of their less favored brethren with the opprobrium of cant: for to our mind there are few things so *cantingly* uttered as these unmeaning and lazy declamations *against* cant. It is a rare thing to hear a cry which indicates such thorough mental imbecility in those who use it; at least with reference to those questions to which it is directed. There is something exceedingly rich in the airs of those coxcombs, who, inflated with the sentimentalism of second-rate novelists and the bombast of aspiring poetasters, think to annihilate the opinion of staid and earnest men by the interjection of a powerless monosyllable: nor is the case greatly superior with those, who, having bewildered themselves in their endeavors to incorporate within the limits of human speech those transcendental ideas and emotions to which no articulate language is adequate, and seeing the facility with which illiterate men *represent* rather than *express* such ideas and emotions, gratify their pride and self-conceit by an ostentatious assertion of their *hatred* to cant.

Finally, let us not be understood as defending the use of that boisterous and unbecoming form of language more properly denominated *rant*: nor, on the other hand, that vulgar use of the metaphor and metonymy, more correctly called *slang*. To both we feel an intense dislike. But it would not be difficult to show, were the

result worth the effort, that both these forms of speech have frequently been confounded with, and called by the name of cant, by writers of great respectability. And while we thus point out what in this article we do not attempt to defend, let us reiterate what we do aim to establish. It may be thus summed up:—That the term cant has of late years, and by persons of great talent and influence, been applied to forms of speech and modes of expression quite different from those to which it was formerly deemed appropriate: and that the forms and modes to which it has latterly been applied by such persons are by no means reprehensible or even objectionable. On the contrary, we have endeavored, to show the superiority of cant—taking the word in its present *conventional signification*, as well as in its etymological meaning—as a vehicle for the communication of elevated thought and sentiment, or as a means of representing those transcendental ideas which are beyond the scope of human speech, but which, notwithstanding, we may wish to impart to others.

RAIL-WAY REMINISCENCES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

I WILL not deny that I had previously a sort of feeling which I will call rail-way-fever, and this was at its height when I entered the immense building from whence the train departs. Here was a crowd of travelers, a running with portmanteaus and carpet-bags, and a hissing and puffing of engines out of which the steam poured forth. At first, we know not rightly where we dare stand, fearing that a carriage, or a boiler, or a baggage-chest might come flying over us. It is true that one stands safely enough on a projecting balcony; the carriages we are to enter are drawn up in a row quite close to it, like gondolas by the side of a quay, but down in the yard the one rail crosses the other like magic ties invented by human skill: to these ties our magic car should confine itself, for if it come out of them, life and limb are at stake. I gazed at these wagons, at the locomotives, at loose baggage-wagons, and goodness knows what; they ran among each other as in a fairy world. Everything seemed to have legs; and then the steam and the noise, united with the crowding to get a place,

the smell of tallow, the regular movement of the machinery, and the whistling, snorting, and snuffing of the steam as it was blown off, increased the impression; and when one is here for the first time, one thinks of overturnings, of breaking arms and legs, of being blown into the air, or crushed to death by another train; but I believe it is only *the first time* one thinks of all this. The train formed three divisions: the first two were comfortably-closed carriages, quite like our diligences, only that they were much broader; the third was open, and incredibly cheap, so that even the poorest peasant is enabled to travel by it; it is much cheaper for him than if he were to walk all the distance, and refresh himself at the alehouse or lodge on the journey.

The signal-whistle sounds, but it does not sound well; it bears no small resemblance to the pig's dying song, when the knife passes through its throat. We get into the most comfortable carriage, the guard locks the door and takes the key; but we can let the window down, and enjoy the fresh air, without being in danger of suffocation; we are just the same here as in another carriage, only more at ease: we can rest ourselves, if we have made a fatiguing journey shortly before. The first sensation is that of a very gentle motion in the carriages, and then the chains are attached which bind them together. The steam-whistle sounds again, and we move on; at first but slowly, as if a child's hand drew a little carriage. The speed increases imperceptibly, but you read in your book, look at your map, and as yet do not rightly know at what speed you are going, for the train glides on like a sledge over the level snow-field. You look out of the window, and discover that you are careering away as with horses at full gallop; it goes still quicker; you seem to fly; but here is no shaking, no suffocation; nothing of what you anticipated would be unpleasant.

What was that red thing which darted like lightning close past us? It was one of the watchmen, who stood there with his flag. Only look out, and the nearest ten or twenty yards you see is a field, which looks like a rapid stream; grass and plants run into each other. We have an idea of standing outside the globe, and seeing it turn round; it pains the eye to keep it fixed for a long time in the same direc-

tion. This is just the way to travel through flat countries! It is as if town lay close to town; now comes one, then another. One can imagine the flight of birds of passage—they must leave towns behind them thus. Those who drive in carriages on the by-roads seem to stand still; the horses appear to lift their feet, but to put them down again in the same place—and so we pass them. Every moment one is at a fresh station, where the passengers are set down, and others taken up. The speed of the whole journey is thus diminished: we stop a minute, and the waiter gives us refreshments through the open window, light or solid, just as we please. Roasted pigeons literally fly into one's mouth for payment, and then we hurry off, chatter with our neighbor, read a book, or cast an eye on nature without, where a herd of cows turn themselves round with astonishment, or some horses tear themselves loose from the tether, and gallop away, because they see that twenty carriages can be drawn without their assistance, and even quicker than if they should have to draw them—and then we are again suddenly under a roof, where the train stops. We have come seventy miles in three hours, and are now in Leipsic. For four hours after on the same day, it again proceeds the same distance in the same time, but through mountains and over rivers; and then we are in Dresden.

I have heard many say that on a rail-road all the poetry of traveling is lost, and that we lose sight of the beautiful and interesting. As to the last part of this remark, I can only say that every one is free to stay at whatever station he chooses, and look about him until the next train arrives; and as to all the poetry of traveling being lost, I am quite of the contrary opinion. It is in the narrow, close-packed diligences that poetry vanishes: we become dull, we are plagued with heat and dust in the best season of the year, and in winter, by bad heavy roads; we do not see nature itself in a wider extent, but in longer draughts than in a rail-way carriage. O, what a noble and great achievement of the mind is this production! We feel ourselves as powerful as the sorcerers of old! We put our magic horse to the carriage, and space disappears; we fly like the clouds in a storm—as the bird of passage flies! Our wild horse snorts and snuffs,

and the dark stream rushes out of his nostrils. Mephistopheles could not fly quicker with Faust on his cloak! We are, with natural means, equally as potent in the present age as those in the middle ages thought that only the Fiend himself could be! With our cunning, we are at his side,—and before he knows it himself, we are past him. I can remember but a few times in my life that ever I felt myself so affected as I was on this rail-road journey: it was thus with all my thoughts—that I beheld God face to face. I felt a devotion, such as when a child I have felt in the church alone; and when older, in the sun-illuminated forest, or on the sea in a dead calm and starlight night.

A FEW WORDS UPON BEARDS.

TO be sure! Why not? We put it to every man who wears hair upon his chin, be he heathen or Christian, Jew or Turk, whether the subject is not one of sufficient importance to demand the notice of an editor? Beards! Why, what subject affords an opportunity for a more infinite variety of treatment? Where is the archaeologist who can produce anything half so ancient, or the philosopher who can point us to any topic of more universal interest? We only wish we may be able to confine ourselves within moderate limits—that's all. With beards, as a matter of course, is connected the barber, the professor of an art which was once the terror of a whole hemisphere; formerly an "honorable man," and a practitioner of the healing science, now, alas! "fallen from his high estate" and weltering in his—*lather!* He has been long cut down and shorn of the dignity of his original profession. The pride and majesty of his peculiar mystery are perished from the earth; it is in vain that you attempt to inspire him with any desire to emulate the glory of the past. Pshaw! you might as well try to knock the wind out of a statue.

But we must attend to our beards. If we needed any apology for descending from Parnassus, and wandering among "the low-lying fields of the beautiful land" which unites the base of the holy mountain to the common earth, we might cite the example of the greatest geniuses, who have stooped at times from their imaginative heights. Did not Virgil and Sydney Smith celebrate the praises of a salad?

Did not Homer sing of frogs and mice? And if so, why should not interest be derived from a chin veiled in "shadowy curls," or amusement be lurking in the sequestered nooks of a moustache? But we scorn to put these questions to the reader, and utterly repudiate the shelter of all such precedents, classical though they be. We take our stand upon beards, and look for the countenance of all our friends—those of the razor and the wig-block not excepted—in regarding them as a matter of the highest importance. Have not men, ay, whole nations, been named from the color and fashion of their maxillary hair? Was not the fate of Rome decided by an insult offered to the venerable appendage? Have not laws been framed for the regulation of beards and for keeping their proportions curtailed within conscientious limits? Even the ministers of our own isle, not many years since, committed themselves terribly through ignorance while legislating on the important subject of beards. Among the many pleasing considerations in favor of the West India negroes, which they displayed by their famous orders in council at that period, there was one truly delightful. It was a provision that each negro should be allowed two razors per annum, for the purpose of cropping the herbage on his ebon chin. We should like to have seen the coloring of the cheeks, and the elevation of the eyebrows of the noble secretaries, the Lords Goderich and Howick, when intelligence of the great physical fact was sent back to them across the Atlantic that negroes have no beards, and are not compelled like us poor whites to pay for the brightness of their rind by submission to the murderous excoiation of the razor! Nor would we forget the marvelous economy of that closest of shavers, Mr. Hume, as evinced by his declaration during the debates on the matter before us, that for the preceding dozen years he had used but one razor, which he had bought for a shilling from a traveling Jew. The multitudinous heart of Sheffield might well die within her if all steel were such shear steel as the economical Joseph's!

We shall believe, then, that the considerations aforesaid, together with the protracted apprehension of the agonies of the morning rasp, will secure us not only the attention but the sympathy of our male friends. Like ourselves, they are doomed

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for the most part to sacrifice nature, not to art, but to barberism—to mow down the symbol of gravity and wisdom in daily scant and stubbly crops of hispid horrors which will grow in spite of depilatories and fashion, and will give way to nothing but the trenchant blade, and which even then rise like the men of Cadmus from the dragon's teeth, "from every fall more strong, from every blow more great."

We declare ourselves at once as champions of the long beard; we regard it with profound respect, and deeply lament that so comely an ornament should be banished. The veneration and awe with which in our boyish days we used to contemplate the pendent shades in the mazy appendage of a Jew, "streaming like a meteor," &c., &c., is still fresh in our recollection. With reverential respect, we remember, too, a Turk who used to keep a gingerbread and apple-stall not far from our dwelling, at which we used to spend frequently our last penny, (all our pennies were *last* pennies in those days,) in order that we might have undisturbed right to study the snowy treasure, flowing over his chest like an avalanche. We cannot forget, either, the picturesque effect which the shape of the beard had in the reigns of the Tudors, and we mourn that so refined an adornment should have gone out of fashion. But then, as now, France exercised taste for all Europe. Louis the Thirteenth and Louis the Fourteenth both ascended the throne in their minority, and in a spirit of fulsome flattery it was proposed among the courtiers, and carried by acclamation, that to present a loyal compliment to their bald-chinned sovereign, they should surrender their cherished beard and moustache, and exhibit their features "feminine and free." Hence the fashion spread, until in later times no one dared, Esau-like, to gratify nature at the expense of art.

Moreover, we have patriarchal authority for taking pride in the bristly embellishment. It is our private opinion that Adam possessed a beard before the fall. We have no doubt (although we have not time now to state the reasons for our belief) that, being created in the prime of life, he had given to him a brilliant and flowing beard, waving dreamily in the luscious airs of Eden. At any rate, Aaron wore a beard; and Æsculapius is universally represented with a golden beard as big as a

dewlap. The gods, too, allowed their beards to flourish most luxuriantly. Jupiter had a precious treasure suspended to his chin, flowing to his feet like a Staubach. The practice of shaving appears always to have varied with the caprices of fashion in all countries and in all ages: but it was more generally adopted as society became artificial, and primitive simplicity was banished. In the age of Homer it is plain that shaving was not only practiced, but was an operation of considerable dignity; for, in one of the grandest passages of the Iliad, while describing the uncertainty of the position of Troy, he figures it as being on the *edge of a razor*. Cicero tells us that, for four centuries, there was no such person as a barber at Rome.

In later times, the beards again received attention. Those worn in the days of the Heptarchy were pre-eminently tasteful, and are even yet celebrated. The first Dane that stepped upon our shores was Sueno, surnamed Forked-beard. Then there was the emperor who was drowned in the Cydnus, Frederick Aënoarbus, or Brazen-beard; and the terrible-haired dire Pasha, principally known to Europeans by the appalling title of Barbarossa, or Red-beard. The Lombards' cultivation of their beards was a perfect dandyism; indeed, they received the name Lombards, or Longobardi, from their tremendous size and length, dangling at their chin like an inverted pyramid. Hudibras's beard must have been perilously attractive; for

The upper part thereof was whey;
The nether, orange mix'd with gray.

Bottom the weaver had a very accommodating taste in reference to his beard; for, in allusion to the part of Pyramus, which he was to take, he says, "I will discharge it in either your straw-colored beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-colored beard—your perfect yellow."

Not less cheering is it to notice the refined cultivation which was given to beards in days still nearer to our own. The peaked beards in Vandyke's portraits we regard as being very comely; and they almost make us think that a more handsome fashion of wearing the beard could not be devised. Sir Thomas More's attention to his classical ornament claims our highest admiration. When kneeling

before the block, with the ax already suspended over his neck, he bade the executioner "wait till he had put aside his beard, for that had committed no treason." We are told another anecdote of one of the victims of the tyranny of those times; we think it was Sir Walter Raleigh, but may be mistaken. When the barber came to him in the tower to dress his beard, he declined to give permission, saying, "At present, friend, there is a lawsuit pending between me and the king about this head, and I don't intend to lay out any more money upon it until the cause is tried, and it is decided which of us it is to belong to." Nor do we view the value set upon the beard in these times as incredible, looking to the modern estimation of whiskers among a race who have nothing better to boast.

But the edict has gone forth, and we are obliged to pollard the venerable appendage, and sweep away our curly pride now-a-days. (Even in Constantinople, where the beard was venerated as a part of the Mussulman's religion, and was considered more inseparable from the chin than the head from the body, the decree has passed, banishing it forever.) And with the downfall of beards perished the might and glory of the knights of the razor. An eclipse has overshadowed the dignity of the profession, though only a century ago it shone in all the majesty of lather and logic, pomatum and Latin, curling-irons and translations of Greek. It is no further back than 1745 that the surgeons were separated from the barbers by an act of Parliament "for making the barbers and surgeons of London two distinct and separate corporations;" and many professional names illuminate the page of history and romance. Among them is Figaro, the undying "Barbière di Siviglia"—commemorated by Rossini, immortalized by Mozart, immeasurably exalted above his fellow-knights in having attained the perfection of his art. Nor must we forget that renowned professional of the fifteenth century—"Maitre Olivier." Noble and ambitious he was; but, poor fellow! he fell a sacrifice at last to the jealousy of the court and the hatred of the people. To descend from him to the barbers of our own day, what a fall to our spirit! Go to an *atelier* in the vicinity of Lincoln's Inn, a place where the barber has preserved most of his pristine dignity and grandeur. Fill

your mind with ideas of the consequence which once attached to the art—those out-and-out times when Julius Scriblerus took up the cause, and wrote a treatise on hair.

Tread lightly on the steps as you enter the temple! look at the austere simplicity of the knight himself!—to our mind it is sublime. His statuesque attitude, as he waits sighing for a *subject*, is the very poetry of classical grandeur. His dress is all single-breasted; coat of pepper and salt, lavender silk vest with purple sprig; breeches of thunder-and-lightning, with ridge-and-furrow gray stockings to match, and patent pumps. Look reverentially on his snow-white apron, sneer not at the dark blue sheet he throws around his patients to keep the foaming lather from spattering the tails of their coats—dark blue because it will hide the grease. When you have seen all this, and, what is more effectual still, have endured the agonies of abrasion, your imagination will go back to those Utopian times—that blessed millennium!—the reign of beards; and to your eyes, in “dim suffusion veiled,” the curly frill hanging from those “old familiar faces” will shine like a glory. All your schemes to renovate the profound decay of the present will evaporate as of yore in smoke that joins the far-off company of clouds resting on the blue serene of the western sky. Not a Figaro nor an Olivier can be found among the artists in perukes and bear’s grease who are now living. Alas, how are the mighty fallen! But cheer up, O soul within us! there is still

A lingering halo hovering round decay;
and the appearance of a new razor or a classically-named shaving-paste sometimes revives our hopes—

In sudden brightness, like a man inspired.

We have heard of the charming Euxesis, and the appeal made to the English feeling of the nation by the “Plantagenet guard razor.” Those whose lips are only now beginning to exhibit signs of vegetation may, perhaps, fall on better days than ours have been. Would that we could believe so flatteringly of the future? We go back to the days of “boyhood’s loved prime,” and think of the delight with which we observed the first downy appearances on our upper lip, and the artistic and self-gratulating twirl with which

we first operated on our chin. Shaving was a pleasure then, because we shaved in hope. Our hopes have since been more than realized, and “a change has come o’er the spirit of our dream,” and now it requires all the moral courage which we have to enable us to conscientiously endure the pangs of many an incised and excoriated cheek. We have been mutilated by English barbers in a style that would have struck compassion into the flinty heart of Caracalla. We have had the flesh sawed from our jaw-bone by a jagged razor. We have even been lathered with pitch, and shaved with a piece of an iron hoop in obedience to fashion in crossing the line. But in every picture there are light as well as dark shadows. So we have gratefully acknowledged the ease and dexterity of the barber in a cafench at Constantinople, who, besides shaving you, supplies you with coffee and chibouques, and all at so moderate a rate that he might almost hang out the old inscription—

My name is Tom Diddums, and what do you think,
I’ll shave you for nothing and give you to drink:

only the atrocious Englishman, after by his supposed promises beguiling the innocent to go through the abrasion, placed a note of interrogation at the end; and when he had thus reversed the meaning, bade the shaver read it over again.

In former times, when newspapers were unknown, every one had to collect his own intelligence; and the barber’s shop was the nearest approach to the *Morning Herald* and the *Times*. At Rome this was the regular conversazione. Even with us in England the barber is invariably a gossip and a retailer of scandal and news. In his shop laws are made, and all the affairs of the nation settled, by a clique composed of hobbledehoyes from Back-friars—dustmen from Paddington—tailors (a perilous people, and fractious exceedingly)—coster-mongers—sausage-makers from Sharp’s Alley—bagmen—pedlars—cattle-dealers—farmers from the carse—horse-cowpers from the plains—learned clerks from a coach-office—and the stubborn, versus the obstinate, pig-drivers, sulky from the suburbs. Pondering this article, a short time ago, we were overtaken in Whitechapel by a heavy shower of rain, and, invited by a projecting pole, we entered a barber’s

shop for shelter. On the operating chair sat the victim, a short, squat man, gazing breathlessly above the summit of a white apron twisted round his no-neck on the evolutions of the glittering instrument, and watching its preliminary flourishes with evident fear and trembling. Before him stood the operator, waving the blade in circles aloft, and wagging the tail of his one eye with ferocious delight as he contemplated with inward satisfaction the tortures he was about to inflict on the poor wretch quailing before him. The room was full of black and bristly beards, most of them wagging in the discussion of some knotty point.

"Well, this here's a go, an't it, Master Lather-lip?" said a greasy-looking butcher, as he lifted his red bald head from the unctuous sheet of *Lloyd's Newspaper*, "this here fish-kettle business! What, are we goin' to loggerheads wi' Merriky all about salt fish, as no Christian eats more nor once a year! Well, I'm blown!"

"No," said the barber, "you'll find that cock won't fight; that's nothin' but Darby's tub throwed out to 'muse the John Bull whale; Darby's a chucklehead, he is—bless her majesty! she'll never want a cod's head and shoulders, any how, 's long as he is prime minister."

"I b'lieve yer, my boy," roared a swivel-eyed little man in the corner; "an' if that there what's-ee-call-um, Dizzy, don't melt up well for sarce, then I'll friz in a fryin'-pan."

"Sarce!" screamed another, "you're right there! That chap is sarce enough for all the cod in Newfundland, let alone the two houses o' parliament."

"What I want to know," said a little thin weasen-faced man in a leather apron, "is jest this: When is this here protection flam to be settled? I've got a longish family, an' if the dear loaf is to come again, why, rot it! I'm off to the diggins, and no mistake."

"Protection!" said the butcher, "that's all settled fast enough; we're all free-traders now, Darby, Dizzy, and all. We only want courage to open our mouths and leave off lying. Success to free-trade, and then plenty of roast beef, and no fighting for stinkin' fish."

"Ay, ay," drawled a sailor, rolling his quid, "success to free-trade all the world over, and a clear gangway to Davy Jones for all the protectionists."

"Stop, gentlemen, stop," bawled the little man in the chair, impatiently pushing aside the barber's hand. "Hear my principles, gentlemen; I'm not a free-trader, I'm a pro"—plump went the shaving-brush into his mouth, and there arose a tremendous roar of laughter, under cover of which we made our escape.

But we have wandered from the subject in hand—a thing which one can hardly help doing in a barber's shop. We have but one word more to say, and that is a word of hope. Like the chancellor of the exchequer, we have had visions of things looming in the future—and we are enabled to prophesy that the beards are coming back again. Civilized chins shall again repose in the shadow of perennial pilosity; and the barber, no longer condemned to reap the barren crop of a stubble-field, shall be restored to his pristine dignity as the artistic cultivator of man's distinguishing appendage. Already the martial moustache, the baughty imperial, and the daily expanding whiskers, like accredited heralds, proclaim the approaching advent of the monarch beard; the centuries of his banishment are drawing to their destined close, and the hour and the man are at hand to re-establish his ancient reign.

A HINDOO GIRLS' SCHOOL.

IMAGINE in a spacious room, furnished after the European fashion, some thirty or forty little girls, all dressed in their best, many of them laden with rich ornaments—anklets and earrings—seated in order around the room, gazing anxiously from their large, lustrous, and soulful eyes upon the strangers who sit at the table directing the examination, aided by the teacher, the superintendents, the worthy Shet and his kinsmen; see behind them a crowd of Hindoos in their flowing robes and picturesque turbans, their faces beaming with eagerness and delight, as they watch the answers of the pupils—many of them relations, some even their wives; listen also to the low and sweet voices of childhood, chanting in the melodious Gujarāti, (the Ionic of Western India,) the praises of education; and you may be able to form some idea of the scene, and of one of the most pleasurable moments in the life of a new-comer.—*Bombay Gazette.*

THE FATAL GIFT.

[N the year —, about the end of October, as I was returning on foot from Orleans to the Chateau of Bardy, I beheld before me, on the high road, a regiment of Swiss Guards. I hastened forward to hear the military music, of which I am extremely fond; but before I had overtaken the regiment, the band had ceased playing, and the drum alone continued to mark the measured footsteps of the soldiers.

After marching for about half an hour, the regiment entered a small plain, surrounded by a wood of fir-trees. I asked one of the captains, if the regiment was going to perform evolutions?

"No, sir," he replied, "we are going to try, and probably to shoot, a soldier belonging to my company, for having robbed the citizen upon whom he was billeted."

"What!" I exclaimed, "is he to be tried, condemned, and executed all in an instant?"

"Yes," the captain replied; "such are the terms of our capitulations.*" This to him was an unanswerable reason; as if all things had been in the capitulations; the fault and its penalty—justice, and even humanity.

"If you have any curiosity to witness the proceedings," said the captain politely, "I shall be happy to get you a place. They will soon be over."

I never avoid such scenes; for I imagine that I learn, from the countenance of a dying man, what death is. I therefore followed the captain.

The regiment formed into square. Behind the second rank, and on the borders of the wood, some of the soldiers began to dig a grave, under the command of a subaltern; for regimental duty is always performed with regularity, and a certain discipline maintained, even in the digging of a grave.

In the center of the square, eight officers were seated on drums; on their right, and a little more in front, a ninth was writing upon his knees, but with apparent negligence, and simply to prevent a man from being put to death without some legal forms.

The accused was called forward. He

* By the capitulations, are to be understood the treaties entered into between the Swiss Cantons and the foreign governments, under whom their soldiers served.

was a fine, well-grown young fellow, with mild, yet noble features. By his side stood a woman, who was the only witness against him. The moment the colonel began to examine this woman, the prisoner interrupted him:—

"It is useless, colonel," he said; "I will confess everything: I stole this woman's handkerchief."

THE COLONEL.—You, Piter! why you passed for an honorable man and a good soldier.

PITER.—It is true, colonel, that I have always endeavored to satisfy my officers. I did not steal for myself; it was for Marie.

THE COLONEL.—And who is this Marie?

PITER.—Why, Marie who lives—there—in our own country—near Arzeneberg—where the great apple-tree is—I shall then see her no more!

THE COLONEL.—I do not understand you, Piter; explain yourself.

PITER.—Well, colonel, read this letter: and he handed to the colonel the following letter:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND PITER,—I seize the opportunity of sending you this letter by Arnold, a recruit who has enlisted in your regiment. I also send you a silk purse which I have made for you. I did not let my father see that I was making it, for he always scolds me for loving you so much, and says you will never return. But you surely will come back, won't you? But whether you come back or not, I shall always love you. I first consented to become yours on the day you picked up my blue handkerchief at the Arzeneberg dance, and brought it to me. When shall I see you again? What pleases me is—the information I have received, that the officers esteem you, and your comrades love you. But you have still two years to serve. *Get through them as fast as you can, and then we will be married.*

"Adieu, my good friend Piter! Your dear
"MARIE.

"P.S.—Try to send me something from France—not for fear I should forget you, but that I may always carry it about me. *Kiss what you send, and I am sure I shall soon find out the place of your kiss.*"

Thus the sympathetic affection which exists between two fond hearts, however distant, travels far more rapidly than the electric fluid. We see with the brain; we feel with the heart.

When the colonel had finished reading the letter, Piter resumed: "Arnold," he said, "delivered me this letter last night when I received my billet. I could not sleep all night for thinking of Marie. In

her letter, she asks me for something from France. I had no money; I have mortgaged my pay for three months in order to help my brother and cousin, who set out on their return home, a few days since. This morning, on rising, I opened my window. A blue handkerchief was drying upon a line, and it resembled the one belonging to Marie. The color and the blue stripes were actually the same. I was base enough to take it and put it into my knapsack. I went out into the street; my conscience smote me, and I was returning to the house to restore it to its owner, when this woman came up to me, with the guard, and the handkerchief was found in my possession. This is the whole truth. The capitulations require that I should be shot; let me be shot instantly; but do not despise me."

The judges were unable to conceal their emotion; nevertheless they unanimously condemned Piter to death. He heard the sentence without emotion; then, advancing toward his captain, requested the loan of four francs. The captain gave him the money. He then approached the old woman from whom he had taken the handkerchief, and I heard him utter these words:—

"Madame, here are four francs; I know not whether your handkerchief be worth more; but if it be, it costs me dear enough, and you may excuse me from paying the difference."

Then, taking the handkerchief, *he kissed it*, and gave it to the captain. "Captain," said he, "in two years you will return to our mountains; if you go near Areneberg, do me the favor to ask for Marie, and give her this blue handkerchief; but do not tell her the price I paid for it." He then knelt, and after praying fervently for a few minutes, rose, and walked with a firm step to the place of execution.

I retired into the wood, that I might not witness the last scene of this tragedy. A few shots soon made known—that all was over.

Having returned to the little plain an hour after, I found the regiment gone, and all quiet; but as I followed the border of the wood, in order to reach the high road, I perceived traces of blood, and a mound of freshly-moved earth.

Cutting a branch of fir, I made a rude cross, which I placed upon the grave of one already forgotten—*by all save myself and Marie!*

PASCAL—HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

DURING recent years considerable light has been thrown both on the works and the life of Pascal. We propose to present our readers with a brief sketch of the life and labors of this great man, in which we shall embody whatever new particulars the industry of his recent commentators and editors have been able to glean.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, on the 19th of June, 1633. His father was first President of the Court of Aids in that city; but on the death of his wife he abandoned his professional duties and repaired to Paris. Young Pascal, who from his earliest youth had given signs of great mental activity, became a frequent auditor of scientific conferences held at his father's house. He is reported to have manifested the deepest attention and the most inquisitive spirit; and it is even said, that when only eleven years of age he composed a treatise upon sound—in which he sought to explain how it was that a plate, struck with a sharp instrument, returned a sound which ceased all at once on the finger being applied to it. The thirst for scientific knowledge, once awakened, continued to burn in the breast of the young philosopher; and shutting himself up in his solitary chamber, he gave himself unrestrained to the bent of his desires, and was actually found to have traced upon the floor the figures of triangles, parallelograms, and circles, and so far examined their properties without even knowing their names. "His reasoning," it is said, "was founded upon definitions and axioms which he had made for himself;" and, according to the same authority, he had, step by step, succeeded in reading the demonstration of the thirty-second proposition of Euclid—that *the sum of the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles*—when surprised by his father in his extraordinary task. He was provided with the "Elements of Euclid," which he almost immediately mastered without assistance. By and by he began to take a conspicuous part in the scientific conversations which took place at his father's house; and while still only in his sixteenth year, he wrote the famous "Treatise on Conic Sections," which so excited the "mingled incredulity and astonishment" of Descartes.

Blaise Pascal, now reputed a geome-

trician of the first class, followed with a consuming ardor his favorite studies. At the age of nineteen he invented the *Arithmetical Machine* which bears his name. Some of the finest years of his life he devoted to the improvement of this contrivance; and he has himself informed us that one of his main reasons for doing so was, that it might be serviceable to his father in the discharge of his official duties. There can be no doubt, however, that he permanently injured his health in this laborious task, while he never succeeded in it to his wishes. The great Leibnitz took up the project of Pascal, and is understood to have executed two models of a calculating machine, at once more simple and effective than that of Pascal. But greatly as both these illustrious attempts merit our admiration, they failed in proving of any practical benefit to the world. It was reserved to Mr. Babbage, at once to conceive and bring to practical completion such a calculating machine as truly deserves the name, which not only computes, unaided, the problems given to it, but, moreover, "*corrects whatever errors are accidentally committed, and prints all its calculations.*"

The study of physics next engaged the active and restless curiosity of Pascal; and here a more successful reward awaited his labors. The attention of scientific men had already been drawn to several phenomena bearing upon the fact of atmospheric pressure.

Having heard from M. Mersenne of experiments that had been made in Italy, he repeated them at Rouen with the same results, but without reaching at first any satisfactory explanation. He was at once led, indeed, from his own observation, to conclude that the ancient dogma of nature's abhorrence of a vacuum was a mere figment; ignorant, however, at this time of the suggestion of Toricelli as to the pressure of the atmosphere, he failed to strike into the right path of discovery. But shortly after he had published his views and researches on the subject, in 1647, he became acquainted with those of Toricelli, and at once entering into them, very soon formed the conception of an experiment which should leave the matter in no question. If the weight of the air was the cause of the suspension of the mercury in the tube of Toricelli, as he suggested, the mercury ought to stand at a less elevated

height, according as the column of air which pressed upon the surface of the basin in which the tube stood was increased or diminished. If, on the contrary, the atmospheric pressure had nothing to do with the phenomenon, the mercury would always remain at the same elevation, whatever the height of the column of air. Pascal endeavored himself so far to carry out this experiment, but the variation was too insignificant at ordinary heights to warrant any conclusive inference. He accordingly communicated with his brother-in-law in Auvergne, in order that he might try the experiment during an ascent of the Puy-de-Dome, a mountain of that province, about three thousand feet in height. "Some circumstances," says Abbé Bossut, from whom we have borrowed much of the previous detail, "retarded the execution of the project; but at length, on the 19th of September, 1648, it was performed with all possible exactitude, and the results which Pascal had predicted occurred from place to place. In proportion as they ascended the mountain, the mercury fell in the tube, the difference of level at its base and summit being upwards of three inches. In returning, the party renewed their observations with the same results." When Pascal received information of these interesting particulars, he immediately computed the proportional fractional rise of the mercury within small elevations, and making the experiments again for himself on the heights at his command in Paris, he found the results to correspond with his calculations. He was thus left in no doubt as to the correctness of Toricelli's suggestion, and all who merely sought to arrive at the truth were convinced that he had established it by the most satisfactory demonstration.

After he had thus ascertained that the atmospheric pressure was the true cause of the suspension of the mercury in Toricelli's tube, Pascal immediately saw that the column of mercury would also fluctuate with the changes of the weather. In order to verify this fact, M. Perier made a series of observations at Clermont during the years 1649, 1650, and the first three months of 1651. M. Chanut, also, the French ambassador in Sweden, was engaged to make a similar course of observations at Stockholm, in which he was assisted by Descartes, who happened to be then resident in that city. It was fully

proved by these observations that the column of mercury varied in length according to the temperature, the winds, the moisture, and other circumstances connected with the state of the atmosphere; and the Toricellian tube thus became adapted to the popular use, in which it is now so familiar to all, of indicating the changes of weather dependent upon the variations of the atmospherical column.

These discoveries made an extensive sensation in the scientific world, and greatly added to the reputation of Pascal. His triumph, however, was by no means unmixed. So ancient and venerated a dogma as nature's abhorrence of a vacuum was not so easily exploded. A degree of sacredness seemed to invest it from its very antiquity, and the Jesuits came to its rescue. When Pascal published his first experiments on the subject, made at Rome, in a work entitled "*Experiences nouvelles touchant le vide*," P. Noel, a Jesuit, who was then rector of the College of Paris, violently attacked it. "All the prejudices of a bad philosophy, and all the virulence of error," were summoned to the assault. Pascal readily repelled the objections of the Jesuit; but the strength of the obstacles he had to encounter was thus painfully manifested to him. When his further discoveries became known, the Jesuits renewed their attacks, accusing him of appropriating the labors of Toricelli. He replied in a letter, giving a minute account of all his proceedings, and thus in the most effective way vindicating his distinctive claims to be reckoned as a discoverer along with the Italian.

In spite of these obstructions, Pascal continued with avidity his physical researches, in the course of which he was led to the examination of the general laws of the equilibrium of fluids.

His conclusion on this subject Pascal embodied in a treatise, entitled, "*De l'Equilibre des Liqueurs*," composed in 1663; but not published till after his death. He also left behind him another treatise on "*The Weight of the Column of Air*," which has been pronounced to form the basis of the modern science of Pneumatics.

The most important of the remaining scientific labors of Pascal was his invention of the famous arithmetical triangle, in the course of the researches connected with which he was also conducted to the doctrine of Probabilities—a branch of mathematical

science which has subsequently, at the abler hands of Laplace and Poisson, received such important extension and improvement.

We have already remarked the injury that Pascal's constitution sustained from the intense devotion of his early studies. When only eighteen, his health had received a shock from which it never recovered. Henceforth it is said "he never lived a day without pain." In his twenty-fourth year he was attacked with paralysis, which, during three months, almost deprived him of the use of his legs. Shortly after this, he returned to Paris with his father and his sister Jaqueline, and there once more took up his residence. Moved by the solitudes of his family he gave himself some relaxation from his severer studies, and made several journeys into Auvergne and other provinces. In 1651, however, he had the misfortune to lose his father; and his younger sister, who had long meditated the intention of consecrating herself entirely to the service of religion, carried her design into effect in 1653, and became a nun in the famed convent of Port Royal des Champs. Thus withdrawn from the rest of his family, he returned with a fatal enthusiasm to his mathematical labors. His health was anew shattered; and the worst effects would speedily have followed, had not the actual failure of his powers, operating more convincingly than the counsels of his physician, forced him to abandon for a while all study.

There was little previously known concerning the life upon which Pascal now entered for a brief period before his ultimate retirement from the world. Bossut only tells us, in the most general manner, that "for the meditation of the closet, he now substituted the promenade, and other similar exercises of a pleasing and salutary nature. He saw the world, and although always bearing a slight tinge of melancholy on his disposition, he there captivated by the power of a superior mind and his graceful accommodation to the learning of those whom he addressed." Some have not hesitated to express the opinion that the thought-worn recluse now plunged, somewhat heedlessly, into the current of mere worldly pleasures. All seem agreed that he gradually acquired a strong relish for the agreeable society in which he mingled, and that he had begun to dream of marriage. The following

seems to be the true representation of this period of his life, according to the light which the labors of M. Faugères have thrown upon it.

His most intimate friend at this time was the Duke de Roannez, subsequently associated with his other friends in the publication of his "Thoughts." Captivated by his genius and devoted to his person, the duke, according to the expression of Margaret Perier, "could not lose sight of him." An apartment was reserved for him in his hotel, where he would sometimes remain for days, although possessing a house of his own in Paris. Here Pascal would seem occasionally to have mingled in the light and careless society in which the youth of Paris then moved. We cannot, however, imagine that such society in itself attracted his interest. It was more a study for him, serving to originate some of those trains of reflection which he afterward pursued with such profit in the seclusion of Port Royal. As he listened to the conversational frivolities of a Chevalier de Méré, or the cynical sentiments of a Miton or Desbarreau, the first conceptions of his great vindication of morality and religion probably arose within him. "He touched for a moment with his feet," says M. Faugères, "the impurities of this corrupt society, but his divine wings were never soiled."

The blandishment which now filled Pascal with delighted distraction was something very different. Charlotte Gonffier de Roannez, the sister of his noble friend, then lived with him. About sixteen years of age, she possessed a captivating form and manner, while a sweet intelligence gave brightness and animation to her mere external graces. Pascal was constantly thrown in her company, and "what so natural," M. Faugères asks, "as that he should love; and overlooking their disparity of rank, secretly aspire to a union with the possessor of charms so irresistible?" There can now, indeed, exist no doubt that he had ventured to cherish such feelings. Apart from the letters which he addressed to her at a later period, now published for the first time by M. Faugères, and so obviously revealing, under all the pious gravity of their style, a depth of tender solicitude which mere Christian interest will hardly explain, this fact is clearly established by the discovery of the

fine fragment, entitled "Discours sur les passions de l'Amour."^o Here the evidence of a pure and fervid passion unmistakably manifests itself.

We naturally ask, with M. Faugères, Did Pascal find his love returned by the sister of his noble friend? There is reason to believe so, when we see a correspondence established between them, implying the highest degree of esteem and confidence. But it is to be regretted that we know nothing of the letters of Mademoiselle de Roannez; and it is, in fact, only fragments of those of Pascal that have been preserved. The rigidity of the Jansenist copyists have left us only such passages as they thought might minister to edification.

But whether or not Pascal's passion was shared, circumstances did not favor it. He had then acquired but little of the celebrity which afterward awaited him. His position was not a promising one, and his rank greatly inferior to that of the object of his attachment. Awakening from his brief enchantment, he no doubt deeply felt all this. He saw the vanity of the delicious dreams in which he had for a while forgotten himself. An alarming incident, which had nearly proved fatal to him, coöperated strongly to rouse him from the soft indulgences which were weaving their spell around him. In the month of October, 1654, while taking his usual drive along the bridge of Neuilly in a carriage with four horses, the two leaders became restive at a part where there was no parapet, and precipitated themselves into the Seine. Happily, the sudden violence of their leap broke the traces which yoked them to the pole, and the carriage remained on the verge of the precipice. The effects of such a shock upon the feeble and impaired frame of Pascal may be easily imagined. With difficulty he recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen; but so shattered were his nerves, that for long afterward, during his sleepless nights and moments of depression, he constantly saw a precipice at his side, over which he seemed in danger of falling.

This striking incident has commonly been regarded as the sole cause which led

^o This fragment was brought to light by M. Cousin, and so highly did he value it that he considered it a sufficient reward of all his labors upon Pascal; labors to which we shall presently allude.

to Pascal's retirement from the world. The probable truth would seem to be, however, that it only combined with his sense of the apparent hopelessness of his passion to make him seek a refuge from disappointment, and a nobler source of enjoyment, in the sublime meditations and devout observances of religion. His sister Jaqueline had already prepared the way for this. We are told by Madame Perier that she had contemplated with great anxiety the manner in which her brother was mingling so freely with the world, and earnestly besought him to quit it. And with his mind now awed by so narrow an escape from death, and his heart cherishing a secret affection of which he dared not anticipate the fulfillment, her entreaties readily prevailed with him, and he finally withdrew into the pious seclusion of Port Royal des Champs, and became the associate of the holy men who have given to this spot so undying a name.

The Abbey of Port Royal, after a long period of relaxed discipline, during which many abuses had crept into it, had at length attained a high renown for sanctity, under the strict and vigorous rule of the Mère Angélique Arnaud. Appointed to her high office, when only eleven years old, through a deceit practiced upon the pope, she very soon began to manifest that she would be no party to the motives which had induced her election at so premature an age. An accidental sermon preached in the convent, when she had reached her sixteenth year, by a wandering Capuchin monk, left an impression upon her which was never effaced; and she set herself immediately to reform her establishment, and carried her measures into effect with a zeal and determination betokening that peculiar firmness of character which was destined to be so severely tried.

At this time the Papal Church in France was divided into the two great parties of the Jesuits and the Jansenists. The Abbey of Port Royal favored the latter, and had, indeed, under the directorship of M. de St. Cyran, become the great stronghold of this party. It would be out of place here to enter into the ground of this controversy. It will only be necessary to trace historically, in a few words, its rise, in order to enable the reader to understand the future relations and labors of Pascal.

(To be continued.)

THE DISCOVERY OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.

IF some of the greatest philosophers of antiquity, or of the middle ages, could re-appear they would perhaps see many of their own brilliant guesses and profound musings expanded into the sciences of modern times. Pythagoras might see his theory of the universe taught in every school, and illustrated in popular treatises; and Roger Bacon behold his anticipations verified in the beautiful discoveries of modern chemistry. They often saw in dim outline, and amid the glimmering of twilight, the truths which we calmly contemplate by the light of a bright noon: thus in some departments our knowledge differs from that of former ages in *degré* rather than in kind: they had mounted one or two steps upward; we have advanced a hundred.

But some of our discoveries are *wholly modern*, and never once, as far as we know, entered the minds of the ancient poets or sages. The steam-engine is one of these conquests of the world's old age, which its younger, that is, its *past* periods, did not even register as a "*may be so*," or a *possibility*; simply because the thing never entered their thoughts, never once projected its form along the horizon. Had it been proposed by some oracle or superior being as a problem to such men as Aristotle and Archimedes, they *might* have admitted the idea; but as a guess or speculation, it never once appears. This may reasonably excite some surprise, as one essential element of the steam-engine must have frequently presented itself to their notice. We allude to the force exerted by steam, which must have been observed whenever boiling water was covered.

We should have expected that some of the subtle intellects, then struggling to obtain clear views of the phenomena around, would have stooped from speculating on the sublimities of metaphysics, to examine so simple a fact, and one so close at hand, as steam. But as thousands have seen apples fall from the bough without thinking of gravitation, so many generations looked upon steam forcing itself from the vessel, without asking the question, "Cannot that *power* be made subservient to man, to lighten his labors and add to his joys?" Hard work and toilsome

struggles were then, as now, the lot of men. What an amount of strength, and even of life were expended on the pyramids! what efforts on the great Roman roads! much of which steam power would have saved; but this mighty agent was allowed to remain unemployed, while the world toiled on, digging, building, and hauling navies through the deep, by the hand. Yet, during these periods, academies—old, middle, and new—had risen, disputed, and departed; thousands of books had been written, even in those ages, and ten thousand curious speculations on things visible and invisible hazarded; but no man saw the sleeping giant, which in future ages should stretch his arms from sea to sea, and make his voice to be heard at the poles. Thus the elements of power are often in the world, close at its doors, but the world sees them not. It is not our purpose to describe the steam-engine itself; such details are perhaps too technical for the pages of a magazine; we rather desire to note the successive steps by which men reached the full knowledge of this world-moving power.

Reader, enter some store-yard; on one side you see a heap of coals, near is a brook, and in a corner lies a quantity of iron; hast thou skill to shape that iron, use that water, and so arrange those coals, that from them a power shall arise able to carry thee and all thy townspeople round the globe in five weeks? You are not much startled at the question; you have not, it may be, such mechanical knowledge, but feel quite assured that it is in the world—that some whom you could name possess the power. Let us then trace the road by which this discovery has been gained.

For fifteen hundred years after the commencement of our era, men saw not the energies hidden in steam, and a whole academy of philosophers might have walked into the store-yard, and gazed upon the coal, iron, and water, without a thought of the steam-engine. During this long interval, however, a glance was taken by one man at steam as a moving power; it was but a recognition, for the force was not yet pressed into man's service.

The philosopher who first detected the applicability of steam to promote machine movement was an Egyptian mathematician and mechanist, (engineer we should call him,) Hero of Alexandria, about two

hundred years before Christ, who, in one of his treatises entitled "Pneumatic Machines," describes a circular motion given to a wheel by steam rushing through the spokes. This, though but a sort of mechanical toy, might have led others, even Hero himself, to dwell on the powers of steam; but his treatise remained unnoticed, and his experiment pointed in vain toward the road of further discovery. The schoolmen debated, the crusaders shook Europe and Asia, artillery filled statesmen and archers with forebodings, and a new world had been found beyond the Atlantic; yet, amid all this work of busy nations, steam power remained a hidden thing. At length, a singular revelation is made in 1543, and exhibited before thousands, but finds the world unprepared, and retires to its hiding-place. In that year the inhabitants of Barcelona were startled by the announcement that a Spanish captain, named Blasco de Garay, had offered to navigate a ship without sails or oars, and that the government had deemed the plan worthy of a trial in the harbor of the city. The day arrived, one in the bright month of June, well fitted to enable the Catalonians to see the new wonder cut the waters. Commissioners were appointed to watch the experiment, and report the results to the authorities. A vessel of two hundred tons burden, called the Trinity, was actually moved by steam, acting upon wheels, before the astonished city. Now the reader might expect that the management of steam power then began to excite the attention of men, especially of all who were aiming at the development of human resources. A strange disappointment is felt when we see the Spanish government rewarding Garay, and hear the majority of the commissioners report in favor of his invention, while no further results follow. What was the cause of this? Prejudice against the novelty and ignorance of the machine—for de Garay kept his plan a secret—may have prevented success. All that was known was that he used a boiler and that wheels were turned by its agency. Is it possible, some one may ask, that a Spanish captain should invent the steam-engine, and unaided advance it to such perfection that a ship was moved through the waters by its action; and that such a discovery should be neglected by so ambitious a power as Spain? These things are stated as facts, and must be

received as true, however extraordinary. The machinery may have been clammy, the working bad, and the power small; but that Blasco de Garay navigated a vessel by steam in 1543 cannot be reasonably denied. The experiment had little or no influence on the subsequent history of the steam-engine, and must be regarded as one of those bold movements which fail from unsuitableness to the age or the nations in which made. The attention of Europe had, however, been aroused; men began to feel that steam contained within it some element of mighty force, and thus the hitherto neglected power attracted the watching eyes of philosophers. During the next hundred years some notices appear indicating this altered feeling.

An engineer of Louis XIII., who became clerk of the works to the Prince of Wales in the time of James I., paid some attention to the subject; and an Italian mechanist, named Giovanni Bianca, proposed to turn mills by steam. Thus, at the beginning of the seventeenth century men seemed watching for the birth of the new power. Amid the fury of theological strife, and the rancor of political warfare, while England was distracted by civil commotions, and battles raged by sea and land, the element destined to unite distant nations, and form the world into one great household, was slowly rising from its concealment of many ages. We now approach the period when the notion of steam power assumed a clear and distinct form, and took its place among the *reasonable* speculations and experiments of thoughtful men.

Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, had engaged with ardor on the side of the unfortunate Charles I., and found himself at last in the Tower of London, his friends dead or exiled, his property in other hands, and the cause for which he had fought and suffered trampled to the dust.

What now occupied the thoughts of the royalist noble? Some have enlivened the solitude of a dungeon by watching the habits of a spider, or observing the growth of a flower in their prison window; he turned his active mind to the unexplored realms of science, and gazed inquiringly along those paths at the entrance of which Bacon had raised the clear sign-posts, with the finger of true philosophy pointing the stranger in the direction which the world

had so often groped for, and so often missed. To this imprisoned nobleman is ascribed the first well-digested idea of the steam-engine. How did the thought reach him? By what is commonly called an accident, or more properly by the happy observation of a simple and most common occurrence, and by just reasoning upon the fact noticed.

We must imagine the marquis seated in his small prison-room; on the fire is a pot, in which his dinner is preparing; his thoughts are not upon the meal, but fitting to and fro, across the numerous battle-fields, where the Stuart banner had drooped, or picturing the solemn and mournful circumstances of that 30th of January, 1649, when a king died by the headsman's hand. These reflections have, however, too often before occupied his mind, which is, therefore, easily drawn from such gloomy reminiscences to the events close at hand. What is that upon which Edward Somerset gazes so fixedly? That fire is not the alchemist's furnace, nor that pot a Rosicrucian crucible, and yet his eyes refuse to move therefrom. Naught is visible, save the hissing steam rushing from the pot, and the sharp risings and fallings of the lid, forced up by the expanded vapor. He has heard of men who regarded steam as capable of becoming a strong and untiring servant of mankind, and now sees those feeble heavings of its infantine energies with some strange fluttering anticipations. New thoughts crowd upon him, from which he, closely interrogating, sees other and still more startling ideas rise. The quietude of a prison enabled him calmly to follow out and test his opinions, which were published after the Restoration in a book entitled "The Scantling of One Hundred Inventions." Those who can obtain access to the work may read in the sixty-eighth invention the theory of the Marquis of Worcester, and discern the point in the line of discovery to which he reached. The production of steam in one vessel or boiler, and its passage to another, in which its force should act upon the machinery, were included in his theory, and this is still the *principle* of action in our modern engines. Thus the Marquis of Worcester first marked out the plan of this mighty machine.

A great step was now made in the discovery; the notion of the boiler in which

the steam was raised from the water by heat, and the cylinder in which the expansive vapor is kept ready for action, were now exhibited to the active speculations of men. Let us mark the second great stage in the progress. This is also due to an Englishman, Sir Samuel Morland, who was master of the works to Charles II., and of such fame as an engineer that Louis XIV. sought his assistance in some of the great works which distinguished his reign. When the powers treasured in steam became known, by the experiments of the author of "The Hundred Inventions," Morland began to examine the capabilities of heated water to produce a certain amount of steam. This was walking in the right path, avoiding all useless speculations and blind experiments for the road of patient investigation. To ascertain the volume of steam produced from a given quantity of water was of the highest importance to the successful working of the new power. To use so dangerous a force without being able to calculate its effects would have only resulted in disappointments, which might have led men to abandon the discovery already made, and thus have retarded the progress of the great machine. To prevent the new auxiliary from becoming the master instead of the servant of men, it was necessary to calculate its powers, observe its workings, and note, with a nice discrimination, its various developments. In this work Morland succeeded so well that his results differ but little from those derived from the experience of our times. He drew up tables, exhibiting the expansions of certain volumes of water into steam, and thus supplied future engineers with a guide for their operations.

Two points were now gained—a knowledge of the manner in which the steam should be collected for its appropriate action, and of its probable force when obtained. The boiler, the cylinder, the steam, were now prepared; who made the next advance, and what was its character? Denis Papin, a Frenchman, was driven from his native country by the cruelty and folly of Louis XIV., who, by revoking the edict of Nantes, compelled vast numbers of his Protestant subjects to leave France, and carry their ingenuity and industry to England. Papin became an intimate friend of Boyle, the scientific chemist, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. Some

gourmands only know him as the inventor of a machine for extracting soup from bones, which apparatus is called "Papin's Digester," wherein, by the heat of steam, the largest bones are made to yield nutritious matter. Papin's studies, however, conducted him to objects of far greater importance than the preparation of soups, or the development of culinary arts. The reader is supposed to know that, in order to communicate motion to a machine by steam, a bar, called a piston, must be moved to and fro by the force of the vapor. It is easily seen that a jet of steam rushing against one end of the piston will move it forward; but how can it be brought back again? Only by the *withdrawal* of the steam, or by its *reduction to water*, in which case the piston will again be forced down by the mere weight of the atmosphere, acting with a pressure of fifteen pounds on each square inch of surface. But how reduce the steam to the water whence it rose? By letting water flow upon the expanded vapor, which will then be instantly condensed to hot water, and permit the piston to fall through the vacuum thus produced. By such a succession of steam-jets pushing forward the lever, and the condensation allowing of its return, is the whole movement of the steam-engine effected. The easy and ready production of the vacuum under the piston may be ascribed to Papin, who thus presented the steam-engine to the world, ready for all work, either upon the surface or beneath the earth in deep mines. But much was yet required ere the power of the machine could be usefully developed; it might at that stage be likened to a strong-bodied, but rude and awkward man, summoned to act as a soldier. The drill-sergeant looks at the raw recruit, and sees with pleasure the store of rough power lying in those bones and muscles, but also thinks of the drilling necessary to reduce that clumsy form to soldier-like activity and facility of movement.

The steam-engine was now fairly in the world, but as yet rude and cumbrous in its workings. But science has taken it under her charge, and issues her commands to various teachers, who shall bring it to a beautiful precision and hair-breadth accuracy in its gigantic movements.

Captain Savery now begins his experiments, and, by various devices, advances the steam-engine to greater efficiency; he

invents gauge-pipes to indicate both the consumption of water and the production of steam, by which the chances of accidents are lessened and further control obtained over the giant which men had set to work. Additional command was acquired by the introduction of the safety-valve to Savery's engine by Dr. Desaguliers, a clergyman and lecturer on science in London; until this improvement was introduced the engine-worker felt in constant dread of sudden explosions. The draining of deep mines was the great object to which these steam-engines were devoted; but they were unable to raise water more than ninety feet, a second or a third engine being used in the case of greater depths. Thus, if it were required to raise water from the depth of two hundred and seventy feet, the first engine raised the water to a reservoir ninety feet from the bottom; from this reservoir the second engine raised it ninety feet more; making in all one hundred and eighty feet; when the third engine began its operation and raised the water to the surface. A vast expenditure of force was therefore necessary in these machines, and an immense outlay of fuel became requisite, all of which were serious drawbacks to the efficiency of the engines.

Thus, much was yet required to bring the steam-engine to its present high point as a moving force. Some improvements were effected by Newcomen, an iron-founder of Dartmouth, who took out a patent, and introduced his engines into extensive use; but these details need not detain us from the great inventions of the far-famed James Watt, who may be called the creator of the modern steam-engine, so numerous were his inventions, and so beneficial their results. To give an outline of his life is not our present object, but rather to describe the steps by which he perfected the machine and reduced its once irregular and dangerous movements to a beautiful precision and security.

Watt's attention was first called to the defects of the existing engines by the examination of one made by Newcomen, and he soon perceived the rich harvest of fame and profit in store for the man who should develop the full powers of the steam-engine. He saw the *mode* in which this might be effected, and beheld the path leading to the temple of glory; but his instruments were too feeble to carry out

his vast designs, and for a period many a bright idea was secluded in his thoughtful, scientific mind. At length, Boulton of Birmingham became the partner of Watt, placing a part of his foundry at the disposal of his friend, upon which the progress of Watt began.

The production of improved machinery was absolutely requisite to produce that smoothness of motion essential to the easy working of gigantic beams, rods, and pistons, which should combine the easiest motion with the utmost tightness in the cylinder, in order to confine the highly expanded steam. Mechanists could not be found to execute such delicate works: workmen were therefore to be trained ere Watt could exhibit his clear conceptions in operation. Many pages would scarcely suffice to describe fully the severe and simple logic, the subtle contrivances, and brilliant theorizing, by which he developed many of his improvements; we must content ourselves, therefore, with a statement of *results* only. Many of these consist of former discoveries worked up to greater precision: thus the steam under the piston was condensed before the time of Watt, but he detected much clumsiness in the method of effecting this, and much incompleteness in the work, as *all* the steam was not condensed, and the descent of the piston was therefore partly resisted by the remaining vapors. A great loss of power was the inevitable result of this error. The attempt to correct the defect led Watt into some most abstruse calculations, which he was compelled to pursue by theory alone, and reached, at last, by a beautiful guess, the truth sought. He also saw that the injection of water into the cylinder at all must cool the piston as it descended, whereas this should be kept as hot as the steam itself, which otherwise would be turned to water and its power lost. To remedy this, another series of thoughtful investigations, descending into the deep mysteries of latent and sensible heat, became necessary before the difficulty was overcome.

One of the most beautiful conceptions of Watt is shown in the arrangement called the "parallel motion," the object of which was to secure the steady and upright working of the piston; for in such rapid movements the slightest twisting of the works would soon shatter the machine. The production of such a direct motion

may appear a simple matter, but it required all the mechanical skill of Watt's well-trained intellect to solve the delicate problem. The reader must remember that a rod, suspended perpendicularly to one end of a moving beam, will not rise and fall in a straight line, but in a peculiar curve.

This divergency of motion must shake and loosen the works, so as to destroy their air-tight character. The problem proposed was to find a point in the rod, which, notwithstanding its oscillatory movements, *should always remain in the same straight line*; could this be discovered, the whole of the action might be kept free from undue vibrations. Such a point was found, and Watt enabled to apply all those improvements which depended upon the movement just described.

Another step now made gave additional security to the steam-engine, and illustrated the skill of Watt in overcoming difficulties. A valve, called the "throttle," regulated the supply of steam from the boiler; but the care required for its management was more than could be obtained from any save the most attentive workmen. Watt resolved, therefore, to make his engine its own regulator; and, after a train of hard thinking, invented the machine called "the governor." The principle was, to secure some means of making the increased velocity of the engine the means of checking the in-rush of the steam, and so reducing the undue rapidity of motion; while a too slow movement increased the supply of vapor and accelerated the action. Thus the most perfect regularity was secured by methods which excite the admiration of all who are able to appreciate the beauties of scientific mechanism.

These instances are sufficient to indicate the nature of the numerous improvements introduced by Watt, whose efforts excited the emulation of a host of followers, who have carried the powers of the steam-engine to a degree beyond the most sanguine expectations of Watt; so that, while he could only promise a force sufficient to raise five hundred thousand pounds, others have furnished engines capable of lifting one hundred and twenty-five million pounds; thus giving an increase of power in the proportion of two hundred and fifty to one. To these subsequent steps Watt, however, pointed the way; and since his time every part of the engine has been

made a study, and various improvements in boilers, pistons, valves, wheels, furnaces, and smoke-tubes, have rewarded the perseverance of the engineer; and every day fresh discoveries may be expected to arise.

Since the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, fresh facts have been accumulating for the guidance of our land-steamers, and from the time when Fulton cut the waters of the Hudson, divers experiments have been yearly advancing the capabilities of steam navigation.

Whether this power of modern times shall continue its progress, or be laid aside for some combination of mightier forces, we know not; but, while we revere the divines, moralists, and poets, who have formed our earliest thoughts, let us also honor those who have disclosed a means of uniting remotest nations in one bond of fellowship, and carrying civilization to distant lands. The discoveries in physical science must not be deemed mere caterers for our bodily pleasures, but men commissioned to aid in extending the noblest interests of mankind.

OXFORD PUNS.

DR. BARTON, warden of Merton College, was the oddity of his time. Of the puns belonging to Dr. Barton, we believe that the following is little known. As he was a man of remarkable insensibility, people told him everything that happened. A gentleman, coming one day into his room, told him that Dr. Vowel was dead. "What!" said he, "Vowel dead? well, it is neither *u* nor *i*." Dr. Eveleigh, who, with his family, was some years ago at Weymouth, gave occasion to old Lee, the last punster of the old school, and the master of Baliol College, Oxford, for more than half a century, to make his dying pun. Dr. Eveleigh had recovered from some consumptive disorders by the use of egg-diet, and had soon after married. Wetheral, the master of University College, went to Dr. Lee, then sick in bed, resolved to discharge a pun which he had made. "Well, sir," said he, "Dr. Eveleigh has been egged on to matrimony." "Has he?" said Lee; "why, then, I hope the *yoke* will sit easy." In a few hours afterward Dr. Lee died. The yoke did sit easy on Dr. Eveleigh, for he had a most amiable, religious, and charitable wife. — *Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

BATHING—ITS USE AND ABUSE.

BY MR ARTHUR CLARKE.

We do our nature wrong,
Neglecting everlong
The bodily joys that help to make us wise;
The rumble up the slope
Of the high mountains cope—
The long day's walk, the vigorous exercise,
The fresh luxuriant air,
Far from the trodden path,
Or, 'mid the ocean waves dashing with harmless roar,
Lifting us off our feet upon the mady shore.

WORDSWORTH.

THAT bathing is the most efficacious of remedies, as well as the most healthful of luxuries, is so fully established by the opinion of the highest authorities, founded on the universal practice and experience of ages, that it is unnecessary to go over the beaten ground. I shall therefore proceed to observe, that the manner of bathing, though a point of the first importance, seems by most people to be thought of no consequence at all; but let the effect of bathing be considered, and this indifference will appear in a strong light.

By the compression of the whole external surface of the body, which takes place on judicious immersion, the blood is carried on with acquired force to the heart, and returned by the reaction with proportional impulse. By this increased action and velocity, the capillaries are opened, the sluggish and tenacious humors loosened, obstructions are removed, the vessels are cleansed, and the whole system is invigorated; but all this depends on total and instant immersion; and to suppose that stepping into a bath, or wetting the body by parts, will produce these effects, is an absurdity that one would scarcely think any person of the commonest powers of comprehension could admit; yet the practice of many people seems to imply as much, though even the most accustomed bathers have experienced, that when, by bathing in shallow water, they have necessarily wetted the lower extremities first, their breath has been taken away; whereas by plunging wholly into water of the same temperature, no such inconvenience has arisen: a sufficient proof of the danger of partial bathing.

As by judicious bathing the vessels are freed, and the pores opened, so, by a contrary mode, the very reverse of these advantages must be expected. Everything beyond a single plunge and immediate immersion is preventive of the incalculable benefit which judicious bathing never fails to produce. By continuing in the bath,

the body is robbed of its natural heat; reaction prevented; the vessels collapse; and transpiration by the natural channel of the pores is suspended; obstructions are confirmed, and paralysis is frequently induced. It is common to observe the fingers of "dabbling" bathers void of the vital stream; and though habit enables some persons of robust constitutions to remain a considerable time in the water, it cannot fail ultimately to destroy the vigor of the frame. Even the exercise of swimming, when long continued, has in numberless instances occasioned the loss of the use of limbs, and not unfrequently proved fatal.

Some persons think it a laudable feat to leap head-foremost from a height into the water; but this unnatural posture must be injurious, except to those whose heads and heels are equally provided with brains. An easy and nearly horizontal position is the best for the moment of immersion.

It is frequently objected, that cold bathing is dangerous in internal and local weaknesses; but a close and attentive observation, as well as personal experience, lead me to think this objection at least equivocal. May not these weaknesses be occasioned by obstructions which the bath will remove? and as to the humors being forced on the peccant part, they are too briskly driven to rest anywhere; and it is at least as probable that the part affected, partaking of the power of this simple and natural tonic, may join in the general expulsion. I have myself bathed under pleuritic affection, which immediately abated, and by repetition was entirely removed. Similar consequences ensued on bathing with a face much inflamed and swollen from a violent tooth-ache. The same effects were produced in a case of head-ache, which had continued for ten days, with excruciating torture, and was nearly subdued by the first immersion, and wholly in a very short time. In short, I have scarcely a doubt that when evil has resulted from bathing, it has been from the injudicious manner in which it has been used.

In regard to the best time for bathing, it is when the natural indication is the strongest, and this, generally speaking, will be after considerable exercise (but short of producing sensible perspiration or fatigue). The body is then in that adust state which renders bathing so highly luxurious; and a vigorous circulation will

insure the full effect of reaction. Nothing then can be more operative of ill, or at least of diminished good, than lingering on the margin of the flood till the stagnating fluids refuse to obey even the spur of immersion. Hunger is the first sensation in a healthy body on rising from the repose of the night; and as digestion takes place in the most perfect manner during sleep, and many hours have passed without supply, the stomach should then be recruited. This, therefore, is not the most proper time for bathing. I consider the best time, generally, to be between breakfast and dinner; but every one will be able to determine this point, who is capable of a small degree of reflection, and will give it as much consideration as he often bestows on matters of less importance. Perhaps, where there is great rigidity of fibre, the morning may not be objectionable, and the warm bath may be a good preparative.

I cannot too often repeat, that every subsequent dip lessens the effect of the first immersion; and that the bath should be used once, and once only, every day; and were it so used every day in the year, it would insure a life of health, barring the effects of intemperance, and all other ill habits; though even these enemies to health and life will labor against such an antagonist. I cannot here help smiling at the idea, that three or four dips, twice or thrice a week, are better than one every day. I really should be provoked to call this notion absolutely idiotic, had I not met with persons of good sense who had fallen into this egregious error; and I knew a lady who actually took ten dips on the last day of her stay at a watering-place, and would have gloried in her economical exploit, had not the chattering of her teeth, instead of her tongue, prevented her recounting it to her friends for at least ten hours after.

I am now to tread on slippery ground; but I cannot conscientiously avoid it, though I know I shall risk the displeasure of the real, but mistaken, delicacy of some, and the affected delicacy of more, when I urge the ill effects of using dresses in bathing; but I must submit to sensible and reasoning females, that an encumbering dress not only injures the primary influence, but by clinging to the person, checks the glow which should be felt on coming out of the bath, and in weak constitutions often totally prevents it. As the usual inclosure in-

sure a perfect privacy, it were to be wished the imagination would not conjure up a phantasmagoria of merely ideal observers.

A part of my subject now presents itself, upon which I can never sufficiently expatiate while anything remains unsaid which may tend to enforce its interest; I mean, the bathing of children. The little innocents are entirely at the mercy of those into whose hands they may happen to fall; and the brutal or senseless indifference to their feelings, their fears, their almost convulsive apprehensions, is sometimes productive of the most afflicting consequences, and too often prevents any beneficial effect from bathing.

Children should never be dipped more than once; and that with the greatest care, that the immersion may be deep, but quickly done. The practice of dipping them three times, (folly's magic number,) and generally without allowing them sufficient time to recover their breath, is so preposterously absurd, so evidently injurious, that one would almost wonder it could ever obtain. The child is made to look with increased dread to the hour of bathing, through the pain it has experienced from the distress which the lungs have undergone; by which the chance of benefit is reduced to almost nothing. Let parents, then, and all who have the care of children, weigh well these suggestions, and rescue the little sufferers from the hands of ignorance and inattention; that they may partake of the benefit of this invaluable remedy, preservative as well as curative. When a child knows that it is only to be dipped once, it will soon be reconciled; for it will be put to no pain; on the contrary, the sensation will be highly agreeable.

The proper depth for bathing is about four feet and a half; a less depth were disadvantageous, and a greater would be too deep for general use. Persons attending bathing-machines should be very attentive to this circumstance, as it will greatly contribute to the satisfaction as well as benefit of the bathers, who are seldom aware of its importance.

Volumes of cases might be adduced, incontestably proving the efficiency of the bath, and showing the absurdity of those apprehensions which some people have entertained respecting its application in particular complaints. There is much

more danger of deranging the frame, and occasioning local injury, by medicines uncongential with the natural economy, and powerful in their sensible or less perceptible ravages, than can possibly be experienced in any case from judicious bathing.

In a word, when the bath is used with due consideration and judgment, its advantages are certain and universal.

DEFECTS OF MODERN PREACHING.

THERE are many shams and worships, frauds and wrongs, which our modern pulpit almost entirely ignores, and by ignoring serves to perpetuate. It attacks licentiousness and gross vice; but it says little about the worship of money, about the cant of respectability, about the undue honor paid to "Right Honorable," and other great names—about the mean tricks of trade and frauds of commerce, and the innumerable white lies which abound in all the departments of society. It shuns, too, in general, all allusions to the political and social movements of the age—although, surely, the pulpit should be an eminence commanding a view of both worlds, and intermeddling on fit occasion with every subject connected with the welfare and the advancement of mankind. The consequence is, that people stepping out of the every-day atmosphere of life into the church, find themselves in a strange and perplexing atmosphere; they are less elevated than startled and tantalized; they hear little that comes home to their business and bosoms; they seem to have passed by a single stride into the sepulchral gloom of the middle ages, and when they leave the sanctuary, it is like coming out of the world of dreams. Ah! the church does not now overlook and lord it over the Strand—the congregated throng of men—they go on their own way, and it stands apart, uttering unregarded thunders, and shooting out flashes which too often are powerless as *painted* lightning.

The truth is, that while the age has progressed the pulpit has stood still. The style of modern preaching is not materially changed from what it was two centuries ago. The same explanation of the same texts; the same ever-recurring platitudes and commonplaces; the same boltless thunders of threatening and warning; the same sheet-lightnings of copious and ineffectual declamation; the same tone of

priestly insolence and hanteur; the same fierce and rancorous partyism abound, as they did in the past. Nay, some there are who would deliberately stereotype the mode of preaching, and insist that we in this day must reproduce the exact style and manner of the Covenanters or the Puritans, and that every minister to be successful must become a second Baxter, or a Rutherford Redivivus. This is not possible, and it were not desirable if it were possible. As well regret the loss of the grimaces which their preachers made and the strange gamut which they sung. Even Paul himself, were he returning to the church, would in all probability change his mode of address. "Righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," would still be his themes; the result would be again that Felixes would tremble at his oratory, his way to the heart or conscience would still be a *terribilis via*; but there would be important diversities in his tone, his language, the line of his argument, and the course of his appeal. Paul was inspired as a writer; but there is no evidence that as a preacher he was perfect, or meant as a complete or final model for us. Chrysostom did not preach like Paul, but like Chrysostom, even as Paul had not preached like Jesus, but like Paul; Luther did not preach like any of the three, but like Luther; Knox copied not Calvin in his preaching, nor Melville Knox, nor Chalmers or Hall any of them all. The beauty, power, and glory of preaching have always lain, if not in absolute originality, yet in new adaptation of old truth to new circumstances. And, on the other hand, the weakness, contempt, and degradation of preaching have lain, and do lie still, in slavish conformity to models in the form of sermon, abounding with the heads, and particulars, and inferences, the "ohs" and "ahs" of old sermons, imitating, too, their tone of sanctity, and accompanied by the whining voice and the starched aspect which belonged to a by-gone day. How many the preachers who seem to imagine that man's religion, like his life, lies in his nostrils, or who deem that length of visage is a measure for piety and power, or who mistake a compound of clamour and cant for eloquence, or who confound the mere phraseology and technical theological language of our ancestors with their living fire and solemn earnestness? These are the men who disgust and weary the young intelligence

of our day, whose sermons present a contrast so striking to the amenities and manly genialities of our current literature, and who may be said, indeed, unintentionally on their part, to be most masterly pioneers in the road of infidelity. Even the reprints of many of our old divines exert very little influence upon the rising mind, and how much less can we expect that their pulpit caricatures can? Under this we may notice the base practice of plagiarism which abounds among the clergy of this country. Anecdotes and instances corroborative of this statement crowd upon our recollection. It is not with occasional pilferings, with petty larceny, that we charge many of them; but with systematic and wholesale theft. This practice is very widely spread. We have known of ministers, whose libraries almost entirely consisted of sermons, and who were more than suspected of never preaching any of their own. How delightful this must have been to their audiences! To be regaled in the morning with Saurin and in the afternoon with Hall, and to have Chalmers thundering over their heads in the evening; why they must have felt like bees passing, in varied luxury of enjoyment, from the tulip to the lily, and from the lily to the rose! We have known of others who were in the habit of inlaying their commonplaces with all the brilliances they could pick up from the popular religious publications of the day, so that some attended them for the sake of hearing the best things of Isaac Taylor, Dr. Harris's "last," or the better sentences of Henry Rogers's newest paper in the "Edinburgh." Others watch the book-stalls and lay hold on the neglected fugitive sermons which are sometimes to be found there. We know of a little forgotten collection of "Five Discourses," by a Dissenter, which was stolen bodily by a worthy minister of the Scottish establishment. We have heard of a minister preaching in one chapel, while in another over the way, a young candidate was screaming out one of that minister's published sermons. We heard once from a very popular preacher a sermon which struck us and many others as remarkably poor. We found out afterward that poor as it was, "alas! master, it was borrowed." This amused us exceedingly. It reminded us of the scene in "Pelham," where an English pickpocket in a coffee-house in Paris sees on the other side of the room a

Frenchman of the same kidney, stealing some articles from the table—WHAT, he cannot see from the distance. To satisfy his curiosity, and expecting it to be something of value, he follows him out and relieves him of it—it consists of two small lumps of white sugar! Let our spiritual pilferers either give up their trade or aim at higher game.

We could add fifty similar stories; but it is needless. The fact is disgracefully notorious. Nor is it a matter for mere laughter; it is a subject for sorrow and for grave reprehension: sorrow that many ministers are so weak as to need such aid, and reprehension of their conduct in seeking it in such a mean and immoral manner. We may add, however, that we entertain a sanguine hope that this practice is doomed. The age is now too enlightened for it, and even the lower classes are fast coming on its scent. But, meantime, we say, Let the habitual plagiarist be exposed without mercy. He turns the pulpit into a receptacle for stolen goods. He gives occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully. He disgraces himself, degrades his office, and insults his people. He does worse than this—he gives them food which is often unsuitable to their palates. They, in country congregations at least, are hungering for plain bread, and he has stolen nectar and ambrosia—the refined essence of the mightiest minds—for their use. For we verily believe that a sermon of moderate literary merits, coming fresh from the preacher's heart, and dictated by knowledge of the circumstances of his people, will tell more powerfully, and be far more useful than the sublimest pulpit meditations of a Bossuet, a Howe, or a Hall.

When preaching is not slavishly modeled on that of the past, or else stolen from it, it is often apt to slide into a species of commonplace twaddle, or into a vague intellectualism. Unspeakable the platitudes which abound in many pulpits. The plea indeed is often used, that the simple truths of the gospel are best adapted for popular audiences. This is in part true, but it is not true that these should always be presented in the same sickening iteration of commonplace illustration and language. Paul, Peter, and John, all preached the simple truths of the gospel, but all in a very different style, and accompanied with very different arguments and imagery.

The truths of the gospel are simple, and should never be omitted or drowned in the discourse. But surely they are entitled to all the advantage which the power of variety and the force of contrast, if not the energies of eloquence and of genius, can bestow. If some throw such a glare about Christ, the Cross, and Christianity, that it is difficult to see them, the majority exhibit them in a naked, dreary aspect, and make the dry skeleton dogmas of their creed rattle against each other, like wintry branches in the storm. Others, in anxiety to avoid this, go to another extreme. They affect a certain vague intellectualism, a sort of misty verbiage, which after all serves only carefully to cloak up commonplace. We have frequently heard discourses which were evidently elaborate, which had all the *sound* of intellectual prelections, but which did not present one distinct idea or one memorable image. It was the landscape under a haze, and the dim glimpses of it you got did not convince you that it would seem very beautiful, even had the haze been away. If the preacher happened to be a German scholar, it was much worse. "Stand-points," "objective," "subjective," "dynamical," "mechanical," and a hundred other imported or technical terms, in this case reeled up and down the mist and served to render the darkness more invisible. The effect on the people was curious and complex. Some of them admired, because they seemed to understand it; others disliked, and a third class liked it, because they did *not* understand it! On leaving the church some are overheard saying, "What an intellectual discourse!" others "We did not see his drift;" and a third class rejoicing, "It was your own fault;" and perhaps adding, "That discourse might have appeared as an article in one of our leading Reviews"—a compliment, by the way, neither to the Review nor to the sermon.

We may next cluster together a few of our charges against modern preaching. It is too stiff set and dogmatic in its cast. It does not take a range sufficiently wide. It is not sufficiently dramatic and imaginative; and it either ignores or makes awkward obeisance to Genius, Art, Science, and Philosophy.

Why should God's word, we ask, wear either a strait-jacket or a strict and stern coat of mail? Why even a tunic? Why

not a free, easy-flowing, and flexible toga? Is it not of age and able to speak for itself? Why a uniform and starched-up costume like that of the childish Chinese, painted sometimes, too, not as the second veil of the temple was, with the figures of the cherubim, but with flames and fiends, like the dress of the victims of an *auto-da-fé*. Why so little of the direct, the conversational, and the dramatic? Why does the preacher so seldom *lean over* the pulpit, and dropping state and ceremony, talk on the level, and to the consciences and hearts of his people? Why so few allusions to the literature, the art, the politics, the science, and the philosophical aspects of the day? Even good poetry is seldom quoted, or, if it is, with little effect, and with many silent protests on the part of the audience, or inquiries "Whose is that?" for we, in these days, are afraid of sharpening our weapons at the forges of the Philistines; and it were considerably safer for a minister to quote Satan than to quote Shelley. Thus it comes that, partly through the blame of the preacher and partly through that of the people, preaching stands up in the midst of us a cold bust—beautiful sometimes, but certainly blind—"among us but not of us"—tantalizing many by its symmetrical proportions and snowy whiteness, but neither, in general, instructing, nor making, nor moving the world.

Of course the pulpit is ready, when occasion suits, to bow before Literature, Science, and Philosophy, and sometimes with ostentatious homage. But the homage is often as hollow as it is humble. Besides, the very fact of bowing is a proclamation of weakness and inferiority. What the preacher should do, is to seize upon these lower territories in the name of his God, and to appropriate to the cause of Heaven all their riches. He must not come there as a bewildered beggar, asking for alms, but as a conquering monarch, claiming spoils. Possessed of the grand central truths of Christianity—namely, the creation of man by God and in God's image; the redemption of man through Christ's atonement; the glorification of man and of his world through Christ's reign—he will gather around them all the tributes of "gold, frankincense, and myrrh," which the whole world of art and knowledge can supply, and feel that, after all, it is too poor a present for Immanuel;

and that before Him, and the sublimities of his religion, Art must lower her pencil, Science lay aside her plummet, and Poetry at once exalt and mitigate her song.

The true preacher should now often proclaim the unity of truth, that while other ages have been distinguished for their propensity to, and proficiency in, some one branch of study, in our age all knowledge is being "increased"—the entire periphery of truth is being illuminated! Men are beginning to *feel*, (and preachers should feel too,) without being as yet able to *prove* that there is but one tree of knowledge, and that literature, science, art, philosophy, and theology, are just branches in that tree, the root of which is in the deep heart of man, and the top of which reacheth unto the heavens of God. It is now lightening around us at every pore of the horizon, and we can less compare the rise of truth to the upspringing of the sun from one point in the east, than to another phenomenon we witnessed four years ago. On a clear, starry October night, in 1848, there began suddenly to stream up certain films, or rather rills, of electric light, not from the north, merely, as is generally the case, but simultaneously from north, south, east, and west, till, meeting in the zenith, they seemed to pause, to mingle, and to form together a great, white, quivering tent, or tabernacle of light, which covered the whole face of the heavens, and which it was an awful joy for men to stand under, and wondering to behold. Thus is truth breaking irresistibly forth from every point of heaven, and is hurrying on to some great central meeting place, to the formation of some wider, more complete, and more magnificent system than man's ear has ever yet heard, or than it has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. Prudence is beginning to dwell with wisdom; righteousness and peace are embracing each other. Truth is already springing from earth, and righteousness may soon be expected to look down from heaven; literature and science must soon become Christian; Christianity, in her turn, must become literary and scientific, ere they can together form the living bread and the guiding light of the world. And woe to that preacher who refuses to be a witness at those glorious nuptials!

We have another charge, which we would urge more in sorrow than in anger. It is in reference to the treatment preach-

ers give in general to sin and sinners, and to the manner in which they handle the doctrine of punishment. This is a delicate and difficult topic, and we wish to touch it tenderly. Let us, then, remember that a minister, however pious and sincere, stands up a sinful man, talking to a sinful audience. Perhaps he is the greatest sinner in the assembly. At all events, as Dr. Johnson says, he may know worse of himself, than he is sure of in reference to any of his hearers. In these circumstances, how gentle should be his tone, and how wide his charity! There should be no haste of judgment, or harshness of language, or bellowing fury in utterance. He should remember the conduct of his Master to the poor woman taken in adultery, and should reason—"If He, a being spotlessly pure, was so lenient, who am I that I should wield the balance, and flourish the rod?" While hating and denouncing sin, he should be careful to prove that he loves the sinner; that while seeking to strip away and consume the "garment spotted by the flesh," he yet pities and loves the wearer, and would save him from perdition. Affectionate and solemn earnestness, melting ever and anon into tears, should distinguish all his language, and the cry should be often on his lips—"God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Especially when he nears the edge of that tremendous pit into which human guilt is at last to go down, should his words be few and well ordered. It will not now do to ape the awful language of a Jonathan Edwards, or an Edward Irving. The one of these spoke as if with the authority of a cherub; the other with the burning zeal of a seraph. Yet even their tone, as well as that of Pollok in his poem, was far too harsh and contemptuous. Irving seems sometimes to dance with savage exultation over the tombstone of the sepulchre of the second death. Pollok and Edwards remind you often of the divine described by Foster, who represents the Almighty as a "dreadful King of Furies, whose music is the cries of victims, and whose glory requires to be illustrated by the ruin of his creation." This style of describing future punishment has in some measure been modified, but continues to linger on in many Churches. The late Mr. Mac Cheyne, of Dundee, certainly one of the most devoted and heroic Christian ministers the Church ever produced, neverthe-

less erred grievously in this respect. His views of God's sovereignty were awfully transcendental, and led him, especially toward the close of his career, into Jonathan Edwardsisms of thought and language, which many of his audience were not able to bear. One remarkable sermon was on the text, "Snares, fire, and brimstone, he shall rain upon sinners." It is said to have been a fearful sermon, and frightened many almost out of their senses. In one village the effect was so tremendous, that he was requested to return and add a codicil of consolation, which he did a few weeks before his lamented death. Perhaps the fever which slew him was already seething in his brain. He told the people "there's a real hell, and not only so, but real fire, and literal brimstone"—we wonder he did not add literal "snares," too. Poor fellow! he thought this the best way of converting sinners. Peace to his memory! He was a man of God, and his struggles with his own peculiar temperament and sore temptations rose to the sublime, and rank him with the Augustines, the Bernards, and the Martins of the past.

A BULL-FIGHT IN LISBON.

FEW popular sports are more popular in the Spanish peninsula than the bull-fight. To witness a bull-fight, all classes of people, from queen to beggar-girl, and from prince to peasant, will neglect their proper business, and crowd delighted into the amphitheater. But, alas for the chivalry of Portugal! the bull-fight no longer exists as it does in Spain—pity the sport exists at all! To be sure, cruelty to the beasts has by no means ceased, but nearly all danger to the fighters has! Sorely disappointed was I on one occasion, when, seated as a spectator at the feats of the arena in Lisbon, to discover that there was not the slightest possibility of witnessing a death, even of a bull! I had nerved myself for some awful catastrophe, as I thought, by endeavoring to subdue all the finer feelings of humanity; but I doubt my success, for I was exceedingly disgusted with what I did see. Perhaps, however, if there had been more courage and less cruelty displayed, I might have felt differently. I know that on similar occasions I had previously become very much excited, and cried "Viva!" for a victorious bull as

loudly as anybody. But those were fights in which Spaniards were engaged, who laugh to scorn the cowardly, barbarous bull-fighters of Portugal.

At the southern extremity of the *Campo de Santa Anna*, Lisbon, stands the *Praça dos Touros*, bull-circus. This is a wooden edifice, and was built in the time of Don Miguel. It is said to be nearly as large as the circus at Cadiz, and is fitted up with some five hundred boxes, capable of containing eight or ten thousand spectators. It is destitute of neatness and elegance, and was, when I saw it, in a bad state of preservation. Along the highest rows of benches it is inappropriately ornamented by a series of trophies, vases, and obelisks, all made of wood. Every Sunday and fête-day, the proprietors give the public a performance, which is duly announced in some such fustian as follows:—

"This day will be given, in the elegantly-built and delightful *Praça de Campo Santa Anna*, a wonderful and highly-amusing combat of thirteen ferocious and monstrous bulls, to which the respectable public of this renowned capital are invited. The proprietors, ever anxious to gratify the expectations of the magnanimous and distinguished nation of Portugal, so generous in its patronage of these spectacles, feel the greatest satisfaction in being able to announce that they have spared neither trouble nor expense in order to secure the above-mentioned animals, which belonged to the richest proprietor of *Riba Tejo*, who possesses among his herds the most robust and the bravest of bulls. This gentleman has consented to send them to the circus, to assist in the representation that will be given this afternoon."

Here follows an eulogium on the coolness and unrivaled agility of the bull-fighters; and after eight lyric stanzas extolling the ferocity of the animals—the bulls, not the fighters—the terrible force of their horns, and a thousand other dangers of the combat, the whole announcement winds up with a description of some marvelous fire-works that will conclude the entertainment.

In spite, however, of grandiloquent announcements, strangers having the spirit of genuine *campinos* are always greatly disappointed. The combat unto death, both of man and beasts, was abolished in the time of Mary I., 1777 or 1778; and this diversion has lost its most horrid interest and its shuddering attractions. The functions of the *matador de espada* have ceased, and good bull-fighters are no longer trained up in Portugal, while the most

celebrated of Spain refuse to visit the sister country.

These fights open, as in Spain, by a grand display on horseback. When the court is present, an equerry of the royal household acts as *cavalheiro*, and then the best horses from the royal stables are in attendance. Mounted upon one of them, the equerry performs the steps and evolutions of the old Spanish horsemanship, at the same time saluting the court and the public; all of which is termed *cortezias do cavalheiro*. The bull then bounds forth, and is received by the knight, when the more daring among the flag-bearers immediately begin to annoy him with their goads and gaudy capes. Some of the mantle-bearers display great dexterity; but they are in general awkward and timid, though the danger is not great, seeing that the animals have their horns sheathed in leather and tipped with balls. When the bull lacks bravery, or is greatly fatigued, affording little interest in the combat, *Gallegos* (peasants from the province of Galicia, Spain) or negroes are sent against it, who render a service very similar to that of the dogs which the Spanish people clamor for, with the well-known cry of "*Perros!*" whenever the bull seems to be too tame. These *Gallegos* take part in all the Portuguese bull-fights. They make their appearance in round hats and quilted hides, and carry long, two-pronged forks, whence they are called *homens de forcado*, men of the fork. Their place is beneath the royal tribune, where they are formed in line; and when the bull approaches that vicinity, they receive him on the points of their weapons. Near them may be seen a species of aide-de-camp, mounted, and clad in the old Spanish garb, short cape and hat of plumes. His office is to transmit orders to all parts of the circus from the authorities.

When a bull evinces cowardice or exhaustion, the *Gallegos*, at a given signal, cast their forks aside, and rush upon him. The most courageous, placing himself in front of the animal, seizes the moment when, with lowered head and closed eyes, he is running at him, to leap between his horns, to which he clings firmly, allowing himself to be violently tossed and flung about. The rest then throw themselves upon the brute, securing him by the legs, horns, and tail, and even jumping upon him, until the poor beast, who sometimes draws a dozen of them round the ring three

or four times, is compelled to stop. This is termed, not "taking the bull by the horns," but *seizing the bull by the hoof*, and appears to afford the greatest delight, especially to the lower classes of the spectators; hence, at this moment, the plaudits are most enthusiastic. A number of bullocks and cows with bells round their necks now enter, which the subdued bull follows out of the circle at a trot. His wounds are then dressed, and he is either sent home or reserved for another occasion.

The negroes, it seems, appear but seldom, and it would be well for humanity if they were entirely excluded; for they are called upon to perform feats which none of the *gentlemen* fighters dare attempt. These poor wretches hire themselves out, for the value of a few shillings, to provoke the bull when he is too tame and cowardly. For this purpose, they ornament their heads with feathers, in imitation of the savage chiefs of Africa, and conceal themselves either in figures of horses made of paste-board, called *cavallinhos de pasta*, or in large hampers. The bull is sure to throw them down, and often maims and bruises them in the most shocking manner. I saw one poor old fellow gored through a hamper, to the infinite delight and amusement of the audience; nobody appearing to relish the joke more than the ladies, by whom the front seats of nearly all the boxes were filled. Sometimes these miserable blacks are forced, by the cries of the populace and the orders of the directors, to reappear in the arena, even while suffering from severe contusions; and loss of limbs is the probable result of this base and dastardly inhumanity.

Before the close of this most refined and delectable exhibition with fire-works, we have another display of horsemanship and horse-dancing, when *vivas* resound from all sides, and flowers, money, and sometimes jewels, are showered down upon the heroes of the ring who have that day most distinguished themselves in encounters with blunt-horned bulls.

A BRIDLE FOR THE TONGUE.—It is certain great knowledge, if it be without vanity, is the most severe bridle of the tongue. For so have I heard, that all the noises of the pool, the croaking of the frogs and toads, are hushed and appeased upon the instant of bringing upon them the light of a candle or torch.

A RIDE AMONG THE CLOUDS.

BY ONE WHO IS OFTEN THERE.

WE cannot tell how long ago man first conceived the idea of obtaining for himself the means of rising above this little planet, and of cleaving a pathway to the stars. Perhaps some dreamy shepherd-poet in antediluvian ages, watching the flight of the birds, first longed for wings, to rise from earth's surface, and behold the beautiful panorama which lay spread around him. "To ride upon the wings of the wind," is an expression enveloping much majesty of conception. So far out of man's power was its realization found to be, that the sublime imaginations of the Scripture poets assign the cloudy pathway to the Creator himself.

What was more natural than for a troubled spirit to share these desires of poetic fancy? "O that I had wings like a dove," cries the poet-king of Israel; "then would I fly away and be at rest!"

In almost every age we may find traces of man's longing for the dominion of the atmosphere; many and lamentable were the failures of the bold spirits who in early times adventured their lives and scientific reputations in trials of skill in this department: so many disappointments we may presume awoke their disgust, and the air was abandoned to witches, who were supposed to perform on broomsticks, wonders which all the savants in Christendom (many of them priests, too) could not achieve.

Not the less did the said savants study the subject in secret, and now and then burst forth with a Eureka cry, which invariably proved a false one. A rapid sketch of a few of the early attempts in aeronautics will perhaps furnish some amusement to the reader.

During the reign of the Scottish James IV., there arrived from Italy, at his court, a philosophical speculator, who appears to have believed in the possibility of success: we may suppose that he did so at least, or he would not have chosen his spectators among a people so proverbially acute as the Scotch. This worthy, having by some means contrived to advertise his vast scientific powers, was presented by the king to the Abbey of Fyryland, in order that he might have leisure for research and study. Whether gratitude prompted his offer we are not

told; but he shortly after announced that he would, in presence of the court, start on wings from the walls of Stirling Castle, and make a trip into France.

The offer was accepted, and the worthy Abbot set about manufacturing a pair of wings, on whose surface he crowded every kind of plumage, and with which he launched according to his engagement. Of the futility of his attempt he received a convincing proof in the circumstances of an ignominious fall and a broken thigh. His presence of mind, however, did not fail him: like Goldsmith's schoolmaster, who "e'en when conquered" could "argue still," he apologized for his untoward descent, and accounted for it as follows: "My wings being composed partly of the feathers of dunghill-fowls, they, by a certain sympathy, were attracted to the dunghill: had they been composed of eagles' feathers alone, the same principle would have attracted and kept them upward." But we are not told that the Abbot made a second attempt.

In 1698, another trial was made at Tubingen, in Holland. The rector of the public school there was named Keyder, and stoutly maintained the possibility of flying. He does not appear to have gone beyond the theory of the matter himself; but the warmth of his eloquence in public lectures on the subject so fully convinced a monk of the neighborhood, that he made a pair of wings—probably under the instructions of the more prudent Keyder—and started from a high tower in Tubingen. The monk was a martyr to science; for he, too, came down to mother earth sooner than he intended, broke both his legs in the descent, and died from the injuries he received.

The monks, especially, seemed to have envied the witches' supremacy; for in the fourteenth century Albert of Saxony, an Augustine brother, came forward with a theory on our subject. He suggests that, if any being could bring down a quantity of that light ethereal air which floats above our atmosphere, and inclose it in a ball or vessel, that vessel might be raised, or kept suspended in common air, at any height. No one took any notice of Albert's theory until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Francis Mendoza, a Portuguese Jesuit, maintained that the combustibility of fire was no objection to its being made to ascend in proper vehicles, as its ex-

trane laxity and the exclusion of the air would preserve it from inflammation. Caspar Schott, also a Jesuit, published the same theory in Germany about the same time.

In 1670 a death-blow was given to the absurd speculations about the possibility of flying with artificial wings, by the learned Borelli, a Neapolitan mathematician, professor of philosophy and mathematics at Florence and Pisa. Nine years before his death, this great man published his work, "De Motu Animalium;" in which, from a comparison between the muscles which move man's arms and those by which a bird moves his wings, he proves that the former are utterly insufficient to strike the air with such force as to raise the owner from the ground.

In 1672, Bishop Wilkins, husband to a sister of Cromwell, and father-in-law to Tiltonson, came forward with his whimsical treatise, "The Discovery of a New World; or, a Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon: with a Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage thither."

The learned Bishop of Chester contends thus, regarding a flight to the moon:—
1. "It is not impossible that a man may be able to fly, by the application of wings to his own body,* as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dædalus are feigned; and as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates." 2. "If there be" (ominous if) "such a great ruck in Madagascar as Marcus Polo the Venetian mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can swoop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse: why, then, it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up hither as Ganymede does upon an eagle. Or, if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it as shall convey it through the air; and this, perhaps, might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of anything in this kind that can hin-

der its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork; and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat."

The serious project of carrying to the moon "commodities for traffic" is irresistibly ludicrous; and one can hardly wonder that such speculations as those of Wilkins excited the satire and contempt of the wits of the age—of Butler among the rest, who, in an episode of great brilliancy, ridicules in his "Hudibras" the then newly-formed Royal Society, of which Wilkins was from the first a member.

Cotemporary with the English divine was a Jesuit named Francis Lana, who imagined that hollow balls of metal might be exhausted of their air, and that thus they would ascend. The experiment was tried, and it was made evident that a vessel sufficiently thin to float in the air would be unable to resist the external pressure of the atmosphere.

In 1709 a certain Friar Guzman constructed a flying-machine, whose appearance was something like that of a bird, with tubes through which the wind was to pass, to fill the wings intended to raise it. The priest applied to his sovereign for assistance, and, ridiculous as his design may appear to us, he was rewarded with a college professorship and a liberal pension.

In the year 1766 an Englishman, named Cavendish, made the important discovery that inflammable air (or hydrogen gas) is seven times lighter than common air. Mr. Cavendish suggested to Dr. Black, that perhaps a thin bag, filled with hydrogen, might be buoyed up by the common atmosphere.* As a medium to inclose the hydrogen, bladders were found too heavy; Chinese paper proved permeable to the vapor, and soap-bubbles inflated by the breath were the only balloons that met with success. Thus in 1782 the English philosophers could not go beyond the child's play:—

"Sometimes through hollow hole
Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles, little dreaming then
To see, Montgolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant throughout the clouds, so near
approach
The sports of children and the toils of men."

* Probably Wilkins had not seen Borelli's work.

° An account of such experiments may be found in the "Philosophical Transactions for the year 1766."

Before the close of 1782, the true theory of *aéronautics* was propounded and illustrated by Stephen and John Montgolfier, brothers, natives of Annonay, in France, and proprietors of a paper manufactory there.

"The idea of the Montgolfiers was to form an artificial cloud, by inclosing smoke in a bag, and making it carry up the covering along with it." The experiment was tried at Avignon, in the year mentioned above, and the air being rarefied by the application of burning paper to the aperture of the balloon, the bag ascended to a height of seventy feet.

The first step being now achieved, public curiosity—an active thing in France—was soon on the alert, and the brothers tried a second experiment. A linen bag, lined with paper, containing upwards of twenty-three thousand cubic feet, was filled with rarefied air. In ten minutes it rose six thousand feet, and when its force was exhausted, fell to the ground at a distance of seven thousand six hundred and sixty-eight feet from the point of ascension.

The Academy of Sciences now offered to bear the expenses of an experiment, if the Montgolfiers would undertake the construction of a balloon. One of the brothers, in answer to this offer, made a balloon of an elliptical form, and after some disappointments the machine rose, carrying a burden of nearly five hundred pounds weight. It is stated that, during a preliminary experiment, the balloon nearly carried off the eight persons who were holding it, and would have mounted with them, had not others come to their assistance.

On the 19th of September, 1783, M. Montgolfier performed his experiment before the royal family of France, at Versailles. To the balloon was attached a wicker-cage, containing a sheep, a dog, and a duck, the first animals ever sent on such a voyage.

The French public appeared so highly delighted with these experiments, and the machines seemed to ascend and descend so gradually, that M. Pilatre de Rosier, anxious for fame, voluntarily undertook to ascend in a balloon, and one was constructed for him in a garden in the Faubourg St. Antoine. "It was of an oval form, forty-eight feet in diameter, and seventy-four in height, elegantly painted

with the signs of the zodiac, ciphers of the king's name, and other ornaments. A proper gallery-grate, &c., enabled the *aéronaut* to supply the fire with fuel, and thus keep up the machine as long as he pleased.

The clumsy and unsafe method of inflating the balloon by means of a fire in the gallery was soon felt to be a nuisance; in fact, M. de Rosier and the Marquis d'Arlandes on one occasion narrowly escaped having their balloon entirely consumed; and to remedy the defect, it was proposed to fill the balloon before ascending, a plan which seemed much more advantageous than the other. Two brothers, named Robert, and the philosopher Charles, were the first who experimented in this way. A bag of lutestring was varnished over with caoutchouc, and inflated with hydrogen; it remained in the air three-quarters of an hour, and traveled fifteen miles.

A height of ten thousand five hundred feet was attained by M. Charles, in December, 1783, an altitude somewhat exceeding that of Mount Etna. The account of this voyage cannot but be interesting. He rose nine thousand feet in twenty minutes, and earth was soon, of course, quite out of sight. In ten minutes he felt a great variation in the atmosphere; his fingers were benumbed, and he experienced violent pains in the right jaw and ear, which he ascribed to the expansion of the air in those organs, as well as to the external cold. The beauty of the prospect he enjoyed, however, amply atoned for these inconveniences. Before his departure the sun had set on the valleys; but the light to which he rose rendered that luminary again visible, though but for a short time. By the light of the moon he perceived that his machine turned round with him in the air, and he observed contrary currents which brought him back again. He observed with surprise the effect of the wind, and that the streamers of his banners pointed upward, which he says could not be the effect of ascent or descent, his movement at the time being horizontal.

The next improvement sought was the power to direct the *course* of the machine; but we believe we are correct in saying this desideratum remains yet unattained. Could this difficulty be fully mastered, the science of *aéronautics* might assume a position it has never yet taken.

Blanchard, and several others, constructed wings, oars, &c., with the view of guiding the balloon, but met with unequivocal failure. Blanchard, however, was an intrepid aéronaut; and on the 7th of January, 1785, in company with Dr. Jeffries, an American, he launched his balloon, with a boat attached to it, from Shakspeare's cliff at Dover, with the intention of crossing the Channel, which hazardous feat they performed in safety, alighting in the forest of Guinnes, not far from Calais. The magistrates of that town received the travelers very hospitably, and the king presented M. Blanchard with twelve thousand livres, and a pension of one thousand two hundred.

The first aérial ascent in England was made by Vincent Lunardi, an Italian, on the 21st of September, 1784. In October of the same year Blanchard ascended from Chelsea, carrying the first English adventurer in this line in the person of Mr. Sheldon, Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy. Mr. Sheldon alighted after a trip of fourteen miles, and Blanchard reascended to so great a height, that he found great difficulty in breathing. At this altitude (he does not give it in figures) he let loose a bird, which had great difficulty in supporting itself, and after a few turns came and settled on the machine, afraid to venture into the boundless ocean around it.

A voyage of nearly twelve hours was made from Paris by M. Testu, in June, 1786, in a balloon furnished with wings and inflated with gas. He started at four o'clock, P. M., the barometer standing at 29.68 inches and the thermometer at 84 degrees. The machine had been only five-sixths filled, but gradually swelled as it rose into a warmer, drier atmosphere, becoming fully distended at a height of two thousand eight hundred feet, when, to avoid the waste of gas and the danger of a rupture, M. Testu tried to lower the machine by means of his wings: he was unsuccessful in this design, and obliged to descend in the usual manner. He alighted in a corn-field in the plain of Montmorency. The proprietor of the field and a troop of peasants rushed about him, and insisted on compensation for the damage done to the wheat. The wily Testu told them his wings were broken, and he and his balloon quite at their mercy; they drew both along triumphantly by cords attached

to the car, until M. Testu, discovering that the loss of wings, &c., had considerably lightened his machine, suddenly cut the strings and mounted immediately, leaving the enraged peasants staring at him from below.

Mr. Lunardi, who had the honor of making the first ascent in England, claimed a similar distinction in Scotland, in the year 1785, when, during the months of November and December, he ascended twice from Heriot's Hospital Gardens, Edinburgh. On the first occasion his balloon, for some time before it was lost to sight, presented a remarkable appearance, owing to the reflection of the sunbeams: it appeared at first like the full moon, and subsequently like a star of the first magnitude. His second trip was almost fatal to him; for, a strong wind blowing from the west, he was carried easterly, and his gas being almost exhausted, he fell into the sea near the Isle of May; there was just gas enough left in the balloon to prevent it from sinking, and after some considerable time the unlucky aéronaut was taken up by some fishermen.

The method of ascending by throwing out ballast, and of descending by the escape of the gas, is of course attended with considerable expense; and in 1784 the Duke de Chartres, afterward Duke d'Orleans, endeavored to improve upon this plan. His balloon contained within it a smaller one, by inflating which with common air, he conceived the machine might be made sufficiently heavy to descend, especially as by the inflation of the internal or common air-balloon the gas in the outer bag would be considerably compressed, and thus rendered specifically heavier. The balloon, however, was so blown and torn about by a whirlwind, that no means of guiding it could be tried; and several mishaps occurring, the duke himself tore the balloon in two places to enable descent possible.

M. Pilatre de Rosier, who was, as our readers will recollect, the first person to ascend in a balloon, now came forward with his plan for navigating the machine; and his first experiment proved, unhappily, fatal to this distinguished man, as well as to a M. Romaine, who accompanied him on the trip. De Rosier's plan was to carry up with him a second balloon, to be filled with rarefied air, by means of an aérostatic machine placed at a suffi-

oient distance from the gas-balloon to prevent any danger to the latter from the fire used in inflating the former; but at an altitude of three-quarters of a mile the machine took fire, and the balloon soon collapsed; the unfortunate travelers therefore descended with it so rapidly, that de Rosier died before reaching the earth, and Romaine immediately afterward.

The invention of the parachute, (guard for falling,) a separate machine to facilitate the safe descent of the traveler, is due to Blanchard, who first used one in 1785 at Lisle, in France; on this occasion he let down a dog, which reached the ground in perfect safety. The parachute has been, since then, much used, particularly by Garnerin, who in 1802 visited London, and used this novel assistant. He fell into a field at St. Pancras, and was considerably hurt, owing to the breaking of one of the stays of his slender conveyance.

When the first flush of success in aeronautics gathered large crowds of spectators at Paris, all the learned men in Europe shared the enthusiasm of the French, and looked to the Academy of Sciences for new and important discoveries by means of the balloon. We cannot but think, however, although science owes the discovery of some facts, and the establishment of others, to the use of the Montgolfier discovery, that the results have fallen very, very far below the expectations raised by its first appearance and success.

As a means of philosophical observation, the balloon was frequently used, about the year 1803, by Mr. Robertson and others. In the year mentioned, Mr. Robertson and another gentleman ascended from Hamburg, and attained such an altitude that "the elasticity of the air alarmingly distended the balloon." They allowed some gas to escape, and subsequently rose to a height where the cold was scarcely endurable. The rarefaction of the air causing all fluids to expand, Mr. Robertson's veins became swollen, and blood streamed from his nose; while his companion's head swelled so much that he could not retain his hat. Numbness was also experienced, and a great desire to sleep.

In the following year Mr. Robertson went up from St. Petersburg, with M. Sacharof. They carried numerous philosophical instruments, with the view of making experiments. The aeronauts as-

cended at a quarter-past seven, P. M. At about half-past nine, M. Sacharof directed his speaking-trumpet to the earth, and called as loudly as his voice permitted. His words returned in distinct echo after a lapse of ten seconds, so that, reckoning from the velocity of sound, M. Sacharof concluded that they were about five thousand seven hundred feet from the earth.

Some of the aeronautic observers having stated that the magnetic power altogether ceased at a certain height, and M. de Saussure having thought, in observations made on the Col du Géant, that there was at great altitudes a considerable decrease in the magnetic attraction, it was thought advisable to undertake a scientific aeronautic trip, to try this and other experiments. Accordingly MM. Biot and Gay Lussac, two young philosophers educated at the Polytechnic School in Paris, undertook the task. They were favored with the patronage of the French government—a government which, however fickle in purpose, or feeble or cruel in action, is generally alive to the claims of science and of literature, to an extent which our better organization might emulate with advantage. The greatest altitude they reached on this occasion was thirteen thousand feet; and from various experiments tried at different heights, they concluded that the magnetic force does not at all diminish; but at the same time they confessed that, owing to the rotary motion of the balloon, strict nicety of observation was impossible. Gay Lussac subsequently ascended to an altitude of twenty thousand one hundred and fifty feet, and declares that he found no sensible difference; he therefore concludes that magnetism is the same even at the greatest altitude. Some exhausted air-flasks which he carried with him proved useful in establishing the fact that the atmosphere, at a height above the earth, is composed like the air on the surface. M. Gay Lussac, on descending, hastened to the Polytechnic School, and analyzed the air he had brought down. It was precisely like that at the surface of the earth, each one thousand parts being two hundred and fifteen of oxygen.

One of the few fatal ascents was that of M. Mosment, in 1806. He dropped a dog with a parachute, which came safely to the ground. Some hours after, M. Mosment's body, frightfully mangled, was found in one of the fosses of the city (Lisle). It

is supposed he overbalanced himself in throwing out the animal.

We must not forget that the French ascribe to the use of a balloon the victory they gained over the Austrians at Fleurus, in 1794. The balloon was under the management of M. Contel, who carried up with him some officers. He rose twice in the same day to a considerable height, and communicated the movements of the Austrian army to the French general by means of military signs. The enterprise was discovered, and a fire opened upon the aeronauts; but they soon rose beyond its reach. We believe this to be the only occasion on which the balloon has been of practical use in military operations, though the French, after the above-mentioned victory, frequently prepared and sent aeronautic machines with the army; as, for instance, into Egypt.

The machine in which M. Lussac ascended, was one which had been sent to Egypt with a view of this kind; but we think was never of any real use there, if indeed it were employed at all.

The wits, who, as we have seen in the days of Bishop Wilkins, considered science and scientific experiments their fair game, have not by any means laid aside the idea; and it must be confessed that they have had great temptations. The balloon—"the most showy and least useful of modern inventions"—has had its fair share of ridicule. Our old comic magazines are adorned with squibs innumerable on the subject; the pencil of Cruikshank traced one which is among our very earliest nursery remembrances. The balloons, if we recollect distinctly, (our years were not above four or five at the time, so we cannot speak too positively,) were grappled to the tops of our great monuments and churches. Some purported to be setting off with parties on pleasure-trips to the Great Desert, &c.; others were "express to carry the mails to India and China." Another satire was in form of a diary kept by an aeronaut, who made several great discoveries; one was that the mercury in his thermometer had sunk so low that it had escaped altogether—whether from the rarefaction of the air, or in consequence of his having sat upon the instrument and damaged the tube, he was not certain!

A lively writer in "Blackwood's Magazine," some years back, discoursing pleasantly on balloons, has the following:—

"If this balloon is powerful enough to carry twenty people, which is said, we shall probably soon see some little steam apparatus superseding the crowd, and a steersman and a stoker urging their swift and solitary way with the mail-bags from Dover to Dalmatia; while a branch balloon carries the news of the world from Calais to Constantinople, Caffraria, Coromandel, Cochin China, and, with a slight bend to the south, to California and home. This would be a glorious sweep. But what would become of the wisdom of the world below? What would be the consternation of all the little German highnesses on finding that all their little precautions against the *entrée* of books, papers, and politicians, were set at naught by a new steam-coach traveling five miles above their heads, and sending down trunks and travelers every five minutes per parachute? What would become of the thousands of meager clerks, who sit shivering all day in their little dingy offices, living on the fees which they can extort in the shape of passports? A flying castle in the clouds would extinguish them and their captious trade altogether, sweep over boundaries and ramparts at the rate of forty miles an hour, and require nothing but a basket and a rope to hoist the victim of the Alien Office beyond the reach of all the *gens-d'armes* of the Continent. Yet is all this to be a dream?"

It appears so at present. The sixteen years which have elapsed since the article above quoted was written, have not brought any such results in ballooning as are here hinted at.

The "London Magazine" for 1825 contains an amusing prospectus of a proposed Aërostatic Company, which the writer is sure would "take" wonderfully. Speaking of balloons as means of conveyance, "consider," he says, "the great advantage with regard to meals on the road: the landlord of the inn of a country town, where the passengers alight to breakfast, goes to the top of his house about the usual time, with a telescope descries the coach at a distance, gives directions to the waiters to lay the cloth on the table; when it approaches nearer, he discerns, marked on a white board or flag, the number of passengers, and he immediately orders the waiters to set out the corresponding number of plates, knives, forks, chairs, &c. But aërostation would not be confined to public conveyances: we should soon see every gentleman as eager to keep his *aërostatic* as his tilbury or pleasure-boat." This prophecy is yet also unfulfilled!

When ballooning was first introduced, we are told that Sir Thomas Littleton recommended Dr. Johnson to ascend with some one, and prove what he had stated in a number of the Rambler, that "a fool

will be a fool in whatever atmosphere you place him." "You can prove that," answered the doctor, "by going up alone."

But it is time to draw this article to a conclusion. The writer is well aware that justice has not been done to the French philosophers, who have been from the first the most active in making valuable experiments by means of the balloon. In England this vast discovery has, until lately, been little used, save as a means of amusement; within the last few months, however, several ascents for scientific purposes have taken place, the results of which have been discussed among scientific people.

THE DINNER OF THE MONTHS.

ONCE upon a time, the Months determined to dine together. They were a long while deciding who should have the honor of being the host upon so solemn an occasion; but the lot at length fell upon December, for although this old gentleman's manners were found to be rather cold upon first acquaintance, yet it was well known that when once you got under his roof, there was not a merrier or more hospitable person in existence. The messenger too, Christmas-day, whom he sent round with his cards of invitation, won the hearts of all; although he played several mad pranks, and received many a *box* in return. February begged to be excused coming to the dinner, as she was in very bad spirits on account of the loss of her youngest child, the twenty-ninth, who had lately left her, and was not expected to return for four years. Her objection, however, was overruled; and being seated at table between the smiling May, and that merry old fellow October, she appeared to enjoy the evening's entertainment as much as any of the company.

The dinner was a superb one; all the company having contributed to furnish out the table. January thought for the *thirtieth* time what he should give, and then determined to send a calf's head. February, not being a very productive month, was also a little puzzled; but at length resolved to contribute an enormous cake, which she managed to manufacture in fine style, with the assistance of her servant, Valentine, who was an excellent fellow at that sort of ware, but especially at bride-cake. March and April agreed to furnish

all the fish; May to decorate the dishes with flowers; June to supply plenty of excellent cider; July and August to provide the dessert; September a magnificent course of all sorts of game, excepting pheasants, which exception was supplied by October; and November engaged that there should be an abundance of ice. The rest of the eatables were provided by the worthy host himself.

Just before sitting down to table, a slight squabble arose about precedence; some of the company insisting that the first in rank was January, and some that it was March. The host, however, decided in favor of January, whom he placed in the seat of honor, at his right hand; November, a prim, blue-nosed old maid, sat at his left; and June, a pleasant, good-tempered fellow, although occasionally rather too *warm*, sat opposite him at the end of the table.

The dinner was admirably served. Christmas-day was the principal waiter; but the host had been obliged to borrow the attendance of some of his guests' servants, and accordingly Twelfth-night, Shrove-Tuesday, and Michaelmas-day, officiated in various departments; though Shrove-Tuesday was speedily turned out for making rather too free with a prim, demure servant-maid, called Good-Friday, while she was toasting some hot cross-buns for the tea-table.

A short, squab little fellow, called St. Thomas's-day, stood behind December's chair, and officiated as toast-master; and much merriment was excited by the contrast between the diminutive appearance of this man, and the Longest-day, who stood behind June, at the other end of the table. Master Thomas, however, was a very useful fellow; and, besides performing the high official duty which we have mentioned, he drew the curtains, stirred the fire, lighted and snuffed the candles, and, like all other little men, seemed to think himself of more importance than anybody else.

The pretty blushing May was the general toast of the company, and many compliments were passed upon the elegant manner in which she had decorated the dishes. Old January tried to be very sweet upon her, but she received him coldly, as he was known not to be a loyal subject, and to have once stolen a crown and sceptre, and hidden them in a grave;

and May, who was loyal to the back-bone, had much trouble in finding out and restoring them. January at length ceased to persecute her with his attentions, and transferred them to November, who was of the same politics as himself, although she had not been quite so successful in supporting them. Poor May had scarcely got rid of her venerable lover, before that sentimental swain, April, began to tell her that he was absolutely dying for her. This youth was one moment all sunshine, and smiles, and rapture; and the next he dissolved in tears, clouds gathered upon his brow, and he looked a fitter suitor for November than for May, who having at last ainted as much to him, he left her in a luff, and entered into close conversation with September, who, although much his senior, resembled him in many particulars.

July, who was of a desperately hot temper, was every now and then a good deal irritated by March, a dry old fellow, as cool as a cucumber, who was continually passing his jokes upon him. At one time July went so far as to threaten him with a prosecution for something he had said; but March, knowing what he was about, always managed to keep on the windy side of the law, and to throw dust in the eyes of his accusers. July, however, contrived to have his revenge; for being called upon for a song, he gave "*The dashing white sergent*" in great style, and laid a peculiar emphasis upon the words "march! march! away!" at the same time motioning to his antagonist to leave the room.

April having announced that it was raining hard, January was much perplexed as to how he should get home, as he had not brought his carriage. At one time, when he was looking very anxiously out of the window to discover if there were any stars visible, October, at the suggestion of May, asked him if he thought of borrowing *Charles's wain* to carry him, as he had done so great a kindness to its proprietor? This put the old fellow in such a passion, that he hastily seized his head-gear, (a red cap,) sallied out through the rain, and would most likely have broken his neck in the dark, had not February sent her footman, Candlemas-day, after him with a lantern, by whom he was guided in safety to his lodgings, in Fog-alley.

On the retirement of the ladies—February, May, August, and November—the host proposed their healths, which were

drunk with the usual honors; when April, being a soft-spoken youth, and ambitious of distinction as an orator, began to return thanks for them in a very flowery speech, but was soon coughed down by December and March; and March, by the by, at length got into such high favor with his old enemy, July, that the latter was heard to give him an invitation, saying that if ever he came to his side of the Zodiac, he should be most happy to see him. October told the host that, with his leave, he would drink no more wine, but that he should be glad of some home-brewed, and a pipe. To this December acceded, and said he should be happy to join him, and he thought his friend March would do the same. March having nodded assent, they set to, and a pretty puffing and blowing they made among them. April, however, continued to drink Madeira; while June, July, and September, stuck to the Burgundy.

After repeated summonses to the drawing-room, they joined the ladies at the tea-table. November drew herself up, and affected to be quite overpowered by the smell of smoke, which March, October, and December, had brought in with them; although it was well known that the old lady herself could blow a cloud as well as any of them. October seated himself by May, and said he hoped that his pipe would not have the same effect upon her as upon her aunt; and after having very gracefully assured him that she was not at all annoyed by it, he told her that he would make her exercise her own sweet pipe before the evening was much older, which, instead of annoying, would delight everybody. August, a grave, stately matron, of extraordinary beauty, although perhaps *un peu passé*, officiated as tea-maker. Good-Friday, who by this time had recovered the fright into which Shrove-Tuesday had thrown her, handed about the toasted buns; and Swithin, a servant of July, was employed to keep the tea-pot supplied with water, and which he too often did to overflowing.

Tea being over, the old folks went to conversing; and the young ones, including October, who managed to hide his years very successfully, to the pianoforte. May was the *prima donna*, and delighted every one, especially poor April, who was alternately all smiles and tears, during the whole of her performance. October gave

them a hunting song, which caused even the tables to be deserted; and August sang a sweet melancholy canzonet, which was rapturously encored. April both sang and played most unmercifully; but the company had an ugly trick of yawning over his comic songs, and were ready to expire with laughter at his pathetics.

At length, Candlemas-day having returned from seeing old January home, his mistress, February, took leave of the company. April, who was a little the worse for the wine he had drunk, insisted on escorting November; although she held several servants in waiting, and her road was in an opposite direction to his own. May went away in her own carriage, and undertook to set June down, who lived very near her. The road was hilly and steep, but her coachman, Ascension-day, got the horses very well to the top; and July and August both walked home, each preceded by a dog-day, with a lighted torch. September and October, who were next-door neighbors, went away in the same hackney-coach; and March departed as he came, on the back of a rough Shetland pony,

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS.

TH**ERE** is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of night. Our countryman, Dr. Baird, tells us he had no conception of the effect produced, before his arrival at Stockholm, five hundred miles distant from Gottenberg. He arrived in the morning, and, in the afternoon, went to see some friends. He had not taken notes of time, and returned about midnight; *it was as light as it is here half an hour before sun-down.* You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the streets; it seemed as if the inhabitants were gone away, or were dead. No signs of life; stores closed.

The sun in June goes down at Stockholm at a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth toward the north pole; and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travelers go there to see it.

A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious, to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. When the sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

At the North Cape, latitude seventy-two degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about twenty-five degrees above the horizon at midnight. The way the people there know that it is midnight, is—they see the sun rise. The changes in these high latitudes, from summer to winter, are so great, that we can have no conception of them at all. In the winter time the sun disappears, and is not seen for weeks. Then it comes and shows its face. Afterward, it remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, and then descends; and finally it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the heavens. Dr. Baird was asked how they managed in regard to hired persons, and what they considered a day? He could not say; but supposed they worked by the hour, and twelve hours would be considered a day's work.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The doctor did not know how they learnt the time, but they had; and go to rest whether the sun goes down or not. The hens take to the trees about seven o'clock, P. M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning; and the people get into this habit of late rising too. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm, he was surprised to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at his watch, and found it was only three o'clock! the next time he awoke, it was five o'clock; but there were no persons in the street. The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious, owing, probably, to the climate.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—It has been observed, with much significance, that every morning we enter upon a new day, carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and stirring the reflection! Thoughts may be born to-day which may never die! Feelings may be awakened to-day which may never be extinguished. Hope may be excited to-day which may never expire. Acts may be performed to-day, the consequences of which may not be realized till eternity.



THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

ONE morning in March—the year is immaterial—two lads were brought before the bench of magistrates at the town-hall of Summerville, charged with stealing a loaf from the shop of Andrew Austin, a baker. There was nothing of particular interest going on in the town-hall that day; so the sitting magistrates, the town-clerk, the prosecutor, the policeman, the single witness, and the prisoners, with some half-dozen gaping spectators—taking lessons in criminal jurisprudence, perhaps—had *the sport* all to themselves.

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On being interrogated, one of the lads said his name was Samuel Blackman; the other refused to designate himself. It was of no consequence, he said.

"Very well," said one of the two magistrates; "perhaps it is not of much consequence, though I dare say we shall find out your name before we have done with you."

The boy gave a fierce glance at the magistrate.

"I have seen you before," said the latter, sharply. Divested of his aldermanic dig-

nity, the speaker was a bookseller—the great bookseller of Summerville's High-street. Yes, the bookseller had seen the boy before, if the alderman had not. "You called yourself William Bevan a week or two ago: will that name do for you now, young man?"

The boy did not say that it would not, and the case proceeded. It was plain enough; it "lay in a nutshell," as one of the spectators whispered to another, while the investigation was going on. It appeared that, on the previous evening, the two lads had been seen together "lurking about" in the neighborhood of the baker's shop; that suddenly one of them, Blackman, was seen to enter the shop, and come out with a loaf, partially concealed under his jacket; that the two then went away in company; were followed by the witness who had observed their motions; were found to have divided the loaf, one-half of it being in the possession of Bevan; and were immediately given into custody. The policeman corroborated the latter part of this evidence, and stated that the boy Bevan made such violent efforts to escape that it was with difficulty he was conveyed to the station-house. The prosecutor then gave evidence that, on being informed that a loaf of bread had been taken from his shop, he counted those that remained on the counter and found one short, and that he had not sold a loaf to either of the prisoners: he could not, however, identify the piece of bread produced as his own property; and if the magistrates would dismiss the case, he would be thankful.

But this was, of course, out of the question, and the examination went on.

The boy Blackman seemed to treat the whole affair as a very good joke; and, contenting himself with a simple denial of the charge, affirming that he had picked up the loaf in the street, and that the witness and policeman were in a conspiracy against him, he waited the result with calm and philosophical indifference.

Not so the other, who, alternately crimsoned and pallid with shame, refused to give any account of himself, except that, if the loaf was taken from the prosecutor's shop, he did not take it, and that he meant to pay for it when he had money enough—a declaration which elicited a contemptuous laugh from a shabby-looking shoemaker in the court, met, in its turn, by an indignant glance from the young culprit.

"Silence in the court!" shouted a man in office; and silence was restored.

"Is that all you have to say for yourself?" sternly demanded the presiding magistrate.

"I was hungry," said the boy, sadly; "almost starved."

"Poor fellow!" said the baker; "I am sure he looks like it now; and he is welcome to the bit of bread, your worahip, if 't were twice as much."

"Nonsense! the matter is not to be dealt with in that way. If the boy were starving, how is it he was not found eating the stolen loaf? It was concealed about him, I think: how was that?"

"Because," said the boy, eagerly—"because—" and then he stopped.

"It does not signify," said the magistrate; "I have little doubt you meant to rob the shop-till. Is it not a shame," he continued, addressing himself especially to the boy whom he had recognized as the real or pretended William Bevan—"is it not a shame and a disgrace that a youth like you, with limbs and brains, should be stooping to acts of gross dishonesty like this, instead of working for your bread? Why do n't you work, boy?"

"I cannot get work," the boy quietly answered; "I would be glad to work if any one would employ me."

"Do n't tell me; I never knew anybody that tried to get work in earnest, that didn't succeed. You have not tried."

The lad looked up into the face of his interrogator: "I have tried, sir; you know I have."

"Yes, a pretty cut-throat sort of a way you have of seeking employment! I remember it well enough. You asked me for work, did you? Very well, you shall have it now then:" and the magistrate whispered to the town-clerk.

"Birds of a feather flock together," he continued. "Blackman, you have been here before, you know—"

"'T was n't for stealing," said the boy.

"I do n't care what it was for: you were let off that time, but you won't be this. The sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned in the house of correction two months. And you, young man," turning to Bevan, "one month; and take care I do n't see you here again."

During the whole of this colloquy the colleague of the presiding alderman had been quietly reading a newspaper, glancing

only now and then at the culprits before him. When they were removed, he addressed his brother magistrate:—"You have met that boy Bevan before, Mr. Driver."

"Yes," and thereupon Mr. Driver told how that the boy had come into his shop some two or three weeks ago—but we may pass over his version of the interview.

The second magistrate sighed. "I shall never be at home at this sort of business, I am afraid," he said. "I envy you your —"

"Want of feeling, you would say, Mr. Harding, I suppose," said Mr. Alderman Driver, good-humoredly. "O, you will come to it by and by; 't is nothing when you are used to it."

"And nothing to the other party, I presume, when *they* are used to it?" responded Mr. Alderman Harding.

"Exactly so!" replied Mr. Alderman Driver; and he presently went home to his dinner with the eager appetite of a man who, being called upon to serve his country, had done his duty "without fear or favor." And we ought to do this gentleman the justice to say that he did not believe a word of the boy's former statement—that he was the son of the writer whose books were exposed for sale in his shop window. He looked upon it as a clever enough *dodge*; but it would n't do for *him*; he was "too old a bird to be caught with such chaff," he said; and he was rather glad than otherwise to have had an opportunity, this day, in punishing the boy for his palpable and proven crime, of making him smart also for his former barefaced impudence.

It was a clear afternoon, and the sun, glancing across the narrow street, over the chimney pots on the other side of the way, brightened up a little the aspect of things in James Underwood's musty smelling and dirty old shop. Taking advantage of the favorable state of the weather, its proprietor had opened the lower part of his window, and, on a projecting board, had arranged the most tempting of his second-hand literary merchandise. And the sunbeams played upon the old books and dull pictures till there seemed some life in them yet.

"Halloo! anybody at home?" shouted a lusty voice, while at the same time the nob of a stout walking-stick battered the

cracked counter of the old book-shop. "Underwood, I say Underwood, where are you?"

The impatient speaker was an elderly gentleman, in a formal-cut coat of good strong broadcloth, and evidently a man of some substance and consideration. "I say," he shouted again, "do you mean to keep me here all day? Why, man, this is offering a premium to petty larceny, to leave your shop to take care of itself. If you don't look sharper than this, you will find half your rubbish at the cheesemonger's some day; and who to blame but yourself! Here have I been waiting till I am tired, and bawling out till I am hoarse. A pretty sort of a tradesman, you."

These last words, spoken in a hearty, good-humored way that sweetened their acerbity, were addressed to James Underwood, who had at length made his appearance from some part of the "terra incognita" of the old mansion. He looked rustier than ever, as he stood in the sunshine; and there was an agitation in his looks which perhaps he did not very greatly attempt to conceal.

"I am glad to see you, sir; I was coming to your house to see you this evening——"

"You don't look very glad, either, my friend. Well but, I say, seriously, you should n't run away from your shop without leaving somebody to mind it. By and by we shall have you hauling some of these young Summerville scamps up to the town-hall for running off with your precious goods. I tell you, if you do, to take care that Driver is on the bench; he'll sort them for you—I will not."

"I don't think there's any fear of your being too severe, Mr. Harding; I wish there were more like you."

"Ah! there it is! What did they make an alderman of me for? No more fit for an alderman than a monk. It is n't my vocation. Driver tells me I shall get used to it in time. But that's neither here nor there. I came to look at that fellow there," touching a folio with the point of his stick. "You want too much for it though. But, if I have it, you'll take my old Dugdale in exchange, and I can set a good price on that; so 't will be as broad as it is long. But, never mind now; you wanted to see me, you said. Speak out, man—what's the matter?"

"This book, sir"—and James Underwood brought out from his back-room, and laid upon the counter, the old tattered volume which, two or three weeks before, he had begun to patch and clean.

"Well, what about that? 'Tis imperfect, I suppose you are going to tell me. I did n't know it was when I sent it to you. I never looked it through; it is n't in my line, you know. But a bargain's a bargain. 'Unseen, unseen,' as we used to say at school fifty years ago; we made a fair exchange; no drawing back from your agreement now, my friend."

"It is not that, Mr. Harding; look here, sir;" and Underwood opened the book, near the end of it, at a place where two leaves had been pasted together; "it took me a deal of time, sir, to separate these leaves without damaging the letterpress."

"Well, that was all into your time; you don't expect me to pay for it, do you?"

"No, sir; *that* is n't it. When I had done it, I found *this* between the leaves;" and the bookseller laid before the bartering customer a ten pound Bank of England note.

The alderman took it up and looked at it gravely. There might have been a shade of vexation on his countenance, but it quickly passed away.

"Fairly caught!" he said, laughing. "'Unseen, unseen,' a bargain's a bargain. The money is yours, Underwood. Let us look at the date of the note, though. Ah! I thought so: fifty years old, and more. One of dear old aunt Priscy's clever ways of stowing away money that she did not know what to do with. I must look over the rest of her ancient library; and when we deal again, I shall put in a clause in the agreement, 'Errors excepted,'—eh?"

Underwood, however, positively refused to take advantage of the bargain, and urged his customer to take back the note. It was not a part of the book, he said, and his conscience would not allow him to keep it.

"Nonsense, man," replied the alderman; "'tis yours, I tell you, fairly and honestly. We made the bargain 'for better and for worse,' as people say when they commit matrimony. By the way, Underwood, you and I ought to be thankful—old bachelors as we are—for our exemption from evils we wot not of. I was thinking so this morning, when—but take up the note, man."

"I cannot, indeed; I must not; I won't

then. But if you will give me leave, I can tell you how it may be well bestowed. And talking about that, sir, I was wishing only just now that I were *not* an old bachelor; it is so very awkward, so painful I mean—"

"O ho! sets the wind in that quarter? You are going to desert the ranks, are you?"

"O, my dear sir," replied the poor bookseller, with sudden energy, "who would have *me*? No, no, sir; but there's a very distressing case here, and I don't know what to do. If I had somebody—a sister, for instance—to see into it, I should be thankful. But if you will intrust me with the note, sir, I will do the best I can with it."

"Do what you please with it, friend; but take care! I am soft-headed, or soft-hearted enough, they tell me; but what charity is in the wind now? Another dead donkey? Ha, ha, friend Underwood!"

"No, indeed, sir. There's a poor young lady and her brother—" Our readers, however, already know as much as is needful of the early Summerville history of the young Bevans.

"But the worst is to come," continued Mr. Underwood; "I did not know it till last night, sir; but the poor young lady is in sad trouble. It is three weeks since she had any work; she kept it very close, sir; I verily believe that she and her brother have been half starved. I don't believe they have had to spend, in all that time, more than five shillings. To tell the truth, I could not make very close inquiry about it, for fear they should think I was looking sharp after my rent. Well, sir, for two or three days, as I have found out now, the poor girl has been ill, very ill; nothing more nor less, I do believe, than want of food. And that is not all. Last night, her brother went away quite desperate. He could not stand it any longer, he said. His sister begged him to stop by her; but he would not. He said he would not come back without food for her, if he begged it, or stole it. Well, sir, ten o'clock came, and eleven, and then the sister, ill as she was, put on her clothes, and came down to me, to tell me her trouble—part of it at least, that about her poor Willy, as she calls her brother; and we waited and waited, but he did n't come back. He is not come back yet, sir; and poor dear Miss Bevan—"

"Bevan!" exclaimed Mr. Alderman Harding, with a start; "is William Bevan the boy's name?"

"Yes, sir; do you know anything of him?"

"Yes, I think I do; but go on."

"Well, sir, Miss Bevan was obliged to go to her room again. She was so weak that I had almost to carry her up-stairs; and so thin, sir—nothing but skin and bone. It was very distressing; for my old Betty does not live in the house, you know; she only comes in in the day-time. However, I did venture to turn nurse, and got the poor young lady a little food: I declare, sir, her cupboard was quite empty; so I made a little tea, and sopped some bread in it. You should have seen her eat, sir, bad as her trouble was about poor Willy, though she kept crying all the time. And it would have made your heart ache to hear how she thanked me, as if I had done some wonderful thing, while all the time my conscience was troubling me that I had n't known of this horrible destitution before."

"But the boy—what about the boy?" exclaimed the magistrate, impatiently.

"That is what I want to know, sir. As I said before, he is not come back, and I have not been able to hear of him. I have been afraid almost to inquire, for fear of finding that he has done something very desperate, as he is a high-spirited youth. What do you know about him, sir?"

"There's not much the matter—not so much as might be," returned Mr. Harding. "But the girl—what about the girl, now?"

"She is very ill, and in dreadful trouble about poor Willy. She tried to get up to go and seek him, but she could not; she fell down, dizzy and without strength: old Betty, however, is doing the best she can for her; and if I could tell her some good news about her brother—"

"What sort of a boy do you say he is, Underwood?"

"He is a tall lad, sir, with black hair and—"

"Pshaw! what does it matter whether his hair is black, or green, or blue? What is his character?"

"Well, sir, I said just now he is high-spirited. Think, sir, what you or I might have been if left to run wild, without a father or a friend, without property, prospect, or hope!"

"Very true, friend; but is the boy a *bad* boy?"

"No, I am sure he is not. It is astonishing how he loves his sister."

"Is he an idle boy?"

"He has never had the chance of being industrious, I am afraid. But he is not an idle boy, either."

"Is he honest?"

"Yes," exclaimed the advocate, "I'll engage he is. I have trusted him again and again in my shop. Honest! Yes, sir."

"You are wrong there, friend Underwood," said the alderman quietly. "The boy was sent to prison, not three hours ago, for stealing."

"Then, sir," said the bookseller, with startling energy, "then, sir, he has been very hardly dealt with, or else he was driven by desperation out of his right mind."

"Perhaps he was; we will talk a little about that presently; but now about the sister: you say she is ill, and starving—what is to be done?"

"That's what puzzles me; I was thinking of getting Dr. Waring to look in; but what would be the use of that when 't is food she needs—food, sir? And this ten pounds—O! if I might use it—"

"Yes, I tell you, blockhead—I beg your pardon, Underwood; but what a scrupulous old—well, never mind. It is a queer thing, as you say, for two old bachelors like us, unprofessional too, to be prescribing for a sick girl. I'll send round my house-keeper—no reflection on yours, friend; but two heads are better than one, you know;—I'll send her round with a jelly or two, and she shall see what is the matter; and if need be, we will have a nurse, and a doctor to boot. I'll go home at once and see about it, and we can talk about the boy afterward."

"But what shall old Betty tell Miss Bevan about him? She won't be quiet till she knows where he is."

"Just say that he is in good hands; that he has found a friend, and got into a—ah, yes, a situation; she will believe you, won't she?"

"Yes, sir, I trust she will; but I would not deceive her."

"Deceive her! no; who wants you to deceive her? I tell you, I'll see into it; and if you are not yourself deceived in these people, the boy shall have found a

friend; so, just say he can't come to her for a few days, but she is not to trouble herself about him. There, that will do, I think; and I'll go and send off my housekeeper. But one word more, Underwood."

"Yes, sir."

"This is my affair. Just put that note in your pocket."

"I cannot indeed, sir, consider it as mine. It was not part of the book——"

"Fiddlesticks—book! I protest that, if you won't do my bidding, you shall get doctor, nurse, and housekeeper, for anything more I'll do to help you; so not one word more about it. And Underwood——"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring up that book to-night"—the stick was again on the old folio—"I may as well have it at your price; I'll pay you for it when you bring it."

"But about your Dugdale, sir?"

"Ha, friend, you are there, are you? No, no, not till I have examined it. Dugdale was another of aunt Priscy's books, friend Underwood!"

Mary Bevan was very ill. Privation, anxiety, exposure to cold, walking on damp pavements in shoes which admitted water as easily as though made of brown paper, the vitiated atmosphere of a close and ill-drained street in a large town—all these causes combined (any one of which has opened an untimely grave) brought Mary to the verge of death. But she had fallen into good hands at last, and to the care of Doctor Waring the physician, Mrs. Jackson the nurse, Old Betty, and the motherly housekeeper of Mr. Harding, we may for a little while leave her.

When a man of easy-going habits, by any apparent accident, sets himself in right earnest to a good work, such as the correction of a newly-discovered abuse, or the remedy of some evident mishap, it is astonishing how much stir he can make, and how, for a time, he can outstep his generally more active cotemporaries. Mr. Alderman Harding was a good man, and, to an extent that did not involve much personal exertion or trouble, a benevolent man. He liked proxy better than active benevolence, however; and thought it enough, ordinarily at least, to give money where others gave diligence. The inheritor of a fair fortune, the possessor of a comfortable house and a tolerable library, he had passed along on one of the smooth

highways of life pleasantly enough, thinking little of the wretched by-ways which conducted others, through thorns and briars, and over flinty ground intersected by many a slough of despond, to the same termination of mortal joys and sorrows, loves and hatreds. Bred to no profession, and with no sharp spur to the exercise of his talents, he rarely exerted himself or them; and if his conscience sometimes told him that the enjoyment of his comfortable habits, his literary tastes, and his un-self-denying benevolence, though sanctified and modified in a measure by personal piety, was not precisely and strictly all that he should live for, he was too apt to meet the remonstrance with excuses somewhat akin to that of Moses, when he said, "O, Lord, I am not eloquent; I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue."

Nevertheless, Mr. Harding was not quite easy at all times under these rebukes; and when, on the morning after his interview with James Underwood, he started up from his breakfast-table, put on his hat, took in hand his walking-stick, and went off at a lively pace to the town-prison, he felt something like the vigor of returning youth; and people, as he passed, wondered what made the alderman so brisk that morning.

He did not find young Bevan in a particularly contrite frame of mind. The boy had got over the first emotions of shame at the degradation to which he had fallen, and met with sullen and almost haughty silence the first advances of the visitor, whom he recognized as one of the magistrates who had sat in judgment on him the previous day. But a word or two judiciously introduced, about his sister, softened him at once.

"Has she had anything to eat since I left her?" he asked eagerly, and burst into tears. And when assured that she was well cared for, and should not be lost sight of, the young prisoner thanked Mr. Harding with immeasurable volubility.

"I don't care now," he added; "they may do what they like with me. I am glad I——"

"What are you glad of?" asked the visitor, when the boy stopped short.

"It does n't signify, sir. Well, then, I am glad I was sent here."

"Glad you turned thief, eh?"

"You may call me thief, if you please, sir; I can't help it; but if my going shares

in that loaf sent help to Mary, I am glad of it."

"Help would have reached your sister without your doing wrong, boy," replied the magistrate, calmly. "Sometimes God pleases that the wrong-doing of one shall seem to bring about good to others; but that does not make sin less sinful. And it was not your dishonesty that raised up friends for your sister, but another person's honesty. We won't talk about that now, however. I wish to know something of your history, and your sister's; and mind you speak the truth."

"I am not a liar," said the boy—not sullenly, however; "indeed I am not, sir."

"Well, perhaps not; but let me hear what account you can give of yourself; your name is Bevan, you say?"

We shall not follow the magistrate through his unofficial examination, which terminated in an arrangement with the jailer to keep the boy apart from evil companions. "I wish to serve you," he added, turning to Bevan; "and I am not sure that I can do anything better for you than this. I will see you again. By the way, you will find a Bible in your cell; I advise you to spend your unoccupied time in reading it."

"And my sister, sir?" said the boy—"shall I see her?"

"Another day," returned the alderman, evasively.

Mr. Alderman Harding left the prison full of thought. There was food for thought in the story he had just heard, and which exactly tallied with what he had been told by the second-hand bookseller, only that it went more into detail. Of course, it was not altogether new information to him that there was poverty in the world, and even in Summerville; nor was it a new idea to him that destitution is the next step in advance of poverty, and starvation just a step beyond destitution. He was not entirely ignorant that there are temptations connected with these states which do not so strongly assail any other. He had heard of the condition of needlewomen in general, and shirtmakers in particular, as not being exceedingly enviable in the way of emolument; and he did not suppose that they had hot roast-meat every day for dinner; and he had not fallen into the error of supposing, that when the poor cannot get bread to eat,

they may manage to exist upon buns. Mr. Alderman Harding had also heard of instances in which persons of superior rank and attainments and character, such, for instance—and only for instance—as the widows and orphans of professional men, had had to drink to the very dregs the cup of bitter poverty, or almost bitterer dependence on common charity; and he had joined in the common reproach—too frequently merited perhaps—of recklessness or improvidence, not entirely confined to professional men, though. But all that he had heard and seen had not prepared him for the fact, now brought home to his understanding, that, within a mile of his residence—and if it had been within a stone's throw he would perhaps have been none the wiser—had struggled on day by day for two years, till heart and hope were lost, and life itself did not seem worth struggling for any longer, two children whose tender years had beamed with the promise of future prosperity, and honorable rank in society, to be only suddenly and apparently irremediably blasted. He had not been prepared to meet, in his own daily walk and experience, with a case in which, without blame to the sufferer, and in spite of heroic endurance and stout-heartedness, a tender and well-nurtured girl had lain down to die for want of the bread that perisheth; or with another in which, as with that girl's brother, continued privation had undermined, and temptation broken down, the barriers which had separated the precious from the vile, and added another atom to the mass of crime *not* resulting from ignorance,—cases both, in which an outstretched hand and a loving heart, gently probing the disease, and suggesting and applying the remedy, would have called down the blessings of those who were ready to perish, and supplied motive for a hopeful continuance in well-doing. Such were some of Mr. Harding's thoughts, and he learned a practical lesson therefrom.

Before the term of Willy's imprisonment had expired, his sister, thanks to good nursing, had recovered her strength; and then came consultations between the alderman, his housekeeper, and James Underwood, as to what next should be done. To have restored her to life, merely to pass through the same hopeless struggles which had brought her near death, would have been poor charity. So



ALDERMAN HARDING'S VISIT TO THE READY-MADE CLOTHES SHOP.

Mr. Harding declared. In the course of these consultations it came out, on the testimony of the young seamstress, corroborated by the researches of the alderman's housekeeper, that Mary Bevan had sometimes been able to earn eightpence a day, sometimes ninepence, and sometimes only sixpence; something depending on the kind and quality of work she could obtain, and something also on the number of hours which made up her working-day.

"Eightpence a day for fourteen hours'

labor!" exclaimed Mr. Harding; "and days and weeks without work at all! and with that to keep soul and body together—to buy firing and food, to pay rent, not for herself only, but also for the boy! I never heard of such a thing! I could not have thought it! Are you sure you do n't make a mistake, Mrs. Jackson?"

Yes, Mrs. Jackson was sure. And she knew, also, that the case was not by any means an extraordinary one.

"Why, Mrs. Jackson, I wonder the poor girl has n't been driven to ruin her-

self, body and soul. She must have good principles, I am sure."

"A good many do ruin themselves, I am afraid, sir," said Mrs. Jackson, "that haven't such strong temptations; and some, I dare say, are in a manner driven to it by want. Yes, sir, I think the poor girl has indeed very good principles."

"I should think so; it must be so. Eightpence a day! only think, Mrs. Jackson! and for two of them! There's something wrong somewhere;" and, so saying, Mr. Alderman Harding took up his hat and stick, and walked toward the high-street of Summerville.

It was Saturday evening; the shops, especially the provision shops, were crowded with customers, and the street was pretty well thronged with passengers; mostly working people and their wives, who had done, or were going to do, their shopping. Among these, Mr. Harding threaded his way till he reached the ready-made clothes' shop near the bottom of the high-street.

He went in. There were a good many buyers there; so, going to the far end of the shop, he sat down and waited. There was a working man, in a fustian jacket, at that part of the shop, looking at ready-made shirts. Mr. Harding nodded to the dealer opposite, said he was in no hurry, and, looking on with a curious eye, he listened also with a curious ear.

"How much do you want for this?" asked the man. The *this* was a calico shirt which he held in his hand.

"One and ninepence," said the dealer.

"That's too much by threepence," said the buyer; "I'll give you eighteen pence for it."

"We never make abatement, my friend," replied the shopkeeper. "One and ninepence is my price."

"I could get it cheaper at the other shop," retorted the man; "I saw some ticketed up there, one and sevenpence halfpenny a-piece."

"Very likely," returned the seller; "but the quality is inferior. Here's one you may have for one and sevenpence, if you like."

The man put the cheaper article away contemptuously. "I won't have it. I shall have this or none. Come, twenty-pence, then; let's have half a pint of beer out of it."

"I cannot afford to sell it for less than one and ninepence," said the tradesman, good-humoredly.

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"I dare say not," replied the other, incredulously.

"There are three yards and three-quarters of calico in that shirt, my friend, at fourpence a yard; and that alone comes to fifteen pence."

"Sixpence profit for you, then," exclaimed the man with an oath: "I have to work hard for every sixpence I get. I won't give more than twenty pence: take it or leave it."

"It must be 'leave it,' then, my friend; but you need not swear about it, either. You make a slight mistake, however, about my profits. Remember, the calico wants putting together to make a shirt."

"Not much of that, master. 'Tis done with a hot needle and a burning thread, I reckon."

"Needles and thread, hot or cold, cost something, I suppose you will allow; but that is not what I mean. How much do you suppose I paid for making this shirt now?"

"That's no business of mine," said the workingman.

"But it is of mine. Come, my friend, I don't mind letting you into the secrets of the trade. The calico for this shirt comes to one and threepence; cotton and buttons cost a penny; that's one and fourpence; and for making it I pay fourpence: now, how much profit does that produce me when I sell it for one and ninepence?"

The man replied, with another oath, that he did not know and did not care; that he could get as good a shirt elsewhere for twenty pence; and that he would not give more.

"You do not wish shirt-makers to starve, do you, my friend? If I were to sell articles of this quality at your price, I must give a penny less for making. You would not wish that, I suppose? You know what it is to earn money by hard work yourself; you have some feeling for others, I should think."

"I don't care what you give or what you don't give. Let them starve for what I care. Twenty pence, master; that's my price."

"It is not mine, then, replied the tradesman; and thrusting the crumpled bundle of shirts on to a vacant shelf, he coolly wished the customer good evening. The man went away shirtless, but returned in a minute, and threw down his money on the counter. "I may as well have it," he

said: " 't is less trouble than going to the other shop."

Now, Mr. Alderman Harding's errand to Mr. Wilkins's shop was two-fold. In the first place, it was his intention to reclaim Mary Bevan's watch and ring, taking upon himself, if need were, to stand sponsor for her future honesty; and, in the second place, he had armed himself with strong and forcible arguments in favor of advanced wages to shirt-makers. The scene he had just witnessed, however, rather staggered him, and threw his ideas into some degree of confusion; and it was with less confidence than he had half an hour before anticipated, that he opened his business to the shop-keeper.

The first part of it was soon transacted. Mr. Wilkins expressed himself perfectly satisfied with so good a guarantee as that of the alderman, and placed in his hands the tangible security he had hitherto held.

"Is it needful to take such pledges as these for the honesty of your workpeople, Mr. Wilkins?"

Yes, Mr. Wilkins had found it needful, he said; in the case of comparative strangers, at all events. It was no uncommon thing for workwomen to pledge at the pawnbroker's the goods intrusted to them for making up.

"And how can you, or any one else, wonder at their principles giving way, Mr. Wilkins, when you think of the wretched compensation they receive for their labor?" He had knocked the right nail on the head there, Mr. Harding thought; and perhaps he had.

The shopkeeper met the remark with imperturbable good humor, and admitted that the condition of needlewomen was unsatisfactory.

Could not Mr. Wilkins do something, in his sphere, to mend it?

"You heard what passed just now with my customer? No, sir, I cannot mend it. On the contrary, I shall be driven, by competition, to reduce my wages. I cannot help it, Mr. Harding; if I could, I would."

"It is a desperate necessity, Mr. Wilkins, for a poor girl or woman to sit working hard all day, for the few pence they can earn at shirt-making. There's that girl, Mary Bevan——" and the alderman commented upon her history, and detailed her past privations and utter destitution.

"I am very sorry for it, Mr. Harding;

I never knew anything of her history before; and I was not aware that she so entirely depended on my work. But, if I had, I don't know what I could have done. I have twice as many applicants for work as I can employ, and some must go without. And perhaps you will scarcely credit it, sir; but only this week I have had an offer made by the lady managers of St. Sycamore charity school, of having shirts made by the dozen. They want work, it seems, for the girls; and they offer to make any number of common shirts at three shillings a dozen."

"And you accepted it?"

"I have not decided yet. If my workwomen will come down to the threepence—no: if they won't—yes."

"But if you must give such low wages for this inferior work, you are not, surely, ground down so closely in better articles?"

"No, not exactly as regards amount; but almost as closely in proportion. Better articles require better work, and take longer time to execute. Look here, sir," and Mr. Wilkins laid his hand on a pile of shirts, cut out, but not made up—"the materials for each of these cost me, as nearly as possible, five shillings. They are to be made to order, and the work is to be of a superior description; and yet I am so tied down to price that I am positive the woman who is going to make them will not be able to earn a shilling a day—nothing like it, Mr. Harding. Well, sir, I cannot help it. If the lady—for a lady gave me the order, and a rich lady too—if she would have given another sixpence a piece, that sixpence, or the greater part it, would have gone into the workwoman's pocket; but she would not, and I am obliged to cut the coat, as we say, according to the cloth. The materials I cannot get cheaper, but the work I can; and where I *can* economize, I must."

"I wonder you can get women to work for you at all," said the alderman: "I would not; I would strike——"

"And starve. No, sir, that would not do. They know that if one won't work, another will, and they are too glad to take what offers. It is not come to the worst yet, I am afraid. In a short time we shall see competition—competition for business on one hand, and competition for work on the other—bringing down wages to sixpence a day, or less."

"And then, when things are got to the

worst, they will mend, I suppose you think?"

"I do n't know, Mr. Harding; I hope they may."

"It is competition, then, that does the mischief?"

"I don't say that, sir. Competition is a good thing, when it is not carried too far."

"Then what is to be done?" asked Mr. Harding, impatiently.

"I cannot tell you, sir: it would take a wiser head than mine to answer that question."

Mr. Harding left the shop more puzzled than ever. "There is something wrong somewhere," he said, again and again. But *where*? He could not find out what shoulders to lay it on. He was dissatisfied, too, with the conference. Mr. Wilkins had told the truth, no doubt; but was the difficulty insuperable?

We think not. It is a good general principle to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market; but, like all other principles, it has its exceptions. When making our purchases, another maxim may well be present with us, "Live and let live;" and better still, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." These rules kept in view, when purchases are made, would temper the rigor of competition and soothe many an aching heart.

The moon was shining, near its full, as Mr. Harding retraced his steps up the high-street; but dark clouds obscured it. The alderman looked up. One dark black cloud there was, which cast a gloomy shadow below. But it was not all gloom above.

"The sable cloud
Turn'd forth her silver lining on the night,"
said Mr. Harding to himself, quoting the words of one of England's noblest poets, as he saw the bright edging of the dark cloud; and he remembered that what looked so black seen from below, would be bright if seen from above.

"There's a silver lining to every cloud," he continued, "if we had but eyes to see it, or faith to believe it. 'The Lord God omnipotent reigneth;' and, though 'clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.'" And Mr. Harding no longer trod the street in painful uncertainty.

The cloud that had hung over the orphans of Summerville had a silver lining. Mary, when she regained strength, found that she was no longer desolate and friendless; and Willy, when released from prison, found that more hopeful prospects had dawned upon him. * * *

As to Mr. Alderman Harding, as he gets older he becomes more active in his benevolence than he used to be. A new, or a more distinct light, seems to have broken in upon him; and there is not a man in Summerville better known than he. When the ear hears him, it blesses him; and when the eye sees him, it gives witness to him. He hopes and believes that there is a better time coming yet than some philanthropists dream about, and he does what he can to help it on. Nevertheless, he gives more discriminately in charity than formerly, for he feels that "it is a far better thing to help a man to help himself than to do everything for a man. In the one case, you promote dependence; in the other, independence. In the one case, you throw a man down, and keep him down, under the burden of what you have done for him; but, in the other case, you help him so silently and gently and sweetly, that the man does not feel as if he were under any obligation to you; he looks you full in the face, and you walk together, not as the benefactor and the beneficiary, but as brothers and friends."

The clouds with their silver linings are hanging beautifully over an American forest, in the light of the setting sun. Happy children play before a comfortable cottage; a stalwart forest-looking settler approaches singing a jocund song. It is Willy. He is a lord of the soil—a voter—a town officer. Not far off is the home of his sister—now married and happy. Their charities had secured them friends; friends had furnished them work; they had economized and saved till they were able to secure their passage to, and a home in, the New World. "Hurrah for liberty, and work, and plenty," shouts Willy, as he throws down his ax, and lifts up above his head his laughing boy.

ATHEISTS.—Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehension, like children, who, when they go in the dark, will sing for fear.—*Swift*.

A PERUVIAN EXECUTION.

FROM THE FRENCH.

DURING my sojourn in the Peruvian capital I was witness, in the Plaza-Mayor, of some strange scenes, which spoke but little in favor of the political life of the country. It is in the Plaza-Mayor that are executed all sentences of death against Limenian criminals, and in it have been enacted nearly all the military dramas, tragic or otherwise, of which the republic founded by Bolivar has been the theater. A few months previous to my arrival in the country, Peru had been, as usual, in a state of civil war. Its government had only just been settled for the first time since the period when the president Gamarra expiated upon the battle-field of Ingavi his ill-starred and deservedly unsuccessful attempt upon the liberties of the republic, and the supreme power had just fallen into the hands of General Vivanco, after having been contested for so long and fiercely by Menendez, Torrico, Lafuente, and Vidal.

It was merely chance that conducted me to the Plaza-Mayor on the day on which took place this execution of a state criminal. I could not but observe, as I sat writing at the window of my lodgings, that the people were flocking thitherward in unaccustomed crowds, and that every countenance wore a much more anxious look than usual. Those of the women, in particular, who were there, as everywhere else, in the majority, betrayed a far greater degree of inquietude and curiosity than customary, and altogether it was easy to perceive that an event of unusual occurrence was at hand. In spite of the danger to which a French soldier was at that time exposed who was incautious enough to appear in the streets of Lima in full uniform, I ceded the *Aiguillon* to curiosity, and went out without changing mine, which I then happened to be wearing, for a garb less likely to attract attention. I had not gone far when a Peruvian approached me, politely requesting to "be allowed the favor of lighting his cigarette at my cigar." I presented to him, according to the custom there, my *panatella* by the lighted end. He took it delicately between his second finger and his thumb, lighted his own, and returned it to me with that graceful gesture which expresses, in Spanish America, at the same time thanks and a parting salutation. I beckoned him to

stay, however, and, service for service, interrogated him respecting the cause of the extraordinary assemblage of which we formed a part.

"What!" exclaimed he, "do you not know that they are about to shoot a conspirator?"

"I did not before," I replied; "and where will the execution take place?"

"In this *plaza*, not two feet from where you stand."

"What! in the middle of this crowd?"

"Exactly."

"But will no accident happen?" I inquired, imagining that it would be impossible to avoid their taking place, so densely packed and numerous was the crowd.

"People must take care," was the response of the Limenian; "and there will not be the slightest excuse for any victim, for every one in Lima knows perfectly well that the soldiers always fire from these steps," which were those of the palace of the right reverend archbishop. He then bade me to observe closely a wall at some paces opposite, and I perceived that it bore evident traces of preceding executions. We were standing, then, upon the exact spot from which the soldiers were to fire, and to me it seemed that the public security on these occasions must be extremely precarious, the crowds having nothing but their own prudence to keep them out of danger. The approach, however, of a regiment of the soldiers of Vivanco, soon distracted my thoughts from this subject. They came marching proudly amid a flourish of trumpets, and deployed in platoons before the national palace, which, like that of the archbishop, is situated in the *plaza*. The rolling of the drums, the gay flourishes of the bugles, the booming of the guns, and the dazzling appearance of so much steel and brass glistening in such a sun as that which hangs above Peru, together with the *empressement* of the women, the conquering and proud air of the young military officers created by Vivanco, and all this bustle, noise, and movement, gave to the *plaza* so much the appearance of a place prepared for a public *fête*, that I began to forget the purpose for which it all had been given birth to. It was recalled, however, to my memory by hearing an individual, who formed one of a neighboring group in which seemed to be carrying on a very animated conversation, interrupt himself

as the strokes of a neighboring church clock struck his ear, and exclaim:—

“A quarter to nine; in another quarter of an hour he will be out of prison.”

“True,” replied another; “but there are five churches on his route, so we shall not see him here much before noon.”

The conversation was then continued as though nothing had interrupted it; but the few words I have just repeated sufficed to recall the poor *condamné* to my recollection, and I resolved to take immediately the way leading to the prison, since it seemed that the drama, of which I had determined to become an attentive observer, would not be completed in one act. I arrived at the prison gates exactly as the clock struck nine. The cortege, preceded and followed by a picket of cavalry, was already in motion; a line of soldiers on each side of the criminal were marching to keep off from him the pressure of the crowd. A drum, covered with flock crape, was beating a slow death-march, and was accompanied at intervals by a couple of shrill fifes; and the bells of a neighboring church, toward which the course of the procession seemed to be directed, were tolling a funeral knell.

Accompanied by his confessor, who was reading prayers to him in a half-whisper, the criminal marched along with his eyes covered and his arms tied. He wore no coat; and a not over-clean shirt, a pair of torn striped trowsers, an old felt hat, and a pair of well-worn shoes, completed his not very elegant costume. His step was firm, and his bearing appeared fearless; and—faithful to the last to his national taste—he smoked as he went along an enormously large cigar. At some distance behind him followed a group of Sisters of Mercy—*hermanos de la buena muerte*—whose part in the sad drama was to be that of performing the proper duties, after the execution, to the corpse. The cortege advanced but very slowly, and it stopped before every church upon its route, in order that the condemned might be conducted within its gates, and allowed to kneel upon its steps to pray, while some somber verses of the *De Profundis* were slowly sung in the interior. The prayers over, the bells ceased tolling, the criminal arose, those of the next church farther on began, and the procession recommenced its passage through the midst of a very numerous and mournful crowd.

Arrived for the second time in the Plaza-Mayor, I found there, if possible, a crowd denser than before. There was a sadness visible on every countenance, which, when coupled with the otherwise gay appearance of the *plaza*, produced an effect upon the mind which I will not attempt to describe. More soldiers had arrived during the hour I had been absent, and the beating of the drums from time to time announced that the “traitor’s” sentence was being read to the various regiments. This formality had not been as yet completely gone through, when a sudden murmur and confusion near the entrance of the *plaza* announced the arrival there of the condemned.

An electric thrill ran through the whole assembly, which trembled like a field of wheat in a gust of wind. Every countenance expressed something much akin to stupor, every voice was hushed, and the procession entered amid a silence deep and still as that of death. In order to give it entrance, one side of the rectangle of troops fell back upon the neighboring columns, and rendered visible the fatal stool, seated upon which the prisoner was about to undergo his penalty. The soldiers then prepared to fire into the middle of the crowd, as though no one stood before them but the prisoner. The people seemed used to this, and those of them who were in danger made haste to extricate themselves; but neither the soldiers nor the police appeared to dream of interrupting the circulation of the populace. As soon, however, as the condemned had been conducted to his stool, my attention was wholly concentrated upon him.

As soon as they had seated him he threw away his cigar, and having prayed his attendants to remove the bandage from his eyes, delivered an address to those around him, in which he declared that he was entirely innocent. He then cast his eyes upon a gallery of the presidential palace, upon which were seated, as witnesses of the execution, a number of the officers of Vivanco, and, if report spoke truly, the general himself. He appeared to hope for an instant that his sentence might be commuted, and I watched the gallery for a few seconds with the most dolorous anxiety; but one could not divine the least manifestation of sympathy in any member of the group from which might have issued the word of grace. It was evident

that the law would be allowed to take its course, and I turned my eyes anew upon the condemned, whose calm and proud attitude had not in the least been shaken by the alternate fevers of hope and despair which in the course of the last few seconds must have filled his veins. He asked that the bandage might be again placed over his eyes, and when this was done he was pinioned to the stool, and twelve men advanced with their muskets pointed at him. I turned away that I might not observe the sickening spectacle which I knew must follow, and cast my eyes over the surrounding crowd. A discharge of muskets, which made my heart leap painfully, apprised me that the sentence had been carried out. Immediately the drums began again to beat; the trumpets were again sounded; and the troops, breaking up their columns, defiled before the gallery of the palace, the standard-bearers lowering their flags, and the officers saluting their superiors with the sword, and shouting *vivats*. This noise and bustle had already begun to efface the sorrowful expression which was imprinted upon every countenance, and we had all begun to breathe again, as though just delivered from the terrors of a nightmare, when an unspeakable dread seemed to seize upon all present, and began to scatter the multitude with the rapidity of lightning. Carried away, in spite of myself, by the strong human current, I demanded of them near me the cause of all this terror; but "*El muerto! El muerto!*" was the only answer I could gain. The report, however, of a second discharge of musketry, which was heard soon after, served to stop the flying, and caused them to retrace their steps toward the *plaza*, again bearing me with them,—this time not unwillingly.

Having a third time gained the place of execution, I saw that the poor wretch was breathing still, in spite even of this second fusillade, and notwithstanding that he had been struck by more than a dozen balls! He was writhing in the cruelest of tortures; and so dreadful was the sight which he presented, that the populace, which again had gathered around him, rushed from his neighborhood after a second or two, smitten with fright and horror. Horrible to relate, his torments lasted for some *minutes*, without any officer giving command that they should be put an end to; and he was only released from them by the

mercy of half a dozen private soldiers, who—committing, however, by doing so, seeing that they were not bidden, a breach of discipline—gave the mutilated wretch the *coup de grace*. Some of the random balls which were fired by these soldiers grievously wounded several of the lookers-on; and one of them, an officer, I believe, of high grade, died, I was told, the next morning, a few hours after.

The *hermanos* before mentioned now approached the corpse, straightened it, and tied it to the back of the wooden stool, and—as it was necessary that it should remain there till the evening—placed near it a cross and a basin of holy water. This done, they knelt beside it and began praying, and continued to do so without intermission till after sunset.

During the afternoon the *plaza* remained almost empty, a few individuals only coming now and then to scatter holy water out of the basin on the corpse, and to place offerings of money in the dead man's hat, upon which was placed an inscription which solicited alms to be devoted to the purpose of paying for prayers for his soul's repose. After, however, the *oracion* of the evening, the *portales* were filled as usual with elegant promenaders; the corpse having been removed, the *plaza* lacked none of its customary noise and gayety, and it seemed as though the tragic scene of which it had been the theater in the morning was already forgotten by the joyous crowds who filled it. I wondered much at the time how that which had been felt so keenly in the morning should have been so well forgotten as it appeared to be by the evening of the same day; but I discovered afterward that it had not entirely escaped the recollection of the gay *Limeniens*, for chancing to witness, a few weeks later, the drawing of the national lottery, I was astonished to find repeated a great number of times, among the other devices which accompanied the various numbers, the words *El alma del hombre fusillado*. Were these the words of remorseful accomplices, or those of tender and unforgetting friends? Did they who wrote these words upon their tickets intend, if fortune favored them, to endow some chapel or found some mass, or—entering into a regular account with the dead "traitor"—to keep the money, and give him a prayer or two in return? The latter is by far the most probable supposition.

The National Magazine.

AUGUST, 1853.

THE SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

THE English papers report that Bulwer, the novelist, has become "a convert" to the "spirit rappings"—that is, we suppose, to the preposterous (*alias* preternatural) claims of the rappists. Bulwer has, for some years past, shown a propensity for novelties as well as novels. His famous letter on the water cure, shows how much he can exaggerate even a good thing. We should not be surprised, if, like Harriet Martineau's vagaries on mesmerism, and the vagaries of most men of genius in occult matters of science, his speculations should yet furnish matter of astonishment to his friends.

Everything new and marvelous makes nowadays the tour of the world—that is, of the "enlightened world." The spirits have submitted to this law of necessity, and are hard at work rapping tables, and astonishing bewildered experimenters all over Europe. The papers report them from Siberia to Rome. Experiments are being made, it is said, by even the pope and cardinals within the Vatican. Spain and Portugal are alive with excitement on the subject. France is on the *qui vive* with it, and our latest French periodicals (of which we get some half-dozen monthly) not only discuss the subject with the genuine national vivacity, but present pictorial illustrations of it on an ample scale. Germany has been rife with it for several months, "the tables being turned," tipped, rapped, &c., in cottages and castles, beer-houses and universities, to the amazement, if not amusement of the pipe-smoking and phlegmatic spectators. Some of the learned men of the country are giving attention to the subject, and we may expect to see it figure in brochures, if not in stout volumes, at the Leipzig fair. Baron Reichenbach has long had the real clew of the secret in his hand, and will doubtless give us a new edition of the "dynamics of magnetism," and new demonstrations of the "Odic force." Here among ourselves it is said, that the mania spreads daily; it is estimated that there are about one hundred thousand "mediums" extant in the States; some scores are now in our hospitals—the insanity of the country has been quite appreciably increased by it in several States. It is creating a new section of literature, if not indeed a new sect of religion among us. It prevails already in our new Pacific settlements; and even the Spaniards of South America are beginning to be bewitched by it.

The superstitious abuses which must attend these phenomena among the masses of low European and South American population, will be terrible. The extravagant, and in many cases disastrous, results witnessed among our more enlightened population, may well lead us to apprehend serious evils from the prevalence of the mischief elsewhere.

And now we repeat what we said in our last number, that the responsibility of remedying this wide-spread evil is upon our scientific men.

It will not do for them to scout the thing as jugglery, delusion, folly. It is not jugglery, and the world now well enough knows it is not; it is not sheer delusion—that the world also understands well enough; and as for folly, that is a vague term, which the world cares little about in a matter of popular excitement like this. There is some jugglery and some delusion, and much folly, mixed up with this whole matter, doubtless; but there is also, gentlemen of science, an undeniable mystery of truth, an undeniable scientific element in it. It will not do to give it the go-by with a learned sneer. The world demands something else from you. Your predecessors so treated Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, Jenner's vaccination, and Mesmer's still greater discovery; but the world took care that those great facts should not be ignored, in spite of the Pharisaic "professional dignity" of science. Hundreds of thousands, nay millions of candid observers, not a few of them cultivated men and women, have fully ascertained that there is a demonstrable reality in these new phenomena. The want of a scientific recognition and explication of the mystery is now leaving not only this country, but most civilized countries, to all sorts of delusions respecting it. Meanwhile our scientific men, with few exceptions, stand off in such rapt self-respect, that they cannot condescend to enlighten the honest, but erring convictions of the people.

That there is a scientific solution of the problem we have no doubt whatever. Arago suggested it, before the French Academy, in the case of Angelique Cottin—a case which presented most of the "rapping" phenomena of these late developments. That suggestion was, that a newly-manifested force—not electricity nor magnetism, for it defies the laws of both—was the cause of the anomalous effects. He further suggested that it presented a new and most important subject of investigation to the learned world. Reichenbach, in the study of other marvellous phenomena, reached conclusions respecting this new agent (Odyle, as he calls it,) which have taken, in his discussions, the form of precise and elaborate scientific definitions. Faraday's researches in magnetism, and especially his discovery of dia-magnetism, have thrown new light on the subject, and identified the discovery of Reichenbach.^o

Abstractly considered there is nothing incredible in this discovery; it is simply an addition to our acknowledged imponderable agents—light, physical magnetism, electricity, galvanism, attraction of gravitation.

The "Odic force" accounts, as Dr. Rogers† has shown, for all the mysteries of the "rappings," even for the elimination and transmission of thought by them. Examples of the kind have been authentically attested long before these recent developments, as in the case of Frederika Hauffe, narrated by Dr. Kerner, of Germany.

^o According to the latest word from Reichenbach he acknowledges the identity of Faraday's discovery with his own.

† We again commend Rogers's work to our readers as the best (we regret to say only) work, from a professionally scientific source, on the subject. Its only faults are that it is careless in style and yet too elaborate for popular effect.

The fact that in "circles" correct answers have been "rapped" out, to questions which no mere conjecture could meet, is unquestionable. The evidence is, however, conclusive that in such cases the essential thought of the reply has come from some mind present, usually the querist himself. A clerical friend of ours, who was taken by surprise with these marvels, visited a "circle" and received very minute and exact responses respecting a deceased relative. The case was exceedingly curious, and seemed absolutely conclusive of the question of preternatural intelligence in the mysterious agent. He resolved to repeat his visit prepared with three sets of questions. The first consisted of a series, the answers to which he knew accurately; the second of such as he could not answer or obtain their correct answers from any source whatever; the third of such as he could not then answer, but could ascertain their correct answers from books. He found the answers to the first correct; the answers to the second were apparently conjunctural, such as an ordinary mind would give on unsettled questions; the third he found, on looking into his books, to be all inaccurate. Who does not see the interaction of his own and the medium's mind? In this way alone can we account for the commonplace and often puerile character of the answers. They comport with the standard of mind in the circle.

The chief difficulty with this solution is the fact, that sometimes events which the querist has totally forgotten, or, as he supposes, never knew, are correctly given. There is a well attested psychological marvel to be referred to in such cases. It is supposed by some writers that the memory *never* really loses an impression, however casually received, or even when *unconsciously* received. Coleridge mentions a remarkable instance of a servant-maid who, some years after residing in the family of a learned old German divine, was taken with a fever, during the paroxysms of which she repeated correctly passages from Latin, Greek, and Hebrew works. The learned maniac was, of course, a nine days' wonder; scholars took down the passages and found them correct. Where did she, the untutored servant girl, learn them? Inquiry was made respecting her former places of residence, and she was at last traced to the old divine's parsonage. He, it seems, had been in the habit of reading aloud his learned books on his piazza, and was overheard by the servant, without an effort, doubtless, on her part to understand or to remember the to her unintelligible jargon. Yet, years after, an abnormal condition of the brain reveals the hidden and distinct impression on her memory of these *mere sounds*—sounds that had with them no association of ideas whatever. The reader of Rush on the Mind will recall similar instances in abundance. Most men are familiar with some such facts. A dream will sometimes awaken an unconscious impression of the memory and reveal, truthfully, facts that were before hopelessly unattainable. You may have heard of a fact or seen a sight so inattentively as to be unconscious of it, and yet the image or impression conveyed through your senses was lodged in the memory, and according to some authorities, among whom we think Bacon is to be

placed, may be ineradicable. Some diseased state of the brain or some casual association may, years afterward, bring it out in all its reality.

But we are growing speculative, the reader will say; we did not intend to give the scientific investigation of the subject so much required, but only to indicate it.

We cannot close these remarks without referring to two reflections which the subject suggests. The first is that we have in this strange matter another instance of the humble, popular manner in which important truths sometimes come up. A few obscure women first observed, in Rochester, N. Y., this new marvel. They have been laughed at all over the land as deluded. They have been, perhaps, in part; but the civilized world is now experimenting and attesting the main fact at first announced by them, and, unquestionably, a new scientific agent of untold interest, and, it may be, importance, has been thus brought out and propounded to the scientific inquiries of the age.

The other reflection, with which we close these remarks, is not so satisfactory. It refers to the evidence of popular infidelity, which the "rappings" have revealed. The "mediums" have introduced a new theology: it virtually denies what Evangelical Christendom contends for, as fundamental truths of revealed religion. This theology is remarkably uniform among the hundreds of thousands who have become addicted to the "rapping circles." If, now, the responses from the tables, are as we have shown, but indications of the minds present in the circle, eliminations of thought—conscious or sometimes unconscious thought—what an evidence have we in these almost uniformly anti-christian responses of the latent popular doubt of the Christian faith! As might be expected, from the natural heart, this skepticism relates mostly to the severer truths of Christianity, those truths which the conscience most readily recognizes, but which the wayward heart and passion-led will most readily reject. The thought is not without significance and not without a sad lesson.

ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF AMERICA.

WE have repeatedly quoted from our English periodicals estimates of American genius or character. John Bull is gruff and given to what the French call *hauteur*. He is quite *mal-adroit* at complimenting other than his own country. Most of the judgments on American matters which we have quoted from him, have been carefully qualified and somewhat ambiguous. Yet it cannot have escaped the notice of a reader of English periodicals, that the favorable inclination of the dignified old gentleman toward his wayward and audacious transatlantic children, has grown wonderfully within a year or two. Even our literature claims now his respectful attention. Our steamers have made him stare. Our manufactures took him by surprise at the World's Fair, and our yacht victory fairly set his big chest to puffing. He wiped the sweat from his round face that day, and was fain to take comfort in the thought that Jonathan was, after all, his own child—the veritable son of him, Old John Bull.

The *British Quarterly Review* (one of the ablest if not the ablest of the English Quarterlies) has an elaborate article on "*America from the cosmopolitan point of view.*" It says some very fine things of us, though with a sprinkling of the usual "buts." We give one quotation which ought to satisfy our national vanity for a season :—

"The Americans are not only a nation, full to the brim of the consciousness of nationality, they are also entitled, according to any test or measure that can be applied to them, to rank high in the cosmopolitical scale. Tried by the numerical measure of population they are already on a par with Great Britain, and will soon leave it behind. Even Russia, with its fifty millions, must regard America as a full grown nation. Again, tried by the test of exports and imports—that is, of commercial necessity to the rest of the world—the United States hold a place with the first. Further, if we make military and naval prowess the test of cosmopolitical importance, America will stand second to none. She has already, in the past, given sufficient proof of her capacities for fighting, both by sea and land; and, if it be not admitted that the Americans are superior to the English at sea, it is at least certain that the despotic powers of the old world would be more chary of insulting the star-spangled banner, than of insulting the flag of England. A Yankee captain, indeed, is notoriously the most terrible thing going; and chips of the American block generally, though they are recognized everywhere as the most braggart and irreverent of the sons of men, are recognized, also, as the most dangerous to be locked up or called in question for anything they say or do. Add to all this, the consideration that in all departments of intellectual labor, America is a leading nation. In art and literature, indeed, as well as in the higher walks of pure speculative science, America is yet behind England; though there is evidence, even now, that a spirit of more original effort in such things is at work among the Americans. But in the application of science to social uses, in industrial invention, and generally in such exercises of the intellect as give a country practical eminence among the nations of the world, they have already an acknowledged superiority. Among the machines for agricultural and other purposes sent to the Great Exhibition, those sent from America were the most useful; and Colt's pistol is but one example of an invention proceeding from America, and claiming instantly the attention of the whole world. Essentially the same thing, in reality, with this claim of America to high cosmopolitical estimation in virtue of her Colt's pistols, her improved plows, reaping machines, models of ships and the like, is her claim to cosmopolitical estimation in virtue of the fact, that she is already in possession of a great many conclusions on important social questions, which are, by their very nature, interesting to all the world alike, and that she is at present the richest known field of experimentation, with a view to the elucidation of other social questions. The very thing that most of all gives a country cosmopolitical importance is its ability to furnish out of its own experience answers to the questions that chance at the moment to be of greatest social interest to other countries, or to exhibit going on within its bosom processes and experiments, the issue of which is not yet clear perhaps even to itself, but which are curious, novel, and suggestive in their nature. Russia, in this respect, is almost a blank on the map. It has a claim to cosmopolitical respect, because it is a formidable power of conquest, and because it supplies us with hemp and the like; but who ever looks to Russia for solutions of problems common to all parts of the world, or for brilliant social sights and suggestions? America, on the other hand, is like a black board on which something new is ever being chalked up, whether in the way of solution or of interrogation. For example, the entire political system of America is a practical solution of the great problem, everywhere important, of the reconciliation of local self-government with federation. The question of national defences without standing armies is also set in a new light to us by the militia system of America; while the question of

the competence of a people to act on the aggressive, without standing armies, also receives light from the experience of America in volunteer enterprises. A hundred such examples might be given of points of great social interest, on which America may be said to have fully made up its mind, while the other nations are still only bungling in the dark. Lastly, what are such odd manifestations as the Spirit Rappings, the Mormonite outburst with its consequences, and all the other similar developments of American inquisitiveness or credulity, but chalking, as it were, on the black board of the world for the other nations to look at? If it be the case, that humanity has not yet filled out its utmost constitutional limits, but that from age to age it is continually efflorescing into new manifestations which seem at first anomalies, but are in reality normal and natural, where shall we look for the last efflorescence, the freshest sprouts, but in that country where human nature is newest and most advanced?"

It is, doubtless, well known to the readers of this Magazine, that duties of a very onerous character, connected with the "Tract cause," devolve upon the editor. It has therefore been necessary for him to be absent from his office most of the time, since March last, and it will be necessary for him to be absent, more or less, hereafter. But he begs to assure the patrons of the NATIONAL that it will not suffer on this account. Arrangements have been made to supply the editor's lack of service, which are very satisfactory to himself, and which, he confidently believes, will be more than satisfactory to his readers. A gentleman, (Rev. J. M. Reid,) whose talents are a sufficient guarantee that the work will continue to improve, has been engaged to take charge of it for the time being. Correspondents will please understand, therefore, that their articles will pass through his hands alone, as the other duties of the editor will wholly withdraw him from the office for the present.

And now, friends, we bespeak your sympathies and patronage for our forthcoming volume. The necessity of some such work in our periodical literature—a work combining with a high moral tone, the entertainment of light yet instructive reading—is generally admitted. We have attempted to meet this necessity. The attempt has been made, according to the general testimony of the press, with success. It has been marred by no questionable moral biases, by no sectarian bigotry. The papers of almost all Christian denominations have spontaneously given their testimony in favor of the course of the work, and have given it with unusual cordiality and commendation. We trust, then, the further fate of the experiment to the good-will and patronage of the Christian public. Leaving no means unemployed to promote the mechanical and literary excellence of the work, its publishers will not doubt that their endeavors will be rightly appreciated by the friends of sound literature and sound morals.

The twelve numbers of the NATIONAL, now out, have been bound in two very fine volumes, by the publishers. They can be had at No. 200 Mulberry-street, and our agencies generally. They are two as goodly-looking volumes as can well be found among American publications.

Book Notices.

A VERY able sermon, by Rev. Dr. D. W. Clark, on the "Cross of Christ," has been published by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. It is timely in its sentiments, and unusually eloquent in its style—a sermon to read and preserve.

We have heretofore noticed Carroll's "Notes and Discourses on the Gospels." The second volume is out, marked by the traits which we ascribed to the first. The author presents, in popular style, the pith of the best commentators. He writes with a view to meet the objections of Paine, Bolingbroke, and other infidels. *Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati and New-York*.

The Christian Laborer—the Christian Hero—Memoirs of a Useful Man, is the title of a very interesting little volume—a biography of Roger Miller, a London City Missionary. It discloses the abysses of London low life, and the true modes of rescuing the vicious and ignorant. This Christian laborer was indeed a Christian hero—one of the best examples of lay usefulness we have ever read. Get this book, reader, if you want to learn how to be a useful man. Price only 20 cents, in very neat style.—*Carlton & Phillips, New-York*.

Messrs. Harper have issued the fourth volume of *Lamartine's History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France*. It sketches, with his usual graphic skill, the progress of events from the death of Napoleon till the flight of Charles X.—a book with a little philosophy, some history, and abundant poetry—though less of the latter and more of the former than the preceding volumes of the series contained.

Strong's *Manual of the Gospels* is a reduction of Mr. Strong's much commended "Harmony." It is designed for Sunday Schools, Bible classes, &c. We could say much of it, but need only remark that it is a skillful condensation of the excellencies of the original work. It is "got up" in very fine style by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*.

Leavitt & Allen, New-York, have published, in excellent style, Xenophon's "Anabasis," edited by Dr. Owen, of the Free Academy, New-York City. It is on the basis of the text of J. Dindorf. The notes are numerous, but pithy, and adapted to the younger class of students, giving somewhat minute elucidations of idioms, the use of moods, and anomalous constructions. Dr. Owen has done his task with noticeable skill.

Asbury's Journals.—These data of the early history of Methodism have been issued in three neat volumes by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. They present the life and labors of one of the greatest ecclesiastical characters this country ever saw—the great leader of Methodism in America. Slight diary notes, they are nevertheless not without deep interest.

We have received from the Messrs. Harper the "Life and Letters of Dr. Olin," in two volumes. It is compiled principally from the personal recollections of his intimate friends—those who

knew him well at different periods of his life—and from his own writings, chiefly his letters; for his protracted ill-health scarcely allowed the regular use of his pen, even in a journal. Among the papers furnished by the former, are valuable and interesting ones from Hon. Myron Lawrence, who was his class-mate in Middlebury College, and Rev. Dr. Bates, who presided over the institution during his collegiate course. Reverends C. Mallory and S. C. Jackson have also given delightful recollections of his student character and habits. These are followed by contributions from the pens of Rev. Dr. Wightman, Professors Garland and Hardy, Dr. Lee of Virginia, and Rev. Dr. Holdich. It was our rare privilege to enjoy a personal acquaintance with this master-mind; we have seen him in his hours of most unrestrained intercourse with his friends and family circle. The most thorough knowledge of his character only increased one's respect, admiration, and affection for him; and we have risen from these delightful volumes with a still enhanced appreciation of his talents and character. His friends will be satisfied with this beautiful tribute to his memory.

The same publishers have issued "Thackeray's Lectures on the *Humorists*," already so generally known by their delivery in this country—sketchy, pithy, critical, and, in not a few instances, strongly prejudiced. They are, nevertheless, such a treat as Thackeray alone could provide.

"*Memorials of the English Martyrs*," by Rev. C. B. Taylor, has been republished by the Harpers. It sketches the localities which are now identified with the names of this goodly company, as well as the events of their lives and deaths, which have given them immortality. It is illustrated by numerous, but not very well executed wood-cuts of the principal places described in the text.

We are indebted to Messrs. Derby and Miller, of Auburn and Buffalo, for a copy of their noble edition of the complete works of *Arminius*. The first two volumes are the translation of Nichols; the third, with a biographical sketch, is from Rev. Mr. Bagnall, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We will only remark, that the attentive reader will find that this great and good man has been sadly misconstrued. The volumes are full of Biblical learning and critical thought. It is a work of which no clergyman's library should be destitute.

Layard's account of his second expedition to Nineveh and Babylon has been issued by the Messrs. Harper, in one volume, with all the illustrations of the English edition—a remarkable example of the Yankee process of cheapening foreign works. The book is one of extraordinary interest, not merely from its antiquarian discoveries, but from its personal narrative of the author's adventures in that marvelous land.

The New-York Alliance is an able temperance paper, devoted to the Maine Law. It is full of facts and spirit on the subject.

Literary Record.

THE *Boston Mercantile Library Association* contains 13,626 volumes, of which nearly 2,000 were added during the past year. The reading room is in constant receipt of twenty-five daily and ninety-six weekly American and foreign newspapers, besides being supplied with the principal reviews and magazines. The whole amount of receipts during the past year was \$7,667 52; the expenditures, including investments, and premiums on them, were \$7,609 36. During the winter the society furnished two series of lectures, on Mondays and Wednesdays of each week, yielding to its treasury the net income of \$1,584 60.

The *Rev. H. J. David*, formerly Professor of Ancient Languages in Princeton College, and distinguished for his acquirements in Oriental literature, has for some time past devoted his attention to the subject of general history. The labors of this accomplished scholar have resulted in the production of a work of high interest, which will soon be published, and will be hailed as a valuable addition to historical literature.

Charles Dickens has announced that he is writing, and means to publish, his veritable autobiography. What a book it will be—provided he romances a little!

The first volume of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is completed, containing the preliminary dissertations of Dugald Stewart, Sir James Mackintosh, Playfair, and Sir John Leslie; and the new dissertation, inserted as the third, by Archbishop Whately, on "The Progress and Corruptions of Christianity."

In Murray's *Railway Reading*, an acceptable number contains *The Life of Lord Bacon*, reprinted from Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors."

Dr. Bowring, the poet-linguist, is about to return from China, his term of office having nearly run out. He has added Chinese to his other attainments, and will probably re-enter Parliament. In politics he is an ultra liberal.

Alexander Smith, of Glasgow, hailed as "the new poet," is an artisan, who has educated himself, seeks ordination in the Scottish Church, and is not yet one-and-twenty. A literary journal, named "The Critic," first discovered his genius, and communicated some of its fruits to the world.

A convention is to be held in this city in September, composed of librarians and others interested in bibliography. It is proposed to consider the best means of advancing the prosperity and usefulness of public libraries, and for the suggestion and discussion of topics of importance to book collectors and readers. The convention will be attended by the librarians of prominent institutions in this and other cities.

Charles Weiss has just finished his work, "A History of the French Protestant Refugees, from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the Present Day." It claims to be the history

of three hundred thousand exiles who were driven out of France by the foolish bigotry of Louis XIV. The author first describes their situation at home, their persecution, and its fatal results to France. He then follows the refugees to their settlements in Germany, England, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and in America; sets forth the services they had rendered to the countries of their adoption, and describes the condition of their descendants to-day. Besides his own somewhat extensive researches in France and abroad, Mr. Weiss has been permitted to make use of those made within the past two years, under the order of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, by French diplomatic agents resident in the countries above-mentioned.

A journeyman printer, *name unknown*, has issued from the London press, "A Workingman's Way in the World; being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer," a work which commands the attention of the leading men in England. Of various phases of London life, and of printing-offices, editors, &c., curious notices are given. It is said to be a genuine autobiography, and a gem of wit and humor. Coming from such a source, it could not well be otherwise.

"*A Peep into Japan*" is the title of a work just published in London, from the pen of *F. Gerstaeker*, a German of much enterprise and energy. He devotes considerable space to the American expedition, and is of opinion that if the emperor grants them an interview he "will dismiss them again, without even promises." He says:—

"If the Americans do force an entrance upon some point—and it is as likely as not that they may do so—and do not take the whole island, they will be walled in in a very short time, and permitted to see little enough of their neighbors. Still, the islands are too small to resist, for any length of time, renewed attacks; and his majesty will have to yield, first his country, and then his crown, just about as willingly as the California Indians, or Sikhs, or Australian blacks; or, in fact, all other nations that have seen their countries overrun by strangers and enemies."

A new annotated edition of the *English poets* is announced, to be edited by Robert Bell, an industrious *littérateur*, author of a "History of Russia," "Lives of the English Poets in Lardner's Cyclopædia," &c. The volumes are to be monthly, and to begin with Chaucer. A connected view of the progress of English poetry is to be wrought in with the undertaking.

The Ohio University, under the Presidency of Rev. Solomon Howard, is in a prosperous condition. It is gradually filling with students. There has been an accession the present term of thirty students, and the university has enrolled in its several departments during the current year one hundred students.

"*The Text of Shakespeare Vindicated*," is part of a title of a volume issued by the old critical editor, Samuel Weller Singer, and leveled at the folio of John Payne Collier. Mr. Singer's book is reviewed in the London *Athenæum*, and is there

considered to be anything but a successful attack upon the earlier edition. An American reprint is being issued by Redfield, in numbers, with improvements, in the shape of marginal notes on the English edition.

A *Swedenborgian University*, the first in this country, has been established at Urbana, Ohio.

"*Phaithon*," a work by *Kingsley*, author of "Alton Locke," is announced.

At a recent meeting of the *New-York Historical Society*, among the donations received were the original deed of the Knickerbocker Insurance Company, the first institution of the kind in this city—organized in 1797, and a specimen of the timbers of the *Royal George* man-of-war, sunk off Spithead upwards of seventy years since. The society resolved that a sufficient sum has been obtained to warrant the commencement of the new fire-proof building for the library and valuable collections of the society. A paper on the "Title of the United States to the Northwest Territory," was read by Mr. Joseph Blunt, of this city. The society then adjourned, to meet again on the first Tuesday in October next.

At a recent meeting of the Trustees of the *Boston Public Library*, the librarian announced a donation of more than six hundred choice volumes given by George Ticknor, Esq. This donation consists of works pertaining to American history, of complete sets of American periodicals, and of more miscellaneous works. Much of the collection is said to be of great rarity and value.

From the annual report of the *Buffalo Young Men's Association*, we learn that the number of volumes added during the year is, by purchase, 836, and by donation, 82. Total additions, 918. The whole number of volumes drawn from the library during the year has been 14,440. The receipts of the association, exclusive of the building fund, were \$6,405 46; its expenses, \$5,421 47.

The *London Peace Society*, and the *Peace Congress Committee*, offer the sum of \$1,350 to the author of the best essay upon the European standing armaments, and \$500 for the second best essay. The prizes come from a fund of \$30,000, subscribed lately at Manchester, in part of the sum of \$50,000 which is required to complete it.

The *Columbian Literary Club* celebrated their second anniversary at Hope Chapel, New-York, recently, when several addresses were made, and a highly talented and humorous poem, entitled "Præstemus," was delivered by Mr. I. L. Reese. The exercises were concluded by R. J. Leggatt reading a paper on the "Mothers and Daughters of America."

Pertus, of *Hamburg*, announces the following important works as in press: the twelfth volume of Ritter's *History of Philosophy*; the fourth volume of Bunsen's *Egypt's Place in the World's History*; the twenty-sixth issue of Heeren and Urkert's *History of European States*, being the fifth volume of Hermann's *History of Russia*. Only four volumes of Ritter's *History of Philosophy*, and one of Bunsen's *Egypt*, have been translated into English.

The *London Critic* has the following notice of De Quincy and his writings:—

"De Quincy, the English opium-eater, is a Manchester man, though from Manchester and all that pertains to it, materially and intellectually, multifarious influences have long separated him. His home (and Christopher North's) is now in fair Lasswade, by the flowing Eek, where, the victim of 'nervous distraction, which renders all labor exacting any energy of attention inexpressibly painful,' he has managed to see through the press, and even to preface a first volume, just appearing, of *Selections, Grace and Gay, from Writings published and unpublished*, and containing his autobiography to the threshold of its great era, the discovery of opium."

Mr. Field, one of the members of the firm of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Co., of Boston, spent several months in Scotland, searching for De Quincy's various writings, which the author, many are prone to believe, was too indolent to accomplish, or deemed irrevocably lost. Alluding to the subject, the old man thus writes:—

"I have received from many quarters in England, in Ireland, in the British colonies, and in the United States, a series of letters expressing a far profounder interest in papers written by myself than any which I could ever think myself entitled to look for; hence a republication was long determined on, which would never have been made in England, however, had not the preliminary trouble of collecting from far and wide the scattered papers been taken by the Boston firm of Ticknor & Co., who deserve honorable mention for having made me a sharer in the profits of the publication, called upon to do so by no law whatever, and assuredly by no expectation of that sort upon my part."

A translation into French of *Calvin's Commentaries on the New Testament* is announced, to be comprised in four octavo volumes, in double columns, at 25 francs for the complete work. It is a singular fact that this will be the first French edition of the commentaries on the New Testament of this great French reformer. With the exception of a fragment on the Old Testament, none of Calvin's Commentaries have been published in France, though they have gone through numerous editions in Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and Germany.

The commencement exercises of the *University of the City of New-York* were held at Niblo's, recently, when the Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D., was inaugurated Chancellor.

Cardinal Mai's "New Library of the Fathers," consisting of unpublished manuscripts from the Vatican, has been issued in Paris. This is a continuation of his former collection, and is to be comprised in six quarto volumes. It is described as containing, among other fragments, two hundred new sermons of Augustine, and commentaries by him on various parts of the Scripture; thirteen works by Cyril, of Jerusalem, translated with notes, and also extracts from some of his commentaries; Tracts by Eusebius, of Cesarea; by Gregory, of Myssa; a History of the Manichees; and a Refutation of the Koran.

A new work, by the author of "Mary Barton," is announced in England; also, the "Tanglewood Papers," by Hawthorne, and a complete edition of the English poets, with notes, by Robert Bell, author of the *History of Russia*.

Mr. Willis, bookseller, of Covent Garden, has purchased the celebrated Bowyer Bible, on which \$1,500 had been expended, for \$2,025.

Religious Summary.

THE *Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions* has appointed Rev. S. Leighton Wilson, formerly a Missionary to Africa, a Corresponding Secretary of the Board, his position to be coordinate with that of the Messrs. Lowrie.

At the annual meeting of the *English Baptist Missionary Society*, the total receipts for the year were shown to be \$111,205; the expenditure, \$87,590; the balance against the society last year, \$23,615—this reduces the balance to \$9,065. From a tabular statement read by Mr. Underhill, the Secretary, it would appear that the income of the society (which in 1846 was \$87,500) has been gradually falling off. He did not think that this was caused by anything save by a want of exertion, which for the future was to be made.

A new *Catholic Cathedral* is to be built in Chicago, at a cost of between \$150,000 and \$200,000.

The Rev. E. W. Dickinson has removed from Lewisburg, Pa., to Pittsburgh, and taken the pastoral charge of the Union Baptist Church in that place.

The statistics of all the various branches of *Methodism in Europe and America* show a total of ten thousand four hundred and nine traveling and thirty-three thousand local preachers, who minister to two million thirty-six thousand one hundred and sixty-two communicants.

The managers of the *American Bible Society* have received several new volumes from London for their library: among them a folio copy of the Bishop's Bible, of 1572, with Cranmer's preface; a standard Oxford copy of King James, in three volumes, of 1769; and a large Roman Catholic Breviary, from an Italian, once a Papal priest, but now a convert studying for the Protestant ministry.

The *Diocesan Synod of the Archiepiscopal Diocese of Rochester*, which has been recently in session in that city, among other important decrees, enacted one for the publication of marriage bans, requiring that all Catholics intending marriage shall give notice to that effect to the clergyman of their parish, which notice will be read in church during the public service.

A correspondent of a London journal thus speaks of the *American Mission* in the Punjab, India:—

"The American Presbyterian Mission have a station at Jullundur, where they have made about twenty converts. Their school is attended at the present time by upward of one hundred and twenty boys, the greater part of whom are Mussulmans, but I have never seen any female children there. Although the English language is taught, almost all the books are in Hindoostanee. Arithmetic, reading, writing, grammar, and geometry are also taught. The boys assemble every morning at the sound of a small gong, when they are marched into the chapel, and prayer is offered up in Hindoostanee, after which they go to their respective places in the school-room adjoining. There are a number of ushers or 'moon-shes' under the superintendence of Mr. Lewis, their master."

In consequence of the intolerant attitude lately assumed by the ultramontane party, the

Protestant clergy of France, at their last annual conference, appointed a Committee to consider what steps are necessary to take for the maintenance of religious liberty.

The *Jews of Stockholm* have lately commenced using the Swedish language, in the place of the Hebrew, in the performance of their religious services.

Rev. Wm. Wylie, D. D., for many years the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Newark, Ohio, has recently resigned, on account of age and infirmities.

The *Churches of the Sandwick Islands*, give from \$20,000 to \$30,000 annually, for the support of the gospel among themselves and elsewhere—one of the results of missions.

The *Female Tract Society*, Easton, Penn., have circulated during the past year fourteen thousand and eighty-one English, and two thousand eight hundred and four German Tracts.

The project of a law for a complete separation of Church and State, in New-Grenada, has been submitted to Congress by the executive. It provides that from the passage of the act, the temporal and spiritual authorities shall be entirely independent of each other, and that accordingly no civil functionary shall take part in the election of any ecclesiastical offices of any religious sect whatever, and that compulsory contributions for the support of religious worship shall cease after the first of September.

The *American Episcopal Church* has a mission of sixteen years standing at Cape Palmas, where are twelve white missionaries successfully at work, with about the same number of assistants. It is proposed to establish another mission at Bassa Cove, where there are two thousand colonists and fifty thousand native Bassas: a mission house and chapel are going up, and two ordained missionaries will be sent next year.

The receipts of the *American Baptist Missionary Union*, during the past year were \$134,112 17, and the expenditures \$135,344 28. The number of missions is nineteen, embracing eighty-eight stations and one hundred and eleven out-stations, besides three hundred and fifty places of stated preaching in Germany and France. Connected with the missions are sixty-four missionaries, of whom sixty are preachers, sixty-six female assistants, and two hundred and six native preachers and assistants. There are one hundred and eighty-one churches with fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty members, about one thousand two hundred of whom were added by baptism the past year. There are eighty-one schools, including twenty-four boarding-schools, with one thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine pupils.

According to the *English Census* of 1851, there are twenty thousand four hundred places of worship not belonging to the Established Church, and about fourteen thousand belonging to the Establishment.

After seven years' toil, the retranslation of the Holy Scriptures into the *Chinese language* was completed early this year at Shanghai, by the Rev. Dr. Medhurst and Messrs. Stronach and Milne, of the London Missionary Society. The American Missionaries have another translation in progress.

Dr. Bradley of the mission to Siam has recently been called to attend upon the sick and dying bed of the queen, and in his professional visits was invited "to speak of Jesus Christ and tell of his power and love. Some five or six of the highest princes of the kingdom were present, as well as several of the chief rulers and many others of inferior rank."

The *Methodists* of Santa Cruz held a camp-meeting near that place a short time since. A correspondent of the *San Francisco Herald* gives the following pleasing account of it:—

"It was numerously attended, and in point of talent displayed by the preachers, and decorum observed by the audience, might compare favorably with a meeting of a similar nature in any of the older States, and certainly reflected great credit on a State that has acquired, justly or unjustly, a widespread reputation for depravity and lawlessness. A marked and agreeable feature was the number of ladies that attended. But a very short time since we were almost entirely destitute of female society; now we have quite a number of ladies, whose bright eyes and modest deportment might well attract attention in the aristocratic circles of the Eastern States, and who are looked upon here as flowers in a barren waste—dearer from their scarcity, and for the cheering, beautifying influence they exert on the otherwise sterile heart of man."

Throughout our Pacific possessions, the Methodists appear to be daily gaining ground. A camp-meeting was held at Mormon Island on the third of June, and another in the Santa Clara Valley on the same day. At Bodega, on the third of July, another meeting was holden. This speaks well for the future.

Great excitement had been experienced by the arrival at Port au Prince of his lordship Vincent Spaccapietra, Bishop of Arcadepoles, and Apostolic Delegate from His Holiness Pope Pius IX. to the Court of Faustin the First. He was received with the most imposing demonstrations. On entering the city he was met by a religious procession, numbering some three or four thousand, by which he was escorted to the Catholic Church, where he was met by the Vicar-General in full canonicals. A few days after, he had an audience with the emperor, who received him, seated on his throne; when he made an address, in which he pronounced Faustin to be the "Napoleon of the Antilles," &c. Surely we live in strange times.

M. de Pressensé states, in a letter to London, that on an average each colporteur in France disposes of one hundred copies of the Scriptures per month.

A remarkable change is said to be in progress among the *Jews*. Rabbinitism is rapidly losing its influence over them, and multitudes are throwing aside the Mishna and the Talmud, and turning to the study of Moses and the prophets. There is a great demand for copies of the Old Testament among the Jews in London. Their attention is also extensively turned to the subject of their restoration to Palestine.

Elder Pratt claims for Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormons, the honor of introducing the spiritual philosophy of the present age to the modern world—and that in so doing an important victory has been gained.

The *Ladies' Tract Society*, Alleghany, Penn., reports that during the year they have distributed thirty-six thousand five hundred tracts, one-sixth of which were German; and have circulated ten thousand five hundred American Messengers, one-seventh of which were German. Of these, eight thousand three hundred and fifty-one were subscribed for; showing the desire to read them. Hundreds were given to Roman Catholics, and thousands to families who care little about religion. Many persons have been induced to attend places of worship, and a large number of children have been brought into the Sabbath school.

The *Winnebago County Bible Society*, Wis., has recently withdrawn from the Northern Wisconsin Bible Society, and become auxiliary to the Parent Institution at New-York.

The *Protestants of Holland* have protested against the reestablishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in that country, which the pope has decided to do. Strong remonstrances have been made to the pope, and the Dutch ambassador has been withdrawn from Rome. The recent ministers have resigned, and a new ministry has been formed, strongly Protestant.

At the recent annual meeting of the *Baptist Home Missionary Society*, an Indian was ordained to the work of the ministry, who walked six hundred miles in snow-shoes, with his wife and child, in order to attend the meeting.

There are eight distinct branches of *Presbyterians* in the United States: the Old School, the New School, the Associate, the Associate Reformed, the Reformed Presbyterian, the Reformed Dutch, the German Reformed, and the Cumberland. These all hold to a common form of Church government, to the parity of ministers, and to the order of "ruling elders;" but wide differences exist among them in relation to theological doctrines. They are very unequal in point of numbers and influence: the first two mentioned, embrace together not less than three thousand seven hundred ordained ministers, five thousand churches, about three hundred and seventy-five thousand communicants, and one million five hundred thousand members of congregation; and they have no less than ten theological seminaries, and double the number of colleges. The other branches are prosperous and influential, though smaller; and contain, it is believed, not less than three hundred thousand communicants.

In Amherst College, during the last thirty years, there have been nine powerful revivals, occurring at intervals of from one to four years, and numbering from thirty to fifty-five converts each. No year has passed without its individual conversions, and the aggregate has, probably, been not less than three hundred. Upward of one hundred of these have, probably, entered the ministry.

The *Jews* of Leipsic have obtained permission to build a synagogue in that city.

Art Intelligence.

At a recent sale in London of the *Spanish collection of pictures* owned by the late *Louis Philippe*, ex-King of the French, many of the works brought the highest prices. The portrait, by Velasquez, of the Minister of Olivarez, was sold for \$1,550. A portrait of Philip IV., of Spain, also said to be by Velasquez, copied from the celebrated original of the Madrid Museum, in the third or vague manner of the painter, sold for \$1,250. The finest Murillo in the collection was the much-injured canvass which once represented, in all the splendor of color and expression, "St. Joseph and the Infant Christ;" but damaged as it was, it sold for \$2,200. The "Conception," in life size, though deprived in many places of its glazings, brought the sum of \$4,050. It is a composition in the second manner of Murillo. A smaller "Conception" by Murillo, in which the characteristics of the master were also distinguishable, was knocked down for \$1,350. The "Virgin and Child" brought \$7,750. Another "St. Joseph and Infant Christ," though not a favorable specimen of the master, brought \$1,500. A picture of "Jesus and St. John" on the banks of Jordan, brought \$3,300. The "Conception," by Murillo, sold in Paris last year, brought over \$100,000. It was purchased by the French government in the face of a strong competition.

M. Charles Kloss, one of the most accomplished organists in Germany, died suddenly at Riga, during a concert which he gave at St. Peter's Church, at the moment when he was seating himself at the organ to execute a fantasia composed expressly for the occasion. *M. Kloss* was a native of Berlin, and in his sixty-second year.

Louis Napoleon has contributed two thousand francs toward the erection at Weimar of a monument in honor of Schiller, Goethe, and Wieland. It is a curious fact, that the author of "The Robbers," and "Don Carlos," and "William Tell," is a favorite writer with *Louis Napoleon*.

The *Dublin Exhibition* in fine arts appears to have excelled its London predecessor. Sir Thomas Lawrence is represented by his great portrait of Kemble as "Coriolanus." Hogarth by that extraordinary work, "The Gates of Calais," so full of tragic force; and "The Last Stake," one in the series of "The Harlot's Progress." At the end of the hall hangs Danby's sublime painting of "The Deluge," with its terrible but rather painful details of execution. There are three or four Mulready's "The Wolf and the Lamb" included, some of them contributed by the queen, and all displaying that mastery of details and refinement of execution for which he is distinguished. Macclise's "Weird Sisters" forms a splendid feature of the collection. To enumerate the works of the different distinguished artists represented would occupy more space than we can possibly devote to them. Since writing the above, we learn that *Baron Marochetti* has sent to the same exhibition a bronze statue of the

Queen of England, shortly to be erected in Glasgow, which, from its artistic beauty and finish, commands universal admiration.

The *paintings on glass*, which are to be placed in St. Peter's Chapel, Cambridge, England, as memorials of the late Professor Smyth, have just been finished at Munich, and are said to be masterpieces in the art of glass-painting. They are seven feet broad and thirteen feet high, and represent the birth and resurrection of Christ, after the picture of Claudius Schrenoldolph.

A committee had undertaken to have *Baron Marochetti's* colossal statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, executed in bronze, to be erected in London as a memorial of the World's Fair of 1851.

The sculptor *Jean Jacques Pradier*, of Geneva, is dead. He is remarkable as being, perhaps, the only native of a mountainous country who ever attained eminence as a sculptor. His works are chiefly in France.

The second edition of the *Crystal Palace*, at Sydenham, England, which is to be opened to visitors in May next, is nearly three thousand feet in length. The history of art may be learned in a very complete manner from the chronological arrangement that has been adopted with reference to ancient sculpture and architecture. Thus, for instance, the spectator will commence with Egypt, finding himself in the midst of a palace like Luxor, with its lotus pillars, lily-shaped capitals, &c., and will be able to contemplate Memnon and the enormous specimens of Egyptian sculpture; after which he can visit the palaces and marbles of Nineveh—thence passing into the classical times of Greece, which will be admirably illustrated by a model of the Parthenon, and an admirable collection of casts from all the extant marbles of the unequalled models of Greece. Thence, again, he may pass into the arched courts of the Augustan age of Rome, wander through halls of the Byzantine era, examine the gothic architecture of all ages and countries, change the scene once more for the magic halls of the Alhambra—the Court of Embassadors, &c.; and come finally to our own times, so beautifully illustrated by the works of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Schwanthaler, and several other distinguished artists.

From the will of the great Spanish painter, Murillo, lately published at Madrid, we perceive that his pictures, which now sell for twenty, thirty, fifty, and even a hundred thousand dollars, were originally painted at prices varying from thirty dollars to a hundred and fifty.

Murray, of London, has issued, in a magnificent volume, seventy lithographed drawings of the bass-reliefs and other *Monuments of Ninereh*, which have been the result of Mr. Layard's second expedition to the buried city. The objects are on the scale of an inch and a half or two inches to the foot, and are not mere outlines, like those of the first expedition.

Scientific Items.

At a *soirée* given by Lord Rosse, a short time since, a large number of beautifully-executed drawings of nebulae, observed by the gigantic telescope at Parsonstown Castle, Ireland, were exhibited. Some of these are of a most singular character; and it is worthy of remark, that the speculum has been so much improved as to have enabled Lord Rosse to resolve many nebulae, which had, when it was less perfect, resisted all attempts at definition.

Dr. Gardner, a gentleman well known to the scientific world, recommends the coffee leaf as a substitute for the berry; and that, to render the commodity marketable for consumption, it should be subjected to the same kind of manipulation as tea undergoes. The leaf, and even the twigs, have, in a minor degree, the same stimulating and exhilarating property as the berry, and they have been in habitual use by the natives of Sumatra, and other parts of the Archipelago, who find the leaf, especially when roasted, to make a wholesome and exhilarating beverage.

Dr. Vogel and his companions, who started from England some time ago, have arrived at Tripoli, where they commenced their series of astronomical observations. The doctor expected to be ready to leave that place for the interior about the middle of June, and will have the good fortune to travel with a near relative of the Sultan of Bornu, whom he happened to meet at Tripoli. The route chosen will be the most direct and shortest, *via* Murzuk and Bilma, and Dr. Vogel hopes to reach the borders of Lake Tsad within a few months.

A *pedomotive carriage* is being exhibited at Hungerford market, England. It is constructed for two persons, and consists of a single wheel, with a seat on either side. Owing to the small amount of friction, and the mode of suspending weights, a great speed is obtained; indeed, the inventor states that sixteen miles an hour may be attained with ease.

The works for the perforation of the *Tuscan Apennines*, for the railway of central Italy, have been commenced. This, when completed, will be one of the longest tunnels in the world.

The *gold dust* found in Coromandel Harbor, New-Zealand, is said to consist of flaky gold, of a pale lemon color, largely intermixed with auriferous quartz, the separation having been effected only by washing in the simplest manner. No very accurate assay has been obtained, but it is found to be free from any alloy, except silver, of which it contains a portion. The quartz is stated to be highly auriferous, and from its great friability, may be separated by crushing, with great facility.

There is an ancient doctrine in process of revival in England. The early Hindoo philosophers held that light was a material substance, and now there are speculations and deductions put forward by a Cambridge philosopher, based on the assumption of light being a viscous fluid.

Professor M' Coy, whose valuable services, under Professor Sedgwick, in arranging and describing the Woodwardian fossils, are well known to geologists, has been elected an Honorary Fellow of the Philosophical Society of Cambridge.

The *Memphis (Ala.) Inquirer* contains a communication from Dr. Land, who says "his claim to the invention of the atmospheric telegraph is antecedent to either Richardson or Siebert." Dr. Land also states that he is "engaged in arranging a systematic theorem, and in drafting a sketch of a line of communication, by which the sound of words may be delivered in remote cities, in less time than it would take to write them."

The *Piedmontese Gazette* publishes the law ordering the construction of four electro-telegraphic lines: namely, one from Genoa to the Modanese frontier, by Chiavari, Spezia, and Sarzana; another from Chambéry to the frontier of Genoa, by Aix and Annecy; a third from Novara to the frontier of Switzerland, near Brissago, by Pellauza and Intra; and lastly, from Genoa to the French frontier, by Savona, Oneglia, St. Remo, and Nice.

Mr. Lassell, of Liverpool, has transported his wonderful telescope (having twenty focal feet) to Malta, and under the beautiful sky of this island he has found incomparable advantages for observing his favorite planets, with whose study he has been for some years occupied, namely, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Mr. Lassell has seen the first and second satellites of Saturn very distinctly. On the body of Saturn itself he has been able to observe two red-colored bands and three of a neutral or greenish-blue color. He has found also the two new satellites of Uranus.

M. Fortis Bowen, French Minister at Athens, has transmitted to the Minister of War a detailed report on the cultivation of herbaceous cotton in Greece, where, since its introduction, it has acquired considerable development. It results from the fact announced in the report, that herbaceous cotton may be introduced with great prospect of success in Algeria.

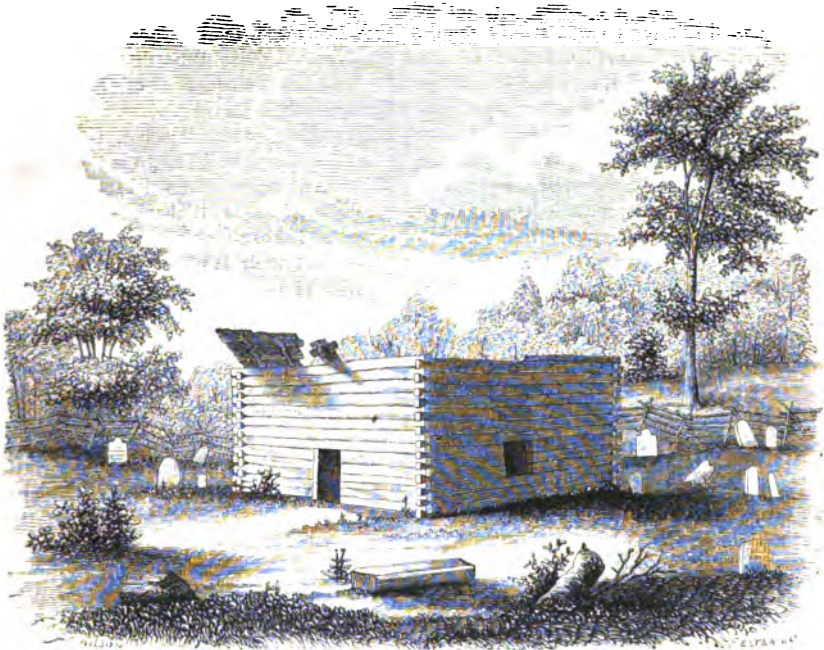
M. Maillefert and Captain Raaslof recently renewed operations against the famous "Pot Rock," at Hell Gate, by the direction of government, and under the superintendence of Brevet Major D. Fraser, U. S. A.; and the results are as gratifying as before. As soon as Pot Rock has been reduced, M. Maillefert will proceed to New-Haven harbor, and commence similar operations against Middle Rock.

The superintendency of the "*Nautical Almanac*," long so ably executed by Lieut. Stratford, has been offered to and accepted by the star-finder, Mr. Hind.

Mr. John Taylor, at the end of Tyne Bridge, England, has got a whole mile, more or less, of tube, without a single joint, made from gutta percha. Such a pipe was never, in any former age, produced of any material whatever.

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THE FIRST METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE IN OHIO.

THE places where our fathers were accustomed to worship have a hold on our affections, that time and splendid edifices cannot entirely alienate. Our thoughts go back and hover with a genuine tenderness about these rude and unadorned structures; we even sigh for the childlike faith and simple worship which was at once their charm and consecration. They are rapidly crumbling under the stern pressure of time, and will soon entirely disappear; but the souls that were born and nurtured within their walls have left an impress upon the present generation that will not soon be effaced. We are apt to forget the obligations we are under to the past, and in the rapid strides of our growth and advancement, think but little of the purity and constancy of our fathers, or the sacrifices they made for the

religion of Christ. We cannot too greatly honor their memories, or too carefully preserve the records of their early efforts. Not long since I had the pleasure of visiting the spot on which stands the first Methodist meeting-house built in the State of Ohio. The occasion was of such interest to me, that I brought away a sketch of the old house in its ruins, and have procured some historical items, in connection with it, that may be of some interest. The old church is situated on a beautiful knoll, rising from a branch of Scioto Brush Creek, in Adams county, and is about fourteen miles from the city of Portsmouth. It is within the bounds of what is now known as Dunbarton mission, Ohio Annual Conference, which mission forms a small part of the original Scioto circuit. The building was twenty-four

feet square, with a very small door or window on each side, and was built of "scored" logs. As will be seen from the engraving, it is now in a very dilapidated condition, several of the ground logs having rotted off, and the roof fallen in. The space inclosed about it was used as a burying-ground, and here sleep fathers and mothers in Israel, who have long since passed to their reward.

The first itinerant Methodist preacher who visited this region was Henry Smith, still living, an honored member of the Baltimore Conference, and to whom I am indebted for most of the information contained in this article. He crossed over from Kentucky into Ohio, then called the North-Western Territory, in September, 1799. He at once proceeded to organize the members into societies, forming Scioto circuit, which included a territory now contained in some twenty circuits belonging to the Portsmouth, Chillicothe, Hillsborough, and Xenia districts, of the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences.

In his published "Recollections" he says, under date of October 1st, 1799:—

"I rode over to brother Moore's, on Scioto Brush Creek, where I found a considerable society already organized by brother Moore. In this place I had some success, and the society so increased that no private house could hold the congregation."

The proposition to build a meeting-house was broached in August, 1800; but, owing to a want of unanimity on the part of the society, it was not commenced until the following summer. The first services in this house were on the occasion of a quarterly-meeting, held on Saturday and Sunday, August 20th and 30th, 1801. "Father" Smith being unwell, he procured the assistance of Benjamin Lakin, of blessed memory, who was at that time on Limestone circuit, in Kentucky. He preached the first sermon, on Saturday morning, from Eccl. vii, 20—"There is not a just man on earth that doeth good, and sinneth not." At night "Father" Smith preached with such power that the shout of joy, common in the wilderness in those days, was heard, mingled with cries of repentance, and one person made a profession of religion. On Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, the presence of God was felt in the sacramental service. Lakin preached from "What shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel?" at

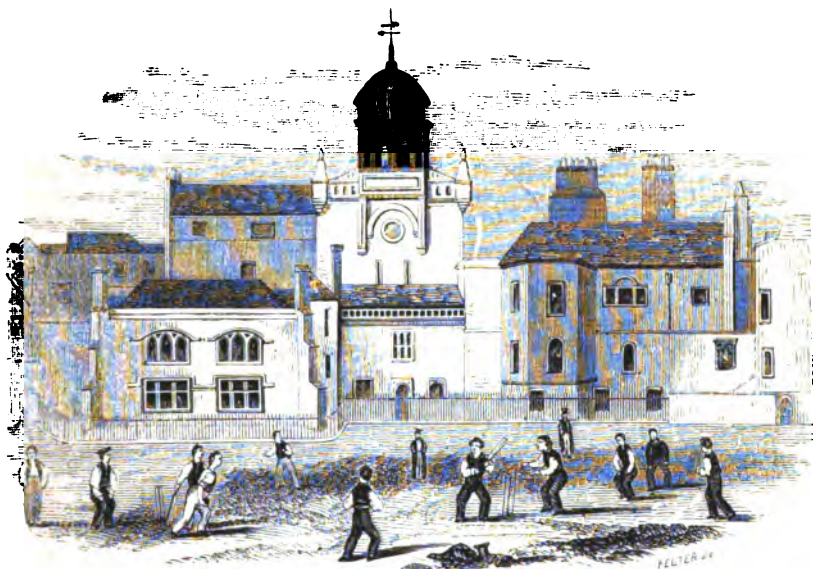
ten o'clock, and Smith followed with a farewell sermon—"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God."

The house was used about twenty years, and the last service held in it was a "two-days' meeting," conducted by Jas. Quinn and Robert O. Spencer, in the spring of 1824, they being at that time the circuit preachers. It is now contemplated to erect a new house of worship some time within the present year upon the same spot.

With more than ordinary emotion I stood within those walls that had listened to the holy eloquence of M'Kendree, Burke, Quinn, David Young, Collins, and Sale. Here, also, Bascom, Cartwright, and others, now well known in the Church, made their early efforts. Most of those who preached in it have passed from earth, and those that remain will soon be gone; but their labors have not been in vain. The superstructure their sons in the gospel have built upon the foundations they laid in Christ has risen in magnificent proportions, and the best of all is, "*God is with us.*"

Many there are who can say: "To us there are holy associations connected with this spot. Here our fathers heard the word of life. Here they were feasted on heavenly food. Here, in infancy, they consecrated us to God; and here they wept over our waywardness, and prayed for us until our hearts were broken. We would fain preserve the ancient temple. We would love to see it standing beside the new edifice, a monument of by-gone days. We would rejoice to point our children to the place where our fathers worshiped, and where we were led in the way to heaven; but time, which carried away our sires, is also doing its work with the house which they built to the honor of Jehovah, and its dust will soon be mingling with theirs." To such it will be, indeed, a pleasing thought, that the spot is the same, though adorned by a new edifice. In more senses than one it may be hoped, "the glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former."

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WHAT IS LOGIC?—Logic is a large drawer, containing some useful instruments, and many more that are superfluous. But a wise man will look into it for two purposes—to avail himself of those that are useful, and to admire the ingenuity with which those that are not so are assorted and arranged.



THE CHARTER HOUSE.

IN the very heart of busy London, not far from St. Paul's Church, the General Post-office, and Newgate prison, and a little beyond the north-east corner of Smithfield, lies Charter House Square. Iron gates shut it from the outer world; comparative quiet reigns within; but its history and aspect deserve our attention.

In 1348-9 a dreadful plague raged in London, and the usual places of burial were speedily filled. To provide for the emergency, a piece of ground, called "No-Man's-Land," and some thirteen acres adjoining, were purchased by the Bishop of London and Sir Walter de Manny; and here more than fifty thousand victims of the pestilence were interred. About twenty years afterward, Sir Walter, in connection with others, founded on this spot a convent of Carthusian monks—so called because the order originated at Chartreuse, in Dauphiny, France. From this title the name "Charter House" is derived. It was the third Carthusian monastery instituted in England; and as it was customary to name such establishments after some event in the life of the Virgin Mary, this was called "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God, without the Bars of West Smithfield, near London."

When the monasteries of England were

suppressed by Henry VIII., the Charter House did not escape. Prior Houghton, who was then at the head of the convent, had not courage enough to risk his life for the sake of his opinions, and a short confinement in the Tower was an argument sufficiently powerful to induce him to subscribe to the king's supremacy. But Henry, either fearing that the prior's conversion would not prove genuine, or irritated at the pains required to effect it, soon after condemned him, with two other Carthusian priors, to suffer death; and on the 4th of May, 1535, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered, at Tyburn; and, as an example to others, a part of his mangled body was set up over the gate of the Charter House itself. The monastery was shortly after dissolved, its revenues, *of course*, seized by the king, and the premises became private property.

During the succeeding seventy-five years the building passed into many different hands. Nothing of interest, however, is recorded of it, except that Queen Elizabeth visited it on one or more occasions, and that the Duke of Norfolk, who purchased it, in 1565, for £2,500, made extensive alterations, and adorned it at great expense, with the design, as some supposed, of making it a suitable residence for the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots,

to whose hand he was accused of aspiring. Mary never resided there; but her son, James I., occupied it as his first lodging in London. In 1611 it was sold for £13,000 to Thomas Sutton, Esq., one of the richest merchants of that day, who established the present institution, for which he obtained a charter from James I. In the same year the benevolent founder died, and we are told that "high festival was held over his body."

"Before the funeral procession started from the house, there was taken by the assembled mourners a slight refreshment, in the form of a hoghead of claret, sixteen gallons of Canary wine, twelve gallons of white wine, ten gallons of Rhenish, six gallons of hippocras, six barrels of beer, with a little diet—bread and a few wafers. After the funeral the mourners dined at Stationers' Hall, where they ate forty stone of beef, forty-eight capons, thirty-two geese, forty-eight roasted chickens, thirty-two neat's tongues, twenty-four marrow-bones, and a lamb; forty-eight turkey poult, seventy-two field pig-

eons, thirty-six quails, forty-eight ducklings, ten turbots, twenty-four lobsters, three barrels of pickled oysters, sixteen gammons of bacon, with a great many things more that are to be named before one comes to a great continent of pastry, and a sea of wine."

Such was the consumption of funeral-baked meats, when beneath the chapel of the Charter House the remains of its founder were laid to rest.

A noble monument to the memory of Thomas Sutton is this same Charter House. If we except Guy's Hospital, founded at a later period, it is truly, as has been said by Stowe, "the greatest gift in England, either in Protestant or Catholic times, ever bestowed by any individual." Its object is two-fold—a free education for the young, and shelter and support for the aged. Eighty venerable men, generally those who have known better days, decayed members of the liberal professions, merchants, and tradesmen, were here to



DINING-HALL, WITH PENSIONERS AT DINNER.

be fed and lodged. Each was to have the exclusive use of a neat room, and proper attendance; and a yearly allowance of £14 for clothing. An Act of Parliament passed in the third year of Charles I. requires "That all the members of the hospital shall be provided in a very ample manner with all things." About fifty years after, a rhymester tells us—

"Plenty here has chose her seat,
Here all things needful and convenient meet;
Every week are hither sent
Inhabitants o' the wat'ry element."

The poet must have loved fish. Again he says:—

"Fourscore patriarchs here
Wander many a year,
Until they move into the promised land."

The patriarchs or their successors wander here yet ; plenty retains her seat still, but does not reign with anything like universal sway ; how frequent and copious is the supply of the "inhabitants of the wat'ry element" we have no means of knowing, but from what we can learn, the aforesaid patriarchs find the wilderness in which they wander not over stocked with manna, and no doubt often long to "go over and see the good land that lieth beyond Jordan." To be plain, the endowment has in many respects been shamefully perverted. The master was to be "a learned, discreet, and meek man, unmarried, and aged, when appointed, above forty years. He should neither have nor accept of any place of preferment or benefit, either in church or commonwealth, whereby he might be drawn from his residence, care, and charge of the hospital ; and if he do, in such case he shall leave that place, or be displaced if he refuse to leave it." His salary was fixed at £50. Now the present incumbent may very likely be learned and discreet, perhaps as meek as Moses, an inveterate bachelor, and full twoscore years of age when elected ; but what about other "preferments, or benefits," &c.? Well, it must be admitted he has a *few*. He is arch-deacon of London, canon residentiary of St. Paul's, rector of St. Giles, Cripplegate, chaplain to the Bishop of London, almoner of St. Paul's ; but all these places yield him only two or three thousand pounds per annum ! Now his post at the Charter House is worth but eight hundred more, with partial board, and a residence, not at all Pharisaic in its character, for it is very humble externally, but has within some thirty or more rooms, quite luxuriously furnished. Poor man ! No wonder that when a few years ago it was necessary to take the kitchen garden as an addition to the cemetery of the poor brethren, he needed twenty-five pounds a year to console him for the turnips and cabbages he would lose.

But how fares it with the poor brother ! The institution was founded for him, and his condition must surely be improved. Let us see. When he comes he is shown his room, not very large, and containing a deal table and chair, bed and bedding, nothing more. There are no sheets ; he must furnish them himself. He is told he will have thirteen pounds of common

candles a year—which will yield him about an inch a night—a twelve ounce loaf and two ounces of butter will be left at his door every morning, and this is to be his provision for the day, dinner excepted. At three o'clock there will be dinner in the hall, where, if he be punctual, he may eat as much as he can of good meat and pie, and drink a pint of table beer ; but if he is a minute too late he must fast till morning.

If he stays away from chapel on a weekday he is fined three-pence ; on Christmas or any other high festival, one shilling. No matter if he be so deaf that all is dumb show to him, he must be in his place. A nurse attends to him and seven others, eight hours a day. At night he is alone ; and if he becomes suddenly ill, he must get up, light a candle, and place it in his window ; if the watchman see it at his next hourly round, he will be attended to ; if not, he may get well or die alone. No sister or daughter can spend the night at his bedside. If he dies he is buried in the Charter House Cemetery, but no headstone is permitted ; and after a few weeks the mound over the grave is leveled, and the last trace of him removed.

The result of all this is, that the class for whom the foundation was originally intended—the sensitive and educated—cannot be comfortable there. It is but little, if any, better than an ordinary poor-house. The time has been, however, when among its inmates were some who loved scientific pursuits, for it is recorded that Stephen Gray, a pensioner of the Charter House, with the aid of a very poor apparatus, discovered in 1732 the conducting power of non-electric bodies.

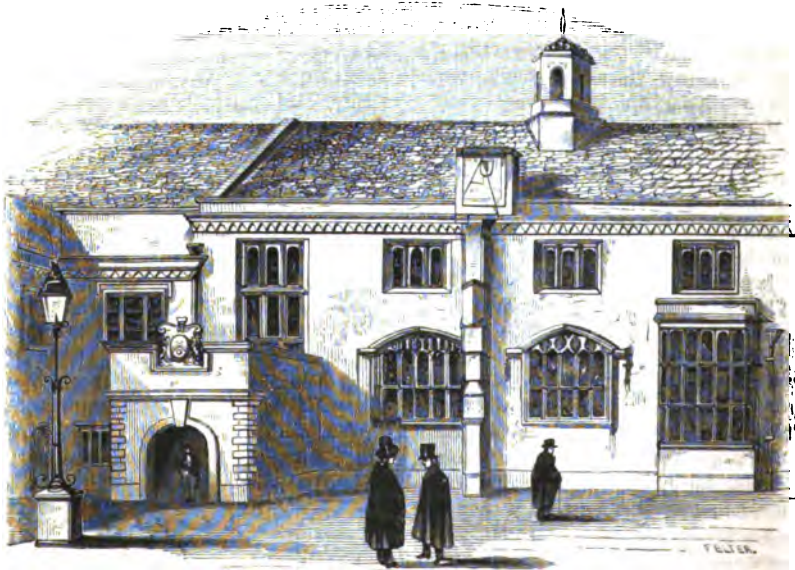
But the school is the principal object of interest. Here were educated Addison and Steele, those polished essayists, Blackstone, the profound legal commentator, and Isaac Barrow and John Wesley, eminent ministers of the gospel. O that some prophetic genius, some youthful Boswell, had but given us the history of the school-boy days of these and other eminent men ! In how many cases would we find that the "boy was father to the man," and in how many others would there be a most remarkable contrast between John or George at school, and John or George fairly launched into the busy world. Addison, we are told, escaped from school to avoid punishment—feeding

on berries and sleeping in a hollow tree, till his retreat was discovered. Dr. Johnson tells us, that he was once ringleader in a barring out. Isaac Barrow gave little promise of success as a scholar. He enjoyed especially such sports as brought on fighting among the boys—was negligent enough of his clothes and still more of his books. John Wesley, though a favorite with the head master Dr. Walker, had some reason to complain of the usage he received. Discipline was relaxed at that time, and the older boys were accustomed to eat up the animal food provided for the younger. He was, therefore, on short commons—a small daily portion of bread being often his only solid food. His father, however, had strictly enjoined him to run around the Charter House garden, (probably larger then than it is now,) three times every morning, a command which he faithfully obeyed. By this means, his biographer tells us, his health was improved and his constitution established; and so it may have been, though we are at a loss to conceive how vigorous exercise can be of much benefit, if the appetite created by it be not satisfied. He seems, however, to have loved the place of his early studies, and was in the habit of paying it an annual visit.

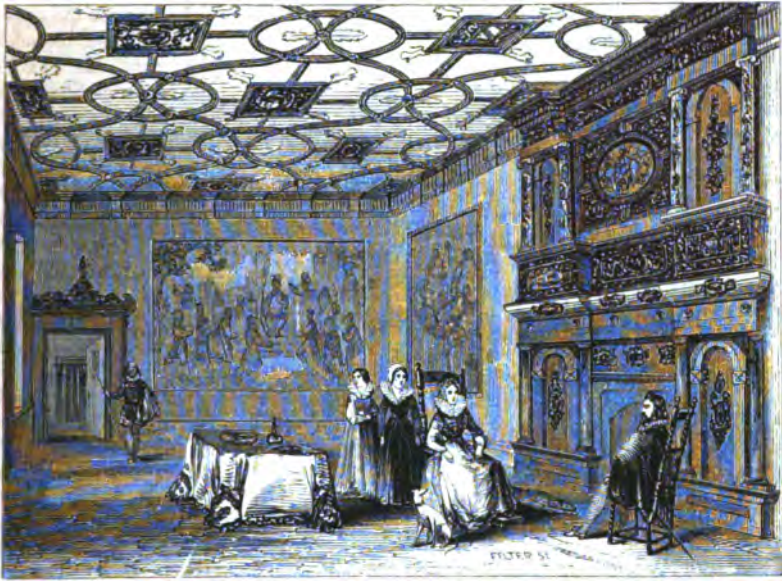
In this school forty-four boys are gratuitously fed, clothed, and instructed in the

classics and other branches of a liberal education. They must be between the ages of ten and fifteen, and can continue at the school only eight years. Twenty-nine "exhibitions," or what might be termed "scholarships," each worth forty pounds a year, are provided at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. To these, worthy pupils are entitled; or, if their parents or guardians prefer it, an apprentice fee of the same amount is granted them. The only recent instance of preference for the latter mode was that of Mr. Henry Siddons, who was apprenticed to his uncle, the celebrated tragedian, J. P. Kemble, "to learn the histrionic art and mystery." Nine ecclesiastical preferments are also in the patronage of the institution, to be conferred on those educated therein.

The exterior of the Charter House, with the green which serves as a playground, are represented at the head of our article. A view of the apartments for the scholars is here given. These consist of a handsome room and a large dining-hall. Here many a future statesman, warrior, and bishop, has been compelled to boil the kettle, toast the bread, and perform other menial offices, for the ease and pleasure of an upper boy. Over these are two large airy sleeping rooms, where each lad has a separate bed, and at the end of this dormitory are rooms for the assistants and



APARTMENTS FOR SCHOLARS.



ELIZABETHAN ROOM.

monitors. These last look out on a terrace, at the southern extremity of which a large door opens on a flight of four or five steps, leading into a small vestibule, on the right of which is the library, containing a valuable collection of works, in part the gift of Daniel Wray, Esq., deputy teller of the exchequer, once a pupil in the school.

Adjoining the library is the old court room, the decorations of which are of the reign of Elizabeth, and though much mutilated are still magnificent. The ceiling, which is flat, was once emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the Duke of Norfolk, painted and gilded under his own direction, while he owned the premises. But the hand of modern improvement has been at work, and—*horribile dictu*—covered it with a coat of white-wash! The walls are hung with tapestry, but the colors are almost obliterated. The chimney-piece is richly adorned. Four Tuscan pillars form the basement; in the intercolumniations are gilded shields, containing paintings of Mars and Minerva. Faith, Hope, and Charity are on panels of gold over the fire-place. The next division has four Ionic pillars, between which are arched panels, with fanciful gilded ornaments. On the pedestals are paintings of the Annunciation and Last Supper, well

executed in figures of gold on a black ground. The space between the pedestals contains Mr. Sutton's arms and initials on a gold ground. The center panel is of gold, with an oval containing the arms of James I. Mr. Sutton's arms are also to be seen in painted glass, in the windows at the upper end of the room.

This apartment is interesting on account of its magnificence; still more so as having been frequented by almost every illustrious character in England, from the time of Henry VIII. until the restoration. At present it is only used at the anniversary dinner in honor of Mr. Sutton, held on the 19th of December. This is a red-letter day with all Carthusians. A sermon is preached in the chapel in the morning, and an oration in Latin delivered in the great hall by the senior boy. After presenting a purse to the orator, to enable him to purchase books for future use, the members and visitors repair to the dining-hall. Here, when the cloth is removed, the ancient walls resound with the chorus of the old Carthusian song—

“Then blessed be the memory
Of good old Thomas Sutton,
Who gave us lodging—learning,
And he gave us beef and mutton.”

The festivity is then chastened by a silent libation “to the memory of those

Carthusian heroes who have fallen in defence of their country." These sad recollections are however soon chased away by the "Song of the Circles," "Ranting Chowdie had a Cow," &c., and the evening closes cheerfully, but we trust temperately.

Opposite to the door of the library are the receiver's apartments, and a handsome private entrance to the master's house. The descent thence is by a magnificent staircase, adorned with a vast variety of unmeaning ornaments, which show it to be of the time of Queen Elizabeth. At their foot we come to the grand hall, the interior



STAIRCASE.

of which is decorated in the same style. This appears to have been the banqueting room of the Duke of Norfolk, now used by the officers of the house and the senior



FIREPLACE.

pensioners. Adjoining this is an apartment once used as a refectory for the lay brothers of the Carthusian monks. By a door, at the northern angle of this room, we descend into the cloister, evidently a remnant of the monastic buildings, which looks into the green, a square piece of ground of about three acres, the playground of the scholars. On the north side is the school, evidently designed for use rather than ornament. Returning, in the south-east corner of the cloister is a passage, which has on the left a handsome doorway, leading through a small piazza to the chapel.

This chapel is nearly square, and divided into north and south aisles, by four pillars of the Tuscan order. Its length is sixty-three feet, breadth thirty-eight, height twenty-four. At the west end is a small plain organ. There are numerous tablets and monuments, the most interesting of which is that of the founder, placed close to the north-east corner, between a window and the dark east wall. Scarcely a ray of light falls upon it, and the visitor, who wishes to examine it, must risk his shins against the benches of the scholars, immediately before it. He is represented dressed in black robes and a ruff, and with a painted beard. The cost of the tomb was about £400. The following is the inscription:—

Here lieth buried the body of
THOMAS SUTTON,
Late of Castle Camps, in the county of Cambridge,
Esquire;

At whose only costs and charges
This Hospital was founded,
And endowed with large possessions for the
Relief of poor men and children:
He was a gentleman, born at Knayth, in the county of
Lincoln,
Of worthy and honest parentage;
He lived to the age of seventy-nine years,
And deceased
The 12th of December, 1611.

There are yet other objects of interest; as the Evidence House, a room where the records of the institution are kept; and several cells on the south side of the playground, evidently remains of the ancient convent; and a curious and well-executed representation of Mr. Sutton's arms and crest, on a large scale, made by a pensioner some years ago, with different colored pebbles; a half-length portrait of Lord

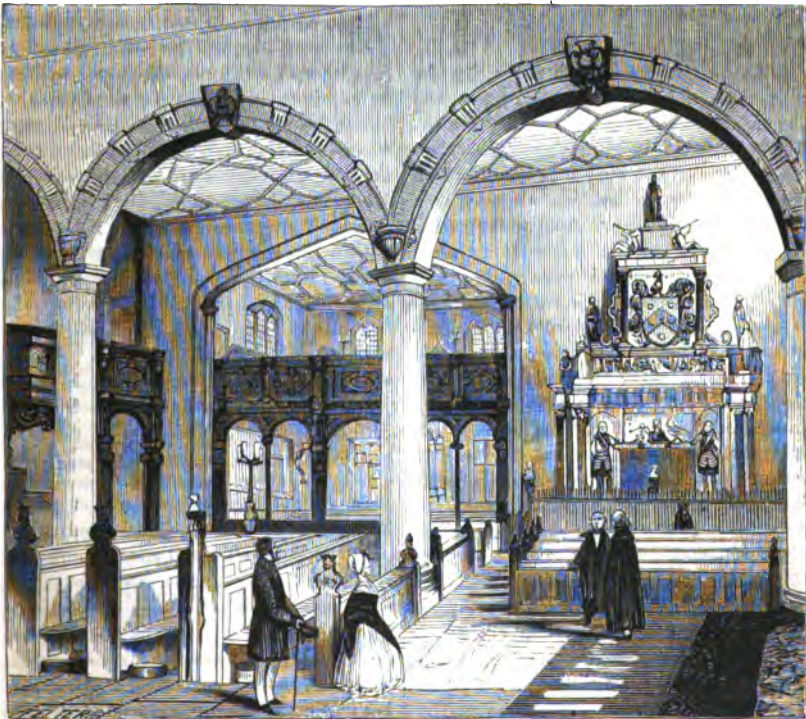


CLOISTER DOORWAY.

Chancellor Shaftesbury, seated, in a dark wig; a whole length of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, in his robes. There is also a long ancient gallery, hung round with old paintings, which call to the memory many quaint historical recollections. The following are a few of the principal

pictures which decorate the walls, and which bear the appearance of being much neglected: Dr. Benjamin Laney, Bishop of Ely, a half-length good picture, with white curled hair, and black cap, his hand on a skull; John Robinson, D.D. dean of Windsor, Bishop of Bristol, and lord privy seal, in his robes and black wig; his face large, and inclining to corpulency; Dr. Humphrey Henchman, Bishop of London, in his robes, gray hair and beard, with a good countenance; John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, an oval; handsome features and dark wig; there are, besides, portraits of John Lord Somers, Morley, Bishop of Winchester; the late Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, and a prelate whose name is unknown. There is also the Wilderness, as it is called, a pleasant place for an evening walk, adorned with many flourishing trees.

Such is the Charter House at present. May its abuses be reformed, so that the objects of its founder may be accomplished, and the institution prove a blessing to old and young, but especially to the superannuated scholar.



CHARTER HOUSE CHAPEL.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

THE ROYAL PENNON—GOLDSMITH.

THE year 1760 is memorable in English history for the accession to the throne of the United Kingdom of George III. The accession of a new sovereign, though necessarily preceded by the demise of his predecessor, is usually a joyful occasion. The vices and follies of princes belong to their individual characters, and die with them; and accordingly



GEORGE III.

with the beginning of each new reign the scepter passes into pure hands, and loyalty finds no hindrance to its utmost devotedness. There were also at this time some special reasons on account of which British loyalty rejoiced at the accession of the new sovereign. Among the greatest of political evils in an hereditary monarchy is an unsettled succession; and from this evil the British nation had suffered for nearly a hundred years. Parliament had indeed all along determined the question of the succession by its own authority; but there were many who questioned the right of that body to set aside the ancient constitution of the realm, and to change, for any cause, the regular descent of the crown. With all such the incumbents of the throne by the sole right of a parliamentary grant, and in opposition to any one having a better claim on the score of legitimacy, were necessarily accounted as usurpers; while allegiance was acknowledged to be due to the out-cast pretender, whose rights in the premises were invaded.

The manifest irregularity of the Hanoverian succession had necessarily thrown

the princes of that dynasty into the hands of the supporters of parliamentary supremacy, as opposed to the laws of an inflexible legitimacy. But now the race of the Stuarts was extinct, and the reigning family was thus brought, according to the ancient usages of the succession, to the rightful possession of the kingdom, over which its two former kings had reigned by the grant of the Parliament. In George III., therefore, all parties were agreed; and from every quarter of the three kingdoms men of all opinions attested their satisfaction, either by silent acquiescence, or by acclamations of joy.

Another advantage possessed by the new king over his predecessors of the same line was the fact that he was an Englishman, both by birth and education. For two generations the throne had been occupied by foreign princes; and it is not wonderful that a people whose national instincts are proverbially strong should now rejoice in the accession of a sovereign who gloried in the honor of having been born a Briton. That Johnson, whose prejudices in favor of the ancient constitution were inveterate, and with whom loyalty amounted to a passion, participated in the general joy, will be readily supposed. His intense dislike of the late king prepared him to rejoice at almost any change, while the youth of his successor, and the absence of any certain indication as to the bent of his character, left room for the most liberal hopes. These were not, however, the most sanguine: he rather waited in expectation the developments of the future. Writing to Baretta, then in Italy, he remarked:—

“You know that we have a new king. We were so weary of our old king that we are much pleased with his successor, of whom we are so much inclined to hope great things that most of us begin already to believe them. The young man is hitherto blameless; but it would be unreasonable to expect much from the immaturity of juvenile years, and the ignorance of princely education.”

The changed circumstances of the throne and kingdom left the new monarch at liberty to follow his own inclinations in the selection of his political associations, and the direction of his policy of government. The first and second Georges were both Whigs, by the very necessities of their circumstances; or rather, while most profoundly ignorant of the affairs of the

kingdom over which they were nominally the rulers, they were at once the creatures and the instruments of the Parliament, which, ever since the revolution of 1688, had claimed and exercised its boasted governmental omnipotence. But George III. soon discovered a character and disposition that gave promise of another state of things. The character of George III., as drawn by a noble author of the present age, with sufficient clearness indicates those properties of mind that unfitted him to follow in the path of his predecessors.

"Of a narrow understanding," says Lord Brougham, "which no culture had enlarged; of an obstinate disposition, which no education, perhaps, could have humanized; of strong feelings in ordinary things, and a resolute attachment to all his own opinions and predilections, George III. possessed much of the firmness of purpose, which, being exhibited by men of contracted minds without any discrimination, and as pertinaciously when they are in the wrong as when they are in the right, lends to their characters an appearance of inflexible consistency, which is often mistaken for greatness of mind, and not seldom received as a substitute for honesty. In all that related to his kingly office he was the slave of deep-rooted selfishness."

That such a prince should develop his disposition in his administration by calling to his aid men whose predilections inclined them to assert the prerogatives of the crown against the encroachments of Parliament was quite natural; and equally so that the partisans of regal power should recognize him as the imbediment and defender of their political views.

Hitherto Johnson had meddled but sparingly with politics, and what he had written on political subjects had all been in opposition to the measures and policy of the government. But his opinions were not unknown at the court, nor were they now wholly disapproved. The accession of the new sovereign called forth, as is usual on such occasions, a great number of congratulatory addresses from the various associations and corporations in the kingdom, some of which, with a variety of ascriptions and dedications, furnished occupation for Johnson's pen, and brought his name under the notice of the heads of the government. Their lofty style and courtly address gave a favorable impression of his abilities, and no doubt suggested at once the importance and practicability of further conciliating so powerful a writer toward the administration.

For two or three years after the cessa-

tion of "The Idler," viz., from the spring of 1760 to some time in 1762, Johnson's literary history is almost a total blank. His "Shakespeare" was still upon his hands, but there is little evidence that it received any considerable amount of his attention. His constitutional indolence seems to have become the ruling habit of his life. Even his epistolary correspondence was almost entirely neglected; so much so that the utmost diligence of his biographers has brought to light only two or three letters written during each of these years. He had lodgings in Temple Lane, where he dwelt in dignified poverty and in undignified slothfulness. He usually rose about noon, and breakfasted in dishabille, receiving and entertaining at the same time any who might call upon him; and, as his visitors were not few, nor usually persons of little consideration, his breakfast hour was often a sort of levee, enlivened with flashes of wit and adorned with the richest didactics from the lips of the newly-awakened Diogenes. By four he was ready to sally out, to ramble about town with some of his associates, or to fill some engagement to dine, of which he had one nearly every day in the week. His evenings were generally passed in some social gathering, either at some friend's house, or with one or more of his friends at a tavern. He seldom retired to his lodgings at an earlier hour than two in the morning. Such were the life and habits of a man who had filled the kingdom with his literary renown; who had contributed largely to the stores of general knowledge, and whose maxims of wisdom and rules of life were confidently consulted by the discreet, and often commended with paternal solicitude to erring or inquiring youth.

Until this time Johnson had lived in independent poverty. His daily wants were met, if met at all, by the proceeds of his own labor, which resource, although inadequate and uncertain, had thus far served him, instead of patrimonial wealth or the favor of the great. It was literally the case with him that much of his life was spent in making provisions for the day that was passing over him; and he almost absolutely, in practice, took no thought for the morrow. His works were sold outright, with only the reservation of the right to issue one edition of each,—which he never used,—and the price expended

as soon as received: so that while the strength of his life was passing away, he was making no provision for the weariness of declining years and the decrepitude of age. These things were not wholly overlooked by himself, nor did the contemplation of them fail to affect most painfully his morbidly sensitive spirit. They were also known and considered by his friends, some of whom were in positions to suggest the thought that possibly something might be done to effectually relieve the difficulties of his case. But Johnson having once courted the favor of a noble patron, had learned the vanity of any such reliance.

With whom the project of obtaining for Johnson a royal pension originated is not determined. It was probably the subject of frequent thought and conversation among his friends long before any attempt was made to prove it practicable. Mr. Thomas Sheridan and Arthur Murphy both claimed the honor of suggesting the subject to Mr. Wedderburne, afterward Lord Loughborough, by whom (but whether from his own original impulse or from this suggestion is uncertain) it was brought to the notice of the Earl of Bute, the prime minister of the youthful sovereign. The administration had already determined on a more liberal course toward learned men than had been the policy of the preceding reign; and Johnson was justly considered an appropriate object for royal bounty.

It was feared, however, that the principal difficulty would be found on the part of the intended object of favor. Johnson, indeed, could not object to a steady income of three hundred pounds a year, nor did he consider himself entirely unentitled to such a bestowment; but it was feared that the loftiness of his spirit would induce him to decline a favor that might seem incompatible with his freedom and independence. His former relations with the great had not been such as to encourage further attempts in the same direction. He had lampooned Walpole without mercy or remorse, and had spoken of his master, George II., in terms but little accordant with that profound reverence for crowned majesty that enters so largely into the political system which he professed. His affair with Lord Chesterfield was not forgotten, nor the many severe things he had uttered against sycophants and parasites at court. It was, therefore,



THE EARL OF BUTE.

thought best to bring the matter gradually before his own mind, and obtain his determination of the case. But even this course was not wholly free from peril; nor could the venturesome negotiator be assured that the fate of Osborne, the bookseller, should not be his own, should the proposition happen to be viewed as an insult.

At the request of Mr. Wedderburne this delicate mission was undertaken, with genuine benevolence, by Mr. Arthur Murphy, who thus details his proceedings in the case:—

“He went, without delay, to the chambers in the Inner Temple-lane, which, in fact, were the abode of wretchedness. By slow and studied approaches the message was disclosed. Johnson made a long pause; he asked if it was seriously intended. He fell into a profound meditation, and his own definition of a pensioner occurred to him. He was told that he, at least, did not come within the definition. He desired to meet me the next day and dine at the Mitre tavern. At that meeting he gave up all his scruples. On the following day Lord Loughborough conducted him to the Earl of Bute.”

It is probable that Mr. Murphy expresses himself a little too strongly when he says that at the Mitre tavern “he gave up all his scruples,” for it is evident that the assent then given was only a conditional one. His definition of a pensioner could interpose no serious objection, as that was given as only one of several meanings of the same word; though it would afford his enemies an opportunity to sting him with his own missiles. But he feared it might in some way interfere with his liberty and compromise his independence; and to this he could not consent for any consideration. When, therefore, he was

brought into the presence of the premier, he asked him directly, "Pray, my lord, what am I expected to do for this pension?" to which his lordship answered promptly, "It is not given you for anything you are to do, but for what you have done." Johnson, whose mind was highly susceptible to flattery, provided his pride was not offended, was very favorably impressed with the lofty courtesy of the noble minister, and, as his last objection was removed, he consented to receive the proffered bounty.

Upon the receipt of the papers by which he became entitled to the annual sum of three hundred pounds, he wrote to the Earl of Bute a letter acknowledging it, expressed in terms as dignified, and yet as courteous, as any that his lordship could have used:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF BUTE.

"July 20, 1762.

"MY LORD,—When the bills^o were yesterday delivered to me by Mr. Wedderburne, I was informed by him of the future favors which his Majesty has, by your lordship's recommendation, been induced to intend for me.

"Bounty always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed; your lordship's kindness includes every circumstance that can gratify delicacy, or enforce obligation. You have conferred your favors on a man who has neither alliance nor interest, who has not merited them by services, nor courted them by officiousness: you have spared him the shame of solicitation, and the anxiety of suspense.

"What has been thus elegantly given, will, I hope, not be reproachfully enjoyed; I shall endeavor to give your lordship the only recompense which generosity desires—the gratification of finding that your benefits are not improperly bestowed. I am, my lord,

"Your lordship's most obliged,

"Most obedient, and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Johnson's pension occasioned much rejoicing to his friends, with whom his poverty had long been a source of deep regret. Few persons have been objects of truer friendships than was he, notwithstanding his eccentricities; and as most of his friends were, either by birth or through their own efforts, raised above the condition to which poverty had confined him, they now rejoiced at the lucky turn of fortune by which he was raised to the same social level with themselves. Accordingly congratulations were showered upon him in

abundance—some of them the empty flatteries that wait upon fortune—whose hollowness Johnson could at once detect and appreciate with the scorn they merited—but others were the sincere rejoicings of disinterested friendship, to which his spirit was eminently susceptible. The genial and benevolent heart of Reynolds throbbed with a quicker pulsation as he greeted his old friend, now forever delivered from the dread of

"Toil, envy, want, the garret, and the jail."

Garrick, too, though he had received so many hard thrusts from him, rejoiced most heartily at the bettered condition of his townsman and fellow-adventurer. Langton, who had often been greatly afflicted and almost disgusted by the sordid poverty of his venerated companion and instructor, now greeted him most cordially, and felt himself scarcely less favored by the royal bounty than its immediate recipient. And even the reckless and satirical Beauclerk had a word of congratulation for the occasion, and exercising that liberty, which, beyond all others, he could use toward Johnson, applying the words of Falstaff, he "hoped he would now purge, and dress cleanly, and live like a gentleman." Johnson received the doubtful compliment complacently, and it was thought profited by the suggestion. From this epoch, a new era opens in Johnson's history.

During the summer of 1762, he accompanied Reynolds on an excursion into Devonshire, his native county. This was probably the first time that he had ever given himself this kind of recreation, or spent any considerable time outside of London, since he first entered the metropolis. It is not strange, therefore, that he should find at the end that his rambles had brought him a great accession of new ideas. His associations during the visit were of a highly gratifying character; for the two friends were entertained by many of the nobility of the western counties, and they were everywhere treated with the utmost courtesy and deference, which to Johnson was as grateful as it was new. He had a great regard for the ancient aristocracy of the kingdom—especially when he was received among them and treated with the consideration that he felt he deserved. They remained longest at Plymouth, where Johnson carefully examined the naval armaments and the

^o What these "bills" were appears to be altogether uncertain; Boswell gives no explanation on the subject.



PLYMOUTH GARRISON.

ship building that was going forward. The commission very courteously ordered a yacht to wait on them, in which they ran down to Eddystone, but were not able to land on account of the roughness of the sea.

While at Plymouth they were the guests of Dr. Mudge, the surgeon of the garrison, whose father, the Rev. Zechariah Mudge, prebendary of Exeter, was also at that time lodging with him. The guests were mutually much pleased with each other. This excellent and learned divine preached a sermon for the gratification of the guests at his son's house; and Johnson was so favorably impressed with his venerable friend, that many years afterward he sketched his character as a model of what a clergyman should be.

At this time the dock-yards were causing a new town to spring up, some two miles from the ancient town of Plymouth, which of course came to be looked upon as a rival. Between this and the old town a violent feud was now raging, and Johnson affected to enter largely into the controversy. That he lodged in the old town was sufficient reason why he should espouse their side of the quarrel; though, perhaps, his regard for whatever had the air of antiquity, and was in the established order of things, might have aided in the matter. It happened that the new town was destitute of water, while in the old one there was a large excess: and so the inhabitants of the former were petitioning for the privilege of making a conduit by means of which their necessity might be met. This petition was now under consideration, and Johnson pretended to be strongly opposed to granting the request. "No, no!" he

exclaimed, "I am against the dockers; I am a Plymouth man! Rogues! Let them die of thirst. They shall not have a drop!"

To this period also belongs the curious and characteristic anecdote, related by Beauclerk, of the visit of a French lady of quality, the Countess de Boufflers, to Johnson at his lodgings in the Temple-lane. Madame de Boufflers visited England in the summer of 1763, and being a voracious sight-seer, was taken by Beauclerk to see Johnson, as one of the lions of the metropolis. She was received very cordially, and went away greatly pleased with the conversation of the sage, whom she found in a strangely grotesque dis-habille, though he seemed to be not at all disconcerted by her presence.

"When our visit was over," said Beauclerk, "she and I left him, and were got into the Inner Temple-lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honors of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality; and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple-gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand and conducted her to the coach. His dress was a rusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes, by way of slippers, a little shriveled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance."

Johnson's increasing circle of personal friends was not far from this time enlarged by the accession of one, whose name in English literature is second only to his own. Oliver Goldsmith was the son of a country



JOHNSON AND MADAME DE BOUFFLERS.

parson, of "forty pounds a year," brought up at Lissoy, in Ireland, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His early years were passed in aimless idleness or ineffectual attempts at gaining a place in the world, till having exhausted the generosity of his friends and the forbearance of his creditors, he escaped to the Continent and made the tour of Europe on foot; and at last—four or five years before this time (Feb., 1756)—he found himself friendless and homeless "in the lonely, terrible London streets." In the desperateness of his circumstances he became an author from necessity, and wrought at the Grub-street trade in the true style of the profession, till his genius achieved for him a more eligible, social, and professional position.

In their characters and histories Johnson and Goldsmith had many points in common, as well as not a few marked contrasts. Both had struggled against poverty from their youth, but in very different tempers of mind. Johnson, with surly melancholy, had constantly looked at the dark side of things, and with dogged determination had borne up against difficulties, and always conquered by his indomitable energy of purpose. Goldsmith, on the contrary, was careless, buoyant,

and hopeful; he was easily satisfied, and was less affected by the ills of life than most persons, because he was less sensitive to them. His future was always radiant with hopes; and in his darkest hours he was cheered with the expectation that something favorable would presently *turn up*. In the frame of their minds they were in like manner contradistinguished. Both were writers of rare abilities, yet their works could not be compared; for they differ in kind rather than in degrees of excellence. Instead of Johnson's massy intellect and profound erudition, Goldsmith possessed a lively imagination, and a quick apprehension, and a just appreciation of the beautiful and the true. While Johnson was stately, elevated, and profound, Goldsmith was easy, flexible, and superficial. Johnson was the better thinker, but Goldsmith the better writer; the one gained the admiration of his age, the other made his cotemporaries his readers.

The learned and ingenuous Dr. Percy, author of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*—afterward Bishop of Dromore—had cultivated Goldsmith's acquaintance in the season of his deepest depression, and rejoiced with sincere gratification when his improved finances enabled him to quit

his garret in Green Arbor-court for lodgings in the Wine Office-square in Fleet-street. This joyous event was to be celebrated by a social gathering; and both Percy and Johnson were among the invited guests. However unlike in other particulars, Johnson and Goldsmith were both great slovens, and almost totally regardless of the conventionalities of dress. A bad habit often escapes the notice of its subject till he sees it reproduced in another, when it is viewed in its proper light. An illustration of this was now to be given. When Percy called to take Johnson to Goldsmith's lodgings, he was surprised to find the old russet coat and dingy brown wig replaced by a new suit; and upon his venturing to express his gratification at the transformation, Johnson replied: "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a great sloven, justifies his disregard of



DR. GOLDSMITH.

cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night of showing him a better example." The lesson was not lost.

The acquaintance thus commenced soon ripened into a friendship that proved as lasting as the lives of the parties to it. Goldsmith readily recognized in his new acquaintance the attributes of mind, by virtue of which, either through reverence or fear, he maintained a mastery over all his associates; and being his junior by nearly twenty years, he could, without the loss of self-respect, concede all that would be demanded. Johnson, though often offensively exacting in his social intercourse, would accept the condescensions of his friends in such a manner as to take away the appearance of degradation; and it would seem that he considered such compliances

indications of real excellence, demanding his unfeigned respect for those who rendered them. He also discovered in Goldsmith such excellences, both as a man and an author, that he conceived for him a genuine and hearty respect. The two authors, therefore, "took to each other," to adopt Johnson's own phrase, with mutual goodwill; and though Johnson would sometimes vent his satires on "poor Goldy" with great freedom, and though they frequently quarreled between themselves, yet they mutually esteemed each other very highly, and their friendship was never for a day interrupted.

Not very long after the commencement of this acquaintance, occurred a highly amusing and characteristic affair, which is the more interesting from its connection with a curious passage in literary history. It was some time during the year 1763, that one morning Johnson received a hasty message from Goldsmith, saying that he was in great distress; and because he could not go to Johnson, he entreated that Johnson would come to him. The cause of the difficulty was readily guessed, and a guinea returned by the messenger; and as soon as he was dressed, the Ajax of literature followed in person. He found Goldsmith in a great rage at his landlady, who had caused him to be arrested for arrears of rent. The guinea had been changed, for a partly exhausted bottle of madeira was standing on the table; and while he paced his chamber in great fury, the bailiff and his landlady watched at the door.

After ascertaining the nature of the case, Johnson inquired of his friend as to any available property he might have on hand ready to be disposed of. Goldsmith produced a manuscript volume, which, he said, was complete and ready to be published. Johnson glanced over it hastily, and then going out took it to Newberry, who purchased it for sixty pounds, out of which sum the demanded rent was paid, and the distressed author again set at liberty. This is the early history of the world-read Vicar of Wakefield. The manuscript lay in the desk of the bookseller for more than a year; when, "The Traveler" having been published in the mean time, and greatly increased the reputation of its author, Newberry ventured to issue the unpretending fiction under its auspices; and when once that had seen the light, it needed no further patronage.



GOLDSMITH ARRESTED..

As an evidence that Johnson's lesson on dress and cleanliness was not lost upon Goldsmith, the following affair is related, which is here introduced as a part of the subject under notice, though slightly anticipating its chronological order:—The distinguishing features of Goldsmith's character were self-esteem in excess, and a deficiency of self-confidence; and out of these arose a most absurd and ridiculous vanity: when, therefore, his genius had brought him into good society, he was emulous of praise, and aspired to shine as a man of fashion. His unpaid tailor's bills, discovered after his death, forcibly evinced the foibles of the man in this particular.

Boswell, upon his return from his foreign travels, in 1769, gave a dinner party to Johnson and the Johnsonian circle of London wits. The occasion was one of no ordinary interest with Goldsmith, and he accordingly prepared to shine in the bright constellation. He therefore ordered from his tailor "a half-dress suit

of ratteen, lined with satin; a pair of silk-stocking breeches, and a bloom-colored coat." In these he incased his chubby and awkward limbs and shapeless little body; while above them beamed his coarse and inexpressive face, indented by small-pox, and smirking with self-complacency. Arrived at the ante-room, while dinner waited, Goldsmith strutted up and down the room with evident self-satisfaction. His grotesque appearance attracted the attention of Garrick, and elicited from him an ironical compliment,



GOLDSMITH'S BLOOM-COLORED COAT.

which Goldsmith was not inclined to accept in its literal sense. Garrick, still maintaining his mock-seriousness, pretended to compliment Goldsmith's person at the expense of his dress, adding, "Nay, you will always look like a gentleman; but I was talking of being well or ill dressed." "Well, let me tell you," answered Goldsmith, with the utmost simplicity, "when my tailor brought home my bloom-colored coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favor to beg of you; when anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water-lane.'" This aroused Johnson, who had been a silent spectator of the whole affair, and he now thundered out, "Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat, even of so absurd a color." Though Mr. Filby received no other payment for his services and wares, he certainly in this case purchased immortality at a cheaper rate than most are willing to pay for it. For the next period of ten years, the name of Dr. Goldsmith will frequently occur in the history of his illustrious cotemporary and associate.

The only production of any permanent interest from the pen of Johnson, bearing date in 1763, is a sketch of the poet Collins, furnished by him to the "Poetical Calendar," and afterward inserted, slightly enlarged, among the "Lives of the English Poets." That brief production bears strong indications of the author's peculiar style and method of writing, being liberally loaded with reflections and sententious maxims of life. But it is chiefly remarkable for its tender sympathy toward the late suffering object of his memoirs. The writer, no doubt, saw much in Collins's case to remind him of his own mental history; and probably while setting forth the influence of bodily languor in enervating, and at length dethroning, a noble intellect, he felt more than a speculative interest in the subject.

Johnson had known Collins personally for a few years previous to his last and irrecoverable mental prostration; and when that sad event occurred, he deeply sympathized with his suffering friend. Writing to Dr. Warton soon after, he remarked: "How little can we venture to exult in any intellectual powers or literary attain-

ments, when we consider the condition of poor Collins! I knew him a few years ago, full of hopes and full of projects, versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in retention. This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those who lately would not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of its designs." Again, the next year, Johnson wrote: "Poor, dear Collins! Let me know whether you think it would give him pleasure if I should write to him. *I have often been near his state*, and therefore have it in great commiseration." Of the nature of that condition to which Johnson supposed himself to "have often been near," he informs us in this sketch of his friend: "He languished under that depression of mind *which enchains the faculties without destroying them*, and leaves reason the knowledge of right without the power of pursuing it." And as to the origin of these morbid tendencies he adds: "His disorder was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness—a deficiency of vital rather than of intellectual powers." Such remarks, which are found frequently occurring in his writings, indicate both his interest in the general subject of mental disorders, and his extensive and accurate knowledge of their nature.

A kindly feeling toward the mad poet, as a fellow author for bread, clearly manifests itself in this brief sketch; and the author is constantly prepared to explain away, or extenuate any of his seeming faults or foibles by references to the peculiarities of his circumstances. Truth required that it should be written, that Collins "designed many works, but accomplished very little;" but this declaration is modified by the consideration immediately subjoined: "A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at his creditor, is not much disposed to abstract meditation or remote inquiries." In sketching his moral character, its imperfection is conceded; but this suggestive reflection is annexed: "In a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform; *there is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed*; and long associations with fortuitous companions will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervor of sincerity." It can hardly be

supposed that this was written without a lively recollection of the scenes of former times, when these things, in their most painful forms, were the circumstances in which Johnson was living, suffering, and faintly hoping for changes that now had occurred. Nor let our reader think that the time has passed when literature is so poorly rewarded. The history of some of our own cotemporaries will unfold a chapter as full of anxiety and privation as any of the times of Johnson. When will a better day dawn? When true merit will be appreciated and its labors rewarded, although fame may not have heralded its approach.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

A GRAY and chilling morn of early spring
Creeps feebly up the east. Its somber light
Reveals the thousand tents of Israel's host,
Flecking the wide-spread plain like folds of
sheep,

As tribe by tribe they lay encamp'd. The
dawn,
With darkness feebly struggling now, shall
bring

Unto that slumb'ring host a day of woe,
A pall of sorrow, 'neath whose heavy folds
The stoutest heart shall quail, and bearded lips
Shall quiver, and stern eyes grow dim with
tears.

The day has come; and now the stir of life
Runs through that mighty host with quiet hum,
As 't were a Sabbath morn. The incense fire
Sends up its curling perfume to the skies;
The offering for sin is made; and now
A band of Israel's elders, and the priest
And Levite, gather round the holy place,
And he, their leader, the meek man of God,
Comes forth and takes his way toward Nebo's
mount.

They follow him, with slow and funeral step,
Beyond the camp. And there his trembling
hands

Are laid in parting blessing on their heads,
As solemnly they bend in grief and awe.

His upward path he treads, O' not alone!
For yearning hearts are with him, and straining
eyes

Do follow from afar. In sackcloth robed,
In ashes bow'd, a nation mourns the day;
And men of war, six hundred thousand there,
Are weak as women. Aged men, and maids
Of laughing eyes, weep now; and e'en young
babes

Join in the wailing. Still that form erect,
With undiminish'd vigor, passes on
Alone, and none may follow where he treads.
Their wail is washed on the breeze. But he—
Can sight of human love or human weep
Bedim his prospect now? retard his step?
Slowly he turns to where a howling cliff
Commands the tented plain.

And there he stands,
That meek and holy man. A hundred years
And more have laid their winters on his brow,
Their summers in his heart. Wisdom and love
Kept pace in that great soul. Communing oft
With God, he bore to Israel's waiting host
The bread of Heaven, and in his own heart
brought

An ever-deeper fount of love for them;
And now within his aged breast that heart,
A human heart, is yearning o'er its kind,
With deep, undying, human love. The wall
Of Israel is echoed there. "O God!
If but this cup might pass!" His head is
bow'd

Upon his heaving breast, where love and grief
Hold fearful strife with Faith and dreaded Fate.
The past, with all its weary years, comes back;
Its years of wandering, and toil, and strife,
Of sinning and repentance, rise before him—
Years that have bound him close and closer still
Unto this wayward race, until his love
Is such as tender parents feel:—a love
That found it ever easy to forgive;
A love that oft has stood between their God,
Their angry God, and them. Who now can
lead?

Who now can love and bear with them as he?
O that this cup might pass! O that e'en now
He might return, and be their leader still!

The strife is done, and faith has conquer'd grief.
Again his upturn'd eye is clear and bright,
Again his step is firm as erst. For Faith
Is holding high converse, where late the strife
Wax'd high. She tells him now that God shall
love

His people, and shall lead them into rest;
That though they wander from the way and long
Are straying, they shall be brought back at last.
"Though they should fall, they'll rise again;
His hand

Supports them still." Though other human
hands
Shall lead, yet God shall still direct and guard.

Upward he mounts, and not with lagging step
Or drooping form, but with elastic tread
And still increasing vigor, till at length
He passes on the mountain's brow. The mists
That veil the vision of mortality
Are dissipated now. The clear, pure air
Leaving his care-worn brow, so soothes his senses,
As 't were the very breath of Heaven. The past
Seems now but as a "vision of the night,"
A weary dream, before this dawning day.

The voice of God breaks on his ear, "Behold!"
And like a map outspread, beneath his lay
The Promised Land, the fair and fertile fields
So long awaiting Israel's wand'ring host,
From north to south, and to the utmost sea,
From Gilead's borders even unto Jordan,
His eyes behold its beauty and loveliness,
And he is satisfied. Not one regret
O'er shadows now its beauty. Not one pang
Tells now of earthly thought. His soul outflows
In liquid love, and o'er that earth he sheds
Sheds a last blessing for his native land.
Slow fades the vision. Brighter grows the day,
More pure the air, and fairer scenes appear!
At length he sees—in Mesopotamia.

M. M. L. J. J. J.



SUSIE.

What shall I liken thee to, Susie?
 What shall I liken thee to?
 What so sweet and so fair, can with thee compare?
 What shall I liken thee to?
 Shall I call thee a flower, born in the first shower,
 That tells us the spring-tide is here, Susie?
No; the flower fades away at the close of the day;
Thou art blooming and sweet all the year, Susie!

What shall I liken thee to, Susie?
 What shall I liken thee to?
 What rings out so free, as thy laugh full of glee?
 What shall I liken thee to?
 Shall I call thee a bird, whose warble is heard,
 From the bough of the blossoming tree, Susie?
No; the bird's song is still, when November blows chill,
Never wind shall blow coldly on thee, Susie!

What shall I liken thee to, Susie?
 What shall I liken thee to?
 What so precious and bright as thy face of delight?
 What shall I liken thee to?
 To brilliants that shine, like stars from the mine,
 Or pearls from the depths of the sea, Susie?
No; the gem has been sold for silver and gold,
But what price could ever buy thee, Susie!

There 's naught I can liken thee to, Susie ;
 There 's naught I can liken thee to :
 Bird, flow'ret, and gem, alike I condemn ;
 There 's naught I can liken thee to.
 Thou'rt a gift from above, of the Father of love,
 Sent to call our hearts upward to him, Susie :
 His smile we see now in the light of thy brow ;
 God grant it may never grow dim, Susie !

THE HISTORY OF SERMONS.

WHEN shall the world be favored with a history of the pulpit, and who will write it? Such a work is a great desideratum, and, well executed, might prove of incalculable value. The world is full of material, which only needs to be collected, sifted, and arranged. Let some one of our men of might gird himself for the task.

One chapter in such a work, or perhaps more, should be given to the origin and history of sermons, and curious indeed would be its developments; especially if all their secret history could be made known. Let us give two or three facts, which may go to show somewhat of what we mean.

One of the most beautiful and popular of the sermons of Robert Hall is the one occasioned by the death of the amiable Princess Charlotte, who died in 1817—a sermon which he had not even thought of delivering an hour before its commencement.

Devoted to his duty, this eminent man seldom looked at a newspaper, and was supremely ignorant of passing events, so that he was not aware of the time when the princess was to be buried. The funeral ceremony took place on a Wednesday evening, just at the time of Mr. Hall's weekly lecture. Royal bereavements generally have attention paid them from the pulpit, especially at the hour of interment, but the thought never occurred to Mr. Hall that anything more than an ordinary service would take place at Harvey Lane.

On his arrival there, as usual, behold the whole house was lighted up and crowded. "How is this, sir?" asked Mr. Hall of one of his deacons. "What does this crowd mean?" "Why, sir, the Princess Charlotte, you know, is buried this evening, and the people are come to hear

your funeral sermon for her." "Well, sir, I am very sorry, but I had entirely forgotten it; ask Mr. — to introduce the service, and I will sit down in the vestry, and endeavor to think of something to say." The substance of the sermon on the topic, which appears in the first volume of his works, was the result of half an hour's reflections; the sermon was afterward written, published, and produced great effects. The widowed prince described it as the best of all the sermons sent him on the occasion; and another eminent man thought that the production of such a sermon went far to account for the mysterious removal of the princess.

Much smaller events than the removal of the great have suggested good sermons. The admirable discourse on "Walking on Faith," the first sermon printed by Andrew Fuller, owed its origin to a small matter. It was delivered at an annual meeting of the Northamptonshire Association, at whose request it was printed. Like the sermon of his friend Hall, not a word of it was written till after its delivery. On his way to the Association the roads in several places were flooded, arising from recent rains, which had made the rivers overflow. Mr. Fuller came to one place where the water was very deep, and he, being a stranger to its exact depth, was unwilling to go on. A plain countryman residing in the neighborhood, better acquainted with the water than the preacher, cried out, "Go on, sir, you are quite safe."

Fuller urged on his horse, but the water soon touched his saddle, and he stopped to think. "Go on, sir, all is right," shouted the man. Taking the man at his word, Fuller proceeded, and the text was suggested, "We walk by faith, not by sight."



EBENEZER ELLIOTT,

THE ENGLISH CORN-LAW RHYMER.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT was born at Masborough, near Sheffield, England, on the 17th of March, 1781. His father was a clerk in the Iron Works of that place, with a salary of £70 a year. On this small pittance he supported a family of eight children. In his youth, Ebenezer was remarkable for good nature—a fault got bravely over in *The Corn-Law Rhymes*—and for a certain dullness of mind that long prevented him from mastering the easiest rudiments of a common English education. And his original stupidity is said to have been confirmed by the help which he received from a clever

school-fellow, who used to do for him his sums in arithmetic. Without understanding addition, he somehow got into the Rule of Three, and without understanding the Rule of Three, (but that of course,) he got into Decimals, where he stuck fast. At this period of his studies he was examined by his father, and “found wanting.” He scarcely knew that two and two made four. Clearly, he will never make the clerk that his father is—never have that fortune of £70 a year!

He was set to work in the foundry to see whether sifting sand would not improve his arithmetic, and make him as

smart a lad as his brother Giles, a chip of the old clerky block. It is in vain: a dunce is a dunce, place him where you will. Giles sits in the counting-house writing invoices, posting the ledger, and playing the gentleman in general; while Ebenezer "does chores," as we Yankees say, in the foundry, sifting sand through coarse sieves, and smutting his face with charcoal dust. His brother's superiority produces no envy in Ebenezer; he loves him too much for that; but he hates himself, he is such a perfect dunce! His only resource is solitude and play. From infancy he has had a passion for solitude, which the scenery around his birthplace is calculated to strengthen; and all his leisure moments are spent in communion with nature. He is the best kite-maker in the place, and may be often seen alone flying his kite. He is a good ship-builder, too, and his chip armadas float along the banks of the canal.

Among his relations at Masborough was an aunt who had a son studying botany. The plates of his botanical books were beautifully colored, and very delectable to behold. He found that by holding them to a pane of glass he could copy them "as natural as life." (This process, by the by, is an old one; we remember to have practiced it ourselves, years ago.) In time he became a botanist, and had a *hortus siccus* of his own, gathering in his holiday rambles the flowers which composed it. And so passed the days and years.

One day he heard his brother Giles recite a passage from "Thomson's Seasons," and his attention was turned to poetry. Clare and Bloomfield, it is said, drew their early inspiration from the same source. His first attempt at a poem was a rhymed description of a thunder-storm—(your young poet is always fond of thunder)—in which, the story goes, he had a flock of sheep running away after they had been killed by lightning! Now this poetical miracle came to pass because the rhyme would have it so.

"Sometimes
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes."
He read the poem to his cousin, the botanist, and it was mercilessly ridiculed; but the young poet stuck to his *mutton*.

From Thomson he passed to Shenstone, the most insipid of elegiac poets; thence to Milton, and finally to Shakspeare, "the myriad-minded." For a dunce this is

something. When he began to write verses he became ashamed of his deficiencies, which he now beheld in their true light. If there is anything in the world that can make a man feel his littleness and insignificance it is the eternal spirit of song. For a while he tried his hand at French, but without success. Then he began English Grammar—about the last thing that we ever really *study*—but unfortunately began at the wrong end, viz., at the key, and never reached the beginning. The son of his old schoolmaster, who was preparing for the ministry, used to recite Greek to him, and, without understanding a word of the language, he was so charmed with the music of Homer, "the swelling of the voiceful sea," that he learned by heart the opening lines of the Iliad.

One of his biographers, who seems to have been troubled by the poet's early complaint—dullness—relates the following anecdote of his fondness for the classic tongues:—

"Having written a sonorous poem in blank verse on the American Revolution, he wished for a learned title. He wished to call it 'Liberty,' so his learned cousin baptized it in Greek by the name of 'Eleutheria;' but the poet having found that the name Eleutheria also signified fire, humbled himself to Latin, expunged the Greek, and wrote in place of it 'Jus Triumphans.' He then read Johnson's Dictionary through, and selected several dozen words, fifty-three, we believe, of six and seven syllables, which he wrote on slips of paper and pasted over his verses where they would occur and read grammatically!"

But we cannot always be children and youths, reading, and writing verses, and other foolery; the years sweep on, and manhood teaches us other thoughts and loves, and the meaning of that stern word—duty. In a few years the young poet was a man and a father. Concerning his love, marriage, and matrimonial life, we know nothing, further than that it was passed at Sheffield, to which he came one hundred and fifty pounds in debt, with a wife and three or four children. He suffered and endured for a long time as only such men can, and at length began to make money and fame. But he seems to have made the first much the soonest; fame was long in visiting him, and then she only dropped in as it were by accident.

Some time in 1808, his twenty-seventh year, he seems to have tried to find a pub-

lisher; for in *Southey's Life and Letters*, lately published, is a letter to him filled with sound advice about the matter of publication. After saying that a recommendation to the booksellers, which the young poet seems to have solicited, was of no use whatever, that poetry was a drug in the market, etc., he says:—

"From that specimen of your productions which is now in my writing-desk, I have no doubt that you possess the feeling of a poet, and may distinguish yourself."

He then advises him to send his poems to the newspapers, and see what success they meet with there.

In 1809 he wrote him again:—

"In your execution," he says, "you are too exuberant in ornament, and resemble the French engravers, who take off attention from the subject of their prints by the flowers and trappings in the foreground. This makes you indistinct; but distinctness is the great charm of narrative poetry. See how beautifully it is exemplified in Spenser, our great English master of narrative, whom you cannot study too much, nor love too dearly. Your first book reminds me of an old pastoral poet, William Browne; he has the same fault of burying his story in flowers; it is one of those faults which are to be wished for in the writings of all young poets. I am satisfied that your turn of thought and feeling is for the higher branches of the art, and not for the lighter subjects. Your language would well suit the drama; have your thoughts ever been turned toward it?"

The hint was not lost; what hint poetical ever is by a young poet? he turned his attention to the drama, and wrote plays. In 1811 Southey had to write him again concerning a play of his, the name of which is not mentioned. Without doubt the juvenile mutton was in it, and the juvenile thunder and lightning. But all this time he is struggling with fortune in the iron business, now up and now down, yet on the whole rather increasing his means, and certainly increasing his family. Any one visiting Sheffield at this period might have found him in his shop, ready to supply orders at the shortest notice. William Howitt, who visited the place some years ago, calls it a lowish, humblish sort of a building.

"On entering the front door, which, however, you are prevented from doing till a little iron gate in the door-way is first opened for you, you find yourself in a dingy place full of steel and iron of all sorts and sizes, from slenderest rods to good massy bars, reared on almost every inch of space, so that there is just room enough to get among them; and in the midst of all stands sloft a large cast of Shakspere with the Sir Walter Raleigh ruff about

his neck, and mustache. Your eye glancing forward penetrates a large warehouse behind, of the like iron gloom and occupation. On the left hand is a small room, into which you directly look, for the door is open, if door there be, and which is properly the counting-house, but is nearly as crowded with iron bars as the rest. The center of the room is occupied by a considerable office-desk, which, to judge from its appearance, has for many a year known no occupation but that of being filled with the most miscellaneous chaos of account-books, invoices, bills, memorandum-books, and the like, all buried in the dust of the iron age in which they have accumulated. To be used as a desk appears to have ceased long ago; it is the supporter of old chaos come again. And a couple of portable desks set on the counter under the window, though elbowed up by lots of dusty iron, and looked down upon by Achilles and Ajax in wonder, seem to serve the real purposes of desks.

"But Achilles and Ajax, says some one, what do they here? All round the room stand piles of bars of iron, and amid these stand, oddly enough, three great plaster casts of Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon. The two Grecian heroes are in the front on each side of the window, and Napoleon occupies an elevated post in the center of the side of the room, facing the door. Such was at once the study and warehouse of Ebenzer Elliott."

If anything came from such a place, what could it be but discord and strength? Is it a wonder that the poet wrote iron lines, as well as weighed iron bars,—a wonder that a certain energy and sternness brooded over his heart, like the heroic busts over the window? We must look elsewhere for "the lascivious pleasing of the lute;" here is the falling of hammers, and the ringing of anvils, and such clouds of dust!

In 1819, eight years since the date of the letter from which we made our last extract, Southey wrote to Elliott again, acknowledging the receipt of a volume of his poems which had just been criticised in the *Monthly Magazine*:—

"There are," he says, "abundant evidences of power in it. It is also a hateful story, presenting nothing but what is painful. You may do great things, if you will cease to attempt so much; if you will learn to proportion your figures to your canvas. Cease to overload your foreground [the laureate growth skillful in painter's phrases] with florid ornaments, and be persuaded that in a poem, as well as in a picture, there must be bright lights and shades; that the general effect can never be good unless the subordinate parts are kept down; and that the brilliancy of one part is brought out and heightened by the repose of the other. One word more. With your powers of thought and language you need not seek to produce effect by monstrous incidents and exaggerated characters. These dramas have

been administered so often that they are beginning to lose their effect, and it is to truth and nature that we must come at last. Trust to them, and they will bear you through. You are now squandering wealth, with which, if properly disposed, you may purchase golden reputation."

No one can dispute the correctness of Southey's advice: whether Elliott could have followed it, is another matter. It was easy for a man of Southey's limited imagination (limited in all save the creation of *incident*) to talk of Elliott's "florid ornaments," but not so easy for Elliott himself to get rid of them. A more thorough education, and more correctness of taste, might have prevailed to their ostracism, and they might not. In the case of Shelley, they were of no avail. Among the whole range of English poets was not a more cultivated scholar than Shelley, and certainly none whose poems are so floridly ornamented. The volume to which Southey alluded was entitled "Night." How far it corresponded with its title we know not; but it was, doubtless, no misnomer; and, be sure, Ajax was there, and

"Through all that dark and desperate night,
The prayer of Ajax was for light!"

"For twenty years," to quote Howitt again—

"The poet went on writing and publishing; but in vain. Volume after volume, his productions fell dead from the press, met a contemptuous sneer, or were 'damned with faint praise.' But living consciousness of genius was not to be extinguished; the undaunted spirit of Elliott was not to be frozen out by neglect. He wrote, he appealed to sense and justice; but in vain. He became furious, and hurled a flaming satire at Lord Byron, in the height of his popularity, in the hope that the noble lord would give him a returning blow, and thus draw attention upon him. It was in vain—neither lord nor public would deign him a look, and the case seemed hopeless."

Money matters were, however, brightening with him. He struck into the right track at last; and such was at that time the prosperity of Sheffield, that he used to sit in his chair, and make £20 a day without ever seeing the goods that he sold. The corn-laws changed all this, and made him glad to retire from business with a part of what he had made; the great panic in 1837 sweeping away some thousands at once.

When or how Elliott first became a corn-law rhymist is not known; the probability is, that his change from poetry to politics was gradual. These poets are not

easily led to alloy the pure ore of song. Their eyes, however, are keen to see, and their hearts are quick to warm over sorrow and suffering. And when they do see and feel, it is with the fullness of their souls, especially if they keep company with Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon. From childhood, as we have said, Elliott was noted for mildness and tenderness; but it was time now to put away childish things; for the very bread that he ate was taxed to support a useless aristocracy. And not his own bread only, (that he might have borne, for he was naturally a peaceful man; and he could afford it now, having learned something of arithmetic,) but the bread of all the poor in the kingdom. This touched his heart. Every pale mechanic, weary with excessive labor; and every pale mechanic's wife, sickly with want and sorrow; every unprotected widow, and every orphan child; none were exempted from the crushing influence of these accursed corn-laws. Was it not enough to make any man, much less a poet, lift up his voice in wailing and denunciation? enough to make almost any man a poet, if it be the poet's province to sing songs of defiance and war?

He who said, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," was right. Certainly the songs of Elliott, under God, unmade the corn-laws of England.

One purpose was, however, served by those accursed corn-laws; they drew the attention of the public to the corn-law rhymist. His volumes no longer fell dead from the press, but were widely read and reviewed. His twenty years of neglect were atoned for by a general burst of popularity; Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon, were in the ascendant at last. And thus it happened: When the corn-law excitement was at its height, chance or business led Dr. Bowring, the translator of *The Russian Anthology*, to Sheffield, where some one put into his hands Elliott's *Ranter* and *The Corn-Law Rhymes*. He at once recognized their merit, and began to talk of the poet of Sheffield: not James Montgomery, author of *The Wanderer of Switzerland*, nor Robert ditto, author of *Satan, a poem*; but a new man, one Ebenezer Elliott, a dealer in old iron. Among others to whom he spoke of him was Howitt, who instantly procured his poems. Wordsworth was at that time Howitt's guest, and, for a wonder, was

struck with poetry that was not his own, nor of his own quiet school.

Bowring went up to London, and talked of the new genius there. Meeting Bulwer one night at a party, he prevailed upon him to read his poetry, and Bulwer shortly after reviewed it and its author in *The New Monthly*, in an article entitled, "*Uneducated Poets.*" Returning to the Lakes, Wordsworth mentioned the poems to Miss Jewsbury at Manchester, and she noticed them in *The Athenæum*. Carlyle did the same in the *Edinburgh Review*. Of course the smaller fry of critics, who never have any opinions of their own, save those that are weak and damnatory; the timid gentlemen, who had given Elliott the cold shoulder for so many years, now made the discovery that he was a great genius. Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all, they barked for him. He was a famous man, that Ebenezer Elliott!

Surely it was time. Twenty years of neglect were quite sufficient to establish his right to a niche in the temple of Fame. Our good friend Southey was not over pleased at the success of his pupil: he either felt that he, too, had neglected Elliott, or else he trembled for his own aristocratic bread and butter. In one of his letters to Lord Mahon, he alludes to Elliott as "this man," and says he shall give him some good advice in *The Christian Magazine*. Any amount of Southey's counsel not then have stopped Elliott's fame.

Till the repeal of the corn-laws in 1846, Elliott continued to pour out his stirring songs in behalf of the people. Finding at last that he was growing old, he gave up to his sons the principal part of his business, and retired from Sheffield to Darfield, a village hard by, where he spent the remainder of his days in quiet and ease among his friends and books, dying, in 1849, at the age of sixty-eight. Since his death there has been some talk of a monument to his memory; and one is now, we believe, under way in the city of Sheffield. While his poems live, however, and they bid fair to live long, there is no great need of "piled stones" to keep him alive in the hearts of men.

The poetry of Ebenezer Elliott, and some other of the late English poets who have followed in his track, embodies the political element of the age. For the first time in English literature we recognize politics as the soul of poetry: heretofore

we have had gleams of it; it has shown itself covertly in satire; has occasionally turned the point of a song, but never before pushed boldly and prominently forward, as it does now, sternly and fiercely unfolding its truths, and uttering its terrible denunciations. Freedom, which before only *fought*, now *sings*, and has a place in the choir of Apollo, the oracular Tenth Muse. Few poets have sung her praises as well, or have served her as truly, as Ebenezer Elliott, the corn-law rhymist. A greater difference than exists between his poetry and that of the preceding age, can scarcely be conceived. In the ages of Elizabeth and Charles, and even so late as those of Anne and the Georges, the mass of the so-called English poets were abject and groveling flatterers of all the then existing royal and aristocratic institutions; and the aim and end of their worthless poems, and still more worthless lives, was patronage, nothing but patronage. It was not, "How much genius does my book contain?" but, "To whom can I dedicate it, and make the most money!" My Lord This, it is true, is a rake, and my Lady That a fool; but then they are rich, and will give me fifty or a hundred guineas for a dedication extolling their virtues; and they shall have it, the simpletons, and I, cunning knave, shall have the coin.

Somewhat different from this tribe of butterflies is Ebenezer Elliott. There is nothing of the popinjay about him, nothing of the lord and fine gentleman; he is only a man; a dealer in old iron, if you will, rusty and dusty, and even perhaps vulgar, (that horrid word!) but in his soul he is a king, "ay, every inch a king!"

The word "politics," that we have applied to his poetry, hardly conveys our meaning, so much and so little does that single word sometimes embrace. As a politician, Elliott neither supports nor refuses to support any particular party; he ignores the names "Whig," "Tory," and uses no Shibboleth of his own in their stead. He is simply the mouthpiece of the people; the voice of the down-trodden and the oppressed of England; the embodiment of popular sentiment the world over; the current opinions of the world in matters of every-day life and thought; its protest against an aristocratic and privileged class, whether of prophets, priests, or kings; the scorn and indignation which

it feels at the constant exhibition of tyranny, as yet too strong for it to overthrow; in short, the nineteenth century itself, in its work-day clothes. This is the subject of Elliott's poetry. He is not a poet, a scholar, a wit, though he possessed the distinctive qualities of all; but a man among men; a thorough flesh-and-blood man, with a warm heart and a hard hand; sincere and honest, with universal sympathies, especially for the poor. His poetry is *real*; it gives us a feeling of the man himself; strong, sensible, earnest, indignant, often bitter and willful; yet tender and gentle withal; full of the milk of human kindness. Were he less gentle, he would be less harsh; he is cruel only to be kind. In some respects he resembles the great Scottish peasant, Burns; he lacks, it is true, his richness and warmth of genius; but he also lacks his frailties and errors. He pushed the quality of mind in which they resembled each other, namely, a certain scornful independence and freedom, much further than did Burns, making it the staple of nearly all his poems; while Burns was gradually drawn away from it, by the versatility of his genius, into the enchanted regions of romance, the world of fictitious joy and sorrow. While the one poured out the rarest of love-songs, the other shouted the stormiest of battle-odes. The amount of Burns's revolutionary poetry, as it was considered in his own day, is small compared with the bulk of his writings. The general tendency of *Man is made to mourn*, especially the half stanza,—

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?"

The glorious, *A Man's a Man for a' that*; *Bruce's Address*; and one or two local ballads, comprise it all; while that of Elliott extends to, we know not how many volumes. Elliott has never said any single thing as fine as—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

But he has said that, in common with other brave thoughts, over and over again. It is the key-note and substance of his poetry; and a nobler could not be found.

There is also another, and a twofold aspect in his verse, seldom found in that of the modern poets. Whether dealing with man or nature, with the squalor and

wretchedness of the town, or the beauty and gladness of the country, it is equally fine and true. He unites the best qualities of Crabbe and Wordsworth; the minute detail and love of still life, the *genre* painting of the one, with the antique pastoral feeling of the other. The dew lies thick in his fields; the dust lies thick on his streets. The birds sing in his clouds, free and joyous; the children weep in his factories, dying of work.

In his love for, and intimate knowledge of, nature, he is equal to the best of the pastoral poets; much finer, we think, than Thomson and his vaunted *Seasons*. Old Chaucer himself is not more profuse in his admiration of spring; Milton and Shakspeare, so famous in this respect, (see the flower lines in *Lycidas* and *The Winter's Tale*.) have not given us a finer catalogue of flowers than can be culled at random from any of his dewy pages. His love of nature is not "got up" for effect, but is real; the result of his solitary rambles when a dunce of a boy; the fruit of his incipient botanizing, and his holiday walks when a man along the banks of the Don and the Rivilin. His landscapes are not Arcadian, but English, drawn from Sheffield and the country adjacent. One might pick his way anywhere about there, with a volume of Elliott in his hand for a guide-book. The chief fault of his verse, for he has now and then a fault, like many of his betters, is a kind of lashing of Pegasus, a straining after force and power. It is too declamatory and abrupt, full of gulfs and chasms, and the lightnings that he managed so ill in youth. *The Village Patriarch*, his longest poem, and *The Splendid Village*, a merciless satire, are already enrolled among the English classics. Many of his minor poems are "beautiful exceedingly." No complete edition of his works has ever been issued, that we are aware of, either in this country or England. A small volume of selections was published in Philadelphia some years ago, but it does him no justice.

LIFE.—What a serious matter our life is! How unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed! What a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be who does not, as soon as possible, lend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies before him!—*Sterling*.

[For the National Magazine.]

A SPECIMEN OF WILLBUR FISK.

IT is said of one of old that, wishing to dispose of his house, he went down to Rome for the purpose, and took a brick as a sample. We may be guilty of like folly in attempting a specimen or two of the eloquence of Dr. Fisk. But such a holy charm seems to linger around this precious name, that anything of his history, snatched from oblivion, will be read with interest.

Nature had given him a form of superior dignity and grace, and a countenance beaming with intellect and loveliness. She had also imparted to him a voice of richest melody, with which in holy songs the itinerant was wont to make the old forests of Northern Vermont resound. It was his frequent custom to sing some well-known hymn at the close of his discourse. One present at Charlestown, on such an occasion, has told me that so plaintively and touchingly did he sing one of the most familiar Methodist hymns, that scarcely a dry eye could be seen. His person, manners, and voice, all conspired to make him an orator. As he rose to your view in the pulpit, these would at once challenge your attention; but when he opened his lips and began to speak, it was so calmly, so impressively, so logically, that he had secured your judgment as well as your prejudices. He usually proceeded in this manner, unfolding his subject clearly and comprehensively, enlivening his discourse by gems of thought and expression, thrown out so naturally, that the speaker scarcely seemed to know their beauty or worth. Of this style of address, the sermon on "Christ's Kingdom not of this World" is a happy illustration. All this, however, in his best efforts, was only preparatory to a conclusion most overwhelming in its appeal. On these occasions, as he proceeded, his form would seem to become more erect, his countenance more animated, his eye lit up with the excitement of the hour; and with an utterance more rapid than usual, his musical voice would ring out the most heart-searching denunciations of sin, or the most melting exhibitions of a Redeemer's love. Tears, and sighs, and low responses, gave evidence of the power which the truth possessed. An instance occurred at Lynn, Mass., in his earlier ministry, in which, while thus presenting the case of the sinner, one man despair-

ingly cried, "Good God! is this my case?"

It was not our purpose to describe the general characteristics of his preaching, but simply to illustrate one or two of its peculiar features. Everything was laid under contribution to his public performances. His reading, meditations, visits, conversations, walks,—all were taxed for material for his frequent sermons and addresses. His illustrations, like those of his Divine Master, were taken from familiar objects. Even the passing events of the hour of worship were often made to tell upon the interest of the subject.

At one time entering a law-office, he saw conspicuously posted up, "*Be Short.*" Preaching the next Sabbath, he stated the case, claiming that if men of this world were so earnest in the business of life, Christians should let nothing interfere with eternity; but, putting their fingers in their ears, run, crying, "Life! Life! Eternal Life!"

At another time, while preaching in Middletown, he heard the town clock strike. He had been speaking with great earnestness. As the bell tolled the hour, he paused a moment. "Time," says he, "bids me stop; but vast eternity says, 'Plead on.'" And he did plead on, until angels must have been astonished that a single sinner could refuse to yield.

At New-London he once preached from, "Beginning at Jerusalem." The fact in the text he regarded: 1. As an evidence of the *truth* of the gospel; for Christ sent it to be first preached where it was best known; and if false, could have been most easily refuted. 2. As an evidence of the *benevolence* of the gospel; for he required it to be preached first to his murderers. The day before, he had visited a man condemned for the murder of his own wife and children. In the course of the sermon, he described his emotions on his way to the prison: "Can I," thought he, "offer pardon and heaven to so vile a wretch as he? Then," said he, "I thought, 'Beginning at Jerusalem.' The gospel was preached to the very murderers of Jesus Christ; and surely I can offer it to this man." And then, O how he triumphed in Christ's ability "to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him!"

One more illustration must suffice. His text may have been, "The heavens declare the glory of God," &c. He called

to mind his visit to St. Paul's, London, where, just over the entrance to the choir, he had read the following Latin epitaph :—

"Beneath lies Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself alone, but for the public.

"Reader, do you seek his monument? *Look around.*"

"Would you see God?" said the preacher, "*Look around.* The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork."

The most graphic pen would, of course, be unable to plate the life and power of these illustrations upon paper. They are but etchings—the picture itself must be filled up by the reader.

Another distinguishing feature in Dr. Fisk, as a preacher, was his power of description. So vividly would he present a picture to the eye, that his audience would often forget that it was other than real. That was a charming representation of the fidelity of St. Paul: "Pressing onward toward the mark of the prize of his high calling in Christ Jesus." The gilded balls of earth roll across his path, but he heeds them not. Fiends would terrify him, but he presses onward. His eye is upon the prize.

A remarkable instance of this nature is briefly alluded to by Dr. Bangs, in his funeral discourse: Dr. Fisk was preaching in the Forsyth-street church, in New-York city. His text was Philipians iii, 18, 19. Dwelling upon the latter verse, he inverted its order, and came finally to consider the expression, "Whose end is destruction." Here his soul glowed with uncommon fervor. His voice and manner indicated the greatest anxiety for those before him. He painted a poor, thoughtless sinner, "minding earthly things," making pleasure his god, upon the very brink of an awful precipice. Beneath rolled a fiery lake, ready to engulf him; and the rocks on which he stood, so slippery that each moment he was in peril of destruction. Then he recited the old verse,—

"On slippery rocks I see them stand," &c.

Having fully depicted the scene, and presented the imperiled soul fully to the view of the congregation, their interest, as might be expected, was at the highest pitch. He now began to plead that something might be done to deliver one so near to hopeless ruin. He most urgently pro-

claimed the glorious possibility of his salvation; and, suiting the action to the words, stretched out his arms as if to save him. He seized him just as he was about to fall headlong into perdition, raised him up, and planted him in a place of security. One of the ministers within the railing, losing himself entirely in the occasion, stretched out his arms to aid in this blessed work; and the congregation, to their fancy's eye, no sooner saw the sinner delivered from his critical situation, than they broke forth into one simultaneous shout of joy. And why not? It was a realization to them for the moment of what creates a "joy in heaven."

Psalm xxiv, 7-10, was with him a favorite text; and in discussing it he would indulge his graphic powers to great effect. This was particularly the case, as toward the close of the sermon he would attempt the presentation of a view of the death, resurrection, and ascension, of the adorable Saviour. Earth weeps, but heaven rejoices. Plaintively he would recite the former verses of the hymn, beginning,—

"He dies, the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around."

Coming to the latter verses, his tones would seem to speak out his emotions of triumph. His voice swelled into its richer and fuller volume as he continued :—

"Jesus, the dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies."

Now, in the speaker's conception, the glorious escort has reached the walls of the New Jerusalem. They stand before the pearly gates and upraise their voices, crying, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in!" The angel porter from within cries, "Who is this King of glory?" The escort answers, "The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates! even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in." The mighty doors begin to move, and myriads of voices from within again inquire, "Who is this King of glory?" Those without respond, with angel emphasis, "The *Lord of Hosts*; He is the King of glory." The doors at once fly open—heaven is filled with new bliss and splendor: Jesus has returned to the skies,

and setteth down at the right hand of the Father. It is not difficult to conceive what an interest such a painter as Dr. Fisk could give to such a scene.

Our space will allow us to present but another case : one in which both the aptitude of his illustrations and the power of his descriptions were perfectly exemplified. He had just set foot on the shores of America, after an absence in Europe of some fifteen months. Before leaving for his home at Middletown, he tarried a few days in the city of New-York ; and on Sabbath morning, in the Forsyth-street church, preached from those words, no doubt in such perfect harmony with his feelings : " Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." Psalm cix, 54. It was a sermon of surpassing beauty and effect. He showed how appropriately life was termed a pilgrimage ; and that, as such, it had many inconveniences and evils ; but to the Christian, light was ever springing out of darkness—hope out of despair—joy out of sorrow—" songs in his pilgrimage." One of the sources of this light, and hope, and joy, to the soul, was the prospect of a bright and blissful future. To illustrate this thought, he introduced a scene which he had witnessed in crossing the Alps ; and so glowingly presented it to the congregation, that, says a hearer, it must have been heard to be appreciated. As they ascended, it seems, a heavy veil of rack and mist was spread out upon the mountains, giving to the rugged pathway of our travelers a most gloomy aspect. In a little while, however, the cloud and mist parted ; and through an opening, as if it were a window, they could " see far, *far* upward, in the blue ether, the silver turrets of the mountain-top, throwing back the bright beams of a cloudless sun. The world," continued the speaker, " around us was, indeed, a world of shadows ; but that world, of which we gained a distant glimpse, was one of unearthly brightness. So we dwell in a vale of clouds and tears, but betimes we catch a distant, but bright vision of the

' House of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.'

" These wake up songs in the house of our pilgrimage. Yes," cried the speaker, in tones and with an emphasis peculiar to himself—

" By faith we already behold
The lovely Jerusalem here :
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
'As crystal her buildings are clear.

" Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood ;
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God."

PASCAL—HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

ABOUT the beginning of the seventeenth century, two young priests, who had been previously fellow-students at Louvain, passed some years together in mutual study at Bayonne. The writings of St. Augustine principally engaged them ; and, as a natural consequence, they both imbibed an ardent and life-long love for his peculiar views. One of these was Jean Baptiste du Verger d'Hauranne, who afterward became the Abbé de St. Cyran and the spiritual director of Port Royal. The other was the equally well-known Cornelius Jansen, subsequently Bishop of Ypres. Smitten with so intense a love for the distinguishing tenets of St. Augustine, the latter made it the business of his life to arrange and systematize them in a volume under the title of " Augustinus." Being suddenly cut off by the plague in 1638, his scarcely-finished work was immediately published by his friend. At once the smoldering fire of the controversy was kindled into a new flame. The Jesuits rose in unanimous cry against the ill-fated volume ; and so high and fierce was their indignation that they are even said to have demolished a splendid monument erected over the grave of its author, and disturbed with impious hand his remains. One of their number, Nicolas Cornet, forthwith set himself to extract its alleged heresy in the shape of five propositions—which, by a bull of the pope, dated 31st May, 1653, were pronounced to be " heretical, false, rash, impious, and blasphemous." The friends of Jansen, however, maintained that the condemned propositions were not to be found in his book. Another papal decree was accordingly obtained, declaring that the propositions were not only heretical, but that they were contained in the " Augustinus." But this, as a matter of fact, the Jansenists boldly (!) pronounced to be beyond even the pope's infallibility to determine ; and so the war of words raged more bitterly and hopelessly than ever.

Among others who engaged in the strife was the celebrated Anthony Arnaud, doctor of the Sorbonne, and brother of the abess. He was among the most illustrious of the band of students who had gathered around St. Cyran in the retirement of Port Royal des Champs; and, on the death of the former, who perished from the effects of his sufferings in the cause of his friend, Arnaud in a measure assumed his place. Deeply interested in the progress of the controversy, it was only to be expected that he should personally join in it. The old antagonist of Descartes and Malebranche was not likely to fear an encounter with the Jesuits. He accordingly published, in the year 1655, two letters on the subjects of discussion. Immediately he was made the object of the most unrelenting hostility. Two propositions were extracted from the second letter, upon which his colleagues of the Sorbonne sat in judgment, and which, after a prolonged discussion, they pronounced to be heretical, and consequently expelled him from their society. This decision was obtained by a very disgraceful combination of parties; the Dominicans having united with their old enemies the Jesuits against the defenders of Jansen, and subscribed a form of condemnation in which the two parties could only have agreed by interpreting the same terms in entirely different senses.

But in the mean time, and just before this sentence was published, a new antagonist had entered the field against the Jesuits. The first of the "Provincial Letters" had appeared. The story of the origin of these inimitable letters is thus told:—

"While Arnaud's process before the Sorbonne was still in dependence, a few of his friends, among whom were Pascal and Nicole, were in the habit of meeting privately at Port Royal to consult on the measures they should adopt. During these conferences, one of their number said to Arnaud, 'Will you really suffer yourself to be condemned like a child, without saying a word, or telling the public the real state of the case?' The rest concurred; and in compliance with their solicitations, Arnaud, after some days, produced and read before them a long and serious vindication of himself. His audience listened in coolness and silence, upon which he remarked, 'I see you don't think highly of my production, and I believe you are right; but,' added he, turning himself round and addressing Pascal, 'you, who are young, why cannot you produce something?' The appeal was not lost. Pascal engaged to try a sketch which they might fill up; and, retiring

to his room, he produced, instead of a sketch, the first Letter to a Provincial. On reading this to his assembled friends, Arnaud exclaimed, 'That is excellent! That will do; we must have it printed immediately.'

Pascal, by a happy intuition of genius, had just seized the right way in which to treat such a subject so as to win the public interest and favor. By bringing his clear and penetrating intellect and sound sense to bear upon the jargon which had become mingled up with the controversy, and the gross absurdity and injustice which had characterized it on the part of the Jesuits, he threw a flood of light upon it which engaged the most general curiosity, and left his opponents without any reply. The first letter fell like an unexpected dart among them, striking dismay into their ranks; and as the others followed at irregular intervals, becoming more pointed and fatal in their effects, their idle rage knew no bounds, and, unable to meet them with any effective weapons of argument, they could only exclaim, *Les menteurs immortelles*—"The immortal liars." Keen and perspicuous logic, the most effective and ingenious turns of statement, the most eloquent earnestness, the liveliest wit, the most good-tempered, yet unrelenting railery, were all combined by Pascal in these memorable attacks. Nothing can be more felicitous than the manner in which he blends these various qualities, the unceasing intermixture of light and shadow, of the casual conversational pleasantry, the most careless sidelong strokes of sarcasm with the gravest invective and the most solemn argument, imparting to all the charm of dramatic interest. "Molière's best comedies," says Voltaire, "do not excel them in wit, nor the compositions of Bossuet in sublimity." "There is more wit," echoes Perrault, "in these eighteen letters, than in Plato's Dialogues, more delicate and artful railery than in those of Lucian, more strength and vigor of reasoning than in the Orations of Cicero."

It will not be necessary to present the reader with any analysis of these celebrated letters. They range over a great diversity of topics with the same rare compass and flexibility of comprehension—the same inimitable grace and facility of expression. The reader is carried captive with the intermingled flow of humor and power—laughter, astonishment, and seriousness. The first two, which were published before the promulgation of the

sentence against Arnaud, deal with the subject-matter of the controversy—the condemned propositions of Jansen, and the import of the disputed doctrines. The darkened and unintelligible squabble becomes, for the first time, clear in the strong light cast upon it. In the two following letters Pascal discusses the decision of the Sorbonne—exposing, with the keenest shafts of his wit, its injustice, and especially the inconsistency of the Dominicans, in making cause with the Jesuits, and so forswearing the doctrines of the “Angelic Doctor,”* for whose authority they professed so unbounded a reverence. In the next six—still addressing his supposititious friend in the country—he lays open the whole subject of Jesuitical casuistry—unfolding gradually, and with the most ingenious effect, the accumulated mass of its absurdities and immoralities. In the remaining eight letters, he drops the style of address adopted in the preceding; and, turning directly to the Jesuits, he meets in the face the calumnies by which they had sought to impair the effect of his disclosures; and passes under review more at large, and in a more earnest and elevated strain, their whole system of maxims and morals. The lighter argument of his previous letters he exchanges for the most solemn and forcibly-sustained charges—overwhelming them in a torrent of indignant eloquence beneath the ruin of their own baseless crudities of doctrine and criminalities of practice. We have already mentioned with what successful power these famous letters told against the Jesuits; but it was not merely from the difficulties they had in replying to them that they found them so formidable. Their most fatal influence, perhaps, arose from the ridicule they excited in all classes against them. They were so entertaining that everybody read them. They penetrated into every rank of the Parisians, and even of the inhabitants in the provinces. They were seen “on the merchant’s counter, the lawyer’s desk, the doctor’s table, the lady’s toilet.” “Never,” says Father Daniel, “did the post-office reap such a profit. Copies were dispatched over the whole kingdom, and I myself received a packet of them, post-paid, in a town of Brittany, where I was then residing.” Even the political friends of the

Jesuits participated in the mirth of which they were the objects. The seventh letter is said to have found its way to Cardinal Mazarin, who laughed over it very heartily. “The names of the favorite casuists were converted into proverbs. *Escobar* came to signify the same thing with “paltering in a double sense.”* Father Bauny’s grotesque maxims furnished topics for perpetual badinage; and the Jesuits, wherever they went, were assailed with inextinguishable laughter. Nor was this all. More serious effects followed. The popularity of the Jansenists, both as confessors and preachers, rose with the tide of ridicule against their enemies; and while their churches were crowded, those of the Jesuits were comparatively deserted. On all hands, the “Provincial Letters” procured their discomfiture and chagrin; and it is impossible to conceive any mode by which they could have been more pitifully abused, and the standard of Right raised more victoriously over them, if the rude success of Might yet remained with them.

The Jesuits patiently waited their time. A fresh bull was in the mean time obtained from Rome, reiterating the condemnation of the five propositions, and the declaration that they were in the “Augustinus;” and further adding that the *sense* in which they had been condemned was the *sense* in which they had been stated by Jansen. In December, 1660, the young monarch, Louis XIV., gave effect to this bull. Having convened an assembly of bishops, an anti-Jansenist formulary based upon it was drawn up, and so framed as to entrap all who were not prepared to yield in the most implicit manner. The consequence was the commencement of a fierce and bitter persecution against the Port Royalists.

During the issue of these commotions, Pascal had somewhat strangely reverted to his long-abandoned scientific studies. Nothing can more strongly evince the strength and liveliness of his genius than the manner in which he returned to pursuits he had so early and completely laid aside. During one of the many nights which his almost continued suffering rendered sleepless, his mind was directed to the subject of the cycloid. A train of

* Introduction to M’Crie’s Translation of the “Provincial Letters,”—an interesting introduction to an admirable translation.

new thought respecting it occurred to him, which he traced to its results with a facility and success quite the same as if he had never left off his mathematical studies. In the short space of eight days he completed an original method of solving this class of problems, which ranks among his most brilliant claims to distinction as a geometrician.

The last years of Pascal's life, it is well known, were chiefly occupied with preparations for a great work which he meditated on the Christian religion. From the fragments which he left behind him, we can but faintly gather the outline of this work. There remains enough, however, to testify to the magnificence of its conception. Here lie, as it were, a noble pedestal, and there a sculptured pillar, and there an ornament of rich chasing and exquisite device; and we may imagine, although we cannot supply, the sublime temple which Pascal would have reared of these rare materials to the honor of his God had his life been spared. All the inconsistencies and exaggerations which critics now so easily detect in the "Thoughts," the mere broken pieces which were as yet to be hewn and molded together by his consummate genius, would doubtless have disappeared as the fabric arose in compact beauty and strength under his plastic hand. Every exaggeration would have been softened down under the influence of his fine judgment and almost perfect taste, and what now remains a mere glorious project would have been a luminous work.

But if the "Thoughts" are thus at the very best unfinished, we have hitherto only possessed them in a still more imperfect state even than that in which they were left by Pascal. Fragments at the best, they have been still further broken and mutilated by the rude and impertinent hands of editors and commentators.

M. Cousin deserves the credit of having first taken active steps to remedy this unsatisfactory state of things. He instituted, in 1843, an elaborate comparison between the published list of the "Pensées" and the original MSS. of Pascal, which had fortunately been preserved in the Royal Library at Paris; and being struck with their wide and serious discrepancy, he drew up a report on the subject, which he laid before the French Academy. This had the effect of exciting a prominent at-

tention to the subject, and M. Faugères was found immediately ready to undertake a new edition in strict conformity with the original MSS. This task M. Faugères has executed in a most highly satisfactory manner. He has collected with industrious care the entire autograph MSS. of Pascal, and transferred them in their original and unmutated form to his pages.

But while Pascal thus meditated in seclusion, the shadow of death was creeping fast on him; he was hastening to an early grave. With declining strength his devotional austerities rather increased than diminished. Sorrow also preyed upon him. Apart from his general sympathy with the sufferings of his Port Royalist brethren, he had specially to mourn the death of his sister Jaqueline, who fell a victim to the conflict between expediency and conscience in the matter of the formula. Henceforth he seems to have secluded himself from the world more than ever, devoting his time especially to duties of charity. He had taken a poor man, with his whole family, to live in his house. One of the children having fallen ill of small-pox, he removed, at her earnest solicitation, to the house of his sister, Madame Perier, who had come to Paris with her family, just to be near him and watch over him. Almost immediately on his removal he was seized with an alarming sickness. The physician did not apprehend any immediate danger, but he himself judged otherwise. He desired to have the sacrament administered to him, committed himself to the disposal of God, and, convulsions having supervened, he expired on the 19th August, 1662, in the fortieth year of his age.

Thus lived and died one who has left behind him an imperishable name equally in science, literature, and religion. Had he accomplished nothing more than the brilliant researches of his youth, he would yet have been remembered among the most illustrious of the noble band who ushered in the high advance of modern science; but the succeeding luster of his literary renown as the author of the "Provincial Letters," the mellow glory of his piety, and the lofty and comprehensive radiance of his genius, so conspicuous in the "Pensées," have nearly eclipsed the remembrance of his early scientific greatness. It is but seldom, surely, that we see so manifold a gift of mental endow-

ment bestowed on any of the sons of men—a union of talents at once so splendid and so homely, so rich in the higher attributes that soar into the mystic empyrean of sublime contemplation, and at the same time in the observant, ingenious, and reflective faculties, that range freely amid the more complex phenomena of nature, the pettiest details of mechanical contrivance, or of literary argumentation, and the abstruser difficulties of the higher geometry.

The personal character of Pascal is no less fitted to draw our love than his many high intellectual qualities our admiration. Sweetness of temper, warmth of affection, the most unassuming simplicity, and the gentlest humility, are the features that beam forth upon us in all his conduct and writings. Amid all the temptations of his controversy with the Jesuits, he never forgets that benignant courtesy which tempers with grace even the wound which it inflicts; and however strong may be the current of righteous indignation in which his eloquence sometimes flows, it is never agitated by the turbulence of asperity, nor the foul energy of abuse. He was too penetrated by the "divine spirit of charity to permit his taking any unfair advantages against even such enemies as the Jesuits. His labors of active benevolence were unceasing; his generosity knew no bounds; he even beggared himself by his prodigal benefactions; he did what few do—mortgaged even his expectancies to charity."

The depth and sincerity of Pascal's piety it were needless to dwell upon. No one ever cherished more profound and influential convictions of religion, or sought more thoroughly to resign himself to their sacred sway. He lived continually as under the "great Taskmaster's eye." He dwelt with a delighted earnestness on the lofty ideal of Christian virtue, and few characters have, perhaps, borne in greater purity and loveliness the impress of some of its higher features. It must be confessed, at the same time, that there was much in Pascal's views of religion that cannot be commended. In the later years of his life, especially, its darker and less cheerful aspects were far too predominantly present with him. The awful shadow of eternity lay on him so heavily as almost to conceal the brightness of earth, and check the warm and genial flow of natural affection. Suffering seems not only to have

chastened, but depressed and darkened his spirit, so that he felt distrustful even of the blessings of life, and shrank from its joys. It is, we believe, undoubted that his ascetic practices were of the most rigid and unyielding nature. He is even said to have worn beneath his clothes a girdle of iron with sharp points affixed, which he struck into his side whenever he felt his mind disposed to wander from religious objects, or take delight in things around him. And he gives deliberate expressions to the feelings under which he thus acted in such sayings as the following:—"I can approve only of those who seek in tears for happiness." "Disease is the natural state of Christians." We need not say how great a misconception of Christianity these statements present. Blessed, no doubt, are the uses of affliction; but blessed also are the uses of prosperity; and the Christian is to be educated as well by the light and warmth of bright days, and benign and joyful affections, as by the sad painfulness of disease and the shadowed loneliness of sorrow. So far from Christianity requiring from us the abnegation of any of the true and pure emotions of our nature, it is its very glory that it consecrates and hallows them all—that it invests them with a higher interest and a more enduring loveliness. Under whatever misconception, however, and formal extravagances he lived, as may appear in the writings or life of Pascal, we must not forget the rare Christian strength and beauty that lay beneath; the faith which bore him with so meek a fortitude through all his trials, and the love which never wearied in its labors and never wasted in its strength.

As a writer, we have already so far spoken of Pascal. In this capacity it is not too much to say that he shines with the brightest luster. There is at once a breadth of power and a felicity of touch in all his literary productions which stamp them classical, and may be said to have already placed them beyond all the ordinary chances of oblivion. The singular purity and finish of his style are proverbial. It is copious and powerful, yet flexible and easy, owning the lightest play of thought, rising at times into passages of transcendent compass and beauty, yet moving gracefully and tastefully in the least labored sketches; as M. Faugères truly says, "Lofty without exaggeration, everywhere

replete with emotion, yet self-sustained, animated without turbulence, personal without pedantry or egotism, at once magnificent and modest."

And thus we close our cursory sketch of the life and works of this great man. Familiar as may be his name, his works, we are pretty sure, are yet but very partially familiar, and models as they are both in style and sentiment, at once adorned with the brightest graces of literary art, and full of the deepest springs of thought, we know of none that will more amply reward a close and repeated study.

THE DUEL OF D'ESTERRE AND DANIEL O'CONNELL.

IN a conversation after dinner about handwriting, as indicating character, the master of the house produced a document penned, as he truly observed, under very peculiar circumstances. It is the fragment of a letter from Daniel O'Connell to his *fidus Achates*, George Lidwell, written after the duel with D'Esterre, but before the final consummation of the tragedy. Lidwell was to have been O'Connell's second upon the occasion, but, for some pressing reason, was obliged to leave Dublin pending the preliminary defiances, which were of unusual duration.

As D'Esterre only survived the *rencontre* forty-eight hours, this letter may be considered a dispatch from the field of battle, while as yet the flush of victory had not been dashed with remorse, and a little exultation—all the facts and circumstances of the case considered—might, perhaps, have been excusable. But there is nothing of the kind. It is a dry, hard letter enough, indicating that instinctive attention to "number one" which appears to have grown with the writer's growth, and never to have deserted him during the most vehement or the most soul-subduing passages of his life. The effect of the transaction upon his own fortunes (his "good chance," as he calls it) seems to have been the uppermost thought; but that apart, no feeling of a truculent or unbecoming nature displays itself.

On the other hand, we cannot discover any latent spark of the almost maudlin sensibility which, in his latter days, imparted so high a coloring to Mr. O'Connell's reminiscences of this unhappy affair. Although his antagonist lay at that mo-

ment in a state of imminent danger, with a lovely young wife anxiously watching every flutter of his ebbing life, while the cries of her firstborn in the cradle beside her gave poignancy to her sufferings, and heightened the interest of "the situation," the sentimental victor notices none of these matters, but coolly relates how "greatly" under his mark the unhappy man had aimed; and then, in a postscript, speculates on the Earl of Donoughmore taking charge of the Catholic Petition. All this is extremely characteristic; and the firm, even, round hand in which it is indited, repels the suspicion of an assumed coolness.

It is written on a sheet of letter-paper, a part of the leaf from the date nearly to the bottom having been worn off. It is doubtful, therefore, where it was written; but most probably from the first three letters (and part of a fourth) of the name, which are still preserved, he was then at Moorefield, a roadside inn and posting-house, near the Curragh of Kildare, then, and down to a recent period, much frequented by southern travelers. The seal has been broken off, but enough remains to show that the wax was black, and the direction on the back is—

"To "George Lidwell, Esq.
 "Dromard,
 "Roscrea."

Here is a faithful copy of it in its present fragmentary state:—

Moor
2d

"MY DEAR LIDWELL,
"I write merely to thank y
and again—and again for you
-ness.—Indeed I do not use a pl
I say I want words to thank
I ought.

"The papers will give you a details of my affair with D'Este-sequent to your leaving this.—We little fighting.—He fired greatly He is I am happy to tell you this morning but his life is still danger.—If he recovers I shall say there never was so fortunate a man I am—and to make my good chance quite perfect—my wife never heard a word of it until I returned from the ground.

"Believe me to be
"Your most sincerely

"Obliged and faithful

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Will Lord D. accept our petition? Have you any influence over him still?—I wish to God he would, for our sake and his, accept it cordially. It would place him on the highest station in Ireland."

The reading of this letter recalls in a vivid manner some of the most striking incidents connected with that tragical event in O'Connell's history. It was in January, 1815, that in one of his political diatribes at the agitation-shop of the day, (whether it was called board, or club, or society,) O'Connell complimented the municipal body of the city of Dublin with the title of a "beggarly corporation." It is noteworthy, that nearly thirty years after that, having first richly earned for himself the distinctive appellation of "King of Beggars," he ruled the same city as its Lord Mayor, representing a corporation composed of as tag-rag materials as ever disgraced any age or country.

That, however, is nothing to the matter. The old corporation had no great right to pride itself on its gentility, and it was considered a hectoring proceeding when one of its members took up a censure bestowed upon the general body as a personal offense, and resolved to fasten a quarrel upon its author. This was Mr. D'Esterre, a retired marine officer, who had formed a mercantile connection in Dublin and become a member of the common council. His affairs were supposed to be in a tottering state at the time, and therefore, perhaps, he was the more quick to take the reflection to himself. Some were so charitable as to insinuate that he was anxious to seize so good an opportunity to recommend himself to the government by humbling a public enemy. Whatever might be his motive, he called upon Mr. O'Connell to retract the offensive words, and Mr. O'Connell stoutly refused to do so.

Thereupon ensued a state of society such as may have been often witnessed in the olden times of Irish misrule; but it is vain to hope, under the present state of police, that we ever shall "look upon its like again." For two or three days the town was domineered by two factions, who traversed the streets in opposite directions, ostensibly in search of one another, but never once contrived to come face to face.

At one time Mr. D'Esterre, armed with a cane, sallied forth from Dawson-street, attended by some score of true-blue supporters of our glorious constitution, all similarly equipped. Swaggering along the sunny side of Stephen's-green, they would pass down Grafton-street and cross the river by Carlisle bridge. Rumor ascribed this demonstration to a deadly intention to

horsewhip O'Connell wherever he should be found.

When this party had comfortably housed itself back again with the Lord Mayor, or was seated at Atwood's Coffee-room in Dame-street, "nursing its wrath to keep it warm," over a competent supply of mock turtle, Daniel O'Connell with a stalwart following would come like tragedy, "sweeping by," every mother's son brandishing a defensive cudgel, and casting fierce looks across the street at the gownsmen who crowded about the college gates, eager and impatient to behold the conflict.

A strapping fellow was Dan in that day, tall, active, muscular, and full of life. Hand to hand, he would have been an ugly customer to any champion the thick-winded corporation could have turned out against him. But as in the Homeric battles, often two heroes "ranging for revenge" would traverse the field for the length of a day without collision, an envious mist interposing, so the steam of Atwood's soup, or the hats of the *liberty boys* tossing in the air, still concealed these fiery spirits from each other's sight; and it was not till the second night, when they were tired and ashamed of strutting and fretting on the pavement, that a cartel was delivered at Mr. O'Connell's house, and a meeting appointed for the following day.

After breakfast on the following morning, accordingly, was Mr. O'Connell, accompanied by Major Mac Namara and some other friends, seen passing through the leading streets of our metropolis in a coach drawn by four horses, toward the Naas Road; and much about the same hour a like equipage with Mr. D'Esterre and his friends proceeded in the same direction.

It was not unusual in those days to manage such matters in such a way. Although Lord Norbury had already pronounced his opinion, that "the first report of a duel should be that of the pistols," display and fanfaronade were not considered evidence of a reluctance to do real business: and at a much latter period parties in quest of barbarous satisfaction have been seen to move with an undisguised intent of murder toward the field, gathering their friends and admirers as they advanced, and followed by any quantity of barren disinterested amateurs who might think it worth while to "see the sport."

Thus I well recollect to have seen, about six years after that, the quiet village of

Abbeyleix disturbed from its propriety by an inroad of equipages, crowded inside and out with stern-looking passengers, who demanded refreshment for themselves and provender for their horses. They had been routed by a magistrate, a singularly meddling and officious person, who had interdicted their meeting in the adjacent county of Kilkenny; and Abbeyleix, with its sequestered woods and lawns, being considered "a nice quiet place to fight in," they came trooping, in number about thirty, first to breakfast, and afterward to settle the difference with what appetite they might.

It was a motley muster as could well be assembled at a short notice, made up of half-pay militia subalterns, attorneys, sporting squires of a grade now nearly extinct, and two or three gentlemen of unequivocal pretensions. There were noted fire-eaters in the number, at least half a dozen, who had each killed or seriously disabled his man or two; and it was strange to remark what an inferior order of humanity those manslayers represented. They were distinguished among the rest by their smallness of stature and mean appearance, without anything manly in their bearing, but on the contrary a sinister and rather sneaking cast of features, as if they were ashamed to look at the image which they had defaced. It was, perhaps, natural that it should be so; for the motive which most commonly led to the perpetration of those homicides was a pitiful and vulgar thirst for eminence, which is not easily gained by a person of low attainments, unless by some extraordinary exertion he can raise himself from the ground

"Et virtum victor volitare per ora."

The best-looking and most interesting personage in the whole group was a young fellow named Shaw, of a fresh complexion and good figure, who was hawked about to be shot at in a convenient time and place, by one of the dirty little creatures aforesaid. Their attempt to desecrate that neighborhood, however, was frustrated by the interference of another magistrate, the brother of the noble proprietor, who was also the incumbent of the parish, and who, having vainly endeavored to overrule the party to a peace, bound them over not to transgress the law within his jurisdiction. They passed on therefore in quest of some other "quiet" place, and found it, as the

shades of evening were descending upon them, in an island near the source of the River Suir in the county of Tipperary, from which they had the satisfaction of retiring, after a few moment's delay, to their respective homes, leaving the fresh-colored lad above-mentioned on the grass behind them, with a bullet in his head. He died the following day, and all because the law is, or was, so punctilious as not to permit a county magistrate to follow or arrest a murderer prepense one inch beyond the confines of his own jurisdiction.

But what has all this to do with O'Connell's *rencontre* with D'Esterre, which no magistrate, lay or clerical, paid or unpaid, dreamt of opposing or interfering with in the slightest degree? The only visible exertion of authority was the dispatch of a squadron of dragoons from the royal barracks, after it was ascertained that all Dublin was pouring out its population toward the expected field of battle. Gigs, cars, and postchaises, equestrians, to no end, and an innumerable concourse of the light-footed sons of the sod, crowded the broad road at the back of Kilmainham jail and hurried away south. As soon as this state of things was known at the castle, orders were sent to the military authorities to be on the alert; but whether with a view to arrest the principal authors of the commotion, or to see fair play observed between them, is a question that is not likely at this time of day to receive a thorough solution. If the purpose was to interrupt the combat, the precaution was tardily resolved upon; for the departure of the belligerents had been known some hours before the troopers were in the saddle.

To account, however, for these things now can be at best only matter of surmise. All that is certain is, that a very different result was anticipated from that which came to pass. D'Esterre was a reputed fire-eater, and his cool determination had been proved on a very trying occasion. The mutineers at the Nore had seized him, and required him on pain of death to assume the command of a ship, which he fiercely refused, and he was actually tied up at the yard-arm with a halter round his neck; but he never faltered. "Haul away, ye lubbers!" was his defying answer to the last offer of these dishonorable terms. In the next moment he would have been dangling in the air, had not the chief mutineers, in generous admiration of

a spirit so apt to excite their sympathies, interposed and procured a respite for further parley. An hour at such a crisis is generally equivalent to a life. He was sent back to his cabin; and before the time allowed for the definitive enforcement of the conditions had arrived, the rage of the conspirators had cooled down. After some further detention, he was set ashore to join the other officers of the fleet.

It was supposed that such an antagonist would prove an awkward customer to O'Connell, against whose personal courage doubts were even then entertained. Not long before, an unseemly quarrel with a brother of the long robe had been adjusted in a manner little conformable to the truculent notions of honor at that time prevalent. At some minor court, where it was safe to take liberties with the presiding power, O'Connell met an argument of the opposite counsel, Maurice Magrath, with this unparliamentary rejoinder—"Maurice, you lie;" and Maurice, taking up a volume of the Statutes at Large that lay convenient for such a purpose, flung the same at his learned friend's head. A message followed, and on the ground, when the pistols had been handed to the parties, O'Connell, who was the challenger, exclaimed, with that dramatic pathos in which he had no superior, either on the stage or off it, "Now I am going to fire at my dearest and best friend." This led to a reconciliation, and no powder was burned.

An ill-natured and sanguinary public was not slow to assign the worst motive to the reminiscences of friendship at such a moment; and hence people were prepared to expect an easy triumph for Mr. D'Esterre. Party spirit could scarcely have run higher than it does now, but personal hatred was a more avowed ingredient in the feeling with which an obnoxious politician was regarded. It is not a reflection, therefore, so much upon the individuals as upon the spirit of the time, to say that there were men in office who would have rejoiced to see their formidable adversary brought low in any manner. To such a feeling, at least, was attributed the passive acquiescence of the authorities in the tumultuary state of the capital previous to the duel, and their abstinence from measures of prevention when apprized that the parties had proceeded to the field.

If any one imagined, however, that O'Connell was deficient in physical courage, it was a great mistake. He had nerve to sustain him in any danger, though it never was a part of his philosophy to court it. As Madame de Staël said of Napoleon—whom the hero-mongers reproached for not having rushed, like Catiline, into the thick of the carnage at Waterloo, and perished sword in hand—of death in itself he had no fear; but death would have been a reverse, and to reverses of every kind he had a decided objection. So neither was it any part of O'Connell's plan, with a brilliant career before him, to run a-tilt at every one he met. If he did not run out of the way, it was as much as either his friends or his foes had a right to expect. The desperate course which he steered for nearly thirty years, in the teeth of hostile administrations, among the breakers which separate the anchorage of the law from the wild sea of treason and rebellion, is an answer to the absurd imputation of personal fear as a defect in O'Connell's nature. He was in fact daring even to rashness; and it is notorious that his wife's health suffered materially, nay, very probably her life was shortened, by unceasing agonies of trepidation and alarm, lest his temerity should at length place him within the fangs of legal vengeance. Is it not absurd to suppose that such a man would shrink into a corner from the discharge of a pistol?

The story of his encounter with D'Esterre is soon told. As he said himself, in the letter to Lidwell, they had "little fighting." It was nearly sunset when they were placed on the ground, in a field at Bishops-court, in the county of Kildare, about twelve miles distant from Dublin. The place was well chosen for spectators, being near the foot of a hill, from which many thousands could, and did, behold the proceedings, without crowding or interruption. A chilling sight it must have been to the small party of friends who attended poor D'Esterre, to find themselves hemmed in on every side by hostile ranks, whose menacing looks left no reason to doubt that a speedy retribution would follow, should the result prove untoward to the popular idol. They must have been men of no ordinary determination, to have consented to stand the hazard at all against such threatening odds; no rules of chivalry required them to enter lists surrounded

exclusively by the partisans of an adverse and angry faction; and it certainly argued but little magnanimity in the managers at the opposite side not to have rejected such a fearful advantage, and proposed a more secret meeting.

Not one of the whole assemblage maintained a more intrepid demeanor, under these trying circumstances, than D'Esterre. However needlessly he may have sought the quarrel, being in, he conducted himself with unaffected manliness. His second was a brother corporator, who, inexperienced in the science of projectiles, accepted the services of an adept in loading the pistols. A great deal was supposed to depend upon that operation; half a grain of powder, over or under, being deemed equal to the square of the distance in determining the point of incidence. The old tacticians did not use to be so precise, but shook the charge, *à discretion*, out of a powder-horn. Happily it has almost ceased to be of the least importance whether of the two methods be the more effective. But, on the occasion of which we speak, it seems not improbable that over-exact science saved O'Connell's life.

Mr. Frederick Piers, who had undertaken the nice operation of measuring out the menstrum necessary for giving the bolus due effect, is supposed to have been too sparing of his powder. Some persons, who were spectators of the event, alleged that the fault was D'Esterre's, who, in his haste to have the first shot, fired before his pistol had been brought to a proper level. Whatever the cause, the bullet entered the ground before O'Connell's feet, and he, never the man to throw a "good chance" away, took a steady aim and shot his antagonist in the hip.

The ceremonial observed on this occasion differed from that which was usually observed, in the omission of any signal, or word of command. The parties were placed on the ground, and left to their own discretion to choose their time, and to use the weapons of offense which had been committed to them.

The reason assigned for this departure from the regular usage was that D'Esterre had, in a previous *rencontre*, fired at his man before the word could be given, and hit him; and that it was therefore deemed advisable to preclude him from taking a similar advantage on this occasion.

The procedure was not without a pre-

cedent. Curran, a great many years before, when he was a stripling unknown to fame, provoked a quarrel in the Circuit Court of Clonmel with one Walsh, the mob-favorite of his day, and they went out, accompanied by the whole court, except the judge and jury. They were taken to a field, well inclosed with hedges, and placed in opposite corners, just as if they had been a pair of bulls turned into a paddock. The whole population, from the outside of the fence, eagerly watched and encouraged their mutual advances. They both fired, and missed; a "lame and impotent conclusion," provocative of derisive cheers, amid the echoes of which the combatants reentered the court, to receive the ironical congratulations of their long-robed brethren.

But, on this occasion, it was no derisive cheer which rose up to heaven; but a loud and cruel yell of triumph went forth from the valley, and was sent back again from the hills, while its echoes were prolonged from field to field, and passed away to distant multitudes, who telegraphed the event, with incredible speed, into the heart of the city. The hapless victim, of his own intemperate folly, lay writhing in torture; but the pang which that shout sent through his heart far surpassed—as he described it on his dying bed—the anguish of his wound. A bitter thing surely it must be to hear thousands of your fellow-creatures rejoicing, with one voice, in your calamity; and such was the requiem which attended poor D'Esterre from that luckless field. The following day, while the shades of death were thickening around him, his victor—taking his ease at his inn—was speculating on the advantages which the Catholic Question might reap from the patronage of the Earl of Donoughmore.

✓ "So runs the world away."

PROGRESS.—There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and so destructive to society, as the strain to keep things *fixed*, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal *progress*; and the cause of all the evils in the world may be traced to that natural, but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption—that our business is to *preserve*, and not to *improve*. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations.—*Dr. Arnold.*

[For the National Magazine.]

DISCORDS IN MUSIC.

BURNEY gives the following origin and design of discords:—

“While harmony was refining and receiving new combinations, it was found, like other sweet and delicious things, to want qualification to keep off languor and satiety, when some bold musician had the courage and address to render it piquant and interesting, by means of discords in order to stimulate attention; and by thus giving the ear a momentary uneasiness, and keeping it in suspense, its delight became more exquisite when the discordant difficulty was solved.”

But all discords connected with music do not have the pleasing result indicated above. There are some violations of the spirit of melody which have no such subsequent compensating sweetness. There are some features of musical life which chord not with the harmonies of the soul.

We would here present some beautiful, and also some violent contrasts in the household of song. It may be fortunate that we are not all gifted, in this world of conflicting noises, with the delicate sensitiveness to the character of sound possessed by Mozart, the prince of German musicians, who, on first hearing the blast of a trumpet, fell senseless to the ground.

In violent contrast with this fine musical sensibility of Mozart, is the stupid appreciation of an Asiatic prince, who was invited to an elaborate musical performance, with the expectation that he would be overwhelmed by its grandeur and beauty; but, to the astonishment of his friends, the most delightful part of the entertainment to his ear was the discordant tuning of the instruments at the commencement. *This* he desired to be repeated. It is to be desired that nature may *repeat* very few such men. Even a morbid delicacy in hearing would be a far less calamity than the *wooden* perception of the Asiatic prince. Though he may have had a rich crown, he had a poor ear.

We observe a very great discord in the character of some men with their musical ability, a contradiction between their life and their power in melody, a harsh contrast between the qualities of their voice and the qualities of their soul.

Who can bear to look at Nero, with the accompaniment of his bloody history, singing on the public stage at Naples? Who can rejoice in his triumph, as he bears off eighteen hundred of the prizes of song from

Greece? He is said to have had such care of his voice, that he had an officer about his person to admonish him when his intonations were too loud; and if the emperor, transported by sudden passion, did not listen to his remonstrances, the officer had orders to stop his mouth with a napkin. One can hardly help wishing that the napkin might have been thrust into his mouth every time he attempted to *sing*; for his savage laws of persecution and the laws of harmony appear in strong conflict. His singing on the stage, with the singing of the martyrs amid the flames he kindled, makes a terrible discord.

One almost sees the genius of song wondering and lamenting over the indifference of the burning and poetic soul of Chalmers to music. And who can but regret that while Charles Lamb loved his sister so tenderly, he cared not for the sisterhood of song? We do not find it so repulsive and difficult to observe the hostility of Calvin to music, or to hear him pronounce it a snare of the Evil One; for his heart was made of “sterner stuff.”

While we find a discord of beautiful surprise, ending in exquisite melody, in seeing Luther, with his daring battle spirit, often pausing to touch his flute and guitar, and cheerfully singing under the thundering terrors of the hierarchy of Rome, we find almost a miracle of song in such a chieftain moving to the fight of faith without the accompaniment of any band of musicians, yet having a soul full of heroic melody. The singing of Luther is like songs in a midnight of storm. The hymns written beneath the dark and terrible covering of his soul are beautiful as the golden hymns of the stars, which we sometimes see for a moment between the opening and moving folds of the thunder-clouds at the depth of night. Such a hymn is his sentence—“Music is the art of the prophets; as it is the only one which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul and put the devil to flight.” Such words, from the stern lips of Luther, are truly like the “roses which bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.”

We have a kindred surprise in knowing of the munificent request that Oliver Cromwell made to a musician, in bidding him ask what favor he pleased. Such an offer, from the rigid Puritan leader, is like listening to a bird-song among the crags of a rock.

We will end this chapter on discords and contrasts in music, with giving a beautiful variation in the life and death of Paganini, the king of the violin. When in the rapt and conquering power of his genius he played on his instrument, he is said to have seemed like one fighting with some wild beast, tearing, struggling, and finally triumphing. So that the professors of music, who listened to him, if not violin players, thanked Heaven that they had never attempted to perform on that instrument; while those who were, threw away their violins in despair.

The words of an Italian give this description of the peaceful ending of his life, in lovely contrast with the almost terrible effort with which he played in the vigor of his health:—

"On the last night of his existence he appeared unusually tranquil. When he awoke he requested that the curtains of his bed should be drawn aside, to contemplate the moon, which was advancing calmly in the immensity of the pure heavens. At this solemn hour he seemed desirous of returning to nature all the soft sensations he was then possessed of; stretching forth his hand toward his enchanted violin—to the faithful companion of his travels—to the magician which had robbed care of its stings—he sent to heaven with its last sounds, the last sigh of a life which had been all melody."

"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

"AS soon as my father gets better he shall take me to the menagerie," said Anne Townsend; "for I have never seen a lion, and I hear they have a very large one there."

"How do you know he will consent, Anne?" said her companion, Mary Stevenson.

"O! my father never refuses me anything; and indeed, Mary, when I hear your mother say No! so often to you, I cannot help feeling glad that since I had to lose one of my parents, it was——" Anne hesitated, for she saw Mary's eyes filling with tears—"it was not my father."

Mary Stevenson scarcely remembered her father, for he had died when she was but a few years old; but her kind mother had entirely supplied his place. By her industry and activity she had been able to provide for the bodily wants of her children, while her unceasing cares and timely restraints formed their minds and corrected their faults; thus was she to her orphans both father and mother, and

though she often had the firmness to say *No!* to Mary's unreasonable wishes, her little girl had sense enough to perceive that her mother was right, and always regarded her with the tenderest affection. It may be supposed, then, when the children parted, how unpleasantly Mary felt when she remembered her companion's words.

But Anne Townsend had never known the care of a mother, for she died when her infant was a week old; and, except the nurse, her father was the only being on earth who had ever supplied her wants or watched over her with affection. When, therefore, she saw her playmates hanging round their mother, or heard them mentioning her commands with respect, she often exclaimed, "How singular! Now if it were their *father*, I should not wonder."

It was a chilly evening in the autumn when Mary and Anne parted, and as the latter entered the neat little parlor at her home, where a cheerful fire was burning in the grate, for the first time she missed her father from his accustomed seat in the arm-chair. He had been looking pale and unwell for some time; was not always able to rise in the morning time enough to see her before she went to school; and when she had teased him the evening previous to take her to the menagerie, he had told her that he did not feel well enough to go out; but while he spoke his eyes were so bright and his cheek so red that she thought he must be well.

"Where is my father, Mrs. Jones?" said she to the friend who took care of the house.

"He has gone to bed, Anne, and wishes you to be very quiet this evening; so come into the kitchen and take your supper."

The little girl obeyed, for she was hungry; but after tea-time seemed very long to her, for there was no kind father near to whom she might tell her little joys and sorrows. She had risen to the head of her class that day, but now no one praised her for it; she had three times checked herself when on the point of contradicting her schoolmates, but there was no one to rejoice with her; above all, she had grieved her intimate friend by a thoughtless, and, she could not help thinking, unfeeling speech, but there was no one

to receive her confession or advise her for the better. Poor Anne wept that night as she said her evening prayer, and her heart felt heavy, she scarcely knew why.

There were not many more bright days just then for Anne Townsend, as her father never after left his chamber, and scarcely his bed, while his cheek burned brighter and brighter, and was often so hot that it seemed scorching to Anne's lips, as she affectionately kissed him each day on returning from school. At first he used to tell her how soon he hoped to be well; but now when she spoke of it the great tears would roll down his cheek, and he would shake his head so sorrowfully that she no longer talked about it.

One Saturday afternoon she was playing with Mary Stevenson, when a little girl came in whose clothes were patched and shabby, and Anne refused to play with her.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Stevenson, when she saw Anne with her bonnet in her hand.

"Ellen Smith has come in to play with us, ma'am; and Mary will not send her home."

"And why should she send her home, Anne? is she not a good girl?"

"O! yes, ma'am, I suppose so; but her mother keeps a little shop, and I do not like to play with her. Besides she wears leather shoes on a Sabbath, and just look how her frock is patched!"

"And who, Anne, has given you your nice merino frock and morocco shoes?"

"O, my father, ma'am; my father gives me everything I want."

"But who gives your father his life and strength to labor for your comfort?"

"God," said Anne, a little confused.

"And if it is the will of God that you should have a father able to give you nice clothing, and Ellen Smith one who can only keep her in a patched frock, are you to be praised, or she blamed? Remember that what God has given he can take away. And which is the better girl of the two—which is the more useful child? Every morning early, though ever so cold, you may see little Ellen carrying home a large pitcher of milk from market; and then, before she has tasted a mouthful of food, she hastens to the workshop with her father's breakfast. All the morning she is engaged in taking care of her little brothers and sisters, nursing the baby, or doing some piece of household work for

her mother, and in the afternoon goes off with a cheerful face to school, where, I am told, she learns as much by diligence and attention as most girls do in the whole day; and on Sabbath, who is more constant or attentive at the Sabbath school? who ever heard Ellen Smith say an unkind or naughty thing, or saw her do a rude, bold action? I do not want you, Anne, to play with every little girl who wears a patched frock, lest you should grow proud; but I wish you, and Mary too, never to shun a child whose example and conversation can do you good, whether she wear a coarse frock or a fine one."

Ellen coming in just then with such a pleasant smile, Anne, heartily ashamed, slid her bonnet into the chair, and, taking her hand, went out of the room, and in a little while quite forgot the patches.

"O, dear mother!" said Mary Stevenson, one day in the middle of winter, "Anne Townsend was not at school to-day, for her father is dead! Poor little girl! what will she do, for she has no mother?"

"She has a Father in heaven, Mary."

"So she has, mother; but I do not believe she ever thought of *that*. You tell me, and so I always think directly—I mean very soon—that when I get anything my Heavenly Father has given it to me; but Anne used to say, '*My father* gave it to me,' or, '*My father* will buy it for me;' do, dear mother, let me run up and tell her about her Father in heaven, for she hangs round her father's coffin and screams that they shall not bury him. Maybe when she knows that she has another Father she will not cry so."

Good little Mary was not suffered to see her friend until after the funeral of Mr. Townsend, and then she lay so stupid that Mrs. Jones sent for Mary, hoping she might rouse her.

"*My father! my father!*" screamed the poor little orphan—"he has gone away, and I have no father!"

"O, yes! Anne," said Mary, eagerly, "you have a Father, and he is looking at you and pitying you."

"Where?" she exclaimed in astonishment.

The little comforter, taking her by the hand, led her to the window, and pointing to the clear, blue winter sky, said:—

"There! in heaven!"

Anne shrunk back disappointed, and said, "I do not want a father so far off!"

"He is not far off: for listen to what he says in the Psalm—'Thou compassest my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.'"

"Ah, but, Mary, you never had a father who would listen to you whenever you wanted to speak to him. God is so great he would not listen to such a little girl as I."

"Look here, dear Anne, what it says in the sixth chapter of Matthew: 'Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret, and thy Father that seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.'"

"But I am so very naughty, Mary; I have told so many stories, and been so proud that God will not have me for his child."

"O, no! Anne; for I remember another place where it says, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust.'"

"What! just like the way my own dear father used to pity me! O, how much that would be! for if I was ever so naughty, my dear father used to be sorry for me, and the moment I promised to be better, he would take me up in his arms and kiss me."

"And so will your Heavenly Father; I mean he will forgive you just so."

The little girl lay a long time silent. At last she said despondingly:—

"When you go home to-night, Mary, and go to bed, you will have a kind mother to come and kiss you, seeing that you are safe and warm; but I shall have no one,"—and her tears burst out afresh.

"But, dear Anne, my mother will shut her eyes and go to sleep too, and then who would watch over us if we had not a Father in heaven 'who never slumbers nor sleeps,' the Bible says?"

"God has a great many little children to watch over," said Anne, doubtfully; "how can I be certain that he will remember me?"

"If you were only at our house, Anne, I could show you where it says, in my own little Bible, 'Leave thy fatherless children to me, I will preserve them alive;' well then, our Heavenly Father cannot forget either of us, for we have no father. Besides, our Saviour says here, in Matthew, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and yet not one of them falleth

to the ground without your Father; are not ye much better than they? For the very hairs of your head are all numbered.' But it is dark now, and I must make haste home. Come soon to our house and stay all night, and sleep in my little bed, and then I'll tell you ever so much more about our Father in heaven."

Poor Anne often heard all this before; but with a father on earth who supplied all her wants, what was it to her that she had a Father in heaven? But he was now resting in the cold grave-yard; no earthly friend was near, for she had neither grandparent, aunt, or cousin, and she felt very lonely. She knelt down, as was her custom, to say her evening prayer, for words repeated only with the lips is not praying; but the recollection of all Mary's conversation rushed upon her, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed:—

"*Our Father who art in heaven!*"

Then followed a simple petition of her wants; and when she rose from her knees she felt comforted, she scarcely knew why; but, children, the great, the powerful Almighty had listened to this poor little girl's whispered prayer, and had sent his Holy Spirit into her heart—"the Comforter," as the blessed Saviour called Him—and she *was* comforted.

She soon went to live with Mrs. Stevenson, who, with her own children, taught her daily more and more of her Father in heaven; and, as she continues to reverence his commandments, to be desirous, by her dutiful conduct, to preserve His love, and in all her sinfulness and trials to pray to Him for grace to preserve her in the right way, she lives in the daily hope of one day meeting her earthly parents in the presence of her "*Father in heaven.*"

HOW TO DRESS WELL.—Dr. Johnson, speaking of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well, remarked—"The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, *that one can never remember what she had on.*" Delicacy of feeling in a lady will prevent her putting on anything calculated to attract notice; and yet a female of good taste will dress so as to have every part of her dress correspond. Thus while she avoids what is showy and attractive, everything will be adjusted so as to exhibit symmetry and taste.

IZVOSCHICK AND THE EMPEROR'S CLOAK.

THE Emperor of Russia, having remained somewhat longer than usual on his daily visit to his daughter the Grand Duchess Maria-Nicolaivna, the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, having no carriage with him, and being desirous of returning quickly to the palace, most probably having an appointment for a stated time, as he is known to be the very essence of punctuality, took a street sledge. On arriving, the Emperor left the sledge, and was about to enter the palace, when the izvoschick,* not knowing His Majesty, who had returned to St. Petersburg only on the preceding day, after an absence of some weeks, taking off his monstrous cap with both hands, reminded him that he had not paid the fare. "Good, good," said His Majesty, "I will send you the money." "Ah, baron," (pronounced bahrin, and is a term of respect used by the lower classes in addressing their superiors,) said the poor izvoschick, looking at the palace, "this is a very large building, and has a great many ways out; your nobleness might make a mistake and leave by another door, or the person you might send with the money might not know at which door I am, and might make a mistake; but if, baron, your nobleness would leave your cloak with me and take my plate,† we shall both be safe." "What!" said His Majesty, "do you imagine that an officer driving to the palace of the emperor would rob you of your fare, which cannot exceed a greevenick, (about ten cents,) or at most a p'yetaline, (about twelve cents)?" "Ah, baron, forgive me," replied the man, "your nobleness is not an izvoschick. You do not know what we do. It is precisely at the palace of the emperor, at the theaters, at the tribunals and great houses, that we are robbed." His Majesty threw off his cloak,

* Izvoschick, the driver of a public carriage. During the winter hundreds of the peasantry, not being able to occupy themselves in the country, proceed to St. Petersburg with a sledge of their own manufacture, and one, two, or more horses, where they become izvoschicks, and in the spring return to their homes, frequently having realized considerable sums.

† Every izvoschick wears suspended from the collar of his coat behind a tin plate, on which is his number, and for which he pays a certain sum annually. The shape of the plate is changed every year, that the tax may not be evaded.

under which was simply the uniform of a general officer, deposited it with the izvoschick, to the great surprise of some persons who happened to be passing, and entered the palace. A few minutes only had elapsed, when an aide-de-camp presented himself for the purpose of redeeming the cloak; telling the izvoschick that he had driven the emperor, who had sent him a ten double note, (about \$8,) which His Majesty hoped would make up for any sums of which he had been robbed by officers or others, and desired he would wait there until he was sent for. The poor fellow was alarmed; he took off his cap with both hands, as usual, fell upon his knees, burst into tears, and crossing himself—"Gospodi pometa, (Lord, have mercy upon me;) Gospodi boja moi, (Holy God! what have I done? what will become of me?) Boja moi! Boja moi! (No, no, no, I will take no money, I will take no money; pray let me go, oh baron, pray let me go;)" saying which he jumped on his sledge, and flogging his horse, drove off at full speed, leaving the money in the hands of the officer, who was too much surprised to stop him or have him stopped. An order was given for the man to be found and conducted to the palace, which was immediately done, as His Majesty always has persons near enough to him when he goes out to mark anything that transpires. The poor fellow was now more alarmed than before. He had not only detained the emperor's cloak, but by running away, had acted in direct opposition to His Majesty's commands; and the least he expected was to receive some hundred pair of rods, and be put into the army. What, then, was his surprise at being received with kindness, and told not to be alarmed, but to look upon the emperor as his best friend, whose great happiness and desire was to improve the condition of those whose position placed them at the mercy of evil-disposed persons. The emperor then gave him a bank-note for twenty silver roubles, (about \$16,) and dismissed him.

ATTEND TO YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—A man who had become rich by his own exertions was asked by a friend the secret of his success. "I have accumulated," replied he, "one half my property by attending strictly to my own business, and the other half by letting other people's alone."

THE TWO PRISONERS OF THE
CONCIERGERIE:

OR, OCTOBER 16TH, 1793, AND OCTOBER 16TH, 1842.

IT was a chill autumn morning—a gray fog brooded over the city, and a gloom rested on the people of Paris. A few faint rays of sunshine struggled through the mist and rested on the roof of the Louvre, and the time-honored towers of Notre Dame. The streets were thronged with people; crowds stood as if in anxious expectation of some great event,—in front of the Palais de Justice, on the steps of the Church of St. Roche, and on the Place de la Revolution, (*now* the Place de la Concorde.)

And yet it might easily be perceived that it was no festal scene which drew the people from their houses on the 16th of October, 1793. Here and there, it is true, a countenance might be discovered which betrayed marks of sorrow; but those of the great majority wore an aspect either of idle curiosity, cold scorn, or bitter hatred and malignity.

On that day *Marie Antoinette* was to be led forth to the scaffold. Separated from her children, and from all who were dear to her on earth, she had for some time past dragged out a miserable existence in a gloomy cell of the *Conciergerie*, the prison belonging to the old Palais de Justice, on the banks of the Seine. This palace, once the abode of the kings of France—the spot whence St. Louis, surrounded by the flower of European chivalry, set forth for the wars of the crusades—*this* palace it was whose vaults were doomed to be the living grave of a queen of France—a queen whose sorrows and untimely fate have almost caused the world to forget her follies and her faults.

At an early hour of the morning her summons came; the night had been chiefly spent in writing to her children and to the Princess Elizabeth. Exhausted nature at length claimed a few moments for repose; but very brief had been the slumbers of the broken-hearted victim, when her jailer came to announce to her that everything was prepared for her departure. She was not even allowed the petty consolation of appearing in decent attire before the nation who had once beheld her in all the pomp and splendor of royalty. The damp of the dungeon and long-continued wear, had imparted a soiled and tattered aspect

to her garments. Vainly she strove to arrange them to the best advantage ere she quitted her cell. The daughter and the wife of kings must drink the cup of bitterness to its very dregs! When she reached the door of the prison, the first object on which her eye rested was the cart which was to convey her, and some of her fellow-prisoners, to the scaffold. A shudder convulsed her frame. Her husband had at least been allowed the favor of a *covered* carriage to convey him to the place of execution; but no such privilege was in store for *her*. She must go forth to meet her doom exposed to the gaze of the multitude in a common open cart, thronged with victims!

Slowly and reluctantly she entered, and the cart drove off. After so many months spent in solitude and gloom, the cheerful light of day had no charms for the royal captive; and the sight of the throng of human beings by whom she was surrounded, completely overpowered her. Her exhausted frame was but ill able to bear the joltings of the cart as it passed onward over the rough stones. Vainly she strove to balance herself by grasping the side of the vehicle; alas! her hands were bound, and on she went that long and dreary way, suffering in body and crushed in spirit, while many an insulting jeer fell upon her ear, as she rocked from side to side; and not one in that vast human throng dared to cry, "God bless *her*!"

And yet, even then, in this her hour of misery, the fallen queen was not utterly deserted. It was remarked by many among the multitude that, as she drove up the Rue St. Honoré, her eye seemed to wander from house to house; they attributed this to her levity of character, which, even in that awful moment, was attracted by objects of passing interest. But gay and thoughtless as *Marie Antoinette* had once been, the anxieties which at this moment filled her heart were of no idle cast. She had refused to receive the last sacraments of her Church from the hands of the revolutionary priests, who were alone admitted to the prisons; and secret intelligence had been conveyed to her, on the evening preceding her execution, that one of the non-juring priests, concealed in a house of the Rue St. Honoré, would pronounce absolution over her as she passed on her way to the scaffold. Long did her eye wander from house to house in fruit-

less search for the appointed sign : at last, she discovered it over the door of an obscure dwelling-house. A passing ray of joy lighted up for a moment the pallid features of the fallen queen, and she bowed her head as she passed to receive the sacrament, which was thus alone accessible to her. Soon the Place de la Revolution was reached—that scene of terror and of crime. As the queen approached the scaffold, close to the very gate of the Tuileries, she glanced for a moment toward that spot where she had once dwelt in royal splendor. How many visions of the past may not have crowded through her mind during that brief, sad moment!—visions of the day when she came to that palace, years before, a gay and lovely bride, and during the festivities attendant on her marriage, hundreds were crushed to death on that very Place!—visions of the days of thoughtless levity which followed, when the love of pleasure and admiration alone filled her heart!—visions of a time of better and purer joy, when a mother's love first stirred within her, and with a thrill of delight she had pressed her first-born to her heart!—visions, too, of the hour when the first muttering of the gathering storm reached her ear!

All this, and much more,—thoughts of the children she was leaving behind her in pitiless hands and evil days—of the hour of anguish which now awaited her—and the awful future upon which she was about to enter. All this might, and probably did, pass through the mind of the unhappy queen, as she gazed for the last time on the Tuileries—for the first time on the guillotine! Brief, however, was the space afforded her for meditation : hurried by the executioner from the cart to the scaffold, the sharp ax swiftly executed its bloody task, and the *Veuve Capet* was proclaimed to be *no more!* Other victims followed—the crowd gazed till they were satiated with the sight of blood—and then they dispersed, each man to his home, and thus ended the 16th October, 1793!

Sixty years had well nigh sped their changing course ; anarchy had been succeeded by despotism ; legitimacy, restored for a brief space, had yielded up the scepter it swayed with a feeble hand ; constitutional monarchy had been tried and failed ; organized republicanism, too, had had its day ; and then another memorable 16th of October dawned on France.

It inaugurated the empire ! Once more was a *Prisoner of the Conciergerie* the hero of the day. Amid the crash of falling dynasties and all the vicissitudes of time, those old gray towers had stood unchanged on the banks of the smiling Seine.

On many a sad heart had the gates of the Conciergerie closed since the day when Marie Antoinette left it for the scaffold ; but few more daring spirits were ever confined within those gloomy precincts than *Louis Napoleon*, nephew of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. After his landing at Boulogne, and the failure of that rash and premature attempt, the son of Hortense was confined in the ancient prison of the *Palais de Justice*, previous to his removal to the Fortress of Ham.

The game seemed utterly lost, and even the most daring and hopeful heart might well have despaired of success. But years rolled on ; the prisoner escaped, bided his time ; and when France, weary of anarchy and confusion, yearned for order and security, his firm hand grasped the reins of power, and on the 16th of October, 1852, the *Prisoner of the Conciergerie* entered Paris as the *Emperor Elect* of the French nation.

No fog obscured the sun of Austerlitz on this memorable day—the day which sealed the doom of France, at least during this *present* phase of her destinies. The air was clear and bright, and all Paris was astir ; people were hurrying to and fro on the boulevards in busy preparation ; shop-boys looking anxiously at the clock, watching for the hour of twelve, which seemed to them “long-a-coming,” for then the shop was to be closed and the rest of the day devoted to festivity ; workmen were giving the finishing touch to triumphal arches ; hawkers vending by thousands small gilt medals with the effigy of Louis Napoleon stamped on one side, and on the other the imperial eagle, with the inscription, “*La Ville de Paris, à Louis Napoleon, Empereur ;*” while others were crying themselves hoarse, offering for sale flying sheets headed, “*Vive l'Empereur ! c'est le vœu de la France !*” “*Programme des Fêtes et Cérémonies qui vont avoir lieu dans Paris, le Samedi, 16 Octobre,*” &c., and all these valuable documents were to be acquired at the reasonable rate of five centimes a-piece.

A few quiet citizens walked about in amazement, scarcely seeming well assured

whether the whole was not a dream; and one might be heard greeting another beneath the shadow of Napoleon's column on the Place Vendome, with the half-inquiring exclamation, "*Eh bien, voilà l'Empire!*"

But now the hour of noon has struck. Louis Napoleon is to arrive at the railway station at two, and it is high time the procession should begin to form. On they pour—that vast human tide—hemmed in by the double file of soldiers which lined the boulevards throughout their whole extent.

Deputations from the neighboring communes, each bearing some gay flag, with a laudatory device; portly *dames de la halle*, with huge nosegays in their hands; spruce-looking *demoiselles* from divers *marchés* and *halles*, all dressed in white muslin and decked with violets; school children, led by priests and waving triumphantly their little tri-colored flags, while they shouted most lustily "*Vive l'Empereur*," and doubtless with them it was a hearty cry, for to him they were indebted for a holiday! Next came a venerable band, dressed in motley garb—the relics of the *Vieille Garde* and of the *Grande Armée*. As they passed onward with failing steps, in the varied uniforms of by-gone days, many a one with a wooden leg or broken arm, every heart warmed to the brave old men, and many a hearty cheer greeted them on their way. One of the aged men, who bore the banner, waved it three times solemnly over the heads of the younger soldiery who stood by his side, as though he would fain consecrate them to the service of his master's nephew.

Squadron after squadron of cavalry now dashed onward through the streets, their helmets glittering in the noon-day sun; while every now and then the measured tread of infantry again fell upon the ear.

And now, heads are seen outstretched in anxious expectation; cries—not loud, it must be owned—of "*Vive l'Empereur*" are borne upon the breeze; a brilliant group appears in the distance, and, foremost of them all, his usually impassive countenance kindling with triumph, rode Louis Napoleon. Gracefully he bowed with uncovered head as he passed onward among the crowd, his beautiful Arabian bearing itself as though it shared in its master's triumph. It was a gorgeous pageant, that

presented by the sight of those one hundred and fifty thousand armed men, crowds of gayly dressed women, peasants from the country, all pouring along like a resistless, living tide for five whole hours, without intermission. When the prince had passed, and men no longer stood on the "tip-toe of expectation," some of the sharers in the pageant seemed suddenly to remember that it was a long time since they had had their breakfast; and a young national guardsman might be seen quitting the lines, and cutting a loaf in pieces with his sword; while, on the point of the same serviceable weapon, he gallantly handed the several slices to some of the fair damsels of Montrouge, who had borne their part in the procession, and now stood, radiant with smiles and nosegays, beneath the triumphal arch. The merry peals of laughter which this act of civility elicited had scarcely subsided, when a fresh incident attracted the attention of the crowd. As a *cuirassier* was galloping along, his horse slipped on the smooth pavement of a crossing, and he fell to the ground with some violence. One of the pretty *cantinières*, or *filles du regiment*, dressed in picturesque military attire, immediately stepped forward, and assisted the fallen man to rise, at the same time offering him a draught from the canteen which hung gracefully by her side. Gayety and good humor served to lend a charm to every passing incident, and an atmosphere of joyous hilarity pervaded all around. Meanwhile, the prince and his brilliant staff passed on their way through the gazing throngs, till they reached the Place de la Concorde.

No blood-stained guillotine now defaced that spacious area; sparkling fountains played on the very spot where once the blood of royalty had flowed, as though they would fain efface the foul stain which had erstwhile marked their site.

Did recollections of the deeds of violence which this *Place de la Revolution* had witnessed sixty years before, cast their shadow over the heart of the new potentate as he entered the gates of the palace, where Marie Antoinette had once dwelt in royal splendor? Did a conviction of the illusive nature of all this triumphal pomp flash across his mind, when, in answer to one of his attendants, who expressed a hope that his imperial highness had been satisfied with his reception, he replied: "*Beaucoup*

d'arcs de triomphe, mais très peu d'enthousiasme !"

Very little enthusiasm indeed there was throughout the vast-concourse assembled on that day in Paris! *Parisian women* were pleased, because it was a gay scene, such a scene as they always love—and "*il y aura tant de belles fêtes quand nous avons un Empereur!*" Some *old soldiers* were pleased, because the hero of the day was nephew to their own Napoleon; and the prospect of a busy season won him some golden opinions from Parisian tradesmen. But among the great mass of the people, not one spark of true homage or genuine devotion glowed, as their future emperor rode through the streets of Paris; while in many a breast hatred as deep and as undying as that which followed the fallen queen to the scaffold, pursued the rising emperor to the Palace of the Tuileries.

The one quality of Louis Napoleon which, in the eyes of France, redeems his despotism, and casts a *prestige* about his person, is his undaunted courage—his almost reckless daring—" *Il n'a pas peur, ce gaillard là,*" was the exclamation of a stout-hearted Norman peasant, who did not seem in any other respect to entertain much reverence or affection for his new ruler.

" *Il n'y aura pas d'attentât sur sa vie car il ne craint rien, cet homme là, et les Français respectent le courage,*" was the observation of a Parisian gentleman, who acknowledged no other merit, save that of hardihood, in the future emperor.

And thus, amid the hollow plaudits of the populace, amid gay processions and brilliant illuminations, terminated the 16th October, 1852, whose sunny sky and gorgeous pomp offered a striking contrast to the mournful gloom of the same day in the month of October, 1793.

The fate of Marie Antoinette, despite her weakness, her follies, and her mistakes, has awakened emotions of pity and of regret, even in the minds of her bitterest foes; and we question whether there are any who can look back on that fatal 16th October, 1793, and think without a sigh on the degradation and misery which a fallen queen was then called upon to endure.

With what eyes posterity may glance back upon the 16th of October, 1852,—whether blame or wonder, pity or admira-

tion, will predominate in the minds of men, as, at the close of another half-century, they look back upon the conduct and career of Louis Napoleon, we cannot now venture to predict.

To the issue of events still unfolded in the womb of time, we leave the result of his daring policy, and for a faithful verdict on his character we must await the *future* decision of that *vox populi*, which sooner or later is sure to speak with impartial truth of the mighty dead!

WAYSIDE WORDS.

IT chanced that, some months ago, I was walking in one of the busiest thoroughfares of London, and a feeling came over me of my utter loneliness in the great city, and the absence of any links to bind me to the world of busy men and women who were passing and repassing me as I slowly sauntered along; and at last I said to myself, "It seems to me that I have been jostled, and kicked, and sworn at, for the last half hour, just to teach me that my duty in life is to go on my way as quietly and with as little delay as possible—in the strictest sense of the word to mind my own business, and leave others to mind theirs." Just, however, as I had come to this conclusion, some words, uttered by one of two women, close to me, in a sharp, clear tone, arrested my attention. "But," said she, "you know there are some things we can never forgive."

"There are some things we can never forgive," I repeated to myself, and fell into a fit of musing on the probable circumstances in which this woman had been placed: how, and by whom, she had been so sinned against, as to feel she could "never forgive" the offense—whether it was as wife, or mother, or sister, or daughter, that she had been wronged. And then the offense itself—What is there that we cannot pardon in those we love? What power we have of opening a fresh future by forgiveness of the past; and who among us would rashly close the doors of hope, and debar ourselves the joy of saying, "My love and trust in you make you all that I desire you should become?" And with such a feeling, what might we not forgive?—what neglect? what unkindness? what ingratitude?—especially in those who are dear to us. And what limits can there be to this self-

abnegation? for to forgive another is to forget self; who shall say the seventy-times seven have expired; this is the four hundred and ninety-first sin, which I cannot forgive; or, what crime committed against man can equal that against the Holy Ghost?—the only one which God can never pardon.

Then, too, from the words of this woman, her forgiveness must have been sought, perhaps in tears and heart-anguish; for she says, "But there are some things we can never forgive." The guilty one, then, had come to her, sorrowing and repentant, and begged for that which it seems to me each one may claim as a right; for do we not need it one from another, every day of our lives? and shall those who hope to receive it unasked, for a thousand faults of omission and commission, refuse it when sought by one whom they may elevate and ennoble, and over whom they may exert a good influence through life?

I was so completely absorbed in these contemplations as not to notice a man and woman, who were talking together at the corner of a street, and who stood just in my way. I stepped back hastily to avoid knocking against them; and, being completely roused from my reverie, overheard the following words:—

"He left his home the same night, and has never been heard of since."

The speaker might have been forty years of age—perhaps fifty—it might be a very difficult task indeed to guess the age from a face which had been much reduced by poverty and care—or, perhaps, sorrow.

There was an expression of sadness on her face, and the tone of her voice marked a force upon her words that made me marvel over her history. Surely she must have been deeply interested in the person who had thus left his home—perhaps had mourned for him ever since—and then I thought of the previous words I had listened to, and which might help to explain his conduct. It may be that he had committed some sin which he believed would never be forgiven by those whom he loved, and preferred to leave his home and become a stranger in a strange land rather than to meet with eternal coldness and reproach. He would struggle with the evil within him, and conquer it; but it must be away from the hard, unforgiving

faces which spoke to him of the past, and made him believe that there could be no future for him. And then, this woman, in an after-life of suffering and regret, had learned the power of love, and the meaning of love, alas! too late. We all seem to learn the lesson of life too late. I think it is the want of charity, of love to all men, which keeps us so far apart, and makes the experience of each one more or less an unreality to every one else. How much might we learn, even from the poorest and most wretched creature whom we meet in our daily walks!

So, after all, I thought to myself, the main duty of each one may not be to go on his way quietly, and with as little delay as possible. It may be a good thing that some of us should stand as spectators, and report progress, and should say:—

"See, how this common bond of humanity unites us all one to another; how the links of this chain, from the lowest to the highest, are unbroken; and how we are reminded of this every day and every hour, if we will but look into the faces and the eyes of our fellow men, and read the words which are written there. There are none so high as not to need our sympathy and our love, and none so low that we cannot reach them by means of it."

And thus it was that the wayside words of these two women taught a lesson worth the learning, and one which those who are still in ignorance of it would do well to get by heart as soon as possible.

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IMPERISHABILITY OF HUMAN ACTIONS.—Man's deeds are of an imperishable character. Not only are they recorded in the book of divine remembrance, but modern discoveries of science have established a fact peculiarly calculated to impress creatures of sense, viz., that their every word and action produce an abiding impression on the globe we inhabit. The pulsations of the air, we are told, in Babbage's "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise," once set in motion, cease not to exist; its waves, raised by each sound or muscular exertion, perambulate the earth's and ocean's surface, and, in less than twenty-four hours, every atom of atmosphere takes up the altered movement resulting to it from that sound or action. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or ever whispered.
—Elliott.

CHINESE LADIES, DINNERS, AND LOVE-LETTERS.

THE constant intercourse now taking place between this country and China, naturally renders anything connected with the latter interesting. The subjoined remarks succinctly point out the characteristics of the women of the country, and give one an idea of their social habits. A Chinese dinner-party is a curiosity in its way. But *hommage aux dames!* Let the writer first speak of the ladies:—

"The women of China, as in all other countries not blessed with Christianity, occupy a rank in society far inferior to that of the men. Nevertheless, their place in the social scale is higher, their influence greater, and their treatment better, than can be predicted of the sex in any other Asiatic nation. Of school education the mass receive none, though there are occasionally shining exceptions; but Gutzlaff ascribes to them the possession of a large share of common sense, and says that they make 'devoted wives and tender mothers.'

"The generality of Chinese ladies cannot boast of great beauty. They make a free use of rouge, and this article is always among the presents to a bride on the occasion of her nuptials. The distinguishing marks of personal attractions among the Chinese, in a gentleman, are, a large person, including a corpulency, a full glossy face, and large pendent ears—the latter indicating high breeding and fortune. In females it is nearly the reverse, delicate forms are in them highly esteemed: having slender 'willow waists.' The eyes are termed 'silver seas.' The eye-brows are frequently removed, and in their stead a delicately curved pencil line is drawn, resembling the leaf of the willow, 'Lew shoo,' a species of palm which is considered beautiful, and used metaphorically for 'pleasure.' Hence the saying—'deceived and stupefied by willows and flowers;' i.e., by dissolute pleasures.

"In what circumstances the 'golden lilies,' the highest of personal attractions, originated, is not known. The distortion is produced by turning the toes under the soles of the feet at birth, and confining them in that position by tight bandages, till their growth is effectually checked. The bandaging is continued for several years, during which the poor child suffers the most excruciating tortures. This is no doubt an absurd, cruel, and wicked practice; but those who dwell in glass houses should not throw stones. It is not a whit worse, nay, I maintain that it is less irrational and injurious, than the abomination of tight-lacing. No vital part is here attacked, no vital functions disordered; and on the score of taste, if the errors of Nature are to be rectified, and her graceful lines and proportions improved, I see not why the process of amendment may not be as reasonably applied to the feet as to the waist. Almost every family in China, however poor, has one daughter with the small feet.

"Head dresses of natural and artificial flowers are always worn. 'No woman,' says Sir George

Stanton, 'is so poor as to neglect, or so aged as to give up adorning herself in this manner.' The culture of flowers for this purpose is a regular occupation throughout the country.

"Wives are distinguished from unmarried females, by the latter allowing the hair near the forehead to hang down toward the eye-brows; while the former have theirs bound together upon the crown of the head.

"Among the accomplishments of Chinese ladies, music, painting on silk, and embroidery, hold the chief places. The musical instruments are various in kind and material, and a supply of them is held to be an indispensable part of the furniture of a lady's boudoir. Painting on silk is a very common recreation; and embroidery is an almost universal accomplishment."

So much for the women of China. Let us now take a peep at a Chinese "spread."

The ceremony attending an invitation to dinner is somewhat formal, and may be interesting to many of your readers. The invitation is conveyed some days before, by a crimson-colored ticket, on which is inscribed the time appointed; and the guest is entreated to bestow "*the illumination of his presence.*" At other times, the phrase is, "*I have prepared pure tea, and wait for your company to converse.*"

The following description of a Chinese dinner, from the pen of Captain Laplace, of the French Navy, is given with so much of the characteristic vivacity of his countrymen, and so well conveys the *first impression* of a scene not often witnessed by Europeans, that I introduce it without further apology:—

"The first course was laid out in a great number of saucers of painted porcelain, and consisted of various relishes in a cold state, as salted earthworms, prepared and dried, but so cut up that I fortunately did not know what they were until I swallowed them; salted or smoked fish and ham, both of them cut into extremely small slices; beside which there was what they called Japan leather, a sort of darkish skin, hard and tough, with a strong, and far from agreeable taste, which seemed to have been macerated in water for some time. All these *et ceteras*, including among the number a liquor which I recognized to be soy, made from a Japan bean, and long since adopted by the wine-drinkers of Europe to revive their faded appetites or tastes, were used as seasoning to a great number of stews, which were contained in bowls, and succeeded each other uninterruptedly. All the dishes, without exception, swam in soup; on one side figured pigeons' eggs, cooked in gravy, together with ducks and fowls, cut very small, and immersed in a dark colored sauce; on the other, little balls made of sharks' fins, eggs prepared by heat, (of which both the smell and taste seemed to us equally repulsive,) immense grubs, a peculiar kind of sea-fish, crabs, and pounded shrimps.

"Seated at the right of our excellent As-

you, I was the object of his whole attention; but, nevertheless, found myself considerably at a loss how to use the two little ivory sticks, tipped with silver, which, together with a knife that had a long, narrow, and thin blade, formed the whole of my eating apparatus. I had great difficulty in seizing my prey, in the midst of these several bowls filled with gravy; in vain I tried to hold, in imitation of my host, this substitute for a fork, between the thumb and the two first fingers of the right hand, for the chopsticks slipped aside every moment, leaving behind them the unhappy little morsel which I coveted. It is true that the master of the house came to the relief of my inexperience (by which he was much entertained) with his two instruments, the extremities of which, a few moments before, had touched a mouth, whence age, and the use of snuff and tobacco, had cruelly chased its good looks. However, I contrived to eat, with tolerable propriety, a soup prepared with the famous birds' nests in which the Chinese are such epicures. The substance thus served up is reduced into very thin filaments, transparent as isinglass, and resembling vermicelli, with little or no taste. At first I was much puzzled to find out how, with our chopsticks, we should be able to taste of the various soups which composed the greater part of the dinner, and had already called to mind the fable of the fox and the stork, when our two Chinese entertainers, dipping at once into the bowls with the little saucer placed at the side of each guest, showed us how to get rid of the difficulty."

I confess I was never witness to this slovenly manœuvre, as the Chinese tables are generally supplied with a species of spoon, of silver or porcelain, sufficiently convenient in shape.

"To the younger guests, naturally lively, such a crowd of novelties presented an inexhaustible fund of pleasantries; and, though unintelligible to the worthy Hong merchant and his brother, the jokes seemed to delight them not at all the less. The wine, in the mean time, circulated freely, and the toasts followed each other in rapid succession. This liquor, which to my taste was by no means agreeable, is always taken hot; and in this state it approaches pretty nearly to Madeira in color, as well as a little in taste; but it is not easy to get tipsy with it, for, in spite of the necessity of frequently attending to the invitations of my host, this wine did not in the least affect my head. We drank it in little gilt cups, having the shape of an antique vase, with two handles, of perfect workmanship, and kept constantly filled by attendants holding larger silver vessels like coffee-pots.

"After all these good things served one upon the other, of which it gave me pleasure to see the last, succeeded the second course, which was preceded by a little ceremony, of which the object seemed to be a trial of the guests' appetites. Upon the edges of four bowls, arranged in a square, three others were placed, filled with stews, and surmounted by an eighth, which thus formed the summit of a pyramid; and the custom is to touch none of these, although invited by the host. On the refusal

of the party the whole disappeared, and the table was covered with articles in pastry and sugar; in the midst of which was a salad composed of the tender shoots of the bamboo, and some watery preparations, that exhaled a most disagreeable odor.

"Up to this point the relishes, of which I first spoke, had been the sole accompaniment of all the successive ragouts; they still serve to season the bowls of plain rice, which the attendants now, for the first time, placed before each of the guests."

It must be remembered that this was a formal dinner; rice forms a much more integral part of an every-day meal.

"I regarded with an air of considerable embarrassment the two little sticks, with which, notwithstanding the experience acquired since the commencement of the repast, it seemed very doubtful whether I should be able to eat my rice, grain by grain, according to the belief of Europeans regarding the Chinese custom. I therefore waited until my host should begin, to follow his example, foreseeing that, on this new occasion, some fresh discovery would serve to relieve us from the truly ludicrous embarrassment which we all displayed; in a word our two Chinese, cleverly joining the ends of their chopsticks, plunged them into the bowls of rice, held up to the mouth, which was opened to its full extent, and thus easily shoveled in the rice, not by grains, but by handful. Thus instructed, I might have followed their example; but I preferred making up with the other delicacies for the few attractions which, to my taste, had been displayed by the first course. The second lasted a much shorter time, the attendants cleared away everything. Presently the table was strewed with flowers, which vied with each other in brilliancy; pretty baskets, filled with the same, were mixed with plates which contained a vast variety of delicious sweetmeats, as well as cakes, of which the forms were as ingenious as they were varied. Napkins steeped in warm water, and flavored with attar of roses, are frequently handed to each guest by the servants in attendance. This display of the productions of nature and art, was equally agreeable to the eyes and the tastes of the guests. By the side of the yellow plantain was seen the *lichis*, of which the strong, rough, and bright crimson skin defends a stone enveloped in a whitish pulp, which, for its fine aromatic taste, is superior to most of the tropical fruits; when dried, it forms an excellent provision for the winter. With these fruits of the warm climates were mingled those of the temperate zone, brought at some expense from the northern provinces; as walnuts, chestnuts, apples, grapes, and Pekin pears, which last, though their lively color and pleasant smell attracted the attention, proved to be tasteless, and even retained all the harshness of wild fruits.

"At length we adjourned to the next room to take tea—the indispensable commencement and close of all visits and ceremonies among the Chinese. According to custom, the servants presented it in porcelain cups, each of which was covered with a saucer-like top, which confines

and prevents the aroma from evaporating. The boiling water had been poured over a few of the leaves, collected at the bottom of the cup; and the infusion, to which no sugar or cream is ever added in China, exhaled a delicious fragrant odor, of which the best teas carried to Europe can scarcely give an idea."

Other visits of ceremony are conducted with much pomp and formality. When a gentleman proceeds in his sedan to pay a visit, his attendants present his ticket at the gate, consisting of his name and titles written down the middle of a folded sheet of vermilion-colored paper, ornamented with gold leaf; and sometimes there is enough paper in one of these to extend across a room. According to the rank of the parties, the visitor and his host begin bowing at stated distances; though among equals the ordinary mode of salutation is to join closed hands. Only mandarins or official persons can be carried by four bearers, or be accompanied by a train of attendants. Soon after visitors are seated, an attendant brings in porcelain cups with covers, with a small quantity of fine tea-leaves in each, on which boiling water has been poured, and the infusion is thus drank without the addition of sugar or milk; fruits are also brought in on beautifully japanned trays. In some Chinese apartments there are broad couches, called "*kangs*," as large as a bed. In the center, of these, small tables are placed, about a foot in height, intended to rest the arm upon, or place tea-cups. On the conclusion of a visit the host conducts his guest to his sedan.

Corpulency, and small, delicate, taper fingers, are much esteemed, as indications of gentility. Also a goodly rotundity of person, and smallness and delicacy of hands. The carefully-cultivated and well-braided cues—so long in some instances as almost to trail upon the ground, and affording admirable "handles" to an antagonist in a passion—form a curious subject of observation. The history of this singular appendage affords a remarkable illustration of those revolutions which sometimes occur in national taste and manners. Previously to the conquest of their country by the Tartars, the Chinese permitted the hair to grow over the whole head. Shunche, the first of the Tartar emperors, issued an imperial edict, requiring the conquered people to conform in this particular to the custom of their victors. So stoutly was this decree at first resisted, that many of the nobles preferred death

to obedience, and actually perished by command of the conqueror. At the present day, however, the loss of this very badge of servitude is considered one of the greatest calamities, scarcely less dreaded than death itself. To be deprived of it is one of the most opprobrious brands put upon convicts and criminals. Those to whom nature has been sparing in respect to the natural covering of the head, supply her deficiencies by the artificial introduction and intermingling of other hair with their own, thus seeking to "increase it to a reputedly fashioned size."

The Chinese put faith in the external developments of the skull, and are therefore, to a certain extent, phrenologists. They look for the principal characteristics of a man in his forehead, and of a woman on the back of her cranium.

We complete our Chinese sketch by two love-letters—a literal transcript, from the *Panama Herald*. It will be seen therefrom, that the great point required in the lady lover is to have her "hair dressed;" while her ardent swain must first "wash his head clean," and then give himself a few "knocks" on the seat of knowledge. The lady is, by her father, called "despicable;" and her lover says he is "mean, and ashamed of himself!" These mutual confessions made, the young folks carry on the war much as we do. The poetry of course comes first; and, as usual, it gradually subsides into respectable prose. On *this* we need not dilate. So now for the curious document:—

"We think we might safely venture on a wager that perhaps not half a dozen, if any, of our readers have ever seen a genuine Chinese love-letter. We have, though! Recently, in Amoy, a marriage was concluded between a son of the ancient family of 'Tan,' and a daughter of the equally old and respectable house of 'O;' and the annexed productions, we are assured, are literal translations of the letters that passed on the occasion between the fathers of the young couple. Here we have the proposal of the father to the bridegroom:—

"The ashamed young brother, surnamed Tan, named Su, with washed head makes obeisance, and writes this letter to the greatly virtuous and humble gentleman whose name is O, old teacher, great man; and presents it at the foot of the gallery. At this season of the year the satin curtains are enveloped in mist, reflecting the beauty of the river and hills. In the fields of the blue gem are planted rows of willows close together, arranging and diffusing the commencement of genial influences, and consequently adding to the good of the old year.

"I duly reverence your lofty door. The guest of the Sue country descends from a good stock, the origin of the female of the Hui country likewise (as so too). You have received their transforming influences, resembling the great effects produced by rain. Much more you, my honorable, nearly-related

uncle; your good qualities are of a very rare order. I, the mean one, am ashamed of myself; just as rotten wood is in the presence of aromatic herbs. I now receive your indulgence, inasmuch as you have listened to the words of the matchmaker, and given Miss S. in marriage to the mean one's eldest son, named Kang. Your assenting to it is worth more to me than a thousand pieces of gold. The marriage business will be conducted according to the six rules of propriety, and I will reverently announce the business to my ancestors with presents of gems and silks. I will arrange the things received in your basket, so that all who tread the threshold of my door may enjoy them. From this time forward, the two surnames will be united; and I trust the union will be a felicitous one, and last for a hundred years, and realize the delight experienced by the union of the two countries Chin and Chin. I hope that your honorable benevolence and consideration will defend me unceasingly. At present, the dragon flies in Sin Hai term—the first month, lucky day. I, Mr. Su, bow respectfully. Light before."

"On this decoction of the essential oil of modesty, the young Miss O's father looks with favor; so he responds in a state of still more profoundly polite humility:—

"The younger brother surnamed O, named Tus, of the family to be related by marriage, washes his head clean, knocks his head and bows, and writes this marriage letter in reply to the far-famed and virtuous gentleman surnamed Tan, the venerable teacher and great man who manages this business. At this season, the heart of the plum-blossom is increasingly white; at the beginning of the first month, it opens its petals. The eye-brows of the willow shoot out their green; when shaken by the wind, it displays its glory, and grows luxuriantly into five generations. 'Tis matter for congratulation, the union of a hundred years. I reverence your lofty gate. The prognostic is good, also the divination of the lucky bird. The stars are bright, and the dragons meet together. In every succeeding dynasty, office will be held; and for many a generation official vestments will be worn. Not only those of your family surname will enjoy all the aforementioned felicity, but more especially will you, honorable gentleman, who possess abilities great and deep; your manners are dignified and pure. I, the foolish one, am ashamed of my dimnity. I for a long time have desired your dragon powers; now you have not looked down upon me with contempt, but have entertained the statements of the matchmaker, and agree to give Mr. Kang to be united to my despicable daughter. We all wish the girl to have her hair dressed, and the young man to put on his cap of manhood. The peach flowers just now look beautiful; the red plum also looks gay. I praise your son, who is like a fairy horse who can cross over through water, and is able to ride upon the winds and waves; but my tiny daughter is like a green window and a feeble plant, and is not worthy of becoming the subject of verse.

"Now I reverently bow to your good words, and make use of them to display your good breeding. Now I hope your honorable benevolence will always remember me without end. Now the dragon flies in the Sin Hai term—first month, lucky day. Mr. Tu makes obeisance. May the future be prosperous!"

"The modesty of the old gentleman is so painful, that we are almost afraid to guess what may have been the feelings of Master Tan and Miss O; but whatever they were, they must have overcome them by this time; for the friend to whom we are indebted for these epistolary gems, danced at their wedding a couple of months back, and was nearly suffocated with drinking scalding black-tea out of cocoanut-shell cups.

"But the letters themselves—for we have received the originals, together with the translations—are at least as remarkable for external glitter as for internal value. Each of them is about the size of one of the *Citizen's* pages, and consists of a rich frame composed of something like our *papier maché*. Inside this, is artistically

folded a scroll of richly-tinted crimson paper, studded with the golden letters that convey the words of love and modesty. The outer surface is likewise emblazoned with a quantity of raised work, representing robes of honor, tails of distinction, the smallest of all small shoes, peacocks' feathers, and a variety of other equally tasteful designs, which are supposed to be emblematic of the vast accession to the wealth and honor of both contracting houses that may be expected to flow from the union of the gallant Su Tan, junior, and the accomplished Miss Tu O."

We can readily imagine the "courtship" of such a pair as this—consequent upon the betrothal. A Chinese countenance, animated by love, must be a curiosity indeed! The eyes may perchance be eloquent; "but the nose, the nose, my good masters!" However, the natives are "used" to it; and Use is second Nature. Their ideas, too, of "expression," may vary from ours; so let us not be hypercritical.

Success to the gallant Su Tan, junior, and the accomplished Miss Tu O, of the two countries Chin and Chin!

THE AUSTRALIAN FILE.

THERE is no readier way of obtaining something like a correct idea of the condition of society, as it exists in a distant colony, than by contemplating the reflection of it presented by its newspaper press, when it is fortunate enough to possess one. This, though not intended generally to serve any such purpose, is in fact a source of information not to be sophisticated; and the knowledge to be derived from it, though it consists of little more than heterogeneous scraps, is of a nature to be relied on, and not the less likely to be genuine that it is involuntarily bestowed. Under this conviction, we propose taking a brief glance at the contents of a late number of the *Melbourne Argus*, in the course of which we may chance to turn up a few not uninteresting social characteristics which lie but thinly shrouded in the form of advertisements—for it is with advertisements alone that we shall have anything to do.

Melbourne, as most of our readers know, is a thriving and rapidly rising town, situated near the extremity of the noble bay of Port Philip, and within a few days' journey of the Mount Alexander gold diggings. Two years ago it possessed a population of twenty thousand, and since that time

has been increasing at such an abnormal rate, owing to the number of immigrants arriving almost daily, that it might be imprudent at the present moment to venture a guess as to their numbers. The *Melbourne Argus* is a newspaper published daily, about the size of the double *Times*, and containing fifty-six columns some two feet in length each, offering to the colonists a cheap and excellent medium for all the purposes to which a newspaper can be adapted. Large as it is, and expensive as labor is on the spot, it is delivered daily to subscribers at about \$10 a year, or something under twenty cents a week; and it can afford to insert advertisements of four lines and under at the charge of only twenty-four cents each. The consequence is, that of the whole fifty-six columns rather more than forty-three are crammed with advertisements. Of these, sixteen are occupied by announcements of sales by auction, from which it would appear that the cargo of every vessel that arrives in port is for the most part subjected to the hammer and sold off at once to the highest bidder. The articles thus put up to competition comprise almost every luxury, as well as all the necessaries of life. There are sacks of flour, and Indian corn, and double-action grand pianofortes. There are all the drapers' wares which are to be found in the most comprehensive London catalogue, and there are "corrugated iron houses" with two or four rooms, which will make a home in the wilderness at the expense of a few hours' labor. There are Newcastle coals, and Wiltshire bacon, and Nottingham shoes. There are allotments of land for "successful gold-diggers," and "cheese, butter, and books," food for mind and body, for the benefit of their families; and there are "pistols! pistols! pistols!" revolvers with as many barrels as you choose to carry, with rifles, daggers, belts, and life-preservers, for those about to take up the gold-diggers' peaceful profession. There are "eggs! eggs! eggs!" and a valuable assortment of jewelry—with joists and beams for builders, and tobacco, and meerschaums, and everything possible in the shape of a pipe for those that choose to smoke. In short, there are no limits to the modes in which an immigrant may lay out his money and commence his colonial progress, either up-hill or down, the moment he sets foot on shore.

Next to the sales by auction, the propositions under the general head of "merchandise" demand attention. These are announcements of sales by private contract, or proposals for barter on the part of individuals. Some of them are suggestive enough. One gentleman wants to get rid of ten thousand sheep in a lot so soon as he has done with the shearing. And another is sick and tired of twenty-eight thousand sheep and three thousand head of cattle; his health compels him to seek another climate; and he will sell the whole lot, together with the feeding-ground, a bargain, and add to it, if the purchaser chooses, "forty nules of lamb and dog-proof galvanized wire," with which the flocks and herds may be inclosed within telescopic bounds. An impatient adventurer is anxious to be off to the diggings, and, by way of raising the wind, offers for sale his "elegant gold chronometer, made by French, of the Royal Exchange, London, with massive gold chain attached." A sober tradesman, residing in the Market Square, anxious no doubt to contribute his share toward the comforts of the rising colony, makes the following proclamation, part of which we copy: "For sale by the undersigned—arsenic, corrosive sublimate, butyr antimony, strychnine in crystals;" then follow some quack medicines, the whole showing a judgment in the classification of poisons highly creditable in a tradesman in a young country. Another is a wholesale purveyor of all the mining requisites, and politely invites "persons proceeding to the Ballarat and Eureka diggings" to come and inspect his abundant stores of necessaries, a long list of which figures at the end of his address. The perusal of the list is not very encouraging to the non-combatant: along with cradles, scales, washing-pans, pestles, and mortars, and magnets, there is a murderous display of pistols, guns, tomahawks, and gunpowder, with the usual appendage of "Wanted a shopman;" that being an article evidently scarce in Melbourne. Then there are horses, and drays, and wagons, and yokes of oxen, and carts, and wheelbarrows which will shut up and submit to be carried under the arm like a three-cornered hat on a levee day; there are wooden houses without number, and piccola pianofortes, and octaves of sherry, and cases of champagne, and soda water, and bottled

ale; and there is a printing business which is guaranteed to yield a better income than is to be got at the diggings; and there are five hundred things besides, all to be had for a consideration by those who want them.

But enough of sales and merchandise; let us now take a glance at the "wants," all pithily expressed in paragraphs of from three to five lines each. Of these there is no end; but we must be as brief in our selection as the necessities of the case will allow. Of domestic servants, to begin with, there appears to be a universal lack; from "a little girl to nurse a child" and a "strong boy to carry out goods," up to the finished cook and experienced head waiter, all are in general demand, and the advertisers promise an easy place and liberal wages as an inducement for candidates to come forward. From some of the proposals we gather that "liberal wages" means for female servants about \$120 a year, for a good plain cook \$200 a year. Married couples appear to be in prodigious request—the husband to act as porter, groom, storekeeper, or carter, and the wife as a domestic servant, and \$400 a year are offered as their united wages. "A steady man to look after a horse and drive a dray" is earnestly requested to make his appearance, and go to work at once, for the consideration of \$10 a week and his rations. Good plain cooks, especially if they have husbands willing to wait at table, are at an enormous premium, judging from the reiterated demands made for them; in short, servitude of almost every imaginable kind, except clerks, is at a premium, and no species of domestic help need go a-begging. Then, among the trades and handicrafts, the wants seem equally pressing. A master who is evidently driven to extremities cries out in large capitals: "Bakers! bakers! wanted two good journeymen bakers; the highest wages given. Apply," &c. A builder is in want of carpenters and joiners, and proclaims to all and sundry that he is ready to give any one or more of them nearly four dollars a day for wages, and a house to live in into the bargain. Watch and clock makers are also a general desideratum, and the *Argus*, with its hundred eyes, is on the look-out for them in all quarters. Milliners and dress-makers, too, look up in the market of Melbourne, where midnight labors are a thing un-

known, and starvation and standing meals are economical discoveries yet to be made. Linen-drapers' assistants, moreover, are an uncommonly scarce commodity; one employer actually goes so far as to advertise for an entire establishment, including manager, cashier, general salesmen, and in-door porters. Sawyers, wood-cutters, gardeners, cattle-drovers, smiths, laborers, quarrymen, tent-makers, &c., &c., all are lured by tempting offers to accept service at the highest current wages, at a moment's notice. But the chief desideratum of all would appear to be sailors, who, judging from the unheard-of premiums offered for their services, must have been seized with an infatuation for the diggings, and abandoned their vessels almost to a man. A captain, advertising for a crew to navigate his vessel to China, offers \$150 a month, or \$300 for the voyage, at the option of the seamen: this is about ten times the usual amount of wages paid in merchant vessels. If the common sailors have succumbed to the golden temptation, the ship's officers have been equally unable to resist, the same appeals being made to them in the columns of the *Argus*, inviting them to return to their duty on board. Among other singular wants is that of a man with a good bass voice to supply the place of a chorister who has vanished, gone off probably with a cradle upon his shoulder in company with Herr Mater's musicians—that gentleman being compelled to have recourse to an advertisement to procure performers, both vocal and instrumental, for the Thursday night concerts, from which his band, seduced by the charms of Ballarat, have taken unceremonious leave. Perhaps, after all, the most remarkable "wants" are those experienced by the proprietors of the *Argus* themselves: they have actually advertised in its columns, first, for any number of compositors to come forward at once, offering to all payment at the rate of sixty cents a thousand, at which it would be easy to earn \$7 a day; secondly, for two strong fellows to turn the machine which prints the paper; thirdly, for a reader to read it; fourthly, for 1500 pounds of new nonpareil type, the old being worn out long ago; and fifthly, for any quantity of paper of the requisite size upon which to print it. This is a curious crisis of affairs in a printing-office, and one too in which such a prodigious amount of work has to

be daily got through as the publication of a paper the size of the *Argus* must necessarily involve. The last "wants" we shall mention are two which it is pleasant to suppose, whatever may be the case with the others, have a chance of being supplied. Mr. Harris wants a big dog to guard his house by night; and Mrs. Harris will give a liberal price for a goat giving milk. As watch-dogs and milch-goats may be supposed to be free from the gold-fever, it is likely that these good people obtained what they wanted with less tax upon their patience than the miscellaneous advertisers above-mentioned had to endure.

As a consequence, where such high wages are given, the cost of the necessities of life cannot fail to be affected by that of labor. Mr. William Howitt, in his letter which is now going the round of the papers, gives a lamentable account of the difficulty of getting into "any kind of lodgings, even at the most astounding prices." But what says the newspaper which was printing while he was writing? "A single gentleman can obtain board and residence in a private family for \$6 per week. Apply to Mr. Harvey, chemist, Wellington-street." This is not outrageously dear, at any rate, and it is by no means a solitary specimen of the sort of accommodation offered.

Among the miscellaneous advertisements we must allude to two or three, suggestive of social peculiarities incidental to a city located within fourscore miles of the gold-diggings. Thus, there is one which summons very imperatively an Irish delinquent, one Michael Casey, to come back immediately and surrender the sum of \$300, which was paid to him, over and above its value, for his gold, and threatening him with the rigor of the law if he dare to neglect the appeal. One can hardly help suspecting that Michael has been cheating the bullion-broker with a sham "nugget," thousands of which, it is said, have been manufactured in England, and sent out to facilitate the villainies of the unprincipled, with which unhappily the convict colony abounds. A respectable "party going to the diggings with pack-horses on Tuesday next can accommodate several persons by carrying their *swags*, and with the use of a tent on the road." Another advertiser has established a Diggers' Directory, in which he

registers the addresses of the gold-finders, together with the brands and descriptions of their horses, which latter he undertakes to hunt up at any time, and restore to their owners, for a consideration. The owner of an estate on Salt Water River announces that a black horse, marked W. V., and having a switch tail, and a white-faced bay mare, also wagging a switch tail, have come astray on his estate, and that the owners can have them on application. But there is another kind of animal gone astray, the loss of which is more deeply deplored than that of switch-tailed nags, and which nobody offers to restore. Wives and sisters, deserted by husbands and brothers, put forth a melancholy appeal to the wanderers for a recognition of their tender claims: "If this should meet the eye of ——"—thus runs the all but hopeless cry sent forth into the wilderness—"he is particularly requested to write to his wife;" and she adds her present address—it is all she can do—and awaits in solitude the response of her absent protector. A disconsolate sister earnestly demands information concerning her brother from any one who is able to give it. Such announcements as these are the only elements of romance in connexion with real life to be found in the columns of the *Argus*, and these are such as we should have been glad to have dispensed with for the sake of the forlorn sufferers.

The rapid growth and prosperity of Melbourne must be owing more to its situation on the noble bay of Port Philip than to any other cause. This bay is an inland sea, having an entrance not more than a mile and a half broad, and presenting within the strait an area of fifty miles in length by twenty-five in width. The *Argus* advertises as many as fifty-six vessels on the point of sailing, five of its columns being taken up by the business of navigation. The town has one street more than a mile in length, with a number of others branching from it laterally. As a place of residence it is subjected to one very serious drawback, in the shape of sudden inundations of an alarming character. We gather from the letter of a correspondent that children are sometimes drowned in the streets; and we happen to know from private sources that newcomers who have been thoughtless enough to settle, seduced by their cheapness, upon low sites, have been ruined by the sudden

irruption of floods, from the sweep of which they have themselves escaped with difficulty.

To the above aspect of society, gathered from the contents of a newspaper, we feel bound to add a few characteristics derived from information of a later date. From this we gather that, owing to the influx of strangers into Melbourne, the arrivals being calculated at about three hundred a day, the price of accommodation is on the rise, \$7 50 a week being now demanded for board and lodging for a single man, who, even at that price, gets but a share of a bed in a many-bedded room. Notwithstanding the strenuous attempts of the police to keep the peace, robbery and violence prevail to an alarming extent, and almost every night is marked by a murder. At the diggings, all is lottery; some making large sums with little exertion, and others wearing themselves out, and sacrificing health and comfort for the scantiest reward. The acquirement of sudden wealth by men of degraded habits has realized the proverb of "the beggar on horseback," and crowded the taverns and the streets with a class of reckless wretches, who are a bane to one another, and a terror to the well-disposed. The prospect of the crops and the clip of wool is not very promising; the difficulty of obtaining hands is not indeed so great as might have been anticipated; but the gold mania has demoralized the men, and it is found impossible to keep them in subjection, and to induce them to labor with industry and regularity. Men who have gone out with their families find themselves deplorably situated, unless they have friends to whom they can apply. The charge for transport and warehousing of their property amounts, in a short time, to its entire value; lodgings for families are not to be had, and the smallest house, if indeed it is to be procured at all, has to be hired at a rent of four or five pounds a week. Houses, ready made, are now being exported in large numbers from England, and new ones are daily being built in Melbourne; but these efforts have been as yet quite inadequate to the demand. Provisions have risen at least ten per cent. since the date of the newspaper from which the above sketch has been compiled; and at the same time complaints are made on all sides that the mines have diminished more than one-half in productiveness—not

that less gold is found than formerly, but that it takes now nearly three times the number of hands to dig the same quantity. The roads and routes to the diggings are infested by gangs of bushrangers and bandits, who hold human life at a discount, and plunder and maltreat all who fall into their hands. Lastly, according to the late advices from Mr. Howitt, the climate appears to be by no means that genial temperature which has been lauded so loudly in England as rendering Australia a paradise of salubrity. He declares that the past season has been frightfully unhealthy, and the journey to the gold fields has been fatal to many. "Thousands," says he, "have been struck down by sickness; hundreds have already returned, abusing the parties who sent them such one-sided statements of the gold fields and the climate; while hundreds are still lying ill from its insidious influence. In Melbourne, I hear, there is scarcely a person but has been ill, and all up the country it is the same. Gentlemen who have been in India, China, and over the whole continents of Europe and America, say that this is the worst climate they know." We need hardly remark that this report is in direct contradiction to the declarations of former writers on Australia; but it may be true without impugning the credibility of their evidence. One unhealthy season does not make an unhealthy climate; and it is quite in accordance with natural laws that the overcrowding of Melbourne, and the excitement attending the speculative pursuit of digging for gold, should create an unusual amount of sickness. All possible or probable contingencies the intending emigrant should weigh well before he sets forth on an expedition for any El Dorado. The above sketch may supply him with some elements for reflection, and we would commend them to his sober consideration before he takes such an important step.

DOMESTIC PEACE.—The less of physical force or menacing language we use—the less, to take an expressive word, we scold our children—the more order and quiet we shall commonly secure. I have seen a family where a single word, or a look even, would allay a rising storm. The gentle but firm method is the very best security for domestic peace.—*Rev. A. B. Muzzey.*

THE DIVINING-ROD.

A VERY singular popular error is the belief in the DIVINING-ROD. This rod, it was formerly supposed, was capable of pointing out the position of minerals in the earth, of hidden springs of water, and even capable of manifesting the guilt of criminals, and discovering stolen property. It is, however, no longer used in the latter capacity, the advance of knowledge having led men to require stronger proofs against an accused party than could be furnished by the divining-rod; but it is even yet employed, in some very distant parts of the world, as a means of ascertaining the presence of water or metals. The divining-rod is a forked stick, generally of hazel, the limbs of the fork measuring about eighteen inches each, and about a quarter of an inch in diameter. To use it, the diviner grasps the extremity of the limbs, one in each hand, the palms being turned upward and the fingers inward toward the body. Moving cautiously and slowly onward, step by step, with the rod held in this manner, the diviner, on becoming aware of the action of hidden power, tightens his grasp of the fork; but, in spite of this, and though the bark is frequently wrenched from the rod in the struggle between the influence of the force which bears it downward and the efforts of the holder to keep it tight—in spite of this, we say, the limbs of the rod become bent outward, and ultimately the head of the fork points perpendicularly downward to the spot where the metal or the water is supposed to lie. Now, that the rod really turns in this manner is beyond all question, no end of persons having testified to their having witnessed it; and that it acts thus in the hands of men whose character prevents the least suspicion of imposture is an equally well-established fact. These men have tried it, and, as we have said before, found the green bark fairly wrenched off in their endeavors to prevent the rod from turning in their hands. What, then, is the cause of this action of the rod? Some authors have attributed it to magnetism and electricity. But the only probable solution of the mystery we have yet met with is that given in a recent number of Professor Silliman's *American Journal of Science*. When we say a solution of the mystery, we, of course, allude only to the cause of

the rod's motion; as to its pointing to water, &c., that is simply a superstition. The writer tells us how he witnessed the action of a divining-rod, which, held in the hands of a boy, distinctly traced out the course of a subterranean stream, which was accordingly marked out as he went along. However, upon the boy being blindfolded, and led about from one part of the field to the other, although he frequently passed over the course of his newly-discovered spring, and though the rod kept continually pointing down in different places, it never pointed out the same spot twice; and the whole grass-plot was covered with marks until the course originally pointed out seemed completely lost. This looked very like an imposture on the boy's part. The writer, however, on a subsequent occasion, took the rod himself, and holding it in the diviner's manner, approached the bank of a rivulet, when, to his extreme astonishment, he began to feel the limbs of the rod crawling round, and saw the point turning downward, in spite of all the efforts his clenched hands could make to restrain it. So great was the struggle between the opposing forces that he found the bark wrenched off the limbs of the rod, just as the diviners declare it sometimes happens. And yet, instead of its being really a contest, it is the very tightness and vigor with which the rod is held which alone causes it to move. He explains it thus: Take the rod in the diviner's manner, and it is evident that the bent limbs of the rod are equivalent to two boughs tied together at one extremity; and when bent outward they exert a force in opposite directions upon the point at which they are united. Held thus, the forces are equal and opposite, and no motion is produced. Keep the arms steady, but turn the hands on the wrists inward an almost imperceptible degree, and the point of the rod will be constrained to move; and if the limbs be clenched very tightly, so that they cannot turn in the hand, the bark will burst and wring off. The greater the effort made in clinching the rod, the shorter is the bend of the limbs, and the greater the amount of opposing forces meeting in one point; and the more unconsciously, also, do the hands incline to turn to their natural position on the wrists. And this gives true ground for the diviner's declaration that the more powerful his efforts are to re-

strain the rod, the more powerful are its efforts to move. Thus explained, the divining-rod, we see, is capable of deceiving the holder of it no less than those who put their trust in him; and we can well conceive how the motion is conveyed from his hands to the rod, not only involuntarily, but even against his will.

THE MEMBER FOR BUMBLETOWN, AND HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.

OF all stale old sayings, there is none more common or musty than the venerable adage, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. The adage is true enough, but it is not the whole truth, because it would imply that poets are alone of the *Nascitur non fit* species, whereas, we opine, there are many others. For example, take orators. It was all very well for Demosthenes to tell men *how* to speak, how to regulate their voices and their action, and how to deal with their subjects; but let any man follow, or attempt to follow, all the best rules that have ever been given for the guidance of orators, from those of oratory's greatest master down to those of the third-rate actors, who give lessons in elocution according to the most approved Surrey and Victoria notions of the art—and what will be the result? Will he find himself an orator after he has completed his course of instruction? Not at all. He will be as far from the mark as the man who should learn Horace's *Ars Poetica* by heart, (not *by rote* only,) in the faith that a mastery of its rules would make him a poet. Where would be the deficiency then? We reply—In the absence of the natural gifts that alone can make an orator or a poet. Talking is not oratory, neither is versification poetry; and all the teaching in the world can produce but talking and versification—the rest is God's work.

Whether my friend Mr. Algernon Beagles was of this opinion, I am not able to state. If so, he was also impressed with the idea that *he*, at least, possessed the genuine inspiration of true oratory, for he fully resolved to astonish the world, and to delight listening senates. To effect this great end, it was necessary to get into Parliament—no great difficulty with a pocket well lined in these days of rampant bribery and corruption.

Mr. Beagles had never greatly distinguished himself at school or college,

though he had read harder than most men, cramming his unfortunate brains with all the learning he could get hold of; but, like seed sown in an ungrateful soil, the said brains, after absorbing all the learning, brought forth no fruits. Never was there a duller dog than Algernon Beagles. You might converse with him on any subject, and feel perfectly convinced that he was utterly ignorant of everything connected with it, while he had, in fact, read probably more books on that very subject than you yourself had ever heard of. I do not believe he could construe Ovid without the constant aid of a Latin dictionary, though I am positive there is no known Latin author whose works he had not read more than once. If he had Greek enough to understand the Testament, I am greatly mistaken, though Blomfield himself should have known less of Sophocles than he, if incessant study alone conferred knowledge. Poor Beagles! Nature meant him for a journeyman-anything, where the smallest particle of intellect is sufficient for the daily dull routine of life; but fortune made him a gentleman, and ambition made him aspire to be an orator.

When Beagles left college, he was an independent man. He followed no profession, and needed none, for he had a nice little estate of three thousand a year in a midland county. He might have taken to partridge-shooting, coursing, fox-hunting, and petty sessions, with the ardor and spirit of country squires in general; but he had a soul above such things. He aimed at something higher than partridges; he pursued something nobler than hares; he sought greater "ends" than reynard's brush; he forswore the magisterial sessions, where poachers are punished and unlicensed papas compelled to provide for the fruits of their naughtiness, for the great sessions of the House of Commons; where laws are made for the mystification of judges and magistrates throughout the realm, by the collective wisdom of the representatives "of the people," or of the length of their own purses.

"No man is a prophet in his own country," says another old adage. Beagles was not considered a Solomon in the county where his paternal acres lay. His tenantry were not numerous enough to secure his election, either for the shire, or for any borough in it, and, therefore, Beagles cast his eye over the map of Great Britain and

Ireland, in order to see "what place he should stand for" at the next general election. The result was satisfactory, but not decisive: he was troubled by an *embarras de richesses* in regard to boroughs open to the highest bidder—the question was, which would be the best, safest, and most economical investment!

Beagles took advice of his solicitor. The advice was sound and sensible, and much to the point. It was simply to go to Mr. Puffy Cheetham, the celebrated dealer in boroughs—election agent, we mean—who would, no doubt, arrange matters to his satisfaction. Accordingly Beagles set off at once for London, and, in due time, he was closeted with the renowned Mr. Puffy Cheetham.

"I understand, then, my dear sir," said that bland gentleman, after twenty minutes previous questioning on the subject; "I understand that what you wish is to secure yourself a safe borough."

"Decidedly," replied Beagles.

"I presume you are perfectly indifferent as to which side you adopt in politics? or have you any little prejudices in that way?"

Beagles looked aghast! indifferent as to which side! little prejudices! could he believe his own ears? Why, Beagles felt himself a perfect patriot of a genuine high tory—so high a tory as to be almost out of sight of the generation he lived in altogether. And he to be supposed "indifferent" on such a subject, or to have only some "little prejudices" about it!

As soon as he could recover from his state of amazement sufficiently to speak, he exclaimed:—

"Indifferent, Mr. Cheetham! I thank Heaven that I am thoroughly conservative to the back bone! I would not barter my principles for—for—"

"For a borough; exactly so, my good sir, I thoroughly respect your principles; there is no doubt of the respectability of conservatism, and the purity of its professors."

It never struck Beagles that while he was boasting about his own incorruptibility, he was going to negotiate a bargain for corrupting other people—to wit, the ten-pound voters of some immaculate borough. Neither did the polite Mr. Puffy Cheetham think of hinting at such a thing. However, there is a difference between buying and selling;—the latter is trades-

man-like, the former gentleman-like, even in the matter of votes and consciences.

"Conservatives, then," said Mr. Cheetham, making a note of that fact. "Now, the next point, my dear sir, is, as to the expense; what are you disposed to risk in this contest?"

"Risk!" repeated Beagles, not quite liking the word.

"When I say 'risk,'" replied Mr. Cheetham, with another bland smile, "you must understand me as using simply a professional term. In point of fact, there is no risk at all; my candidate always wins."

"But there may be a petition?" suggested Beagles, "may n't there?"

"Of course—of course; such things *will* happen, and, indeed, they are getting most unpleasantly common: but those things may be arranged."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Beagles; "I did n't know that; may I ask how?"

Mr. Puffy Cheetham smiled again—politely, yet half pityingly—his client was so charmingly "verdant." However, assuming a look of intense confidence, he said:—

"My dear sir, you, of course, understand that our present conversation is of the most private and confidential nature." Beagles nodded assent. "Then, I need only add that petitions, like everything else, are very easily arranged, thus—." And here Mr. Puffy Cheetham significantly tapped his side pocket, within which his purse chinked with a golden rattle.

"Bless my soul, you do n't say so!" exclaimed Beagles; "but how so?"

Mr. Puffy Cheetham here entered into a delicate explanation, wrapped up in a great deal of circumlocution, but the effect of which was, that those gentlemen, who paid sufficiently well for it, had their petitions "set off" against other petitions, so that a well-paying Whig petitioned against, and a well-paying Tory in the like condition, were mutually released from their state of peril, one petition being played off against another, or withdrawn at the same time; by which means, as Mr. Puffy Cheetham lucidly explained, no injury was done to either side, nor was the balance of parties in the house destroyed by it.

"The question is, therefore," continued Mr. Puffy Cheetham, after this explanation, "do you wish to secure a seat in spite of petitions? or are you content to secure your election only, and *risk* a petition?"

"What will be the difference of the expense?" asked Beagles.

"Considerable, of course," replied Cheetham; "but the amount will depend on the place you stand for."

"Let me have the least expensive place," suggested Beagles.

Again Mr. Cheetham smiled benignantly.

"It does not follow that I *can*, my good sir, however much I may desire to do so. You must be aware that some places are already engaged. Let me see—" and here he turned to a large steel-clasped ledger, and looked over some pages of it. We should very much have liked to peep into that book, but no one, save Mr. Puffy Cheetham himself, was ever allowed to do so. Therefore we can only guess at its contents, and we strongly surmise them to be a full, true, and particular account of the names, population, number of voters, politics, peculiarities, price and purchasers, of divers or most of the boroughs in Great Britain.

"There is Bumbletown," said Mr. Cheetham; "a nice quiet borough; nor particular as to politics; voters very well informed as to the *value* of their privileges; no overwhelming landlord interest at work; quite open at all times to the most *eligible* candidate, and, at present, disengaged."

"What would be the price—I mean what would be the expenses of my election for Bumbletown, do you think?" asked Mr. Beagles.

"Risking petition, about fifteen hundred; guaranteeing against petition, (at least, against its consequences,) one thousand more," replied Puffy Cheetham.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Beagles, thinking how expensive was a license for oratory. "Well, I think I'll *risk* the petition."

If poor Beagles could have seen the little sardonic smile that crossed Mr. Puffy Cheetham's benign countenance for an instant, he would have altered his mind. It never struck him that a *third* species of bargain might be made—to lose the election at the poll and gain the seat on petition! Mr. Puffy Cheetham had guaranteed him the election; might he not guarantee his opponent? well, well, we must leave *some* things to the reader's imagination.

However, after a little further discussion, Mr. Beagles wrote a check for £1,500,

payable to "John Smith, Esq.," in consideration of which, Mr. Puffy Cheetham guaranteed that he should be elected M. P. for Bumbletown, at the forthcoming general election.

Beagles went away with a lightened heart—and pocket—now that he saw his way clearly to the height of his ambition—a seat in Parliament. He was quite confident of obtaining the seat, and equally confident that he should distinguish himself by his oratory. Not that Beagles possessed that complete self-satisfaction and inimitable audacity distinctive of so many rising orators of the day, and especially characteristic of Irish gentlemen, who practice at the Old Bailey bar, and which the ill-natured term *impudence*. Beagles was quite deficient in this valuable quality; he was nervous, and, in one sense, modest; but, at the bottom of all his modesty lay an idea that he was a man of ability, and that he had the "stuff" of an orator in him. How many Algernon Beagleses there are in the world!

The stout gentleman at the evening parties, with the white waistcoat working its slow way up to his throat, who always proposes "the ladies," never doubts that he has made a "neat speech," while he has been floundering and spluttering about like a large fish in shallow water. The eternal chairman of public dinners, who proposes "Prosperity to the United South-sea Islanders Provident Institution," in a dot-and-go-one, tautological, asthmatical, bewildered, and interminable speech, always imagines that he has been eloquent; and even more so when he lays his hand on his heart and assures the charitable toppers, who had just drunk his health, that he is highly "flatified and gratered"* by the honor they have done him.

Parliament was dissolved, the general election drew nigh. Algernon Beagles prepared his address to the free and independent electors of the borough of Bumbletown. We will not present it to the reader: if he be a Bumbletonian, he has read it already; if not, he will probably be neither enlightened nor gratified by its perusal. It was very like election addresses in general, except that it was written by the candidate himself: generally, these things are managed by others, and we are especially amused when we hear

* No fiction this; we heard it.

an uninitiated politician exclaim:—"Pon my soul, that address of the Honorable Captain Slowboys is not badly done; I had no idea he was a man of such ability." As if poor Slowboys, who was never guilty of writing anything in his life, except his name across a bill-stamp, could have produced ("out of his own head," as the children say) that wonderfully diffuse, flowery, smooth, and very *promising* production, which has excited the admiration of the reader, and the enthusiasm of the electors, to whom it is addressed. What does a man pay a secretary for, we should like to know, if he is to have such work left on his own hands? And how does Michael O'Callaghan, Esq., beloved equally of the Carlton and the Reform, retain his popularity and the flourishing state of his finances, in spite of the ruined condition of the O'Callaghan estates, whose county has never been discovered by geographers? Why is that worthy gentleman—familarly termed "Pen-and-ink Mike"—overwhelmed with civilities from parliamentary aspirants of all politics, and enabled to pay all his outstanding little accounts, at the particular period when a general election is approaching? When you have solved that question, you may have an idea why Slowboys' address is so good, and Dunderhead's hustings-speech so remarkably eloquent.

Algernon Beagles proceeded to the town of Bumbletown, as the nomination day of that important borough approached. Of course he entered the town in a carriage and four, and sported his colors (orange) in due style. Of course, also, he was cheered and hooted, lauded and quizzed, blessed and cursed, with the ordinary enthusiasm. Not that those who blessed him had any particular love for himself or his politics, nor did all those who cursed him intend to vote against him. As Mr. Cheetham said, they knew the *value* of their privileges, and intended to get it. Besides which, men sell their votes, but retain their freedom of speech, and some, in one point, of action also: and so Bill Styles, the blacksmith, votes for the orange candidate on polling day, but, nevertheless, hurls a dead cat in his face on nomination day. Is not Bill Styles a freeborn Briton, and an independent elector?

The nomination ensued. One gentleman proposed Algernon Beagles, Esq., as a fit and proper, &c., &c. Another gen-

tleman proposed Valentine Keen, Esq. The show of hands was in favor of Keen; a poll was demanded, and the business of the election commenced. Stay, though! we have omitted to make mention of the speeches of the rival candidates: but it is of little consequence, seeing that no one heard a single word of them, and it might have been very doubtful whether either gentleman *did* make a speech at all, were it not for the fact that the "orange" paper of Bumbletown gave Mr. Beagles's oration in full, professing their inability to catch one word of Mr. Keen's, in consequence of the storm of hisses and hootings, wherewith he was assailed; while the "blue" journal of the same place reported the entire of Mr. Keen's harangue, and were extremely sorry that Mr. Beagles's was utterly inaudible. Very oddly-formed ears there are at an election!

The polling took place. We are not going to divulge the secret and mysterious arts by which red-hot "blues" were induced to vote for the "orange" candidate, by which others were rendered unable to vote at all, and by which a few dead men appeared to have risen from the tomb to record their votes for Mr. Beagles. Suffice it to say that for once in a way the "orange" was *couleur de rose*. Beagles was declared duly elected; Beagles was chaired; Beagles addressed the mob; Beagles had two rotten eggs in his face—a dead dog smashed his hat, and a cabbage-stalk nearly doubled him up. No matter: these are but the necessary concomitants of an election under our free and happy system. Beagles was M. P. for Bumbletown!

It is far easier to get into the House of Commons than to do anything besides vote and attend committees when you are there. So Beagles found it. He was now a legislator, but he wanted to be an orator. Alas! there were innumerable difficulties to be overcome before Beagles could let off a speech. First, there were the forms of the House, which troubled and puzzled him greatly; he found that he had a new education to go through, and one that called for the very qualities poor Beagles was most deficient in—memory and quickness. He was astonished to find, also, how the atmosphere of the place seemed to oppress and unnerve him. He observed that platform orators, who were in the habit of astounding public meetings, were tame and

twaddling within the walls of the House ; that noisy demagogues sunk into the most insignificant of back-bench-men ; that it was very difficult to catch the Speaker's eye at the right moment, and still more puzzling to make out what the deuce the last speaker had been talking about, though his speech seemed clear and comprehensible enough when read in the newspapers the next day, with all the "hems," and "ahs," and "I beg pardons," and the ten thousand repetitions hiding the *point*, as effectually as the scabbard does the sword-blade, left out by the ingenuity and intuitive perception of the reporter. How few men would have the reputation of good speakers were it not for the tact of the stenographers !

Beagles studied every subject brought before the House. All the day long that he was not attending committees, he was "cramming" himself with Hansard and Blue-books, M'Culloch, Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, and the Statutes at large. He made notes of all he read, and then he wrote speeches on the question ; but alas ! the House always "divided" and settled the matter before poor Beagles had had the slightest opportunity of displaying the learning he had amassed, or the oratory he possessed—or of practically ascertaining how completely he had forgotten both.

All this was very distressing to Beagles ; but still more annoying and alarming was the fact of a very strong petition being presented against his return, on the ground of the grossest bribery and corruption. The ominous way in which this petition progressed—the mass of ugly evidence which was accumulating—the doubtful shake of the head with which Mr. Puffy Cheetham answered him when he tremblingly asked him what he thought of it, convinced him that the worst was impending.

"You should have made up your mind to guarantee against this misfortune, my good sir," said the borough-trafficker.

"Could n't I now?" began Beagles.

"Too late, sir, too late," replied Cheetham—and Beagles felt that his doom was sealed.

Had Beagles been wise, he would, perhaps, have resigned ; but Beagles was *not* wise. So he came to an entirely different resolution.

"If," said he to himself, "I *must* lose my seat, be it so : but I will at least dis-

tinguish myself *once* before it is gone. It may help me to another seat before long, and at all events the House shall know whom and what they have lost by my defeat." And so saying, Beagles determined to compose a regular Demosthenic speech, and to deliver it somehow or other. What subject should he select? There was little time to be lost—to-day was Wednesday : he had the evening to himself : to-morrow was Thursday—What were the Orders of the Day ?

There was the "Sugar Question," and the "Sewer Question."

Beagles selected the former. He seized his pen, and set about the composition of his oration. He treated his subject methodically. He began with the history of sugar ; he went on with the process of its manufacture ; he touched on slavery in connection with it ; on the slave-trade ; on North America ; on the West Indies ; the East Indies, and the Mauritius ; on the consumption of sugar ; on the wholesomeness of sugar ; on the refining of sugar—in fact on every place, every race, everything and every event connected nearly or remotely with sugar. Then he branched off from facts into declamation, or, as he called it, the higher flights of oratory. He talked about the wisdom of our ancestors, the common sense of the English people, the august assembly he was addressing, &c. He invoked the goddess of justice in classical terms ; he "implored" the House in parliamentary terms ; he appealed to the great British nation in clap-trap terms ; and he wound up with a wonderful peroration in which Britannia and the House of Commons, the suffering colonies, the landed interest, the rights of the people, his duty to his constituents, his conscientious motives, and the "welfare and greatness of our immense and glorious empire" were jumbled together in a grand and dazzling final tableau that would infallibly electrify the House, and overwhelm him with a roar—of *applause*, of course.

Having completed the composition of his speech, the next thing was to learn it by heart. Beagles maintained that every good speech was prepared beforehand, and he referred to the oft-repeated assertion of the orations of Demosthenes smelling of the lamp. The difficulty was to learn the statistical parts of his oration. So by way of aid he made a kind of ab-

stract of its contents—with copious notes, and the headings of each new sentence. And so with immense labor (for he began at ten at night, and did not finish till five in the morning) he learned his speech by heart, and delivered it in front of his *cheval-glass* with great effect.

The momentous evening arrived. The Sugar Question came on, and Beagles sat in a state of great inward excitement, watching for an opportunity of springing on to his legs to catch the Speaker's eye, and, meanwhile, repeating his speech over to himself so that he might not forget it. It was particularly unpleasant to feel so nervous that night: he really wished that his hands would not tremble so much, and that his legs would not feel so weak. Once or twice, when addressed by a neighbor, he found it very difficult to get a "Yes," or "No," out: these little words seemed to stick in his throat, and, at last, burst out in a tremulous style—like the handwriting of a gentleman who drinks brandy and water for breakfast. Very unlucky all this on the very night he was going to make his *début* as an orator.

At least six times did poor Beagles jump up after other members had sat down, endeavoring to catch the Speaker's eye. But some one had always caught it already, and was beginning his address, and so Beagles had to shrink back again into his seat. At length he was horrified by hearing loud cries of "divide," during the speech of an eloquent Irish gentleman who was expatiating on the wrongs of Ireland, *apropos* of the Sugar Question. But an Irish orator is not easily put down or abashed—still less easily is he kept to the subject in hand. And so the honorable member thundered away in a violent ear-piercing Cork brogue, on everything *but* sugar, till he had given vent to all the national indignation with which he always came down to the House full primed. At last he sat down, Beagles sprang up, and so did six more back-benchers; but a perfect hail-storm of "divides" met them; the Speaker caught nobody's eye, but put the question: away trotted the opposing parties into the opposing lobbies, and poor Beagles's oration was stifled in the moment of its birth!

"Why did n't I select the Sewer question?" thought Beagles, as he took his seat again after the division. "What a pity!"

Suddenly an idea struck him. Could he turn his speech on the "Sugar" question into one on the "Sewer" question? It was quite clear that the historical, statistical, and geographical parts of it were useless; but might not the declamatory, the more oratorical and imaginative parts, do as well for the one question as the other? After a little thought Beagles decided that they would—and we are convinced that he was right; for we are strongly disposed to think that if our readers will take any of the big speeches, ending with "great cheering," or "the right honorable gentleman resumed his seat amid loud and long-continued cheering," and so forth, on the great "field-nights," he will find that the concluding parts of them are generally very wide of the particular question under debate; wondrously poetical and patriotic, and all that sort of thing—but really as much adapted to an oration on "things in general" as on anything in particular—as much suited to sewers as sugar. And so Beagles dressed his speech a little, pruned it, and inserted a paragraph about drainage in general, and then returned to the House, determined to make his speech in spite of every obstacle in the world.

He was rather grieved to observe that there was a very thin House when he returned to it. His audience would be limited then—but still the reporters would be there. A prosy gentleman who seemed to know as much about sewers as any rat-catcher in London, was working away at the subject in a most business-like manner. He evidently intended a long dose; and so hungry member after hungry member retired, and the audience became more and more scant. He came to a conclusion at last, and Beagles was on his legs in an instant; more than that, he was the only member on his legs; he *did* catch the Speaker's eye, and he began.

"Mr. Speaker! The eloquent address you have just listened to," (a laugh, and the honorable member referred to looks indignant, suspecting a "quiz," as he was never accused of eloquence before,) "on the great and momentous question affecting our home and colonial interests," (another laugh and a surprised look from the Speaker—Beagles was *getting* into "Sugar.") "I say, sir, the eloquent—"

An honorable member jumped up and said, "I move that the House be counted."

The House was counted—there were thirty-eight members present—the Speaker declared it adjourned, and Beagles went home in a rage; was a disappointed orator, an unhappy and inconsolable man!

Next day—ay, a bitter day it was for Beagles!—the Bumbletown committee made their report, and their report was:—

“That Algernon Beagles, Esq., was not duly elected a member for the said borough of Bumbletown,” &c. Then followed some awkward allegations about treating, bribery, and gross corruption, personation, and every other peccadillo known to elections.

Mr. Beagles no longer writes M. P. to his name. He is minus about three thousand pounds by his brief parliamentary career, and he is cured of his ambition to shine as an orator.

CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.

AMONG the men who, during the eighteenth century, aided in the terrific revolution of opinion in France, Rousseau was the most extraordinary. His moral character, his religious theories, even his political principles, were problems which he bequeathed to posterity. Unlike all other human beings, as he was, he only perplexed the world more hopelessly by endeavoring to describe himself. Before his “Confessions” were published, there was a cloud about him; but when these appeared, though part of the old mystery was dispelled, a new one, far more impenetrable, was created. Accordingly, many as the writers are who have investigated the idiosyncrasies of Rousseau, not one has secured the concurrence of mankind with his views. There is still confusion; there are still contradictory ideas. To some the Genevese sophist is even now an inspired idiot; to others an impostor, mad with vanity;—a philosopher to the remnants of the Academy, a maniac to the relics of the Sorbonne. A whole cabinet of literature is divided, therefore, between the apologists, the panegyrists, the detractors, the libelers, and the temperate critics of Rousseau. Burke paints him as a wild conspirator, with a rainbow fancy, a pen bewitching by its eloquence, and a mind plunged into delirium by the study of fantasies. Lord John Russell commemorates him as the false oracle of Geneva pursuing an ideal of social virtue,

losing himself in searching it; but converting and deluding an entire people. Baruel points him out as a bewildered dreamer, a criminal with redeeming qualities, one of the most dangerous that ever lived, because his sophisms were so persuasive; but not one of the worst, because none could approach in audacity the powerful but repulsive genius of Voltaire. The French drink in his doctrines, and venerate his ashes in the Pantheon; the Germans reject his theories as too aerial to be in unison with theirs; the English read his “Confessions,” admire his sentimental reveries, neglect his political works, and vituperate or ridicule his name. In this manner the discussion has gone on through more than half a century, and new apologists or detractors appear at intervals to assist in elucidating or obscuring the truth.

The only misfortune, according to Chateaubriand, which is greater than that of giving birth to another, is that of being born yourself. This affectation he probably derived from Rousseau, who describes the day of his birth as the most unfortunate of his life. So, perhaps, it was, though not in the sense he intended; for his mother died on that day, leaving him, on the 28th of June, 1712, half an orphan, to the care of his father, a humble watchmaker of Geneva. His education, with its results, justifies the fears of those who dread the influence on their children's minds of an unchecked habit of reading romances. Before he learned one maxim of virtue; before he was on his guard against a single temptation; before a solitary moral feeling, or one religious perception had been introduced into his breast, he was accustomed to pour over exciting fictions, wild stories, appealing to the most dangerous passions of his nature. The emotions which thus became early familiar to him, the ideas he acquired of life, the brooding dreams in which he indulged, all tended to form a character originally susceptible to any powerful impression. The groundwork, therefore, of his disposition was the agitation of the feelings, and the pleasing of the senses. From this state he passed into a new stage of intellectual existence. He threw aside tales, and read history—the narratives of the heroic age, the lives of illustrious Romans and Greeks, the epic of ancient liberty, which inspired him with the free,

republican spirit he afterward communicated to the whole race speaking a language in common with him. He also derived from early teaching a taste for music, exemplified in his latter years by many beautiful compositions. When sent to school he learned, not quickly, but well, though all the while his imagination was far more active than his reasoning faculties. He felt far more and far deeper than he thought. It was this which was at once a sign and a cause of those habits of mind which rendered him so miserable to himself, and so unintelligible to others.

The moral education of Rousseau, though he is not willing to reveal the truth, was of a very equivocal character. At home, the code of French romances instilled into him his first and very false ideas of honor; at school, he was initiated into the practice of concealment, of disobedience, and of falsehood; under his father's roof, again, he was a licensed idler, and then, when apprenticed to an engraver, the cruelty and selfishness of his master, interpreted by the dangerous sophistry of youth, formed a justification for positive offences as well as neglect of duty. His pleas to himself are singularly characteristic of his state of mind. He was watched at his work, therefore he cunningly eluded it. He was not permitted to share in all the delicacies of the table, therefore he stole what would compensate for the things thus withheld. By such a process his mind became hardened against virtuous impressions. He grew selfish, sensual, and greedy.

The cruelty of his master at length caused him to run away. He escaped to Compignon, met with the Curé, who persuaded him to apostatize from the Reformers' faith, and was by him directed to the mansion of Madame de Warens, at Annecy. That woman, at his first sight of her, appears to have exercised an extraordinary influence upon him. He could little have foreseen then that he was to become her lover, the master of her heart, the depositary of her secrets; nor she that he would be her jealous tyrant, that he would expose to the world all the acts of her life, that he would reveal every scandalous episode of their intercourse, and fix her name for ever, as a less vulgar Theodora, among the female characters disreputable in history. She then, however, by the aid of some ecclesiastics, sent him to Turin

to be instructed in the Catholic religion, which he soon afterward embraced, though confessing it was the act of a bandit to yield up his creed for the sake of easier means of life. In two months he left the college, with twenty francs as the purchase money of his apostasy, and entered the service of the Comtesse de Vercellis. In her house occurred that famous incident which fixes a deep moral stain on the early life of Rousseau. There was a piece of ribin, rose-colored, with silver flowers, old and faded, but handsome, nevertheless. He desired to possess it. He was dishonest, and he stole it. That, however, was not all. There was in the house a poor country maid, an innocent, pretty girl, never known to have committed an unworthy action. When the ribin was inquired for, it was found in the possession of Rousseau, who was base enough to accuse this girl of having stolen and given it to him. He was confronted with her, but persisted in the charge; and she implored him, with tears, as she had never wronged him, not so bitterly to wrong her, and when he continued his assertions, said,—“Well, Rousseau, I would not be in your place.” She was dismissed, ruined, and was never more heard of. All the atonement he ever made for this crime was to reveal it in his “Confessions.” It appears frivolous to search by any subtle analysis of his character for an explanation of this event. A theft and a lie were committed by him, without scruple; the only singular fact being that, afterward, without any necessity, he made them known to the world.

It is only just, however, to remember that he was then but a youth, and that this was his last offence of a similar character. His morals, however, considered from another point of view, were impure and disgraceful. Not to touch upon his earlier confessions, it is enough to know that while he was exacting the most scrupulous fidelity from Léonore de Warens, he was intriguing with other women; that his connection with Madame D'Houdetot was far from reputable; that he only married Therese de Lavasseur when he was approaching old age; and that when she had become his wife, he absolutely connived at her infringements of the first moral law. There is no apology for these episodes of his life, unless that be virtue in a man of genius which in a common man is vice—a theory not only dangerous in itself, but

so absurd that it cannot for a single instant be defended.

The explanation of Rousseau's other faults, however, is to be found in his excessive vanity. He sighed for admiration, especially the admiration of women. But there was this peculiarity in his conceit: he did not desire the applause of all alike, but only of such as he could himself conceive an attachment for. He would, without regret, be indifferent to those who were indifferent to him. An amusing incident in illustration of this occurred when he was valet in the service of Count Gouvon, in Turin. There was in the house Mademoiselle de Breiel, a young lady of extreme beauty, but proud and cold to all beneath her. From her Rousseau sought, and long in vain, to win a single look of regard. At length, one day a dinner-party took place, and Jean Jacques waited at table. The conversation turned on the etymology of some idiomatic French phrase. Various were the learned theories set forth, but the real explanation baffled them all, for a scholar of no ordinary acquirements was needed to solve the point. Rousseau was observed to smile as he heard diplomatists and ecclesiastics by turns taking up the dispute and abandoning it in despair. His master noticed this, and asked him if he had anything to observe. Then quietly, but confidently, he decomposed the sentence under analysis into its original parts, traced each word back to its origin, and made the whole so luminous that no possibility of misunderstanding it could remain. Every one gazed in astonishment upon him. But Jean Jacques cared not a whit for their applause, for he was furtively looking to see whether Mademoiselle de Breiel took any notice of him, and when he saw that she too was smiling, his whole frame trembled with mixed emotions, partly of pride, but partly also with a tenderness toward her which he hardly dared to confess even to himself.

From Turin, Rousseau returned to Annecy, and there, or at Charmette, lived for a long while with Madame de Warens. His intercourse with her, with the exception of some interruptions, caused by an excursion in Switzerland and a visit to Paris, was constant. With her he studied Locke, Malebranche, Montaigne, Descartes, and other authors, training his mind up to the comprehension of political theories,

and directing many of his inquiries to religion. She, however, was not the faithful friend he had believed her to be, and though he was lax to excess in his own conduct, her desertion grieved him bitterly. However, his energy soon directed him to the capital, and thence, in the position of secretary, to Venice, where his taste for Italian music was cultivated, and he conceived the design of his first opera. Returning to France, he commenced that splendid literary career which speedily gave him universal fame; but his works offended the crown, the Church, the powerful ranks of society, and he was, in consequence, compelled to fly from Paris to Geneva, and thence to a rural seclusion in the dominions of the King of Prussia. Even there he could not remain in quietness. The clergy, by the aid of the populace, drove him from point to point until he sought refuge in England.

This leads to the consideration of one of the most conspicuous characteristics of Rousseau's mind, and one which exerted a powerful influence on his works. His *monomania* was, to believe that all the world persecuted him. Some have affirmed and some have denied this, while others again declare that he was justified in the idea. We will admit that he was pursued by malignity to every place he visited, but had he been a good man, had he not persecuted himself, he need not have felt the persecutions of the world. In youth he destroyed his constitution by excesses; he made every misfortune worse by his manner of enduring it. When he was humiliated by being forbidden to eat his master's asparagus or apples, he degraded himself infinitely more by stealing them.

When he was reduced to the condition of a valet, he went a thousand degrees lower, and became a thief. When Madame de Warens deserted him, he was unable to console himself with the reflection that he had acted with fidelity toward her. When he was an outcast from society, he made his children aliens from their father. When his wife wronged him, he was an accomplice in her offences. And, finally, when he summed up the record of his life, he blackened his own fame, destroyed the fame of others, and left a confession which is of value as a lesson, but, in our opinion, has been far more prolific of evil than of good.

Therefore, though Rousseau might justly complain that many others were false to him, he could never boast that he had been true to himself. This, while it lessens our commiseration for the pitiable victim of his own caprices, does not, however, diminish in any degree the opprobrium which attaches to his persecutors. They were not all, it is true, equally reprehensible, because they acted under different conditions, and from motives the most various. When the French government attacked him, it was upon their traditinary principle that a political reformer should be rooted out from society. He assailed them, and they assailed him. He endeavored to show that they ruled by the right of power alone, and that the people were only bound to obey as long as they were themselves weak. He showed them to be corrupt, fraudulent, tyrannical. Therefore it is not surprising that they turned his weapons against himself, and sought to exclude him from every opportunity to propagate his ideas. It is even intelligible how they were animated to employ slander and vituperation to defame him. When men are charged with great crimes, which they cannot deny, they usually malign their accusers, in the hope of turning against them the obloquy intended for themselves.

This, we say, we can understand. We can understand, too, why the clergy of France, and, indeed, of all Europe, persecuted Rousseau. Whatever his apologists may say, he was a blasphemer against the Christian religion, and, consequently, against all religion, although he did not employ the vile and coarse invectives made use of by Voltaire. His system undoubtedly tended to the subversion of the national faith. Even the belief in a divinity was not fixed in his mind. His creed was a caprice. One day we find him saying, "I am certain that God exists of himself." But shortly after we find, "Frankly I confess that neither the *pro* nor *con* (on the existence of God) appears to me demonstrated." The same variability characterized many of his other opinions. He loved the sciences, yet received a crown from those who reviled them. He wrote against dramatic performances, yet composed several operas. He extolled the amenities of friendship, and sought friends, yet broke faith with many of them. He not only praised, but

explained the nature of virtue, yet daily committed an infringement of its laws. He confesses a hundred base and humiliating actions, yet vaunts himself as a paragon of men. He writes the most beautiful advice for mothers, yet abandons his own children; spends years in elaborating a theory of education—pernicious though it was—yet allows his offspring to sink among the nameless swarms of the Foundling Hospital. It cannot, therefore, excite wonder that this man fluctuated in his religious belief. At one time he apostatized for the sake, he confesses, of gain, that he might live as a pensioner on the bounty of his friends. At another, rather than receive any one's bounty, he condemned himself to copy music at three half-pence a page, when he might have been writing works, every line of which an after generation would have prized more than gold.

Be this as it may, it is certain that Rousseau was not a Christian. He assailed religion, and in an ignorant country like France, he assailed it with the more effect because a venal Church had become the reproach of Europe through its cupidity and corruption. Corrupt as it was, however, the clergy were interested in upholding it, and, therefore, when Jean Jacques assaulted it, they naturally directed their persecutions against him. We may, indeed, in the spirit of our own age, believe that the wise reply to his declamation would have been to have reformed their Church and defended their religion, and not to have pelted him with stones at Motier, or forged libels on his personal character at Paris. Christianity conquers without persecution, which only exalts to martyrdom the miserable creatures that suffer it. But in the eighteenth century this was not understood. It was thought right to strangle every one who spoke as an enemy; and, accordingly, Rousseau saw his books burned, and was compelled to become an exile in search of an asylum.

This, also, we can understand. But what we cannot understand is the baseness, the virulence, the duplicity, with which men who shared his opinions, who joined in his labors, who shook him by the hand, and called themselves his friends, slandered, reviled, and persecuted him. Horace Walpole forged a letter in the name of Frederic the Second, in which Rousseau's

monomania was confessed and put in a ridiculous light, in order to excite obloquy and contempt against him in England. Such an act, committed by such a man, it is not difficult to comprehend. There was very little that was respectable in Horace Walpole. There was very little that was remarkable, except his vanity, his stupidity, and his want of principle. He, consequently, might have been expected to play a little part. But why David Hume, the obsolete historian, should court Rousseau, and flatter him, and give him hospitality, while he was intriguing with his enemies, circulating calumnies against him, and ridiculing his character, is not so easily explained. Nor is there any intelligible reason assigned, that Diderot, Voltaire, d'Alembert, Helvetius, and Grimm should pursue him with such inveterate malignity, and conspire his ruin, while they propagated his works and applauded them, unless we believe they were jealous of his fame, or which is still more probable, that they were irritated by his refusal to become their tool.

This concourse of men, remarkable for their talent, but odious for their hostility to the Christian truth, forms one of the most remarkable features in the modern history of Europe. What phenomenon in literature was ever so extraordinary as the *Encyclopédie*? What machine was ever so cunningly devised? Had it been impregnated simply by the spirit of freedom, had it been designed only to overthrow the government, and had it not been filled with impiety and impurity, humanity would have blessed its labors. Had the Puritan spirit given its vitality to all this genius, what a revolution would that of France have been! But, instead of this, the corruption of politics produced the scandal of Christianity; atheism and not religion was offered as the cure of superstition, just as servitude and not freedom has been proposed as the cure for anarchy. In reality, however, the Romish Church opened its gates to infidelity. The Encyclopædists were naturally successors to the four and twenty fathers of Escobar; the monasteries produced the academies, and the sophists triumphed for a while, because the Jesuits—the pope's life-guards, as Frederick the Second called them—had been triumphant a century before.

From this school of writers, however, it is necessary, in some degree, to separate

Rousseau. He was a man of strong passions and weak principles, whose power of imagining was equal to his power of feeling; and this seduced him into every folly and every crime that held out an enticing reward. Being long without a moral dictator in that conscience which he himself describes as a law anterior to opinion, he seldom resisted an impulse, of whatever kind, provided it offered to secure him some pleasure. In the same manner, being without religious conviction, he made up his faith of fancies, and was little scrupulous in the dissemination of impious notions. Yet he was not guilty of that gratuitous wickedness which prompted the abominable blasphemies of Diderot, Helvetius, and Voltaire. If he was an intellectual Robespierre, they were the Dantons of literature—eloquent indeed, but cold-blooded, repulsive, and deformed.

The social theories of Rousseau were blotted by the prevailing sin of his life. Of the relations between man and woman, though he could expound the noblest law, he generally propagated a lax idea. His example also was vicious in the extreme. He spent in dissoluteness his best years, and then marrying the very woman who had least claim to be his wife, deserted her children and his own. Nevertheless he was to some friends very faithful, and, in his system for the reconstruction of society, he recognized occasionally the purest principles.

It is as a politician that we can most respect Rousseau. In many passages he is violent, in many vague, in many fantastical. Yet, in the "Discourse on the Inequality of Man," and in the "Social Contract," he displays a perfect knowledge of the object of government, and of the relations between people and rulers. So completely was he master of the political condition of Christendom that he predicted, with singular accuracy, many events which afterward happened. Some of his forebodings referred to a period remoter than that at which we have arrived, and more than one of them seems likely to be fulfilled. Perhaps there are those who will not be disinclined to attach some faith to the following:—"The empire of Russia will endeavor to subjugate Europe; but in the struggle will herself be conquered. Her Tartar subjects, or her neighbors, will become her masters."

It is not, however, in these points that the value of Rousseau's political writings consists. It is in the fine analysis of the principles upon which despotism is founded, in the exposure of the truths by the diffusion of which it is undermined; in the description of the true nature and duties of governments, and the true rights and duties of nations. In this the philosopher is unrivaled. He came with his fiery inspiration, and quickened in France the principles of a liberty which she will assuredly one day enjoy, in spite of the burlesque of empire enacting in her capital.

A writer in the "Biographical Magazine" has said that it was well that Hume, the panegyrist of Monk, should be the maligner of Rousseau. Mr. Passmore Edwards's contributor is of this opinion, and we think rightly; but there have been others, and lately, who have remarked that this was not the only instance in which the Tory historian falsified the character of a public man. For ourselves, had he in his correspondence done justice to Rousseau, we should almost say that Rousseau's character was the only one which he had not falsified. But he was a consistent libeler.

Narrative and letters harmonize with their calumnies on the virtuous, and their apologies of profligacy. In fact, the only pity is that Hume did not choose from France a better man to slander than Rousseau. But, we doubt whether Rousseau lost more in the estimation of mankind through the unscrupulous detraction of one who had all the ferocity of a bigot, without a bigot's sincerity, or through the uncompromising eulogiums of his admirers. Unfortunately, the critics are few, and a man must either be pilloried as a criminal or consecrated as a martyr.

From the guilt of suicide, we think that history may fairly exonerate Rousseau. He died naturally, in 1778, in the arms of his wife, who, in his latter days, behaved with great affection to him.

Some have been of opinion that it would have been well to lose all the beauty of Rousseau's works, if the world could have been spared the vice he propagated. Whatever we may think of this, certainly we must grieve that so much eloquence, so much learning, and so much wisdom, were not bequeathed by a more pious and less irreligious man.

THE VISION OF A GODLESS WORLD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

IF my heart should ever become so hapless and so withered that every feeling in it which asserts the being of God should be destroyed, I would appall myself by reading over the following composition of mine; and it would cure me and give me back the feelings I had lost.

The aim of this poem is the excuse for its boldness. Men deny God's being with just as little feeling as most acknowledge it with. Even in our best systems of philosophy, we go on amassing mere words, counters, and medals, as misers collect cabinets of coins; and it is late before we convert the words into feelings, the coin into enjoyments. A person may believe in the immortality of the soul through twenty whole years, and, in the twenty-first, on some great moment, be for the first time astounded at the riches contained in this belief, at the warmth of this fountain of Naptha.

Childhood, with her joys, and still more with her fears, resumes her wings and sparkles anew in our dreams, and plays like a glow-worm in the little night of the soul. Do not extinguish these fitting sparks. Leave us our dismal and painful dreams—half-shadows that set off the realities of life.

I was lying once, on a summer evening, in the sun, upon a hill, and fell asleep. Then I dreamed I awoke in a church-yard. The rolling wheels of the clock in the tower that was striking eleven had awakened me. I searched through the dark empty sky for the sun; for I imagined that an eclipse had drawn the veil of the moon over it. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swung to and fro by invisible hands: along the walls shadows were fitting, which no one cast; and other shadows were walking upright through the naked air. In the open coffins nothing continued to sleep, save the children. In the sky there was naught but a gray sultry cloud hanging in massy folds, and a huge shadow kept on drawing it in like a net, nearer, and closer, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant falls of avalanches; below me the first tread of an illimitable earthquake. The church heaved up and down, shaken by two ceaseless discords, which were warring against each other within, and

vainly striving to blend into a concord. At times a gray gleam leaped up on the windows, and at its touch the lead and iron melted and ran down. The net of cloud, and the reeling of the earth, drove me toward the porch, before which two fiery basilisks were hatching their venomous broods. I passed along amid unknown shadows that bore the marks of every century since the beginning of things. All the shadows were standing round the altar; and in each there was a quivering and throbbing of the breast instead of the heart. One dead man alone, who had been newly buried in the church, was still lying on his couch, without any quivering of his breast; and his face was smiling beneath the light of a happy dream. But, when one of the living entered, he awoke and smiled no more: toilsomely he drew up his heavy eyelid, but no eye was within; and his beating breast, instead of a heart, contained a wound. He lifted up his hands, and clasped them for prayer; but the arms lengthened and lowered themselves from his body, and the clasped hands dropped off. Overhead, in the vault of the church, stood the dial-plate of eternity, on which no number was to be read, nor any characters except its own name; only there was a black hand pointing thereat, on which the dead said they saw *Time*.

At this moment a tall majestic form, with a countenance of imperishable anguish, sank down from on high upon the altar; and all the dead cried, "Christ! is there no God?"

He answered, "There is none!"

The shadow of every dead man trembled all over, not his breast merely; and, one after another, their trembling dispersed them.

Christ spake on: "I have gone through the midst of the worlds: I mounted into the suns, and flew with the milky way across the wilderness of heaven; but there is no God. I plunged down, as far as Being flings its shadow, and pried into the abyss, and cried: 'Father, where art thou?' but I heard only the everlasting tempest, which no one sways; and the glittering rainbow of beings was hanging, without a sun that had formed it, over the abyss, and trickling down into it. And, when I looked up toward the limitless World for the eye of God, the World stared at me with an empty, bottomless eye-sock-

et; and Eternity was lying upon chaos, and gnawing it to pieces, and chewing the cud of what it had devoured. Scream on, ye discords! scatter these shades with your screaming: for He is not!"

The shades grew pale and dissolved, as white vapor, that the frost has given birth to, is melted by a breath of warmth; and the whole church became empty. Then—O! it was terrible to the heart!—the dead children, who had awaked in the church-yard, ran into the church, and threw themselves before the lofty form upon the altar, and said, "Jesus! have we no Father?" And he answered with tears streaming down: "We are all orphans, I and you; we are without a Father."

Here the screeching of the discords became more violent; the walls of the church tottered and burst asunder; and the church and the children sank down; and the whole earth and the sun sank after; and the whole of the immeasurable universe sank before us; and Christ remained standing upon the highest pinnacle of nature, and gazed into the globe of the universe, pierced through by a thousand suns, as it were into a cavern, burrowed into the heart of eternal night, wherein the suns were running like miners' lights, and the galaxies like veins of silver.

And when Christ saw the crushing throng of worlds, the torch-dance of the heavenly *ignis fatui*, and the coral banks of beating hearts, and when he saw one globe after another poured out its glimmering souls upon the dead sea, as a water-balloon strews its floating lights upon the waves; then with a grandeur that betokened the highest of finite beings, he lifted up his eye toward the nothingness and toward the infinite void above him, and said: "Moveless and voiceless nothing! cold, eternal necessity! frantic chance! can ye, or any of you, tell me? when do you dash to pieces the building and me? Dost thou know it, O chance! even thou, when thou stridest with thy hurricanes athwart the snow-dust of the stars, and puffest out one sun after another, while the sparkling dew of the constellations is parched up as thou passest along—how desolate is every one in the vast catacomb of the universe! There is none beside me save myself. O, Father! Father! where is thy world-sustaining breast, that I may rest on it? Alas! if

every being is its own father and creator, why may it not also become its own destroying angel?

"Is that a man still beside me? Poor wretch! your little life is one of nature's sighs, or the mere echo of it; a mirror flings its rays on the clouds of dust from the ashes of the dead on your earth, and, forthwith, ye spring up, ye beclouded, fleeting images. Look down into the abyss, over which clouds of ashes are floating; mists full of worlds are rising out of the dead sea; the future is that rising mist, and that which is falling is the present. Dost thou know thy own earth?"

Here Christ looked down, and his eye filled with tears, and he said: "Alas! I was once upon it; then I was still happy; then I had still an Almighty Father, and still looked with gladness from the mountains to the unfathomable heavens; and, when my breast was pierced through, I pressed it to his soothing image, and said, even in the bitterness of death: 'Father, draw forth thy Son from his bleeding tabernacle, and raise him to thy heart.' Ah! ye over-happy inhabitants of the earth, ye earth, ye still believe in Him. Perchance, at this moment your sun is setting, and ye are falling on your knees in the midst of blossoms, and radiance, and dew, and are lifting up your blessed hands, and, while shedding a thousand tears of joy, are crying to the open heavens: 'Me, too, even me, dost thou know, thou Almighty One, and all my wounds; and after my death thou wilt receive me and close them all.' Miserable creatures! after death they will never be closed. The woe-begone mortal who lays his bleeding back in the earth to sleep till the coming of a fairer morning, full of truth, full of goodness and joy, will awake amid the storms of chaos, in the eternity of midnight; and no morning comes, and no healing hand, and no Almighty Father. Thou mortal beside me, if thou still livest, pray to Him now, else thou hast lost him for ever."

And, as I fell down and beheld the shining world, I saw the uplifted scales of the giant snake Eternity, that had spread itself around the universe; and the scales dropped down, and it wreathed itself twice round the universe; then it twined in a thousand folds around Nature, and squeezed world against world; and, with a crushing force, compressed the temple of infin-

ity into a village church; and everything grew dense, and murky, and dismal; and the clapper of a bell stretched out its measureless length, about to strike the last hour of time, and to split the fabric of the world to atoms—when I awoke.

My soul wept with joy that it was again able to worship God; and my joy, and my tears, and my faith in him, were my prayer. And, as I stood up, the sun was glowing low down behind the full purple ears of corn, and was quietly throwing the reflection of its evening glory to the little moon that was rising without a dawn in the east; and between heaven and earth a joyous short-lived world was spreading out its tiny wings, and living, as I was, in the presence of an Almighty Father; and from the whole of nature around me came sounds of peace, like the voices of evening bells from afar.

SELF-CONCEIT.

THEOPHRASTUS, an ancient Greek writer, says that "the proud man regards the whole human race with contempt, himself excepted. If he has rendered a service to any man, he will remind him of it as he meets him in the street, and in a loud voice goad him with the obligation. He is never the first to accost any man; he returns the salute of no one in the public ways." This, as the reader sees, is a sweeping condemnation of that pride which is full of dross, and so expressive of a mean mind. Mostly, pride of person or dress creates vanity—one of the most contemptible of those numerous failings which besiege a frail human nature, and one into which the young may perhaps fall soonest of any. If a vulgar man have this exaggerated sentiment within him, nothing can be more clearly evinced; for his own person bears always the marks of it. You will find it in the redundant watch-chain, the inordinately blue and extensive cravat—in the coat elaborated out of an intense bad taste—in smoking cigars out of place—in his conversation—in his manner—in everything, in fact, this puerility betrays itself. Besides that it is ridiculous, it is also a dangerous sentiment. A self-love that has grown into a vanity of this kind easily breaks the slender bulwarks of moral obligation, and sticks at no means, however questionable, in order to support it.



FREESTONE QUARRIES, PORTLAND, CONNECTICUT.

BEAUTIFUL is the valley of the Connecticut. The river rises near the Canada line, flowing southward between the White Mountains of New-Hampshire on the east, and the Green Mountains of Vermont on the west, and, meandering through the hills of Massachusetts and Connecticut, soon reaches the city of Middletown. Here it forsakes what must be considered its natural channel, and sweeping off in a direction nearly due-east, finds its way through lofty granite hills for the distance of two miles, when it again turns to the southward, and empties into Long Island Sound, some twenty-five miles east of New-Haven—the termination of the valley proper. Others may descant upon its verdant slopes, and towering hills, and pretty villages, but to us there is a charm in its bare old rocks.

As you enter the river from the Sound, the land on both sides is quite low and level; but, as you proceed, it gradually becomes more elevated and broken, and quarries are seen in the hill sides, which have not unfrequently been mistaken by strangers for those which are made the subject of this article. But the stone here obtained is very hard, and of a gray

color, and is used chiefly for flagging. Indeed, for many miles the observant traveler will perceive that the rocks bear no resemblance to sandstone, but are entirely granitic in their character.

A beautiful sail, of some twenty-five miles, will bring you to a pleasing village, called Middle Haddam, one of the numerous Haddams which line the shores of the Connecticut. Directly north of the village a granite hill rises to the height of nearly eight hundred feet, called Cobalt Mountain, from the fact that a mine of this rare metal is found in its sides. This hill, as we learn from the diary of Dr. Stiles, formerly president of Yale College, was, in "days of yore," known as "Governor Winthrop's Gold Ring;" that gentleman, it is said, being accustomed to visit the place, with his servant, searching for the precious metals; and "after his return he always had plenty of gold."

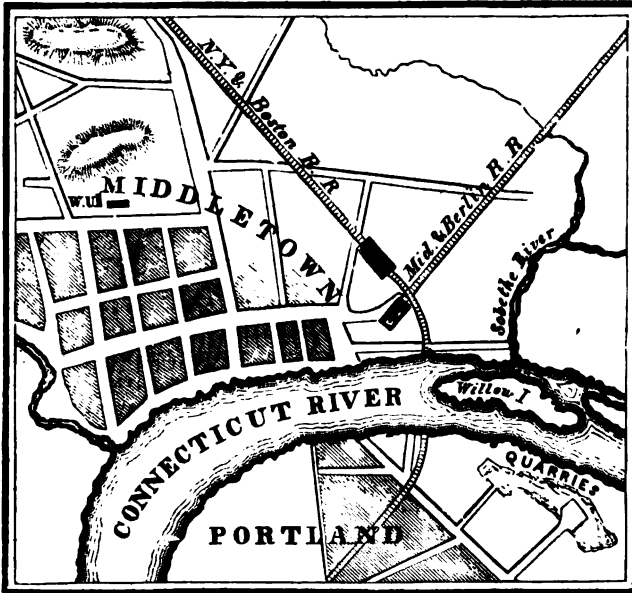
Soon after leaving Middle Haddam you enter "The Straits," where the bases of the high granite hills press closely upon the river, affording it but a narrow passage, which seems, in some strange manner, to have been unexpectedly opened, to allow the river, as by a side cut, to escape

from its natural valley, and find its way to the Sound.

Emerging from "The Straits," in your upward passage, the soil on both banks is seen to be entirely changed. Before it was granitic, with a scanty vegetation; now it becomes alluvial, and the gently undulating surface spreads out into fertile fields. Here, for the first time, are seen the distinguishing characteristics of the true valley of the Connecticut.

Half a mile above "The Straits" a small stream enters the Connecticut from the west, and in the little valley it has excavated occurs the Middletown silver mine, which appears formerly to have been worked—sometimes for lead, sometimes for silver, and sometimes for sulphur, according to the fancy or want of the operators.

nearly every city of our Union, and is commonly called *freestone*, probably from the facility with which it is worked; but by geologists it is known as *sandstone*—a name which implies its supposed origin, it having evidently been formed, in some past age of the world's history, by vast quantities of sand, gravel, and pebbles, subsequently cemented into solid masses by the operation of causes which cannot now be fully explained. It occurs in regular strata, or beds, which are not perfectly horizontal, but incline a little in a south-easterly direction. Here, and throughout the whole Connecticut valley, it is of a deep brick-red color; but in other places, as in the vicinity of Washington, in Nova Scotia, and Ohio, a similar stone is found of a gray color. The common grindstones may be taken as specimens.



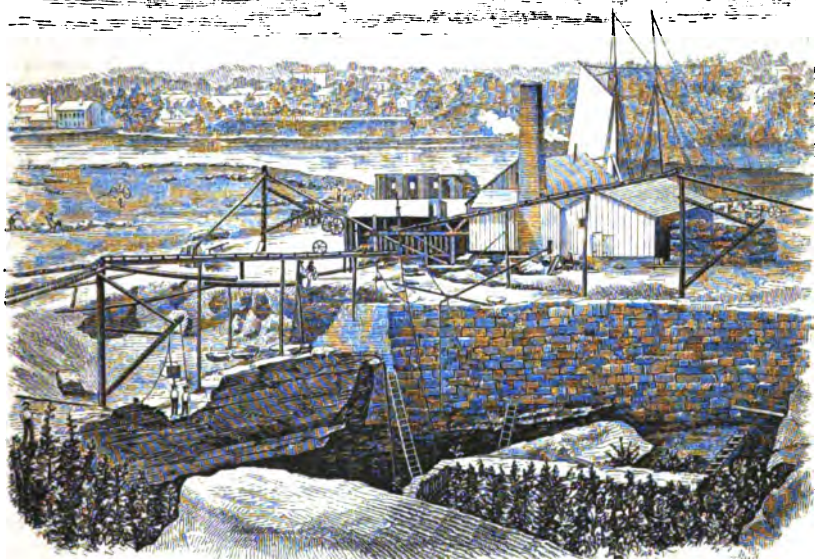
The Portland quarries, as shown in the map, are situated directly on the bank of the river; and tradition informs us that, when they were first opened, the rocky strata projected quite into the river, and even overhung the channel. But the work of excavation, which has been going on for two centuries, has removed the seat of operations further back, and the bank of the river is now formed by the rubbish which has accumulated.

The stone here obtained is an elegant and durable building material, used in

At an early period some grindstones appear to have been made of the Portland stone, but it is too hard to answer well for this purpose; but for buildings, and almost every use to which it is applied, it is probably superior to any other kind. It withstands well the action of the weather, and is very easily worked; while its dark color, in almost every situation, is exceedingly pleasing to the eye.

The quarries at present worked

are three in number, known severally, beginning at the north, as the Middlesex, the Brainerds & Co.'s, and the Shailer & Hall's. A fourth quarry, not now worked, and an ancient burying-ground, shown in our cuts and map, separate between the two first named. They extend a distance, up and down the river, of half a mile, and cover, perhaps, nearly a hundred acres. Everywhere, except just at the water's edge, the stone was originally covered with earth, from one to twenty-five feet deep, all of which, as a matter of course, has to



SHAILER AND HALL QUARRY.

be removed before the stone can be quarried; and the disposal of this, with the refuse stone, constitutes no small item of expense in the working of the quarries.

The above is a view of the Shailer & Hall quarry, and exhibits a part of the deep pit which has been sunk by the removal of the rock, with some portion of the buildings containing the steam-engine, and machinery used for the purpose. It looks toward the south-west, and shows a part of the city of Middletown in the distance, and the ferry between that city and Portland.

To avoid inconvenience from the water, the excavations at first were not very deep, but in all the quarries they now penetrate the strata to a depth many feet below the level of the river. In one of them the descent is made by an inclined road, and the stone removed by teams; but in the others, the cut is made perpendicularly downward on all sides, and the stone, after being separated from its native bed, is drawn up by steam power; masses several tons in weight seeming but as playthings

when bound in the chain and handled by this element.

The map and cuts present to the eye an island which divides the stream, and has been formed, as the old inhabitants aver; within the last seventy years, or a little more. It now contains several acres of land and a fine growth of trees, although covered with water in time of great freshets. The ferry of the New-York and Boston Rail-road will probably be established near this place.

As the excavations in the quarries are carried below the level of the river, the water of course is constantly entering through joints and fissures in the stone, and to remove it pumps are kept constantly at work. These were at first worked by ox or horse power, but since a steam-engine was introduced for raising the stone, the same power has been attached to the pumps.

The cut at the head of our article gives a view of the quarries looking northward, from a point in the quarry of Shailer & Hall; on every side are seen masses of

stone, which are left for a time upon the bank in order to be reduced to the proper dimensions, before being sent to the market. In the foreground, a team is seen drawing a huge mass of stone from the deep pit in which it was dug to the bank above. This is the quarry of Brainerds & Co., from the deepest part of which the ascent is made by teams, as we have already said, on an inclined road. In the background is a mound of considerable elevation, which has been raised to its present height by deposits of earth and rubbish from the quarries.

The workmen are aided much in quarrying the rock by natural joints or seams, most of which are nearly vertical, and some of great horizontal extent. They are usually but little inclined from a vertical position, and though sometimes of limited extent, yet a few have been traced the whole distance the rock has been laid bare.

Most of the more extensive ones take a general direction either north and south, or east and west, but this is not uniformly the case. By the side of one of these the workmen usually make their beginning, frequently by blasting, but often, also, by cutting a channel or groove of sufficient width quite through the bed or layer. Having done this on two sides, the stone can generally be removed by means of wedges, unless it is wanted in larger blocks, when the excavation must extend to three sides, before the wedges can be made available.

As would be expected, the rock separates or splits with great ease in planes parallel to the stratification, but not so readily in other directions. To split a mass in a plane parallel to the stratification, therefore, a few small wedges suffice, which are driven into small holes made with the point of the pick; but when the separation is to be made in any other direction, a deep and wider groove has to be cut, into which large steel wedges are driven by a hammer as heavy as the sturdiest man can wield.

These quarries were opened at a very early day, and the preservation of the excellent stone there for the use of the rightful owners early engaged the fostering care of the citizens, as is shown by the following extract from the Middletown records, Portland and Chatham at that time constituting a part of Middletown.

"Sept. 4, 1665. At a town meeting it was voted that whosoever shall dig or raise stones at ye rocks on the east side of the river, for any without the town, the said digger shall be none but an inhabitant of Middletown, and shall bee responsible to ye towne twelve pence pr. tunn, for every tunn of stones that he or they shall digg for any person whosoever without the town; this money to be paid in wheat and pease to ye townsmen or their assignes, for ye use of ye towne, within six months after the transportation of the said stones. It was also agreed that the inhabitants doo freely give Mr. Richards the freight which Skipper Plumb is now taking in."

The business at these quarries is now immense. For several years past they have employed, during eight months of the year, some fifteen hundred men, and perhaps one hundred and twenty yoke of oxen, and half as many spans of horses. And a fleet of perhaps thirty or forty sloops and schooners have been required to convey the stone to market, and the expense of working the quarries during the season of activity probably exceeds one hundred thousand dollars per month.

By concert among the proprietors, the hours established for dayly labor are uniform, and bargains are usually made with the men for the season of eight months. Work begins at six o'clock in the morning, and closes at sunset; two hours being allowed at noon, and a short recess of ten or fifteen minutes in the forenoon for a luncheon. The average, therefore, for the season is only about ten hours of labor per day; and we must not omit saying, that during the summer, an abundant supply of the best of water, with ice, is kept in places easily accessible by the men.

We have already accidentally alluded to the probable origin of these rocks, but our readers may expect from us something more on the subject. That all matter was at first called into being by the word of the Creator is the universal sentiment of the Christian world; but whether at the creation he gave the earth, with all its rocky strata, its present conformation of surface, beautifully diversified with hill and dale, continent and ocean, is plainly another question, on which there may not be a perfect uniformity of opinion.

"Things are not what they seem,"

says one of the most popular poets of the present day; but what particular "things" he had in his mind, when he penned this line, does not so clearly appear. We

will, however, do him the justice to believe he did not mean to affirm it of a suit of geological specimens, or of the rocky strata from which they were obtained! These "things," contrary to the very positive assertion of the poet, must, we believe, be exactly "what they seem," and nothing else. What a libel is the opposite opinion upon the works of nature, and their divine Author! Nature does not thus constantly carry a lie upon her face: with her is no hypocrisy, she is always just what she professes to be.

Starting, then, with this principle, what internal evidences have we of the origin and history of these rocky strata?

The first thing that strikes us is the regular stratification of the rocks, which we must believe to have been produced in the same manner as in other cases. But no natural process is known, or believed to exist, by which solid matter, like sand and gravel, can be thus spread out in immense strata, but the moving force of water; which is therefore believed to have produced the phenomena before us.

Our attention is next engaged by the indications we find in the rocky strata of the existence of animal and vegetable life, at the time of their deposition. These are chiefly the footprints or tracks of birds and other animals, and occasionally the occurrence of some portion of a plant or a tree. Things *are* what they seem!

much more likely to be overlooked; and the cabinets collected by the curious always contain a larger number of casts of tracks than of the real tracks, though the latter are not wanting.

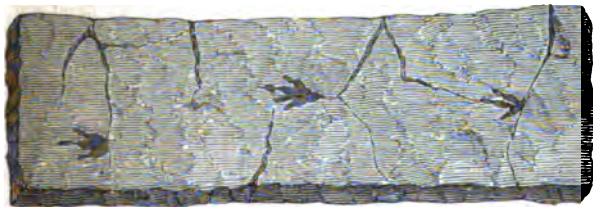
The footprints in our cut evidently belong to the specimens described by Dr. Hitchcock under the name of *Ornithichnite Tuberosus*; and the supposed bird that made them he calls the *Brontozoum Sillimanianum*. The tracks in this specimen indicate a foot about six inches in length, and a step of nearly two feet. The species is probably more abundant than any other about the Portland quarries, and perhaps we may say in this vicinity.

But are these impressions really tracks? that is, are they what they seem to be? The very satisfactory reply to this query is that their character answers every demand required by this supposition. First, when several of these impressions occur in succession, the toes of each separate track point in the *same* direction; but if the impressions were not tracks, how shall this peculiarity be accounted for? Secondly, they severally answer to right and left feet. Thirdly, the distances between successive impressions of the same series is very uniform, just as we should expect in the real tracks. Fourthly, the distance between the impressions, which answers to the length of the step, is proportionate to the size of the

foot, as indicated by the track. The larger the footprint the greater the length of the step. Finally, these impressions have always been made downward and not upward. This accords exactly with their proper character as tracks, but would be very strange

if the impression were made in some other mode, as by animal or vegetable substances accidentally thrown upon the mud.

Another circumstance, not a little interesting, is sometimes to be noticed in connection with these impressions, and accords with the view we have taken of their supposed origin. The irregular markings in the cut represent small ridges upon the stone, which have resulted from the shrinkage of the soft mud by the heat of the sun, as we often see in times of drought. Now



ORNITHICHNITE TUBEROSUS.

The above cut has been made to represent, as near as may be, the surface of a slab of stone from one of the quarries. The surface represented was the under side of the stratum, as it lay in its native bed; and the tracks which are seen are in relief—that is, they are the natural casts of the real tracks which were made in the stratum next beneath.

Under a specimen like the above will, of course, always be found the real track, or impression of the foot; but as they do not show so distinctly, they are therefore

it often happens that these shrinkage-marks cross the footprints in different directions; and where this is the case, the indications usually are that the footprint was made *before the shrinkage occurred*.

We find, therefore, on investigation, that the characteristics of these supposed footprints, in every particular, are precisely as we should expect them to be in real tracks. And it is to be noticed that this is not affirmed of a large majority of the impressions found, while it is admitted to be otherwise in a few cases; but it is affirmed of *every one* of the thousands of specimens that have ever been found. We must, therefore, believe them really to be what we call them, the footprints of animals.

In Yorkshire, England, a petrified shell called the *Ammonite* is found in considerable abundance, and especially near the abode of St. Hilda, a female devotee of singular piety of the middle ages. They occur only in the fossil state, and in the form of a coil, and in former times were believed by the simple peasants to be *snakes* converted into stone at the earnest supplication of that pious lady. Thus Scott writes:—

“And how the nuns of Whitby told,
How, of countless snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda prayed;—
Themselves within their sacred bound
Their stony folds had often found.”

This theory of the origin of these fossils probably satisfied these untutored peasants, but there was one thing wanting; *every snake was without a head!* This lack came at length to be so much felt, that a dealer in these relics was accustomed to supply a head made of plaster of Paris! We are told they are occasionally seen in Whitby at the present day, with a head filed in the stone. We present our readers with one of these fossils thus *improved* by art.



Petrifactions, somewhat resembling loaves of bread, it is said are preserved in some of the churches of Germany and Hungary, the story being that some rich person in ancient times having refused a loaf to a poor person, it was immediately converted into stone.

The following story of the origin of *St. Patrick's loaves*, found in Ireland, is from Richardson, (*Geology*, p. 44.) It was related by a genuine son of Erin:—

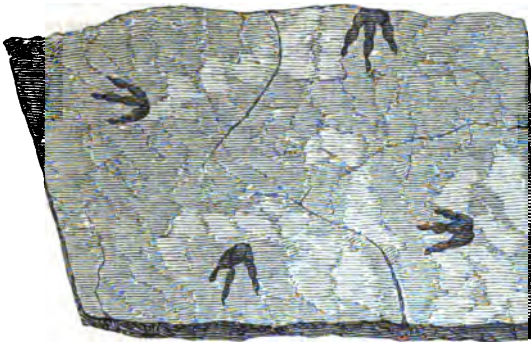
“St. Patrick was walking one day along the road, and 't was very tired he was, poor man! when he meets a stranger bringing a sack of loaves from the baker's. ‘Good morning to yourself,’ says St. Patrick, speaking 'em civil. ‘Same to you, sir,’ was the reply, ‘wid all my heart and soul.’ ‘May be ye would n't be giving me one of them loaves ye 're carrin,’ says the Saint, ‘for it's meself that 's just dying wid hunger.’ ‘May be I would,’ says t' other, ‘but it's not loaves they are,’ says he; ‘it's stones they are entirely!’ Well then,’ says St. Patrick, ‘if they be stones,’ says he, ‘I'd wish they'd be turned to loaves,’ says he. ‘and if they be loaves,’ says he, ‘I'd wish they'd be turned to stones!’ And with that the sack fell down in the road, enough to break the man's back, for it was loaves they were and not stones, but by the power of St. Patrick they were changed into stones; and they're called St. Patrick's loaves all over Ireland to this day!”

But the times of such superstition are past. And yet, such an hypothesis in regard to the origin of these strange phenomena is scarcely less absurd than any other which refuses to attribute their production to the operations of natural causes, such as we constantly see at work around us.

But have the tracks of birds or other animals been preserved in this manner in our own day? They have been; and descriptions of them have been given us by Sir Charles Lyell, who collected specimens in the Bay of Fundy in 1842. The tracks were made by a small bird called the sand-piper, (*tringa minuta*), and in every respect they resemble the tracks found in the sandstone, except that they are smaller.

In Lyell's *Travels in North America*, plate vii, figure 1, we find these tracks and castings represented. In figure 2 of the same plate, a slab is cut from the Portland quarries, showing the tracks of two animals passing in different directions, and belonging to the same species above described.

Of these footprints, several thousand



BRONTOZOUM SILLIMANIANUM.

have been observed in the sandstone of the Connecticut Valley, at some twenty different localities; and it is believed by President Hitchcock, of Amherst, that they were made by as many as fifty different species of animals, some of which were birds, some quadrupeds, and others mollusks. By far the greater number that have been found belonged to birds, and thus it has happened that the whole are frequently spoken of as *bird tracks*.

The immense size of these tracks is perhaps their most striking character. The largest bird-track found, that of the *Brontozoum Gigantium*, indicates a bird of a similar kind as the ostrich, but several times larger.

A very remarkable footprint is often found in these quarries, and elsewhere in the Connecticut Valley, which has puzzled men of science not a little. Our cut is made from a single track on a slab, now to be seen at the office of the Middlesex Company. The slab contains but a single track; but on the stratum from which it was obtained some five or six in succession were seen by the workmen, at the regular distance of about six feet; and what is scarcely less wonderful, it occurs some seventy or eighty feet below the original surface of the rock.

It is very generally conceded, that no animal exists at the present day capable of making this footprint; but such is the perfection of the science of comparative anatomy, that we may speculate with great plausibility as to its nature.

It seems very well determined, that the animal was a biped, and not a quadruped. This the track indicates; though it has been suggested that it may have been made by a four-footed animal, which, in

walking, placed the hind foot exactly upon the track just made by the fore foot. And it is certainly possible, that if only a single footprint of the kind had been found, we might admit this explanation as possible; but that very many, in fact all that are found, should exactly resemble each other, if made in this way, is absolutely incredible. It is believed, therefore, to have been made by a two-footed animal, though no one is now known having a foot such

as this track indicates. Certain species of the frog in the embryo state, it is said, have a foot somewhat like it; and from this circumstance it has been suggested that the animal may have been a gigantic two-legged toad, or frog! If the reader feels a disposition to smile, it will be no more than others have felt on witnessing developments less strange than this; and if his irrepressible smile of incredulity should hereafter give place to one of admiration at the almost prophetic revelations of the man of science, it will be no more than has often happened in times past.

Dr. Hitchcock calls the animal the *Otozoum Moodii*.



OTOZOUM MOODII.

The works and ways of God are wonderful in that which may seem to us of least importance, as well as in that which is greatest; and it becomes us, his dependent creatures, meekly to investigate his word and his works, to learn what he in his wisdom has seen fit to do, rather than decide, as some have done, *ex cathedra*, what was becoming the Infinite Spirit.

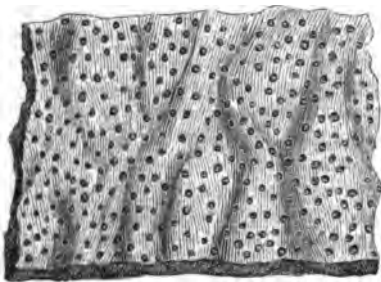
Said a distinguished theologian, some years since:—

"And then to think of two hundred thousand years for snails, and muscels, and lizards, and crocodiles, and alligators, and the like! Thousands of ages, then, the world was without a lord or a head. The image of God, whom he constituted his vicegerent here below, for myriads of ages not created! His dominion put off for thousands of centuries before it began to exist! And who, all this time, were the actual lords of the creation? Lizards and alligators of more than Typhcean dimensions!

"When I think of such a picture, I feel constrained to turn away with unspeakable loathing.

"All this wisdom did; but for what purpose? To create a residence during countless ages for snails, and lizards, and iguanodons! Had Eternal Wisdom then joy in any of these? No! Solomon never once dreamed of its being so; for he declares, that wisdom 'rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth, and her delights were with the SONS OF MEN!'"

We add one further item in this imperfect picture of the past, which, however, aids in giving a degree of *naturalness* to the scene, though greatly unlike the present. The cut is made to represent a



RIFFLE MARKS AND RAIN-DROPS.

specimen of sandstone in the cabinet of the Wesleyan University, the surface being covered with wave-marks, and the whole pitted with rain-drops. We say it gives a degree of naturalness to the scene; for we find all the essential circumstances the same then as now—the land and water, the ocean-shore, and birds and quadrupeds, though of enormous size, wandering about, we may suppose, in search of their food; the sunshine, cloud, and storm, all indicating the same general course of events as we now witness; and all leading unerringly to the inference, that the works of nature, however great their variety, have, from the beginning, been under the supervision of the same Infinite and Eternal Spirit, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and whose dominion extendeth throughout all generations.

• Biblical Repository, vol. vii, p. 100.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE CONVALESCENT.

SHE sits again in the old dear seat,
By the shaded lattice low;
There's light, there's joy in her cottage
home,

For the summer's gentle glow
Hath touch'd again with its crimson bloom
The maiden's cheek of snow.

The quiv'ring aspen rustles soft
Beside the fountain bright,—
But all the willow's tassel'd plumes
Hang motionless to-night;
The very breezes seem to be
All speechless with delight.

'T is not another's measured strain
That to her lips is given;
Her own sweet words of praise swell out
Upon the air of even:
It is no earth-born melody—
She sings to-night of heaven.

How softly comes the twilight dim
Across the sunset sky!
How silently the night dews bathe
The slumbering roses nigh!
How gently doth the hour's repose
Upon the mountains lie!

The forest broad is hush'd to sleep,
But yet along its glades
The river windeth still and deep:
Far in its dim arcades
The birds the night's still watches keep,
And dream among its shades.

She's singing by the casement yet,
As in her earlier days,—
Hath grief unwonted paths given
To her unstudied lays?
Breathes there a sadden'd under tone
In those full notes of praise?

No! no! forgotten are the hours
Of languor and of pain;
The countless blessings God hath given
Are all that now remain;
And hope, and joy, and gratitude,
Inspire that evening strain.

H. C. GARDNER.

MORALITY AND RELIGION.—Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who would labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the destinies of men and citizens. A volume could not trace all their connection with private and public felicity. And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion; reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

THE EMPEROR MONK.

ON the 28th of September, in the year 1556, the old Spanish seaport of Laredo was a scene of unexpected excitement, as a fleet of fifty-six sail of vessels cast anchor in its roadstead. If we enter the *Espirito Sancto*—a ship of five hundred and sixty tons—which forms one of the squadron, we shall see an old respectable-looking Spanish gentleman making preparations to leave his cabin, which had been fitted up with a degree of comfort unusual in those days; for it is curtained with green hangings, and has a swing-bed, while the light is admitted through no less than eight glass windows. Care and travail have left their marks upon the old man's face, but intelligence gleams from his eye, and decision is stamped upon his features. When he lands at Laredo, great respect is evidently paid to him; a train of some hundred and fifty domestics wait upon him and the Spanish Bishop of Salamanca does, with all deference, the honors of the place. Not to keep the reader in suspense, we may mention, without further introduction, that this old man is Charles V., the Napoleon Bonaparte of his day, who, after troubling Europe with his ambition, and clutching some half-dozen scepters within his greedy grasp, is now weary of the world, and on his way to spend the evening of his life in a monastery, having resigned his throne to his son.

Charles, it appears, had long cherished the design of retiring from public life, in order to prepare, as he conceived of it, in a befitting manner, for the eternal world. In 1542 he confided his design to a courtier; but in 1546 the secret had oozed out, and was whispered among the loungers in his palace. Although the morning of Charles's career as an emperor had been gilded with success, yet clouds attended its afternoon. His health became broken, and the hand which had wielded the lance and curbed the charger was so enfeebled with gout that it was unable at times to break the seal of a letter. His later schemes of conquest, too, had ended in nothing but disappointment; so that, with Solomon of old, he was ready to say, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Calling, accordingly, his court together at Brussels, he publicly resigned his empire to his son Philip—the husband of our bloody Mary—

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and, taking shipping, he had landed, as we have seen, at Laredo, being thus far on his way to his abode at the Convent of Yuste.

As the old monarch, after leaving Laredo, journeyed along, attended by a little staff of friends and a train of domestics, the neighboring towns turned out to do homage to him whose name was indelibly associated with the most eventful passages in Spanish history. There was not very much, however, that was dignified in his mode of traveling. At one part of his road five *alguazils* or constables, with their staves, formed his attendants, making the little party, as Charles's chamberlain complained, look very much like a troop of rogues marching to prison. Charles, however, would have no display. He seemed to hug with complacency the idea that he was now a private gentleman, who had cast the cares of kingcraft over his shoulder. At one part of the road he was hospitably entertained by a rich money-broker, who, among other luxuries, provided for the emperor's use a chafing-dish of gold filled with the finest cinnamon of Ceylon—a piece of wealthy ostentation which displeased Charles so much, that he insisted upon paying for his entertainment as if he had been lodging at a common inn, and refused at parting to allow the mortified capitalist the honor of kissing his hand.

A journey slowly prosecuted brought the party to Karandilla, an exquisitely beautiful spot, from whose lofty eminence the eye ranged over all that was most lovely in Spanish scenery. Here the emperor took up his abode for a while, until the neighboring monastery of Yuste was prepared for his reception. A small band of followers, similar in some respects to the little company which lingered round Napoleon at St. Helena, attended Charles. Prominent among these were Quixada, his chamberlain, a nobleman of high family, passionately attached to his royal master, with William de la Male, a sort of poor scholar, who acted as the emperor's literary companion. Borja, the celebrated Jesuit, accompanied Charles as his confessor. He had pretended, on receiving the appointment, to have some qualms about the responsibility of the office; but was assured by Charles that he might make himself easy on that point, as, before he left Flanders, five doctors of divinity had been engaged for a whole year in

cleansing his conscience. The last of the ex-monarch's attendants whom we shall name was Dr. Matheoso, the emperor's physician. He seems to have lived in a continual state of warfare with Charles's love of cookery—being sadly perplexed, too, at times, by the interloping of a quack doctor in the neighborhood, who ingratiated himself with his majesty by allowing him for his diet to eat and drink pretty much what he pleased.

A few months having rolled away, and the monastery being ready for his reception, Charles passed over to it from Xarandilla, and calling for the book of the registry, duly signed his name as a brother of the order of the monks of St. Jerome—an autograph which was carefully preserved until destroyed by the French soldiers during the Peninsular war. A grand service attended the enrolment of the new friar. All the monks kissed his majesty's hands; the altar was brilliantly lighted up with tapers, and Charles at last found himself in a spot where he might indulge his superstitious tastes to the very utmost. A chamber had been constructed for him, out of which he could look into the chapel as he lay in bed, and see high mass performed, while out of doors everything had been done to make the retirement agreeable. A fountain cooled the air; orange-trees diffused their fragrance, and the eye wandered over a district of surpassing loveliness. Nor were the luxuries of life forgotten. Charles, who was fond of paintings, had brought some of Titian's masterpieces with him, as well as a tolerable supply of books, and a decent complement of rich plate and jewels. Altogether his majesty had a very comfortable residence of it; and had there only been less superstition in his form of piety, the spectacle would not have been displeasing, of an old man retiring from the storms of the world to a peaceful haven where he might tranquilly spend his time in preparation for the great change which awaited him. But superstition—foul, deadening superstition—tainted, as we shall find by and by, the whole atmosphere.

One of Charles's most pleasing occupations was the feeding of his dumb favorites. Of these he had several, including an old cat, and a parrot endowed with wonderful power of speech; some birds also were his favorite companions. The story indeed is told of him in his early youth,

that when, in one of his campaigns, a swallow had built a nest for her young on the top of his tent, he ordered the latter, on the encampment being broken up, to be left undisturbed. Music, too, formed his favorite pastime; and so correct was the old emperor's ear, that if a monk in the choir sung out of tune, he was pretty sure to get some sharp rebuke from his majesty. On the whole, however, Charles lived on excellent terms with the monks, being condescending and affable in his manners, and dismissing almost entirely the pomp that usually surrounds crowned heads; still, it must be acknowledged, he displayed, for a friar, a most unmortified appetite for good eating. Rich dishes and iced beer he would have, whether the doctor protested against them or not. The weekly courier was ordered to change his route that he might bring eels and fine fish; partridges were ordered from a choice neighborhood; while sausages of a particular order were specially provided.

The daily routine of the king's life was somewhat as follows:—The workshop of Torriano was often the resource of the emperor's spare time. He was very fond of clocks and watches, and curious in reckoning to a fraction the hour of his retired leisure. The Lombard had long been at work upon an elaborate astronomical time-piece, which was to perform not only the ordinary duties of a clock, but to tell the days of the month and year, and to denote the movements of the planets. Twenty years had elapsed since he had first conceived the idea, and the actual construction cost him three years and a half. Indeed, the work had not received the last touches at the time of the emperor's death. Of wheels alone it contained eighteen hundred. Torriano also constructed a self-acting mill, which, though small enough to be hidden in a friar's sleeve, could grind two pecks of corn in a day; and the figure of a lady, who danced on a table to the sound of her own tambourine.

Sometimes the emperor fed his pet birds, of the sylvan sort, which appear to have succeeded, in his affection, the stately wolf-hounds that followed at his heel in the days when he sat to Titian; or he sauntered among his bees and flowers, down to the little summer-house looking out upon the Vera; or sometimes, but more rarely, he strolled into the forest

with his gun, and shot a few of the wood-pigeons which peopled the great chestnut-trees. His out-door exercise was always taken on foot, or, if the gout forbade him, in his chair or litter. Next came vespers; and after vespers supper, a meal very much like the dinner, consisting frequently of pickled salmon and other wholesome dishes, which made Quixada's loyal heart quake within him.

It was probably the fact of the artist Torriano residing with Charles, that gave rise to the saying, that the ex-emperor, on seeing how his numerous clocks and watches would not keep time together, wondered at his own folly in having endeavored, by persecution, to make his subjects think alike on religious questions. Mr. Stirling has well shown that there is no authority for Charles having uttered such a saying, and that it is contradicted by all that he did while at the Convent of Yuste. He was, in fact, a most bigoted Roman Catholic: clear as his intellect was on every other question, superstition was the enchanted ground on which, when he entered, his understanding and ability seemed to desert him. The Reformation in Spain had just broken out, and it is melancholy to perceive how Charles, at a time when he had retired, as he thought, to devote himself to the service of his Creator, persecuted unto death those who were evidently the true children of God. He wrote letters to his son Philip, urgently requesting him to use every means to extirpate heresy. Too well were these orders obeyed. The fires of the Inquisition blazed throughout Spain, and *autos-da-fé* rejoiced the hearts of the orthodox. "What have I done to be treated thus?" cried a nobleman, as he walked to the stake, looking up, as he said so, to Philip, who sat in a gallery feasting his eyes with the spectacle. "Were you my own son," replied the pitiless monarch, "I would myself carry a fagot to rid the earth of a heretic like you." Charles himself was constantly watching this spread of heresy, as he termed the Reformation. The only thing which could ever induce him to leave his pleasant retreat, he asserted, would be the hope of putting down such a monstrous evil; and bitterly did he grieve that, when some years before he had had Luther in his power at the Diet of Worms, he had not, in spite of his promise of a safe conduct, broken his word and put him to

death. The only consolation which the poor bigoted old man had was, that he had resolutely declined hearing any of the heretic preachers argue against the true Catholic Church, or in favor of the reformed faith!

It may be well imagined how strictly Charles, entertaining such views as these, performed the monastic duties at the convent. The friars were quite edified by the zeal of their royal brother of the cowl.

Some eighteen months rolled on in this manner, when Charles began to find serious indications of illness approaching. Anticipating the possibility of his end drawing near, he asked his confessor the extraordinary question, whether it would not be good for the health of his soul that he should perform his own funeral, and he received a reply in the affirmative. His funeral was performed accordingly. Here, however, we must follow Mr. Stirling's narrative, correcting, as it does, some of the mistakes into which other historians have fallen on the subject:—

"The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church, shone with a blaze of wax-lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. The monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper to see himself interred, and to celebrate his own obsequies. While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throng and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas, whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed."

Charles had too truly guessed the character of the symptoms of his disease. From the day of the above ceremony he grew gradually weaker and weaker, until at last the grand climax arrived. It is thus affectingly described:—

"Toward eight o'clock in the evening, Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready; and he was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that all hope was over. Charles lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then mumbling a prayer. After some addresses by the attending ecclesiastic had been made, the emperor interposed, saying, 'The time is come; bring me the candle and the crucifix.' These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from our lady's shrine at Montserrat; the other a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been

taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and, taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to a call, 'Ya, voy, Señor!'—Now, Lord, I go. As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate, therefore, held up before his eyes. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed; after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried, 'Ay, Jesus,' and expired."

It is melancholy to see a powerful mind thus leaning upon the broken reeds of crucifixes and relics when entering eternity. These are a poor substitute for true peace.

About a hundred years after his death, the remains of Charles were conveyed to the vaults of the Escorial, and deposited with great honors in that splendid mausoleum. In 1780 they were disturbed, under extraordinary circumstances, by Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, that pampered child of fortune, who begged as a favor that he might be allowed to look on the remains of the great emperor. His request was complied with. The coffin was opened, and the light gleamed once more on the face of the mighty dead. The features bore a great resemblance to the emperor's portrait.

The monastery of Yuste was long celebrated in consequence of its having had the honor of receiving Charles into its retreat. It is now, however, a desolate ruin. Mr. Stirling paid a visit to it, and we cannot, perhaps, give our readers a better specimen of the great literary merits of this work than by transcribing the passage, in which, with touching pathos, the author records his impressions of the scene:—

"When I visited it in 1849, it was inhabited only by the peasant-bailiff of the lay proprietor, who eked out his wages by showing the historical site to the passing stranger. The strong granite-built church, proof against the fire of the Gaul and the wintry storms of the sierra, was a hollow shell—the classical decorations of the altar, and quaint wood-work of the choir, having been partly used for fuel, partly carried off to the parish church of Quacos. In a vault beneath, approached by a door of which the key could not be found, I was told that the coffin, of massive chestnut planks, in which the emperor's body had lain for sixteen years, was still kept as a relic. In his palace, the lower chambers were used as a magazine for fuel; and in the rooms above, where he lived and died, maize and olives were gathered, and the silkworm wound its cocoon in dust and dark-

ness. His garden below, with its tank and broken fountain, was overgrown with tangled thickets of fig, mulberry, and almond, with a few patches of pot-herbs, and here and there an orange-tree or a cypress, to mark where once the terrace smiled with its blooming parterres. Without the gate, the great walnut-tree—sole relic of the past with which time had not dealt rudely—spread forth its broad and vigorous boughs to shroud and dignify the desolation. Yet, in the lovely face of nature, changeless in its summer charms, in the hill, and forest, and wide Vera, in the generous soil and genial sky, there was enough to show how well the imperial eagle had chosen the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings."

Thus ends this singular episode of history. We cannot but feel interested in it. It has its clear and its dark side. The latter is the degraded bigotry in which the mind of this remarkable man was enslaved; the other is the powerful lesson which the facts supply of the hollowness of the world. Charles V. confessed this when he resigned a mighty empire. May we, too, make the discovery ere it be too late, and take refuge for consolation, not in a vain monastic superstition, but in a true surrender of the soul to Him, who has invited all the weary and heavy laden of the children of men to come unto him and find rest.

THE DUEL BETWEEN MOORE AND JEFFREY.

—This ludicrous narrative is graphically described by Moore in the following passage:—"We of course had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, 'What a beautiful morning it is!' 'Yes,' I answered with a slight smile, 'a morning made for better purposes;' to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once more in sight of their operations: upon which I related to him, rather *apropos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner, while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. 'Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow,' said Egan; 'sure, is n't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up.'"

The National Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations was opened to the public, according to announcement, on the 15th of July. The splendid pageant—the presence of the President of the United States, a part of his cabinet, and many other distinguished personages, together with guests from England, France, Scotland, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Tuscany, and many parts of North and South America—has already been chronicled in the daily prints. There were music and speeches, but we cannot detail them; it is with the exhibition itself that we have to do. The Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations had its conception in the triumphant success of the London exhibition in 1851. The United States was not the least on that occasion; yet three thousand miles of ocean had prohibited the mass of her citizens from beholding that accumulation of the works of beauty and utility, and hence the desire to bring the exhibition to the people who could not go to it. It was not expected that the New-York Exhibition could rival its great prototype. This would have been impossible, for that must remain for ages without a parallel. It was seen, however, that great and important advantages must result from a similar exhibition at New-York. The skill of foreign manufacturers, placed before the eyes of our people, would fill the busy American mind with suggestions the fruit of which should be gathered after many days; and what was to be not less highly prized, a taste for the fine arts would be diffused among the masses of a people, far too seldom permitted to witness the most meritorious works of beauty and skill. At the moment we write, it is not safe to pronounce on the character of the exhibition; but we may presume that, in statuary and painting, the exhibition of 1853 will even surpass that of 1851.

In looking, however, at these works of art, we may caution some at least of our readers against a judgment based merely upon their size. Some of the most perfect and beautiful specimens of sculpture are those of small dimensions. We were specially struck with the appearance of the "Industrious Girl," whom we almost felt disposed to help thread her needle; also with a head, over which is thrown a thin veil so beautifully cut in the marble that a friend at our side took it for muslin itself. Christ and his Apostles show to poor advantage in so narrow a space. To view them in anything like a favorable light, they must not be approached too nearly. They will appear finely in the place for which they are designed. The paintings are not yet suspended; but the same truth will hold good in reference to them. It will be well to remember the old proverb, "The finest goods are often in the smallest parcels"—"*ofen*," remember, but not *always*.

The Crystal Palace at New-York is smaller than the one at London, covering only one-fifth of the space; but so economically arranged as

to have at least one-third its capacity. Externally, it is said to be far better proportioned and more pleasing to the eye. In the interior it will compare favorably, although not adorned with stately elms or a glass fountain. It contains some fourteen hundred square feet on the floor, and when completed and well-arranged will hold twenty-five thousand persons without inconvenience or pressure. Its frame-work is entirely of iron, which, being filled in with glass, except the roofs and part of the dome, gives it a light, beautiful, and airy appearance. The main building is in the form of a cross; but the exterior angles made by the cross are so filled up that on the ground it is nearly octagonal in form, if we may except the addition not yet completed, which makes another transept on the side nearest the Reservoir. It is approached on Sixth Avenue, Fortieth and Forty-Second-streets by flights of steps which conduct you to entrances each twenty-seven feet wide. These entrances open into the principal naves and aisles of the building. The intersection of the naves at the centre leaves an open space one hundred feet in diameter, whence rises the dome, beneath which stands a colossal figure of Washington. One hundred and ninety cast-iron columns on the ground sustain girders for the gallery floor, whence one hundred and forty-eight other columns rise to support the roof.

That which most attracts attention is the dome. Its diameter is one hundred feet, and its height to the crown of the arch one hundred and twenty-three feet, and is the largest ever erected in the United States. It is supported by twenty-four columns, which rise beyond the second story to a height of sixty-two feet above the principal floor. The painting of the interior of the dome is splendid beyond description. The rays from a golden sun at the centre descend between the latticed ribs; and arabesques of white and blue, relieved by silver stars, surround the openings. The building presents to the eye on entering it a most beautiful aspect, and when well-filled with articles for exhibition, as it will be before the issue of this number, the visitor may expect that even a general glance will repay him for a visit. Days and weeks might be spent with profit in minutely examining the multiplied objects of interest that will present themselves. We may expect a splendid collection of minerals, and not less so of the raw material of every kind produced in such variety through our extensive country—also, numerous contrivances of Yankee ingenuity for producing from the raw material every manner of fabric—the useful and the ornamental. Such is the great exhibition as we have seen it to-day.

Not the least interesting feature of the occasion is that it is "*of all nations*." What a beautiful manifestation of the principles of peace! What a glorious rivalry is this! What heroes! The laurel, at least for a while, is to rest upon the brow of the artisan, and the strife is to be for the mastery in all that will promote the happiness and elevate the character of man. It is as if the world had already begun to "beat its swords into plowshares and its spears into pruning-hooks." Glorious are the triumphs of peace!



EDUCATION.

THE season for collegiate and academical anniversaries has just passed, and the subject of Education may therefore well occupy a page of our editorial. It will be conceded that no nation may safely neglect its schools and academies; but in a *republic*, where every man exerts his measure of influence in all questions of public moment, it is of the first consequence that the people be enlightened. Our statesmen have been alive to this great national interest. A most liberal policy has therefore been adopted in regard to our common schools, and our academies have received a measure of attention from the State, and something has been done from the public treasury to establish and sustain institutions of the highest grade. We will venture to affirm, however, that the government has failed, in this last respect, to do what the necessity of the case requires. Before we shall have reached the goal, two objects, it would seem to us, must be accomplished: first, these institutions must be elevated, until they occupy their proper position as seminaries of the highest grade; and, secondly, the tuition must be made as it is in our common schools—*gratuitous*.

With regard to the first of these, it will be apparent that few of our colleges or universities really deserve the name. The university differs from the college but in the extent of its course of study: the first embracing everything in the wide range of science, the other properly restricted to those studies which develop the intellect without reference to any particular profession or pursuit in life, a liberal knowledge of which entitles the student to the Baccalaureate degree. But in either case, there should be the most extensive opportunities furnished for the attainment of knowledge in the studies pursued. The professorships should be filled with men devoted to a single science. They should not be required to teach a multitude of branches, of most of which their knowledge, to say the least, cannot be superior. A professor of intellectual and moral philosophy may teach international law, but he cannot be expected to excel in that study; it is not his chosen branch. A professor of chemistry may teach ancient history, but every observing student will feel there is a deficiency. The only remedy for such evils is to enlarge the faculties of our colleges. Every student should feel that he is reciting to a master in his profession. He would thus be taught not only by books, but by an example

ever before him, of the loftiest attainments in every given science. But the faculty does not alone constitute the true idea of a college. There must be libraries, cabinets, laboratories, apparatus, so ample and complete that any branch professed to be taught might be pursued to its utmost limit. Such opportunities should be afforded for investigation, that resident graduates, now hardly known in our institutions, would be multiplied forty-fold—tarrying within the academic walls to perfect themselves in branches necessarily somewhat slightly treated in a regular course. This would produce scholars who might be deemed as having arrived at the full stature of men of science. What multitudes now flourish as Bachelors of Arts, whose right to the title you would question, did you not read it on a parchment nearly as unintelligible to them, perhaps, as if written in Chinese!

We would, in the next place, have collegiate education free. In this way only can the sons of the poor obtain it. An instance here and there occurs of some dauntless spirit over-riding all difficulties, and seizing his parchment in triumph; but most of such cases terminate in broken spirits and ruined health. Indeed, there is an untold history connected with most that graduate. The best students are from the middling classes of society. The divans of luxury are ill adapted to the toils of a student. The money expended in obtaining a collegiate education comes generally from the workshop or the farm. It is the hard earnings, the savings of a family ambitious to gratify the longings of one of their number for a liberal education. None but themselves know the toils, the sacrifices, the schemes, and the tears which were the price at which these dollars were saved. Why should it be so? Let the doors of our colleges be thrown wide open to the poor. Let the very best facilities for an education be put within the reach of the humblest of our citizens. To such a noble position the public eye has not yet been fully directed; but the heart of a philanthropist here and there, among the rich, beats high with hope.

We cannot but rejoice in the munificent gifts of private purses to so desirable an object. It is well that the friends of sound education have seized this moment so auspicious—when gold is plenty—to lay up some of it in an endowment for the cause of education.

The Western College Society, we perceive, has raised in the East for the past nine years an average of \$24,035 37 per year, and a still larger amount was raised at the West, all of which has been appropriated to aid eleven different institutions. A benevolent merchant of Providence, R. I., has recently offered to be one of twenty individuals to give the society \$1,000 during the current year, or one of the same number to give \$1,000 annually for five years. Most enviable will be the privilege of the twenty who may have the pecuniary ability and the heart to perform so noble a service to the cause of Christian learning at the West!

The institution, a cut of which heads our article, was first opened for instruction in 1832. It was brought into existence under a broad and generous policy which inspired the highest

hopes for its prosperity and usefulness. Strange and unexpected misfortunes befell it, and it was left in a most languishing and pitiable condition. The labors of its late honored chancellor were successful in removing a portion of the debt, amounting, we hear, to \$100,000. A public meeting was called, in February last, to consider the affairs of the University, at which they received a new impulse. The council who had abandoned the government of the institution resumed their authority. The Rev. Dr. Ferris, for sixteen years a pastor in the city, and honorably known in educational matters, was elected chancellor. Vigorous efforts were made to save the institution from impending ruin. To the joy of its friends, the remaining \$40,000 of debt has been subscribed, and the institution now bids fair to rise to its promised importance. We bid its friends God speed!

President Frelinghuysen, of Rutgers' College, has also been in this city, seeking to extend the facilities already afforded by that venerable institution for thorough education, and we trust has not found his calls in vain.

Genesee College, at Lima, is, we trust, laying broad and deep plans for future usefulness.

The Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., although bereft of its eloquent president, Dr. Olin, some two years since, seems not to have faltered in its onward career. Five noble spirits in the city of Boston have offered to give \$4,000 each to endow a professorship, on the sole condition that New-York shall do likewise. It cannot be that the merchant princes of our metropolis will not take up this gauntlet! The labors of Dr. Olin realized to this institution, as the treasurer's books show, about the sum of \$45,000. If Dr. Smith, his successor, can but secure \$40,000 more, the affairs of the institution are beyond embarrassment.

We have heard it suggested in certain quarters that Columbia College, of this city, is so circumstanced that she may, ere long, throw open her doors for a free collegiate course. Already her endowment is ample, but the grounds so long occupied by that institution have become immensely valuable. A site more agreeable might be obtained for an almost nominal sum, and the present location, if put into market, would yield an additional endowment so ample that she could well afford to throw open her doors, and require no test but merit to obtain her honors. We can hardly predict what might be the result of such a movement on the interests of education in general, but we firmly believe it would prove the morning-star of a brighter day; and the denomination of Christians most interested in the institution itself would be amply compensated by additions, without parallel, to the number of its men of science and its ministry.

Union College, at Schenectady, has been rapidly increasing the facilities for an education within its walls, and others must do likewise or suffer the consequences. But the friends of education may rejoice in the prospect that the State will soon see its true interest, in putting the means of thorough education within the reach of all who may wish to secure it.

An impression has been made upon the public mind that the advantages of these institu-

tions are confined to the rich, and that every attempt to draft upon the public treasury for their endowment or support, is a wrong committed upon the tax-payer, often comparatively poor, to provide a luxury for the rich. If this were so, it is time that the appropriations to colleges were so liberal as to make them accessible to the poorest. But it is not so. Read the annals of lofty genius and scholarship in our land, and indeed in other lands, and it will be found that poverty is well represented. We have said the luxuries and ease purchased by wealth are poorly adapted to the toils of the student. But, on the other hand, the struggles of the poor—the necessary energy expended in meeting the pressing wants of nature—the continual tax upon the mind, levied by their outward circumstances, all fit them for the labors of the scholar. Their very poverty becomes a schoolmaster to bring them to fame and usefulness. We plead, then, for the poor when we plead for our universities. We advocate a great leveling system, not by dragging the wealthy down to a level with the poor, but by elevating the poor, as far as may be, to the privileges enjoyed by wealth. All cannot be professional men, but a much greater number may be liberally educated than at present. We see no reason why the farmer or mechanic should not have the greatest privileges in this respect. If the advantages of a superior education were more general, our State Legislatures would not exhibit so many instances of a narrow, ignoble policy. Our circles of prayer, and our meetings for exhortation, would present us with more elevated exercises; and men would be everywhere found for the religious and political exigences that are ever recurring. All the world would be better. Then let the sun of science shine for all!

Professor Faraday, the great electrician, has seemingly solved the mystery of "table turning," not, however, as we imagine, of "table lifting." Many heretofore wonderful phenomena are explained by the learned professor's experiments, even to the satisfaction of the operators themselves; but many more remain unexplained. His patient and philosophical investigations have done much, if they but encourage the study of these mysteries. Hitherto all has been assumption—some claiming these manifestations to be spiritual, others electrical, and still others a wicked deception. We rejoice that a man of science has devoted to this subject his time and attention, until a portion, at least, of the mystery is satisfactorily unraveled. The time, we trust, is not far distant when the whole matter will forever be put at rest.

"Assuming that the tables were moved by a *quasi* involuntary muscular action of the operator, the professor's first point was to prevent the mind having any undue influence over the effects produced in relation to the nature of the substances employed. A bundle of plates, consisting of sandpaper, millboard, glue, glass, plastic clay, tin-foil, cardboard, gutta percha, vulcanized India rubber, wood, and resinous cement, was therefore made up and tied together, and being placed on a table under the hand of a turner, did not prevent the transmission of the power—the table turned as before. Hence no objection could be taken to the use of these substances in the construction of apparatus. The next point was to determine the place and source of motion; that is to say, whether the table moved the hand or the hand the table.

To ascertain this, indicators were constructed. One of these consisted of a light lever, having its fulcrum on the table, its short arm attached to a pin fixed on a cardboard, which could slip on the surface of the table, and its long arm projecting as an index of motion. It is evident that if the experimenter willed the table to move toward the left, and it did so move before the hands placed at the time on the cardboard, then the index would move to the left also, the fulcrum going with the table. If the hands involuntarily moved toward the left without the table, the index would go toward the right; and if neither table nor hands moved, the index would itself remain immovable. The result was, that while the operator saw the index it remained very steady; while it was hidden from them, or they looked away from it, it wavered about, though they believed that they always pressed directly downward, and when the table did not move, there was still unwittingly a resultant of hand-force in the direction it was wanted to make the table move. This resultant of hand-force increases as the fingers and hands become stiff, numb, and insensible, by continued pressure, till it becomes an amount sufficient to move the table. But the most curious effect of this test apparatus is the corrective power it possesses over the mind of the table-turner. As soon as the index is placed within view, and the operator perceives that it tells truly whether he is pressing downward only or obliquely, then all effects of table turning cease, even though the operator persevere till he becomes weary and worn out."

In July last Professor Charles Caldwell breathed his last, at his residence in the city of Louisville, Kentucky. He was probably the oldest practising physician in the United States, being ninety years of age, and had attained great celebrity both as a writer and teacher. He wrote most valuable papers on Quarantines, Malaria, and Temperaments; also treatises on Physical Education, the Unity of the Human Race, and Phrenology, of the last of which he is considered a champion. His *Tribute to Fisher Ames*, in *Rees' Encyclopædia*, (Am. Ed.,) is almost unrivaled. Quite recently he published a paper on *Liebig's Theory of Animal Heat*, that is said to have left neither root nor branch of the German professor's scheme. He occupied, for a long time, a chair in the Transylvania School of Medicine, and afterward became one of the founders of the school at Louisville. He was a man of great physical proportions, and in the earlier part of his life could readily spend sixteen or eighteen hours per day in intellectual labor. We understand an autobiography of this remarkable man is prepared, and will, no doubt, soon be published with other posthumous papers.

The present number of the NATIONAL has been edited exclusively by the Rev. J. M. Reid. Mr. Reid will have entire editorial charge of the work for the time being, as the other official duties of the editor require almost continual absence. A. S.

Ourselves.—Has the reader, expecting to meet a single friend, ever found himself suddenly ushered into the presence of a large and smiling company? If so, he will remember in what blank confusion he stood in their presence, and will sympathize with us. At the beginning we had no expectation that we should be known to the readers of the NATIONAL. We had hoped simply to supply the editor's necessary lack of service, and that the few numbers we should issue would so far fall under his inspection as to be adopted as his own. But zeal for a glorious

enterprise has eaten him up, and pressing duties, connected therewith, have so entirely withdrawn him from the office, that for a few months the Magazine is to be issued under the sole direction of another; but let us console ourselves with the thought that it is but for a little while; and none will be more anxious than the acting editor to find Mr. Stevens once more in the chair which few, or none, can fill like him. If we have erred in daring to occupy, even for a season, the place so honorably filled by the editor of the NATIONAL, we are but a frightful example of the consequences of a first wrong step. We had no intention of being where we are; but the first step taken, all the rest seemed naturally and necessarily to follow. We confess there was a drop or two of selfishness mingled with our decision, first made, to be the helper of Mr. S. True, we had tried an editorial chair before, but never to such readers as those of the NATIONAL. We fancied their acquaintance, and for the pleasure and profit we hope to derive from it, we did not decline the opportunity to make it—all that we reserved for ourselves was the hoped-for "income." Now, however, the introduction is complete. The charm which would have been associated with the idea that the monthly repast was served, as usual, by the excellent editor, is dispelled. We almost fear that, on this account, many will partake of it with the less relish; but, as we before said, pity our embarrassment—judge us kindly—wait a while, a little while, and then—

In the mean time let our friends and patrons labor diligently for the success of the Magazine. Its religious character will, of course, withdraw from it the sympathies of many who have no taste for heavenly things. On this very account, as the friends of a periodical of the highest literary character and most generous religious sentiments, we should rally for its support. Let every man bring his man, and the publishers will rejoice in double their present list.

Complaint and remedy.—We "go in" for the following suggestion of an editorial confrere, proposed as a "safe and sure" remedy for all complaints in reference to the garments worn by ministers. We believe it will prove a specific. Let the "croakers" just try it.

"Let every one who finds fault with the dress worn by a minister make him a present of just such a coat, vest, pants, hat, boots, or shoes, as he—the sender—thinks he ought to wear. Let the minister receive all these presents kindly, and wear them by turns, changing them frequently; and if he does not please everybody, the fault will be neither his nor the donor's. That is our plan."

To our Correspondents.—The article on De Gama, although rather long, we hope to use, and for it thank J. G.

"Death" will appear in our next. We shall hope to hear from "W. H. M." again. Our next will contain his sketch of Dr. P.

We should like to see "Joseph Lynwood," or hear from her.

Errata.—In the article entitled "The Cloud with a Silver Lining" in our last, for "forest looking," read "foreign looking;" and for "their charities had secured them friends," read "their characters had," &c.

Book Notices.

The Annotated Paragraph Bible, according to the Authorized Version, arranged in Paragraphs and Parallels, with Explanatory Notes, Prefaces to the Several Books, and an entirely New Selection of References to Parallel and Illustrative Passages. Vol. I, from Genesis to Solomon's Song. C. B. Norton, 71 Chambers-street. This edition of the Bible promises to be highly creditable to the publishers, and very beneficial to the Christian public. While the versification and division into chapters is retained in the margin, the arrangement into paragraphs is a decided improvement, and the maps and illustrations are fine; and, together with the whole manual execution, will render it a most pleasant and useful Bible for family and daily reading.

The seventh volume of *Coleridge's Works*, completing the edition of the *Harpers*, contains his poetical and dramatic writings, upon which, after all his erudite and more elaborated efforts, rests, chiefly, his claim to immortality. The author of "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner" will be a household name with many who will die in ignorance of his more profound and philosophical works. But it is too late in the day to criticise Coleridge; he is now one of the classics of the language, and the fine edition just completed will give him admittance to many a family for the first time.

A Compendium of the Gospels, by James Strong, A. M., is a most valuable book for Sunday schools, Bible classes, and private use. In a little over 200 pages 24mo. it furnishes us with "every fact and doctrine of the Four Gospels, in a connected and chronological order, in the words of the authorized version, according to the arrangement of the author's 'Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels.'" This work will be a treasure to parents and teachers who desire to impart a thorough knowledge of the Four Gospels as a connected history. Directions for using it as a book of instruction are appended, and with the "Questions on the Gospel History," and the larger work of the author in the hands of the teacher, we may hope great good will result from its general use. It is published by Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street, New-York, in a very neat style, and sold at 30 cents.

Father Brightkopes; or, an Old Gentleman's Vacation, by Paul Croyton. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co., 1853. (275 pp. 24mo.) This is a well-told little tale of every-day life, showing the influence of an amiable, happy spirit upon a disunited, wretched family. Its moral is very good, and the interest of the story sustained. For the same reason that we would omit profanity, we would omit all improper by-words in a narrative for children. Hence we would object to such expressions as "blast it all," even to sustain a character.

Bangs, Brother & Co. have favored us with another of those fine works from Bohn's Scientific Library, published in London, and for which they are the agents in this country, *The Coin-Collector's Manual*. It has above one

hundred and fifty illustrations on wood and steel, contains a historical and critical account of the origin and progress of coinage, from the earliest period to the fall of the Roman Empire, as also of modern Europe, with much other information valuable to almost everybody.

The Right Way; or, Practical Lectures on the Decalogue, by Rev. J. T. Crane, A. M., (276 pp. 12mo.) is one of the very best of books. It is both instructive and interesting. Published by Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street.

An Essay on the Pastoral Office, as Exemplified in the Economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Rev. J. H. Wyther, M. D., is a clear and concise defense of the Methodist polity in reference to its ministry. It is only 110 pages 24mo., but contains the sum of the whole argument on that side of the question. It may be regarded as controversial, but that feature scarcely appears in its pages.

We have received *The History of Princeton, Worcester Co., Mass., Civil and Ecclesiastical, from its First Settlement in 1739 to April, 1852, by Jeremiah Lyford Hansford. Worcester: C. E. Webb.* We rejoice to see the details of our country's history thus collected in the different counties and towns, and the task of Mr. H. seems to have been well done.

The Methodist Quarterly Review for July has long been on our table, but was overlooked. Its contents are, as usual, rich in all excellence. They consist of—

- I. The Bacon of the 19th century.
- II. Strong's Harmony of the Gospels, by Rev. G. B. Clark, A. M.
- III. Daniel Boone, by Professor Wentworth.
- IV. Socrates, by Rev. T. V. Moore.
- V. Exposition of 1 Cor. iii, 1-17, by Rev. B. R. Hale.
- VI. The Heathen and Mediæval Civilization of Ireland, by J. O., Dublin.
- VII. The Signs of the Times.
- VIII. Father Reeves.
- IX. Miscellaneous.
- X. Short Reviews and Notices of Books.
- XI. Religious and Literary Intelligence.

Slavery and the Church, by William Hoemer, (Auburn: William J. Moses, 1853), is a 12mo. volume of 200 pages, embodying in a permanent form the author's views on that subject, as recently expressed in the *Northern Christian Advocate*, of which he is editor. It is in three parts:—The first discusses "the moral character of slavery;" the second, "the relation of slavery to the Church;" and the third, "the duty of the Church" in the premises. It announces in unmistakable terms that slavery is a great sin under all circumstances, sanctioned neither by the Old nor New Testament, and is never an act of benevolence or the result of necessity. It further claims that neither slaves nor slaveholders can be Christians, and that the evil cannot exist in the Church; that it is therefore the duty of the Church to seek its extirpation, not only from its own bosom, but from

the world. This duty, it is claimed, is demanded by an impartial discipline, and is essential to the unity and peace of the Church and the evangelization of the world. All this, however, must be viewed in the light of the author's definitions and distinctions, to obtain which the entire volume must be read.

The Ladies' Repository for August has arrived, and is a capital number. The editor, Dr. Clarke, has recently visited the East, and, true to his new profession, has gathered material which will add fresh interest to this excellent monthly. His article on Greenwood is fine. So is Dr. Peck's article on Woman. The editorials are racy and interesting, and the engravings excellent.

A Manual of Biblical Literature, by W. P. Strickland, D. D. (12mo., 404 pp.) This is an attempt to bring the substance of many large and costly volumes into one so cheap that all may read it. It treats of Biblical philology, criticism, exegesis, analysis, archæology, ethnography, history, chronology, and geography. The field embraced is wide, but the book is sufficiently extensive on each point to answer the purposes of all ordinary readers. It is interesting in style, free from technicalities, and well adapted for popular use. The student and the candidate for the ministry will regard it as a most excellent elementary treatise on Biblical literature. (Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street.) Price 80 cents.

The Last Leaf from Sunny-Side. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co., 1853. There was a charm in this book to us, seeing that it was from the pen of the gifted and lamented author of "A Peep at Number Five," "Tell-Tale," "Sunny-Side," &c. We moreover expected from its title-page that it would unfold another chapter of pastoral life; but in this last we were mistaken. It is a volume containing four tales, "The Puritan Family," "The Cloudy Morning," "The Country Cousins," and "The Night after Christmas," all of them in the author's happy style. The whole is prefaced by a memorial of some one hundred pages of the author by her husband, Rev. Austin Phelps. It is a touching tribute to her literary merit, and her worth as a Christian, a wife, and a mother. Every reader will not subscribe to all the theological sentiments of this memorial, but all will read it with interest and profit.

The Ship-BUILDER'S Manual and Nautical Referee, by John W. Griffiths, Marine Architect and Practical Ship-BUILDER, author of "Theory and Practice blended in Ship-Building;" illustrated with tables and engravings. William Stevenson, Agent, 333 Broadway, New-York. We have received the first six numbers of this excellent work in quarto size, large and beautiful type. In the present volume it is the author's purpose to furnish a scale of dimensions in detail for all descriptions of vessels, not only in the construction of the hull, but in the spars, rigging, sails, anchors, &c., in tabular form. We cannot doubt that this is a work of the first order in its kind.

We have also received from Redfield, 110 and 112 Nassau-street, New-York, seven numbers of the *Works of Shakespeare*, reprinted from the

newly-discovered copy of the folio of 1632, in possession of J. Payne Collier, containing nearly twenty thousand manuscript corrections, with a history of the stage to the time, a life of the poet, &c., by J. Payne Collier F. S. A.,; to which are added glossarial and other notes, giving the readings of former editions. It is on good paper and in fine large type. It will be a pleasure to read such a copy.

The Behavior Book, a manual for ladies, by Miss Leslie, is a book filled with useful suggestions. Let the ladies read it. (Willie P. Hazard, 78 Chestnut-street, Philadelphia.)

The Australian Cruces, or the Adventures of an English Settler and his Family in the Wilds of Australia, by Charles Rowcroft, Esq., a resident magistrate, is a book full of life and incident, and contains some of the best of lessons for those who are afflicted with the gold mania. (W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.)

Narrative of a Journey round the World, by F. Gerstaecker. This work comprises a winter passage across the Andes to Chili, with a visit to the gold regions of California and Australia, the South Sea Islands, Java, &c. Like the above, it is a book for the times, and one that we judge will be read with eagerness.

Harper & Brothers have sent us a prime little volume, entitled "The Boyhood of Great Men." (24mo., 385 pp.) It is just the book for the boys, and for men too. By all means get it and read it.

We have also received from the same firm "The Old House by the River," by the author of "The Owl Creek Letters."

Philosophy and Practice of Faith, by Lewis P. Olds, is the title of a book just issued by Carlton & Phillips. The work is inscribed to the memory of Dr. Olin, and is no mean tribute to that learned and eloquent divine. We shall hope, in the proper place, to see an extended notice of this excellent work.

Mason & Lane, 23 Park Row, New-York, have sent us another of Prof. Mattison's excellent school books, "A High School Astronomy." It is designed as intermediate between the "Primary Astronomy" and the "Geography of the Heavens." It is "got up" in the best style, with fine illustrations, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it an excellent school-book.

G. P. Putnam & Co. have sent us numbers 1 and 2 of a splendid and original periodical, being an *Illustrated Record of the Crystal Palace Exhibition*, edited by Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., and C. B. Goodrich, Esq. It merits, and we hope may receive, a liberal patronage.

Pamphlets, &c.—We have received the following pamphlets, viz.: Seventh Annual Report upon the Common Schools of New-Hampshire, the same being the Third Annual Report of the Board of Education; Ecclesiastical Opposition to the Bible, a serial Sermon, by Thomas H. Stockton; Twenty-First Report of the American Baptist Home Mission Society; Eighth Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; The True Criterion, or the Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked, by Rev. D. S. Wheeling.

Literary Record.

The Ninety-ninth Annual Commencement of *Columbia College, New-York*, was celebrated at Niblo's Garden, July 27th. A large audience were assembled. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon nineteen young gentlemen.

The Two Hundred and Seventeenth Anniversary of the *Harvard University*, the oldest of American Colleges, was celebrated the 20th July. Graduates, eighty-eight. The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred on eight gentlemen, that of D. D. on six, and that of A. M. on six also. Glory enough for one day.

The Annual Commencement of *Diakonson College, Carlisle, Penn.*, took place on the 14th of July. The speeches of the graduating class are spoken of as "capital." Doctors Thompson, of Ohio, and True, of Conn., delivered addresses during the anniversary exercises. Dr. Collins also delivered his Inaugural. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Frederick Merrick, of Ohio, and Rev. T. V. Moore, of Virginia.

The *Indiana Asbury University* held its anniversary exercises during the second and third weeks of July.

At *Yale College* Commencement, July 28th, the following degrees were confirmed: A. B. was conferred on one hundred and two members of the graduating class; A. M. on seven persons, and the same degree in course, on twenty-nine persons; M. D. was conferred on sixteen persons; LL. B. on thirteen persons, and the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy on six individuals. The Rev. Joseph Walker, President of *Harvard University*, was the only person who received the honorary degree of LL. D. No D. D.'s were conferred. We learn that the veteran chemist, Professor Silliman, resigns his professorship. His son succeeds him.

Rutger's College.—The regular Commencement exercises came off at New-Brunswick, July 27th. The attendance was very large. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon the following: Robert L. Waterbury, M. D., and Jared W. Scudder. The honorary degree of D. D. was also awarded to Rev. John F. Mesick, of Harrisburgh, Penn. Number of graduates, twenty-two.

Dartmouth College Commencement took place July 28th. A class of fifty were graduated. The great attractions of the week were a eulogy on Daniel Webster, by Hon. Rufus Choate, and orations by Rev. R. S. Storrs, jun., and Hon. Ogden Hoffman.

The Commencement Exercises of the *University of New-York* took place in the latter part of June, and were of more than usual interest, in consequence of the inauguration of the new Chancellor, Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D. Oration by E. P. Whipple; Poem by Rev. John Pierpont. Eleven young men were graduated.

The Commencement Exercises of the *University of Michigan* took place in the last week of June. Professor Haven, formerly of this city, delivered the annual address before the Union Missionary Society of Inquiry. His subject was

the History of Christianity, as developed in the History of Missions. The address excited so much interest that the Society have resolved to publish it. The University expects to re-open in October, with a very large accession to the number of students.

The Commencement Exercises of the *Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati, Ohio*, took place on the 30th of June. The pupils, faculty, and trustees, met at the college at seven o'clock, P. M. All walked in procession, through Sixth, Main, and Fifth-streets, to Wesley Chapel. The exercises were opened at eight o'clock, and continued till within twenty-five minutes of twelve o'clock. The seats, aisles, and gallery of the chapel were crowded with the friends of the institution, and the public without distinction.

La Grange College.—The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. J. W. Hanner, of the Tennessee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at the late commencement of La Grange College.

Eight young men were graduated at the recent commencement at *Randolph Macon College*. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. H. G. Leigh and Rev. C. F. Deems, of the North Carolina Conference; and that of A. M. on the Rev. J. E. Edwards, of the Virginia Conference.

The Fourteenth Annual Commencement of *Rutgers Female Institute* was celebrated on Friday last at the Rutger's-street Church. The distribution of premiums was made according to usual custom. The graduating class numbered nineteen. The proceedings terminated with a few remarks from the President.

The Commencement of *Knox College, Illinois*, took place on Sabbath morning, June 19, with the Baccalaureate sermon by President Blanchard. In the afternoon, Rev. Owen Lovejoy addressed the Society of Inquiry. On Monday, nineteen young men were admitted to the freshman class, and others are expected. On Tuesday, Mr. Lovejoy delivered an effective anti-slavery address. On Wednesday, the Society of the Alumni was addressed by Rev. E. G. Smith, of Dover. Commencement day, on Thursday, was fine. Fifteen young men took their first degree with honor, and all delivered orations with credit.

St. John's College, at Fordham, has lately held its Eighth Annual Commencement. Father Larkin conferred the degree of A. B. on seven gentlemen, and that of A. M. on twelve.

The *Illinois Conference Female College* held its last Annual Commencement on the sixth of July, at Jacksonville, Illinois.

The Annual Commencement of *Illinois College* took place on July 14th.

The Twenty-eighth Annual Commencement of the *Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute*, a College of Engineers, took place at Troy, July 25th. The degree of C. E. was conferred upon five young gentlemen.

The Annual Commencement of *M'Kendree College*, located at Lebanon, in St. Clair county, Ohio, which took place July 6th, was attended by a large concourse of people from the different parts of the State, and passed off very creditably to all concerned.

The Commencement of *Hamilton College* took place at Utica, July 27th. Eighteen young men graduated.

The Commencement of *Hobart Free College* was held at Geneva, N. Y., July 21st. Ten graduates.

Trinity College held its last Commencement at Hartford, July 28th. Graduates, seventeen.

The committee of the projected Roman Catholic College at Dublin had received eight hundred pounds sterling, in subscriptions from America.

Karatiguine, the celebrated tragedian, who has been called the Kean of Russia, died recently of cholera at St. Petersburg.

Archbishop Whately, in a letter to William Lloyd Garrison, denies that he is author of a review in the "North British" of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. He says the review is from the pen of a lady, a clergyman's widow in the south of Ireland.

At a recent meeting of the *Geographical Society*, held in this city, various donations of value were acknowledged; among them a copy of the chart of the expedition sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, and a report of the military survey of New-York and vicinity, taken during the Revolution. Dr. J. M'Cune Smith was then introduced to the audience, who proceeded to read an analysis of some documents relating to the Micronesian Islands, prepared by the Revs. J. T. and H. Gulick, natives of Polynesia, but educated in the United States as missionaries for that region.

From the reports of the treasurers of the three colleges, *Harvard*, *Amherst*, and *Williams*, we learn that the whole amount granted by the State of Massachusetts to these institutions is as follows, viz.: to Harvard, \$215,798 73 in money, and the annuities of the Charles River and West Boston bridges, £200, or \$866 66 each per year, of which the former was for many years discontinued, and the latter has not been paid since 1846. The treasurer states that a little over \$100,000 of the existing resources of the college can be traced to the State, while the productive resources given by individuals, principally since the Revolution, amount to \$760,000, and the reversion of half as much more. To Amherst, \$5,000 for five years, commencing with 1847. To Williams, \$15,500. The earliest grants were made for college buildings.

Macaulay's History of England is placed in the Index of forbidden books, by a decree of the Roman Inquisition. The *Scripture Lessons*, published by the British Government for the use of the Irish National School, has met the same fate.

Valuable additions to our Revolutionary History have been obtained recently by Mr. *Russell*, Secretary of our State, which the Library

Committees of the Senate and Assembly were invited to examine at Albany. Among the manuscripts is the "Treasonable Correspondence found concealed in Major Andre's boot when that officer was searched by his captors, Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart." The papers consist of an enumeration of the number and disposition of the American troops at West Point, and a description of the fortifications, with suggestions in regard to weak and exposed points. There is also the pass from General Arnold, under which Andre, as "Mr. John Smith," was returning to the British camp.

Two brothers, named *Reynolds*, sons of the surgeon at Stoke Newington, carried off each the first prize for English poetry in Cambridge and Oxford Universities on the same day.

All the *District Schools in Indiana* are now free schools. The State Sentinel says that the free schools of Indianapolis went into operation on April 25th. "Previous to the commencement of the free schools," says the Sentinel, "the daily average attendance in all our public schools was three hundred and forty. Now the daily attendance is nearly seven hundred. There were over seven hundred and fifty names registered up to Friday morning; and there is no doubt if the city had more accommodations, we would show an average daily attendance of more than one thousand. Our school-houses are mostly new, and all are one story brick buildings."

We learn that the late exhibition held at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary was no less interesting than its previous anniversaries.

The highest salaries paid to school-teachers in Cincinnati is \$65 per month; that is, a month consisting of four weeks, or twenty days of teaching. This is at the rate of \$780 a year. In Boston the principal school-teachers get \$1,500 a year, the assistants \$1,000, and the ushers or sub-assistants, \$800. A resolution was recently brought up and passed in the School Board increasing the salaries of the principal teachers to \$1,000, and the assistants to \$800; but we understand that it will be reconsidered, and may not yet become a law.

Garratt N. Bleeker, of New-York, and recently deceased, mentioned in his will the Madison University to the amount of twelve thousand dollars. He was one of the original subscribers to the endowment of the University, and subscribed three thousand dollars for that purpose.

To honor the memory of the late Duke of Wellington, a magnificent school is to be established, at which children of army officers are to be admitted free of charge. The queen heads the subscription with \$5,000; Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge (the queen's uncle) follow with \$2,500 each; and there are several subscriptions ranging from \$500 to \$1,000. The entire subscription already amounts to \$400,000, and will probably be increased to \$500,000. Is n't this better than a pyramid of useless granite?

A college for the education of females is about to be erected at Pittsburgh, Pa., at a cost of \$15,000.

Religious Summary.

Tax Society for the Propagation of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world had receipts in 1852 to the amount of 4,790,468 francs, of which France contributed more than one-half. The operations are principally through the means of tracts. The appropriations to different missions are as follows:—In Asia, 1,198,164 francs; America, 958,452; Europe, 678,975; Oceania, 461,878; Africa, 310,954. The missions in the North of Europe have received 189,100 francs, those of the German Redemptorists 5,000 francs, and those of Switzerland 44,000 francs. The appropriations for the conversion of Scotland amounted to 44,000 francs, and the receipts from that country only to 14,426 francs. The appropriations for England proper are 109,400 francs, the receipts only 72,810. The Society includes members of every age and each sex; it is so organized that each circle of ten members collects three sous a week, which is the regular contribution, and transmits the sum to another branch including ten circles, and so on.

The *Roman Catholics* in the United States have six archbishops, twenty-six bishops, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-one priests, one thousand five hundred and forty-five churches, with an estimated population of over two millions. They have thirty-three ecclesiastical seminaries, forty-five literary institutions for young men, and one hundred and two female academies.

The total receipts of the *Presbyterian Board of Missions* the past year were \$153,222 58, being \$8,000 more than the receipts of the previous year. They have missionaries in India, China, Africa, and other distant parts of the world.

The *Baptists* have a flourishing theological seminary at Newton, Mass., where the anniversary exercises were held last week. The most pleasing feature of the day's festivities was the announcement that the endowment of \$100,000 for the seminary was complete, with the exception of \$5,000, and about \$3,000 of this sum was raised on the spot.

Romanism is not maintaining its ground in Texas. Some eighteen years ago it was the only religion tolerated by law. Now, it has thirty churches, twenty-five priests, six literary institutions, and an estimated population of thirty thousand; while Protestantism, which eighteen years ago was an illegal heresy, has twenty-seven thousand communicants,—i. e., twelve thousand Methodists, eight thousand Baptists, six thousand Presbyterians, one thousand Episcopalians, and about three hundred thousand adherents among the population.

Upper Canada Bible Society.—The anniversary meeting of this Society was held at Toronto on Wednesday evening last. In the absence of the president, Honorable Robert Baldwin, the mayor of the city presided. Interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Sanson, Irvine, Jenkins, and Dr. Casal. The report submitted to the meeting is of a very cheering nature, showing

as it does that this noble institution is not only in a healthy state, but is rapidly increasing in usefulness and efficiency.

At the annual meeting of the *Irish Society of London*, the Marquis of Blandford in the chair, the committee reported that nearly fifty congregations had been gathered from the ranks of Popery by the Society's missionaries, while thousands of the Irish Roman Catholics had embraced the Protestant faith, and many thousands were inquiring into the divinities of the word of God.

Religion in High Places.—We rejoice to see it stated, on good authority, that the presidential mansion is a house of prayer. God is constantly recognized at the table; daily social devotions, attendance on Sabbath mornings by all the inmates of the house are maintained, and the blessing of the Most High is thus insured on that distinguished family, if not on the whole land, instead of the malediction uttered against the families that call not on the name of the Lord.

A farewell missionary meeting was recently held in Spring-street Church, to take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Barker, who ere this have departed for Ahmednuggur, India, where Mr. B. is stationed as a missionary.

Novel Decision of a Law Case.—A lawsuit was lately instituted in Spain, in which the heirs of a rich man sued the Church of Rome for the recovery of money paid under the will of the deceased, to purchase, at the fair market price, twelve thousand masses for his soul. The priests, though they took the money, objected to the labor, and the Pope, at their request, abridged it, pronouncing that twelve masses should be as beneficial as twelve thousand. The counsel for the Church, in answer to the allegation of non-performance of contract, produced the Pope's certificate, that the soul of the deceased had been delivered by the efficacy of the twelve masses. The judge decided, that inasmuch as full value had been received, there was no breach of contract; but intimated that parties about to die had better contract for deliverance with his Satanic majesty, as it could be done much cheaper than with the Pope.

The King of Prussia, on the 15th of March last, issued a public order, directing: "1. That on all marches, the Sabbath, as far as it is practicable, is to be selected as a day of rest for the troops; 2. That in those cases where it is not possible to avoid marching on the Sabbath, care is to be taken that the breaking up for the march shall not interfere with the celebration of divine service; and, 3. That in all such cases the troops do not, in their march through any place, or upon reaching the spot of their destination, create any disturbance of the Sabbath services; for which reason the use and noise of drums or other military music is to be foregone." Such an order is worthy of the sovereign, who, at his own cost, has circulated above two hundred and fifty thousand copies of

the Holy Scriptures, in six different languages, among his troops.

True to its word for this time, *The Freeman's Journal*, the organ of *Archbishop Hughes*, has made its appearance as a Sunday newspaper. The first number, under the new arrangement, is dated "Sunday morning, July 8, 1853." If *The Freeman* and its friends can have their way, there will soon be as little of the Sabbath left here as there is now in Papal countries.

Quite an encouraging amount of revival spirit is prevailing in the *Methodist Churches of Texas*.

Dr. Cook says the revival in Southern France, and particularly at Nîmes, is still progressing.

Dr. Medhurst, the veteran missionary of the London Society in China, who has been engaged, in company with *Dr. Bridgman* and others, many years in translating the Scriptures into the Chinese language, has announced the final accomplishment of the great task.

The *Mormons of Malma*, in Norway, have been summoned by the Minister of Justice to appear before the Court of Lund, to answer the numerous charges reported against them. They are twenty in number. Their chiefs, three priests of that sect, have been accused of many infamies and sent to prison.

The *Methodists of Cincinnati* recently commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of their first church organization in that city, resolving unanimously to contribute \$50,000 to three objects, viz.: 1. About \$8,000 to put the German churches out of debt; 2. About \$10,000 or \$12,000 for the Female College; and, 3. The remainder, or about \$32,000, for the Sunday Schools and church extension among the needy.

Of the two millions of inhabitants in the *Canadas*, nine hundred and forty thousand belong to the Catholic religion, and one million and sixty thousand to the Protestant, showing nearly eleven Protestants to nine Catholics. The latter have gained five hundred and sixty thousand in thirty years, the former nine hundred and twenty thousand. The Catholics have more than doubled their number, but the Protestants have increased theirs more than sevenfold.

Colored communicants in the South number largely. A cotemporary makes the following statements:—There are about one hundred and fifty thousand colored members of the Southern Methodist Church, one hundred and twenty thousand in the Baptist, ten thousand in the Presbyterian, and in other churches about twenty thousand—making a total of three hundred thousand.

Rev. J. T. Bowen, *Rev. J. H. Lacy*, and *Rev. J. S. Dennard*, Baptist Missionaries to Central Africa, with their wives, embarked at Boston for Lagos on Wednesday, 6th instant.

The *Moravians* on the Continents of Europe and America do not number above twenty thousand souls, yet they have gathered, through their missionaries, not less than seventy thousand persons into Christian congregations in foreign lands. At Labrador, nearly the whole of the natives had been Christianized there;

and at Surinam, out of thirteen missionaries, eleven had died of the yellow fever. Yet there was no lack of laborers for God. During the last eleven years, the congregations at Surinam had risen from ten thousand to seventeen thousand persons. It might be estimated that one-fourth were communicants. In the West Indies the congregations numbered about forty thousand persons, principally negroes, and there were upward of two thousand children in their schools. Two training schools had been established for the education of native teachers. It was seldom that one taught in their schools left the path of rectitude. The Moravians have seventy missionary stations and two hundred and eighty-six missionaries in the world, and these are sustained for the trifling expense of about \$60,000.

We see it stated in a New-Haven paper that the action of the New-Haven Railroad Company, in relation to the Sunday mails, meets the approbation of the public in Connecticut. There is a strong feeling in opposition to the running of trains on the Sabbath.

Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada.—The thirtieth annual conference of this branch of the Methodist Church has lately been held in the city of Hamilton. After deducting the losses occasioned by deaths, removals, expulsions, &c., the increase over the past year amounted to about twenty-five hundred.

The increase of *Sabbath schools in Great Britain* is an exceedingly hopeful aspect of the religious state of that country. According to a recent Parliamentary return, in 1818, when the population of England and Wales was 11,842,693, the number of Sunday schools was 5,463, with 477,225 scholars. In 1851, when the population had increased to 17,927,000, there were 23,498 Sunday schools, with 2,407,409 scholars. A great moral impression is, by these multitudinous schools, making upon the British mind, that will not be without effect on the future of that country.

A comprehensive union of all the associations for promoting temperance, and of those desirous of an anti-liquor law, not connected with Temperance Societies, has been undertaken in Canada West, under missionary auspices. It is called the Canada Prohibitory Liquor Law League; and the Association has begun its service by offering a premium of £25 for the best essay on the nature and objects of the League, embracing full and valuable statistical information upon the extent, expense, and results of the liquor traffic in Canada. *Rev. Dr. Ryerson*, *Professor Lillie*, and *Professor Taylor*, are the adjudicators.

American Colonization Society.—The receipts of this society, during one month ending June 20, were \$6,542, including a donation of \$5,000 from *David Hunt, Esq.*, of Rodney, Mississippi, and another of \$300 from *Dr. Stephen Duncan*, of Natchez, Mississippi.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, pastor of the recently organized church of Deaf Mutes in this city, at the annual examination of the New-York Institution received from the pupils a beautiful present of books. *Mr. Morehouse* made the presentation.

Arts and Sciences.

At a meeting of the *Society of Antiquaries*, England, Jonathan Gooding, Esq., of Southwold, exhibited a medal by Albert Durer, bearing date 1508, with Albert Durer's monogram. It represents a female bust nearly to the shoulders, the head thrown back, but looking upward. The original drawing for this medal is preserved in the British Museum. The lady represented was Albert Durer's wife. In the Museum there is also a copy of this medal with a reverse, which this has not: it is supposed that the reverse was probably attached to the medal at some subsequent period. Mr. Gooding also exhibited the matrices of two seals, a weight of a quarter noble, and several farthing tokens of the reign of James I. and Charles I., found near Southwold.

The *Chicago Tribune* mentions a machine in that city which splits and shaves, not saws, shingles. The shingle trade of Chicago is enormous, amounting, last year, to over seventy-seven millions. The increase, we are told, this year, thus far, has been twenty-five per cent., and it is presumed that this year's business will exceed one hundred millions.

Mr. Hewitt communicated an account of the monster cannon preserved at Edinburgh Castle, known as Mons. Meg, and formerly at the Tower of London, whence it was conveyed back to Scotland, by order of George IV., in 1829. This extraordinary piece of ancient ordnance closely resembles the huge bombard at Ghent, supposed to be the same which is mentioned by Froissart. Mons. Meg is first named in the reign of James IV., having been used at the siege of Dumbarton in 1489; but tradition affirms that the piece existed long prior to that time. The construction is very curious; long bars of iron are welded together, like the staves of a cask, and strongly hooped with welded iron; the length is upward of fifteen feet, and the enormous weight rendered this cannon almost unmanageable in the field. It has been supposed, with much probability, that it was fabricated at Mons, in Flanders, whence James II., King of Scots, imported in 1460, as chroniclers have recorded, a celebrated bombard, called the Lion.

The *Missoukie Sentinel* says that Mr. S. D. Carpenter, late of the *Madison Democrat*, has succeeded in inventing a new printing-press which has some very great improvements. Three of its prominent features are these: *First*, it feeds itself, and does it perfectly. *Second*, it works both sides of the sheet at once; the half-cylinder rocking to and fro, printing one side of the sheet as the bed-plate moves forward, and the other side as it comes back. The register, too, is as accurate as machinery can make it. *Third*, the press registers its own work; a clock face, with hands on the side, showing at each moment the number of sheets, as well as the number of *tokens* worked off.

The total value of India-rubber goods made in the United States approaches \$10,000,000

per year, and this enormous trade may be said to have sprung up since 1844, as, previous to that date, there were very few manufacturing works at a profit.

A very *superior marble* has lately been discovered in the south of Somerset county, Pa., on the route of the Pittsburgh and Cornellville Railroad.

At the last annual meeting of the *American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, held in Boston, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—Jacob Bigelow, M. D., President; Professor Daniel Treadwell, Vice-President; Professor Asa Gray, Corresponding Secretary; Samuel Kneeland, Jr., Recording Secretary; Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, M. D., Librarian; Edward Wigglesworth, Esq., Treasurer. This is one of the oldest incorporated institutions in the United States, having been founded in 1780. It has numbered among its fellows and associates the most eminent gentlemen in various departments of science, both at home and abroad. Its memoirs have embraced a large number of valuable papers, and their publication has given it a high reputation. It possesses a valuable library, now numbering about 8,000 volumes, which is kept at the rooms of the academy at the Athenæum Building, in Beacon-street.

The *Rochester American* says that an examination of the sun, by Professor Dewey, of the University, through his reflecting telescope, disclosed a large number of spots on its surface. One of them was 12,000 miles in diameter. An archipelago of spots was discovered, which, if united, would cover an area 40,000 miles long.

An English paper states that a dissertation, lately read before the *Royal Society* by Mr. Toynbee, contains some particulars interesting to deaf people. Much of the deafness that occurs is found to be caused by an aperture having formed in the drum of the ear; in such cases, if an artificial drum, made of vulcanized India-rubber or gutta-percha, be introduced, the cavity is again closed, and the power of hearing is considerably restored. It is hardly necessary to add that the old notion about certain little bones beating on the tympanum drum-merwise are altogether fallacious.

Spots on the Sun.—Another proof of the unusual condition of celestial phenomena this season has come to light. Dr. Forster, in making some observations on the sun with a large achromatic telescope, discovered a long cluster of dark spots on the solar disk, not much in figure unlike one of the elongated *nebulae*. This remarkable congeries of macula was widest in the middle, with one spot much larger than the rest: there was also another distinct and nearly circular spot at some distance from the rest.

A resolution has been passed by the Common Council of Detroit, tendering to Hiram Powers, the great American Sculptor, the hospitality of the city. The resolution was of a highly complimentary character.

Mr. Benjamin Hardinge, of Cincinnati, has made a valuable discovery in synthetic chemistry, by which he is enabled to produce an artificial marble from common pebbles and sand. It is said he is about to erect in or near that city a model palace, to be built entirely of marble and precious stones.

Seven thousand dollars have been appropriated by the corporation of *Trinity Church, N. Y.*, for the construction of a monument to the memory of those American soldiers and citizens who died in the English prison-ships in the war of 1812. It is to be built of carved brown-stone, and its height will be seventy-three feet. The base will be fifteen feet square, and be placed at the top of a series of steps twenty-four feet square at the bottom. It was proposed to have a figure of Washington, in a niche. A cenotaph, surmounted by appropriate military emblems, is also suggested as a good design. Messrs. Wills and Dudley are the architects, and the style of the monument will be similar to the monumental crosses of England.

The monument to be erected at Tarrytown to the captors of *Major Andre* is to consist of three blocks of marble, with a shaft forty feet in height, on which a suitable inscription will be engraved.

An Italian artist, who prefers the West Rutland marble in Vermont to that of his own country, has ordered from Rome two blocks weighing one ton each, for the purpose of making a test.

A New Discovery in Photography.—A Swedish artist, Carleman, has made a discovery, which he calls photochromography. By this new application of photography he is enabled to take from three hundred to four hundred copies per day, and the various objects are represented in their natural colors. Herr Carleman will take out a patent in Germany without delay. Should this new art succeed, it will revolutionize lithography and engravings.

We learn from Munich, that a few days ago two gigantic statues were cast in bronze in one entire piece in the royal foundry of that city. M. Miller superintended the difficult operation. It is the first time the thing has been attempted, the custom having heretofore been to cast large statues in different portions, and to weld them together afterward. The production of them in one complete mass is an immense progress in the casting art. One of the two statues is an equestrian one of Gustavus Adolphus, and is destined to be placed in the principal square of Gottenburg, in Sweden; the other is of Patrick Henry, one of the founders of the United States Independence, and is to form part of the gigantic monument to be erected to Washington.

Robert Lemon, Esq., exhibited at the *Society of Antiquaries*, in London, on the 17th ult., an oil-painting in his possession, presumed to be a portrait of the poet Milton. It had formerly the poet's name in an old hand, written at the back upon the canvas, but which, upon the relining of the picture a few years ago, was removed. Mr. Lemon, in illustration of this portrait, presented the copy of a letter preserved

among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum, (No. 7008, fol. 118.) from Mr. George Vertue to Mr. Charles Christian, dated Aug. 12, 1721, describing an interview between Vertue and Deborah Milton, the poet's youngest daughter, in which she repudiated a supposed portrait of her father then shown to her, "it being of a brown complexion and black hair and curled locks. On the contrary, (she said,) her father was of a fair complexion, a little red in his cheeks, and light-brown lank hair;" a description which Mr. Lemon considered closely to tally with the portrait before the Society.

The Dean of Exeter exhibited before the *Archæological Institute*, London, a drawing of the fresco-painting, representing the Resurrection, lately discovered in Exeter Cathedral. The whitewash has been carefully removed, and the painting is a work of considerable merit, apparently of the fifteenth century. The principal figures measure about five feet in height.

Alexander Humboldt has written a letter, in which he advocates the construction of an oceanic canal, without locks, across the Isthmus of Darien, having reference to points on the Gulf of San Miguel and Cupica.

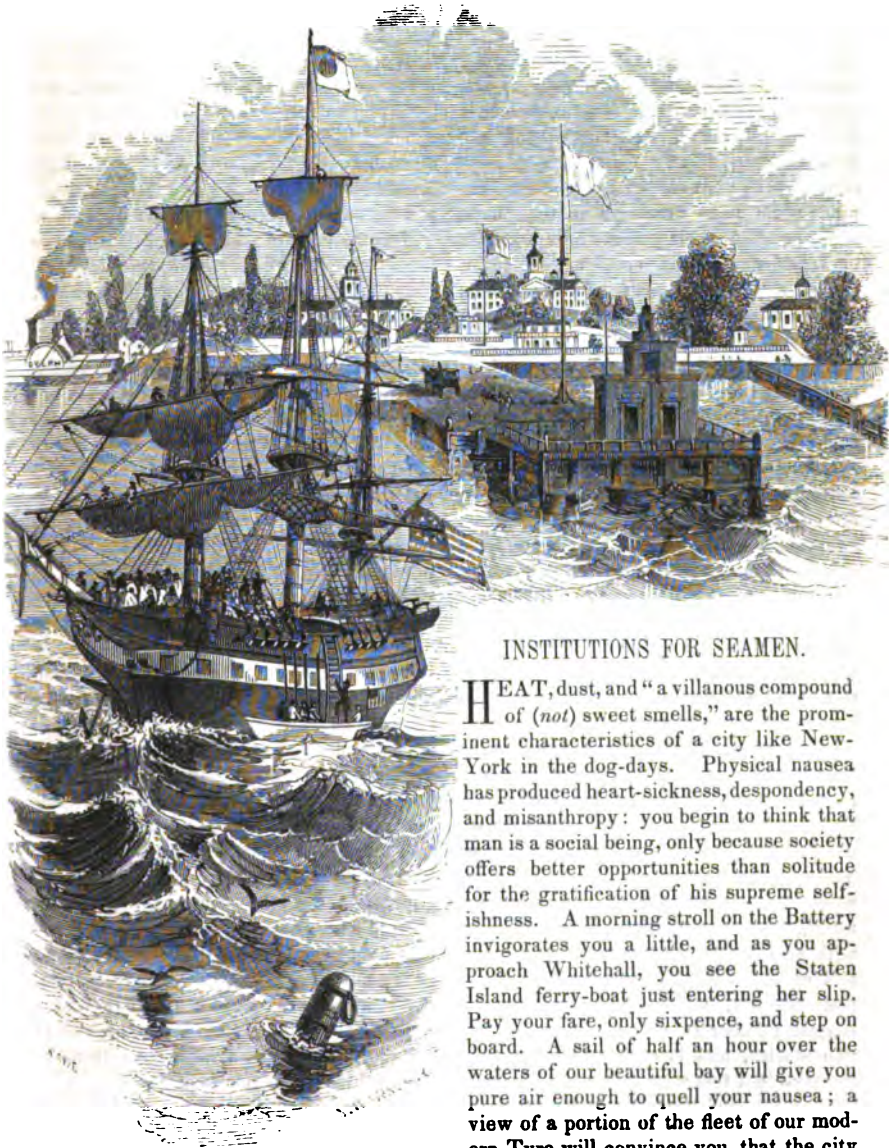
A. G. Findlay, Esq., recently read a paper before the *Society of Arts*, London, on the Proposed Central American Canal, and its Relations to Commerce. The object of this paper was, to show the peculiarity of the geographical position of the American Isthmus, and, consequently, the peculiarity of its climate, and some hitherto unnoticed influences in the current systems which center here, and which bear most strongly upon any system of navigation;—then, to show what new fields for commercial enterprise it will open, and what existing advantages it will increase.

The London Record of the 30th ult. says: An expedition, to test with care the mineral resources of Greenland, has been arranged to start from Portsmouth this week. A yacht, of two hundred and seventeen tons, called the *Dolphin*, has been fitted out, for the purposes of full exploration. She takes out several scientific men, engaged for the undertaking, and the mines to be investigated consist of copper, tin, silver, and lead.

An interesting and successful series of experiments have been made by *Professor Challis*, of Cambridge, on the determining the longitude by electro-telegraphic aid. Already in America some results of a similar kind had been obtained. The present observations have been made at Greenwich and Cambridge Observatories under peculiarly advantageous conditions. The signal-giver at Greenwich had the means of observing the passage of a star across the field of the transit telescope and of giving signal at the same time, and in several instances his signals were made at the instant of transit, so that the observation taken at Greenwich was actually recorded at Cambridge. Above a hundred and fifty separate observations were taken under various circumstances, so that amply sufficient data are obtained for accurate and satisfactory induction.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1853.



INSTITUTIONS FOR SEAMEN.

HEAT, dust, and "a villanous compound of (*not*) sweet smells," are the prominent characteristics of a city like New-York in the dog-days. Physical nausea has produced heart-sickness, despondency, and misanthropy: you begin to think that man is a social being, only because society offers better opportunities than solitude for the gratification of his supreme selfishness. A morning stroll on the Battery invigorates you a little, and as you approach Whitehall, you see the Staten Island ferry-boat just entering her slip. Pay your fare, only sixpence, and step on board. A sail of half an hour over the waters of our beautiful bay will give you pure air enough to quell your nausea; a view of a portion of the fleet of our modern Tyre will convince you that the city prospers, notwithstanding dirty streets, high taxes, and a bribe-loving common-

QUARANTINE, STATEN ISLAND—HEALTH OFFICER
BOARDING AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

VOL. III, No. 4.—W

council ; and at the end of your voyage you will meet with evidence that man is not altogether a beast of prey, but that there are Christian men and women who love their race, and labor to do them good.

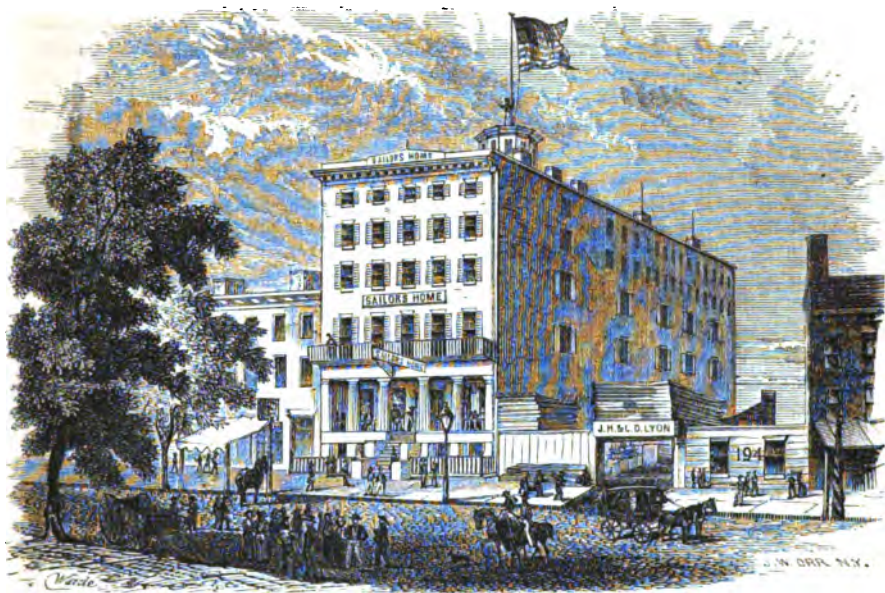
The quarantine ground, where the boat makes her first landing, is on the north-eastern point of Staten Island, five and a half miles from the Battery ; having a front of about fourteen hundred feet on the bay, and a depth of about twelve hundred. A high brick wall includes hospitals for the sick, and dwellings and offices for the resident physician, and other persons employed on the premises. The gate-keeper is occupied in an examination of the pockets, &c., of two females, who seek admission to visit some friends in the hospitals ; he must ascertain if they have secreted about their persons ardent spirits or other contraband articles. The depraved appetites of many of the patients, and the mistaken kindness of their friends, make such a search absolutely necessary ; and the gate-keeper does his duty with as much regard for modesty as possible. These daughters of Eve seem to have no such forbidden fruit, wherewith to tempt the children of Adam ; so they are permitted to pass on, and the janitor turns to attend to you. You ask if you can be admitted ; he answers, Not unless you have some business to attend to ;—you reply, that you wish to make some inquiries about the institution, its regulations, &c. ; and he refers you to the office of the resident physician, at a little distance. This gentleman, or one of his assistants, gives you a courteous reception, and politely answers your questions. You learn that the largest hospital, that nearest the water, is occupied by fever patients. It is of brick, three stories high, one hundred and thirty-six feet long by twenty-eight feet wide. The next, on rising ground, is for the convalescent. It is built of the same material, three stories high, fifty feet long, with two wings, sixty-six by twenty-six feet each. Still higher up is the small-pox hospital, which generally has the largest number of patients. It has but two stories, and is eighty feet long and twenty-eight feet wide : like the others, it is of brick, and has open galleries on the outside in front and rear. The object of the establishment is to prevent the admission of contagious diseases into the city—a purpose which it undoubtedly answers,

as far as can reasonably be expected. Its officers, however, incur much risk in the discharge of their duties, and not unfrequently fall victims to disease. It is but a few years since a much-esteemed friend of the writer, just after his appointment as assistant physician, was carried off by ship-fever. He was a man of more than ordinary talent and skill in his profession ; cheerful, noble-hearted, and of undoubted piety. His career was brief—but those who knew him well will not soon forget him, or cease to mourn his premature death.

As we leave the quarantine ground, our attention is attracted to a vessel just arrived, which we are told has more than eight hundred emigrants on board. The health officer is just boarding her to ascertain the state of her passengers. Soon they will be citizens of the land of freedom—the most of them dwellers in the far West. May their bright hopes not be disappointed.

As the other establishments on the island, which we propose to visit, are intended especially for the benefit of seamen, our thoughts are naturally occupied with their condition, and the provision made for their welfare. They are proverbially a generous, careless, credulous race ; spending their money liberally, apt to yield to temptation, and hence become an easy prey to the numerous “land-sharks” who prowl about our maritime cities. The sailor-landlord, or his runners, repair to the dock to meet him on his arrival—salute him by a familiar pat on the shoulder, or friendly shake of the hand, and persuade him to put up at their house. His baggage is removed from the ship, his wages received and deposited with the landlord, as he supposes for safe keeping. He drinks at his landlord's bar till his senses are confused ; and when he begins to recover, is told that he has run up an account for board, lodging, liquor, &c., equal to, if not exceeding, the sum he deposited. He is enticed into places of gambling and prostitution, and robbed of what he may have in his possession. He is then reshipped, the landlord receives his advance wages to settle the balance of his account, and at the close of another voyage he returns to undergo the same vile impositions.

The American Seamen's Friend Society sought to remedy these evils by temperance societies, libraries, reading-rooms, schools, and by appeals to landlords ; but their efforts were nearly fruitless. In 1837,



SAILORS' HOME, CHERRY-STREET.

therefore, they rented a building, and opened a boarding-house, where the sailor would be honestly dealt with, guarded from evil influences, and induced to seek mental, moral, and religious privileges. The experiment was successful, and they resolved to erect a building where their object could be more effectually accomplished. They applied to the Legislature of the State for assistance, and obtained a loan of ten thousand dollars for five years, without interest. On the 14th of October, 1841, just twenty-two years from the day on which the corner-stone of the Mariners' Church in Roosevelt-street was laid, appropriate exercises were held on the occasion of the commencement of their new building in Cherry-street; and in 1842 it was completed at an expense of forty-two thousand dollars. It is of brick, with a granite basement, six stories high, fifty feet front and one hundred and sixty feet deep. It contains one hundred and thirty sleeping-rooms, a dining-room one hundred by twenty-five feet, a reading-room, a library, and a museum of natural curiosities and specimens of art collected from different parts of the world, and presented by sailors; about five hundred boarders can be accommodated at once; about four thousand annually find a home there. Family devotion is kept up by the superin-

tendent, and a temperance society is organized among the boarders. The benefits of such an institution are evident; and it is no small credit to New-York, that, as she erected the first chapel for the exclusive use of mariners and their families, so also she founded the first home for seamen.

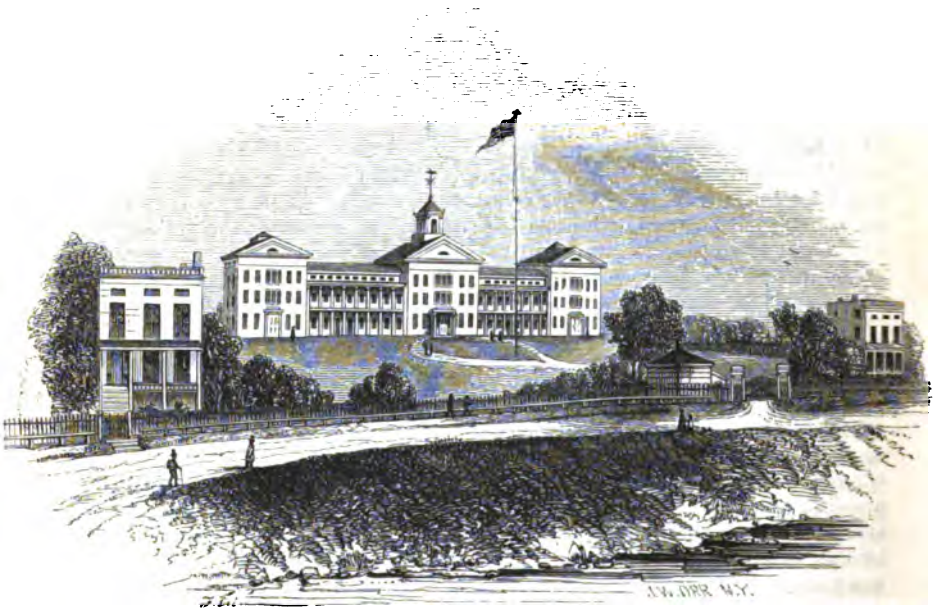
Such is the provision made for the welfare of the sailor while in health and vigor; but hardship, exposure, and dissipation make sad havoc with his constitution, and he needs a place to recruit his strength and recover his wasted health. This is afforded in the building which we have now reached. It is about a mile below the quarantine grounds, and occupies an elevated position about one hundred feet above the water. A sailor with but one leg guards the gate. He tells us we may enter, and, having crossed the beautiful lawn to the center door, we find on the left side of the hall the office. The superintendent and principal physician are absent, but an intelligent and polite assistant receives us, and seems to take pleasure in answering our inquiries. The history of the institution called the "Seamen's Retreat" is as follows:—

In 1754, while the state was yet a colony, the city authorities imposed a tax upon sailors and passengers arriving at this port, for the support of a hospital for

quarantine purposes. In 1784 this tax was continued by the State Legislature. The amount realized being more than sufficient for the purpose specified, a surplus began to accrue, out of which considerable sums were granted to the House of Refuge and city dispensaries. There was also a manifest injustice done to the sailor, inasmuch as the Quarantine Hospital was closed from November to May; and although he had paid a hospital tax of \$1 a voyage, he was, if sick during the intervening months, liable to be sent to the Alms-House as a pauper. A meeting of ship-masters and mariners was therefore held in 1830, and a committee appointed to petition the Legislature to cause the tax collected from seamen and passengers to be paid into separate funds, and applied to the support of separate hospitals. Such a law was accordingly passed in 1831,

since which time the passengers have continued to pay their tax into the old mariner's fund for the support of the Quarantine Hospital, but the sailor pays his to the Seamen's Fund and Retreat.

In 1836 the trustees erected their building. Its location is beautiful, commanding a most extensive prospect. It is a noble edifice, constructed of rough granite, three stories high, and surrounded by piazzas; a library and cabinet occupy a room opposite the office; the wards are neat, and airy, and supplied with baths. A neat chapel is provided, where divine service is conducted by the chaplain, who is a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a member of the New-Jersey Conference. A temperance society was commenced nearly two years since, of which the superintendent, Captain James Hart, is president, and the chaplain sec-



THE SEAMEN'S RETREAT.

retary. It now numbers about twelve hundred members. From 1831 to 1845, sixteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-four patients were treated in the Hospital; the average time of their stay was twenty-eight or twenty-nine days. At present the number of inmates is unusually small, not more than one hundred and thirty. On the grounds are residences for the physician, superintendent, and

chaplain. A large frame building in the rear, used as the Hospital before the erection of the present commodious edifice, is now set apart for lunatics.

On the grounds of this institution, a little to the south-west, is a fine brick building, owing its origin to the efforts of the Mariners' Family Industrial Society, and conducted by them in connection with the trustees of the Retreat. It is designed to



SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

be a refuge for the "destitute sick or infirm mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, or widows of seamen." It was opened for inmates on the 2d of May last, and now contains twenty-five pensioners. Among these we find one who is eighty-four years of age, sitting in her neat room, sewing patch-work without glasses. She shows us a piece of canvas about four feet square on which she has embroidered the whole of the Declaration of Independence, with the names of its signers. At the top are the stripes and stars, and several other devices, all executed with a neatness and good taste which would do credit to any young lady. She copied it from the lid and bottom of a snuff-box, on which it is printed in letters so small that many younger eyes would be pained to read it.

The matron tells us that they had an oration on the 4th of July from the medical

gentleman who accompanies us, and that the Declaration of Independence was read by the chaplain of the Retreat, who conducts public worship in this institution also.

No other establishment like this Seamen's Retreat exists in the United States. Indeed, we know of none in the world which makes such provision for the sick mariner in the merchant service. There is, however, a Naval Hospital at the Wallabout, intended for the sick of the United States Navy.

We have seen what provisions are made for the benefit of the sailor in port, and when laboring under disease, as, also, for his destitute female relatives in sickness and infirmity. Let us turn our attention now to his case when old age or other causes render him incapable of pursuing his calling any longer. About three miles from the Quarantine, on the north side of Staten Island, is the Sailors' Snug Harbor.

It is in the midst of the loveliest rural scenery in the neighborhood of New-York, surrounded with elegant villas, pretty cottages, and well-cultivated farms, and commanding a magnificent view, with the city in the distance. Unlike the other institutions we have described, this owes its origin to the liberality of an individual. Captain Randall, a prominent ship-master in the city of New-York, dying in 1801, bequeathed a piece of land in the upper part of the city for the foundation of a retreat for worn-out seamen. He appointed as trustees of his legacy the Chancellor of the State of New-York, the Mayor and Recorder of the city of New-York, the President and Vice-President of the Marine Society, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, and the senior ministers of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches.

Little did he dream that this small property could ever produce such magnificent results. In 1806 the annual income from the estate was but little more than \$4,000; it is now, we believe, about \$60,000. The grounds belonging to this institution comprise about one hundred and sixty acres, which are inclosed by a handsome iron fence that cost, a few years since, \$35,000. The corner-stone of the building was laid in 1831, and it was opened for the reception of inmates on the 1st of August, 1833.

The center edifice is sixty-five by one hundred feet, with two wings fifty-one by one hundred feet, connected with the center by corridors. The material is brick, faced with white marble, with a marble portico. A chaplain officiates regularly in a room set apart for the purpose, and every provision is made for the comfort of the inmates. They find it indeed a "Snug Harbor," after the toils and tempests of life.

There are two handsome houses for the governor and physician, and extensive additions have recently been made, comprising a hospital for the sick and a refuge for the children of sailors, already containing more than one hundred little ones. In the center of the front court is a simple marble monument to the founder, whose remains rest beneath.

Such are some of the institutions designed principally for the temporal benefit of the seamen. There are others intended to supply his spiritual wants; but we can-

not refer to them in this article. Enough, however, has been seen to convince us that New-York is not negligent of the welfare of those who contribute so greatly to her prosperity; and we shall return from our trip in improved spirits, and better humor with ourselves and the "rest of mankind."

MY RUSSET GOWN.

My russet gown is dear to me,
Though years have pass'd away
Since my young heart beat joyously
Beneath its folds of gray.
No jewels hung around my neck,
Or glitter'd in my hair;
With lightsome step I tript along,
My spirit knew no care:
The roses near my windows crept,
And shed their sweets around,
Hard was the bed on which I slept,
But yet my sleep was sound.

My russet gown I laid aside
For one of rich brocade;
I thought, in my simplicity,
Its charm could never fade.
I left the cot where I had pass'd
My happy childhood years,
I left my aged father sad,
My mother was in tears;
I left them for a wealthy home,
To be a rich man's bride,
And thought that splendor would atone
For loss of all beside.

My russet gown, when next I gazed
Upon its somber hue,
Brought such a lesson to my heart,
Ah, sad as it was true.
Its simple neatness seem'd to mock
My silks and jewels gay,
And bore my wandering thoughts to those
Dear friends so far away.
I felt how fleeting were the joys
That wealth alone can buy,
And for that humble cottage home
My bosom heaved a sigh.

My russet gown I still have kept,
To check my growing pride;
A true though silent monitor,
My folly to deride.
And when I meet with faithless friends,
Among the giddy throng,
Whom vice and pleasure, in their train,
Drag heedlessly along,
I feel how gladly I would give
My coach and bed of down,
Once more in sweet content to live,
And wear my russet gown.

BENEVOLENCE.—There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.



BOSWELL.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

“THIS,” says Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*, for the year 1763, “this was to me a memorable year, for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now writing; an acquaintance that I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life.” If the most liberal gratification of consummate vanity, and the attainment of a fool’s immortality, are objects to be desired, then, beyond a doubt, Boswell might account that acquaintance a fortunate circumstance. The records of human folly have presented but few such marked cases of systematic adulation, and of that species of sycophancy which has been not inaptly termed *toadyism*, as was exhibited by Boswell toward Johnson while he lived, and which has been perpetuated in his biography of him; a work which at once immortalizes the life-scenes of its subject and the follies of its author.

James Boswell was the eldest son of a Scotch judge of the sessions and Whig Laird, Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck. He was educated at Glasgow, and afterward pursued his studies at Edinburgh. Though strongly inclined to the military profession, at the earnest solicitation of his father he devoted himself to the law. When scarcely more than twenty years old he visited London, inflamed with the most romantic desire to see the wits of the metropolis, and not less solicitous that they should see him. At a still earlier period

he had heard of the great reputation of Johnson, which he declares “had grown up in his fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration.” Boswell was largely endowed with the faculty of admiration, and a strong susceptibility to the impression of a sense of objective personal greatness, by virtue of which he was a genuine hero-worshiper—a character that becomes intensified by its own exercise. Never was this form of devotion more sincere than in this case, and seldom has it been so abundantly rewarded.

This young and enthusiastic North Briton ranged the metropolis at his first visit with great ardor, and was not a little flattered by the attentions he received. He became acquainted with Derrick, the poet, who promised to introduce him to Johnson, but failed to fulfill his promise. He dined with Davies, the bookseller, having Dodsley and Goldsmith for associate guests; to whom, after too free a use of wine, he boasted that he had heard Foote in conversation, and seen Garrick on the stage, and Hogarth in his studio. A short time afterward he was *encored* by the galleries of Drury-Lane Theater, after having contributed to the entertainment of the evening by a well-executed imitation of the lowing of a cow. But the great object of his admiration was still inaccessible to him. He had, however, seen many who had seen him and spoke familiarly of him, of whom he inquired earnestly and minutely concerning him; but

he was at last, after three months of delirious joy and wonder, compelled to return to the northern capital without having seen the object of his highest and most profound veneration—the great Samuel Johnson.

Thomas Davies, the man who now extended a patronizing hand to Boswell, and subsequently acted so conspicuous a part in gratifying his highest ambition by bringing him to an acquaintance with Johnson, was a person very generally



THOMAS DAVIES.

known among the literary circles of his times, as he was at different periods of his life an actor, a bookseller, and an author. He was educated at Edinburgh, and at first took to the stage, in which he was associated with his wife, whose beauty has become historical; but his success was not flattering. In his manners he was stiff and pompous, and in his enunciation swelling and inaudible. Having been satirized by Churchill in his "Rosciad," who complimented his wife's beauty at the expense of the dramatic powers of both him and herself, and caricatured his enunciation with cruel felicity of comparison, he quit the stage and set up as bookseller in Russell-street, but was still very ambitious to be recognized as a man of letters. Here he was accustomed to gather around him in his shop, or in the little back parlor, at his tea-table, with his pretty wife, the wits and would-be-wits of the metropolis; and being himself a Scotchman, his house became the resort of many an ambitious son of the "north country," who had come to seek fame and bread in London. Here Johnson was ac-

customed to while away his evenings, chatting at ease with Davies and his wife, or awaiting such casual society as, like himself, might there seek to avoid the tedium of idleness.

As would be presumed, the unsuccessful player was quite as unsuccessful as a bookseller, and a few years later a complete bankruptcy ended this chapter of the varied history of the adventurous Scot; but he had strong friends, and, between Johnson and Garrick, he was not permitted to fall. He afterward turned author, and, strange enough, was successful in achieving by his pen the reputation that he had sought in vain from the stage, and the competence that he failed to obtain from trade. His *Life of Garrick* was his most successful work, and so well was it executed, that the public have received it as a satisfactory account of the character and career of the great English Roscius. In his account of Mrs. Davies, we find an instance of that short-sighted simplicity which distinguishes Boswell's disquisitions. He was a warm defender of the stage, and especially of the reputation of players, and would occasionally almost quarrel with his own infallible Johnson for his habitual depreciation of the whole histrionic profession; yet in his remarks on his heroine he says, that "*though she was on the stage for some time, yet she maintained*



DAVIES'S HOUSE.

throughout an unsullied reputation for purity of life and manners."

In 1763 Boswell is again in London, still scenting his prey with even increased avidity; and this time his efforts are to reach their consummation. He is again at Davies's table; for Davies has informed him "that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house." Here Boswell had often awaited his prey, but hitherto without the coveted success. The long expected, longed for, and at times almost despaired of, time had at last arrived. "At last," we use Boswell's own words, for no others can do justice to the subject:—

"At last, on Monday, the sixteenth of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlor, after having drank tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came unto the

shop, and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing toward us, he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Hamlet, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost:—

'Look, my lord! IT COMES.'

"I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated."

The interview that followed was all in character. Boswell had heard of Johnson's dislike of the Scots, and with characteristic meanness requested Davies not to tell where he was from; but Davies, with better taste, and willing to amuse



BOSWELL'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH JOHNSON.

himself with his friend's folly, at once added "from Scotland." In the excitement of the moment, and anxious at any price to propitiate the awful majesty in whose presence he was standing, Boswell replied, "I do indeed come from Scotland, *but I cannot help it.*" Johnson answered, with terrible coolness, alluding, perhaps, to the multitude of political refugees that the recent troubles in the Highlands had driven into England, "That, sir, I find is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help." "This stroke," continues Boswell, "stunned me

a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next." As the conversation proceeded between Johnson and Davies, Boswell ventured to suggest a different view of the subject in question from that given by Johnson, when the latter sternly checked him, and denied his right to attempt to correct him in such a case. Such treatment at a first interview would have sent most men away in disgust, but Boswell supposed he "deserved this check" for his "presumption," and accordingly maintained a more deferential

bearing for the rest of the evening. The two guests were left alone with each other for some time, when, from necessity, Johnson directed his discourse to the young stranger, who, he informs us, "ventured to make an observation now and then, which was received very civilly;" and so Boswell was willing to believe of Johnson—which, indeed, few would have done—"that though there was in his manners, there was no ill-nature in his disposition." As the now gratified lion-hunter was leaving, Davies followed him to the door, and consoled him for the severe treatment he had received, by assuring him of what he might have least suspected, though he most earnestly desired it: "I can see he likes you very well."

And there were sufficient reasons why Johnson should "like him very well." Though almost totally unlike in mind and character, Johnson and Boswell were constitutionally adapted to become associates and friends. The former was distinguished by a ruling love of conversation, which was accompanied by a dogmatical and often even discourteous manner, which, in the estimation of many, was only inadequately compensated for by its richness of thought and playfulness of humor. His general manners were rude and uncourtly, which disqualified him to some extent for polite society, and led him to accept the more willingly of the companionship of one whose tastes were far from being either delicate or scrupulously exact. In his intercourse, without seeming to design it, or even to be aware of it, he was exacting and violent; so that whoever became his companion, did so by humoring his fancies and yielding for the time to his exactions. This kind of conversational superiority he seemed to assume as a matter of course, and without the least suspicion that it indicated either arrogance in himself, or undue cringing in those who conceded it. That man was his best companion who would most freely indulge him in these peculiarities; who would receive his thrusts patiently, and contend with him only so far as was needful to awaken him to the conflict, and make his victories at once more certain and more manifest.

The character of the other we find ready drawn to our hand, with terrible but truthful severity:*

"A wine-bibbing blabber,—a meddling, conceited, inquisitive, loquacious lion-hunter,—yet concealing qualities of reverential insight, quick observation, and marvelous memory, strangely assorted with meaner habits and parasitical self-complacent absurdities."

Such were the strangely-assorted qualities by which Boswell was fitted to become the most intimate of Johnson's associates, and to act the part of court-fool to "the great Cham of literature."

Davies was not mistaken in supposing that Johnson had been favorably impressed by his new acquaintance; and he soon after, assured by his friend of the safety of the adventure, visited "the giant in his pen," after having been enlivened by the wit [and wine] of Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd. There he witnessed the same strange scene of confusion and discomfort that has been so often described by others. The little, old, unpowdered wig, the rusty brown coat, the black worsted stockings wrinkled about his legs, the loose shirt-neck and knee-buckles, are all enumerated with painful particularity. Mutual compliments pass between the new friends, and the sage at once launches out into a rapid, straggling conversation made up of criticisms, philosophy, and ethics; all which is carefully treasured up and faithfully noted by the young neophyte, who still lingers to listen, and is still pressed to remain, till at last he is dismissed "with a hearty shake of the hand." The visit was repeated some three weeks later, when it was met with a complaint at so long a delay.

The Mitre tavern, in Fleet-street, was Johnson's most frequented resort. Here he met his casual associates, and often made very late evenings. Boswell soon learned his haunt, and would there await his coming with weariless assiduity. With such occasional interviews their acquaintance grew apace, and the devotee manifestly gained a place in the interest of his divinity. Straggling about town at one o'clock in the morning, they meet, and, with a hight of absurdity that exceeded even Johnson's extravagance in such matters, Boswell invited him to the Mitre to a midnight supper, which was declined as too unseasonable; but with the assurance that at another time the invitation would be gladly accepted. Of course the opportunity was not long unimproved. The next evening they are at the Mitre. "We had a good supper," says Boswell, "*and port*

* Forster's Life of Goldsmith.

wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle." Whether the wine or the company and conversation of Johnson most affected the now too happy enthusiast is left to each one to judge; but it would seem that all combined produced an intense and delirious exaltation of mind in the young Scot:—

"The orthodox, High-Church sound of the *Mitre*," he continues, with an almost frantic grandiloquence, "the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson, the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind, beyond what I had ever before experienced."

The conversation was, on the one hand, in true Johnsonian style—learned, discriminating, didactic, and dogmatical; and inquisitive, appreciative, and obsequious on the other:—

"Finding him in a placid humor," continues the narrator, "and wishing to avail myself of the opportunity which I fortunately had of consulting a sage, to hear whose wisdom, I conceived, in the ardor of youthful imagination, that men, filled with a noble enthusiasm for intellectual improvement, would gladly have resorted from distant lands, I opened my mind to him ingenuously, and gave him a little sketch of my life, to which he was pleased to listen with great attention."

With arts like these, if arts they may be called, which spring up unstudied, and speak out the workings of the heart, did

the youthful, nameless egotist insinuate himself into the interests, and at length even into the affections, of the great moralist and master of the mind. As the evening advanced his heart grew warm, and at length the towering eagle stooped to regard, with an ebullition of favor, the chattering magpie with whom he was so strangely associated. Something in the narrative of the boyish career of the disciple here touched a chord in the already-attuned spirit of the great convivialist, when, with characteristic impetuosity, he extended his arm over the table and exclaimed, "Give me your hand; I have taken a liking to you." The conquest was complete,—the lion-hunter had not only discovered the lair of his game, and bearded him in his den, but also, by a wonderful fascination, had so tamed the terrible monarch, that he might with impunity lay his hand upon his mane, and, without other danger than that of too violent caresses, become his companion.

The conversation continued:—

"We talked of belief in ghosts. 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think that I saw a form, and heard a cry: "Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow; and unless you repent, you will certainly be punished;" my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I might *imagine* I thus saw and heard;



JOHNSON AND BOSWELL AT THE MITRE.

and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me. But if a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man died at a particular place, and a particular hour, a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing; and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterward be unquestionably proved, I should, in that case, be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me."

Appropos to this subject is the story of the Cock-lane ghost, which belongs to this period, and which, from Johnson's connection with the affair, pertains to his history. Early in the year 1762 a great excitement was produced among the wonder-loving population of London by a report that strange and unaccountable noises were heard in a house in Cock-lane; and for three months the whole town was astir with the matter. Multitudes were attracted to the scene of the wonder, and the witnesses of the phenomena were numerous, and quite above any rational suspicion of collusion with a fraud. Titled nobles and ministers of state, scholars and divines, were seen among the crowds that dayly and nightly thronged that obscure lane of the city, and pressed for ingress to the humble mansion where the strange phenomena were witnessed. Among others, the late prime minister, Horace Walpole, made a midnight excursion to the haunted dwelling; and we have an account of the adventure in one of his rambling letters:—

"I went to hear it," he writes to George Montague; "for it is not an apparition, but an *audition* . . . The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable. When we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes . . . We heard nothing! They told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning; that is, when there are only apprentices and old women . . . The most diverting part is, to hear people wondering when it will be found out,—as if there was anything to be found out,—as if the actors would make their noises when they could be discovered."

The phenomena that had excited so much interest consisted for the most part of a noise, like knockings, heard chiefly at night, about the bed in which two children slept,—one of them a girl of about fifteen, who presently came to be recognized as in some way connected with the cause of the phenomena. All efforts to discover the cause of the strange noises

were unavailing; the wainscoting was removed, but nothing was discovered; and still the noises continued. Other spectral indications were spoken of, but the evidence of their reality was not sufficient to command the confidence of any not already convinced. Of the reality of the noises, however, there could be no rational doubt, notwithstanding Walpole's supercilious sneering at the whole affair as a willful and designing imposture. These knockings were presently attributed to a spirit, that, for some cause, was desirous of conversing with mortals in the flesh, and a conventional language of knocks was invented and announced to the supposed ghost, by which the desired communications might be made. It should be noticed that there had been suspicions of foul play toward a woman who had died in that house some two years before, by a person who was still residing there, though not of the family of the girl so strangely affected by these noises; and this suspicion, no doubt, directed the course of the inquiries addressed to the *rapping* spirit.

"On the thirteenth of January," says the record, "between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, a respectable clergyman who was sent for, addressing himself to the supposed spirit, desired that if any injury had been done to the person who had lived in that house, he might be answered in the affirmative by a single knock; if the contrary, by two knocks. This was immediately answered by a single knock."

To test the matter still further, and to anticipate any possible doubt in the case, the girl was removed to another house, where a company of near twenty persons, including three clergymen, were collected, and there "they proceeded to ask a variety of questions, to which the supposed spirits answered by giving one knock in the affirmative, and two in the negative." The result of this protracted examination was to determine the fact that the supposed murder by poisoning had really occurred, and that the person suspected was the guilty party. Every effort to detect anything like fraud in the production of the responses entirely failed. The girl's hands were carefully laid outside of the bed-clothes, and diligent search was made for any visible agency in the matter; but nothing of a suspicious character was discovered.

It was at length arranged, as a final test, that certain persons should go with the accused into the vault under the Church



SCENE OF THE COCK-LANE GHOST EXPLOITS.

of St. John's, Clerkenwell, where was the body of the pretended victim, and there the spirit would rap on the coffin. Accordingly, after the spirit had been "seriously advertised" of their intention, they proceeded to the church, and the designated persons descended into the vault with the sexton to identify the coffin, and there challenged the spirit to fulfill its promise; but there was no response. The failure was complete; and now the fickle public were as earnest in their denunciation of the fraud as before they were eager to believe the greatest absurdities.

The poor child was now subjected to a course of torturing examinations, as blind and unreasonable as the credulity that had before been exercised toward her supposed revelations. She was at last removed to the house of a gentleman, where her bed was tied up in the manner of a hammock, about a yard and a half from the ground, and her hands and feet extended as wide as they could be without injury, and fastened for two nights successively, during which no noises were heard. At last, alarmed by threats that she should be sent to Newgate unless the noises were reproduced by a given time, she concealed a piece of board, "six inches long and four inches wide," under her clothes, with which at the appointed time certain sounds were produced; but the attendants de-

clared that "these noises were not like those which used to be made." But the public were now as eager to believe the fraud as they had before been to swallow down the mystery, and magnify it into an indubitable spiritual manifestation. Great indignation was expressed toward the chief actors in the matter; the whole affair was brought under the cognizance of the criminal courts, and the strong arm of punitive justice brought to bear upon them.

It is no part of the duty of a mere chronicler to explain the obscurities that he records; a suggestion, however, in this case will not be wholly out of place. It is now pretty well ascertained that the human system, in certain conditions of electro-nervous excitement, is capable of producing, by a spasmodic movement of the muscles and joints, noises similar to a dull heavy rapping. It is further worthy of notice, that all well-attested cases of the kind having originated with girls in their teens—a class of persons especially liable to such nervous derangements—these phenomena have hitherto received but little attention from persons capable of investigating them in a satisfactory manner; while the subtlety of the agent, and the prevailing delicacy as to displaying any abnormal condition in one's own physical system, have rendered such investigations peculiarly difficult. With the ignorant and superstitious, the marvelous is at once accounted supernatural, which the designing often pervert to their own reprehensible purposes. So it was in this case. The girl, affected by an agent of which she knew nothing, presumed herself to be acted upon by a spirit. Motions produced without volition, by muscles already intensified by nervous excitement, might readily fail to be recognized by an uneducated child in the bewilderment so produced. The popular prejudices as to the impossibility of concealing a murder, and of the restlessness of the soul of the victim till the guilty one is brought to justice, would suffice to direct the current thus excited in the way that a blind suspicion had already prepared. But when the attempt was made to remove the phenomena from the child, the whole necessarily failed. The physical manifestations, in the earlier stages of this case, were sufficiently attested: the spiritual portion was the effect of superstition and fraud.

While this affair of the ghost was the topic of conversation throughout the town, it of course was not excluded from the daily levees at Temple-lane, or the evening loungings at the Mitre. Johnson's system of belief in such matters has been stated in his own language, and in terms that none can gainsay. But it is said that he who could reason so well on this subject could not always command his nerves when the idea of a wandering sprite was brought forcibly to his imagination. Whether Johnson personally visited the scene while the delusion was in progress is not certainly ascertained. Boswell stoutly denies that he did; but others have believed that he wrote in this case what he wished to be true, rather than what he knew to be so. It is certain that Johnson took a lively interest in the matter, and did not from the first, like Walpole, sneer at it as a palpable imposition. When, however, the later frauds were detected, he yielded to the popular current, and spoke of the whole affair as an imposition and delusion. He afterward drew up a statement of the case for the information of the public, which was inserted in the newspapers, and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1762. So ended the affair of the ghost of Cock-lane.

Returning from this long digression, we find the now fast friends, a week after the last-mentioned memorable interview, again at the Mitre; and this time Goldsmith is of their company. Boswell had recognized him from the first as a bright star among the wits of the metropolis, and recently that estimate had been greatly heightened and confirmed by a declaration of Johnson's that "Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man, too." He therefore wrote him down as "one of the brightest ornaments of the Johnsonian school." It might have puzzled a wiser man than Boswell to tell by what rule of classification Goldsmith is ranked in that school; but the eyes of the young Scot were so dazzled with Johnson's radiance that he could have no notion of brightness independent of him. The conversation that evening was all in character; but as the presence of a third person acts as a check upon the spontaneous freedom of communication between the most endeared friends, so even Goldsmith's presence restrained the garrulous egotism

of Boswell, and the headlong caresses of Johnson.

Mrs. Williams at this time had lodgings in Bolt Court, Fleet-street, and thither Johnson often repaired after an evening at the Mitre to drink tea, and occasionally he would bring with him some one of his intimate friends. On this occasion Goldsmith was the favored man.

"Dr. Goldsmith being a privileged man," says Boswell, "went with him this night, strutting away and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoteric over an esoteric disciple of a sage of antiquity, 'I go to Mrs. Williams's.' I confess I then envied him this mighty privilege of which he seemed so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same rank of distinction."



GOING TO MRS. WILLIAMS'S.

From this time till Boswell left for the Continent, in the early part of August, scarce a day passed in which he and Johnson were not together. On the sixth of July Boswell gave a party to a select company of his new friends—Johnson, Goldsmith, Davies, Eccles, (an Irish gentleman,) and Ogilvie, the Scotch poet. Goldsmith, he tells us, with what seemed to him an unpardonable boldness, which he attributed to his too great eagerness to "shine," disputed with Johnson about a maxim of law, as to which it is probable neither of the disputants cared a rush. Ogilvie commended the fertility of Scotland, but Goldsmith differed with him, especially as to the land about Edinburgh, which he had seen when he studied medicine in that city. Chafed at this the testy Scot took up a topic as to which he thought he was safe from contradiction, and asserted that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. To this Johnson replied with much earnestness:—

"I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects, and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects; but, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England."

This withering gibe was received with roars of laughter.

Another private supper at the Mitre gave further opportunities for confidential intercommunications and mutual professions of esteem. Boswell expressed a regret that he could not use the same freedom with his own father, who neither on account of age or learning was further removed from him, that he could with Johnson after so brief an acquaintance. Johnson replied by suggesting the difference of the dispositions and circumstances as in part the cause of this difference, and then going still deeper into the subject he found the occasion of this mutual shyness in the paternal and filial relations: "Besides, sir, there must always be a struggle between a father and a son, *while one aims at power, and the other at independence.*" This remark, which is most unquestionably true in very many cases, (and probably it was more frequently so then and with them than now with us,) is full of practical instruction to fathers. No sight is more pleasing than that of a father and son associated as elder and younger brothers: in no other can the opposing properties of youth and age be made so effectually to temper each other; and yet how rare is the sight!

A further explanation of this particular case, and of Johnson's tastes, as shown in the selection of his associates, is given in a remark made at a subsequent conversation. It is known that Johnson's four most intimate friends, Langton, Beauclerk, Goldsmith, and Boswell, were all young men compared with himself; and all but Goldsmith were yet boys when their mutual attachments began:—

"Sir," said he, "I love the acquaintance of young people, because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, sir, *young men have more virtue than old men*; they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age: they have more wit and humor, and knowledge of life, than we had; but then the dogs are not so good scholars."

Johnson took early occasions to indoctrinate his docile disciple into his own political notions. With him the idea of

government was in all things the application of force to restrain the vicious and correct the erring. This rule he applied to the school and the family, as well as to the State. He considered a strong government the only safe one, and its safety he always proportioned to its strength. This was his theory; though when in the opposition he could bandy the truisms of freedom as well as a Sidney or a Vane. Subordination was his favorite idea in politics, upon which he was constantly insisting in theory, though himself among the most indomitable of mankind:—

"Sir, I would no more deprive a nobleman of his respect than of his money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them do to me; I would behave to a nobleman as I should expect he would behave to me, were I a nobleman, and he Sam Johnson. Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay in this town, a great republican. One day when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, 'Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are on an equal footing; and, to give an unquestionable proof that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' . . . She has never liked me since."

It is not strange that Johnson, who commonly formed his opinions from the force of impulses, and changed them only from caprice, should mistake such a sophism for a sound argument. The republicanism he was opposing declared the *political* equality of all men; and because he found a republican who was not ready to concede universal *social* equality, he fancied he had "showed her the absurdity of the leveling doctrine."

Johnson was always unshaken in his belief of the truth of Christianity, and steady as well as devout in his reverence for its doctrines and ordinances. Yet as he was, as he said of himself, "a man of the world," mingling freely with all sorts of persons, he became well acquainted with the various objections urged by infidels against the Bible, and was thus prepared at all times to meet their sophisms, as well as to assign a rational basis for the faith he cherished. The sophistical mode of arguing adopted by a certain class of skeptics, in order to invalidate the whole mass of the Christian evidences, is happily disposed of in the following remark. The reader will perceive that it is an early specimen of a mode of defense more re-

cently—both largely and most effectively—employed against the rationalistic skepticism of the present age. Talking of those who denied the truth of Christianity, he said:—

"It is always easy to be on the negative side . . . I deny that Canada is taken, and I can support my denial by pretty good arguments. The French are a much more numerous people than we; and it is not likely that they would allow us to take it. But, it is answered, the ministry have assured us, in all the formality of the Gazette, that it is taken. Very true; but the ministry have put us to an enormous expense by the war in America, and it is their interest to persuade us that we have got something for our money. But, it is further affirmed—the fact is confirmed by thousands of men who were at the taking of it. Ay, but these men have still more interest in deceiving us. They don't want that you should think the French have beat them, but that they have beat the French. Now, suppose you should go over and find that it really is taken, that would only satisfy yourself; for when you come home, we will not believe you: we will say you have been bribed. Yet, sir, notwithstanding all these plausible objections, we have no doubt that Canada is ours. Such is the weight of common testimony. How much stronger are the evidences of the Christian religion!"

As to the Christian religion, he remarks again:—

"Sir, besides the strong evidence which we have for it, there is a balance in its favor from the number of great men who have been convinced of its truth, after a serious consideration of the question. Grotius was an acute man, a lawyer, a man accustomed to examine evidence, and he was convinced. Grotius was not a recluse, but a man of the world, who certainly had no bias to the side of religion. Sir Isaac Newton set out an infidel, and came to be a very firm believer."

"I talked of preaching," writes Boswell, a few days later, "and of the great success which those called Methodists have." Johnson answered:—

"Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty, when it is suited to their congregations;—a practice for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime, because it debases reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people; but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and show them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression. Sir, when your Scotch clergy give up their homely manner, religion will soon decay in that country."

Near the last of July the two friends spent a day in a social ramble on the Thames. Setting out from the Temple-

Stairs they dropped down to the Old Swan, where they landed and walked thence to Billingsgate. Here they again embarked, and moved smoothly along the surface of the gentle stream. The day was fine; the river scene was at once quiet and animated, and the surrounding country was clothed in the richest verdure of summer. But all this suburban loveliness availed but little with Johnson, whose imperfect vision denied him the power to enjoy it; and Boswell was much more elated with his company than with the day and the landscape. At Greenwich, he tells us, he took from his pocket a copy of Johnson's "London," and "read aloud and with enthusiasm" the lines relating to that locality:—

"On Thames' banks in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:
Pleased with the seat which gave ELIZA birth,
We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth."

That day's excursion had been undertaken as likely to afford an opportunity for Johnson to give and Boswell to receive a somewhat extended course of instruction as to his future studies. The advice was accordingly given, but poor Boswell was too delirious with pleasure and gratified vanity to profit by the opportunity. He only recollected an animated blaze of eloquence, which roused all his intellectual powers to their highest pitch, but so dazzled him that his memory quite failed to retain the substance. At evening they strolled into Greenwich Park, then clothed in the luxuriance of summer's verdure, and bathed in the soft light of the setting sun. Johnson, from the imperfection of his eyesight, as well as from a defect of taste, was no admirer of the beauties of nature, yet the loveliness of this scene affected him, and he asked, "Is not this very fine?" Boswell, who was equally defective in taste, but always ready with a fulsome compliment, replied, "Yes, but not equal to *Fleet-street*." For this absurd specimen of barbarism he attempts to defend himself by the saying of "a very fashionable baronet," who had been foolish enough to say, relative to the fragrance of a May evening, "This may do very well; but for my part I prefer the smell of a flambeau at the play-house." A social supper at the "Turk's Head" closed this memorable day in the young Scot's history.

The time for the departure of the gratified hero-worshiper was now at hand.



GREENWICH PARK.

A morning with Johnson at Boswell's own chambers, an evening at tea with Mrs. Williams—the privilege that marked his accession to the full favor of his great master—a promenade on the flagged walk of a shaded court in Fleet-street, and yet another supper at the “Turk's Head,” filled up the time to the day of his departure. And when at length the time arrived, Johnson determined to accompany him as far as Harwich, the place of embarkation. At the inn he chatted with the landlady, and assured her, to the no little annoyance of his self-complacent associate, that both himself and “that young man” had been “idle fellows all their lives.” In the stage-coach “a gentlewoman talked violently against the Roman Catholics, and of the horrors of the Inquisition.” Johnson was full of talk, and apparently regardless of what he said, or whether he defended the right or the wrong; so he took the opposite side, and actually defended the abominations of the Inquisition as just and necessary. “False doctrine,” he declared, “should be checked on its first appearance—the civil power should unite with the Church in punishing those who dare to attack the established religion—and only such were punished by the Inquisition.”

At Colchester, a Dutchman, who was their fellow-traveler, commended the superiority of the criminal jurisprudence of England over that of Holland, instancing the barbarous custom among the Hollanders of torturing accused persons to compel

them to confess. But the defender of ecclesiastical tortures was ready also to apologize for this iniquity:—

“To torture, in Holland, is considered as a favor to the accused person; for no man is put to the torture there unless there is as much evidence against him as would amount to conviction in England. An accused person among you, therefore, has one chance more to escape punishment than those who are tried among us.”

Those who are acquainted with the facts of English criminal jurisprudence, at and previous to Johnson's times, may be prepared to pardon such a blunder as this; but if the heart of the defender of the torture is acquitted, it must be by transferring the blame to his understanding, which seems often to have been the slave of a blind and invincible prejudice. When his own rights or the designs of his party were in danger, he could talk and write most eloquently about the rights of “free-born Englishmen,” but when the specially excellent features of the common law and the constitution of the realm were urged in opposition to the systematic tyranny of other and less favored nations, he could depreciate those and apologize for this. At supper he talked of good eating, giving, at the same time, a practical demonstration of his sincerity. He had written some very excellent things against an undue indulgence of the appetites, and especially is one of the latest numbers of “The Rambler” a valuable essay against gluttony; but in this, as in many other things, his precepts and practices were sadly at vari-

ance. Just at this time, it would seem, he had let go the moralist, and had given loose reins to his boisterous passions and love of free and easy enjoyments^o—a result of the morbid condition of his mind—which, though usually depressed below a healthy level of cheerfulness, would occasionally, and under special excitements, rise as much above the elevation of sober propriety. Still his general manner would rather favor what he now said of the pleasures of the palate, than lend an influence to his sterner moralizings. His admiring but most faithful biographer says:—

“When at table he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment: his looks seemed riveted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intemperance, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible.”

Next morning the sojourners passed on to Harwich, and as the vessel did not sail till toward evening, they had most of the day to themselves. In strolling about the town they at length wandered into the church; and here Johnson, who had an almost superstitious reverence for the externals of religion, as well as a good share of sentimentality, brought his half-*infidel* and empty-headed companion to kneel at the altar, saying to him with great solemnity and pious fervor, “Now that you are going to leave your native country, recommend yourself to the protection of your CREATOR and REDEEMER.” They then walked down to the Strand together, and after mutually engaging to write to each other, they separated with more than paternal and filial tenderness. “As the vessel put out to sea,” says Boswell, “I kept my eyes upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner; and at last I perceived him walk back into the town, and he disappeared.” So Boswell proceeded to his destination at Utrecht, and Johnson returned to London.

^o “After we were left by ourselves, Johnson talked of that studied behavior which many have recommended and practiced. He disapproved of it, and said, ‘I never considered whether I should be a grave man, or a merry man, but just let inclination for the time have its course.’”—BOSWELL. A little more circumspection would certainly not have been amiss at this very time.

The connection of Johnson and Boswell, their intimacy, and the evident influence of the latter over the former, altogether constitute a curious subject for contemplation and inquiry. In mind and character the two were very unlike, and often as the opposite poles of the same sphere. In their ages, opinions, associations, national prejudices, political and ecclesiastical affinities—so far as the latter can be said to have had any of these—they were wholly dissimilar. Yet they became friends, and long maintained an intimacy such as only Boswell ever had with Johnson, and such as only Johnson would have endured. A phenomenon so curious, and one in which, on account of its results, all have so large an interest, deserves to be examined, and if possible explained.

There is no cause to wonder that Boswell, whose avidity for the acquaintance and society of distinguished characters amounted to a mania, should be attracted toward the most distinguished writer of the kingdom, nor, since he was not peremptorily repulsed, that he stuck to him with the tenacity of a hurr. It is more strange, because more unusual, that with such a spirit of sycophancy should be united so keen a perception, and such a degree of constructive genius as are displayed in his “*Life of Johnson*,” and then that, on the other hand, should be found in the same person an almost total want of discrimination of the proprieties of life, and such an abnegation of self, as few would consent to for any consideration. But the wonder is that the great Samuel Johnson, when at the zenith of his literary renown, and when at last the royal munificence had delivered him from the fear of want, should receive into his most intimate friendship a raw Scotch youth, at once ignorant and self-conceited, as garrulous as a jay, and utterly destitute of any sense of the proprieties of social life,—and that such a one should succeed in opening the profoundest depths of that mighty soul, in exorcising his “*vile melancholy*,” and in charming into playfulness his fierce and powerful passions. The facts are before us: the philosophy of these facts is less obvious, though not altogether obscure.

The time of the conjunction of the parties to this strange alliance was the beginning of a new era in Johnson's history. After twenty years of severe labor, he was at length released from its

burdens, and from the necessity that had impelled him to toil. The clouds that had darkened his prospects through all his previous history were breaking, and the external world was putting on a brighter aspect; but his domestic affairs were terribly desolate. His last surviving relative had just before gone down to the grave, and his own strangely assorted family had been scattered, and himself lodged like a hermit at the Inner Temple. Johnson's mind was eminently social, the more so on account of his proneness to deep depressions of spirit, which caused him to dread solitude; and though the circle of his friends was considerably large and highly valuable, yet he felt the want of more intimate associations. When Boswell, at his first visit to the Temple Chambers, apologized for the interruption, Johnson assured him, with an earnest sadness, that he was obliged to any man who visited him. In such a case even Boswell's society was agreeable; and this sufficiently explains the beginning of their intimacy. Boswell wished above all things to have the honor of Johnson's society, and Johnson was happy to have the society of "any man." Its progress and perpetuity will require a further explanation.

In his disposition and manner Johnson was strangely exacting, and he therefore needed for a daily companion one equally obsequious. From childhood he seemed to receive submission as a right, and to honor most highly those who rendered it most fully and cheerfully. His love for conversation amounted to a passion; and a man who loves to talk, wishes to be heard with attention and interest, and naturally thinks favorably of any one who has the taste and understanding to appreciate what he says. How well Boswell answered to these requirements he himself has told us, and so explained, in part at least, the secret of his power over his formidable associate. Johnson had other friends—men of superior abilities and cultivation—the wits and geniuses of his times. With these he mingled on terms of honorable equality, and was very generally acknowledged to be the first among his peers. But among these he was always subject to some degree of restraint. He could, indeed, take very large liberties with Garrick, but he could not be insensible of that address and native gracefulness by which the successful player had raised

himself to his elevated social position. Reynolds was at once the object of his love and his veneration; but the keen perception, the taste, at once delicate and rigidly correct, and the elevated spirit of the great painter, removed him somewhat from the easy and boisterous communion in which Johnson especially delighted. With Langton and Beauclerk, particularly at their first acquaintance, his intercourse was much more of the free and easy kind; but he soon learned to regard Langton's nice discriminations, his delicate sense of propriety, and the native aristocratic elevation of his mind; while Beauclerk was always formidable for his wit, his sarcasms, and the cruel but good-natured truthfulness of his pleasantries. Goldsmith, next to Boswell, was Johnson's bosom companion; but Goldsmith was himself a man of some consideration, and at length became Johnson's rival in authorship, and though this never interrupted their friendship, it necessarily modified it. But Boswell was only Johnson's *man*. His relation to his "illustrious friend" was merely adjective, and that with very little qualifying power.

But while Boswell was thus exhibiting characteristics that have rendered him a proverb of contempt, and exposed him to universal ridicule, he was unquestionably exercising a very decided influence upon the object of his admiration. It belongs to the limner's art to induce the desired expression of the countenance, not less than to depict the features; and as Boswell is confessed to have succeeded beyond any other writer of biography in giving a life-like portraiture of his subject, so it is evident that he himself elicited the expression of character that he delineates. The sympathy of minds mutually acting and reacting brings out the properties as to which they are agreed; and these, too, are most readily detected by the sympathizing observer. Thus the traits of Johnson's character most like those of Boswell's (certainly not his chief excellences) have been most clearly sketched, and we may safely suppose, that had the "Life of Johnson" been composed by a friend equally beloved, but of a more exquisite taste, of a sterner virtue, and of a more elevated spirit, though his name might have been less notorious, the work would have been equally just, as well as more honorable to its subject, and more serviceable to mankind.

JONATHAN EDWARDS AND JOHN WESLEY.

PLACES and events are closely linked, and the first become noted according to the character and influence of the latter. Thus East Windsor and Epworth, Yale and Oxford, Northampton and City Road, yea, both old and New-England, are rendered classic less by association with traditions of antiquity, deeds of daring, heroism, and revolution, than for having been the scenes of birth, education, and protracted labor, of such immortal names as occur at the head of this communication. Also there are few years on the chronometer of time more memorable than that of 1703, for this was the year that gave Edwards and Wesley to the world; the one born on the 17th day of June, and the latter on the 5th day of October.

One hundred and fifty years have rolled away. The same heavens are indeed on high,—the same outlines of geography extend beneath,—especially in Northampton, the everlasting mountains Holyoke and Tom are unmoved,—while the same river sweeps on in its old course of deep cuts, jagged gorges, and fertile savannas, basking, coiling, and crooking; now foaming wrathfully, and anon dashing impetuously, continually accelerating and aggregating till it becomes imbosomed in the sea: but all else, how altered! Here, the primal forests that once skirted the Connecticut, where Indians lurked, huntsmen sported, catamounts yelled, and subsequently Edwards strolled, meditated, and evolved those great thoughts which at once checked the progress of Socinian apostasy, and consolidated the hitherto trembling system of New-England theology, have fallen before the woodman's ax. The dark swamps, where aboriginal reptiles crawled and crafty beavers secure-



EDWARDS'S CHURCH, NORTHAMPTON.

ly burrowed, have been drained, smoothed, and beautified by the arts and energies of agriculture; and the rude domiciles of the early settlers have been long replaced by tasteful cottages and gorgeous mansions. Furthermore, instead of

"The old Puritan, that tall, solemn man,
All sombre and sad in his features,
Who talk'd through his nose, and despised fine
clothes,
And seem'd the forlornest of creatures,"

the fields, streets, public plaza, and the churches, all teem with a promiscuous population, illustrating every variety of social, civil, political, and religious character. So also we suppose the drapery of the old world has lost its original identity. Yet despite these things, the lapse of years, the improvements of art, and the successive departure of old generations, combined with the swelled numbers and

many-fangled characteristics of the new, one cannot long sojourn in the ancient or the modern England, without discovering deep footprints of those two giant men of whom we are discoursing. Did England mob Wesley, and endeavor to crush his evangelical schemes in their incipiency? and did Wesley outlive the age of these riots, and behold his principles and organizations impregnating society to unknown depths, and covering the United Kingdom and her colonies? So also New-England, particularly Northampton, chafed by his holy example, and lashed into furor by his powerful preaching, drove Jonathan Edwards from their midst; sending after him slanderous mutterings and clamorous indignation. But despite these endurances and conflicts, both Edwards and Wesley have left behind them a moral image and superscription which the lapse of untold ages more will fail to obliterate. While the names of their opposers have gone to oblivion, or are known only on the dusty records of courts, councils, and investigations, the two former give fame to their nativities, and are among the brightest objects of their country's pride. Neither Edwards nor Wesley belong to that class of great men who have given color and shape to succeeding generations by means of extraneous circumstances. It was by their own self-cultivated but heaven-sanctified mental and moral energies, that they seized upon and revolutionized the course of human thought and feelings. Both had a learned and godly ancestry, each came out into the world from the lap and supervision of a model mother; and both, indeed, were blessed originally and precociously with sparkling powers of perception, analysis, and combination. Yet, whoever considers the comparative obscurity of their birth, and the inauspicious circumstances under which they entered upon life, together with the character, the amount, and the results of their religious and literary efforts, will behold their *greatness* standing out in a relief far bolder than that of most before whom the world bow and do homage.

As in nature no two scenes are alike, so also in the rational creation are there no two identical minds. There are some one or more respects in which each individual differs from every other individual of the race of man. It was, therefore, but in accordance with philosophical and

physiological necessity that on some one or more subjects Edwards and Wesley should develop an antagonism. But happy for the world, when their respective mighty abilities are considered, that their opposition of views and action did not comprehend the fundamentals of the Christian religion. On the existence and attributes of God, the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the personality and Deity of the Holy Ghost, the fall and depravity of man, human redemption through faith in the atonement of Christ, the essential institutions of the Church, the doctrine of a general judgment to be followed by an eternal retribution of the righteous and the wicked; on *all* these, and cognate theses, they were *agreed*. On the abstract questions of liberty and necessity, together with the principles deducible from each, *only* did they differ. Such was the organization of his mind, and such the stand-point from which he took his view of revelation, and the reason and fitness of things, that Wesley could not be a Necessarian; while, for reasons, *mutatis mutandis*, Edwards could not be a Libertarian. And when is the world to see alike on these questions? Never until language becomes pure and unchangeable, the effects of the fall are countervailed, and men shall have passed up into the perfections of eternity. In this world, to the loftiest intellects, to quote the language of Foster, "the whole hemisphere of contemplation will ever appear inexpressibly strange and mysterious; like cloud pursuing cloud, forest after forest, or Alps upon Alps!" Or in the eloquent language of Chalmers: "With every increase of diameter in the sphere of light, there will be a corresponding increase of surface in the circumambient darkness; though with every step of our advancement in the path of clear knowledge, the onward obscurity may retire a little; yet, at the place where it begins, it is as deeply shrouded as before." Why, then, perpetual mutual re-primations, the bandying about of sarcastic invectives, and the sharply-defined boundaries of organization between the disciples of the two schools, seeing each, for aught the other can infallibly say, *may* be in the wrong! Why not at once, and forever, quit the region of darkling speculations, and be governed in thought, word, and deed, by the assuredly authentic notes of information that have sounded out from.

Jehovah! Then would be experienced a more unruffled peace and richer joys of Christian communion; the Church possess a greater concentration of power; broader schemes of philanthropy and mercy be projected; and the complete downfall of Satan's kingdom be reckoned upon as surely at the door.

"Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day."

But to return, and yet not enlarge. I love the memory of Jonathan Edwards. I never listen to the chimes of that same old bell which used to summon him to the pulpit, without being thrilled with emotions that labor in vain for birth. Methinks I see him as he then appeared, in full ministerial dress, stately, serene, earnest, expeditious, fearless, going reverently into the desk, placidly eyeing his immense congregation, looking the very pattern of a "teacher sent from God." And then the deep intonations of his prayers, followed by sermons composed for the occasion, and designed expressly to probe and lay open the innate and malignant depravity of the hearers' hearts. For a while stillness reigns; then deep sighs. Anon a shriek of despair, or a shout of joy. Finally, the power of God sweeps through the house, and the "slain of the Lord are many!" I follow him into the bosom of his numerous family, and am charmed by his evenness of temper, the sanctified familiarity of his caresses, the symmetry and efficiency of his domestic government, (in the establishment and execution of which, however, he was assisted by a wife of seraphic disposition and qualifications,) and the undisturbed happiness which continually prevails. I peep into his study. In his broad and well-balanced head I see the gradual development of the profoundest system of philosophy ever announced to the theological world by one uninspired; and in his heart I hear the throes of a philanthropy boundless as the society of man. Years pass on. I find myself in the chamber where this good man meets his fate:—

"'Tis privileged above the common walks
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven."

He is far from home, under the power of an acute malady, and it has just been announced to him that he must *die*! The soft hand of the companion of his youth is not there to wipe the cold sweat from his brow. Is he agitated, alarmed, per-

plexed *at all*? No. His lips move; I catch the dying whisper, "Trust in God and ye need not fear;" and now the wheels of life stand still. Farewell, great and good man; thy memory is embalmed in the minds of all future generations!

And I love the memory of John Wesley. Never having walked where he walked, slept where he slept, nor passed under the shadows of a church where he preached, I have consequently never experienced emotions parallel with those incident to my ramble about Northampton. Yet having learned to pronounce his name in the nursery, the incidents of his life being among the most familiar tales of my childhood, catechized and drilled from the first dawn of my intellectual being in the doctrines he promulgated, and always familiarized to the forms of worship he instituted or sanctioned, why should I *not* love the memory of John Wesley? How humbly did he walk; how sincere was his piety; what harmony existed between his judgment and passions; how clear were his preceptions of truth and duty; what faith, love, decision, and persevering energy did he manifest in the work of God; what strength of intellect, what magnanimity of soul, what unbounded philanthropy and catholicity were manifested at all times, under all circumstances, and everywhere; yea, with what cheerful and rapid movement did he fly through all the land, seizing and molding with a powerful and plastic hand the depraved and unpropitious facts of human condition, turning the ways and fields of rugged wickedness into paths of peace and gardens of the Lord! Furthermore, and finally, what a long life was his, and how triumphantly did he *die*!

I love to think of Edwards and Wesley together. True, one was a Calvinist and the other an Arminian; but both were evangelical. The first gathering up facts of physical life and mental philosophy, arranging and generalizing them on the basis of a philosophical necessity, which latter work perhaps was chiefly projected by the power of early prejudice, was thereby led so to interpret the language of inspiration as, on the whole, to be driven to the conclusion of "*eternal decrees*;" while the second, by a course somewhat parallel, but issuing from a different original source, heartily embraced and vehemently propagated the doctrines of human

freedom and conditional election; yet both were men of prayer, men of God, as was demonstrated by the peculiar signs and wonders which followed their labors. Perhaps the same wisdom which originated the different tastes and organizations of the human mind purposely directed that Edwards should be preëminent in philosophical power, and Wesley in practical power, thereby fitting them for equally important though quite distinct fields of moral enterprise. And there are, doubtless, thousands to-day engaged in swelling the harmonies of heaven through the primary or secondary influence of each, respectfully, whom neither the secondary nor primary influence of either alone could have reached and converted. We would not be understood to deny either that Wesley was philosophical or that Edwards was practical; but simply to affirm that the latter possessed the former qualification in a degree so preëminent as to becloud his practical powers; while the former possessed the latter qualification in a degree so equally preëminent as to eclipse most of his abstract and philosophic abilities. Hence, while the one is renowned for his researches amid the foundations and fitnesses of things, and his emergencies therefrom into solid generalizations, and keenly logical conclusions, the other is famed for his power of simplifying truth to the common mind; the projection and execution of the most enlarged schemes for the elevation and salvation of the human race. Nor should we wonder that the one occasionally accused the other of fanaticism and enthusiasm, while the other, in turn, retorted the charge of a slavish submission to questionable technicalities and fallacious postulations. The fruits of their labors needed the bleaching suns, the pelting storms, and the unavoidable collisions of time, as also to be seen by the disciples of each, in turn, from a distance of years, to render them mutually apprehensible.

Thanks be unto God, while Edwards and Wesley, though on earth the propagators of systems of theology in some respects antagonistic, have long since struck the friendly hand in glory, their followers, forgetting the things which are behind, and casting aside their nonessential differences of opinion, are assimilating and combining *mora* and *more*, thereby becoming increasingly efficient year by year for the ultimate destruction of the kingdom

of darkness. May Heaven speed the day when the convergent enterprises of evangelical denominations shall all reach that given point, when the watchmen shall see eye to eye; the wolf dwell with the lamb; the leopard lie down with the kid; the calf, young lion, and fating, mingle together in docility; the cow and the bear feed in unison; the lion eat straw like the ox; the sucking child play safely on the hole of the asp; the weaned child put his hand unharmed upon the cockatrice's den; none in all the holy mountain be found with a disposition to hurt or destroy; and the *earth* be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

ONLY A TRIFLE.

"THAT'S right," said I to my friend Simpkins, the baker, as the sickly-looking widow of Harry Watkins went out of his shop-door with a loaf of bread which he had given her—"that's right, Simpkins; I am glad you are helping the poor creature, for she has had a hard time of it since Harry died, and her own health failed her."

"Hard enough, sir, hard enough; and I am glad to help her, though what I give her do 'nt cost much—*only a trifle, sir!*"

"How often does she come?"

"Only three times a week. I told her to come oftener, but she said that, with what I give her, and the little she earns at sewing, she has no necessity."

"And have you any more such customers, Simpkins?"

"Only two or three, sir."

"Only two or three; why, it must be quite a tax upon your profits!"

"O no, not so much as you suppose; altogether it amounts to *only a trifle.*"

I could not but smile as my friend repeated these words; but after I left him, I fell to thinking how much good he is doing with "*only a trifle.*" He supplies three or four families with the bread they eat from day to day; and though the actual cost for a year shows but a small sum in dollars and cents, the benefit conferred is by no means a small one. A sixpence, to a man who has plenty to "eat and drink, and wherewithal to be clothed," is nothing; but it is something to one on the verge of starvation. And we know not how much good we are doing when we give "*only a trifle*" to a good object.



DR. LOVICK PIERCE.

NOT the least among the eminent men of the South is Dr. Lovick Pierce, the oldest effective Southern Methodist preacher. Born in 1784, on Roanoke River, when three years old he was carried by his father to the frontier of South Carolina, where he grew up much like an Indian, except that he was taught to work. He never heard a prayer until twelve years of age; but the rifle was familiar as a household word from the time he was large enough to handle it. In the early part of 1799 James Jenkins, the first Methodist preacher who visited that region, came into the neighborhood to organize a circuit, and secured a preaching place at the house of Lovick's uncle. But the father held "this people" in sovereign contempt; nor did he deign, for months, to attend Mr. Jenkins's appointment. At length, in August, Lovick and his brother begged and obtained permission to go and hear the new preacher. On their return they diffidently replied to the question, "How did you like him?" in praise of Mr. Jenkins. This excited the interest of the old people, and decided them to attend at the preacher's "next round." What should fall out

but that his father and mother joined the society that very day; and in the evening the old gentleman called the family in for prayers, notifying them every one that they would have to take it in turns, from oldest to youngest, to lead the devotions. For the first time sweet singing and fervent prayers were heard in that pioneer's cabin. Lovick and his brother also joined society at the first opportunity; and, before long, the former, although so young, was made leader of a class, about eleven miles from home. Reaching his appointment, on the first occasion, what was his surprise to see the surrounding thickets filled with "the beasts" which had brought their backwoods owners to the spot, and to learn that a man named Pierce was expected to preach! Shy as a deer, what was he to do? He drew off to the bushes, got down behind an old log—a place where many great sermons have been wrought out in days of yore—and, with many tears, prayed for help. Light and comfort came, and he was able to go through his duties. He continued a class-leader for several years, and thus learned the art of public speaking preparatory to his higher calling.

In 1804, at Christmas, when the conference met, Lovick Pierce was admitted into the traveling connection, and appointed to the Big Pedee circuit, having about thirty appointments and being three hundred miles around, with swamps to be threaded, and creeks and rivers in abundance to be swam. A preacher's pay at this time was eighty dollars per annum, having recently been raised from sixty-four; and as a wife was too cumbersome a piece of furniture for this nomadic life, if a man married he of course located. A broad-brimmed hat and straight-breasted coat, always homespun—the color a matter of indifference, but generally of a hue like unto copperas—constituted the uniform of this cavalry brigade. Their accouterments were saddle-bags, containing, as a sheath, the well-worn pocket Bible, Hymn-book, and Discipline, besides a change or two of linen. One of the superfluities proscribed, as belonging in effect to the pomps and vanities of the world, was suspenders. It would have been as much as a man's itinerant caput was worth to put on a pair of "gallowses."

The threshold of a house once crossed, prayers were not omitted, if the consent of the family could be obtained; and wherever a crowd was assembled, at funeral, wedding, or muster, a sermon was to be preached. Only get listeners, then give them the gospel in all its warmth and power, and look at once for the fruit—a revival "right there and then." "Up and at them," was virtually the command of the iron-framed Asbury to his men, and at them they went, pellmell; hurly-burly and down came the foe; for "one chased a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." The bounds of the South Carolina Conference, at that time, were from the Atlantic and North Carolina on the north and east, to the Gulf and sunset on the south and west.

Associated with a body of men in whose breasts the love of duty had become a master-passion, but whose early life had offered few or no opportunities for mental education; whose hands had been hardened by the plow-handles, and their bodies toughened by the use of the ax and the chase, young Lovick started in his career of calling sinners to repentance. Men of thews and sinews they had to be, for work was to be done which no puny intellectualist, however gifted and tutored,

could accomplish. Hardships were to be undergone; a saddle was sometimes their only pillow, the earth was their bed, and heaven's arch a covering; the panther's scream was their lullaby, and the blazing light-wood knots their only defense against the savage cat of the forest and swamp. The woodman's eye and skill were needed to keep "the bee line" and follow the trail. Physical courage was in requisition, for mobs must be met and ruffians frowned down. But as their day, so was their strength. Stout of build and strong of limb, a finer looking body of men was seldom seen than an annual conference of the olden time.

In such a body, even, Mr. Pierce would always be remarked for his person. He was tall, lithe, and muscular; easy and graceful in motion, calm and dignified in rest. His face, in that early time, was notably handsome, from which shone a pair of eyes that might well be called beautiful. A voice of great compass, volume, and flexibility, gave him the orator's second indispensable shaft. Simple in heart, with one lofty purpose—to do good—subjugating every other wish, and hope, forth went the stripling of the woods, "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." His first sermon was delivered, after his admission to conference, in the school-house of the old neighborhood where he had been reared. He took his text, but that was the last of it; for such was his embarrassment that he never caught sight of it again.

It would be agreeable, did our space permit, to follow our youthful itinerant through the toils of his early career into the rice fields of Carolina, or the newly opened cotton lands of Georgia, as he shook the horny hand of the pioneer, and sat down with the poor man and his children in the log-cabin, with only one room, or pursued by a drunken rowdy, wishing to "get satisfaction" for the preacher's declining to take grog with him. But these we pass, to introduce you, though uninvented, to a wedding, a scene worthy to be noted. In his first year's travel he reached the house of an old sister, to spend a few days of rest. He observed that there was a great stir in the kitchen department—boiling, roasting, baking, and such like seemed in full blast, but still he never dreamed its significance. At length the day arrived, and he was informed that one of the

damself of the household was to be given away in matrimony. At about ten o'clock A. M., the guests came thronging in, each horse heavily laden with its human freight. In most cases, one man and one woman sufficed for the back of a single beast; but now and then the mother rode with her baby in her lap, while before rode the father, holding on his hopeful son astride the horse's mane.

The company had gathered, the hour had arrived—for, be it remembered, in those days the fashionable hour for marrying was noon, the ceremony to be followed by a bountiful dinner—but there was no parson, for our friend was not authorized to solemnize the rite, and the one engaged for the occasion had not arrived. Some said the waters were up, and the parson could not get across. Pierce was then besieged to do the service, but he was firm in his refusal. "If you won't marry, then," said the uncle of the bride expectant, "you must preach." Preach he did; and after sermon came dinner. Still the parson was expected, for messengers had been dispatched to jog his laggard steps; but he came not. Again Mr. Pierce was besought to tie the knot, for, very naturally, the guests were not willing to go away disappointed, and bride and groom began to feel that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The young man, however, declined, and another sermon was the result. Supper came and went—no parson yet. A third sermon was just over, when a nearing shout relieved the anxiety of all, and "the boys" brought in a "tipsy black coat," not an uncommon thing in those days. About ten o'clock at night, by the light of pine knots, the service was performed, and the twain were made one flesh.

In 1807 he was stationed in Augusta, and came near falling a victim to an ill-directed zeal for study. Feeling keenly his mental wants, he surrounded himself with such books as were to be had, and dedicated his days and nights to their mastery; but the change from the free life of the saddle and the woods, to the cramped one of the garret and the lamp, was too great for endurance. Not many months had passed ere both body and mind began to sink. But for a timely interposition his career might have closed in an untimely grave, or prolonged itself awhile in the more horrible confines of a mad-house. A little experience of this sort is, doubt-

less, one of the reasons why so many of the fathers have been students of *méni* rather than books.

The next year Bishop Asbury sent him to Columbia, S. C. A Dr. Hall, from Virginia, a man of some note, had filled this appointment the preceding year, and the people were loth to part with him. On representing the case to the bishop he replied to them in a poor pun, for which he was rather famous: "Last year I Hall-ed (hauled) you, and you did little or nothing; this year I shall pierce you, to see if you will not improve."

Mr. Pierce found, in his new charge, between twenty and thirty members; but in two or three months a revival of religion broke out which swept through the population of the place, leaving scarcely any of the young women unconverted. This enraged the young students of the University, who found it impossible to get up a dance without going away down the Pedee for girls. To show their chivalrous disapprobation of the "Methodist meeting," sometimes they would build fences, ten or twelve rails high, across the street, near the church, that the pious, at the close of the meeting, might have a trial of their patience; then, again, as a pleasant little freak, they would throw live geese through the windows, that their hissing might testify against the exercises. Opposition to the contrary, however, the preacher reported at the next conference an increase of over one hundred in the membership; and since then there has always been a flourishing society in the capital of the Palmetto State.

In 1809 the doctor was made presiding elder in what were then the western settlements of Georgia. Here he met with two persons, both interesting to him and others. The first was the lady who afterward became his wife; the other was Hope Hall. Better wife man never had. Through forty-one years of married life—thirty-five of which her husband was a traveling preacher or chaplain in the army, and thirty of which he was away from home—this admirable woman conducted the affairs of her house, regulating her expenditures by their income, often scanty enough; superintending the education of her children, and supporting—and befriending her husband in his arduous toils. Her children were her jewels; they tell what manner of woman she was.

Hope Hull was at this time living in Wilkes county. Upon his marriage, ten or fifteen years before, as was then the invariable custom in the South, he located. Before this, somewhere between 1785 and 1790, he had come from the northward, as one of the first missionaries, to cross the Savannah River. Part of his earlier life had been spent as a carpenter; but from this occupation he had been called to the ministry, in which he became a burning and a shining light. Driven from Georgia by persecutions in Savannah, about 1792 he accompanied Bishop Asbury to New-England, where he spent a year or two in preaching. Returning then to Georgia, the remainder of his life was spent in his adopted State. After his marriage and location, by the request of Bishop Asbury, he established the first Methodist High School of which we have any knowledge in this country. He had managed, despite the ceaseless labors and obstacles of his itinerant life, to acquire a handsome English education, and a respectable acquaintance with the classics. In this school he gave what rudimentary training he ever got to another man, whose name became, in Georgia and Carolina, even more famous than his instructor's—James (familiarily known as Jimmy) Russel. Mr. Hull, although now having ample means, continued for years to teach, his sole object being to do good. He became one of the earliest friends and advocates of the University, which was subsequently located at Athens, and removed thither, that he might more effectually discharge the duties of trustee to the infant institution.

Rather short in stature, his form was nevertheless symmetrical. His head, which was beautifully shaped and rounded, was covered by a luxuriance of dark, curling hair. His face is described as betraying the tokens of genius, but its prevailing expression was that of serene benevolence; and, when animated in conversation or higher speech, the eye and mouth, in their play and radiation, told of eloquence almost unmatched. His voice, clear, sweet, and strong, was capable of every modulation, from the softest key of pathos to the most daring sweep of impassioned declamation. A mind of large grasp, and fine analytic power; an imagination reconstructing and animating what the reason had depicted; piety simple, as it was sincere and deep,

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damsels of the household was to be given away in matrimony. At about ten o'clock A. M., the guests came thronging in, each horse heavily laden with its human freight. In most cases, one man and one woman sufficed for the back of a single beast; but now and then the mother rode with her baby in her lap, while before rode the father, holding on his hopeful son astride the horse's mane.

The company had gathered, the hour had arrived—for, be it remembered, in those days the fashionable hour for marrying was noon, the ceremony to be followed by a bountiful dinner—but there was no parson, for our friend was not authorized to solemnize the rite, and the one engaged for the occasion had not arrived. Some said the waters were up, and the parson could not get across. Pierce was then besieged to do the service, but he was firm in his refusal. "If you won't marry, then," said the uncle of the bride expectant, "you must preach." Preach he did; and after sermon came dinner. Still the parson was expected, for messengers had been dispatched to jog his laggard steps; but he came not. Again Mr. Pierce was besought to tie the knot, for, very naturally, the guests were not willing to go away disappointed, and bride and groom began to feel that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The young man, however, declined, and another sermon was the result. Supper came and went—no parson yet. A third sermon was just over, when a nearing shout relieved the anxiety of all, and "the boys" brought in a "tipsey black coat," not an uncommon thing in those days. About ten o'clock at night, by the light of pine knots, the service was performed, and the twain were made one flesh.

In 1807 he was stationed in Augusta, and came near falling a victim to an ill-directed zeal for study. Feeling keenly his mental wants, he surrounded himself with such books as were to be had, and dedicated his days and nights to their mastery; but the change from the free life of the saddle and the woods, to the cramped one of the garret and the lamp, was too great for endurance. Not many months had passed ere both body and mind began to sink. But for a timely interposition his career might have closed in an untimely grave, or prolonged itself awhile in the more horrible confines of a mad-house. A little experience of this sort is, doubt-

less, one of the reasons why so many of the fathers have been students of men rather than books.

The next year Bishop Asbury sent him to Columbia, S. C. A Dr. Hall, from Virginia, a man of some note, had filled this appointment the preceding year, and the people were loth to part with him. On representing the case to the bishop he replied to them in a poor pun, for which he was rather famous: "Last year I Hall-ed (hauled) you, and you did little or nothing; this year I shall pierce you, to see if you will not improve."

Mr. Pierce found, in his new charge, between twenty and thirty members; but in two or three months a revival of religion broke out which swept through the population of the place, leaving scarcely any of the young women unconverted. This enraged the young students of the University, who found it impossible to get up a dance without going away down the Pedee for girls. To show their chivalrous disapprobation of the "Methodist meeting," sometimes they would build fences, ten or twelve rails high, across the street, near the church, that the pious, at the close of the meeting, might have a trial of their patience; then, again, as a pleasant little freak, they would throw live geese through the windows, that their hissing might testify against the exercises. Opposition to the contrary, however, the preacher reported at the next conference an increase of over one hundred in the membership; and since then there has always been a flourishing society in the capital of the Palmetto State.

In 1809 the doctor was made presiding elder in what were then the western settlements of Georgia. Here he met with two persons, both interesting to him and others. The first was the lady who afterward became his wife; the other was Hope Hull. Better wife man never had. Through forty-one years of married life—thirty-five of which her husband was a traveling preacher or chaplain in the army, and thirty of which he was away from home—this admirable woman conducted the affairs of her house, regulating her expenditures by their income, often scanty enough; superintending the education of her children, and supporting—and befriending her husband in his arduous toils. Her children were her jewels; they tell what manner of woman she was.

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lectures in Philadelphia, and returned home to practice. This he did for six years, when, having cleared \$12,000, he reëntered the traveling connection. This is one of the rare instances in which a minister of the gospel, having betaken himself to a secular pursuit for the avowed object of enabling him to continue in his work, has been successful and redeemed his vow. Since 1823, when he reëntered, he has never been local.

That was a proud day in his life, when, standing one fine spring morning in the door of his house at Greensborough, he watched the receding forms of his two oldest children—George, then between five and six, and Julia, about four—trudging for the first time to school. From that day until some time in 1846, a period of more than thirty years, some of the family were attendants at school. To enable him to give them the best education the land afforded, the strictest economy and greatest self-denial must be practiced by himself and wife; therefore, wherever his appointment might be, in the mountains or on the coast, his family never removed. A little while once a month, and sometimes only once in three months, was usually all he could spend at home. Thus, as we have before stated, out of a married life in the itinerancy of thirty-five years, he was away from home thirty! Until 1836 his family resided in Greensborough, but since then at Columbus.

While residing at Greensborough, Dr. Pierce was visited by Dr. Olin. Dr. P. had been very much delighted in reading a book called *Le Fevre*, or some such name. "Have you read *Le Fevre*, Dr. Olin?" he asked one day. "No! what is it?" "O! you must read it by all means. It is a *religious novel*!" "Religious novel!" responded Dr. O., "why not say *Christian prog*!"

It was here that Dr. Olin made the acquaintance of Miss Bostwick, afterward Mrs. Olin. She was at that time said to be by all who saw her the most beautiful woman of the day, and agreeable in manners as she was lovely in person. From being the reigning Queen of Fashion in that and the neighboring States, having become devotedly religious, she was no unfit companion for this, in our opinion, greatest man American Methodism has produced.

Had we space, it would be pleasant to

dwell more at large upon the scenes and friends of Dr. Pierce's married life; but the remainder must be devoted to the doctor himself, as a preacher.

A fine old man of nearly seventy, with frosted locks, mild benignant face, in which you see the traces of great manly beauty, erect form, above middle stature, scrupulously neat in dress, he stands before you in the deak, impressing you by his very appearance that he is a man to be listened to. His voice has lost the flexible sweetness it once had, but it is yet firm and strong. You are at a loss to discover, as he proceeds, whether his discourse has been carefully premeditated, or is improvised. It has the clearness, accuracy, and connection of the first, with the warmth, freshness, and ceaseless surprises of the last. Are these "the carefully studied arguments, seeming like sudden inspirations," so skillfully managed by the art of Boardaloue, and which have made his memory so famous. The old thoughts which we had spurned as commonplace now come looking us in the face "as unknown, and yet well known." Here a homely illustration, such as would have been used by a sixteenth-century preacher, clinches the reflection; and there a quaint but natural expression fixes itself upon the heart like a chestnut bur. Now a gleam of genuine humor relaxes the muscles and warms the heart, and then a touch of pathos starts the tear in many an eye. The truths are *home* truths, speeding to the mark with the force of conviction. The preacher is emphatic, because he believes in his heart the truths he is declaring. His subject is a living reality—not a question of balanced probabilities, nor a finely wrought drapery of language woven for the concealment of unwelcome thought, or to hide its absence. He believes that you and he will soon stand side by side in judgment, and delivers his soul accordingly. He knows that avarice, vanity, conceit, pride, superciliousness, worldly-mindedness, sloth, indecision, self-indulgence, and the lust of the flesh, are like so many devils tugging at your soul, and he would warn you of the danger. He would pluck you from their grasp. The doctor may not cite familiarly the words of Porphyry; but in knowledge of the human heart and its manifold workings few can excel him, or are better prepared to guide you through its many-chambered labyrinth. In all

likelihood he never read a line of Cyprian in his life; nor does he know, or even care, that his epistles are forgeries. But with the corroboration of the New Testament, furnished by Christian experience, he is perfectly familiar. His preaching is eminently practical, meeting the spiritual wants of the people; its materials are common-sense knowledge of men and things, acquaintance with his own heart and the Bible, together with experience of the deep things of God. Simple and direct in statement, ample and forcible in illustration, his sermons abound with pithy sayings akin to proverbs, and show a man that dares to think and speak his own thoughts.

Sermons he never studies, but subjects: for instance, interest on money; the use of the tongue; prayer; duty of Christians to give; the Christian's walk; danger of riches; temptation; and others that occur to him in his own experience, and from intercourse with society. He has besides carefully studied, and often clearly presents, the doctrines, evidences, and ordinances of Christianity. His whole mind has been carefully trained and stored; and when he is to preach, the subject is selected in conformity with the wants of the people, and not from the contents of the portfolio. The state of affairs suggests the text to his active mind, so perfectly familiar with the volume of divine truth, which he has so reverently studied, and over which he has prayed dayly for nearly sixty years. The text correlates the subject, or the needed phase of it. The words are ready; so are the illustrations from a fertile intellect, combining a vigorous understanding, a quaint fancy, a powerful imagination, all enriched by a wide and profound observation of life. Here you have the pulpit preparation of one of the most notable and effective preachers Southern Methodism has produced. A scrap of paper never went with him to the desk; yet who has ever heard Dr. Pierce preach a poor sermon?

Let us not be understood as prescribing this formula for universal adoption; but it is suggestive, and from it some may learn a useful lesson.

The frosts of age have whitened his locks, but have left his heart full of beautiful childlike sympathies and affections. Life has brought its trials—the greatest his wife's death while he was absent at

the St. Louis General Conference in 1850—but they have made his faith more steadfast and serene. Holding tenaciously to all that is fundamental in Methodism, he is yet the friend of progress, and his wisdom fails not to discern room for improvement.

His age is not degraded by a contempt for "young men." As the evening of life comes on, he can look back upon half a century nobly spent, and rejoice at the giant strength and proportions of a Church in Georgia with whose nursing, training, and development he has had more to do than any other man.

SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY is that susceptibility of feeling which lies at the foundation of all rational enjoyment. It, however, requires to be kept under proper regulation. Sensibility is the most exquisite feeling of which the human soul is susceptible. When it pervades us, we feel happy; and, could it last unmixed, we might form some conjecture of the bliss of those paradisaical days when the obedient passions were under the dominion of reason, and the impulses of the heart did not need correction. It is this quickness, this delicacy of feeling, which enables us to relish the sublime touches of the poet and the painter. It is this which expands the soul, and gives an enthusiastic greatness, mixed with tenderness, when we view the magnificent objects of nature, or hear of a good action.

The same effect we experience in the Spring, when we hail the returning sun, and the consequent renovation of nature—when the flowers unfold themselves, and exhale their sweets, and the voice of music is heard in the land. Softened by tenderness, the soul is disposed to be virtuous. Is any sensual gratification to be compared to that of feeling the eyes moistened, after having comforted the unfortunate? Sensibility is, indeed, the very foundation of all our earthly happiness. But these raptures are unknown to the depraved sensualist, who is only moved by what strikes his gross thoughts and harmonizes with his vicious propensities. As the embellishments of nature escape his neglected notice, so likewise do all the gentle and interesting affections. Sensibility can only be felt; it escapes discussion.

(For the National Magazine.)

MEMORY.

WONDERFUL, very wonderful, as well as useful, are all the faculties of the mind; but in these respects none exceeds the memory. But for this, we should be engaged in a perpetual series of experiments. Though we had succeeded in performing some task nine times in a single day, we should have no recollection of it; and should we attempt it again, it would be as really an experiment as upon the first occasion. Such a thing as *experience* would be unknown. To learn wisdom from past failures and successes, or from the history of the world, would be impossible. We should be unable to apply any lessons of wisdom suggested by our own past life and actions, or those of others, because there would be no recollection of them in our minds.

But the memory is as wonderful as it is useful. The common servant of all the powers of the mind, it is expected to receive, and hold in safe-keeping, whatever is committed to its trust. The understanding intrusts it with its notions and perceptions, however crude and dissimilar—the reason commits to it its partially analyzed facts, together with its well-wrought conclusions—the imagination deposits here its pictures and images, whether real, truthful, and substantial, or airy, false, and tangible—the conscience hands over its record of moral truths and fulfilled duties—and it is even expected to keep a record of its own failings and infirmities, as well as its noble feats and worthy deeds. This heterogeneous mass of mental and moral phenomena it is not only expected to guard with watchful care, but to deliver up, even to the minutest particular, at the summons of any other faculty of the mind. Or, more truthfully perhaps, it might be said that it is required to act as a *general scribe*, and record the proceedings and experiences of all the faculties of the soul, both in relation to the world within and the world without; and then expose this record, at all times and under all circumstances, either generally or particularly, at the pleasure of any of its masters.

While you are impressed with the importance of correctness in your memory, consider also the unenviable position it occupies; for while the record of the dis-

charge of its duties and the fulfillment of its trust is open to the inspection, criticism, and even judgment of the other faculties, instead of the privilege of standing up to vindicate its own character, it is obliged to record the proceedings of those faculties which are sitting in judgment upon it. Therefore remember this, when chagrined and mortified in view of its delinquencies, and judge it charitably. Were it permitted to stand up in self-defense, it might allege, in extenuation of its apparent failings, the almost infinite multiplicity of things committed to its trust—the lightning-like rapidity with which they succeed each other; the tumultuous and confused manner in which they are frequently presented; their widely-dissimilar, and sometimes airy and evanescent character; together with the fact that many of them passed through the mind without exciting even a transient interest, and many more were scarcely honored with a recognition.

Onerous are the duties of this faithful servant, and many are the difficulties which beset it in their faithful discharge. True, it has its freaks and caprices; and, frequently without any assignable cause, will fancy a certain *class* of the mind's guests, which it will treat with the greatest consideration and link to its imperishable recollections, while others receive less marked civilities. The former constitutes the "select society" and the "choice friends" of memory, to be received warmly and treated affectionately; while the latter are received with equal civility, but not with equal relish.

And why should we quarrel with this useful servant for selecting some guests as his especial favorites, or demur at the choice he makes? Let him indulge his preferences and enjoy his fancies, and thus beguile the tedium of his wearisome duties by the smiles of his favorites, and the hope of forming new and pleasant acquaintances. Meanwhile, if we lay aside distrust and suspicion, and make a friend of memory, treating it with the consideration its importance demands, and introducing our guests to it with some care, it will less often deceive us. Contrive some way, therefore, to get in the good graces of your memory and to keep there, and it will certainly serve you to the best of its ability; and beyond this we should make no demands. If we can devise means to

develop its powers, and to aid it in accomplishing its duties more easily and correctly, it will be a legitimate department of labor, and worthy of our highest skill. Attention to the following thoughts may prove of service in this department.

We must gain a *distinct view* of what we would remember. Much of the indistinctness attributed to the memory properly belongs to the understanding. The memory not unfrequently loses, or indistinctly reproduces, a thought or image, because, through haste or carelessness, the understanding has not clearly perceived it. Although it does not follow that if I distinctly see the face of a person I will certainly remember it; yet it does follow, that if I do *not* distinctly see it I shall not remember it. The same is true of thoughts, facts, and mental images, (at least with ordinary memories;) they must be distinctly perceived in order to be remembered. Doubtless a large portion of the facts which we have charged the memory with forgetting, were never distinctly perceived by the understanding, and consequently never clearly presented to the memory.

We should be *interested* in what we would remember. Whatever enlists our affections, arouses our sympathies, or creates a deep interest in our minds, will be easily remembered. If none of the faculties of the mind are interested in a given fact, it will very likely be forgotten; but if it awakens an interest in the understanding, imagination, affections, or desires, it can hardly fail, under ordinary circumstances, of being remembered. Whatever it is important to remember, not of a nature to excite interest in the mind, (e. g., statistics,) may be more easily remembered by supposing some occasion when they will be wanted, and considering the importance of being able to produce them. The fact that we seldom forget what our affections are interested in should teach us the philosophy of remembrance, and suggest the importance of awakening in the mind, *in some way*, an interest in what we would remember.

We should *reflect* upon what we would remember. The countenances of those persons we have looked upon again and again, until they have become familiar, we can never forget; while those upon which we have only glanced as we met them in the promiscuous walks of life, are forgot-

ten. The same is true of the thoughts of our minds. If we make friends of them, and look upon their faces until they become somewhat familiar, they will not forsake us, but domesticate themselves in the chambers of memory, obedient to her slightest call.

We should *systematically arrange* what we would remember. The lawyer who places notes, receipts, briefs, and notices, in a common drawer; the machinist who pitches lumber, tools, and patterns promiscuously together; the mechanic who puts dry-goods, groceries, hardware, and varieties together, without order or arrangement, will want many things which cannot be found without spending much time, and enduring much vexation, in the search. This will illustrate the importance of systematizing our thoughts for the convenience of memory in referring to them. If we ponder upon the facts which come before our minds, we shall not only become somewhat familiar with their faces, which will aid the memory in retaining them, but we shall also be enabled to refer them to a class of subjects according to their uses; and when those subjects come up, the thoughts we have associated with them will make their appearance at the same time.

[For the National Magazine.]

DEATH.

DEATH spareth none—
But young and old, and low and high,
The solemn lesson all must learn
That they were born to die.

The lovely flower—
The parents' only treasure here—
May fade and wither in an hour,
And leave them naught to cheer.

Youth hath no pledge
That he shall live to hoary age;
Death comes alike to all below—
Philosopher and sage.

A phantom grim
He stalks, unseen by mortals here;
Oft stealing to his cold embrace
The forms we hold most dear.

Yet death is sent,
By One who doeth all things well,
To take us from a world of sin
To heaven, with him to dwell.

Then murmur not;
But gird thyself and ready be,
With thy lamp trimm'd and armor on,
Till He shall send for thee.

WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

[For the National Magazine.]

REMINISCENCES OF THE PILGRIMS— MASSASOIT.

ON the 29d of March, 1621, a most interesting scene was witnessed in the "Old Plymouth Colony." On a hill (now called Watson's Hill) overlooking the entire settlement, and but a short distance from the humble dwellings of the pilgrims, stood a company of men most formidable, and exceedingly warlike in their appearance. This company consisted of the venerable, peace-loving Indian sachem, Massasoit, his brother, and sixty of his best warriors. They were all armed with deadly weapons, such as bows and arrows, tomahawks and scalping-knives; and with their faces painted with almost every variety of color, "some black, some red, some yellow, and some white; some with crosses, and other antic works; some were dressed in skins, and some were naked: all tall and mighty men."

The pilgrims, as they rose at early dawn, were startled at the appearance of this new and strange company. Only one hundred and one days had elapsed since they landed on "Plymouth Rock," and during that time they had passed through the most distressing scenes. Sickness and death had made terrible havoc among them, and nearly one-half of their number were now no more. Most of the survivors were feeble and sick, and but few were prepared to meet so formidable an enemy as these apparently hostile strangers. But something must be done; a crisis had arrived. The pressing emergency called for immediate and extraordinary exertions. Accordingly the best preparations were made to meet the supposed conflict.

Captain Miles Standish, a man of great courage, and ready for almost any emergency, mustered his company—but alas, what a company! Six feeble and sickly musketeers composed the whole; but undaunted, he resolved to make the best of his condition. Orders were given as if they were designed for an army of thousands, and the company showed off finely by "facings and wheelings," and handling of matchlocks.* What a display! Pity that

* A matchlock was a musket lighted by a match attached to a spring. To fire the piece, the "touch-pan" was previously opened; and on springing the match, its lighted end would be brought in contact with the pan.

old Baron Steuben, whom we have been accustomed to look upon as the *ne plus ultra* of old-fashioned military tactics, had not been present on this extraordinary occasion? Surely Captain Standish and his company would have given him some new ideas of his favorite science. What the savages thought of the wonderful performance has never been told, but they must have been amused.

The fears of the affrighted pilgrims were soon allayed. Massasoit had not come for war: his noble soul abhorred bloodshed. Peace was his object. Though a heathen, and chief of one of the most warlike Indian tribes, he took the earliest opportunity to visit the pilgrims, and propose to them terms of continued friendship and peace. He had heard of his new neighbors, and he knew they were few, weak, and feeble. He could have exterminated them with a blow. But he cherished toward them the highest respect, and bid them a hearty welcome to the new world. His object now was to form a treaty of peace with the English. The manner in which the parties were introduced to each other, and the ceremonies which followed, are worthy of being told.

Mr. Edward Winslow, a man of note among the pilgrims, first approached the heathen strangers, carrying a pair of knives, a chain, and a jewel, for Massasoit, and a knife and jewel for his brother; "also a pot of strong water, with some biscuit and butter for a treat, which were readily accepted. Winslow remaining as a hostage, Massasoit, with twenty armed men, descended the hill toward the pilgrims. Captain Standish marched with his company to the brook at the foot of the hill to meet Massasoit, and gave him a military salute, which was politely responded to. The distinguished visitor was then conducted to an unfinished building, hastily prepared, with 'a green rug and three or four cushions.' Governor Carver then approached, followed by the band, consisting of a drum and a trumpet, and the military company. The governor and the king saluted each other by kissing hands, when Carver took a seat and called for 'strong water' and 'fresh meat,' of which they all partook, and then proceeded to talk of peace and mutual protection. After signing the treaty, Governor Carver conducted his guest back to the brook, and took leave of him." Massasoit's brother,

Quadequina, and others, came down the hill, were received and treated in the same manner, and dismissed. Thus ended the novel ceremonies connected with the formation of one of the most important treaties, one to which, under the divine blessing, the pilgrims were indebted for most invaluable privileges, and even life itself.

From this time, friendly relations were maintained between Massasoit and the "Plymouth Colony" for forty years. The former resided within the limits of what is now the town of Warren,* Rhode Island, being about fifty miles from Plymouth. Deputations were frequently interchanged, and this had a most happy influence in promoting peace and kindly feeling. Massasoit and some of his men were often entertained by the pilgrims with great pomp, and feasted on the best which the colony afforded. The pilgrims were also received at Sowamset with the most ardent affection, and welcomed to the most liberal hospitality of the sachem's humble dwelling. Some of these visits were seasons of thrilling interest. The following account of one of them is given by Mr. Winslow, and will be interesting to the reader. Mr. John Hamden, and an Indian guide named Hobbamock, accompanied Mr. Winslow to Sowamset:—

"News came to Plymouth that Massasoit was like to die. Now it being a commendable manner of the Indians, when any, especially of note, are dangerously sick, for all that profess friendship to them to visit them in their extremity; therefore it was thought meet, that as we had ever professed friendship, so we should now maintain the same by observing this laudable custom. To that end, myself having formerly been there, the governor again laid this service upon myself, having one master John Hamden for my consort, and Hobbamock for our guide. So we set forward, and lodged the first night at Namasket, (now Middleborough, Massachusetts.) The next day, about one o'clock, we came to a ferry in Conbatant's country.† There they told us that Massasoit was dead, and had that day been buried. This news struck us blank, but especially Hobbamock, who desired we might return with all speed. Considering now that, he being dead, Conbatant was the most likely to succeed him, and that we were not above three miles from Mattapuyst, his dwelling-place, I thought

no time so fit as this to enter into more friendly terms with him and the rest of the sachems, and I resolved to put it in practice; so we went toward Mattapuyst. In the way, Hobbamock broke forth into these speeches: 'My loving sachem! my loving sachem! Many have I known, but never any like thee!' And turning to me, he said: 'While I live, I shall never see his like among the Indians: he was no liar; he was not bloody and cruel like other Indians; in anger and passion he was soon reclaimed; easy to be reconciled toward such as had offended him; he governed his men better with few strokes than others did with many, truly loving where he loved,' continuing a long speech with signs of unfeigned sorrow.

"We came to Mattapuyst, and went to the sachem's place, but Conbatant was not at home. The sachem's wife gave us friendly entertainment. Here we inquired concerning Massasoit: they thought him dead, but knew not certainly. About half an hour before sunset we were told that he was not yet dead, though there was no hope we should find him living. Upon this we were much revived, and set forward with all speed.

"When we came thither, we found the house so full of men as we could scarce get in, though they used their best diligence to make way for us. Thus they were in the midst of their charms for him, making such a hellish noise that it distempered us that were well, and therefore unlikely to ease him that was sick. When they had made an end of their charming, one told him that his friends, the English, had come to see him. Having understanding left, but his sight was wholly gone, he asked, 'Who has come?' They told him. He desired to speak with me. When I came to him he put forth his hand, which I took. Then he said twice, 'Art thou Winslow?' I answered, 'Yes.' Then he added, 'O, Winslow, I shall never see thee again!'

"Then I called Hobbamock, and desired him to tell Massasoit that the governor sent me with such things for him as he thought most likely to do him good, and whereof, if he pleased to take, I would presently give him, which he desired. Having a confection of many comfortable conserves, on the point of my knife I gave him some, which I could scarcely get through his teeth. When it was dissolved in his mouth he swallowed it, when those who were about him much rejoiced, saying he had not swallowed anything in two days before. His mouth was exceedingly furred, and his tongue swelled in such a manner that it was impossible for him to eat such meat as they had. I washed his mouth and scraped his tongue, after which I gave him more of the confection, which he swallowed with more readiness. Then he desiring to drink, I dissolved some of it in water, and gave him. Within half an hour this wrought a great alteration in him. Presently after his sight began to come to him, which gave him and us good encouragement.

"He requested me, that the day following, I would take my piece and kill him some fowl, and make him some English pottage, such as he had eaten at Plymouth, which I promised. In the meantime I must needs make him some without fowl. I caused a woman to bruise

* Massasoit's residence was not Mount Hope, as many have supposed, but Sowamset, now Warren, Rhode Island. "King Phillip," his son, resided at Mount Hope.

† This ferry was across Taunton River. Conbatant was sachem of another tribe.

some corn, take the flour from it, and set over the broken corn in a pipkin, for they have earthen pots of all sizes. When the day broke we went out, it being now March, to seek herbs, but could find none but strawberry leaves, of which I gathered a handful and put into the same; and because I had nothing to relish it, I went forth again, and pulled up a sassafras root, and sliced a piece thereof, and boiled it till it had a good relish, and then took it out. The broth being boiled, I strained it through my handkerchief, and gave him at least a pint, which he drank, and liked it well. After this his sight mended more and more; he also took some rest. Inasmuch as we with admiration blessed God for giving his blessing to such raw and ignorant means, himself and all of them acknowledging us the instruments of his preservation.

"Many, while we were there, came to see him; some, from a place not less than a hundred miles. To all that came, one of his chief men related the manner of his sickness; how near he was spent; how his friends, the English, came to see him; and how suddenly they recovered him to his present strength. He said, 'Now I see the English are my friends, and love me; and while I live, I will never forget this kindness they have showed me.'"

After a few days, Winslow and his companions returned, and related the scenes they had witnessed, and the wonderful recovery of the sachem in the colony, where there was great rejoicing. Massasoit lived thirty-eight years after this visit of the English, and died in 1661, at the advanced age of more than eighty years.

But little is known of this distinguished sachem; but from the items of history respecting him, we learn that he governed the tribe called the *Wampanoags*, who occupied a large tract of country extending over nearly the whole south-eastern part of Massachusetts, from Narragansett Bay to Cape Cod. He "possessed the elements of a great mind and a noble heart." He was kind and affectionate, and was always ready to sympathize with and relieve the afflicted. His attachments were strong, and his friendships enduring. His treaties, as we have seen, were sacred; and though he lived forty years after his first visit to Plymouth, yet the treaty signed on that occasion he maintained inviolate to the day of his death. He protected the pilgrims in their weak and defenseless state, informed them of threatening dangers, and, in several instances, prevented other Indian tribes from attacking them. Trumbull, in his work on Indian Wars, pays him the following just tribute:—

"He seems to have been a most estimable man. He was just, humane, and beneficent; true to his word, and in every respect an honest man."

His memory should be cherished and loved by every American; and though we may not honor him as a Christian hero, we may regard him as one of the best of pagan chieftains, and especially as having contributed much to the safety and happiness of our pilgrim forefathers.

TAULER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn miracle of life,
As one who, wandering in the starless night,
Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed—even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, O Lord!
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind:
Send me a man that can direct my steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden leaves, and looking up
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

"Peace unto thee, father!" Tauler said;
"God gives thee a good day!" The old man
raised

Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again:
"God give thee a happy life." The old man
smiled:

"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid

His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve:
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words
mean.

Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is,
And that which is not, sharing not his life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.

And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to his will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Its knowledge, goodness, and almighty power."

Silently wondering for a little space
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting
thought,

Which long has followed, whispering through
the dark

Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to
hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so. What hell may be I know not; this I know—I cannot lose the presence of the Lord. One arm, Humility, takes hold upon His dear Humanity; the other, Love, Claps his Divinity. So, where I go He goes; and better fire-walled hell with him Than golden-gated paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light, Like the first ray that fell on chaos, clove Apart the shadow wherein he had walked Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man Went his slow way until his silver hair Set like the white moon, where the hills of vines

Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:

"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man

Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust, Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step The city gates, he saw, far down the street, A mighty shadow break the light of noon, Which tracing backward till its airy lines Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes O'er broad façade and lofty pediment, O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche, Up the stone lace-work, chiseled by the wise Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where In the noon brightness the great minster's tower,

Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown, Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said, "The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes!

As yonder tower outstretches to the earth The dark triangle of its shade alone When the clear day is shining on its top, So darkness in the pathway of man's life Is but the shadow of God's providence, By the great sun of wisdom cast thereon; And what is dark below is light in heaven!"

STUDENTS IN LOWER RUSSIA.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

AS soon as the seminary bell, which hung before the door of the convent at Kiev, began to ring, pupils were seen arriving from all parts of the town. Those belonging to the grammar-class were still children, most of them having soiled and torn clothes, and their pockets filled with marbles, whistles, fragments of pastry, and, in the season, with young sparrows, whose shrill cry not seldom brought on their captors blows of the ferule, or even a flogging with a leathern strap. The rhetoricians were older, walked more steadily, and had decidedly fewer rents in their garments; but they frequently bore on their countenances ornaments in the shape of figures of rhetoric, imprinted by each other's energetic fists. The students

of philosophy and theology were quite grown up, and carried nothing in their pockets save fragments of tobacco. They never had any store of eatables about them, for it was their custom to devour on the spot whatever in that way they could lay their hands on. They smelt so strongly of pipes and vodka, that the odor often attracted the wistful noses of the peasants passing by. The square in front of the convent was usually filled with itinerant dealers in bread, cakes, water-melons, patties seasoned with honey and poppy-seeds, and various other dainties peculiar to the *cuisine* of Lower Russia. These merchants were in general women, and vied with each other in the loudness of their commendations of their respective wares. Barely, however, did they address themselves to either the philosophers or the theologians, for these gentlemen usually contented themselves with taking gratuitous samples of the good things, and that by handfuls.

On reaching the seminary, the crowd divided into classes, which assembled in large low rooms, with small windows, large doors, and old blackened benches. These were soon filled with divers and confused buzzings. The monitors made the pupils recite their lessons; while the sharp and piercing voice of a grammarian was answered in precisely the same key by the vibration of a cracked pane in one of the windows. In another corner resounded the deep bass voice of a thick-lipped rhetorician, reciting his morning's lesson. The monitors, while they listened to the repetitions, kept one eye peering under the bench, to try if they could discover in the pupils' pockets any delicacy that might be turned to their own account. When all this learned, although rabble rout, arrived somewhat early, or when the professors came later than usual, then, by general consent, commenced a *mêlée*, in which every one took part, even the censors, whose duty it was to maintain order. Generally, two of the elder theologians were the arbiters of the combat, and decided whether each class should fight on its own account, or whether all the students should divide themselves into two great parties—the bursars and the paying students. The grammarians were usually the first to commence; then came philosophy, with long black mustaches; and theology, in enormous Cossack pantaloons.

The battle almost always ended in favor of the latter branch of study; and philosophy went back to its class rubbing its sides, and sat down panting on the bench. Enter the professor, who, having in his youth taken a constant and active part in such pastimes, had now no difficulty in discovering on the flushed faces of his auditors abundant indications of the heat of the conflict. And while he administered strokes of the rod to the fingers of rhetoric, another professor, in another division, slapped the hands of philosophy with a flat wooden ruler. As to the theologians, they each received what their head-professor called a *measure of dried peas*—that is to say, a good dose of blows applied with a leathern strap.

On holidays, the bursars and the scholars were in the habit of going about the town carrying little theaters of puppets. Sometimes, in their own persons, they acted a comedy, and received as a recompense a piece of cloth, a bag of maize, half of a roasted goose, or something of that nature. In whatever other particulars the students might differ among themselves, in one point there was an astonishing uniformity among them—and that was in the voracious extent of their appetite. It would be impossible to calculate how many *kalatches** each of them could manage to swallow for his supper. Sometimes a party of them would make a foray on the kitchen-gardens in the neighborhood, and then a rich tureen of vegetable soup would smoke beneath their hungry noses. All the students wore long black gowns, which came down to their heels.

The vacation was the great event of the year. It commenced in June, when the pupils were all sent back to their parents. Then every high-road was covered with grammarians, rhetoricians, theologians, and philosophers. Some went on a visit to their companions; but the elder students generally sought for places—that is to say, they went to give lessons to the sons of the rich country farmers, and received in return a pair of new boots, or perhaps a half-worn coat. Until they obtained a place, they lived, ate, and slept in the fields, each one carrying a bag containing a shirt and a pair of stockings. Some of the more economical carried their boots slung on a

stick over their shoulder; and when the roads were muddy, they tucked their wide trowsers up to the knees, and boldly paddled through the puddles. Whenever they descried a village in the distance, they left the high-road, and placing themselves in single-file before the best-looking house in the place, chanted in chorus, and with deafening loudness, a religious carol. The master of the house, an old Cossack laborer, would perhaps listen to them with his head leaning on his hand, and then say to his wife: "Wife, what the students are chanting must be very edifying. Give them a good lump of hog's lard, and whatever eatables besides you have to spare." Then very likely a basket of cakes, some loaves of rye-bread, a piece of lard, and perhaps a fowl with its claws tied together, would be poured into the singers' ever-open bag. Then they would gayly go on their way, until by degrees the numbers diminished, and all were finally dispersed, to meet again at the reopening of the classes.

THE ELOQUENCE OF FLOWERS.

THE all-bountiful hand of Providence has scattered the path of our days with innumerable pleasant things, if we would but enjoy them. Among all these, there are few more so than a walk in the flower-garden before breakfast on a lovely morning. To see those mute and still, though not motionless creatures—we mean the blossoms—opening their painted bosoms to the beneficent rays which give them their color and their loveliness, welcoming the calm blessing of the light, as if with gratitude, and seeking, in their tranquil state of being, for nothing but the good gifts of God—might well afford a monitory lesson. Everything in nature has its homily to the eager hunters after fictitious enjoyment. How calm do the blossoms stand in their loveliness! how placid in their limited fruition of the elements that nourish them! How, in their splendid raiment, do they sparkle in the sun! how do they drink up the cup of dew, and gratefully give back honey and perfume in return! I would say, avoid that man, or that woman, who can see nothing beautiful in buds, blossoms, flowers, and children. His, indeed, must be a most depraved taste, or a very base heart.—*Kidd's Journal.*

* Little flour-cakes, eaten steeped in milk, butter, or honey.

VISIT TO THE VOLCANO OF HAWAII.

BY A SAILOR.

AT daylight I left my ship to join a party on shore, who were arranging for a visit to the volcano of Hawaii. I selected a horse, and with several friends and naval officers were soon upon our journey. A troop of Kanakers made part of our train, carrying all our provisions, apparel, &c., packed in calabashes. We proceeded on briskly a short time, until our road became too rugged to allow of fast trotting, when a part of our company had to return for better horses. A heavy shower of rain began to fall, and we soon gladly halted at a native lodge, to rest and await their return. Upon their joining us we started for the half-way house, which we did not reach until four o'clock P. M., completely saturated with the rain, which had been falling in torrents for the last two hours. We now stood anxiously looking for the arrival of the natives with the calabashes of dry clothes, and often heard the inquiry from the ladies within the house, "Have the natives come?" After a while they all came, when, changing our raiment, and partaking of a good hot supper, cheerfulness prevailed; our wet clothes were arranged by the fire, and we retired for the night, wishing to take an early start on the morrow. The house was of native construction, having one very large room, in which a field-bed runs the entire length. Two apartments were made by running a curtain through the middle. We slept soundly, and awoke to find the weather threatening. After partaking of a good breakfast, we, however, remounted our horses; the morning assumed a brighter appearance, and we journeyed cheerfully onward.

Our road, or rather path, soon struck on the Java rock, which became very trying for our horses' feet, they not being shod. A barren scene was presented to the eye, as but little vegetation was here visible. Passing from this we entered an exceedingly dense forest, where our romantic path was scarcely wide enough for a single horseman. Here were large trees of the native "Koa," around which beautiful vines twined themselves. Gay and odoriferous wild flowers were smilingly peeping out occasionally from their luxurious beds of evergreen mosses; cool brooks were everywhere seen bubbling

across our path. These, with the loud clear notes of the many bright-feathered songsters, as they sweetly warbled out their morning carols of praise to God, all tended to fill the mind with delight, and led to an admiration of the hand that formed the world.

Emerging from this wild and beautiful spot, by a sudden turn in the ascent we found ourselves on the verge of an extensive plain, completely covered by the high fern from which the native "pulu" is taken, so highly prized for beds. Our company had by this time become separated, some in the rear and some in advance. In the distance we espied two horses standing, with their riders by their side. Supposing them to be of our party, we saluted them with a loud shout; but on coming nearer we discovered our mistake. They proved to be a venerable old padre, with his crucifix suspended from his neck, with a companion of an inferior order. They were on a return from a visit to some of their mission stations; they had lost the key of their carpet-bag, and were looking for it when we first saw them. They told us the hour, and that some of our party had passed them some time before. Touching our hats we started on, quickening our pace as dark clouds rolled above us, ominous of an approaching shower. Our road was now good, and by a short curve we soon came in sight of a house and our advanced party, reclining on the grass at the edge of the old crater, while their weary steeds were standing mopishly by their sides. They appeared entirely enveloped in dense clouds of steam, which arose from almost every fissure of the earth, there being many over which we were riding. We joined them on a gallop, and were struck with surprise as we gazed down into a vast amphitheater of ten miles in circumference, and seemingly hundreds of feet in depth. Its bed was formed of cold lava, which, in many places, was crossed by deep fissures, from which hot steam was ascending in clouds. Wearied with travel, we concluded to wait until morning before we made a descent.

An excellent supper, a pleasant chat, &c., and we retired to rest; the ladies in the house, and the gentlemen in a smaller one situated a short distance down the banks of the crater. At sundown, some one outside thought he could discern, through the clouds of smoke and steam, a

horse and rider. Expecting to meet at this place the Rev. Mr. T. and Miss F. on their return from the other side of the island, all joined in the cry, "*They are coming.*" We looked in vain, for no Mr. T. made his appearance, though each of us strained our eyes to discover their approaching forms. And no very flattering compliments were paid to the one who had raised the "false alarm." A heavy misty dawn greeted us on waking, which gave evident signs of a rainy day.

Long were the faces at the breakfast table; the older ones talking of prudence in bad weather, the wives urging their husbands to a descent, "rain or no rain;" and the young ones spunkily protesting that they came to see the active part of the volcano, and as they were neither sugar nor salt, the rain should not interfere with them. In the meantime the weather assumed a more favorable aspect, and the most eager started off, leaving the prudent ones to await confirming signs. Off I went with the first party, of course. After a gradual descent for about a quarter of a mile, we came to a slope, almost perpendicular, of about one hundred feet down. A sort of path had been worn by clinging to rocks, bushes, &c., and slipping where we had no convenient hold for the hands. Thus we made out to get down. The difficulty of the descent obliged some of the ladies to relinquish the pleasure of witnessing the *raging fire*, and they returned to the house.

Our way now became more easy, as the slope was less steep; but at best it was very trying for a female. One half mile further brought us to the lower bed of the new lava, which was more easy to walk upon, being like ice covered with ashes. From this point our way became crossed by innumerable cracks or openings, over which we were forced to step or jump, according to their size, and many of them of an undiscoverable depth, hot steam issuing from them all, causing a sensation as if we were passing an oven's mouth.

We stopped a moment at the base of a high pile of lava rocks, in the center of which was a deep pit, smelling strongly of brimstone, and which was so hot that we could not look into it: one of our party lighted a cigar by holding it over its mouth on the end of a stick. Next we crossed a high ridge of rocks, of all sizes and shapes, which brought us to where the lava was

piled, sheet upon sheet, and as we walked our feet would often break in as through snow crust, letting us down, many times, knee deep, the heat being too great to be endured but for a moment. We now began slowly to ascend the sides of the main pit, in which the lava was boiling. It is thought its circumference is about half a mile. Its sides seem perpendicular, although they slightly incline inward to the depth of about one hundred and fifty feet.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of the way, our party advanced with some measure of glee; when, upon coming suddenly to the edge of the pit and glancing down, one general scream of surprise and horror broke from the company. Some for the moment ran from the awful sight. Seeing others gazing silently down its terrific abyss, they mustered courage, and again approached more cautiously to the sight. Truly it was enough to strike man dumb with astonishment, and excite in him reverence for that Great Jehovah who is the creator of all things. "He toucheth the mountains and they smoke," is the language of inspiration; and O what strange infatuation for puny man to strive against such power, and defy the mighty maker of such a scene! Here the boasted skill and wisdom of man is obliged to yield. He can but look with wonder, and must confess that GOD IS, and there is none like unto him!

The eye looks down, and beholds, as it were, a bed of molten iron, continually heaving, surging, and spouting the fiery liquid high in air. Now it is covered all over with a dark coat of lava, and anon the confined air bursts the crust into pieces, and tumbling, whistling, pitching, it sinks into the liquid mass, and is melted by the intense heat. It is a fathomless "lake of fire"—a fit emblem of "Death and Hell."

The sight beggars all description, and my vain, feeble attempt seems but a mockery. To be at all realized it must be seen!

Leaving this huge wonder of nature's frightful convulsion, we returned to the foot of the mound, and there partook of a lunch of oysters, crackers, cheese, &c., which the natives had brought.

The weather, which until now had remained misty, gave signs of speedy and abundant rain, and our party concluded to return by the direct route in which they

had come. Mr. S. and myself determined to take a more circuitous way on the bed of the new lava, and thus give scope for further explorations at every step, and we found much to interest us. I occasionally picked up a specimen of glassy lava, for which fortunately I had provided myself with a small bag. We had hardly gone half way from the crater before it began to rain heavily. Seeing a sort of cave near by, we entered it, and upon examination found we were under an immense shell of lava which had been raised probably to the height of forty feet. It was one hundred feet long and twenty-five feet wide. Having for the most part no support, the roof in the center had fallen in, so that there are now *two caves* instead of one. Innumerable stalactites, having the appearance of icicles, but of a dark slate color, were found, *both* suspended from the roof and standing around the cavern. The cave was filled with a warm and very dense vapor, which, rising to the top, was dripping continually from every part of it, and thus, no doubt, the stalactites were formed. We gathered a number of specimens, and remained here with overcoats off until we found our garments completely wet through by the vapor and perspiration. Preferring the rain, we proceeded on our way. I doubt not that this cave would be very useful for its medicinal properties were it in a location accessible to invalids. The rain was now pouring, and the fog became so dense that it was impossible for us to see our way from the crater. All we could discern was an immense precipice, as perpendicular as a *plumb-line*, towering hundreds of feet over our heads until lost in the misty clouds that had settled upon us.

After resting several times we arrived safely at the top of the crater, *much wearied*, but feeling amply repaid for the undertaking. No specimens but mine were gathered save some sulphur. Supper was eaten with zest, for our fatiguing trip had sharpened our appetites, and the rain without only tended to make us more merry. Before the repast was ended Rev. Mr. T. and Miss F. arrived, of course completely drenched. Dry clothes, a cup of hot tea, and agreeable company, soon revived their spirits. After singing and prayer by Mr. T. we retired.

During the night one of our party affirmed that he distinctly heard the low hissing of a

volcano, and supposed it to be the other crater, which had only been in action a short time, and whose light we had perceived the previous evening. The hissing, however, proved to be from the nose of a tea-kettle, kept boiling over a lamp during the night in case it might be wanted. The joke went merrily round the next day at the expense of our informant.

As the sun rose in splendor, we took our breakfast with elated spirits and prepared to start. Mr. T. and suite, with Captain F., had gone before us, intending to complete the journey before night.

We took it leisurely and enjoyed the scene, which was both picturesque and romantic, the day proving very fine. On Captain F.'s leaving, my attentions were due, and were not unwillingly rendered, to a very agreeable and intelligent lady. We arrived at the half-way house about two P. M., somewhat weary, but in the best of spirits. The advance party had engaged refreshments for us, and native hospitality had decorated the house with evergreens, and in other ways provided for our comfort. Captain P. and lady, after taking a cup of hot tea, continued their journey; while the rest of us, seeking our ease, had domiciled ourselves until the morrow. A pig was purchased, and given to the natives to prepare in regular "Lou ou" style. At seven o'clock we took supper, and a feast it was. Fruits were in abundance. The native process of "lomi, lomi," refreshed the most weary of our party. The evening was spent in singing, conversation, &c. We retired early, and sleep soon silenced the most talkative. By six o'clock in the morning we had started for town.

All nature seemed to rejoice in the advent of the glorious orb of day as he majestically rose above the cloud-capt horizon, shedding light and gladness over all below. About nine o'clock we arrived at the cocoanut grove, where a troop of natives had assembled to see our cavalcade as it passed. We were anxious to terminate our journey, and hurried on.

Shortly after, we ascended an eminence where the scenery presented to our eyes was truly grand. Before our sight was spread the broad and beautiful Bay of Hilo, upon whose quiet bosom a number of vessels were riding, which could be plainly discerned through the intervening shrubbery. On the right hand was

spread the expansive waters of the mighty Pacific, now reposing in treacherous tranquillity, stealthily waiting the summons of nature to lash themselves into foaming fury! On our left, in the distance, rose the towering "Mouna Roa," whose snowy peak strangely contrasted with the sultry air of the valley.

Looking up, we once more beheld dark heavy clouds rolling "to and fro," as if preparing for a terrible conflict. Wisely heeding nature's signs, we urged our already jaded steeds to a more prompt and speedy performance of their duty. They, too, began to think of *home*, and new vigor seemed imparted to us all. As we struck upon the highway of the town, large drops began to fall. On entering, we rode directly up to the hospitable mansion of the Rev. T. Coan, seamen's chaplain at Hilo, and had barely dismounted when the rain seemed to "let go," and down it poured in torrents.

After a plentiful repast and happy greetings, I started for my ship, the rain in the meantime having abated. I found one of my boats at the beach in waiting, and a few strokes of the oar by its hardy crew put me alongside our vessel. In another minute I was once more upon the deck of my floating home, glad to find "all well," and myself benefited by the excursion.

THE ILLUMINATED BIBLE AND THE LIVING EPISTLE.

BEFORE the days of printing, the copyists sometimes took great pains with their manuscripts, and Bibles were then elaborately embellished. Traced in silver and gold and brilliant colors, occasionally executed on tinted parchment, the mere letters were often a gorgeous picture; and such illuminated manuscripts will always awaken the astonishment and delight of the tasteful antiquarian.

We do not print our Bibles in silver and gold; nor have we verses marked out from the others by their vermilion ink, or their bolder character. And yet we have sometimes thought that every careful reader can illuminate his own copy as he proceeds. The book is all bright with passages which, at one time or another, have stirred or strengthened him:—it is all radiant with texts which have accused, or rebuked, or consoled him. On this

verse he heard a sermon which he never can forget; this chapter is associated with some affecting event in his domestic history; and here is a paragraph which gave rise to a dialogue or meditation, ever memorable in his religious career.

Yet, were a hundred such illuminated Bibles compared, it would be found that in no two of them is the same set of passages marked and made prominent. Some may coincide, and a few emphatic sentences may be common to all; but, according to individual peculiarities or providential circumstances, it will turn out that portions fraught with glory to one eye are obscure or ordinary to every other.

To take two instances. Suppose that each man were to mark in vermilion the verse that first convinced him of sin, or first made him anxious for the saving of his soul. In the Bible of the Apostle Paul, the tenth commandment would be inscribed in red letters; for, as he tells us, "I had not known sin, except the commandment had said, Thou shalt not covet." In the Bible of Alexander Henderson it would be, "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber;" for that was the shaft which pierced the conscience of the unconverted minister. In the Bible of the Ironside soldier, the rubric would be found at Eccles. xi, 9; for it was there that the bullet stopped, which, but for the interposing Bible, would have pierced his bosom; and when the battle was over, he read, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Or, suppose that each were to mark in golden letters the text which has been to him the gate of heaven; the text through whose open lattice a reconciled God has looked forth on him, or through whose telescope he first has glimpsed the cross. The Ethiopian chamberlain would mark the fifty-third of Isaiah; for it was when reading about the Lamb led to the slaughter that his eye was directed to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and he went on his way rejoicing. The English martyr, Bilney, would indicate the faithful saying, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of

whom I am chief;" for it was in sight of these words that the burden fell from his back which fasts and penances had only rendered more weighty. There was "a stricken deer" who had long been panting for the water-brooks, but he had yet found no comfort; when, one day, listlessly taking up a Testament, it opened at the words, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past," and instantly he realized the sufficiency of the atonement, and embraced the gospel; and, doubtless, the Bard of Olney would signalize by the most brilliant memorial the spot where the Sun of Righteousness first shone into his soul. "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen." These were the words which instantly converted into a living temple the calm and stately mind of Jonathan Edwards; and we may be sure that—like Jacob, who, at Luz, would always see lingering the light of the ladder—every time he returned to the passage, even in his most cursory perusal, the devout theologian would perceive a surviving trace of that manifestation, which into his vacant, wistful soul brought "the only wise God," and in glorifying that God gave him an object worthy of the vastest powers and the longest existence.

Such is the divine variety of Scripture; and thus from the stores of religious biography might be compiled a sort of historical commentary, showing what service in the way of "doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness," the different passages have done. It would be found that in this quiver there are hundreds of arrows which have pierced the conscience and convinced of sin. It would be found that from this tree of life as many leaves have dropped, and proved effectual to the healing of such wounds. It would be found that in this garden there hardly grows an herb, but some visitor has been regaled by its beauty, or revived by its fragrance; and those which have not been so sweet to the taste, have, in their very bitterness, yielded a salutary tonic. How many a text should we find invested with its true and touching legend! This was the lamp which lighted such a pilgrim through that ominous eclipse; and this was the hidden manna which, in the

howling wilderness, restored his soul. Here is the smooth stone with which he struck down that terrible temptation, and here is the good sword with which he cut off its head. Here is the harp on which he discoursed sweet music when God gave him songs in the night; and there is the staff with which he was comforted when he walked through the valley.

An illuminated Bible makes an illustrative reader; and if, in your private perusal, you come ever and anon on passages made dear and memorable by their bearing on your personal history, in your own turn you will, in some measure, supply that commentary which, of all others, is the greatest desideratum,—a legible Christian,—an epistle of Christ that may be known and read of all men.

Perhaps my reader is a young man. Perhaps he is a young man of enthusiasm and energy. In exuberant health, and with spirits briskly bounding, he has the prospect not only of living long, but living largely;—a man who will feel in every fiber all the influences of the coming age, and who will be himself no mean influence in it.

Brother, look before you. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" In this abundance of life, and this measure of ability, God has given you a solemn trust. You cannot help telling on others for good or evil. And when a few years are past, you will have done a great deal to deepen the perdition, or to lighten the bliss of yourself and others.

Methinks I hear you say, "I don't want to be vicious; nay, I would rather be uncommonly virtuous. I would like to be a better man than most of your so-called saints. I am sick of their affectations and hypocrisies. I cannot bear their cant. I want to be in every action sincere and earnest,—every atom true. I cannot fill up a ready-made formula: I cannot atow myself away in the stiff exuvie of a misshapen antiquity. I must be original, independent, real. I shall make my own model, and then I shall make myself."

By all means be genuine; nay, by all means be original. But, on the part of a creature, what is the truest originality? Is it not the closest copying of perfection? that is, the most implicit imitation of the Creator's originals? When Phidias or Praxiteles took a block of marble, did he say to himself, "Now I shall make a new

thing under the sun:—I shall make a figure which shall suggest to the beholder nothing that moveth upon the face of the earth—something so novel, that it has never entered into the heart of man to conceive it, and nobody will guess where the model was found!" Had he said this, he would have produced an original of that sorry sort which we call an oddity, something very grotesque and ungainly, something like an African fetich or a Hindoo pagod. But the great artist said, "I shall make as near as possible a perfect man. Gathering up hints of strength and symmetry wherever I can find them, I shall devoutly endeavor to realize that exquisite model which was in the eye of the Divine Artist himself;" and, with the humility of genius, content to copy, limb by limb, and lineament by lineament, there came out from the dead rock the most unique of all originalities, a perfect figure, a glorified humanity, a vision of power and joy which makes us understand how very good, once on a time, was this mortal frame,—how fearfully and wonderfully made at first,—how wonderful and fearful the resurrection may see it all again.

The Belvidere Apollo is the most unique and original of sculptures, because it is the most earnest and successful of imitations. As far as he could catch sight of it, the artist kept constantly in view the model supplied by the Creator; and it is by combining so skillfully every fragment of peculiar beauty or vigor which came in his way, and by copying these so faithfully, that he has realized such a splendid conception.

Now, making one proviso—remarking that all genuine goodness is spontaneous, that it is excellence followed for its own sake not mimicked for admiration's sake,—you will find *the goodness will turn out the most original, not which makes its own model, or strikes out its own style, but which most closely copies Perfection.* This book supplies such a model. It exhibits a Pattern-Man,—a wearer of our intellect, and will, and affections, who never spoke a word that was not the right one, and who never did a right deed so that even he himself could have done it better. This peerless pattern,—this man so elevated, yet so tender,—so loyal to God, yet so loving to those around him,—so separate from sin, yet so void of sanctimoniousness, the Word sets before you,

and God says. Be ye followers of Christ. Walk as Christ also walked. Let the mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus. And a few sublime spirits, made generous by the Spirit of God, have been seized with a blessed ambition, and not because men would admire them, but because they were smitten by goodness so charming, they have gazed on it, and pondered it, and imbibed it, till they were sensibly changed into the same image, and men felt, "There you go, so noble, so lovely. We know where you have been: you could not have attained an excellence so charming, had not Jesus Christ once been in the world, and had you not somehow been brought into contact with him."

The most polished Englishman of the last century was Philip Dormer Stanhope, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield. High-born and well-bred, clever, eloquent, and witty, and endowed with a large amount of natural amenity, he was bent on distinction. To dazzle his cotemporaries was the business of his life. He was a man who made his own model. From the speeches of Cicero, from the epigrams of Martial, from the saloons of Paris and Versailles, he gleaned the several ingredients of classic grace and modern refinement, and sought to combine them in the courtier, the statesman, and orator. He had no God. In the shrine where the Most High should be, there was a dim outline which looked very like a colossal Stanhope carrying a young Chesterfield in its arms; but unless this mixture of self-idolatry and son-worship deserve the name, there was no religion in the man. He had his reward. At a levee, or in a drawing-room, he moved "the admired of all admirers." Few made such formidable speeches in Parliament. None uttered so many brilliant sayings in society. He got ribins, plaudits, diplomatic appointments, the smiles of the fair, the envy of his peers;—everything except true human affection; everything except the approbation of God. Should any one wish to repeat the man, the mold is still extant. It will be found in Lord Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son;"—a book of which our great moralist said, in effect, that "it inculcates the morals of a profligate with the manners of a dancing-master." But before taking more trouble, it is well to know the result. At the close, he confessed that his life had been as joyless as it had been selfish

and hollow: "I have recently read Solomon with a kind of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not as wise as he; but now I am old enough to feel the truth of his reflection, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.'" Repartees sparkled on his dying lips, but all was dreary within, all was darkness ahead. The fame for which he lived expired before himself; and now truth declines to write his epitaph, and virtue has no garlands for his grave.

Still a boy, while this old worldling lay dying, William Wilberforce soon grew up, and the grace of God made him a Christian; that is, it taught him to live not to himself, but to the glory of God. It taught him to worship. It showed him that he was not his own proprietor; that he had no right to make his own enjoyment his chief pursuit; and that he must put all his faculties at God's disposal. In the Bible he found the model on which God would have him form his character. He studied it. He prayed for it. He watched himself, and struggled with his evil tendencies.

God's Spirit strengthened him, and gave him wonderful self-conquest. Retaining all his natural elasticity, his wit, his bright fancy, his melodious voice and fluent speech, his random hilarity was exchanged for conscientious kindness, and all his gifts of mind and station were devoutly laid at the feet of his Redeemer. With his pen he expounded to the highest classes that system of vital piety which Whitefield and Wesley had already preached to the populace; and carrying it to the dinner-tables of Clapham, and the evening assemblies of Piccadilly, many who fancied religion too severe in the sermons of Bishop Porteus or the strictures of Hannah More, confessed to its loveliness in the life of Mr. Wilberforce. Then, in his public career—keeping himself on purpose "pure"—avoiding office, never using for personal ends the vast ascendancy over others which his fascinating goodness gave him, any more than the *prestige* of his mighty Yorkshire constituency; alike on the floor of St. Stephen's and on the platform of Freemasons' Tavern, he consecrated to every humane and Christian cause "a persuasive and pathetic eloquence, chastened by a pure taste, varied by extensive information, enriched by classical allusion, sometimes elevated by the

more sublime topics of Holy Writ—the thoughts and the spirit

'That touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire.'

How much the individual advocacy of one so loved and honored effected for Missionary and Bible Societies, it would be difficult to tell; but it is hardly metaphor to say that Africa wept when he died. His country will never forget him: for although poets, warriors, and statesmen, in numbers repose under the roof of the Abbey, England recognizes no originality more illustrious, no heroism more patriotic, than his who led the campaign of humanity so long, and who achieved the abolition of the Slave Trade.

The model on which Wilberforce was formed still exists. The reader will find it in the book which we have sought to recommend; and if, in exploring that book, he finds thoughts to which no one yet has done justice, philanthropic suggestions which no one has yet carried out, features of excellence which no one yet has exhibited, he will just repeat the experience of a thousand predecessors, and still will leave a virgin-field for the researches of all who follow.

The Book of Nature is not exhausted. Gutta-percha and chloroform, coal-gas and steam-carriages, sun-pictures and electric telegraphs, have all come to light within the last few years; and greater things than these are coming. All that is wanting is an explorer who distinctly understands what it is that he desires, and who will accept the answer when nature flings it at his feet.

The Book of Revelation is not exhausted either. In our own day it has yielded treasures long latent; and we have seen such things come out of it as, "The Astronomical Discourses," and "Elijah the Tishbite." Within the memory of some now living, it has yielded Sabbath schools and foreign missions, prison-visiting, ragged schools, and convict-reformation. It has emancipated slaves. It has ransomed thousands from ignorance and bondage. It has sent Scripture-readers and evangelists into the very abodes of sin. It has given our higher classes kinder and fairer feelings toward their less-favored brethren. And scantily as it is even yet admitted into the faith and affections of Christendom, it is the benevolence of the Bible which at this moment keeps its spirit from

souring, and it is the "blessed hope" of the Bible which keeps its heart from breaking; just as the existence of that Bible is a pledge that its merciful Creator has in reserve for the world a long Sabbath of peace and righteousness.

Yet, like the good gifts which nature retained in her bosom, till the sage purchased them and handed them forth to his fellows, all these great thoughts and good schemes were treasures hid in the Scripture, till Chalmers and Krummacher, Raikes and Sadler, Sarah Martin and Mrs. Fry, found them out and brought them forth. But the book is not exhausted; and if you really wish to serve your fellows, this Mentor will show you the way. With its guidance you will find that the true "excelsior" is humility, and that, like Pascal, Edwards, and Vinet, the believer on his knees sees further than the philosopher on tiptoe. You will find that the book which, among its affectionate copyists, has yielded characters so distinct, yet so excellent, as Arnold and Buxton, Howard and Williams, Martin and M'Cheyne, can make you as superior to your present self as these men were superior to ordinary mortals. In one word, you will find that in things intellectual, he is likely to be the mightiest master who knows the Bible best, and most meekly trusts in God; and in things moral and philanthropic,—in conduct and character,—he is likely to be the greatest original who is the closest copyist—the most implicit imitator of Christ.

TO MY WATCH,

(LYING, STOPPED, IN THE DESK.)

FAMILIAR time-piece—thou whose tick
Hath cheer'd for me full many a night,
Still chiming with my pulse—now quick
And loud—now low, and slow, and light.

Dear monitor and friend, when thick
And throbbing memories throng'd my brain,
Thy fluttering beat, so loud and quick,
Would soothe as if it shared my pain.

But hush'd is now thy faithful tick,
That with each mood such chiming made;
Methinks thou, too, art crazed and sick,
And thou, too, on thy back art laid.

And should that tick be heard no more,
And silent darkness be thy doom,
Thy beat, my heart, shall soon be o'er,
Hush'd in the dark and silent tomb.

And when (time ended) I shall stand
In judgment for eternity,
May mercy veil, with pitying hand,
The record thou shalt bear 'gainst me!
NEWPORT, R. I. C. T. B.

SLAVE-HUNTS IN THE SAHARA.

FROM the bondman, trembling under a scourge in the American plantation, we sometimes turn to Africa, the mother of bondage, who forges chains for her own children. Of the iron dug from her own mountains these fetters are made, and the tribes of the sons of Tubal Cain beat and shape them on her own soil. In the solitude of those central deserts man keeps the gate open to his enemy. The sword never found a passage thither. Nothing but gold ever penetrated the Sahara. Its dwellers were never conquered by an Alexander or a Cæsar, but any truckling kidnapper can corrupt them. It is a bitter witness to the broken faith of man with man, to see creatures born under the pledge of a common compact and natural law betraying and degrading one another; but the most miserable sight in the whole dark range of human debasement is that of the beginning of the slave's sorrow. He is pitiable when he has grown old in servitude, but still more pitiable when the anklets and manacles are new and bright upon his limbs, when liberty still lingers in his thoughts, like the sweetest taste of childhood, and he is torn from home, casting a longing, wretched, hopeless look behind.

Remote in the wilderness of Central Africa slavery brings forth its offspring. There, among beautiful hills and oases watered by delicious springs, with date-groves shading hamlets which seem all pleasantness and peace, mothers nurse the young brood which is to pine, and toil, and perish in the sugar or tobacco grounds of Cuba or the Western Continent.

A great belt of populous country stretches across the desert, which spreads over the central region of Africa, and was by the ancients compared, with its tawny surface and spots of hill and verdure, to a leopard's skin. Four great kingdoms are situated upon this populous belt—Wadai, Bournou, Soudan, and Timbuctoo, whence four caravan tracks lead down across sandy and stony wastes to the Barbary coast. Lesser kingdoms lie around about, each in an oasis of its own; and from all of these come annually to the sea trains of captured slaves, to be sold in the cities and ports, while others go westward to supply the traders who ply to the shores of Cuba. Ivory, ostrich feathers, senna, wax, and

indigo are also brought down; but this legitimate traffic is comparatively small, of recent growth, and never likely to become important without diminishing or extinguishing the commerce in human beings.

Melancholy everywhere, the slave system is most melancholy in Central Africa. For, in those distant countries, defended on all sides by deserts, and only made accessible by the cupidity of man, we perceive the slave in his original home, enjoying that happiness which harmonizes with his nature, and is interrupted by the stealth or violence of the kidnapper.

We may choose a city of the once famous and mysterious kingdom of Bournou—the city of Zinder, buried deep in the center of Africa. It is picturesquely situated amid undulations of green hills, with sprinkles of gigantic knolls. Meadows lie around it without fences, and corn-stacks and granaries stand in the open country without bolt or guard, illustrating a feeling of honor among these “mighty hunters” of their fellow-men. About twenty thousand people dwell here in habitations which are scattered over a vast space of ground. A conical hill, or a block of granite, marks each separate quarter. Circular walls of matting, inclosing a number of huts, or mud houses, denote the residence of a chieftain; while irregular clusters show where the inferior qualities of the population are congregated. At sunset one or two hundred vultures fly in a circle over the city, and clean it from refuse collected in the day. There are two weekly markets, when cattle, camels, sheep, flesh, wheat, honey, hotkabobs, and sweet potatoes are exposed for sale, besides merchandize and slaves. Fruit and vegetables, of the most cooling kinds, are brought from gardens which pleasantly encircle Zinder; and thus a strange nation passes a strange but unromantic life.

The great trade of the kingdom is in slaves, who are classed in a peculiar manner: the men are assorted into those who have a beard, those who have none, and those who have a beard beginning; while the women are valued according to the size and shape of their bosoms. The best of them go to the city of Niffee, to be there shipped for America. There is an immense traffic in these slaves, who are exchanged for American goods, which are to be found in these markets more abundantly than in those of any other country.

The chief slave-hunters in these kingdoms are, of course the kings themselves. Some of them go out once a year, others once a month, and on various pretences, though many avow openly the purposes of their expedition. Formerly, when the rulers were Moslems, and the people idolators, a religious cry covered the shame of the kidnapper; but the whole population became Mohammedan, and then the faithful hunted the faithful as savagely as they had before hunted the Kaffirs or infidels! Their common plan is this:—A chief foments a quarrel with some town or village within his territories, upon some affair of taxation, and then, to vindicate his rights, marches forth and captures all the inhabitants. In order to enjoy this privilege he pays a tribute to the Great Sheikh or Lord of Bournou.

A regular razzia, or slave-hunt in the Sahara, is perhaps the most extraordinary of all the operations invented by man to obtain wealth. For some time before, there is generally a rumor in the city that this event is to take place, and great is the excitement in the bordering countries until it is known in which direction the *sarkee*, or governor, will march. This village is now named, and now that; but a mystery usually prevails till within a few days of the start. Meanwhile, small parties are sent out from time to time to steal “a family or two,” in order to be exchanged for certain nuts which the *sarkee* is pleased to like. Then, perhaps, a boy pilfers a little fruit. Public justice must be vindicated! He is sold in the bazar, and not only he, but his father, mother, and sisters, and perhaps the whole circle of his relations, the money being appropriated by the chief.

Gradually, however, the plan of the great razzia is completed. A thousand slaves are required—so many to be sent to the sheikh, so many to be distributed among the interior traders, and so many to be kept by the *sarkee*. If a common man catches five, three belongs to him, and two to his feudal master; if he kidnaps two, each has one for his share. Thus the whole populace has an interest in the result of the expedition; and all join with hope and glee to chase the peaceful villagers of the contiguous country, and bring them home desolate in chains. Five thousand cavalry, and thirty thousand bowmen assemble on a plain near the city;

the drums of Zinder beat; the people shout; gaudy flags and emblems stream in the sun; and away goes the cavalcade with as much pomp and pride as Napoleon's legions winding along the heights to conquer at Marengo.

After three or four hours' ride they usually encamp, and a market is opened for traffic in provisions. Since no women accompany the razzia, the men cook and do all the work. The first advance is often made in a direction contrary to that actually proposed to be taken—for the route of the expedition is kept a profound secret, so that an unsuspecting population may be taken by surprise. At night, the leader calls his chosen troops around him, distributes nuts among them, indicates a part of his plan, and orders the hour and the line of the next march. This is made at midnight, or as soon as the moon rises, when the whole black army is again in motion, dragging its huge length through date-groves and stubble-fields, and valleys and hills, toward some devoted town destined for the first plunder. The chief takes care not to expose himself, but marches with a body-guard, which surrounds him while a battle goes on. These warriors are covered with mattress-stuffing to protect them against arrows and spears; while a number of "generals" direct the attack, and the archers and the shield-bearers press forward to capture or die!

After several days' journey, the army reaches a country where slaves may be caught, and disperses itself to the several cities and villages. Sometimes the people defend themselves heroically with their bows and arrows, flying to the summits of rocks, and selling their liberty dearly. Often, however, they are surprised while they are preparing their meals, or dancing, or celebrating a bridal-feast; and then the enemy rush in, seize them, chain, and bear them unresistingly away. If the hamlet be girt with stockades, a garrison of expert archers may occasionally drive back the forlorn hope of the slave-hunters, but a second assault is victorious; and the dwellings are left level with the earth. The hut-doors are violently broken open; the inside is ransacked; the milk-bowls and calabashes are taken with the bows, arrows, and axes: and the ruin is next unroofed or set on fire, while the cattle, the sheep, and the goats, are swept out of every field, to swell the general booty.

Meanwhile, in Zinder the inhabitants await eagerly the return of the hunters. These are sent out to different elevations near the city, to watch for the shadow and the dust of the homeward-marching army. At length, after an absence more or less prolonged, a cry is heard, "The sarkee is coming!" All the population throngs out to learn the truth. If he is not himself within sight, the fruits of his achievements are visible. A single horseman paces along, showing the way to a miserable train of newly-made slaves. Here comes a group of little boys, naked, fearless, playing about as though it were a holiday; then a string of mothers dragging themselves along, with babes at their breasts; then girls of various ages, some scarcely bloomed out of childhood, others ripened to maturity; then, as Richardson describes in his wonderfully-striking narrative, old men bent two-double with the weight of many years, their trembling chins drooping toward the ground, "their poor old heads covered with white wool;" next come aged women, tottering and helping themselves along with staves, and after them stout youths, chained neck to neck together, who are huddled through the gateways, never to pass them but in bonds.

There is joy in Zinder. All day long the triumph is prolonged. Following this vanguard—the abject trophies of misery, come single cavaliers, then lines of horsemen galloping over the plain, then cavalry with drums beating, and then a body of mounted warriors, with helmets of brass and padded coats, who march around the sarkee or sultan. At length the mass of the hunting army appears in sight, toiling along a rolling canopy of dust, and with it comes the spoil of the expedition, perhaps three thousand slaves. This is the beginning of a sorrow which is to end perhaps with insults and lashes on a plantation—God only knows where.

Some of the captives taken are, after the general sales, domesticated in Zinder, or a neighboring Bournou city. Almost every household has one or two trained, who, from the method in which the irons are fixed on their limbs, cannot walk, but, when they are obliged to go about, move along with little jumps. No sight can be conceived more painful; but if the people will have slaves it is necessary to fether them, because there are so many towns and retreats near, to which they could

escape without difficulty, and whither they could not easily be brought back. They are exceedingly useful to their owners, who enjoy indolence and comfort, through their industry: and for this reason it is, that when the slave-hunting army returns, so much delight fills the population as they salute the army with the beautiful Arabic word "Alberka!"—"Blessing!" In the same spirit the Italian bandit repeats an invocation to the Virgin while he cocks his pistol!

The slaves cultivate the ground, cook food, sweep the huts, and do all kinds of menial offices for their masters, and when they offend, are punished with awful severity by them. Yet they are not on the whole inhumanly treated, and are allowed to enjoy some of their favorite amusements. On the "night of power," in which the Koran is said to have descended from heaven, they are permitted to have a feast, a free dance, and songs; and then they forget for the hour all thought of suffering, and are as happy as under their native shades. On certain days, too, they visit the tombs of their dead friends, burning incense over them, calling upon their names, and praying to be restored "to them and to liberty after death." They dress very gayly on holidays, and derive from such occasions an enjoyment which seems almost to compensate for the sadness of the rest of the year. Many of them are patterns of fidelity, and after a lengthened period of service will die for their masters.

But the most unhappy are those who are doomed to be sent across deserts, to be sold in distant cities, and scattered far over the earth in strange lands. Regular caravans are formed to take them across the Sahara to the market of the coast. They are either sold or confided to the dealers, and marched in the heat of the day over the desolate wastes of sand and rock, with no alleviation to their toil, except the lightness of their own hearts and the cheer of their own songs. The train is ready—it starts; little time is given for adieus, and the links of blood, and the bonds of love, and all the dear affinities of the heart, are broken forever!

A number of camels, with a file of armed men, march with the weary cavalcade of slaves. They may be seen straggling along the brown desert, some crawling and scarcely able to move, others urged sullenly

with threats or blows. Lately, a traveler fell in with one of these melancholy caravans. It consisted of about twenty camels laden with ivory, and thirty girls, who had been seventy days on their monotonous, mournful way. Most of these poor creatures had performed journeys, on their road from their own happy villages to captivity, which would acquire for any European traveler who should perform them an unequalled renown. Some of them had little children slung on their backs. They met an old woman who was returning free to her own country, under the protection of a party of white men. No envy filled their sad breasts. They fell upon her aged neck, weeping and kissing her, and blessing her in return for the kind wish she uttered, that the same happiness might be in store for all of them.

Away the caravan proceeds, over the unmeasured desert, the camels pacing along in strings, one being tied to another, and resembling, in the distance, a moving mass of troops, especially when the mirage multiplies their long piles to the eye. A solid bed of rock constitutes the basis of the region, scattered over with fine dry sand, or blue pebbles, except when a fountain splashes amid its little green paradise, like a smile on the face of desolation. Occasionally, a vast assemblage of rocks appears on the horizon, and seems, to the believing eye of the Moslem, some abandoned city of the Jinn. Then a small lake shines like a patch of silver under some palms, and some pretty red and yellow wild-flowers are scattered along the track; and the wanderer, unaccustomed to beauty amid all this dreariness,

"In barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts amid the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear."

The slaves, as they march, wear scarcely any clothes, and are treated as much like merchandise as possible. Three or four are often made into a "parcel"—a young woman, a young man, and two children. Their condition varies, of course, with the character of their drivers. Some are grossly and savagely used, whipped along by day, and made the toy of their masters in the camp; others are kindly treated, well fed, and permitted to ride in turns. Those with infants in their arms are behaved to with tenderness and even respect

—respect, I mean, of the sort which is paid to women in this part of the earth. Generally, females are not believed to possess souls; they have no moral motives to virtue, no family or feminine pride, no liberty of the affections, and are expected to do wrong if they can. From women in such a position what can be anticipated? Sultan Ennoor, of the unexplored kingdom of Abeer, told Richardson his ideas on this subject:—

“The opinion of his highness of women does not flatter the ladies: he recommended us never to listen to the advice of our wives; if we did we should be lost. The women were very well to fetch water, pound ghaseb, and cook the supper, but for nothing else. He never himself paid any attention to what they said: they were awful talkers.”

So much for the old savage. However, women in bonds are not likely to be the best representatives of their sex.

Happy is it for the poor slave-girls, on their march through the Sahara, that they have light hearts. They sing touching and plaintive songs, laden with memories of home, laden with thoughts of former joys, laden with recollections of the field and huts where they spent their happy youth; and so they beguile their way. As soon as the place of encampment is reached, they arrange everything and light fires, first for their masters, and then for themselves. The cold of the desert is bitter at night, and the wretched creatures wear little or no clothing. Their rations of food are then served to them: and too often the barley-meal and water which would be scarcely sufficient for one is divided among ten of the famished and aqualid slaves.

They may have been on foot fourteen hours; they may be still hungry, thirsty, weary; yet, as the evening deepens, they rise one by one to the dance, and trip upon the sand until the moon grows pale. They beat their uncouth drums, and the young slaves fly round, often in very modest and graceful measures, though often, too, in figures quite of another character. A peculiar hopping step is much in practice among them; and it is by no means an uncurious circumstance that we can trace many of the favorite negro dances in America to their origin in the remote kingdoms of the Sahara. They have even preserved some of the most singular of the movements and evolutions, as well as many of the native airs; so that the spirit of Africa is breathed again among the

sugar-canes and cotton-fields of Alabama and Carolina. In such festivities the unhappy creatures fall into forgetfulness of their lot, and seem as though lost by an indifference, which, however, only lasts while the merriment goes on. See them next morning setting out, with unwilling steps, their heads bent, their eyes down-cast and dull, their faces marked with sorrow, and all the illusion of the moonlit revelry passes away, and they become again as cheerless and desolate as the Sahara itself.

And so the caravan toils along, now winding in irregular files along the plain, now crawling up a mountain, now bivouac-ing near a well, and on the green fields of an oasis. As it goes, some of the victims fail in strength, and sink and perish on the road. The very aged especially leave their bonds in this manner half-way between their former dwelling-places and the termination of the journey to bondage. It seems a gratuitous cruelty on the part of the slave-hunters to disturb tottering old men and women, who have nothing left to do on earth but to die, and who, if they were actually brought to market, would not sell for more than *one shilling*, so feeble and useless are they. When they expire, a hole is dug, or rather scratched in the sand, and they are thrown in, and a loose stone is placed over them. Numbers of such graves mark the four great caravan tracks, from the kingdom of the Sahara to the northern coast. Many little mounds, too, mark the resting bed of children who have died on this road; the earth is hollowed for them the moment they have ceased to breathe, even before; and no mother, no friend, can ever come to visit the sacred place again. An undistinguishable hillock remains for a while upon the spot, but the desert is soon subdued to its level, and every sign of their existence is gone.

ENERGY AND VICTORY.—The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy*—*invincible determination*. A purpose once fixed, and then,—death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—*Boston*.

[For the National Magazine.]

LIEUTENANT HEYWOOD, U. S. N.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NAVY.

THIS officer was born in Waterville, Me., in 1805. He entered college at the age of seventeen, where he acquitted himself creditably in study, and, by his amiable and conciliatory deportment, endeared himself to his instructors, class-mates, and college companions. But his naturally ardent and restless spirit was dissatisfied with this sedentary life, and he obtained, by the aid of his friends, a cadet's appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. Remaining there two years, and preserving a respectable position in his class, his inclinations led him to seek a still more active life, and he resigned his situation and repaired to Washington to solicit a midshipman's appointment in the navy. Unaided by the influence of friends, he was kept from day to day, for several weeks, in attendance on the Secretary of the Navy, and each day was put off to the next, sometimes with some slight encouragement, oftener with none. Others might have been weary and disheartened with these delays; not so young Heywood; no obstacles that could be overcome turned him aside from his object, thus exhibiting a trait of character which peculiarly fitted him for his chosen profession. At length he was successful; Mr. Southard, (then Secretary of the Navy,) seeing the worth and perseverance of the applicant, informed him that a warrant should be immediately made out and forwarded to his residence, which was accordingly done in November, 1826. Passing through this grade and that of passed midshipman, he was commissioned as a lieutenant in 1837. In a long course of service rendered in these grades he was, for the most part, actively employed on the different stations at home and abroad, and established an enviable reputation as an officer and a gentleman. An immovable firmness of purpose, an untiring perseverance in the discharge of his duties, and an irreproachable moral life, combined with an overflowing measure of kindness and benevolence, and a modest, retiring, and unobtrusive manner, served to win the esteem and elicit the friendly responses of all his associates.

On his first cruise, after promotion to the rank of lieutenant, during the visits of the squadron to Mahon, he became

deeply interested in a lady of rare attractions of person and manner, and very highly accomplished; and at the termination of the cruise was united to her in marriage, and she accompanied him to his native place, where she has ever since resided. Several interesting children have resulted from this marriage, who, with their bereaved mother, now mourn the loss of their best and truest earthly friend and protector.

On a subsequent cruise to the coast of Africa, in a small vessel, he was infected with the fever peculiar to that climate, and great fears were entertained for his life, but, by a timely change, in returning to the United States previous to the termination of the cruise, the fatal consequences were avoided. A report of his death was, however, by some unpardonable carelessness, circulated in the journals of the day, and caused great distress to his family; but his arrival home immediately afterward relieved their fears and gladdened their hearts.

During the late war with Mexico he was actively and conspicuously employed on the Western coast, and at *San José* rendered services which reflect great credit upon the squadron to which he was attached, and firmly established for himself a reputation truly enviable.

After a short tour of service on shore, Lieutenant Heywood was again ordered to sea, as first lieutenant of the steam frigate *Saranac*; and although the position was not such as should have been offered to so distinguished an officer, yet, never having declined any orders, or shrunk from any service, he promptly entered upon his duties, and sailed for the coast of Brazil. He was destined never again to visit his native land, never more to enjoy the tender endearments of home, to watch over the progress and interests of his family, never more to extend a hearty greeting to his many sincere friends and companions. The fever, then prevalent at Rio de Janeiro, assailed him, and, after a short illness, he was removed from the scene of his labors, we trust and believe to a better world. While he retained his senses, neither he nor his medical attendant entertained any doubts of his recovery; but a sudden and unexpected change came over him, and he passed away rapidly and unconsciously. The blow was a severe one to all on board. When the melancholy event was commu-

nicated a sad and gloomy feeling pervaded all parts of the vessel. Respected, honored, beloved, and lamented throughout the whole corps, he died as he had always lived, true to himself and true to his country; leaving behind him a name and a reputation which no time can obscure,—which will elevate the standing and add a bright page to the history of the navy.

The honorable services performed by Lieutenant Heywood during the Mexican War have failed in calling forth from the executive notice commensurate with their deserts. True, the officers of the navy, and particularly those who were intimately acquainted with the facts, rendered freely to him all praise and honor; but that which the naval or military officer most prizes, which sustains him through a long course of privations, hardships, and exposures, fell not to his lot. The service on his part was rendered faithfully, brilliantly; the reward, so well merited, was not attained. The fruits of his gallantry are nevertheless infallible, and remain the inheritance of those who come after him. His achievements at San José alone should place him among the first of heroes. Ours will be the pleasure to recall them.*

The flag of the United States had been, in March, 1847, hoisted at San José, with the consent of the town council, and with a national salute, thereby taking formal possession, and assuming jurisdiction over it; but owing to the extent of operations and the small naval force on that station, it had been hauled down on the departure of the squadron, the commodore deeming it injudicious to leave a flag flying without a force adequate for its protection. The circumstance, however, of hauling down a flag, after hoisting it in so formal a manner, being calculated to produce mistrust, induced him subsequently to order the landing of a force; and for this service Lieutenant Heywood was selected, having under his command three passed midshipmen and a party of marines. This was also rendered the more imperative from the fact that a majority of the inhabitants of the town were friendly to the United States, and desired their protection, having been threatened by the guerrillas, headed by Mejares, ("a man of

activity and desperate courage,") with summary vengeance. Under the consternation caused by these threats, the resident Americans fled, and the friendly Californians were in the greatest terror.

The force left under Lieutenant Heywood amounted to twenty-five, all told, furnished with a nine-pound carronade, seventy-five carbines, and a limited supply of ammunition. This force was numerically swelled by the enrollment of twenty friendly Californians; but they proved of little service, and with their families only helped to reduce the provisions, and uselessly waste the ammunition. After landing a supply of provisions for thirty days, the squadron sailed, leaving Lieutenant Heywood, with this scanty force, for the defense of San José. An old mission-house, situated at the upper end of the village, a square building, protected in the rear by an abrupt descent to the base of the plain, the front facing and looking down upon the whole length of the main street, was selected, upon which to hoist the flag. It was strengthened by cross-pieces and upright pillars, several useless doorways and windows closed in with masonry, leaving but one entrance in front and one in the rear, and port-holes made for musketry. The carronade, mounted on an old clumsy slide, without wheels for easy transportation, or any of the conveniences necessary for maneuvering on land, was planted in front to command the avenue; this was designated as the cartel. Another building—owned by an American, Mr. Mott, and occupied by Mr. Gillespie, a merchant of San José—being in dangerous proximity, (if occupied by an enemy,) was also occupied by Passed Midshipman M'Lanahan, assisted by Mr. Gillespie, a corporal of marines, and twelve California volunteers. Every preparation being made for the defense of their position, this little band found themselves with only forty rounds of cartridges, the buildings filled with native families, seeking protection, and consuming their provisions, and with constant rumors reaching them of meditated attacks by greatly superior numbers.

Vague rumors of the force and movements of the enemy were from time to time received, and on the morning of the 19th of November, (ten days after the sailing of the squadron,) they were reported within a league. At eight A. M. a troop

* This narrative is compiled from the *Portland Advertiser* of March 8, 1853, and from *Los Gringos*, by Lieutenant Wise, who was at the time in the same squadron.

of cavalry, well equipped and mounted, appeared on an elevation called *La Somita*, distant about three hundred and forty yards, bearing a white flag. Having been met by an equal force of the American party under Passed Midshipman M'Lanahan, a written summons was transmitted to the commander, demanding a surrender at discretion, to which was returned the following characteristic reply:—

"GENTLEMEN,—Having been informed of the contents of your favor, I have to reply, that I cannot comply with your summons, and that I am prepared to defend the flag of the United States against all who may oppose it. This being my determination, I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES HEYWOOD."

Upon the receipt of which the troops retired, replacing the flag of truce with the Mexican tri-color. At three P. M. the enemy appeared in force of about one hundred and fifty cavalry, (Lieut. Wise says nearly two hundred,) and occupied a position on *La Somita*, where they established their head-quarters; about sunset they opened their fire from a six-pounder, which was continued until dark, the shot striking the occupied buildings, and doing some trifling damage. The garrison, wishing to husband their supply of ammunition for closer quarters, merely returned two or three shots.

Nothing but the great disparity of force deterred Lieutenant Heywood from saluting forth to dislodge them at the point of the bayonet. At ten o'clock, after a cessation of firing for some time, the enemy, having cautiously advanced under cover of night, made a simultaneous attack on both buildings, in front and rear, and made a vigorous attempt to dislodge the party in the second building, which was as vigorously met; and they were successfully driven back from a position where they had posted their cannon, bearing upon the front of the mission house. Being repulsed on each attack, they took refuge in the adjacent buildings, from which they kept up a brisk fire for the greater part of the night, their balls flying in showers through every port-hole, and splintering the inner walls. "The only wish (says Lieutenant Heywood in his official report) breathed by officers and men was for close quarters." Before daylight the enemy retired with one killed and several wounded; on the side of the Americans three only were wounded.

The next day was passed in quiet, save an attempt of the enemy to cut off communication between the buildings.

On the night of the 20th, at eleven o'clock, the enemy appeared again in front and made a vigorous charge, and were received with a rapid fire of musketry. Three of their leaders fell dead, and among them Majares himself; one, bearing away his leader, fell mortally wounded across his body. Deprived of their chief, the rest fled. This plan of attack (as afterward ascertained) was well concerted, and the party well supplied with ladders, cross-bars, &c. While Majares, with forty picked men, as a forlorn hope, charged the front of the building, sustaining the fire of the carronade, and occupying the attention of the whole garrison, the remainder, one hundred strong, led by A. Moreno and Vincente Mexia, were to scale the walls on the three remaining sides, and thus secure the destruction of the little band. "Equally unprepared for the gallant conduct of the little band at San José and depressed by the loss of their leader, the guerrilla chiefs ordered their partisans to again unite in the north for a combined attack upon La Paz."

On the morning of the 21st two vessels appeared in the offing, which proved to be the whale-ships *Magnolia* and *Edward*—Captains B. Simmons and Barker. The enemy, after sending a party of fifty to the beach, as if to cut off communication with the garrison, and, no doubt, under the impression that they were vessels of war, struck their flag and retired along the road to La Paz; not, however, without a parting shot, which, not to be deficient in courtesy, was returned from the second building, knocking a horseman from his saddle.

The two captains of the whale-ships, having been escorted up from the beach by a party under Passed Midshipman M'Lanahan, volunteered to Lieutenant Heywood all the assistance in their power; and, "being informed of the straitened situation of their countrymen, with their brave crews, armed with muskets, lances, spades, and harpoons, landed and marched to the cuartel; and also brought on shore a quantity of bread, all the powder they possessed, and even parted with their hand and deep-sea leads to mold into bullets." At the request of Lieutenant Heywood they also remained at San José for several

days, until the arrival of the Portsmouth to the relief of the garrison, receiving on board a number of the families, as a night attack was constantly expected. Their offers of assistance, and the formidable appearance they presented, were well calculated to reassure the citizens, who had felt much uneasiness at the smallness of our force. A few days later a corvette and store-ship arrived, when the garrison was reinforced by the addition of two more carronades, an abundance of ammunition and provisions, the quarters strengthened, and an additional force of ten marines and sixteen seamen landed.

On the 8th of December, by a communication from Lieutenant Heywood to the commander of the squadron, it appears that the main Mexican force had retired from before La Paz, and established their head-quarters at San Antonio, while the outpost of sixty men under Angulo was at Media Flores, about twenty-five miles distant, the main body at San Antonio consisting of three hundred and fifty men. On the 21st of January he again writes that the enemy is hovering around his position.

That day, or the next, a party consisting of two officers and six men, in attempting to communicate with a schooner, was surrounded by a force of one hundred and fifty of the enemy's cavalry, and taken prisoners. After this capture, Lieutenant Heywood writes that his force consisted of twenty-seven marines and fifteen seamen, (five of the latter sick,) besides some twenty Californians. From that date the enemy was constantly in sight, intercepting all communication and cutting off whatever supplies might have been obtained from without the garrison. "Embodied by their success in the capture of the small party, and no longer deterred by the presence of the corvette, and having been baffled in their demonstrations upon La Paz, they again resolved to attempt the reduction of San José with such an overwhelming force as to place the result beyond a doubt." With three hundred cavalry they contracted their lines, and by the 4th of February had completely closed around the little garrison, firing at all who showed themselves at the posts or on the parapet.

Lieutenant Heywood, now feeling somewhat better prepared, and having, as it were, felt the enemy's pulse, was no longer

content to remain at home and receive their nightly visits without some adequate return. Accordingly, on the morning of the 6th, the enemy appearing more scattered, a considerable force being to the northward of the cuartel, while at the same time a strong party, posted at the lower end of the street, kept up an annoying fire; judging this a favorable moment for a sortie, and taking with him twenty-five men, he charged upon the latter party, dislodging them and driving them into the hills, and then returned to the cuartel without the loss of a single man.

Again, on the morning of the 7th, he issued forth and rescued some property belonging to the Californians who were in the mission house; and the same day, hearing that some rice and tobacco were stored in a house three hundred yards distant, in the main street, he sallied forth with thirty men to secure it. In this attempt some sharp fighting ensued, in which one of the volunteers was killed. Charging down the street, the enemy was driven to the cover of a corn-field in the outskirts of the town, where they were reinforced, and commenced a hot fire. The sallying party returned to the cuartel, having in part accomplished their object; but the enemy had previously forced the building in the rear, and carried off a part of the contents.

On the 10th the enemy, having entire possession of the town, had perforated all the adjacent houses with port-holes, occupying a church in the rear of the mission on a high and commanding position. Their flag was displayed on a building ninety yards distant, from front, sides, and rear of which they were enabled to throw a raking fire, which they kept up incessantly, the least exposure of our persons drawing from them numerous discharges. Their rifles appeared to be excellent, and were skillfully used, the balls continually entering at the port-holes of the cuartel.

On the 11th, the same course was pursued by the enemy, and it was seldom that any in the garrison could get an opportunity of returning their fire, they kept so closely under cover. On this day, the second in command, Passed Midshipman M'Lanahan, was wounded by a ball in the neck, on the right side, a little below the thyroid cartilage, the ball lodging in his left shoulder. He expired in about two hours. This was a severe loss to Lieu-

tenant Heywood and to the navy. He was an officer of great promise, intelligent, energetic, and brave to temerity. "He fell with one hand clasping the flag-staff that upheld the colors he had so intrepidly defended, and died in the hour of victory, an early but enviable death." This left Lieutenant Heywood with but one other officer.

On the 12th, at daylight, it appeared that the enemy had raised a breast-work, one hundred and fifty yards to the northeast of the cuartel, entirely commanding the watering-place. The cannon of the garrison were turned upon this, but with no effect. Some water was obtained at night, but at considerable hazard, the enemy keeping a close watch upon the garrison. The means of obtaining water being thus cut off, it was determined to sink a well in the lowest ground in the rear of the second house. The work was immediately commenced, and during the 13th and 14th the men worked industriously and cheerfully, there being, with the greatest economy, but four days' water in the garrison. The commander, and one other officer, with fifty-eight persons, including the sick and wounded, and twenty of the enrolled natives, now constituted the entire force of this little band; and with the buildings crowded to excess with women and children, who were to be fed, provisions became scarce. The bread was entirely gone, and all that remained was salt-meat for a few days, at half-allowance.

"In such an emergency, surrounded by nearly ten times their number, less undaunted spirits might reasonably have succumbed to the perils of a siege which was hourly becoming more straitened. But the little garrison, though a small band, were true to themselves. There were neither murmurs nor thoughts of surrender. They still vigilantly guarded the defenses, with but limited rest or food, while the bullets or shot of the enemy flew in by the loop-holes, or plunged through the walls. Yet there was no flinching. Ever on the alert, they incessantly watched the enemy," taking the opportunity of every or any exposure on their part, to send the leaden messenger with unerring aim among them.

This gallant little band had now, under their most heroic and determined leader, since the return of the Mexican force from La Paz, sustained a close siege of twenty-

five days—during eleven of which they were closely hemmed in, and subjected to incessant annoyance, requiring the closest, unceasing vigilance—resisting many determined assaults, and making several dashing and successful sorties. Yet their position had become eminently critical, and without speedy relief their well-defended flag could not have long retained its proud position.

On the afternoon of the 14th, the United States corvette *Cyane* arrived and anchored. It was truly a joyous sight to the besieged; but some doubt was entertained of their being able to render any immediate assistance, the enemy being so vastly superior in numbers. Yet had the disparity been much greater, the noble commander of that vessel would not have hesitated an instant in hastening to the relief of the garrison. The report of artillery had been heard by them on board; the American flag had been seen still waving over the heads of the little band; and it was evident to them that the post was closely besieged; therefore, preparations were immediately made for landing all the force that could be spared from the vessel.

Lieutenant Heywood passed a night of extreme anxiety, lest, in landing at that late hour, they might be drawn into an ambuscade. He therefore, with much forethought, though hard pressed by the enemy during the night, as he had been for eight nights previously, refrained from using his artillery, though he might have done so with much advantage, that the commander of the *Cyane* might remain in ignorance of the contest going on.

At daylight, on the 15th, a force of one hundred and two—namely, eight officers, (all the commissioned officers, except one lieutenant and the purser, being of the party,) eighty-nine seamen, and five marines, under the command of Captain Dupont, landed, formed in two companies, and commenced their march for the garrison. From the moment of leaving the beach, and during their entire progress, they were subjected to a sharp fire on their flank and rear from every cover along the road. Whenever an enemy was seen, he was greeted with a shot; and wherever the fire appeared concentrated and was especially annoying, both companies would face to the right or left, and pour a volley in the proper direction: cavalry threatened in front, but were driven back, and retired

under the steady progress of the two columns. "On approaching the mound of San Vincent, it was found occupied by the enemy in force, presenting a formidable array; but the Americans pressed steadily on, (still annoyed on the right,) and, rising the hill, a discharge from a field-piece, followed by a well-directed volley, drove the enemy before them into the bushes." After passing the hamlet, the enemy closed in on their rear, reoccupying the mound and huts, whence a brisk fire was kept up, and again in passing a field of well-grown sugar-cane, and still further on, from the shelter of a long row of plantains and bananas. The fire of the enemy was well sustained throughout, but fortunately not as well directed, most of the balls passing over the heads of the Americans.

The gallant little band in the garrison watched with much anxiety the progress of their friends, appearing to them more closely pressed the nearer they approached; though they derived much confidence in witnessing the effect of their fire upon the enemy—and, as there was a strong force still occupying the town, Lieutenant Heywood, at the head of his whole party, sallied forth and drove them from the cover of the houses, from which they had been annoying him; and, having cleared the way, advanced to join the party from the *Cyane*, who were then quite near.

After cordial greetings, the two forces united, and marched into San José, the enemy retreating before them.

A few detachments of the enemy being seen by the officer in charge of the *Cyane*, separated from our party, and lingering about, a few well-directed discharges of shell from that vessel entirely dispersed them, and opened the communication with the vessel. The Mexicans then fell back to their camp at Las Animas, and at night retreated to San José Viego, two leagues up the valley.

The march of this force from the *Cyane*, through an enemy so vastly superior in numbers, well mounted, and having every advantage in knowledge of the ground, was certainly an intrepid exploit, creditably, skillfully, and boldly planned, and gallantly executed: and well worthy did they prove themselves of the great honor of bringing relief to the brave defenders of San José. On the side of the Americans there were but four wounded, which is truly wonderful, considering the incessant

fire to which they were exposed; on that of the enemy the loss was known to be thirteen, which report swelled to thirty-five. The number of wounded could not be ascertained.

In the several attacks on the garrison, the enemy had fifteen killed and many wounded, while the loss on the part of the Americans was but thirteen killed and four slightly wounded.

The garrison having been relieved and provisioned, Lieutenant Heywood still retained command of the port until the 20th of April, when he was relieved by Captain Naglee, who arrived with one hundred volunteers of the New-York regiment. The presence of the *Cyane* being deemed no longer necessary, Lieutenant Heywood and his party embarked in that vessel and were conveyed to Mazatlan.

Such was the defense of San José by Lieutenant Heywood; and the encomium passed upon it by the commodore of the squadron in his report to the navy department, that "*the annals of no war can furnish instances of greater coolness, more indomitable perseverance, more conspicuous bravery, and sounder judgment,*" was surely well merited. We have felt that some appropriate tribute was due to the memory of that distinguished officer: not that we need to make known to the navy, or remind them, that such deeds marked the progress of the late war on the western coast, for the events described are well known to them and justly appreciated; nor that we would, at this late day, call for honors or rewards to him who has gone where worldly distinction can no longer reach him. The scene of his exploits was too remote from the capital, and the officer too modest and unobtrusive in his manners, to command the just notice of the executive. Less brilliant deeds have met with ready advancement, and, even in the navy, in some cases, with temporary and gratifying commands. In the army, where all were brave and many greatly distinguished, brevets were thrown wide-cast, and promotion readily granted. We are far from envying our brother officers of the army the reward they receive, and would rather rejoice that brevets, with their baneful influences, are not entailed upon our corps; but as the navy claims to have done well the work which fell to their lot, we feel that individual acts of gallantry, such as those of Lieutenant Heywood,

should have met with something more tangible, more substantial, than bare complimentary expressions.

A dashing charge on the artillery of an enemy, the skillful maneuvering of flying artillery, a well-timed and well-directed broadside on the ocean,—these and other brilliant deeds, in the heat and excitement of action, turning the scale and securing a victory, are all worthy of commendation: and thus heroes are made, and for these heroes are rewarded. It is well; but the defense of San José must take a higher stand: it bears less the character of an impulse than of a principle—a settled purpose. The flying artillery, the dashing and imposing charges, and the heavy battery, were not within the scope of his resources; but a spirit which no peril, no circumstance could move; a sense of duty, which would not allow him to hesitate or waver while life lasted.

Officers of our navy have been made heroes for one solitary act of successful gallantry—M'Donough on Champlain, Perry on Erie, Decatur, Hull, and others. No praise was too great to express the grateful satisfaction of the country. It was well. These have gone to their graves, honored far and wide, throughout the length and breadth of the land, and their names will be handed down as watchwords and incentives to deeds of heroism in after years.

But how with poor Heywood? What benefit accrued to him? What appropriate notice was ever taken by the executive of his conduct on this occasion? The humble station held by Lieutenant Heywood at the time of his death is evidence that his claims were overlooked. Well might Commodore — say, as he introduced Lieutenant Heywood to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, on the occasion of his visiting the Saranac previous to her departure for Brazil: "*In any other country he would have been knighted.*"

Yet the name of Charles Heywood is not lost to the navy. While the flag which he so bravely defended at San José, torn and disfigured by the shots of the enemy, remains at the Navy School at Annapolis, the young midshipmen will proudly point to it; and, while they narrate to each other the noble deeds of that little band, their fresh young hearts will beat with enthusiasm, and respond in healthful tribute to his memory.

THE GARRET REVISITED.

SARCASTIC people are wont to say that poets dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it. And others, neither sarcastic nor simple, send them up aloft, among the rubbish, just because they do not know what to do with them down stairs, and "among folks;" and so they class them under the head of rubbish, and consign them to the grand receptacle of dilapidated "has beens" and despised "used to bes,"—the old garret.

The garret is to the other apartments of the homestead what the adverb is to pedagogues in parsing: everything they do not know how to dispose of is consigned to the list of adverbs. And it is for this precise reason that we love garrets, because they *do* contain the relics of the old and the past; remembrancers of other, and happier, and simpler times.

They have come to build houses now—days without garrets. Impious innovation!

You man of bronze and "bearded like the pard," who would make people believe, if you could, that you never was "a wee toddlin' thing;" that you never wore a "rifle dress," or jingled a rattle-box with infinite delight; that you never had a mother, and that she never became an old woman, and wore mob-caps and spectacles, and, may be, took snuff: go home once more, after all these years of absence, all booted and whiskered, and six feet high as you are, and let us go up stairs together into that old-fashioned spacious garret that extends from gable to gable, with its narrow oval windows with a spider-web of a sash, through which steals "a dim religious light" upon a museum of things unnameable, that once figured below stairs, but were long since crowded out by the Vandal hand of these modern times.

The loose boards of the floor rattle somewhat as they used to do—do n't they?—when, beneath your little pattering feet, they clattered and clattered, when on a rainy day, mother, wearied with many-tongued importunity, granted the "Let us go up garret and play." And play? Desperately little of play have you had since, we'll warrant, with your looks of dignity and your dreamings of ambition.

Here we are now, in the midst of the garret. That old barrel—shall we rummage it? Old files of newspapers—dusty,

yellow, a little tattered! 'Tis the "Western Star." How familiar the type looks! How it reminds you of old times, when you looked over the edge of the counter, with the "letters or papers for father!" and those same Stars, just damp from the press, were carried one by one from the fireside, and perused and preserved as they ought to be. Stars? Damp? Ah! many a star has set since then, and many a new-turfed heap grown dewy and damp with rain that fell not from the clouds.

Dive deeper into the barrel! There! A bundle—up it comes, in a cloud of dust. Old Almanacs!—Almanacs, thin-leaved ledgers of time, going back to—let us see how far—184—, 183—, 182—,—before our time,—180—,—when our mothers were children. And the day-book—now blotted and blurred with many records and many tears!

There, you have hit your head against that "plate!" Time was when you ran to and fro beneath it; but you are nearer to it, now by more than "the altitude of a copine." That plate is filled with forgotten papers of seeds for next year's sowing; a distaff, with some few shreds of flax remaining, is thrust into a crevice of the rafters overhead; and tucked away close under the eaves is "the little wheel," that used to stand by the fire in times long gone. Its sweet, low song has ceased; and perhaps she that drew those flaxen threads—but never mind—you remember the line, do n't you?

"Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more."

Well, let that pass. Do you see that little craft careened in that dark corner? It was red once; it was the only casket in the house once, and contained a mother's jewels. The old red cradle, for all the world! And you occupied it once; ay, great as you are, it was your world once; and over it—the only horizon you beheld—bent the heaven of a mother's eye, as you rocked in that little barque of love, on the hither shore of time, fast by a mother's love to a mother's heart.

And there, attached to two rafters, are the fragments of an untwisted rope. Do you remember it, and what it was for, and who fastened it there? 'Twas "the children's swing." You are here, indeed; but where are Charley and Nelly? There hangs his little cap by that window; and there the little red frocks he used to wear.

A crown is resting on his cherub brow; and her robes are spotless in the better land.

But we must not tarry longer now, but will return some other day; for that old garret is more nearly like a human heart, full of gentle and tearful memories, than aught else on earth *but* human hearts themselves. God keep that garret with all its treasures safe, though fame may prove a vision, fortune an idle dream, and the aspirations of men fruitless.

Let the reflections upon the past be tempered with a spirit of humility and submission to the Divine hand; for the relics of nature as well as art must be laid aside to waste by the corroding touches of the finger of time.

A REPROOF OF FOPPERY.

DEAN SWIFT was a great enemy to extravagance in dress. Of his mode of reproving this folly in those persons for whom he had any esteem, the following instance has been recorded:—When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with the same ceremony as if he had been a stranger. "And pray sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?" "I thought it was my duty, sir," replied George, "to wait upon you immediately upon my arrival from London." "Pray, sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, the printer, sir." "You, George Faulkner, the printer? Why, you are the most impudent, barefaced scoundrel of an impostor I ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, or I will immediately send you to the house of correction." Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress, returned to the deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," said the dean, "I am glad to see you return safe from London. Why, here has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a lace waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him off, with a flea in his ear."
—*Workingman's Friend.*

[For the National Magazine.]

INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE DEAD.

EPITAPHS present curious specimens of composition. A mixed collection of them from almost any grave-yard would make one mourn or laugh over their peculiar constructions. It would contain all the variations between tragedy and comedy, though it is an inappropriate province for either; while its highest relief and redeeming quality would be the interspersions of Scriptural epitaphs. With the exception of sentences from the sacred writings, we think that the literature of tomb-stones is a greater commemoration of the weakness of the living, than of honor to the dead.

Though the good and gifted who are gone may deserve enduring testimonials of respect, many of their epitaphs are not worth being written upon anything as durable as stone. It is a mercy to human history and to the reputation of our race with succeeding generations, that there is power enough in rain and frost to obliterate many of these monumental records of the folly and frailty of the past. If the common sunlight was gifted with *perception* and *will*, it would be no wonder if it should refuse to light up many of our burial-places with their chiseled nonsense; thus leaving them in a "plague of darkness."

Tennyson has said:—

"I sometimes think it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel."

Assuredly, many of our grave-stone rhymers commit a *whole* sin in writing much of their epitaph-poetry. Many of these sad rhyming memorials originate in the following way: There may be some poet in the family, or in the circle of kind acquaintance, who finds a great inspiration in a death occasion, and forthwith goes to dishonoring poetry. And the relatives, in the *tenderness* of their wisdom, thinking all words, especially words of home praise, have a consecrated beauty, whenever they are in the *shape* of a verse, with rejecting give them to the stone-cutter.

It would be well if the dead charged for many of the inscriptions upon their tomb-stones, as the newspapers do for a good deal of the obituary poetry which is sent to them; for it is certainly offensive to the memory of the departed to give room and perpetuity to many of the praising

death advertisements so often placed upon the column and tablet over their dust; the revenue of which, the dead should give as a charity to improve the heart and brain of the surviving epitaph-writer. The only criticism to which most of the tomb-stone poetry is submitted for approval is the affection of the often unwise heart of the mourner or relative; which frequently is not so good and restrictive as that which we have from the editors of journals and publishers of books, which the world of oblivion has full evidence is poor enough, holding as it does the remains and skeletons of dead unread words deeper down than any geologist or antiquarian is able to descend. If the press has ever needed a censor, some of our church-yards have needed one still more.

How often has a miserable epitaph excited irresistible laughter or contempt, while we have been reading the inscriptions of the silent land, which has been poorly accordant with the solemn suggestions of the place; and instead of leaving the gate of the cemetery with the prayerful and lofty purpose to learn how to die, we walk forth playfully from a field so thick with graves.

We will present below a few examples of this sepulcher poetry, which is mostly taken from a single yard; while the recollection of the reader will convince him that they are not extreme or local specimens, and are far superior to thousands which might be found:—

"My friends and brethren,
When you come here
This to see,
Prepare to follow me."

It is to be wished that the grass before the stone which bears such an epitaph might not be kept from growing up by the feet of numerous readers.

"Ye wandering travelers who pass,
Pray stop, and look into this glass.
A heap of moldering dust I lie:
As you are now so once was I."

O, bard of the sepulcher, it will take better poetry than this to crystallize marble into window glass or a mirror.

"Behold my tomb,
My grave how small,
Yet large enough
To earth you all."

We think it a pity that such unsuggestive words were not put under ground, instead of being left in sight. Truly, they need to be interred nearly as much as a

corpse. Yet few tears could be dropped over such a burial.

"Behold and see as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now so you must be;
Prepare for death and follow me."

We think that the transition and contrast between life and death receives no grand solemnity from such a warning. It rather translates us back to the days of district-school poetry.

"He was a flower so early cropt,
Was handed to the tomb;
Yet death this angel only left
In paradise to bloom."

Just see how this epitaph cuts off a flower and an angel in the same metaphor! The beauty of early childhood withers away very fast under the *cropping* of such a poetic knife; while it is rather cruel for the same knife to be *lopping* off angels.

"Whirlwinds arise; my branches tear,
And to some distant region bear
Far from this spot a wretched mother,
Whose fruit and joys are gone together."

It is hopeful that such a tempest of grief might be short. We fear that this epitaph would look rather too wild and stormy even to the tearful eye of the fond mother at the after hour of clear and subdued resignation. It would be wise to remember that such tornadoes sometimes blow over.

The adoption of Scriptural epitaphs would prevent such wretched inscriptions. Those selected from the Bible would be superior in many ways. We will suggest a few of them. The revolutions in literary taste and style can never make them appear antiquated. They have not the perishing and vanishing properties which exist so largely in human literature. They are higher above the variations of history than all other words. The languages of nations change, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. The highest culture and finest rhetoric of the future will find many of the most ancient lines of Scripture more perfect than their criticism. Though the race has been wailing and crying for hundreds of years, the wailing of Rachel and David cannot be deepened by all this long experience of sorrow. None ever wept so sublimely, or wiped away a tear so gently, as Christ. Sentences from the Sacred Writings which would have been beautiful upon the graves of the earliest patriarchs, over five thousand

years ago, are just as beautiful now. The sculptor, after collecting the finest elegiac passages of human literature, could chisel nothing upon the tomb of Job surpassing this:—

"I know that my Redeemer liveth! And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Nor could he inscribe upon the sepulcher of the apostle John finer words than his own:—

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,"

though it has been cut on ten thousand grave-stones, will have just as holy a charm when it shall be cut on a million more; ay, and will hold its charming benediction of peace upon the last tombstone that shall be raised upon the earth.

"I am the resurrection and the life!"

will not fade away when the solemn splendors of the last day shall burn upon them, while many of the inscriptions of human composition will vanish from sight.

"O grave! where is thy victory?"

will sound triumphant beside the final death-march of the world, while the repeating of most of the epitaph-poetry would chord poorly with the voice of the descending archangel and of the trump of God.

Again: what is more appropriate for the dead and the living than the language of the only revelation of that invisible world to which the dead are gone, and to which the living are going? If the deceased are permitted to read the inscriptions upon their own graves, would they not find that the speech of the evangelists and prophets corresponded best with the dialect of that country to which they have passed?

And surely there are no words with which the living should be more familiar, or should more often read upon the commemorating stones of the departed than those which alone reveal our solemn destiny beyond the borders of the grave. It is wise in a traveler, who goes to visit a foreign land, to become acquainted with the peculiarities of its government; it is wiser still for man to understand the law and privileges of the empire beyond the

sea of life. It may here also be suggested that nearly all the serious reading of some is their reading upon tomb-stones, and many who will seldom read a religious sentence elsewhere, will patiently read whatever is written upon the tablets and shafts of a cemetery. How ample then is the reason that these inscriptions should be of a divine quality!

An additional reason for Scriptural epigraphs is, that the soul has seldom a more tender sensibility or truer perception, is seldom more pervaded with the solemn and vast meaning of life, than when in communion with the dead. In such a communion the throbbing, swelling bosom feels more than ever that it is moving close beside the drapery which conceals the drama of the eternal world. While we are bereaved and broken in spirit, the prophets and apostles seem almost to have a fresh commission and new miracles, and we listen with a larger faith to their prophecy and evangel. Though skepticism may move with firm feet and daring lips amid the enchantment and commerce of life, those feet often tremble and those lips falter when they are in the council of the dead.

How appropriate, then, that the soul, while it has this enlarged susceptibility to receive the fullest and truest interpretation of the mission of our being, should have the words of the oracles of God in its presence! How appropriate that the child of sin and sorrow should be led by the sacred teachings of the burial-ground to drop his tears upon the feet of the Prince of Consolation, and to lean his weary head upon His palm! How appropriate that the failing theory of the skeptic might be replaced by the substantial hope of the gospel, by his reading the words of inspiration among the dead! With these bright and holy instructions written over the dead, instead of a cemetery being like a field at golden sunset, with the shadows deepening, lengthening, and widening, till they cast a shade everywhere, some might find it like a field at morning, with the long mysterious shadows continually shortened by the uprising of the orb of celestial faith, while its light in passing through the soul, showered by holy thoughts and tears, would be separated and blended into a beautiful curve, which would arch with promise into eternity.

SHOPKEEPING ON TWO PRINCIPLES.

"IT'S all nonsense, old boy. I take more money on a Sunday than on any day in the week: so don't think I am so foolish as to shut up my shop, and trust to God's blessing, as you say. 'God helps them that help themselves' that's my maxim."

"Well, Mr. Johnson, you quote one proverb, and I will quote another: 'All's well that ends well.' Good morning."

"Shut up my shop on a Sunday!" said George Johnson, with some bitterness, to himself. "O yes! I am sure to do that, to please a set of sanctified hypocrites, who would n't care if I was starving, so long as I made my appearance with a long face at church every Sunday. But I am too old a bird to be caught by such chaff as that."

A few months rolled on, and George was still toiling in his shop; but from some cause or other, notwithstanding his Sunday gains, he could only just meet his dayly expenses, and sometimes he could scarcely do that. He lived in a poor, over-peopled district of London, where Sunday-trading was general; and he candidly believed that he must do as others did, or be compelled to give up business, in a neighborhood where his fellow-tradesmen had the seeming advantage of an additional day's profits. But this advantage proved of no great service to George; and, judging from appearances, few of his neighbors were enriched by it. He felt, too, that there were some great drawbacks. The confinement to a close, small shop, in a narrow and dark street, for so many hours of the Sunday, was a grievous burden. Borne up at first by the hope that he should reap a silver, if not a golden, harvest from his business, George had endured the confinement patiently; but when he found that he reaped nothing but thin and withered ears, barely sufficient for his necessities, he viewed this grievance in a very different light.

"Well, Mr. Johnson, are you still of the same opinion as when I last spoke to you about Sunday-trading?" said the old gentleman who had addressed to him on a former occasion the inquiry with which our paper opens.

"Not exactly, Mr. Hooper; for I confess there are great disadvantages connected with the system. But what is the use of talking? Here I am fixed in it; and I must swim with the stream, or be drowned."

"But, to make no mention of other and

higher reasons, are you sure that you should be drowned, as you term it? Are there not others—a few, I confess—in this neighborhood who close their shops on a Sunday? Is health of no value? and I am sure you look the worse for such close confinement; and do you not think that many would prefer to deal with one who showed that he had some respect for the Sabbath, and who therefore might be expected to deal honestly with his customers, which is more than can be said for many of your Sunday-trading neighbors?"

"Ay, well, sir; you and I see things differently. I know very well that I must either open my shop every day in the week, or shut it altogether: for I find business had enough as it is; and what should I do if I lost my best day's profits?"

"Well, you confess that your present plan is not a very prosperous one. I will say as I said before, 'All's well that ends well.' Good morning, Mr. Johnson: no offense, I hope."

"Plague the old fellow," muttered George, after his visitor had departed: "I wish he'd mind his own business: though, after all," he added, musingly, "I feel he's in the right; for I know this Sunday-trading is wrong. But what can I do?"

Six months more had scarcely passed away before a handbill was posted on the closed-up window of George's shop, advertising a sale of his effects. He had been compelled to give up his business; for he could not live by it. Competition, and especially the opening of a large and gayly-decorated shop in George's immediate neighborhood, in the same way of trade as himself, seemed to be the chief causes of his want of success. He applied for, and obtained, a situation in the recently-opened shop. Here he was made to feel keenly the evils of the system which he had defended. When a master, he could relax somewhat when he felt disposed to do so through sheer weariness; for certainly he seldom, if ever, did this for any other cause. But here he *could* not rest: he must tug at the oar through the whole work-day week, and through a good part of the Sunday besides. His master was a grasping, selfish, and unfeeling man, and George groaned under his load. At length a holiday did arrive—a whole day was his own; and he hailed it as a prisoner would rejoice at a day's freedom from his chain. He arranged with one of his companions

to have a trip to the sea-side. Starting early, they resolved to make the day as long as possible. They rambled upon the beach, breathing the sea-breeze with greater zest than ever any epicure quaffed his choicest wine. They clambered up to a point on the rocky cliffs that towered above the beach, from which they obtained a good view of the magnificent prospect. But, tempted by the success of their first ascent, they resolved to try for a higher point. In doing so the foot of George's companion slipped, and he was precipitated on the sands beneath them. George almost rushed down, he often wondered how, and arrived only in time to see his companion breathe his last.

This melancholy incident made a deep impression upon his mind. He became an altered man. Quitting his present master, he obtained, through the influence of Mr. Hooper, a situation where his Sundays were his own. Here he remained for three years, acquiring a character for steadiness, integrity, and aptitude for business, which proved afterward, as we shall see, of eminent service to him. He put by also a portion of his salary.

"Well, George," said his old friend Mr. Hooper, on accidentally meeting him one day, after having heard from him the recital of what had occurred since they last met, "I think we agree now about Sunday-trading: suppose we put our principles to the test."

"In what way do you propose to do this, Mr. Hooper?"

"I have thought of your starting in business again in your old neighborhood. I am not a wealthy man, far from it; but for several years I have been a prosperous one, and I can advance something for you. I know you have saved a part of your salary, and your master is willing to lend a helping hand, by supplying you with goods at a low rate to commence with. What do you say to this proposal?"

"Give me a few days to consider, Mr. Hooper; but allow me at once to return you my grateful thanks for your kindness."

"Certainly: take your own time for weighing the proposal. I have watched your career, and I feel a warm interest in your welfare. I know, too, that you wish to marry; and in your present situation I see that you cannot well do so."

In a few days George gave his consent to the proposal. A shop was taken, and

neatly fitted up, and in about two months from the time of the above conversation he entered upon his new sphere of action.

"Give him a rouser, Mrs. Vanes," said a slatternly-looking woman to another still more so, who had come rather early on the first Sunday morning after George had opened his shop for some articles which she required. Accordingly, Mrs. Vanes gave a few vigorous knocks with a penny-piece upon the shop-door.

Mr. Johnson opened a window overhead. "Aint you latish this morning, Mr. Johnson?" said the female who had advised the trial of knocking for admittance: "I want some things."

"I do not intend to open the shop on Sundays, Mrs. Mellish; I have given up Sunday-trading," replied Mr. Johnson, closing the window as he spoke, to avoid altercation, which, from the known character of Mrs. Mellish, he felt sure would ensue, if he prolonged the conversation.

"Well, here's a pretty go! And so a poor woman is n't to have a bit of butter on a Sunday morning, because he's so mighty religious. Howsumiver, if he wont have my Sunday money, he shan't have my week-day: I'll take care o' that."

"Yis, aint he pious now?" chimed in Mrs. Vanes. "O deary me! but I know what it'll all come to. He keeps his shutters up to-day, and he'll very soon keep 'em up altogether."

They then departed, to procure what they required elsewhere.

Mr. Johnson steadily persevered in the course which he had commenced, though frequently bantered at first by some of his old customers. But his firmness in sustaining pecuniary loss won the admiration of some, and the secret respect of nearly all of them. They argued that a man who would act thus would be almost sure to deal fairly with them, both in the quantity and the quality of the articles with which he supplied them. Some families in the neighborhood bought from Mr. Johnson solely because he made a stand against the prevailing Sunday-trading of the district.

In short, the experiment succeeded signally; for Mr. Johnson became one of the most flourishing tradesmen in the neighborhood. He still lives at the same place where he achieved his victory; but he has been compelled to enlarge his premises

more than once. A wife, and a family of blooming children, now add to his happiness; and he is an active member of several societies which have been formed for the amelioration, physical and moral, of the poor and ignorant.

"Well, Mr. Johnson," said his old friend, one day, "it is now a good many years since I entered your shop, and, in the course of our conversation, proposed to you to give up Sunday-trading. I met with a very unfavorable reception; and I little expected then to see what I behold now."

"No, Mr. Hooper: I was ignorant and conceited in those days; but bitter experience made me wiser. Putting higher considerations aside, I see that in many other points of view Sunday-trading is to be condemned. The benefits of my present course are many and important: its physical advantages are repose, cleanliness, and health; its mercantile advantages to the laborer are diminished competition and increased wages; its intellectual advantages are opportunities for reading and reflection, public oral instruction, and Sunday-school training for the young; whilst its moral advantages are too numerous and too obvious to be insisted upon."

"Well spoken, Mr. Johnson. You are yourself a good example of the truth of the doctrines you preach. The aid which you received cannot be said to have made the experiment an unfair one; for it was scanty and limited. Allow me to add one more advantage in this case; and that is, the good interest which I have always punctually received for the small sum that I advanced to you. May many follow your good example."

BE SOMETHING.—Don't be a drone. You may rely upon your present possessions, or on your future prospects; but these riches may fly away, or hopes may be blighted; and if you have no place of your own, in such case, ten to one you will find your path beset with thorns. Want may come upon you before you are aware of it; and having no profession, you find yourself in anything but an enviable condition. It is therefore important that you should be *something*. Don't depend upon fortune, for she is a fickle support, which often fails when you lean upon her with the greatest confidence. Trust to your own exertions.

DOES THE DEW FALL?

THERE are few, we will venture to say, who have not admired the beauty of the drops of dew, as they have glistened in the bright rays of the morning sun. How light and cheerful they look, as they hang like rows of glittering pearls on the points of the grass and along the edges of the leaves! And when you have been up thus early for a walk in the fields, the consciousness that you have not wasted your hours in bed has contributed, together with the freshness of the morning air, to put you in excellent spirits, and to make you fit to admire the beauties of nature. You walk on with a light step and a cheerful heart, and everything looks smiling around you; for

"Bright every dewy hawthorn shines,
Sweet every herb is growing,
To him whose willing heart inclines
The way that he is going."

Perhaps you have wondered where the dew can have come from, and how it is formed, and who has formed it; perhaps, too, you have thought, with the people of ancient times, that those delicate particles of dew which you see so abundant, after a fine, clear, starlight night, must have descended from the skies; though you may not, like them, imagine that they are shed upon the earth from the bright moon and stars.

It was, indeed, long believed that dew, like the rain, descended from the sky. And doubtless this belief was natural enough; for it was observed that the dew was formed in the greatest abundance when the sky was bright and cloudless; and was never formed at all unless the night was tolerably clear. Thus it became evident that there was some connection between the state of the sky and the quantity of the dew; though the nature of this connection was not understood. We cannot wonder, then, that men should believe that the dew fell from the sky when no clouds were in the way to prevent it; and that they could conceive of no other way to account for the dew, if they did not admit that it had come down from above.

Yet this belief continued to prevail after the formation of dew had been truly explained; and, even at the present day, there are perhaps few people who have quite got rid of the old opinion. For this

reason we will explain to you, as clearly as we can, where it is that the dew comes from.

The first experiments that were made in order to find out where the dew comes from, seemed quite to overthrow the ancient belief; but they led people into another mistake, for they appeared to prove that it ascended from the earth. It was found that, when plates of metal were placed out in the open air, and raised at some distance from the ground, their under surfaces were alone covered with dew. In addition to this, it had been noticed that the leaves of the trees had often plenty on the under side, and little or none on the upper.

So, too, when a number of plates of glass were exposed, placed at different heights above the ground, it was found that the under side of the bottom plate was covered with dew soon after the evening had set in, then the top of the same, afterward the under side of the second, and so on to the uppermost. From these experiments, it was thought that the gentle dew arose out of the earth, like the vapor which the sun's warmth causes to rise from the moist ground in the daytime; but, though these observations were all correctly made, it was afterward proved that the opinion founded upon them was erroneous.

Before we can explain the origin of dew, you must first understand that the air which surrounds us contains at all times a considerable quantity of moisture. Without this, it would be totally unfit for us to breathe; and in hot weather would become so burning and pestilential that animal life could not exist. This moisture is dissolved in the air, just as salt is in the water of the sea; and is contained in it everywhere, but in larger quantity near the surface of the earth than higher up; because near the earth the air is denser, and is, on this account, able to contain a greater quantity of moisture.

Now, if you want a proof that the air contains moisture, you may have it very easily. Take a decanter of very cold water from a well or spring, and let it be stoppered down; when you have made sure that it is perfectly dry on the outside, carry it into a warm room, and, after it has stood upon the table a short time, you will see moisture gathering about the outside of the neck. This will go on increas-

ingly, till the water within becomes as warm as the air in the room, and then the moisture will gradually disappear. This is nothing else than dew, artificially produced, and is occasioned by the moisture suspended in the warm air of the room being deposited upon the cold glass.

Now, it is found that the warmer the air is, the more moisture it is able to take up; so that, on a warm summer's day, when the air becomes greatly heated, and when the sun causes a large quantity of moisture to rise out of the earth, there is always much more contained in the air than there could be on a cold day. So, too, the air in a warm room occupied by people always abounds in moisture; and hence it very soon shows itself upon the cool surface of the decanter. When any circumstance causes the air to be cooled down so much that it is no longer able to contain all the moisture that was before suspended on it, that moisture must fall in the shape of water; just as the vaporous clouds become converted into rain, when they meet with a cold current of air. It rests upon any cool surface that may be near.

You may easily have a very good illustration of the settling down, or the precipitation, as it is called, of a dissolved substance, when the fluid in which it is dissolved becomes less able to support it. Take, for instance, some common alum, and dissolve in a small quantity of hot water as much as it will contain; now, as the water cools, it is not able to hold so much of the salt in solution; so part of it again becomes solid, and sinks to the bottom in the form of crystals. Indeed, those of you who are familiar with experiments in chemistry, will know that very often, when solutions of a salt are cooled, the whole becomes suddenly converted into a mass of beautiful crystals. It is by a process similar to this that the moisture which is dissolved in the air becomes changed into dew on the cold ground, or on the grass, or the windows.

You well know that the warm rays of the bright sun make the ground hot in the daytime; so hot, indeed, that you can scarcely bear to put your hands upon it in the days of summer. Thus you may be sure that the sun in the daytime warms the earth very much more than it does the air, so that the moisture can never become dew upon the ground while the sun is still

up in the sky. But no sooner has the sun gone down, than the ground begins to cool; it sends forth heat into the air aloft, and rapidly cools down, till it becomes much colder than the air itself. This is called radiation; and the earth is said to radiate its heat into the sky.

Now, you will know, by the fact of snow lying all the year round upon the tops of high mountains, that the air is always much colder high up in the sky than it is near the earth. But the heat that is radiated from the earth warms first the lowest portion of the air, and this, thereby becoming lighter, rises, and then the cold air from above rushes down, and cools still more the earth and lower air. After the ground and the things upon it have become cooler than the air, and the lower air itself has become cooled down by the cold currents which descend from the upper regions, the dew begins to form, and is deposited upon the cold grass, and leaves, and ground.

Now, after the earth has become colder than the atmosphere above it, it naturally tends to cool the air that is close to it; and the cold currents rushing down also, assist in cooling the air near the earth. Thus it is that the moisture is always formed into dew first near the ground; and then the air gradually becomes cool higher and higher up, and more and more moisture continues to settle. This explains how it was that the plates of glass we spoke of before first had dew settle upon those nearest the ground, and then the dew appeared gradually to rise and cover the higher plates; and it also explains another phenomenon, which you have very likely often observed—namely, the rising of the mist after the setting of the sun, which seems to form along the ground in the meadows, and has the appearance of rising out of the ground, as it gradually forms higher up in the air, but which is no other than the moisture of the air becoming visible, and beginning to settle, as it is cooled.

We see, then, that the dew neither falls from the sky nor rises out of the ground. It descends not from the broad expanse of heaven, nor is it the offspring of the rising morn, though such has been the language of the poets. Thus Tasso sings:

"Aurora, smiling from her tranquil sphere,
O'er vale and mountain sheds forth dew and
light."

Such is the charming imagery of the poet; but the plain truth is this, that the dew is derived from the moisture accumulated in the air during the day, and which the coolness of night causes to collect into those extremely minute and beautiful drops which cling to whatever is exposed to them.

But you will very likely begin to wonder why it is that we do not always find dew upon the grass after a warm day; and how it comes to pass that there is sure to be most dew when the night is clear. The reason is, that clouds prevent the cooling down of the air. The clouds themselves radiate the heat which they receive from the earth back again to it; and thus the heat is confined within the space between them and the ground, so that the air cannot be sufficiently cooled down for dew to appear. But a few clouds, or even a single one, will have the effect of preventing the escape of heat into the open sky above, and thus of lessening the amount of dew. Even the thinnest cambric handkerchief, spread near the ground, is sufficient to prevent the formation of dew on the ground beneath it; by which you will at once understand how it is that the gardener is able to protect his tender plants from the cold of night, by covering them with a thin light matting. A strong wind, too, by keeping the air in constant motion, effectually prevents the heat from passing off, and thus diminishes the amount of dew.

It is only when the night is calm;

"When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,"

that the dew appears in the greatest abundance. It is then that the heat which is radiated from the earth can be readily dispersed into the immeasured depths of space; and, if the air is at the same time loaded with moisture, then everything is covered with the glittering dew, which contributes to make the fields appear so fresh and green in the early morning.

You have no doubt observed that the dew does not lie equally on all kinds of substances. If, for instance, you have noticed how it lies upon a gate, you have always seen much less upon the iron-work, such as the screws and hinges, than upon the wood-work. There will also be much more on glass than on any metal; for it is found that bad conductors of heat have always more dew on them than good conductors. The reason of this is, that what-

ever prevents heat from accumulating, serves to keep up the cold, and of course the colder the body, the more dew is deposited upon it. By using very delicate (that is, very fine) instruments, the grass is found to be colder at night than the garden mold, and the garden mold cooler than the firm gravel path. So, too, the surface of snow is always very cold; and that of wool or swan's-down laid on the snow is still colder. These soft loose substances are therefore very good for experimenting on the quantity of dew falling; and they can easily be weighed before and after the experiment.

On a cold frosty morning, you may see the dew formed on the inside of your bedroom windows; for the moisture contained in the warm air of the room is deposited upon the glass panes, which have been cooled by the air without. And, if your window has a close shutter, there will be the more dew, because the shutter prevents the heated air of the room from warming the inside of the panes, and thus, by keeping them cooler, allows the greater accumulation of dew.

You will now understand why it is so dangerous to be out late in the evening, and especially after midnight. Then the dew is forming, and the air is so damp and chilly, that you are almost sure to take cold; for nothing is worse than that cold, chilling dampness which pervades the air when dew is forming. On a cloudy night there is far less danger; for the air is then warmer and drier, and dew is not deposited. Dew is, however, always more abundant when a clear and bright morning succeeds to a misty evening, and when dry weather follows rain; so that at such times it is not prudent to venture out until the sun begins to rise, and to warm the air with its morning beams. But, at the first touch of the sun's rays, the air, warmed thereby, begins again to absorb the moisture that was forming into dew; and soon the glistening dewdrop is no longer seen upon the grass.

MODERATION.—Let your desires and aversions to the common objects and occurrences in this life be but few and feeble. Make it your daily business to moderate your aversions and desires, and to govern them by reason. This will guard you against many a ruffle of spirit, both of anger and sorrow.

LORENZO BENONI.

EVERY man's life is worth telling, so it be well told. Here is a Genoese, neither a genius, nor a hero, nor a man of science, whose writings and discoveries invest the details of his early career with a special interest; and yet plain Lorenzo Benoni, of whose existence no one ever dreamed until he published his life, has the magic power to dispute the ground of public interest with Layard, Stirling, and the telegraphic dispatches which chronicle the proceedings of the fleets in the Bay of Besika. The truth, since it *will* come out, is, that we are a set of selfish creatures; that the faithful narration of events similar to those which happened in our own lives engages our attention in a much higher degree than matters of greater novelty and superior importance. The sciences have their various provinces; the science of life is of universal application. Admiral Smith, we are sure, would look with profound indifference upon the newest discoveries in toxicology, and a toxicologist in his turn would care but little for the admiral's admirable investigations into the nature of the stars which compose the Milky-Way. A novel fact in geology will excite a drawing-room full of elderly gentlemen almost to the brink of convulsions, while the same fact makes but a slight impression upon an assemblage of painters. Chemistry has its votaries, and physiology its professors; but the interest they excite is confined to their separate spheres. Biography alone, and history because it is essentially biographical, command universal interest. The Story of a Life speaks to all minds, for it recounts that which is common to all, what all have felt or experienced, and it chronicles the doom which may light upon every one of us. It is a mistake to believe that great achievements and extraordinary sufferings alone have a general and powerful action upon public interest. The deeds of heroes and the sayings of sages live in the mouths of men, and descend from one generation to another; Napoleon's conquests will be remembered so long as the world is capable of understanding history; Göthe's opinions, right or wrong, will never lack readers while any interest continues to be bestowed upon literature. But the commonplace fates, thoughts, and sufferings of ordinary individuals contain

sources of excitement at once more natural and more rich than the lives and thoughts of the men of the century, for they are more familiar to the many; the world at large needs no effort to sympathize with them. In a "Life" a reader or hearer cares less for what reviewers call "thrilling incidents" and "grand achievements," than for a truthful account of all the good and evil that has marked the career of one of our ordinary fellow-men.

Not as if there were no grand features in such a case! Every life has its thrilling incidents and hair-breadth escapes; its sunny hours, and lurid, thunder-laden skies; its scenes of rejoicing, and the days of which men say that they like them not. There is no being so humble, no career so obscure, but it has its touch of romance; no life so innocent but it has its crimes; no soul so candid but it has its secrets. To tell that which is common to all in such a manner as to make it uncommon to all; to impress the general lot of mortal men with the stamp of individuality; to raise the dark curtain which covers the foolish aspirations, the petty vanities of boyhood, and the errors of early manhood; to probe his own heart for the benefit of others, and to make a full confession of all that the mute crowd conceals: such is the task of the autobiographer. None but proud men, of great powers of self-denial and memory, should undertake it; but such men, whenever they write the history of their lives, will always secure a large, attentive, and grateful circle of readers.

Lorenzo Benoni, the author of the *Passages in the Life of an Italian*, though he does not attain the high, advances to an enviable proximity of what an autobiographer ought to be. Hence his work has found favor in the eyes of the public, a fragment though it be. Indeed, Lorenzo Benoni's *Life*, which breaks off at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, was not, as far as we can see, intended to come before the world as an autobiography; it is what it is by mere mistake. Signor Benoni—we adopt the *nom de guerre*, which, for our purpose, does quite as well as any other—meant to write what diplomats would call a pamphlet. For many years a resident in one of the British isles, he became painfully convinced that, in spite of Italian tours and sundry vapid and high-bred but weak-minded gossip on *Art and Nature in Italy*, the affairs and poli-

tics of his country were not at all understood by the English and Scotch, chiefly because we are altogether ignorant of Italian life. Signor Benoni wrote his book with the view of filling up this gap in our stock of knowledge. He sought to show that there is some difference between the Italians of the Covent-garden Opera and the Italians of Italy; and that a familiar acquaintance with *Masaniello*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*, though useful in many respects, is not likely to mature a man's judgment in the affairs of Italy. Shocked by the operatic and melodramatic view which sober Englishmen take of the inhabitants of the sunny South, Signor Benoni believed that much might be done for the enlightenment of the British public in this matter if the life of an Italian, from infancy to manhood, were unrolled before their astonished eyes. And such a sketch, in which the romantic monks of the stage figure as pedagogues, the banditti as police spies, and the excitable chorus as cold and cautious traders—such a sketch, showing Italian life in all its hard and dry reality, with the gauze and tinsel of the property-room struck off, exposed to the broad light of day instead of to the artificial light of an unknown number of gas-lamps, was indeed admirably suited for the purpose the author had in view; but at the same time, he has produced one of the best autobiographies which have appeared of late years.

That the public here acknowledge the merits of the work in its latter acceptation only is not his fault; for the *Passages from the Life of an Italian* are fraught with political information of no common order, and teach a lesson which is certainly more instructive than agreeable to the friends of the independence of Italy.

That Italy, with her "fatal gift of beauty," has at all times within the memory of modern history attracted the hoof of the invader and the hand of the spoiler is a melancholy fact; and it is equally sad to think that the most gifted among the nations of the Continent should, even in the nineteenth century, remain in a state of hopeless division, weakness, and subjugation; that the language in which Dante and Ariosto wrote, and in which Pulcezi perpetrated his elegant Voltairian blasphemies, long before Voltaire was ever heard of, should be shackled by the fetters of the censor; that the great and wicked men of

medieval Italy should have fallen only to admit a race of foreign tyrants; and that a teeming soil, the most genial skies, the home of glorious acts, and the reminiscences of classic antiquity, should be handed over to a monk, a Bourbon, and a Hapsburg. Surely it creates a strange feeling in the breasts of Englishmen when they read of the massacres of Brescia, the women-whippings of Sienna, the threats which silenced the poets of Perugia, and the paroxysms of fear and cruelty which stain the government of the kingdom of Naples. The Italian nation, bound hand and foot, and abandoned to the stupidity and brutality of the stranger, presents a lamentable and revolting spectacle. To what further extremes is tyranny to be carried? and how long shall Croat banditti and Swiss mercenaries lord it over the countrymen of Rienzi, the Medicis, and the Estes?

But what shall we say if we find that foreign tyrants cannot treat the Italians worse than they have been treated and are likely to be treated by their own countrymen?

A conspiracy had been discovered. The conspirators were a set of hair-brained young enthusiasts, and their object was the general liberation and union of the Italian States. There had been no outbreak, as lately at Milan: no blood had been shed in a street-fight. The members of the plot were known, tracked to their houses, and arrested. Let us see how they were treated:—

"The unhappy prisoners were systematically weakened by insufficient and unhealthy food. They were startled from their sleep at night by appalling and ingubrious sounds. Voices called out under their windows: 'One of your companions has been shot to-day, and to-morrow it will be your turn.' When their physical strength had been thus reduced, and their imagination wrought upon, they were either suddenly brought up for examination, or a daughter, a sister, or a mother, in tears, was admitted.

"Sometimes two friends were placed in contiguous cells, and permitted to communicate with one another. Several days would elapse, during which certain ill-boding hints would be dropped to the one whom it was wished to impress, concerning the impending fate of his friend and fellow-prisoner. Shortly afterward the door of the neighboring cell would be noisily opened, a sound of steps would be heard, followed by a death-like silence, and presently a discharge of musketry, in the court of the prison! By such means was it that avowals and revelations, often false, were extorted."

These are general assertions; but now we come to particulars:—

"Francesco Miglio, a sergeant of the pioneers of the guards, had eluded, by his firmness and presence of mind, all the insidious inquisitorial attempts to which he had been subjected. He was then shut up with a pretended fellow-prisoner, who confided to him, with tears, his participation in the plot, and the terror he was in. Miglio was struck with pity, and a certain friendship sprang up between him and the new comer. A few days afterward his new friend assured Miglio that he had a means of correspondence with some of his own relations. Miglio allowed himself to be induced to intrust him with a note for one of his friends. There being no ink, he opened a vein, and wrote a few lines with his blood. This scrap of paper was produced against him, and decided his fate. Poor Miglio was shot."

Mental tortures, fraud, and the basest tricks of the vilest of police agents! We now come to physical force:—

"One of the prisoners, who survived a long confinement in the Fort of Fenestrella, left in his memoirs the following passage:—

"First of all, my books were taken from me,—viz., a Bible, a collection of prayers, and the history of the celebrated Capuchins of Piedmont. They then put a chain around my ankle, and I was led into a cell still darker, damper, and more squalid than the one I had hitherto occupied, with a double-barred window and a door with a double lock. Opposite to this was the cell of the unfortunate Vochieri, another political prisoner. As his door was left open, I could see, through a chink in mine, what went on there. Vochieri was seated on a wooden stool, with a heavy chain around his ankle, and two guards, one on each side, with drawn swords; a third, with his musket, was stationed before the door. The profound silence kept was awful. The soldiers seemed in greater consternation than the prisoner himself. From time to time an old Capuchin came to visit him. Thus did this unfortunate man pass a whole week. His dying agonies were indeed long and frightful. At last he was led to execution. General Galateri, the governor of the fortress, persisted, up to the last moment, in efforts to obtain revelations from him, holding out the lure of a possible pardon. "Deliver me from your odious presence," answered Vochieri, "this is the only favor I request." The enraged governor gave him a violent kick in the belly. Vochieri, bound as he was, spit in his face. Through a refinement of cruelty almost incredible, he was made to pass, on his way to execution, under the windows of his own house, that his wife, his sister, and his two young sons might witness the heart-rending sight. Not soldiers, but *guardacurme*, the guards of the galley-slaves, were chosen to shoot him, and the governor, in full uniform, thought fit to be present at the execution, seated on a cannon."

Without any partiality for the Austrian rule in Italy, common candor compels us to confess that even the Austrians could not treat the wretched conquered worse than the Italian political prisoners mentioned in the above extracts were treated by their own countrymen—Genoese by Piedmontese, the sons of one part of Italy by the sons of another part. The Austrians acted with less barbarity even in the case of the prisoners of Milan: they butchered them as fast as the slow cere-

monial of their court-martial would allow. Silvio Pellico, the memoirs of whose prison life have justly moved so many hearts, when the minds of men were as yet uninjured to the horrors of these latter years, suffered only from the orders of a despotic pedant, whose mandates lost one-half of their severity by their transmission from the Hofburg at Vienna to the Castle of Spielberg; and the very officers and jailers of Francis of Hapsburg lamented the sufferings of the prisoners, and expressed their indignation at the cruelties of which they were the unwilling instruments. But an Italian king had only to say the word which gave his Italian subjects up to mental and bodily tortures, and Italians were found ready, willing—nay, eager to be the executioners. They strained their powers to the utmost, and performed the will of their master with a refinement of cruelty which proved how agreeable the abuse of power was to their feelings. The very pedantry which, according to Silvio Pellico, formed a striking feature of the jail code of Francis of Hapsburg and Austria, is as nothing compared to the pedantry of Italian tyrants in their treatment of Italian victims:—

"A political prisoner, who had long been detained in the fortress of Mondori, made several applications to the commandant for permission to be shaved. The commandant referred the question to the governor of the province of Cuneo, who granted the requisite authority by the following dispatch, which I give *verbatim*:—

"The prisoner shall have his hands, arms, and legs tied to a chair. Two sentinels shall be placed, one on his right, the other on his left, and behind him a soldier with a naked saber. Fronting him shall stand the commandant, with the major of the fortress on the one side, and his aid-de-camp on the other. In this attitude (concluded the dispatch) the prisoner is permitted to have himself shaved at his ease and pleasure, (*con tutto suo comodo*)."

Shaving, it would appear, was a delicate and dangerous operation in the case of political prisoners in Piedmont. The few subjects of that country—that is to say, those who were at large—were, on the other hand, frequently shaved against their will, whenever the growth of a tuft of hair on their upper lips threatened to subvert the morals, religion, and laws of the kingdom:—

"Two carabineers would take you by each arm, force you into a barber's shop, and stand present during the operation."

This shows plainly that the Austrian crusade against broad-brimmed hats, red ribins, and peaked beards, is founded upon an Italian precedent; and we fear, on close

inquiry, we should discover that few, if any, of the atrocities of which foreigners have been guilty on Italian soil can be found which have not likewise been perpetrated by Italians on Italians. In the history of Great Britain it is a subject of curious remark and speculation, that the worst tyrants which Ireland ever had were Irishmen; and there is much practical wisdom in the vulgar saying, that if an Irishman were to be roasted alive, another Irishman would be found to turn the spit. There seems to be this analogy between the characters of Italians and Irish Celts, that either of them are the worst masters of their own countrymen. But there is also this difference between the two nations, that whereas the Irish have, by the intervention of Anglo-Saxon law and English tolerance, been at length freed from the yoke of their own kith and kin, the Italians have fallen into the hands of foreigners who treat them with quite as much cruelty as they experienced at the hands of their native masters. For Ireland, neglect, misrule, and the thousand and one wanton freaks of arbitrary power are matters of history, and if her agitators would excite the passions of the people they must appeal to the past; while Italy is still afflicted with all the barbarities of the middle ages, her laws swamped in the lawlessness of courts-martial, and the honor, the lives and properties of her sons and daughters consigned to the mercies of Slavonians and Zechs.

One of the most valuable features of the life of Lorenzo Benoni is that his career was not an uncommon one. He was an ordinary person; his was an ordinary fate; and we believe his education and youthful adventures did not, to any mentionable extent, differ from those of his cotemporaries. Hence what he tells us of his life is a fair specimen of the lives of the Italians of his time, and, we fear, even in our days. Thus if we find Benoni, the younger son of a Genoese citizen, sent from the paternal home, though still an infant, to some clerical relative in the country, where he is starved by "my uncle the canon," and ill-treated by the said canon's housekeeper, exactly as his elder brother had been starved and ill-treated before him, we may be sure that this exile of infants of tender years is not an unusual feature in the domestic arrangements of Italian families. As to the system of education which was prevalent

in 1890, and which we have reason to believe has not been improved since, it will best be shown by a few scenes from Benoni's boyhood:—

"One of our neighbors—a widower of seventy-four—took it into his head to marry. It was, and still is, a custom in these parts, that any widower entering afresh into the holy state of matrimony, should gratuitously enjoy the treat of a serenade of marrow-bones and cleavers. On the close of the wedding-day, toward dusk, we were startled by a fast-approaching sound of drums, fifes, and tambourines, which drew us to the window. It was indeed a grand sight. The main street over which we looked, and where the unlucky couple lived—but three doors from us—swarmed with people. Bands of villagers, three abreast, poured in progressively, some brandishing lighted pines, stuck upon poles, some bearing mallow-plants as big as trees. In the center of the procession there was a car, drawn by four donkeys, in which sat majestically two enormous pigs. . . . Then followed a dense throng of men, women, and children, with fifes, horns, drums, pans, tongs, shovels—in short, everything fit to make a noise. The car stopped under the windows of the happy spouse, and, at a signal, the men began to shout, the women to scream, the asses to bray, the pigs to squeak, the drums to beat, the pans to rattle—in short, a concert arose loud enough not only to rend the ears of the living, but also to rouse the dead from their slumbers. I enjoyed the sport exceedingly, the only drawback being that I could not go and mix in the crowd, and be one of a party of urchins whom I admired very much, and whose occupation it was to shake and drag along big iron chains. At length I managed to slip off unperceived, and elbow my way through the crowd to the band of children whom I envied so much. The end of a chain was offered me, and I fell to work *con amore*. While in the full enjoyment of this occupation, Margherita (the housekeeper) made a dart at me, seized me by the collar, and dragged me home."

Now consider the punishment awarded to the boy for this childish freak:—

"I was forthwith sentenced to *carcere duro*—that is, imprisonment in a low dark cell adjoining the dining-room, and for the time being I was sent to bed without supper. Next morning Margherita came to me betimes, bade me get up, and saw me to my dungeon, from which I was not released till bedtime. Day followed day—a week elapsed—and no change in my position."

This was cruelty and an abuse of power; but a system of education in which this can find a place would not be complete without insults and sneers:—

"On the eleventh day of my captivity I heard my uncle say aloud: 'These are very fine anchovies. I have a mind to send some to that poor boy; I know he likes them.' Presently, Margherita unfastened the door, and put before me a plate full of—fish bones. It was a cruel joke!"

Next comes the public school, a set of clerical masters, acts of oppression of every degree, a barring out, punishments of every description again, and among them the punishment of expulsion, which in Italy, and indeed in most continental countries, entails upon the victim ruin for life. A boy who has been expelled from a public school, no matter how trifling his offence, finds all other institutions of public instruction closed against him; he is doomed to ignorance and contempt; and if he would be anything, he must be a tradesman or artisan—callings for which his previous training altogether has spoilt him. The rashness, we might almost say the flippancy, with which this tremendous punishment is inflicted appears almost incredible. A case has come under our own observation in one of the continental countries, where a boy of sixteen was expelled from a public school because he was guilty of having played at billiards and smoked a cigar. We recollect another instance of a lad of fourteen, whose prospects were ruined for life, because for some reason or another he had flung an apple at the headmaster's window and broke a pane of glass. The iniquity of the system is fully and succinctly exposed in the following paragraph from Signor Benoni's work:—

"In a country despotically governed, where every body, young and old, was fashioned to passive obedience, even a childish freak was looked upon as a crime against the State, and the advancement in life of a young man who had given way to such was most seriously impeded. A pupil expelled from one of the public establishments for education found the career of public employment insuperably shut against him, as well as that of the liberal professions, such as law, medicine, and others, because the university was closed forever to the unfortunate youth who had been turned out of school. Reason revolts against the idea of a punishment so entirely out of proportion to the offence."

Even at the risk of wearing out the patience of some of our readers, we cannot help following Signor Benoni into his disquisition on another of the arch-follies of continental education. What he says of Piedmont applies to almost every one of the despotically governed countries of Europe:

"Strange but true: public education in Piedmont was entirely republican. The history of Greece and Rome, the only thing taught us with any care at school, was, in truth, according to the light in which it was placed, little else than a constant libel upon monarchy and a panegyric upon the democratic form of government. The decline of Athens and of Sparta, happy and flourishing so long as they remained republics,

dated from the day which gave power into a single hand; Rome dated her greatness and power from the moment she expelled the Tarquins, and the great republic, which had conquered the world, faded under the hands of the Cæsars; our indignation against tyrants, and our enthusiasm even for their assassins, seemed to be purposely excited. The subjects given us for our themes in the classes were ever in this range of ideas. Sometimes we were to hurl the thunder of our Latin eloquence upon Cæsar about to pass the Rubicon, and to prove in an oration in three parts, with exordium and peroration, that it was the act of an unnatural son to smother the republic, his mother. On other occasions, Brutus, both the elder and the younger, Mucius, Scævola, Cato, &c., were to be deified in poetry. Thus from our most tender years we were inspired with ideas and feelings quite opposed to those we ought to have brought into real life, and with a blind enthusiasm for actions and virtues, the imitation of which would be condemned and punished as a crime by the society in which we were to live.

It has been a subject of no small astonishment to even enlightened politicians in this country that the nations of the continent, however their tastes may differ in other respects, should all with one accord look to the republican form of government as a wished-for haven of peace, glory, and plenty; and whenever, by the favor of circumstances or the recklessness of their own despair, they succeeded in breaking their fetters, that they should all at once have republican charters, phrases, forms, and orators ready made to their hands. *Unde*—an English politician is inclined to ask—*unde hic amor jam improvisus ac repentinus?* Whence springeth this sudden burst of new love? But still greater and by far more painful has been the astonishment of continental princes and ministers on such occasions. Was it for this they had watched by night and also by day? Was this the end of all their statecraft, supervision, control, and *censure*? Had they not had their schoolmasters, and directors, and consistorial councillors to train the young minds in the way they should go, and break all wicked resistance against the constituted authorities? Had not armies of custom-house officers been paid from year's end to year's end to prevent the importation of dangerous books, especially of such as contained traces of the subversive doctrine of constitutional and representative government? What! the divine right of kings had been maintained, and jealously maintained, too, against even the shadow of an encroachment of popular interference, only to provoke a negation

of and a trampling upon that divine right altogether! And these republican ideas spring up, as mushrooms or Jonah's gourd, in the course of a single night! What terrible underground conspiracies does not their sudden presence reveal! How vast, how powerful, how subtle must be that democratic association whose nets—as all princes and ministers well know—are spread over Europe, to elude the vigilance of thousands of well-paid spies, and the legitimate wrath of the authorities, and yet to undermine the whole of the social fabric, and turn a Monarchy into a Republic!

Alas, for the blindness of "divine right!" The princes of Europe are all of them Bourbons, inasmuch as they neither learn nor forget anything. To this very day do they exclude and prosecute rational ideas of liberty, only to secure a wider spread of irrational ideas of political licentiousness. They fear the consequences of the study of modern history and modern languages, and they rear the youth of their States in the study of classic antiquity. So great is their fear of constitutionalism that they actually become the propagandists of republicanism. They pay an army of custom-house officers to prevent the importation of penny pamphlets, whose tendencies might possibly jar with the principles on which they have established their *censure* of books, and at the same time they pay quite as large an army of classical teachers, and enact that no man in their States shall bleed, or cup, or issue summonses, or teach geography, or botany, or mathematics, unless it has first been shown that he is fit to lecture on Sophocles and Plautus. They place the young Continental between the ills of present misgovernment and the distant glories of the past, and after instilling the doctrines of Athenian democracy into the mind of every gentleman up to the age of twenty, they expect that a young man so educated shall be a loyal subject, and a faithful servant of the royal or imperial house, and that he shall utterly abhor and detest the damnable and pernicious doctrines—in which he has been brought up! We would not for the world be misunderstood. We appreciate the benefits of a classical education in a free country; but we are at a loss to understand how the princes and rulers of modern Europe can expect to train slaves with a system of education which is fit for freemen only.

Following Signor Benoni's narrative, we accompany him to the university, and, without entering into the details of a discipline which is now fortunately a matter of history, at least as far as Piedmont is concerned, we give his summary of the character of that discipline, because we know that it survives in more than one continental country:—

"The letter was everything, the spirit nothing. The student who showed himself assiduously at the lecture, especially if very submissive, even although he never looked at his books, stopped short at the most simple question, and conducted himself in other respects no matter how, fulfilled the letter of the law, and that was sufficient. He was irreproachable. On the contrary, a conscientious young fellow who was above cringing, let him be ever so studious, ever so unimpeachable in his morals, was unmercifully pounced upon at the least infraction of the letter of the law. The aim was to form machines, not men. The university was like a huge press, destined to squeeze out of the rising generation all independence of spirit, all dignity, all self-respect."

We have before said that Signor Benoni is not an extraordinary man. His readers are all the better for it, and so, perhaps, is he. Belonging as he does to the ordinary race of mortals, there is in his pages a good deal of the fortunes and doings of commonplace men, and information of this kind is exactly what the public stands most in need of, to understand the temper, the spirit, and correctly to estimate the social chances of a nation. Thus, for instance, among other commonplace acquaintances, whose fate—extremely commonplace in Italy—appears most extraordinary to us, we find Signor Benoni by the merest chance fallen in with an old school-fellow named Vadoni, who for some boyish freak had been ignominiously expelled. We need not here detail how it happened that Signor Benoni found Vadoni—it is enough for our purpose to say that he met his old comrade in a convent, with all the terrors of monkhood hanging over his devoted head. His paleness, his haggard features, and sunken eyes, told a sad tale. Vadoni's history was that of a great many young men, and women also, in Roman Catholic countries. After his expulsion from college he took refuge in the house of his uncle, an old bigot and a miser, who was moreover his sole surviving relation. His uncle's society was entirely composed of priests and monks, and one of these persuaded the

poor silly youth, Vadoni, that he had a calling for the monastic state. Let us see how matters were managed in his case:—

“Vadoni’s acquaintance extended, in course of time, among the brotherhood, and he made a great friend of the superior of the convent. Everything there looked so clean and neat, and every one was so kind and good-natured to him, that the convent soon appeared a paradise, compared to the house in which he lived. His new friends excited his religious tendencies; they showed him his expulsion from college in the light of a warning from God to withdraw from the perils of the world; in short, they managed so well that at twenty years of age he entered the convent of *Buon Ritiro* to begin his novitiate.”

Six months of that life sufficed to open his eyes, and convince him that he had mistaken his vocation. He saw much and guessed more to dissipate his illusions, and disgust him for ever. Now novices, as all the world knows, are not bound by irrevocable vows, for the novitiate is a mere period of probation. What could be more easy than to say, “I have made a mistake. I am not good enough for this sort of life. I wish to reënter the world.”

Easy enough it was to say these words, and the poor captive said them. But, as he was his uncle’s heir, and as that uncle had promised to bequeath his property to the convent if the nephew could be induced to take the vows, no means were left untried to divert the poor young man from his purpose. What were those means?

“Advice, exhortation, soothing, menaces—all was in vain. A severe watch was then set over him, and he was cut off from all external communication, even from his uncle’s visits. Various hard duties were imposed upon him, as well as various modes of self-mortification, among which one consisted in making signs of the cross innumerable times upon the floor with his tongue; his food was lessened in quantity; every book was taken from him. He was plunged in a *segreta*, that is, a subterranean dungeon, lighted only by a little lamp set in a skull. His food was bread and water, and his bed was straw. At night he was frequently startled from sleep by sounds of chains and mysterious voices, threatening him with eternal damnation. The wretched man could not stand this trial; he implored in mercy to be taken out of this abode of terror, and made every promise required of him.”

At this juncture the poor unwilling saint chanced to meet Benoni, and implored his protection. A letter, detailing the horrors of his situation, was written to the uncle, and Lorenzo Benoni undertook to deliver it. He did so. A few

days afterward the uncle called upon him, and showed him another letter from the nephew, containing an expression of those sentiments which were “habitual to him.”

“I took the letter and perused it. Truly it was young Vadoni’s hand-writing. He expressed the utmost regret for having sent the preceding epistle, written, he said, in a moment of aberration. He protested his willingness and readiness to show his sense of his uncle’s kindness to him by entering into that state which he had voluntarily chosen.”

We need not attempt to explain the motives of this sudden conversion; they must be patent to all. The *segreta* had done its work, and a few months afterward Vadoni took the vow.

It would lead us too far if we were to enlarge on all the salient features of Signor Benoni’s life—the loves, and hates, and follies of his earlier years. Suffice it to say that the oppression which weighed upon him and his drove him from real life into the fanciful realms of romance, and that these memoirs were written because the author became a member of a secret association, which proposed by the wildest means imaginable to make Italy free, united, and happy. How that association sped, and how it failed, is a story interesting enough in itself; but we must leave the pleasure of learning its contents to those whom the random remarks we have made in the preceding pages may induce to turn to the book itself to kill some odd hours in Signor Benoni’s society, and in the contemplation of the *Passages in the Life of an Italian*, which we ourselves found so pleasing to read and so sad to reflect on.

MOUNT ETNA IN WINTER.—I saw Mount Etna in its winter character at the beginning of March, 1830. Three-fourths of the mountain, namely, the whole of the naked, and almost the whole of the wooded zones, lay beneath an unbroken covering of snow; while, at the base, all the fields were clothed in the brightest green of spring. Peas, beans, and flax, were already in full blossom; the flowers of the almond had fallen, and given place to the leaves; and the fig-leaves were beginning to unfold. The meadows were decorated with hyacinths, narcissus, crocuses, anemones, and countless other flowers. Etna stood there as an enormous cone of snow, with its base encircled by a gigantic wreath of flowers.—*Schouw’s Earth, Plants, and Man.*

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION—A CHINESE STORY.

IN the early part of the reign of the great Emperor Kamtis, a mandarin of the city of Canton, while ruminating in his own house, heard a violent noise proceeding from the house adjoining. He sent to inquire if they were not committing murder on some person. He was answered, that the almoner of the Danish Company, a priest from Batavia, and a Jesuit, were disputing. He ordered them to be brought before him, and treated them with tea and sweetmeats; and then demanded the cause of their quarrel.

The Jesuit answered, that he thought it was hard upon him, who had always reason upon his side, to have to deal with persons who were always in the wrong; that he had at first argued with great coolness; but that, at length, his patience was quite exhausted. The mandarin, with great composure, reminded them that politeness was necessary in all disputes; that the Chinese never put themselves in a passion; and demanded what was the subject of their dispute.

The Jesuit said: "I appeal to you, sir, as the judge between us: these two divine refuse to submit to the decisions of the Council of Trent."

"This astonishes me," replied the mandarin; then, turning to the two refractory priests—"Gentlemen," he said, "it appears highly reasonable that you ought to pay respect to the advice of a numerous assembly. I know nothing of the Council of Trent; but I know that many heads are wiser than one. No man ought to fancy that he knows more than others, and that reason lodges in his brain only; this is the opinion of our wise Confucius. If you will therefore believe me, you cannot act more wisely than to trust to the decisions of the Council of Trent."

The Dane now put in his word, and said: "You speak, sir, with the greatest wisdom; we respect, as we ought to do, the decisions of large assemblies; and, therefore, agree with many that were held before the Council of Trent."

"O!" says the mandarin, "if that be the case, I beg your pardon; you appear to have reason on your side. Well, then, you and the Dutchman agree in opinion against this poor Jesuit?"

"Not at all," said the Dutchman, "for

this man holds opinions as extravagant as those of the Jesuit himself."

"I do not understand you," said the mandarin; "are you not all three Christians? Are you not come hither to teach Christianity? And ought you not, consequently, to preach the same doctrines?"

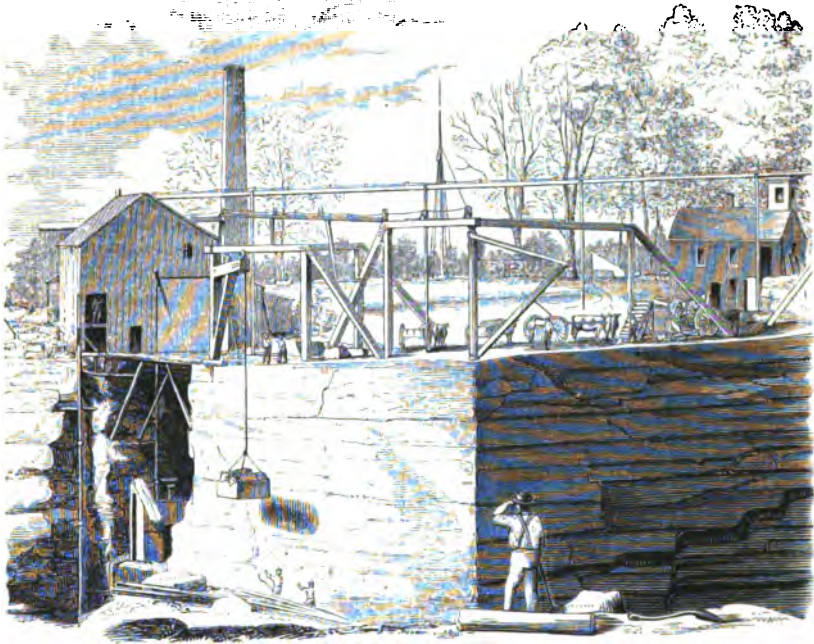
"You see, sir," said the Jesuit, "that these two persons are mortal enemies to each other, and both dispute against me: is it not evident, therefore, that they are both in the wrong, and that reason is clearly on my side only?"

"This is not so very evident," said the mandarin; "you may be compelled, all three, to confess that you are all in the wrong. I shall be glad to hear you one after another."

The Jesuit then made a long discourse, during which the Dane and the Dutchman shrugged up their shoulders, while the mandarin could not comprehend a single word that was spoken. The Dane made a speech in his turn, his opponents eyeing him all the time with pity and contempt; but the mandarin understood not a word of what he said. The Dutchman was also heard. In short, they all three spoke at once, and treated one another with the grossest abuse.

The honest mandarin had great difficulty in procuring silence, and then said: "If you would have your doctrine tolerated here, you must begin with being neither intolerant nor intolerable yourselves."

On quitting the audience, the Jesuit met with a Dominican missionary, and told him that he had gained his cause, assuring him at the same time that truth must always prevail. The Dominican said, "If I had been there you would not have succeeded; for I should have convicted you of falsehood and idolatry." The quarrel grew hot, and the Dominican and the Jesuit seized one another by the hair. The mandarin, informed of this scandalous affray, committed them both to prison. A sub-mandarin asked the judge how long his excellency intended to confine them. "Until they can agree," said the judge. "Ah!" replied the sub-mandarin, "they will be imprisoned then all their lives." "I mean," said the judge, "till they can forgive one another." "I know," said the other, "that they will never forgive one another." "Well, then," said the mandarin, "till they can make us believe that they forgive one another."



MIDDLESEX QUARRY.

FREESTONE QUARRIES, PORTLAND, CONNECTICUT.

THIS interesting locality, partially described in a former number, is scarcely more than fifteen minutes' walk from any of the hotels in the city of Middletown. An excellent steam ferry-boat plies constantly between the two places.

The view above presents a portion of the quarry belonging to the Middlesex Company, showing the deep excavation made by removing the stone, and some of the buildings containing the steam-engine and machinery requisite for the purpose. Until within a few years, as we have said, the stone was quarried only as low as the surface of the river; but the strata beneath being found to afford an excellent material—better even than those above—some years since a downward excavation was commenced, which in this place has now reached the depth of sixty or seventy feet below the brink on which the buildings stand, and covers a space of one or two acres.

We have also said that the stone lies in regular strata or beds, and its removal is much facilitated by many natural seams or joints, which cross the strata in differ-

ent directions nearly perpendicularly; and it is by the side of one of these this excavation has been made, presenting the perpendicular wall shown in the picture. Though the line representing the surface at the top of the deep pit appears nearly straight, in consequence of the view being daguerreotyped from nearly the same level, the wall near the center of the picture really makes a right-angle, that to the right being nearly due north and south, while that to the left is nearly east and west, the view having been taken from a point to the south-east on the opposite side of the excavation. Where the buildings stand the wall again turns to the south at the extreme left of our cut, and in the angle the pumps are situated by which the water is removed.

Though the excavation has reached to the depth mentioned, it is to be carried still deeper; indeed, the superintendent has informed us they intend to go down as long as they can find good stone!

As masses of stone of many tons weight are often to be raised, it will readily be supposed that the machinery used for the

purpose is strong and massive. And as the bottom of the excavation covers a space of one or two acres, teams are required there, which, being placed in a strong box, or movable pen, prepared for the purpose, are lowered into the pit, and again raised in the same manner. Our cut represents a yoke of oxen in the act of being thus raised to the upper surface.

Although the excavation from the present surface is only sixty or seventy feet, this is not to be understood as the whole depth from the original surface of the ground. Where the buildings now stand, as many as fifty or sixty feet of earth and stone have been removed in the operations of former years, one-half of it probably consisting of stone, and the other of loose earth and pebbles. The excavation to this general level, which is a few feet above the surface of the river at the highest freshets, in the four quarries, covers many acres. On the brink of the deep excavation the huge masses of stone are landed as they are raised from the quarry, and men and teams are constantly engaged in removing them to a convenient distance. These operations cannot be witnessed without feeling that both man and beast are constantly in danger of being precipitated, at some unlucky moment, to the solid basement below. In the process of some six or eight years, indeed, since the downward excavation was commenced, two such cases have actually occurred; but, strange to say, in neither case did the result prove fatal, or even serious. The first instance was that of a man some sixty or seventy years of age, who, as a mere spectator, was accustomed to seat himself directly upon the edge of the rock, in order the more distinctly to witness the operation of raising the stone. But, on this occasion, in an unguarded moment, he was forced off by a sudden movement of one of the huge chains. The pit was not then as deep as at present; and it happened that he fell into a cavity which contained some four feet of water, and thus escaped with little injury. The other case occurred last year. One of the workmen, by some accident, fell from a point very nearly in the center of our cut, where the height was found by measurement to be sixty-three feet; and, to the astonishment of all present, he immediately arose and walked home, and in two or three days was again at his work! Stories of oxen

by whole teams having fallen down the deep precipice, and, with their drivers, been crushed to atoms, have been in circulation; but it is a very suspicious circumstance concerning them that persons who ought to be best acquainted with the facts, if they be such, know nothing of them! Once, several years ago, some oxen took fright, and, in running past a narrow place, were thrown down some fifteen or twenty feet, among some loose stone, and were somewhat injured; but no other case of the kind has occurred. Indeed, the oxen show decidedly an instinctive unwillingness to approach within a dangerous proximity to the edge of the chasm, nor can any driving force them nearer than a certain safe distance. This is the case whether the attempt is made to drive them directly to the edge, or to back them up to it!

When the removal of the stone from the lowest bed or stratum of this chasm was commenced, certain singular phenomena were observed, which, it is believed, have not been described as occurring elsewhere in quarries of this kind. It consisted in a peculiar movement of the stone in certain cases, indicating that the strata are not altogether at ease in their present position; or, in other words, that the enormous pressure of the superincumbent strata is not equally distributed in different directions! The fissures or rents which occur at irregular intervals divide the stone into masses of every form and size; but it is remarkable that most of the more extensive fissures run in the general directions of north and south, and east and west, and of course cross each other nearly at right angles. When a new layer is to be penetrated, sometimes the beginning is made by blasting; but as this of necessity destroys much of the stone by breaking it into fragments too small for use, another method is frequently adopted: the workmen commence by the side of one of the main fissures, and cut a channel a foot or more in width, and perhaps forty or fifty feet in length, carefully removing the fragments as they are separated by the pick, which serves the place of the woodman's ax. This channel is often carried down very uniformly through the whole length, several workmen being engaged upon it at the same moment. When the channel or groove has been excavated nearly to the bottom of the layer, which

varies from two to six or seven feet in thickness, suddenly, as if by mighty compression, the little remaining stone at the bottom of the layer is crushed to fragments, and the two walls of the new channel make a slight approximation to each other, amounting in some cases to three-fourths of an inch! In one instance the occurrence was attended by a report so loud as to be heard in all parts of the quarry, and was mistaken for a blast. At the sound the workmen leaped from the excavation, and hesitated at first whether it would be safe to return. It is an interesting fact that this occurrence takes place only when the channel has been cut in a north and south direction; nothing of the kind having been noticed when it is made east and west. It is observed, too, that while these natural joints which run east and west are often a little open, those which run north and south are very close and tight; all of them becoming more close as the work of excavation is carried downward.

These facts plainly indicate a lateral pressure of the stone in an east and west direction, and the absence of such pressure in the direction of north and south. To account for it fully would probably be no easy task; but we may not hazard much if we attribute it to the removal of the vast pressure of the many millions of cubic feet of stone and earth which formerly rested on the strata now laid bare. It would seem that the strata, since their original deposition, must have had time to settle very firmly on their foundation, whatever it may be; but still, as the removal of a part of any mass of matter resting on a foundation not absolutely immovable may give it a tendency to change its position, it is not absurd to suppose that this may be the case here. Icebergs floating in the water of the ocean have been seen to turn quite over, in consequence of the change of form produced by the irregular melting away of some parts of the mass more than other parts. And may not the fissures we have spoken of, as occurring everywhere in the rock, have had their origin, in part at least, in this irregular settling of the rocky strata upon their ancient foundations?

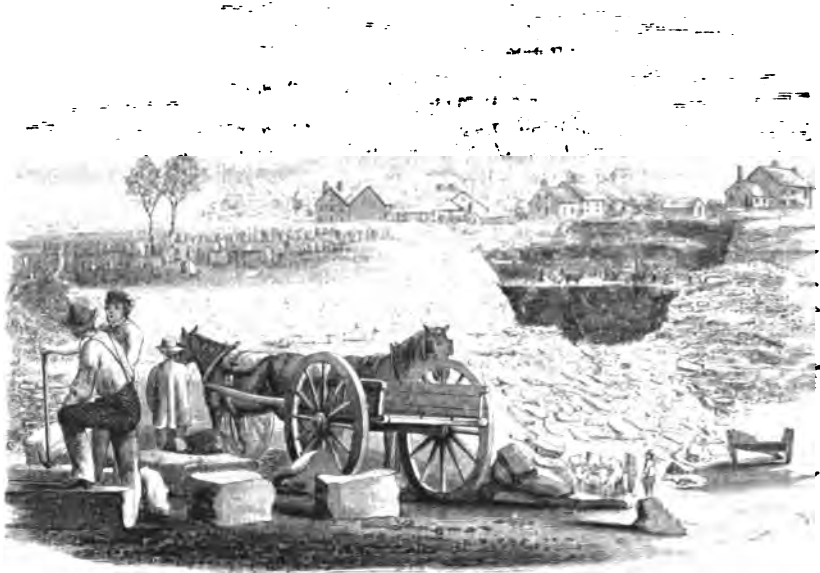
We have on the next page a view of the excavation in the quarry of Messrs. Brainerds & Co., with some of their buildings and fixtures. On the left is seen a part of the ancient graveyard, of which

mention has already been made. The earth that covers the stone here is some ten feet in depth; and when the land was appropriated for the purpose of burial, in 1712, it was little thought that the quarries would ever so extend themselves as to disturb the repose of the dead! This may not yet have been done; but encroachments have been so steadily made upon the small space grudgingly allowed them that, as we judge, very soon the cemetery will be left as an elevated mound, standing indeed securely on its foundation of stone laid by the Almighty himself, yet to be shaken continually by the thunder-blasts of the quarrymen.

This blasting is no ordinary operation at Portland. Holes are sometimes drilled a foot in diameter many feet in depth, and whole kegs of gunpowder poured in at a charge. In all the quarries these are reserved until noon or evening, just as the men have left their work, and then fired, shaking, as by terrible thunder, the country for miles around.

As the supply of the stone here is absolutely inexhaustible, and so many circumstances favor its use—its excellent qualities for architectural purposes, the facility with which it is worked, and the situation of the quarries upon the banks of a navigable stream, affording the means of ready transportation—it would seem that the business must hereafter be greatly increased; nor is it easy now to determine its limits. At present some thirty or forty sloops and schooners are constantly employed, during the season of navigation, in transporting the stone to the various cities on the Atlantic coast, from which it is sometimes carried into the interior. Even in the city of Milwaukie, in the West, and in San Francisco, on the Pacific, these quarries are represented!

They belong, geologically speaking, to the great sandstone formation of the Connecticut Valley, and, indeed, we may say of the "Atlantic slope" of the United States; for it extends, though interrupted in places, through the States of New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, into North Carolina, exhibiting everywhere the same general characters, and, so far as has been discovered, the same organic remains. In Europe there are two principal deposits of this kind, called, from their supposed comparative age, the old and the new red sandstone. The



BRAINERDS AND CO.'S QUARRY.

former occurs abundantly in Scotland, and is that so graphically described by the old stone-cutter, Hugh Miller. Our deposit corresponds more nearly with the latter, as is determined by its fossils and other characters. The former lies below the great coal formation, and is, therefore, the older of the two; but the latter lies mostly above it, and may, therefore, be considered more recent in its origin than the coal.

In the immediate vicinity of Middletown and Portland three kinds of rocks abound, which are entirely distinct in their characters, as may be seen by the most superficial observer, and the most unpracticed eye. Their relations to each other are perceived by the practical geologist at a glance; but, for the benefit of others, we give a brief description.

The first we notice are the granitic rocks, which are seen all the way on both sides of the river, from its mouth nearly to Portland, as we have before stated. They are often called *primitive* rocks, as being generally the oldest found on the surface of the globe; but whether they be always so or not, they are certainly the oldest found in this region, and in our description may properly take this title. They are usually more or less crystalline in their structure, and are entirely destitute of fossils. In them, however, are found

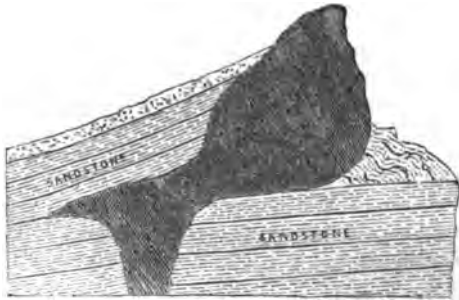
exclusively the beautiful mineral species, the *beryl*, *tourmaline*, *columbite*, *iolite*, *epidote*, *kyanite*, &c., for which they are visited every summer by mineralogists from all parts of our country, and even from Europe. These constitute the great mass of the rocks of New-England, forming everywhere the boundary of the proper valley of the Connecticut, and sometimes rising into hills of considerable height, as at the east and south of Portland and Middletown. They also evidently underlie the whole sandstone deposit, and form the natural basin in which the sandstone is contained, like a cake in the dish in which it has been baked. No argument is needed to prove that it is more ancient than the sandstone.

Next in order comes the sandstone, which extends from New-Haven, at the south, to the north line of Massachusetts, and is in some places several miles in width. It everywhere lies in regular strata, which are but a little inclined to the horizon, and the inclination very generally is in a direction a little south of east. These rocks are always of a deep brick-red color, and are composed of grains of fine sand, mixed in many places with coarse gravel, and often pebbles of considerable size. Sometimes the rock is composed chiefly of these pebbles, which are cemented together by a finer material, and

the stone is then called *conglomerate*, or *pudding-stone*.

These pebbles are always rounded and smooth, as if polished by attrition against each other, by the moving force of water, before becoming cemented in their present places, and are not angular and rough, like the fragmentary masses constituting the refuse in a quarry, or the chips of a stone-cutter's yard. In the Portland quarries and vicinity they are found to be mostly of three kinds, one of which is composed of a species of ferruginous quartz; the second of a blue slate, itself often containing gravel and small pebbles; and a third of flesh-colored, crystalline feldspar.

The third kind of rock characterizing the Connecticut Valley is the *trap*, or *greenstone*, which commences at the West Rock, in New-Haven, and extends in ridges, diagonally, across the valley, in a northeasterly direction, to Mount Holyoke, in Massachusetts. It is always of a dark green or black color, is unstratified and uncrystalline, and often contains cavities, in which other mineral species are found, as *calcareous spar*, *prehnite*, and *datholite*. This rock, which constitutes the high ridge seen at a distance, to the west, from the Portland quarries, geologists affirm, with great assurance, is of still more recent origin than the sandstone, having been forced up in a melted state through both the granite and the sandstone. The ridges formed by this rock, in the Connecticut Valley, whenever they attain any considerable elevation, are very uniformly found, on the east side, to present to view a gradual slope, while on the west side they form often a nearly perpendicular front. On the east side the sandstone strata rest against the trap, being much more inclined to the horizon than elsewhere, as if their western edges had been raised up by some force which thrust up the trap; but on the west side the trap overlies the sandstone. A case exactly similar to this is found in the Palisades, on the Hudson River, with only this difference, that here the perpendicular front is presented to the east. Persons ascending the river, when the water is low, may plainly see the sandstone strata on which the Palisades (composed of trap) repose, like the walls of a building upon their foundation. The above cut rep-



RELATIVE POSITION OF TRAP AND SANDSTONE.

resents an ideal section of one of those trap ridges, from east to west, the observer being supposed to be looking south. It shows the position of the strata of sandstone, on the opposite sides of the ridge, in relation to the mass of trap rock.

Further, it is believed that when these vast masses of trap rock were forced up, the whole region was covered with water. In our own day, we know that similar masses have been raised by subterranean action in the Mediterranean Sea, and in other parts of the world, thus forming islands, some of which remain permanent, while others have again disappeared. Now, if the waters of the Mediterranean Sea should hereafter subside, or if the whole region in which this sea is situated should be raised above the general level of the ocean, these islands would appear as hills or mountains, more or less elevated.

The gradual slope of these trap ridges in the Connecticut Valley, on the east side, and the perpendicular front on the west, is a natural result of the eastern inclination of the strata, the semi-fluid mass, as it burst through the strata, lifting some of the upper ones to the east, and flowing out over the top of those on the west side.

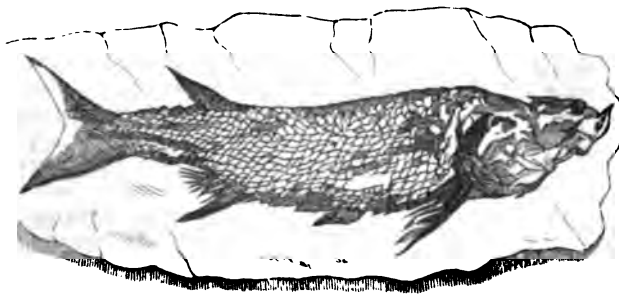
When the earth is removed from the surface of the rock, in the Portland quarries, the surface is everywhere found



DILUVIAL STRIÆ.

polished and smooth, except that it is more or less striated by very distinct markings, as represented in the cut. In every part of the quarries these striæ are very nearly in a north and south direction.

Besides the tracks of animals, found at various places in the sandstone of the Connecticut Valley, some of which have been described, there are other facts tending to show some of the circumstances of that ancient time.



CATOPTERUS GRACILIS.

Here is the figure of a fish, which was found in the sandstone strata, a little distance from the Portland quarries. It possesses the characteristics of the fishes of that early period, and has been named *Catopterus Gracilis*.

The next cut represents a block of stone, now lying near the office of the Middlesex Company, in Portland. It is a mass of several tons weight, and in its upper surface are what appear to be the remains of a log of wood, some six feet in length, and some fifteen inches in diameter at the largest part. Near the middle it is considerably bent downward. Other portions of the same tree were found by the workmen, but were not preserved.

It is remarkable that as yet we have, in the sandstone, fewer indications of vegetable than of animal life. We also give a figure of a fossil plant, found in a pebble, from the "drift," or soil, not far from the quarries. The species has not been determined.

But a few considerations, not heretofore no-

ticed, now require our attention. These impressions, denominated "footprints," if they be really "what they seem," must, of course, have been made upon what was then the surface, though now they are found many feet below, in the solid strata. So, also, the surface of soft mud, when it received the impression, must have been very nearly on the same level with the surface of the water; for, in the first place, the animal could not make them

where the water was of any considerable depth; and, secondly, if made under water, as a general thing they must have been obliterated, and would not remain for our inspection. The probability is, that most or all of them, especially those best preserved, were made upon the soft mud, after being left by

the spring freshet, so that the surface became hardened by the sun before a new deposit was made upon it by the next succeeding flood. The track, itself, would then be in a condition to receive the deposit of mud upon it, forming the cast; and both, consequently, would be preserved in the most perfect state.

But there is a difficulty in our way. These footprints occur in strata at different depths from the present surface of the rock; that is, in strata, one of which is perpendicularly above another; and if each stratum, as it was thrown down, constituted the sur-



PETRIFIED TREE.



FOSSIL PLANT.

face, at the time, how can strata, one of which is many feet above another, have all been on the same level with the surface of the water?

Manifestly it can have been only by the gradual settling of the strata, as they were found, so that many different strata, as each in turn is deposited, and exists as soft mud, is, at the same time, on nearly the same level as the water of the sea.

Thus are we led, step by step, from that which is known, and capable of demonstration, to that which before was entirely unknown; and if our conclusions are not always susceptible of demonstration, yet are they rendered so extremely probable, that the mind is satisfied to receive them as certain. And how are our conceptions of the magnificence and grandeur of the Creator's works enlarged by such contemplations! It is true, it may not be such a system as in our own imagination we might suppose ourselves would have devised; but in extending our investigations we are more and more inclined to exclaim, How manifold are the works of the Creator: "In wisdom hast thou made them all!"

Buried deep beneath the earth we see the records of former years. The moving bird and beast, the falling rain, have left their impress. So ages may pass away, and the footprints of our being will be visible in creation. Man may not, but the eye of God will mark them with unerring certainty.

THE GONDOLIER'S SONG.

THE wives and children of the fishermen of the Adriatic are said, at nightfall, to go down to the sea-shore of the Chioggia, Malamocco, Palestrina, and the Lido, and shout their well-known and not unmusical songs, until each can distinguish in the distance through the twilight, over the waves, the husband's and father's peculiar response.

But nowhere is the gondolier's song so indescribably charming as on the Grand Canal of a moonlight, midsummer night. This is the great *salon musicale* of Venice; and, upon principles of acoustics, is admirably calculated to heighten harmonious effect. The silence of the night, the gondola gliding noiselessly over a waveless surface which acts like a harmonic mirror on the voice; the *façades* of marble palaces on either side, with their overhanging balconies, their open portals, their endless halls and galleries, and their leafy gardens beyond, augmenting without echo the intensity of the sounds, all concur to aid effect. At midnight you stand on the *Pergolo* of the Palazzo Buzinello, opposite the *Posta*, the ancient Palazzo Grimani. You hear the accord of distant voices rising on the still night. A choir of gondoliers in their barques are slowly ascending from the Molo, half a mile below, and singing "*La Biondina*" as they advance. Nearer, nearer, nearer, by a *crescendo* which no art can match, the barque and the *barcarola* approach: louder and louder rise the notes on the ear, until, at length, beneath your balcony, the song has attained its *fortissimo*. It passes; the rougher sounds soften; they lessen; they lessen as the barque ascends. At length it is beneath the Rialto arch, which, for a moment, with its echoes, augments and rounds the air. It passes on; it turns the winding of the stream; it dies away; it is dead; it is home! You hear no more; but you listen still: you listen—hushed—entranced—your very soul absorbed in the departed harmony. You draw a long breath; you speak to the friend at your side; your voice sounds to you harsh; you relapse into silence; and for hours after, those sweet melodies play like a rapture around your heart. And your thoughts—they are far, far away—away from the grand Old World, away over the wide wild ocean—away—at your home!



THE FLOATING CITY OF SIAM.

THERE was hardly a breath of air out of the heavens to rustle the loftier branches of the stately trees that lined the river's side, as our vessel, urged on by the pressure of air upon her top-gallant and royal sails, and assisted materially by a favorable tide, progressed rapidly up the glorious Menam—that river of the distant kingdom of Siam which traverses the whole extent of country from north to south, and rushes into the sea a noble stream, deep and wide enough to accommodate the largest fleets in the world. The stars shone brightly overhead, despite the bright and golden light of the summer's moon in that distant eastern clime; the waters of the river were calm, and reflective as a mirror; there was not a star above but had its counterpart below the wave; the one was tranquil and immovable, while the other was restless and ever-changing.

To watch the latter was a source of end-

less thought. It was the embodiment of Heber's poetic strain:—

“Reflected in the lake, I love
To see the stars of heaven glow—
So tranquil in the sky above,
So restless in the wave below.”

Nor was this light all that was reflected upon those waters on that serene and beautiful night. The thick low mangrove bushes that studded the water's edge on each side were literally teeming with countless millions of fire-flies, which, as the breath of the zephyr swept by, expanded their wings, the better to secure a footing on the trembling leaves, and then the intense and brilliant light upon their tails shot out like a flash of sudden lightning, and as suddenly disappeared again. Not all the diamonds of famed Golconda's mine, set with purest emeralds, could compare with the brilliancy of these minute creatures when their myriads of tiny lamps shone forth from among the bright green leaves.

The night wore on, and still our vessel majestically swept the waves, and still the stars and moon shone bright, and the riversides were decked with living lights. Ason, the breath of morning—first harbinger of coming day—came wafting rich odors from the fields and plains and mountain-sides of Siam—the sweet incense, as it were, of the grateful earth refreshed by the heavy fall of the night dew. If there was anything to detract from the pleasurable enjoyment of such a night, it was the swarms of musketoos that invaded the vessel and buzzed around us incessantly, leaving the venom of their poisoned darts on our smarting hands and still more painfully wounded faces. The cool breath of morning proved, however, a balm to these stings, and the plagues of the night withdrew as the first gray tint of dawn appeared in the east. The river wound in a very serpentine course, in some parts so wide that we could barely distinguish objects on the opposite shore. About this time a legion of crows awoke, and, clamoring noisily to each other, proclaimed aloud the birth of another day. Flights of these thievish birds flew overhead in every direction, cawing joyously in expectation of an early breakfast. Five minutes more, and scores of noisy sparrows were twittering to each other. The day had now fairly broke, and the pilot declared that we were within a mile of the celebrated **FLOATING CITY OF SIAM**. The river was wide and deep, and the ship sailed merrily from shore to shore as the morning breeze freshened. Sometimes before we tacked, the bowsprit would run right into the center of a forest of mangroves, to the discomfort and alarm of troops of wild monkeys and countless paroquets. Expectation was now on the tiptoe, for none of us had ever been in Siam before.

At length the breeze stiffened, and a bend in the river making the wind fair for our progress, away spun the ship like a happy courser who knew it was close upon its journey's end. We rounded one lofty forest-clad point, the sun at the same moment casting the glorious mantle of his light over the scene, and before we knew exactly how we had got there, we found ourselves sailing in a ship of eight hundred tons through the main street of Bangkok, the capital of the kingdom of Siam! What a singular and beautiful sight here burst upon our view! On each side of us,

as far as the eye could see, were countless little houses, neatly painted, and all floating upon the surface of the smooth waters, by means of strongly-constructed bamboo rafts; behind these again, in the distance, rose the stately spires of the various pagodas or watts, sparkling in the early sunshine like costly gems; while far beyond all these was descried the solitary palace of the king of Siam, looming like some giant's castle above the pigmy habitations that surrounded it. In the houses all was life, bustle, and confusion. Chinamen, with gay silk dresses and long pigtales, were shouting and screaming to one another as some vessel, incautiously moored in the river, swung heavily round to the tide, threatening to annihilate their fragile tenements; old Siamese women armed themselves with long bamboo poles, to be prepared for an emergency and shove off any unwelcome intruders; Burmese were speculating in beetle-nut; natives of India were bartering with captains of Cochin China junks for the flesh of newly-slain alligators; while in the midst of this babel of languages and costume was to be seen the broad-brimmed hat of the American missionary, and the close-cropped pate of the Capuchin friar, laboring even in this distant land.

But the scene of activity to be witnessed in the floating houses was far surpassed by the moving tumult upon the river. Large Chinese junks, with a complement of full two hundred men, were hallooing, and beating gongs, and hoisting up their anchors; others, that had only just arrived, were equally busy about their moorings; European ships, of all sizes and nations, were hoisting in cargo or landing imported bale goods; while numberless canoes, chiefly moved about by women and girls, were paddling to and fro in all directions, laden with various sorts of commodities for apparel or for household consumption. Now came a gorgeously-painted canoe with gilt figure-head, and twenty men paddling it, bearing some nobleman from his mansion to the king's palace: then came a less aspiring boat, with ten or a dozen meager individuals clad in bright yellow apparel: these were a body of Siamese priests, going on a begging excursion for their daily food. Next came a canoe bearing a gentleman clad very lightly indeed, even in so warm a climate as Siam. This was a Chinese pork butcher, resting on his

paddle, and who as we pass hails us in an unknown tongue, inquiring possibly whether we wanted anything in his line to-day. Canoes next follow, laden and piled to such a height as to peril their equilibrium, and yet skillfully managed by solitary women and girls, who are the venders of fruits, vegetables, fish, cooked and raw meats, fowls, and, in short, all the luxuries of Eastern life.

By and by, as we make our way, there is a tremendous hubbub right ahead; rapidly the tumult grows louder, and is caught by all the neighbors in the floating houses, and all the people on board of the vessels and boats in the river. The cause of this commotion is presently explained, for just as we are coming to an anchor, the tide meanwhile running down like a sluice, a whole mass of floating houses, which have accidentally broke from their moorings, are seen heaving in sight between the junks and a Siamese man-of-war. The inhabitants of these runaway houses are screaming and gesticulating frantically, and flourishing long poles which seem to threaten destruction to all the occupants of the minor boats and canoes. Now they are foul of a ship's cable, but anon they are afloat again; now they sweep by us like so many steamers bent upon a race, and in five minutes more they have disappeared round the corner, and will be seen or heard of no more till the next favorable tide. Advantageously for them, the river has so many bends and turnings that they will be sure to be brought up by some projecting headland before they go much further; but were it not for this circumstance the tide would surely carry them out to sea, and then farewell to Mr. Chinaman and all his noisy neighbors. The excitement occasioned by this runaway detachment of houses soon abates, for such things are of every-day occurrence in Bangkok; the floating venders are again busy crying their goods, and the people have subsided once more into the comparative calm of every-day life, when we step into the ship's boat and are speedily landed—I beg pardon—I mean transhipped to the floating house of a friend. The flag that has braved a thousand years is waving over his residence; so we may calculate, with brother Jonathan, that our friend is a Britisher.

Finding ourselves in our new quarters, the first thing we inspect is the floating house itself. This, then, consists of three

neatly-painted apartments—a hall or sitting-room, a bedroom, and an office; the first about eight feet square; the second, five; and the third, three and a half. There are windows and doors in every direction, and in front of the house there is a little verandah with a wooden balustrade—a very necessary precaution for a stranger on a dark night, as he might easily by mistake step from this verandah into eight fathom water and a rapid tide. The furniture is of the simplest description, consisting of a table, a few chairs and a bamboo couch, an iron bedstead, a chest of drawers, and a clothes-horse, (the river being the universal wash-hand stand;) there is also a writing-desk, together with files for papers and newspapers. This constitutes the furniture of our countryman, who yet probably is worth not far short of twenty thousand pounds, with which amount, when doubled, he will one day visit his native land.

The next house, into which you can easily step from the verandah, belongs to the same establishment, and is allotted to the servants for culinary and other domestic purposes. In size it resembles the other, and contains as many rooms; the servants sleep in one and cook in another, while the third apartment serves for provisions. Having visited these two houses, we have now a fair conception of every other house among the seventy or eighty thousand dwellings which constitute the floating city of Bangkok. There is only this difference, that whereas our host is obliged to maintain two houses to complete his establishment, most of the natives content themselves with one. In one room they sit, and eat, and drink; in another, they all sleep together; and the third serves as a warehouse or magazine—for almost every man is in some way or other connected with trade, and will sell or barter anything in his house, from his own daughter to the favorite pet rat, which all the Siamese keep, and which protects them from the intrusion of other vermin of its own species, by expelling them *vi et armis*.

It is now long past twelve, and having breakfasted rather earlier than usual, we are beginning to inquire anxiously about lunch. By and by the loud notes of a trumpet awaken the stillness that reigns around. We are eager to ascertain the motives for these war-notes, and are grave-

ly assured that it is only to apprise the world at large that his gracious majesty has been pleased to dine, and that he accordingly condescends to grant his royal permission to his subjects to do so likewise. There is immediately a stir among the platters of our Siamese neighbors, and very grateful odors of many nice things; so, having the king's permission, we sit down to lunch and enjoy a sample of Siamese fruits and vegetables. First comes the durian, large and stately, reckoned by Eastern epicures to be truly delicious. Faugh! Carry it away and bury it, or throw it into the river; burn perfumes in the room, or bring chloride of lime, for the stench of that fruit is enough to make one faint. But what have we here? Mangosteins, ramboteens, plantains of all sizes and colors, the luscious mango, and innumerable other truly delicious fruits. Nature has indeed been bountiful to the soil of Siam. As for the vegetables, how an epicure would gloat over them: never were such things tasted in the cold north! The fowls, the ducks, and the river and sea-fish are all excellent; but the meat is badly flavored, and lean withal. Well, it is not much to be regretted, for the less meat you eat, the healthier you are likely to be in such a hot climate as Siam. At length lunch is over, and though we have feasted luxuriously, there is hardly a native in the capital that has not had as good a meal.

The sultry heat of the day has now become intense, and all employment is suspended: not a boat is to be seen on the river; not a man, woman, or child, is visible in the verandahs of the floating houses, for the doors are all shut and the inmates are fast asleep: they are having their daily siesta; and such is the universal lassitude that prevails, that however resolutely we bear up against it for a time, sleep eventually overcomes us, and so we also slumber in the cool, pleasant shade of the floating house, lulled by the rippling of the water beneath and round the raft on which we float. Three o'clock comes, and the doctor arrives; not the medical practitioner, but the sea-breeze, so designated in the East from the beneficial and exhilarating effects it is sure to produce upon the drowsy inhabitants. We accordingly wake refreshed and ready to prosecute our inquiries.

In order to pursue our investigations,

then, just step into this canoe, taking care, however, that you do not tilt it over. Now we are paddling along the shady side of the river at the rate of several miles an hour. What's that? a boat-load of sugar coming from the interior for shipment to Liverpool: and that? another boat with pepper for the same destination. Why, what a wealthy country this Siam must be! Every shop we pass exhibits specimens of its riches—elephants' and tigers' tusks, gamboge and indigo, spices of every variety, rice, drugs, lead, and other precious ore—all brought from the interior, where also there are countless sugar-cane plantations and whole tracts of country laid out with rice-fields. Rich, however, as Siam is in various productions, we need hardly remind our readers that it is enveloped in the shades of heathen darkness; but happily there are laborers in the field, who are busy sowing precious seed. That house which we are passing is the missionary establishment: the little wooden houses occupied by these benevolent men look comfortable and neat, and as a special favor they are permitted to be built upon *terra firma*. It was our host (who is himself building a perfect palace on the banks) that procured for them this exemption; for, as a general rule, none in Bangkok, save the royal family and the highest nobles, are permitted to build upon the solid ground. Among these pioneers of evangelization is a doctor, a schoolmaster, and a printer; and as we paddle along we encounter one of the missionaries distributing Siamese tracts among the natives; while a little further down we pass the doctor's shop, where he sits and sees patients, and distributes medicines gratuitously. Yonder, too, we are sorry to see, is the Roman Catholic chapel; for Rome seems to delight to tread in the footsteps of Protestant missionaries, and mingle tares with their wheat.

We have now arrived at one of the Siamese temples, and are permitted to survey it both outside and inside; the court-yard is spacious and well paved, abounding with flower-vases and grotesque-looking images of every conceivable bird, beast, and reptile. The temple itself is a stately building, with a lofty, capacious central room, surrounded by smaller ones allotted to the priests; incense-rods are burning; there is gold and silver tapestry, and the images are of the same costly materials, set with

precious stones. As we are about to retrace our steps, our attention is arrested by a concourse of people congregated in the front court-yard, and who we find are busy preparing for a funeral. The dead man is laid upon a lofty bier, under which, in a species of oven, are piled fagot upon fagot of firewood, while garlands of flowers are tastefully arranged over the richly-worked linen cloth that hides the corpse from view. We hurry away from the spot and get into our canoe, in doing which a bystander tells us that the dead man was alive and hearty at eight o'clock this morning. Cholera, however, had marked him for its victim. As we paddle away, the dense smoke rose up high into the air like a white column against the clear blue sky, and by the time that we reached home again, doubtless all that remained of the robust man who had opened his eyes to daylight that morning in health, little dreaming of death, was a handful of ashes scattered far and wide by the fresh breeze of evening—a solemn theme indeed for thought and reflection!

Before reaching home, having a permit, we visit the temples of the two white elephants, so much venerated by the Siamese. Here idolatry is lavish indeed in its tokens of regard, for the rooms where these huge unwieldy creatures are kept are carpeted with costly gold and silver-wrought mats, which are soon soiled and worn out by the heavy tread of the elephants. To keep these in order forms a considerable item in the treasury expenditure, and causes a frightful waste of money.

By the time we reach our host's floating-house again, the sun is far in the west; but the river presents a lively scene once more. Beside the shipping, and the boats and canoes, there are shoals of ducks and geese, and other domestic water-fowl, swimming to their domestic homes, from a day's foraging among the bulrushes that cover the banks of the many small outlets of the river. But these are not the only swimmers; for, the labors of the day being over, men, women, and children take to the water, with small distinction of rank or sex. They all bathe in their clothes, just as they go about when dressed, and on coming out of the water they cluster round a fire, and so let their clothes dry on their backs. Yet seldom or never do any of these amphibious people catch cold. All can swim well, and so entirely aquatic

are they in their habits, that though the houses are linked together with chains, and are easy of ingress or egress by simply passing from one verandah to another, a Siamese will invariably step into his small canoe, although he has only to call upon a neighbor three doors off. The houses are in rows of three or four deep, with spaces between each, and intersecting channels between every eighth or tenth house—the latter being the number usually linked together, and moored at each extremity to poles of immense size and strength driven deeply into the bed of the river at low-water ebb.

And now our day's exploits are over, and the sun sets. Crows are flying overhead to their roosting-places; hideous-looking tokays (a spotted lizard peculiar to Siam) are croaking from the dark walls of the floating-houses: night gathers round us rapidly; the first star twinkles faintly from afar, and simultaneously the whole city and the shipping burst into one magnificent illumination. It is the Chinese feast of the lantern. Red, blue, white, every colored light is displayed in every imaginable direction. Festoons of light hang from the yards of the Siamese ships and the Chinese junks; the verandahs of the floating-houses have festoons also, and the stately spires of the pagodas are one rich mass of light. We look up toward heaven, and behold countless wonderful lights there: we look around us, and perceive there, too, many artificial lights: we look below us, in the calm blue waters of the Menam, and the lights there reflected are beyond computation: even in the air the fire-fly shows its tiny lamp. There is but one glorious light wanting, and that is the light of the true knowledge of the gospel! May it soon be supplied.

The present king of Siam, who has only just succeeded to the throne, is an accomplished scholar. As one proof of his desire for improvement, he has sent his own sons, and also persuaded many of the principal men of Siam to send their children for education to Singapore. He seems disposed to aid every effort for the benefit of his people.

RIDICULE.—Ridicule, which chiefly arises from pride, is but a selfish passion at best, a gross pleasure, and too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined.

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EDITORIAL VARIETIES.

FUTURITY.—"We know not what shall be on the morrow." Whether it will come to us freighted with joys or sorrows, smiles or tears, prosperity or adversity, sickness or health, life or death, is a matter of entire uncertainty. Every dawning day of our being is to us a sealed letter, only to be opened when the morning dawns, and its perusal first finished when the knell of midnight shall proclaim its departure. The past may be in some sense an index to the future, but the knowledge it communicates is of the most imperfect character. We look with confidence for the rising of to-morrow's sun; but it is by no means certain. That his beams have gladdened the earth every day since creation, renders it exceedingly probable that to-morrow will be similarly blessed. We say *probable*, but not certain; for with fearful rapidity we are approaching a time when the light of day shall be extinguished, and "suns shall rise and set no more."

Some events are indeed in themselves certain; but all their attendant circumstances are covered with oblivion. Such is DEATH. It will inevitably occur in the history of every human being. "We must all die;" but in what particular year or day—in what place—surrounded by friends and family, or in the midst of strangers—of long-continued illness, or at a moment's warning, no mortal can tell. Even when the future depends solely upon existing causes we may not confidently predict its character; for these causes are so numerous—many of them so latent and occult—all working together in such a mysterious manner, as utterly to forbid any certain conclusion as to what shall be their resultant. No discrimination is adequate to a solution of the problem. Much can be inferred, nothing demonstrated. There is, too, a "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." "Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." And who can trace the Almighty? who can understand *His* way? The keel leaves no furrow in the ocean; the wing no trace in the air; and God's "way is in the sea, and (his) path in the great waters, and (his) footsteps are not known." Dark and impenetrable to human vision is the veil that hangs over the future. To pierce it, the eye of a seer must be given us of God.

This arrangement is the offspring of Divine wisdom and love. Yes! it is the hand of a merciful Father that draws the screen and shuts out from our view the scenes of to-morrow. Who would know the future? Who could wish to be aware of all the ills that must betide coming years? It is an insane hand that would tear away the Heaven-provided veil, and gaze into the forbidden mysteries of the future. For ourselves, we rejoice that in the sunny days of childhood we were ignorant of the woes that have since visited us. We would not have known them for a world. They would have changed our boyhood's laughing face into all

the gravity of age. They would have dispelled all the bright visions of hope that made youth so buoyant. Illusions they may have been—ærial castles—but they filled our soul with joy, and for them we thank our God. A thousand times have we adored our Maker as we have thought of our bridal hour, when we clasped to our heart our first young love, and called her ours. Our joy was replete. It was almost an ecstasy. But what would have been the effect had it been revealed to us in that hour that a few months would see the form we loved enshrouded, encoffined, entombed! We knew it not. We drank the cup of joy unmingled. It was so much saved. Tell us, parent,—tell us, fond mother, What were thy thoughts when thou didst embrace thy first-born? tell us of its brief bright life; tell us how beautifully its little powers were unfolding; paint to our eye its smiling face, and let us hear its prattle. Was thy soul not blest in that babe? But hadst thou known its after sufferings; had some astrologer cruelly revealed its early death—what then? Couldst thou have smiled when it smiled? Would not the dark shadow of coming events have settled upon this happy scene with a gloom paralleled only by the darkness of Egypt? It was God's wisdom and goodness, then, that hid from thee the future, and gave thee so many days and months of blessedness. A knowledge of your approaching loss would have given the sorrows of bereavement a premature birth. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

How amazing the desire to scan the future! One would naturally think that Christians would be possessed of such confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God that the simple fact that he had hidden the future would satisfactorily determine the folly and guilt of any attempt to fathom it. But no. The world is full of astrologers, and soothsayers, and fortune-tellers, dreamers, and spirit-mediums; and some children of God are sometimes lured into their haunts for an infamous purpose. Can this be innocent? Is it no small thing to thwart the designs of Jehovah? Is there no guilt in attempting to tear down the barriers which lie between you and misery borrowed from the future? God has determined for your good that you shall not know the future; but your conduct says, *I will know.* In spite of God I will penetrate the mystery. Reckless of God and consequences you rush on—falling, of course, in your attempt—deceived, it may be, by some miserable hag—but incurring all the guilt of success. There can be no apology for this; not in your curiosity or distress. The one should be curbed, the other relieved at a throne of grace. What could surpass the impiety of Saul, who avowed the wickedness of his heart in resorting to the witch of Endor? He said, substantially, that he had prayed to God without relief, and then had recourse to the devil. "Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams; therefore I have called thee." 1 Samuel xxviii. 15.

But if any man would see the guilt of a resort to such agencies to divine for him the future, let him look into God's holy word.

There were in Old Testament times a host of such offenders against reason and righteousness. Witches and wizards—not really such, but persons professing to have power to benefit or injure whom they chose; astrologers, who read the future in the stars; necromancers, who made revelations by observing the dead; and besides these we know not how many others, such as diviners, observers of times, enchanters, charmers, and the like. But their object was one; their guilt one. God will destroy them all with the brightness of his coming. Everywhere does the Almighty array himself against them, daring the host of them to contest; (Isa. xlvi, 11-13;) challenging them to do something worthy of their claims; (Isa. xli, 22-24;) declaring them false prophets and deceivers; (Jer. xiv, 14, and Isa. xxvii, 9, 10;) and himself the frustrater of their tokens. The soul should resort to God, and not to his enemies, which cannot be other than an entrenchment upon the prerogative of Jehovah. Hence he says, "Should not a people seek unto their GOD?" (Isaiah viii, 19;) and again, (Lev. xx, 7), "I AM THE LORD YOUR GOD." To crown all, we find this sin placed in the same category with the most abominable crimes; with murder, adultery, and idolatry. Man's interest and man's happiness are therefore both concerned in this matter. These diviners and those that seek unto them shall perish in the same destruction. "He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death."

"Man's home is in the grave!
Here dwell the multitudes. We gaze around,
We read their monuments, we sigh, and while
We sigh, we sink!"

TOMBSTONE LITERATURE.—Our article "Inscriptions for the Dead" was in type before we had seen the "Citations from the Cemeteries," in a work we have noticed, entitled "Salad for the Solitary." It is almost profane to dishonor the tomb with a contemptible literature. We resort to the sepulcher to meditate, and weep, and pray. Nothing offensive should there meet the eye or pain the heart. We have sometimes turned with a shudder from a grave-yard, through whose dilapidated fences the swine had stolen, and were in the very act of uprooting the grave; but we would rather endure this than chiseled nonsense. We would infinitely prefer to plant at the grave a few flowers, and while we watered them with our tears, think of them as just emblems of immortality, "whose roots being buried in dishonor, rise again in glory."

Epitaphs were not in vogue in England till the reign of James I, since which time their character has varied. Sometimes the poetic was most abundant, sometimes the distich, and sometimes there was a rage for the comic. With our correspondent, we prefer citations from the Holy Scriptures as mottoes for the tombstones. As a mere matter of taste we prefer them, and for the same reason that we would see a statue in Roman robes, always in fashion, rather than in the style of our own time, which, of necessity, must become ludicrous to the people of another age. So poetry may change, but the "word of God endureth forever;" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth" will never be antiquated. Some old inscriptions

are just like some old portraits, and excite in us similar emotions. We thought a few additional epitaphs might be interesting.

The following is in St. Michael's church-yard, Aberystwith, in memory of David Davies, blacksmith:—

"My Sledge Hammer lay reclined,
My Bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decayed,
And in the dust my Vice is laid,
My Coal is spent, my Iron gone,
My Nails are drove, my work is done."

John Bacon, Esq., wrote his own epitaph, and it is to be seen on a neat tablet in Tottenham Court Chapel:—

"What I was as an Artist
Seemed to me of some importance
while I lived;
But what I really was as a believer
In Christ Jesus,
is the only thing of importance
to me now."

The following remarkable inscription is to be found on a newly erected tombstone in the church-yard of Heydon, which is, for more than one reason, a curiosity:—

"Here lieth the body of William Strutton, of Paddington, buried the 18th of May, 1734, aged 97, who had by his first wife 23 children, and by a second wife 17; own father to 43, grandfather to 86, great-grandfather to 97, and great-great-grandfather to 23; in all 231."

The following, in Latin, is over the tomb of Dr. Samuel Butcher:—

"In this house,
which I have borrowed from
my brethren the worms,

He I,
SAMUEL, by Divine permission
Bishop of this Island.
Stop, reader!
behold and smile at
THE PALACE OF A BISHOP,
who died May 30,
in the year
1655."

The following is in Gillingham church-yard, England:—

"Take time in time, while time doth last,
For time is not time when time is past."

In St. Bennet's, Paul's wharf, London, is the following:—

"Here lies one *More*, and no more than he;
One *More* and no *More*! how can that be?
Why, one *More* and no more may well lie here alone,
But here lies one *More*, and that more than one."

The following is from one of the local Histories of Cornwall:—

"Father and Mother and I
Lies buried here as under:
Father and mother lies buried here,
And I lies buried yonder."

A couple of Hibernian epitaphs must be added:—

"Here lies Pat Steele,
That's very thrue—
Who was he? What was he?
What's that to you?"

The other is from Belturbut, Ireland:—

"Here lies John Hlgley, whose father and mother were drowned in their passage from America. Had they both lived, they would have been buried here."

In the church-yard at Youghal, Ireland, there is another of the same description:—

"Here lie the bodys of my 2 grandmothers; maiden names Fox and Chubb."

But Pat forgot to tell his own name.

Our readers will scarcely pardon us if we add no specimens from our own land. All those given by our correspondent are modern and American, but we may present a few additional.

The first is a copy of *Andrew Jackson's epitaph* on his wife, inscribed on her tombstone in Tennessee:—

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died on the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress; to the rich she was an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament. Her pty went hand in hand with her benevolence; and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transplant her to the bosom of her God."

We may now add, as not less interesting, one found on the tombstone of one of *President Pierce's* ancestors. It is in the old burying-ground in Byfield, near Newbury, Vt.

"Here lye ye body of Benjamin Pierce, Esq., who died May ye 19th, 1711, aged 42 years and three months.

"Pillar i' th' Stato he was;
Bid fair still
At greater things.
To all yt knew him well.
Pattern of vertue;
Kind to all was he,
Loved by friends,
Fear'd of his enemie.
Embalmed in tears,
Envy itself stood dumb;
Snatched from ye world
In times most troublesome."

In the same yard, on another gravestone, is the following to one of the same family:—

"Here lies interred what was mortal of ye Honorable DANIEL PIERCE, Esq., who, having faithfully served his generation both in church and military station, fell asleep, April ye 22d, 1704, aged 68.

"Here lies interred a soul indeed,
Whom few or none excelled;
In grace if any him exceed,
He'll be unparalleled."

But enough on this subject. What has been said will, perhaps, interest the reader, awaken thought, and in some directions may lead to reform. Then when the heart, gushing with sorrow, seeks the sepulcher, it will read, in language that is divinely comforting, "She is not dead but sleepeth;" "To depart and be with Christ is far better."

Our excellent correspondent furnished us, too late for the last number, the following letter from Boston, which will not be altogether untimely for our present number:—

The Young Men's Christian Association have taken possession of their elegant suite of rooms in the new Tremont Temple, and have recommenced the prosecution of the objects of the Society with new vigor. Their rooms embrace the whole front of one story of this noble building, affording them a large hall, a library, and three smaller rooms for committees and other purposes. The library, which is receiving continual accessions, numbers now nearly two thousand volumes. All the leading religious and secular papers and periodicals in the country are to be found upon the files. The large assembly room is adorned with

engravings of the highest merit. Luther and Calvin look down from its walls upon the groups beneath, preaching powerfully, though in silent tones; and that most sublime and impressive of pictorial representations—the death-bed of Wesley—in mute eloquence exhibits the power of the gospel in the dying hour, and seems really to utter its benediction: "The best of all is, God is with us."

On Monday evenings a prayer-meeting is held in the rooms from nine to ten o'clock, thus accommodating those that attend other services. This occasion is sometimes a season of peculiar interest. A class in Biblical literature has been formed, which meets for mutual improvement and for a weekly recitation on Tuesday evenings. This class is quite largely attended, and is becoming popular among the young men. Once a month a literary exercise is held, which is opened by an essay, and followed by discussions and conversations upon predetermined topics. Committees are appointed to visit and obtain watchers for the sick; while one of the main offices of the society, in which every member takes a personal interest, is to secure the presence and fellowship of young men from the country, upon their first introduction to the business and temptations of the city. The experiment has been, thus far, entirely successful. It is uniting, developing, and invigorating the plety of the younger members of the evangelical churches. It affords one of the most beautiful illustrations, as it offers one of the most powerful defenses, of the religion of the Cross, and presents one of the strongest barriers against the tide of irreligion and city vice, which annually sweeps away so many promising young minds. Arrangements are nearly perfected for the second course of religious discourses from the foremost clergymen of the different denominations. These will be delivered on week evenings instead of the Sabbath, as heretofore, thus accommodating those that would otherwise be detained by services in their own churches.

It is ominous of good to know that similar associations have been instituted in the principal cities of New-England, and in other parts of the country. The full influence of these societies upon the social and religious life of the community cannot be comprehended at once.

In the literary world we hear the sound of preparations for the coming season. The Mercantile Library is rapidly filling up its list of lecturers for the ensuing winter. In it are to be found some of the highest names in the political and literary world: Hon. W. H. Seward, of New-York, and Hon. Rufus Choate, of Boston, are among the number. The name of James Russell Lowell is announced to deliver one of the courses of lectures before the Lowell Institute the present season. Oliver Wendell Holmes, it is said, will re-deliver his admirable and popular series of lectures on the poets of the nineteenth century in various places, and in New-York city among others. If this latter report be correct, a rare intellectual treat is in promise before you. Whipple, who now stands at the head of the Essayists of our country, is arranging his numerous engagements, and preparing his keen and sparkling analyses for crowded and delighted audiences. So universal has the Lyceum become, so limited is the supply of professional and successful lecturers, and such is the eagerness of committees to secure their men, that the few speakers who stand "a head and shoulders" above the crowd are fain to say with the world-known razor-man, "Gentlemen, don't all speak at once."

Mr. Fields, the poet-book-seller, while he reaps fame and money in the reproduction, in permanent and beautiful forms, of the works of his brother bard, from time to time increases the "staple" with his own brilliant pen. No public lecturer presents a better poem, or delivers it in a happier style.

A superior work of art has just been executed in Boston, copies of which will be soon circulated throughout the country. It is a large line engraving, the conception of which was entirely original; and the execution of a work so delicate and complicated is really a wonder of designing and engraving skill. The idea of the author was, to represent Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress in one picture; and so truly has the conception of the author, and of the glorious old dreamer himself, been caught by the designer and embodied in the print, that, as Dr. Bacon has happily remarked, "While in the book of Bunyan we have the story, in the engraving we have the dream itself." The whole mountain passage, from the city of Destruction to the Celestial gateway, and nearly every person met with on this eventful journey, are, with indescribable precision and grace, represented in this panoramic picture. It is, without doubt, the finest engraving ever executed

in this country, and is an honor to all who have been engaged in its preparation. It is published by Jewett & Co., the well-known booksellers of our city.

Great preparations are now making for the fall book-trade; and many new works of sterling character will issue from the press, at short intervals, during the present autumn.

Phillips, Sampson, & Co., are just issuing "A Memoir of the Life and Labors of Rev. Adoniram Judson, D. D.," by Rev. Dr. Wayland. This work will form two large duodecimos, and will be illustrated with a steel portrait. The well-known and well-beloved subject of the memoir, and the great ability of the author, will secure for these volumes a very wide circulation. Dr. Beecher's great work on "The Conflict of Ages; or, the Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man," will be issued the first of September. It will form one large duodecimo of 350 pages. The same publishers will send forth from their press, the present month, "The Select Works of Benjamin Franklin." This volume will contain his entire Autobiography, and much material from French and American sources, never before published; together with a Memoir by Epes Sargeant, Esq. It will form a stout duodecimo. They have also in press a new work, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, entitled "English Notes; or, Observations in England," one vol. 12mo. "Hearts and Faces; or, Home-Life Unveiled," by the author of "Father Bright-hopes;" "Outline of the Geology of the Globe, and of the United States in particular." By Edward Hitchcock, D. D., LL.D. One vol. 12mo. This work will be illustrated with two geological maps, and will contain sketches of characteristic American fossils. The above publishers will also issue the present month the "Complete Works of Mrs. Hemans, with an original Memoir, by Mrs. Sigourney." This will form a royal octavo, of uniform size and appearance with their superior library edition of the poets.

Jewett & Co. have in press an admirable Life of that noble-hearted and benevolent Quaker gentleman, Isaac T. Hopper, by Lydia Maria Child; an admirable subject in the hands of one fully competent to do it justice. From the same press will be issued, at an early date, the popular series of Lectures on Young Men, delivered during the past winter by Rev. Rufus W. Clark, of East Boston. They have also in press a new temperance tale, entitled "The Mysterious Parchment; or, the Satanic License," said to be written by a clergyman of New-York, and exhibiting much ability; "The Origin, Character, and Influence of the American Colonization Society;" "The Memoir, Speeches, and Essays of the late Hon. Robert Rantoul, jun.," edited by Luther Hamilton, Esq. The early memoir is written by Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Portsmouth, his classmate. This will be a valuable, and undoubtedly a popular work. They will also issue "Hints for the Household; or, Family Counselor," by Rev. William M. Thayer. The little work entitled "Shady Side," published by this house, is enjoying a very large sale. Twenty thousand copies have already been published, and the demand still continues.

Crosby & Nichols have lately published "The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth," by William Stirling; a volume that has reached a second edition in England, and merits, by its interest and valuable historical records, a wide popularity in its American form. The same publishers have issued a remarkable work on "Regeneration," by E. H. Sears. It is indorsed by the American Unitarian Association, and will be read with grateful surprise and pleasure by Christians who consider themselves far from sympathy with Unitarian views. They have in press, "Sculpture and Sculptors," by Mrs. H. F. Lea, author of the "Old Painters," &c.; "God with Men; or, Footprints of Providential Leaders," by Rev. Samuel Osgood; a volume of Sermons, by Rev. A. A. Livermore; two volumes of Lectures to Young Men and Young Women, by Rev. W. G. Elliot, jun., of St. Louis; "Visiting my Relations," by the author of the "Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling."

Little, Brown, & Co. have just issued the first volume of the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." This edition is greatly improved, and brought up to the present time. It will be completed in twenty-one volumes, and is edited by Thomas Stewart Trull. They have also published the fourth enlarged and corrected edition of "Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines;" and the "History of New-England, from 1630 to 1649," by John Winthrop, edited by James Savage. They have in press a new edition of "Lyell's Manual of Geology," illustrated with maps, plates, and wood-cuts; and also of his "Principles of Geology;" "Jeremy Taylor's Complete Works, with a

Life of the Author, and a Critical Examination of his Writings," by Bishop Heber. Revised and corrected by Rev. Charles P. Eden. Ten vols. 8vo. They also publish "Pope's Works," in verse and prose, edited by Right Hon. John Wilson Croker; four vols. 8vo.; "Dryden's Works," based upon the edition of Sir Walter Scott; revised, with additions; eight vols. 8vo.; "Swift's Works," new edition, eight vols. 8vo.; "Moore's Memoirs," edited by Right Hon. Lord John Russell; eight vols. 8vo., four volumes now ready; "Mahon's England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles, 1713-1763," by Lord Mahon; third edition, three vols. 8vo.

Ticknor, Reed, & Fields have in press a volume of travels of unusual interest, by George S. Hilliard. It is entitled, "Six Months in Italy;" and from the reading of a few extracts from the proof-sheets, we can promise our friends a rare pleasure in its perusal. They will also issue soon "Light on the Dark River; or, Memorials of Henrietta A. L. Hamlin, Missionary in Turkey," by Mrs. M. W. Lawrence. Those who have read the biography of the late Dr. Olin will call to mind his visit with this excellent lady in Constantinople, and the high tribute he pays to her intelligence, piety, and Christian kindness. They have also in press "Prior's Life of Burke;" "Memoir of Robert Wheaton;" "Autobiography of Mrs. Mowatt;" "De Quincey's Autobiographic Sketches;" "Grace Greenwood's Letters from Europe;" "My Two Sisters," by Mrs. Judson.

P. S.—It is expected that the Crystal Palace in your city will find a powerful competitor, in the province of the practical arts, in the Mechanics' Fair, to be held during the month of September in Faneuil Hall. Unusual preparations are making, and the promise now is that a full and an interesting exposition of American art and industry will be made on the occasion. George Russell, Esq., of Roxbury, will deliver an appropriate oration some time during the progress of the exhibition.

B. K. P.

OLD FOGIES.—This term is either of Irish or Scottish derivation. It is claimed to be of "pure Irish origin," and to have been applied to "mature old warriors." But it was certainly in use also in Scotland and the permanent garrisons of Edinburgh; and probably those of Stirling Castle, consisting of veteran companies, were called "Castle Fogies."

Dr. Jamieson, in his *Scottish Dictionary*, defines the word "foggie, or fogie," to be, first, "an invalid, or garrison soldier;" secondly, "a person advanced in life;" and derives it from "Su. G. *fogde*, formerly one who had the charge of a garrison."

The word may have been derived from the German *roght*, which signifies a governor, judge, steward, &c. It is, in fact, nothing more than a good-humored corruption or diminution of "*old folks*." This also shows us the derivation of "pettifogger," which means a "*little fogie*," or a "*petty folkler*," one whose practice is among the lower classes. All this may be a word of comfort to somebody. Blessed be the man that invented dictionaries!

HOOR-GLASSES were formerly much used in pulpits, to denote the proper length of a sermon. George Herbert says: "The parson exceeds not an hour in preaching, because all ages have thought that a competency." All ages but ours, and we think it a little more than a competency. It is said that this custom was borrowed from the ancient Greek and Roman orators, who declaimed by an hour-glass. In many of the old records are charges for this useful instrument—for instance, in Christ Church, St. Catherine's, Aldgate, under the year 1564, this entry occurs:—

"Paid for an hour-glass that hangeth by the pulpit when the preacher doth make a sermon that he may know how the hour passeth away."

In Fosbrooke (*Dr. Mon.*, p. 286) is the following passage:—

"A stand for an hour-glass still remains in many pulpits. A rector of Bibury (in Gloucestershire) used to preach two hours, regularly turning the glass. After the text the squire of the parish withdrew, smoked his pipe, and returned to the blessing."

In 1681 a sect arose, calling themselves "The Sweet Singers of Israel," who, among other things, renounced the limitation of the Lord's mind by hour-glasses. O that such reformers would arise now! Most of our Churches, we fear, in this degenerate age, would supply themselves with *half* hour-glasses. The less of the gospel the better is the language of this busy age. The ancient and precise usage to which we have referred had one decided advantage over our uncertain and indefinite mode of preaching. The squire of the parish knew exactly when it was time to put out his pipe, re-enter the church, and resume his pew to receive the blessing.

THE MAIDS AND THE WIDOWS.—The following petition, signed by sixteen maids of Charleston, South Carolina, was presented to the governor of that province on March 1, 1733, "the day of the feast:—"

"To His Excellency Governor Johnson.

"The humble Petition of all the Maids whose names are underwritten:—

"Whereas we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows, and our more youthful charms thereby neglected: the consequence of this our request is, that your Excellency will for the future order that no widow shall presume to marry any young man till the maids are satisfied for; or else to pay each of them a fine for prostitution, for invading our liberties; and likewise a fine to be laid on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is, that the widows, by their forward carriages, do snap up the young men; and have the vanity to think their merits beyond ours, which is a great imposition upon us who ought to have the preference.

"This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and hope you will prevent any further insults.

"And we poor Maids, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

"P. S.—I, being the oldest Maid, and therefore most concerned, do think it proper to be the messenger to your Excellency in behalf of my fellow subscribers."

PROFESSOR FARADAY seems to have been anticipated by Bacon, in his philosophy of Table-Turning. In the *Sylva Sylvarum*, art. Motion, is the following:—

"Whenever a solid is pressed, there is an inward tumult of the parts thereof, tending to deliver themselves from the compression: and this is the cause of all violent motion. It is very strange that this motion has never been observed and inquired into; as being the most common and chief origin of all mechanical operations.

"This motion operates first in a round, by way of proof and trial, which way to deliver itself and then in progression, where it finds the deliverance easiest."

EARWIGS.—The press, both in Europe and America, has groaned of late under descriptions of this insect and its habits; always assuring the reader that it is improperly so called; that its real name is *earwing*; and that Providence has kindly furnished the ear with a secretion which would make entrance to that organ impossible. Ah! gentlemen, this is all *theory*—we have a chapter of *experience*. Visiting a friend in Poughkeepsie, a few years since, we

had retired for the night, and had just fallen into a refreshing slumber, when a pain in the ear awakened us. It was evidently something moving. To be certain of this fact, we arose and let fall a drop of water into the ear, when the pain became most intense, which we were satisfied was produced by a moving insect. We aroused the family, who kindly furnished us with sweet oil and laudanum, and we made many ineffectual attempts to float the insect out, giving all the while, we are informed, most unequivocal testimony of the strength of our lungs. Our friends, fearing the result, had dispatched a wagon to the village for a physician. He came; but, according to this popular theory, pronounced our assertions impossible. There could be no bug in the ear. He could perceive none, either with his eyes or instruments. A friend who stood by begged the tweezers, thrust them into our ear, and, to the amazement of the doctor, drew forth an earwig. From that hour we have dreaded the sight of the insect. Its buzzing in our chamber will start us from the soundest slumbers. No man, with such an experience as ours, can for a moment believe the theory.

UNLUCKY DAYS.—For ourselves, we would as soon commence business, set out on a journey, or even get married on Friday as on any other day of the week; but not so with others. An old manuscript, dating two centuries back, will enlarge a little the catalogue of unlucky days. It reads as follows:—

"The first Monday in April, the day on which Cain was born and Abel was slain.

"The second Monday in August, on which day Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed.

"The 31st of December, on which day Judas was born who betrayed Christ.

"These are dangerous days to begin any business, fall sick, or undertake any journey."

TEMPERANCE AND THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—We were present at the recent commencement at Middletown, Connecticut, and sat down with a large company at a fine table, spread at the M'Donough House. We were surprised to find one column of our bill of fare filled with the best of wines and liquors, for which we were invited to call for tickets. The bills were, however, removed, and in a few moments again returned with the offensive column torn off. Temperance triumphed, and all rejoiced.

POETS.—The following expressive stanza was found pencilled on the last leaf of an Album, filled with the usual trash:—

"Let Milton rhyme no more,
Let Watts lie in the tomb;
Let Shakspeare stand behind the door,
And give these poets room."

We need not say we felt grateful to the unknown author.

TO CORRESPONDENTS:—"The Good Time Coming" might or might not suit our pages; but, as we have before said, we have selected a good corps of paid contributors and cannot now increase them.

"W. C. W." and "E. B. N." in our next.

"H. J. H." and "J. F. W." must excuse us.

"Edmund Burke" has some merit, but scarcely suits our columns.

Book Notices.

A Pen and Ink Panorama of New-York City, by *Cornelius Mathewe*, is a little work of 209 pages, 24mo., just published by *John S. Taylor*, 17 *Ann-street*, and well worth the reading. It is not history; it is not naked description; but a lively view of the great metropolis as it is. Broadway and the Bowery, Barnum and the seamstresses, the firemen and newsboys, all pass before the reader. The only objection we feel is that the show is too short; and politely as the manager bows and says his "much obliged to you for your attendance," we feel half inclined to demand its repetition at the same price.

Salad for the Solitary. *Lampart, Blakeman, & Lane*, 8 *Park Place, New-York*. What a title for a book! Selected, we suppose, because a salad is simply a little of everything put in to make it good—it is "a delectable conglomerate of good things;" and this book is a "consarcination of many good things for the literary palate." A few of the titles will best explain its character:—"The Talkative and the Taciturn," "A Monologue on Matrimony," "Curious and Costly Books," "Dying Words of Distinguished Men," "Infelicities of the Intellectual," "The Shrines of Genius," "Sleep and its Mysteries," &c. It is a work of fine literary taste, presented to us in good style with appropriate illustrations. We hope the author and publisher may so far verify the words of Peter Pindar—"The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find, Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind"—as to have their "salad" in great demand. We are always too lazy to mix our own salad; but this dish was very much to our taste.

Saw Up and Saw Down; or, the Fruits of Industry and Self-Reliance, by *Mrs. H. C. Knight*; and *What Small Hands may Do*; or, *Filial Love Rewarded*, by *Mrs. S. S. A.*, are two touching little narratives which appeared some years since in the *Mother's Assistant and Young Ladies' Friend*, and are now presented in a pretty little volume. The avails of the publication are for the benefit of the "Home for the Friendless." To buy it and present it to a child will bless it with some good practical lessons in most interesting tales, and aid a most worthy institution. The book has the title of the first story, and bears the imprint of the American Female Guardian Society, 24 *Beekman-street*, and that of *C. Stone*, 21 *Cornhill, Boston*.

English Forests and Forest Trees, Historical, Legendary, and Descriptive. *London*. 406 pp. octavo. *Bangs & Brother* have sent us this beautiful book—beautiful both in matter and illustration. The fine old forests of England are rapidly passing away; and it is well that an attempt is made to hand down to posterity some idea of their beauty, grandeur, uses, and history. They will soon be no more; but the people of England should see that some of them are preserved, Epping at least, for the benefit of the metropolis. The work is one of great labor and research, and we were surprised to find the subject made so deeply interesting.

It is full of history, incident, legend, description, &c. Our attention was arrested by interesting tables at the close of the volume, containing a list of those who had a claim to Her Majesty's venison in the buck season, 1847; and returns of the revenue and expenditure of the chief forests for nearly half a century, &c. It is a splendid volume.

The same firm have laid upon our table *Norway and its Scenery, comprising the Journal of a Tour*, by *Edward Price, Esq.*, with considerable additions, and a *Road-Book for Tourists*. Edited and Compiled by *Thomas Forester, Esq., A. M.*, author of *Norway in 1848-49, &c.* This is another volume of Bohn's Illustrated Library, containing, in four hundred and fifty pages, an ample fulfillment of the promise of its title-page. No country in the world perhaps furnishes richer material, either for pen or pencil, than Norway. The tourist is a most enthusiastic admirer of nature, and a good observer of men and things. His sketches were taken on the spot, and we are presented with twenty-one plates of the most exquisite artistic merit. No previous volume of this library that we have seen surpasses this in richness of matter or illustration. The first chapter of the work contains interesting notices of such works of modern travelers in Norway as may be consulted with advantage; and the volume generally opens to American readers, as it were, a new world. The falls of *Gotha* and *Trolhaet-tan*, the latter said by *Mr. Inglis* to be "the highest fall in Europe of the same body of water," and the mysteries of the Western *Fjords*, will be new to most cisatlantic readers. We rejoice to see the work introduced to this country by the enterprising agents for the Illustrated Library, *Messrs. Bangs & Brother*.

The Difficulties of Infidelity is the title of a reprint of *Faber's* valuable work on that subject; to which is added *Robert Hall's* well-known sermon, *Modern Infidelity considered with respect to its Effects on Society*. *Faber*, although a voluminous writer, is comparatively little known to general readers in the United States. His work on the Holy Spirit, however, has been read by thousands, and has given him a good introduction. In "The Difficulties of Infidelity," he has not paused to answer the objections of infidels, but carries the war into the very camp of the enemy, showing that their scheme is encumbered by more and greater difficulties than ours, and that there is more credulity in the disbelief of Christianity than in the belief of it. The book is beautifully printed on fine paper, and neatly bound. A valuable catalogue of books on the Evidence of Revealed Religion is appended. *William Gowans, New-York*.

William Carey: a Biography, by *Joseph Belcher, D. D.* American Baptist Publication Society, 118 *Arch-street, Philadelphia*. The Baptist Church has been greatly honored of God in her missionaries. Twenty years have passed since *Dr. Carey's* death, and the world has hitherto been favored with his biography from another pen.

Yet thousands will hail this new publication with joy. Dr. Carey will never be forgotten for his labors in Oriental literature. He was the first to reduce many of the languages of Eastern India to a system, and his Sanscrit Grammar was a work of immense labor. His Bengali Grammar superseded all others, and, we believe, remains the standard; and his dictionary of that work has proved invaluable to his successors. He moreover translated, and caused to be printed, many portions of the Scriptures into the Indian dialect. His literary labors were truly surprising; but not more extraordinary than his personal trials and sacrifices as a minister in Bengal, which, for the most part, was the scene of his missionary labors. The book before us is one of great interest, handsomely illustrated with a likeness of the Doctor and his Pundit, his birth-place, and other

engravings. It is a worthy contribution to our missionary literature.

PAMPHLETS.—We have received parts nine, ten, and eleven of the works of Shakspeare, with the restored text, from Redfield, 110 Nassau-street. We have before commended the work.

We have also received the following pamphlets: The New-York Medical Gazette and Journal of Health, edited by Dr. Reese; the Star of Literature, published by the Belles-Lettres Union Society of Dickinson Seminary; the North Carolina University Magazine; Professor Harris's excellent Address before the Union Missionary Society of Inquiry, in the University of Michigan; the District School Journal of Education of the State of Iowa, edited by R. R. Gilbert, &c., &c.

Literary Record.

COLLEGIATE.—The Triennial Catalogue of the Newbury Female Collegiate Institute, issued by the Æsthetic Society, Newbury, Vermont, is at hand. Under the presidency of Rev. Joseph E. King, A. M., this institution seems to be prospering. Its graduates and under-graduates are one hundred and five in number.

We have received from Rev. Alphonso Rollins, A. M., the Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Delaware College, Newark, Delaware, Rev. W. S. F. Graham, President. During the past year one hundred and fifty-three students have been connected with the institution in its different departments.

The Catalogue of the Greensboro' Female College, Greensboro', North Carolina, Rev. Charles F. Deems, President, is before us. This institution appears to be in a prosperous condition, with one hundred under-graduates, twelve graduates, and four resident graduates.

The Eleventh Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Wesleyan Female College of Cincinnati, Ohio, for 1852-53. A most excellent institution, Rev. P. B. Wilber, A. M., President, with a strong board of instruction. We rejoice greatly in the growing success of this institution.

The Fifth Annual Catalogue and Circular of the Newark Wesleyan Institute for 1853-4, Benedict Stone, A. M., Acting Principal, and Teacher of Ancient Languages. A fine institution, with three hundred and eighty-two students in all.

Catalogue of Baldwin Institute, Berea, Ohio, 1852-3, Gersham Morse Barber, A. M., Principal, with seven assistants and teachers. This school has had an average of one hundred and ninety-five students per term during the year. It appears to be doing well.

The Catalogue of the Indiana Asbury University, Lucien W. Berry, D. D., President, and Professor of Mental and Moral Science and Biblical Literature. One of the best of the colleges under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They have had a total of

three hundred and sixty-nine students during the year.

The Annual Catalogue of the Teachers and Students of Mount Union Seminary and Normal School for the year ending June 17, 1853, O. N. Hartshorn, A. M., Principal.

The Annual Catalogue of Brookville College, Brookville, Indiana, Rev. T. A. Goodwin, A. M., President. We judge this seminary to be in a prosperous condition, and wish our friend Goodwin great success.

Danville Seminary, Danville, Illinois, Rev. Oliver S. Munsell, A. M., Principal, has two hundred and six students, a good course of study, and we should think from their catalogue a fine prospect of usefulness.

The Annual Catalogue of Oakland Female Seminary, Hillsborough, Ohio. This institution is in the fifteenth year of its existence, has one hundred and thirty-six students, and appears to be in fine condition.

The Ohio University at Athens, Ohio, have sent us their Catalogue. Rev. Solomon Howard, D. D., with a faculty of three professors, one teacher, and one hundred and two students in all, present us with an institution bidding fair for usefulness.

The Catalogue of Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Penn., is at hand. This institution is under the patronage of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Conferences, Rev. Thomas Bowman, M. A., Principal. It has two hundred and seventy-two students and resident graduates.

The Albion Female Collegiate Institute is located at Albion, Michigan. Rev. Dr. Human is president, and is assisted by an able faculty, both male and female. They report an aggregate of five hundred and sixty students for the year, a greater number than was ever before in the institution.

The Wesleyan Female Collegiate Institute, Wilmington, Delaware, will rank among the best of our institutions. Rev. George Loomis, A. M., President, with a fine faculty, and a total of one hundred and twenty-eight students.

The ninth section of an act passed by the California Legislature for the collection of the foreign miners' tax has been printed in the *Chinese language*, for the information of more than thirty thousand Chinese in the new State. Tong'k Achich, a Chinaman, certifies that the translation is "faithful and good."

The Pope's Bull.—This name, which is now applied exclusively to instruments issuing out of the Roman Chancery, is derived from the seals which were appended to them, being formerly of gold bullion. Bulls were not originally confined to the popes alone, but were also issued by emperors, princes, bishops, and great men, who, till the thirteenth century, sometimes affixed seals of metal, as well as of wax, to edicts, charters, and other instruments, though they were equally called bulls, whether they were sealed with one or the other.

The South Carolina Conference has determined to establish its new Female College at Spartanburg. Six localities were named, and this was selected mainly because of its greater health.

William Cotton, Esq., of Highland House, Ivybridge, has presented to the inhabitants of Plymouth, England, his fine collection of illustrated books and valuable old prints, accumulated at a very considerable expense in the course of a series of years. It was first opened to the public on the first of June, and is called the "Cottonian Library."

Professor Richard H. Bull, a young man, but a mathematician of the first rank, and late director of the observatory of Columbia College, has been chosen Adjunct Professor of Mathematics in the University of the city of New-York.

Professor Van Vleck, also a young man, but said to have no superior of his age in mathematics, was recently chosen Adjunct Professor of Mathematics in the Wesleyan University, Middletown.

Mr. Alexander Somerville, the writer of a series of articles under the signature of "One who has Whistled at the Plow," has received \$500 from the Royal Bounty Fund. A prize of \$500, offered by the Associate Institution for the best essay on the laws respecting the "Protection of Women," has been awarded to *Mr. James Edward Davis*, barrister-at-law, of the Oxford Circuit.

A library edition of Mackintosh's History of England is to be published by Longmans.

The third volume of Macaulay's History of England is in the hands of his publisher.

The Methodists of Maine are taking measures to raise \$25,000, for the establishment of a Female Collegiate Institute.

The corner-stone of the new academy, to be erected in New Ipswich, N. H., by the munificence of the late *Samuel Appleton*, was laid with appropriate services on the 11th of August.

The honorary degree of *Doctor of Divinity* has not been conferred at Yale for some twelve or fifteen years past. The corporation have assigned no reasons for that course. In the mean time the example seems to have no sort of influence with other colleges.

A Baptist University is to be established at Pella, in Iowa. It will be both literary and theological. A plan was formed for it at a Baptist Educational Convention recently held there.

A New-Yorker, at present visiting the Greek Archipelago, writes that the whole Greek nation is fast returning to the use of the original Greek language.

The French Minister of State has caused a circular to be addressed to the managers of all the theaters of Paris, forbidding them to introduce into their exhibitions performances of clowns, acrobats, posturers, or dislocationists. He says that such exhibitions degrade the dramatic art.

A colored college at Bermuda is about to be organized. Some of the nobility of England have taken hold of the matter, as also many white and colored persons in America.

Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, of literary note, is sick of consumption at Bangor, Me. His recovery is pronounced impossible.

We perceive, by our English papers, that Mr. Macaulay and Hugh Miller appear as the champions, respectively, of University discipline and self-education. Mr. Macaulay, in a late speech in Parliament, alluded to University honors, and pointed to Lords Mansfield, Eldon, Stowell, Lyndhurst, Wellesley, Derby; to Warren Hastings, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Coleridge, Peel, Canning, and other eminent men, whose lives had thus early been honored with scholastic laurels. Hugh Miller, the geologist, on the other hand, comes out in "The Witness," referring to Oliver Cromwell, to Walter Scott, Goldsmith, Cowper, Dryden, Swift, Chalmers, and Johnson, as indications, of another character, that youthful attainments do not necessarily precede high rank in literature or science, or even in general influence.

A collection of autograph letters of Tom Moore to his publisher, amounting in number to about one thousand, has lately been sold at auction, in London. The *Literary Gazette* states that only fifty-seven of these have been introduced by Lord John Russell into his "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence" of the poet.

Soyer's Pantropheon is announced. It is a history of food and its preparation in every age of the world.

About three-fourths of the books comprising the former *Congressional Library* have been restored from Europe, and at prices considerably lower than the previous cost; while in many cases the edition is better, and the books are in better binding.

Bayle St. John, in his new work, "The Turks in Europe," says:—

"Nearly all Turkish women sally out every Friday to take the air, away from the town, on the banks of the Bosphorus, or to some of the places where water and shade may be found. The wealthy go in cars without springs, of unwieldy and primitive construction, six or seven heaped together; and sometimes their husbands lead the oxen or horses to the chosen spot, and then go away, leaving the women perfectly free to enjoy themselves as they please. The most popular amusements are the singing and music of the gipsy women, who repair thither for the purpose—music which is amorously languid, and singing which is detestably indelicate."

Religious Summary.

From a statement made by the General Agent of the American Bible Society, at a late meeting, it appears that the injury sustained by the recent fire in the *Bible House* is of small amount, much less than was at first supposed; and that, as it will lead to measures for increased safety, it may prove rather beneficial than otherwise.

Dr. Boardman declined the Professorship of Theology at Princeton, to which he was recently elected by the Assembly.

Conversions from Popery.—Five persons renounced the errors of Popery in St. James's Church, Latchford, Warrington, and were received into communion with the Church of England.

The Latter Rain.—*Dr. Duff*, the *Calcutta Missionary of the Free Church of Scotland*, stated, at the late meeting of the General Assembly, that last autumn, for the first time since the destruction of Jerusalem, "the latter rain" had returned to the Holy Land.

All the members of the *Unitarian Society* in St. Louis, who were slaveholders, have lately emancipated their slaves unconditionally.

At a recent meeting of the *British Archaeological Institute*, a bull for the plenary indulgence and remission of sins of Jack Ketch, (!) granted by Pope Benedict XIV., was exhibited. It is dated some time after 1740, and is on vellum, in the usual form and with the usual seals. Jack Ketch is styled *Joannes Catchus—Eques Tiburnensis*.

The *Wesleyans* in *Australia* have erected, at a cost of \$15,000, an "Emigrant's Home."

Cheering religious intelligence has recently been received from *Sierra Leone*. The inhabitants of that Christian colony are spreading along the coast and up the rivers, and carrying the leaven of Christianity into regions where Christ is not named.

The news from China excites much interest in California. Christianity, it seems, is about dawning on that benighted country, so long wrapt in heathen darkness.

The *King of Prussia* has, at his own expense, circulated more than two hundred and fifty thousand copies of the Bible among the troops of his army; and these are printed in six different languages.

Among the converts in a recent revival in the *Presbyterian Church at Olives, Ohio*, are four grandchildren of the late President, Gen. Harrison.

There is considerable agitation among the *Scotch clergy* for an abolition of oaths. Petitions on the subject, numerously signed, have been presented to the House of Lords, through Lord Brougham, who, however, opposes the movement.

In *Lower Canada* the post-office is kept open on the Sabbath, and is closed on the Romish holidays, by the same influence.

In the *Italian Catholic churches*, during service-time, a fine musical passage is frequently rewarded by loud cries of, "Bravo, Bravissimo." So says a correspondent of *Deight's Musical Journal*.

The income of the *English Tract Society*, the last year, was about \$388,500, of which not far from \$47,000 were from contributions; the receipts of the *American Tract Society* were \$384,627, of which \$147,374 64 were donations.

The *American Tract Society* has, since its organization, circulated about 500,000,000 publications, in nearly one hundred languages and dialects.

There are in the *United States* 36,000 houses of public worship, capable of accommodating 13,849,896 persons—only half the actual population—and valued at \$86,416,639. The Methodists have the largest number of churches.

The gospel is said to be preached from the pulpits in Chicago in seven different languages. The population of the city is about 50,000.

The *London Leader* says that the stability of the Prussian crown is menaced by religious, as well as political agitation. A sort of free-thinking development of Protestantism is making rapid progress in Southern Germany. Something like the old ferment of the Anabaptists, without their ferocity, distinguishes the movement.

A correspondent of the *London Record* says that a new edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* has been published, with the text so altered as to inculcate a theology the very opposite of Bunyan's, even teaching Puseyism! If so, a new sin has been committed under the sun. It would be more than questionable morality to plunder, parody, and pervert a work of Bunyan's genius, in order to oppose his own views.

The *Wesleyan Methodists of England* are engaged in raising the munificent sum of £100,000 sterling, (nearly \$500,000,) for the relief of some of their connexional funds, and £60,000 (almost \$300,000) have already been contributed.

Churches in Philadelphia.—It is said there are now not less than twenty-five new churches in course of erection, or just completed, in Philadelphia, and about ten are being remodeled, with a view to increased accommodations for their congregations.

From the Sixth Annual Report of the faculty of the *Methodist General Biblical Institute*, we learn that the whole number of students who have attended, during the year, is 73; that the entire expenses of each student need not exceed \$75 per annum, and that it is confidently expected that the vacancy in the faculty, created by the election of Professor Baker to the episcopacy, will be filled by the 1st of February next, an election having been made. The property of the Institution, including conference pledges, amounts to \$52,125 50. The Institute is located at Concord, N. H.

Diagracious to the Assaults.—The Rev. S. D. Simonds, editor of the *California Advocate*, published at San Francisco, having opened the battery of his press upon the universal raffing which prevails in San Francisco, two young men, armed with sticks, entered the reverend gentleman's office, and beat the unarmed journalist severely. The cowardly fellows, however, made nothing by thus degrading themselves, as Mr. Simonds rebukes the vice only the more vigorously, and not a few citizens seem to have resolved upon supporting him in his endeavors to repress the evil.

Clerical Breakfast.—Sixteen ministers of the Episcopal Church, in Boston, recently met at the residence of one of their number, Dr. Wells, and partook of a social breakfast. This is an English usage, hitherto unpracticed in this country.

Irish Wesleyan Conference.—This conference, which was held at Dublin, commenced its sittings on the 22d of June, and closed on the 1st of July. The Rev. John Scott, president of the British Conference, presided. The numbers in society have been somewhat reduced by the immense emigration now going on from Ireland. No less than 758 members of the Wesleyan Church have left the land of their birth during the past conference year. The British Wesleyan Conference assembled in Bradford, England, on the last Wednesday in July.

Monument to the Pilgrims.—Efforts are being made to raise the sum of \$50,000, for a monument to the memory of the Pilgrims. It is to be placed on or near the spot of their landing.

Bible Union.—It is reported, and upon what seems to be reliable authority, that the American Bible Union will so far modify its practical aims as to restrict its operations to the revision of the English Scriptures, and in this manner avoid antagonism to the American and Foreign Bible Society.

India.—The laws of India, as affecting missions, have again been put to the test in the case of a Coorg convert, named Stephanas. It was referred by the local authorities to the Governor-General, whose decision is favorable to the convert. He is to be reinstated into his house and property, whence he was driven away on the 20th February, and the principles of religious liberty upon which the Supreme Government has acted are to be explained to the Coorgs.

Bishop M'Ilvaine and lady have arrived in this country in good health, from their visit to Europe.

Conversions.—In Burlington, Vt., there have been remarkable conversions to Protestantism, eight adults in one day having publicly disowned the Church of Rome.

Progress of Tractarian Persecutions.—The Duchess of Hamilton has publicly avowed the fact, which has long been suspected, that her Grace has united herself to the Church of Rome. Rumor intimates that the Duke will also shortly be declared. His Grace's only sister, who was divorced from the Duke of Newcastle, became a Romanist before that event, and shortly after

Mr. Gladstone's unsuccessful attempt to induce her to return to England.

During the last year one hundred and sixty-five persons have joined the *Baptist Church* from among the Cherokee Indians.

A Chinese church is to be built in *San Francisco*, 42 by 45 feet, and three stories high. It will be devoted to moral and religious instruction, under the superintendence of Geo. Athei, of the See Yup Company.

Rev. E. Hart, of West Newfield, Me., has resigned the pastoral charge of the Congregational Church in that place.

Rev. Preston Pond, pastor of the Edwards Church, Boston, died at the M'Lean Asylum, after an illness of eight days. His disease was typhoid fever. Mr. P. was a son of Rev. Dr. Pond, of the Bangor Seminary, and a man of great promise.

Rev. Dr. Wilson, of the Union Theological Seminary, has received a unanimous call to the South Park Presbyterian Church, in Newark, N. J.

Rev. Dr. Crame, for nearly forty years pastor of the First Congregational Church, Middletown, Conn., recently died of cholera, in that city.

John N. Lewis has accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary of the Central American Education Society, and has already entered upon its duties.

The churches in Boston, which usually contribute in aid of the *American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions*, propose to raise \$25,000 during the present year.

A new *German Church* was recently opened in Chicago, Illinois.

A *Romish Cathedral* was recently consecrated at Milwaukee. The Papal Nuncio, M. Bedini, took a conspicuous part in the ceremonies. He was connected with the awful death inflicted at Bologna on the noble poet and patriot, Ugo Bassi. The unfortunate Ugo had been captured at Rome by the French, while he tarried behind the Roman troops to bind up the wounds of a French soldier. He was set at liberty. But when he fell into Bedini's hands at Bologna, he was handed over to the Austrians to be shot.

The *Bible Society* at Sierra Leone remitted last year \$50 to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and received from it for distribution two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven copies of the Scriptures. Five hundred copies of Luke, Acts, and the Epistles of James and Peter, have been printed in the Yoruba language; and as copies are given to those only who can read, large numbers, both of the old and the young, are earnestly engaged in learning. The Bible is to be translated speedily into the Necra and Osti languages, which are spoken by more than five millions of people.

A *Maronite Monk* advised a man on Mount Lebanon to shoot his brother, for becoming a heretic, that is a Protestant; and when the man remonstrated with him, he answered with great glee, that the Pope and the Council of Trent had sanctioned the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day.

Arts and Sciences.

The *Astec Children*, now in London, have been "critically examined" by Professor Owen and Dr. Latham, and we learn that the popular account of their discovery in an ancient city, hitherto untrod by any European, is somewhat doubted by those learned Thebans.

A Midland Crystal Palace.—A project (originating with Mr. Samuel Beale, the deputy-chairman of the Midland Railway Company) has been started for erecting in Sutton Coldfield Park, near Birmingham, a public edifice after plans of, and for similar purposes to, those of the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham; and, moreover, there appears to be every probability of its success.

Chloroform for Bees.—A sixth part of an ounce of chloroform for a common hive, or nearly a quarter of an ounce for a very large hive, is used in Scotland for putting bees to sleep while their honey is taken. They put the chloroform in a shallow breakfast plate, covered over with thin gauze, then put the hive over the plate, covered with cloths, and in twenty minutes the bees will be sound asleep and out of the combs on the trole.

So successful has *Captain Hornby, R. N.*, been in his manner of rearing fowls, that he has fixed £500 as the price of a Spanish cock and two hens, which form part of his collection at the Poultry Show in Baker-street, London.

Electric Light.—A new application of electricity, invented by Dr. Watson, is now exhibiting in the immediate vicinity of Wandsworth. The great feature of the invention is, that the materials consumed in the production of electricity are employed for a profitable purpose, independent of that of illumination. Thus, while a most brilliant light is produced by galvanic action, materials are introduced into the battery by which pigments of the finest quality are obtained; and these are so valuable that they equal, if they do not exceed, the cost of the operation.

Artificial Gold.—M. Theodore Tiffereau, a Frenchman, says that he has discovered the means of making gold. In a paper laid before the Academy of Sciences, entitled, "The Metals are not Simple, but Compound Bodies," he has put forth his views, and asserts that he has actually produced gold by artificial means.

It is reported from Washington that the President has concluded a contract with Clark Mills for the erection of a colossal equestrian statue of *George Washington*, at a cost of \$50,000.

The *United States Agricultural Society* have employed the artist Lossing to sketch a view of Mount Vernon and objects of interest there, including the celebrated carved mantle, sculptured with agricultural devices. The society are intending to ornament a diploma of membership with the sketches.

Interesting Discoveries.—The commissioners appointed to settle definitely the boundary between Turkey and Persia have come upon the

remains of an ancient palace, supposed to be Shushan, mentioned in Esther and Daniel, and also upon Daniel's tomb. "The pavement of red and blue and white and black marble," mentioned in the first chapter and sixth verse of the book of Esther, *still exists*. Not far from the palace is a tomb, on which is sculptured the figure of a man bound hand and foot, with a huge lion in the act of springing upon him.

Dr. Roote exhibited before the Society of Antiquaries, England, an iron sword-blade, with a portion of the wooden handle adhering to it, found in the bed of the Thames at Kingston, near the spot where so many Roman weapons had been previously recovered.

The sale of *Marshal Soult's* Gallery of Spanish pictures, which took place last year in Paris, has been quickly followed by the dispersal of the Spanish Gallery formed by the late king, Louis Philippe. This has been sold in London by Messrs. Christie and Manson. It was chiefly formed by Baron Taylor in the year 1835, at the time when the suppression of the monasteries, and the panic induced by other revolutionary proceedings, induced the proprietors to listen readily to the overtures of purchasers. The first portion, sold on the 6th and 7th of May, amounted to one hundred and sixty-eight pictures, and realized more than £10,000. The second portion of the collection, sold on the 13th and 14th of May, consisted of three hundred and thirty pictures, and realized £10,380. The sale was finally closed on the 20th and 21st, yielding in all £27,000.

The *Standish Gallery*, bequeathed to Louis Philippe by Mr. Frank Hall Standish, has followed the same fate. This collection, consisting of two hundred and forty-four pictures, has produced just 10,000 guineas.

The late *M. B. Larsky*, engineer, made a discovery of the greatest importance in White Russia, which was brought to light when his papers were examined after his decease. Being occupied in making a road in that province, he found it necessary to drain off the waters of a lake into a lower level; and, in the course of the operation, he discovered, in a forest several feet below the surface of the soil, a road paved in the antique Roman or Mexican style, with traces of a stone bridge of a peculiar construction.

We perceive from the London papers that the rage for monuments, which some of our cotemporaries are wont to comment on, is not confined to this country. A committee has been formed at Weimar for promoting the erection of a monument to Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. The committee in charge of the monument to Moore have determined to call in designs for a statue of the poet, and leave the design for the pedestal to be decided when all the funds are collected.

A monument to Sir Isaac Newton is to be erected at Grantham in 1854, just two hundred years from the time he entered the school at that place.

It is proposed in London to secure the erection, in some part of the metropolis, of Baron Marochetti's great bronze statue of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, as a memorial of the exhibition of 1851.

Two colossal bronze statues have been recently cast in the Royal foundry at Munich: one, an equestrian group, by the Swedish sculptor Fugelljerg, of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, intended for the cathedral of Güttenberg; and the other, of Patrick Henry, one of the founders of American independence, which is to form a portion of the Washington Monument, being erected in the city of Washington.

Incredible as it may appear, *ten* houses of *papier maché* have been made and sent out to Australia, at the order of Mr. Seymour, a gentleman who is about to take up his residence there. They are so well done that it is scarcely possible to imagine that they are other than excellent brick dwellings.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science held its seventh regular session at Cleveland, Ohio, commencing July 30th, and adjourning August 2d. The attendance was large, comprising many of the scientific gentlemen of the West and South-west, and a considerable number of representatives from the East. Various interesting investigations of scientific subjects were detailed, and many elaborate papers were read. The city of Cleveland gave the learned convention a great banquet on the last evening of the session. The Association will hold its next meeting at Washington, D. C., on the last Wednesday in April, 1854.

A monster *block of coal*, fifteen feet in height, five and a half feet square, and weighing fifteen tons, is on exhibition at the New-York Crystal Palace. It was taken from the Parker Vein Mines in Maryland.

The Chinese mode of hatching the *spawn of fish* is said to be as follows:—The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of rivers, all those gelatinous masses which contain the spawn. After they have found a sufficient quantity they fill with it the shell of a fresh hen's egg, which they have previously emptied, stop up the hole, and put it under a sitting fowl. At the expiration of a certain number of days, they break the shell in water warmed by the sun. The young fry are presently hatched, and are kept in pure fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond with the old fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose is an important trade.

The attention of men of science has been called to an extraordinary discovery made in one of the departments of France. A gravedigger, in throwing up some earth, came upon a *body in a state of perfect preservation*. On examination, it proved to be that of an individual buried thirty-seven years ago. He had died from the effects of the bite of a mad dog. The shroud and coffin had fallen to dust, but the body remained intact. This is the third exhumation made within twenty years of bodies of the victims of hydrophobia under similar circumstances; and it would clearly seem that they are beyond the reach of decomposition. The registry of deaths was consulted, but no

mention of the embalment of the body was found.

A case of specimens of *Swedish Porphyry*, from the Royal quarries at Elfsdal, has arrived in England. These specimens include fifteen distinct varieties, some of great beauty. They have been presented to the Crystal Palace Company by Mr. C. H. Edwards.

The director of the *United States Mint*, at Philadelphia, has issued a circular inviting the cooperation of artists, engravers, and others, in furnishing new designs for the silver coinage of the United States. Each person is left free to exercise his judgment and skill. An impartial examination will be made of the designs which may be furnished, and for those three which shall appear best fitted to the object in view a competent and liberal remuneration will be made.

Sir John Franklin.—Information has been received by the Russian government that several of what are called glass balls, probably bottles, have been found at the mouth of the river Obi, which falls into the Arctic basin at the seventieth parallel of east longitude. The locality is where such articles would be found, if they had been thrown from Franklin's ship, in case they had attained a high northern latitude. The British government has requested that some of the balls be transmitted to the foreign office.

Lightning.—Mr. E. Meriam, of New-York, a distinguished scientific writer and practical philosopher, says that persons struck by lightning should not be given up as dead for at least three hours. During the first two hours they should be drenched freely with cold water, and if this fails to produce restoration then add salt, and continue the drenching for another hour.

Glass Pens.—It is reported that glass pens are now made possessing the requisite qualities to write with, and that they will soon supersede all others. They are anti-corrosive by the most impure ink, at least as much so as gold, and their cost will be but that of the making.

The Himalayan Cedar.—The East India Company has ordered a ton weight of the seed of the Deodar-tree to be placed at the disposal of the British government. Should it all vegetate, no fewer than 16,000,000 plants will have been acquired, and we may expect the hills of Great Britain to be soon clothed with the sacred cedar of the Brahmins.

A Phenomenon.—The spring on the premises of Mr. George C. Emert, near Shepherdstown, which furnishes the main power for running several mills near by, suddenly sunk, as it were, last week, and remained dry for some days, when the water again returned. The water on coming back, we learn, gushed forth at first clear and copious, then receded and returned somewhat turbid, though not diminished in quantity. The receding and returning, or ebb and flow, continued for some time, after which the water became clear and fresh as before. A similar event, we are informed, occurred some thirty odd years ago, when the spring gave way in like manner.

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NOVEMBER, 1853.



ALBERT DURER.

ALBERT DURER is the acknowledged founder of the German school of art. His name illuminates the darkness in which his country had been shrouded, redeeming it from the barbarism to which it had long been consigned by the cultivated taste of other nations. In fact, by his bold and masterly genius, Germany at once stood forth before the world as the rival of her polished Southern neighbors.

Vol. III, No. 5.—DD

This great artist was born at Nuremberg on the 20th of May, 1471, twelve years before the birth of Luther, whose zealous disciple he became. He may, indeed, be immortalized as the first painter of Protestantism; for he not only lived during the exciting times of the Reformation, and bravely identified himself with the struggling cause, but the influence of its doctrines may be distinctly traced in

his works. He was also the friend and correspondent of Melancthon, whose portrait was engraved by him, as was also that of Erasmus.

The consummation of art, through the success of its great prince, Michael Angelo, may be said to have been the immediate occasion, under divine Providence, of the Reformation. It is well known that the immense sums required for the completion of St. Peter's church, at Rome—that magnificent monument of this artist's genius—created the necessity for the sale of indulgences by Leo X. The poor Augustine monk, seated in his confessional at Wittenberg, was shocked beyond expression by the criminals who came to him with sins against every command of the decalogue, for which they manifested no repentance; and, instead of promises of amendment, they displayed their duly paid letters of indulgence. Luther boldly declared to his flock from the pulpit that "they would do much better to contribute for the love of God to the building of St. Peter than to buy indulgences for the purpose." This was the first rumbling of the thunders of the Reformation, which waxed louder and louder till the world was shaken by them.

In the earliest times religion was the parent, the creator of art. The artist arose from his worship or aroused himself from his ecstatic visions, to embody on the canvas, or in the yielding marble, the divine forms which had manifested themselves to him. He was inspired also with the lofty destination which awaited his beautiful creations: they were to adorn magnificent temples; they were offerings to deities; they were to awaken in the multitude something of the same lofty emotion which had stirred his own soul.

Even after the introduction and corruption of Christianity, the painters, the "old masters," as they are termed *par excellence*, continued to be the high-priests to the simple and teachable minds surrounding them. The artist felt that his work was still the highest manifestation of his faith, revealed by his touch in the pictured saints, the withering demons, the virgin mother, and the Redeemer of mankind. The often illiterate ecclesiastic went forth among the rude rabble, bearing aloft the delicately carved crucifix, instead of eloquent persuasion; or the multitude were

drawn beneath the richly-colored domes of the churches, or they were invited to the shrines, where beamed the angelic beauty of the Madonna. Fanciful and grotesque as were many of these creations, like the crude creed which produced them, they were nevertheless powerful instrumentalities upon the plastic mind of those early times.

Albert Durer recognized in his art the same high mission; but his more northern and more vigorous mental character, with the stirring and reflective influences which surrounded him, gave to his handling of sacred subjects an entirely different style. His conception and management of whatever themes he undertook is peculiar and original. Scarcely any other artist is so easily recognized by even the inexperienced student; a singular blending of the real with the mysterious, the dreamy with the positive, is seen in all his works.

The father of Durer was a goldsmith of some celebrity, who had acquired his craft, then regarded as scarcely inferior to the fine arts, under some of the famous artisans of Bruges. His son's familiarity with his craft doubtless gave him much of the facility and delicacy of touch which he afterward displayed in his wonderful engravings. He must also have proved himself an expert workman in the precious metal; for in 1486, when he was but fifteen years of age, he had completed his apprenticeship with his father, who, although he bitterly regretted the loss of so much time, then placed him under the tutorship of a pious old painter, named Michael Wohlgenuth. In the quiet seclusion of his studio, which harmonized with the gentleness of his nature, the handsome young artist labored patiently and diligently, apparently unconscious of the remarkable powers which were one day to develop themselves, and give immortality to his name. His three years of apprenticeship with his Bible-reading old master having expired, the artist, then nineteen years of age, set out on his travels through Germany, the Netherlands, and Italy. We find from his journals that he was absent four years; but no incidents of his adventures are recorded, though the various scenes through which he passed must have greatly influenced his character and the growth of his genius. He returned in 1494, and the same year an event occurred which should have gild-

ed his future with sunlight, but, on the contrary, it saddened the remainder of the gentle painter's life with melancholy. This was his marriage with Agnes Frey, a girl of uncommon beauty, as she is represented in the portraits painted by her husband.

It is said that the clear perception of the artist detected an expression of sullenness and irritability under this lovely exterior which filled him with misgivings; but he yielded to what he seems to have regarded as a decree of fate, and when his forebodings proved but too well-founded, he patiently suffered the consequences of his mistake.

His own writings only mention that "Hans Frey negotiated with my father to give me his daughter in marriage, and with her a dowry of two hundred florins. Our nuptials were celebrated on the Monday before St. Margaret's day, 1494." Two such opposite natures could hardly live together in harmony without the intensest affection, which might have balanced their dissimilar qualities and made them of mutual service. The artist was but twenty-three when this unfortunate marriage took place. He was gentle, dreamy, inclined to melancholy, and perhaps also wanting in resolution and concentrativeness. His bride was active, energetic, imperious, and avaricious. She obtained complete control over the yielding husband, who sacrificed everything rather than have strife, of which he entertained the utmost horror. It is said that she often threatened him with chastisement unless he resumed his labors at her command, and she sometimes locked him in his studio for hours. A quaint old writer, in a sketch of the great painter, naively remarks:—

"I cannot tell whether those may be easily reconciled who say that Albert Durer was very ill married, and those who say when he drew the holy virgin he took his wife's face for the model."

Prince Anthony Ulric, of Brunswick, writes in a letter to a friend:—

"You see our Durer exposed to the same fate as Socrates, to the continual persecution of his wife, which did not hinder him from producing works that are yet the admiration of the Italians."

This would seem to give "confirmation strong" to the first assertion, though it does little toward "reconciling" the two. To his most intimate friend, Willibald

Pirkheimer, Durer gives wise counsel upon the news of his marriage—

"I hear that you have taken to yourself a wife; take care that she prove not also a master."

Durer's timidity of character is shown in the fact that his first plate was not given to the public till he was twenty-seven years of age. It represented the Three Graces bearing a globe on their heads, on which is inscribed 1497. It was marked with so much ease and spirit that some of the writers of the time have asserted that the design was copied from Israel von Meckenon, a somewhat celebrated engraver, who, as has been proved by the researches of later biographers, on the contrary, reproduced this, with many other etchings of Durer, though in a much inferior style. The success of his engravings very soon gave him an enviable notoriety, though it was also the cause of some vexation, through the fraudulent attempts of others to avail themselves of the results of his skill. The famous engraver Mark Antony, of Bologna, has been accused of copying the works of the new aspirant to public favor; but this is a mistake. It is undoubtedly true that his style was modified after seeing some of the etchings of Durer; probably those which accompanied his portrait to Raphael. It is pretty well authenticated that the knavish counterfeiter was another Mark Antony, surnamed Franci, from his having been a pupil to Francesco Francia. Some of the forged proofs having come into Durer's hands with his own name distinctly signed upon them, he crossed the Alps and commenced an action against him; and the offense would have been severely punished by the magistrates of Venice, but for the intercessions of the generous artist he had so meanly wronged, whose only demand was that he should be forbidden the use of his increasingly brilliant name.

Durer's first painting, as might have been predicted of so handsome an artist, was the portrait of himself. Notwithstanding his extreme modesty, he seems to have possessed a perfect appreciation and even enjoyment of his own remarkable beauty. He often speaks of it with his usual frankness in his letters to his friend Pirkheimer. Why should he not? Why should the artist, with his keen perception of the beautiful, be ungrateful or unmindful of the gifts bestowed upon himself?

He is described as possessing a commanding figure, and a body worthy of being the temple of so exquisite a mind. His features were remarkably regular, his eye bright, his hair abundant and glossy, and his nose aquiline; while the slender elegance of his neck, his expansive chest, sinewy limbs, and hands of exquisite delicacy, completed his personal attractions. This portrait was executed during the year following that of his "Three Graces." He represents himself before an open window with his hands at rest, the better to display their elegant proportions. He is dressed in a black and white striped tunic, a mantle is thrown over the shoulder, and his fine hair falls in long luxuriant curls, after the fashion of his time. This picture is still preserved in one of the galleries of Florence. Another picture of himself was painted for the "divine Raphael." It is described as having been drawn "on canvas without colors or touch of a pencil, only lightened with shadows and white." Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the great Italian expressed the warmest admiration for Durer's genius, and that the courtesy was acknowledged by the gift of his own portrait in return.

In 1506 we find Durer, whether with the consent of his Xantippe or not we cannot say, in Venice. His fame was now established, and, as with "lions" of later times, his repose paid the penalty of his notoriety. Quiet hours for his beloved art were only to be gained by the strictest concealment. His studio was thronged with the most distinguished noblemen and artists, happy to sun themselves in the light of his renown. He there made the acquaintance of Giovanni Bellini, whom he describes in one of his letters as "a good and pious man, inasmuch that I have conceived a great affection for him."

While here he executed an altar-piece, which, as soon as it was conveyed to its destination, was visited and admired by the Doge and all the high functionaries of the city. Some painters unknown to fame attempted to disparage the barbarian, as they contemptuously styled the German who had created such a sensation in the home of Italian art; but the better judges, those of established reputation, acknowledged the genius of their foreign rival, and some even con-

fessed to an attempted imitation of his style.

Still later we find our artist retained at the court of Maximilian, emperor of Germany, where he was treated with the greatest consideration, his royal patron delighting in the most familiar intercourse with him, listening to his elegant conversation with undisguised interest, and displaying on every occasion high esteem for his character and talents. The armorial bearings which in after times were adopted by the various associations of painters, are said to have originated in the following manner. The emperor directed a nobleman to hold a ladder, in order that the artist might ascend more securely to a part of a large picture on which he was engaged. The haughty courtier refused the royal request, as derogatory to his birth and pretensions. The emperor immediately conferred on the artist letters of nobility, and a coat of arms consisting of three shields on a field of azure; thus making their claims equal in respect to dignity, though he assured the offending aristocrat that, while he was noble *only* by birth, the other, in addition to his newly-granted honors, was illustrious by a genius which no royal hand could confer. Charles the Fifth and his brother Ferdinand, of Bohemia, were also personal friends and admirers of the artist. Christian II., king of Denmark, entering Munich just before Durer's departure from the city, sent for him, requesting him to paint his portrait, for which he gave him generous remuneration. He also invited him to an entertainment graced by the presence of queens and princes. But, amid all these marks of royal favor, the painter's sensitive nature suffered acutely from his domestic griefs, and also from the envious intrigues of less favored artists. Sometimes malicious plots were concocted by low-minded court-painters, who feared the loss of their position and emoluments.

During a visit to the Netherlands, about the fiftieth year of his age, he was received with almost regal honors: splendid banquets were given him by the artists of the different cities, and he was conducted from them to his lodgings by torch-light processions. But many anxieties were mixed with these triumphs. He painted six portraits in Brussels, for which he received no remuneration; and

of his residence in Antwerp he records:—

“I have here made many drawings and portraits, the majority of which have brought me nothing.”

He is said to have been reduced to such extremity at this time that he was obliged to sell a copy of his picture of Charles V. for an English pocket-handkerchief. We are unable to say to what further necessity this *protégé* of royalty might have been brought, through the carelessness of his patrons or the malice of his enemies, had it not been for the kindness of a rich citizen, who loaned him one hundred florins. The debt thus incurred he was soon enabled to repay, through the munificence of his new patron, the king of Denmark.

These must have been trying times to the avaricious Agnes, whose fear of poverty was a continual source of terror. With increased years her ill-regulated temper became more intolerable; her constant demand was, What was to become of her should she be left a widow? The broken-spirited artist sank beneath these increasing anxieties, and the ill-health which they produced, into a melancholy frame of mind. In his saddest hours, however, he derived strength and consolation from the great truths which the Reformation had disclosed, and which had penetrated his soul. The last labor of his hand betrays the subject which absorbed his attention, and is worthy of his well-earned fame. It is a painting of the Apostles John, Peter, Mark, and Paul, known as the “Four Temperaments.” The character of each is clearly and vigorously expressed. Beneath the pictures are painted appropriate texts from their writings. This work, which is preserved as one of the chief attractions of Munich, was intended by the artist for the town-hall of Nuremberg, his native city, as the last memorial of his attachment to the Lutheran faith. They were removed in 1627 by command of Maximilian, who ordered copies for their original destination.

Reason at last gave way beneath the troubles and infirmities which increased upon him; and on the 6th of April, 1528, Albert Durer closed his weary eyes for the last time on the scenes of earth. Thus died the great founder of the German school of art, at the age of fifty-seven, after a life of griefs and anxieties, which must have been felt

with the keenest intensity by his sensitive and poetic nature. The analysis of his character displays a rare combination of qualities, and excites the deepest interest. Imagination would seem to be his most distinguishing peculiarity; yet his education, and the subjects to which he devoted himself, indicate a taste for the real and the positive. Mathematics, architecture, even military science, engaged much of his attention. Sad and somewhat severe as is his style, his letters to his long and faithfully-attached friend, Willibald Pirckheimer, are frequently characterized by gayety and *abandon*; and from their uninterrupted intimacy, these are, perhaps, the truest pictures of his mental habits. His nature was eminently noble, and his gifted mind made itself recognized, even by those who met him with envy or prejudice; and these his gentleness and generosity seldom failed to disarm. His conversation is described as fascinating to all who came within the sound of his voice—so unassuming in its style, and yet so filled with high sentiments and profound knowledge. It is doubtless true that melancholy was the prevailing tone of his mind. One of his biographers asserts that his picture entitled “Melancholy” was the first expression of the sentiment in art, as even the word was then unknown in the German language; though Goethe, three centuries afterward, so minutely described this grief of gifted minds.

The picture is itself a poem, though it was perhaps necessary for a poet like Goethe to understand and interpret it to less keen perceptions. It represented a female figure sitting in a dejected position by the sea-shore, whose face, in the severe beauty of its outline, is said to resemble his vixenish “thorn in the flesh.” She is enveloped in drapery of metallic folds. The geometrical and astronomical instruments, evidently just laid aside, show her dissatisfaction with these higher pursuits; while the closed book, the forsaken ladder, and the folded wings, indicate the baffled aspirations which have wearied her. Her beautiful head is supported by one hand, while the other listlessly holds a pair of compasses, which have traced circles emblematic of the endless existence in which her reflections are lost; a bunch of keys falls from her waist; the sun-dial, surmounted by a bell, hangs on the wall; the symbolical scales and hour-glass are

suspended near her. The sun is fast sinking into its ocean-bed, and a hideous bat, inscribed melancholia, already indicates the dreaded darkness which is settling over her spirit.

Unlike most of the artists of his time, he excelled in every department of the beautiful which he undertook, and his labors were various and numerous. Notwithstanding the fancies in which he indulged his pencil, he was an accomplished mathematician. Besides his fame as a painter, he took high rank as an engraver and sculptor, and he is not without claims to credit as an author. He published a work containing "Instructions for Measuring with the Rule and Compass," with sixty-three copperplate engravings. Another on Fortifications, with nineteen plates from his own hand. But his most celebrated production in this department is his "Treatise on the Proportions of the Human Body," in four books, which has been translated into many languages. In this, he argues that what are regarded as the deformities of nature are the result of harmonious arrangement—a theory since developed by other writers.

The MS. of a similar work, on the Proportions of the Horse, is said to have been stolen from him; and his biographer adds, that "though he knew very well who was the thief, he would rather suffer the loss and vexation in private, than swerve from his usual moderation and mildness, as he must have done if he had brought an action against the robber." A volume of letters, journals, and political essays was issued after his death, entitled "Relics of Albert Durer."

The characteristics of his style in art were no less novel and peculiar than his mental nature. It was imbued with the mysticism of the German mind. Many of his pictures are complete poems; frequently they are mixtures of allegory and sublime conception—wild, spectral, full of imagery which awes the beholder. Even common objects and figures are invested with a mystery which occupies and sometimes harasses the mind. Many of them are embodiments of his dreams, one of which, in water-colors, now in a Vienna collection, is thus described in the inscription accompanying it from his own hand:—

"On Thursday night, the eve of the Pentecost, in the year 1525, I had this vision in my sleep. What torrents of water fell from the

heavens! This water struck the earth about four miles from me with such force, such reverberation and noise, the whole country was flooded, and such a mortal dread seized me, that I awoke. I again fell asleep. Then the remainder of the water fell nearly as abundantly as before, some at a greater distance, some nearer. It seemed to fall from such a height, that to my mind the descent occupied a long time. But as the flood approached nearer and nearer, the deluge became so rapid and resounding that fear seized me, and I again awoke. My whole body trembled, and it was long before I could recover myself; but in the morning, when I rose, I painted what I had seen. May God order all for the best!

"ALBERT DURER."

His works with the pencil and burin are so numerous, that the bare catalogue would swell the present article far beyond our limits. A brief allusion to some of the most remarkable must suffice. His painting of Adam and Eve was celebrated by a poet of his time, who represents an angel gazing on the pictured pair, and exclaiming, "You are handsomer than when I drove you out of the garden of Eden."

The influence of his warm and enduring friendship with Pirckheimer is seen in many of his pictures. The figure of the latter is frequently introduced, as in his "Martyrdom of the Christians," and in his painting of "the Virgin crowned by Angels." Among the persons bowed in worship around her is his friend; also his royal patron, the Emperor Maximilian. This work is now in possession of a convent in Prague. Another tribute of affection to his friend was given in the painting executed on the death of his wife, the amiable Crescentia—a perfect contrast in character to his own life-partner. The death-bed scene is touchingly represented: a kneeling priest repeats the prayers for the dying, while another administers extreme unction to the failing wife, who feebly holds a crucifix and an expiring taper. Words of consolation to the weeping husband are inscribed in golden letters above the picture.

Among his earliest and most remarkable works are a series of engravings illustrative of the Apocalyptic visions, sixteen in number. They are full of his mystical and sublime power. The eighth embodies some of the new religious ideas with which the world was then shaken. Beneath the flashing swords of the destroying angels have fallen the crowned emperor, the mitered bishop, the cowed monk, and the hooded nun.

His oil paintings are not numerous. Seven of them are in the Belvidere palace, at Vienna, among which are portraits of his father, at sixty years of age; his revered old master, Michael Wohlgemuth, when he was eighty-two; and his own picture, dated 1500. Two pictures of the Virgin, and his famous representation of the Trinity, are also in this collection.

The gallery of Florence contains the Adoration of the Magi, the Apostles Philip and James, and two portraits, one of Durer and another of his father, which once belonged to the collection of Charles I., of England.

His native city, Nuremberg, possesses Hercules fighting with the Harpies, and full-size figures of the Emperors Sigismund and Charlemagne. His picture of the Lord and Lady is an impressive one. A full-dressed cavalier accompanies his stately bride through pleasant fields and over flowery walks; but the figure of Death conceals itself behind a scathed tree, which they have just passed. His fleshless hands press the hour-glass, with its nearly-exhausted sands, to his brow, and the glaring eyes look greedily after the unconscious pair. His Death's Head, Death's Horse, and the War-Horse, are famous works in his peculiar style, which, as has been said, was too indistinct, too profuse—in short, too Germanic—to be recognized by all times and centuries as the perfection of art.

Many of his carvings on wood, stone, and ivory, are preserved among the royal collections of his native country. Almost all the principal cities display with pride some medallion or alto-relievo from the great master's hand.

A late writer gives the following description of the cemetery where his remains were placed, and beside which repose those of his devoted friend, Willibald Pirckheimer:—

"It is impossible to imagine a more gloomy place. Not one of those country graveyards, so full of nature's poetry; no weeping willows drooping their melancholy branches; no dark towering cypress mounting toward the skies; no flowers, green turf, or garlands, pious offerings from the living to the memory of the dead. The tombs, ranged in long rows, like the beds of the pa-

tients in a hospital, are merely flat stones laid over the grave. No railing incloses them, no cross surmounts them; their burying-place might be compared to a camp-bed set up for a night. Meanwhile, the lichen spreads its dusky stains, and the mass of rank verdure announces that oblivion is already beginning to swallow up the memory of those beloved beings to whom the epitaph promises eternal tears."

His tomb-stone is simply inscribed:—

Ma. Al. Du.
 QUIDQUID ALBERTI DURERI MORTALE FUIT
 SUB HOC CONDITUR TUMULO
 EMIGRAVIT VIII IDUS APRILIS MDXXVIII.

Our own Longfellow pays the following just tribute to the great German, in his beautiful poem entitled "Nuremberg:—

"Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
 Lived and labored Albrecht Durer, the Evangelist of Art;
 Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
 Like an emigrant he wander'd, seeking for the Better Land.
Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies;
 Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.

"Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
 That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
 Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;
 But thy painter, Albrecht Durer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard."





THE TREASON OF ARNOLD.*

LIFE has strange companionships. Names that awaken most opposite sentiments are sometimes wonderfully linked in one inseparable history. The virtuous Abel is associated with the infamous Cain; Cæsar with Brutus; Aaron Burr with Alexander Hamilton; and the noble André with the treacherous Arnold. Brief was the career of the former—but his end was glorious, even in its ignominy. Strangely diversified was the life of the traitor, and his sun set in darkness.

BENEDICT ARNOLD was born at Norwich, in the State of Connecticut, on the 3d of January, 1740. He was early apprenticed to the business of an apothecary, with some distant relatives in his native city. Here he manifested the most ungoverned passions, the most reckless cruelty, and the wildest daring. At sixteen, he enlisted in the army without the knowledge of his friends, who being greatly distressed, obtained his release, only to have him run away the second time. His mother was hurried to her grave by grief at his wicked conduct. Having served out his apprenticeship, he commenced business in New-Haven, first as a druggist, and afterward as a general merchant. His enterprise brought him success; but his want of principle, his impetuous passions, his spirit of revenge, and his disregard of public sentiment, multiplied him enemies. In March,

1775, he was chosen commander of a military company. Shortly afterward news of the battle of Lexington was received, and placing himself at the head of sixty volunteers, they violently equipped themselves from the public magazine, and set out for the north. Reaching Massachusetts, he proposed to surprise and capture Ticonderoga, a plan which had already been thought of in Connecticut. Being commissioned a colonel in the service of Massachusetts, and his plan approved, he hurried off to the scene of operations. True to his vile temper, he came in conflict with the company from Connecticut, and a dispute arose about the supreme command; but he was at last compelled to yield. He proved himself on all occasions a man of most intrepid bravery, but at the same time revealed elements of character that brought him in continual collision with those around him. His very presence seemed the signal for dissension. His unparalleled expedition through the wilderness to Quebec; his unyielding resistance on board the Congress galley; his heroic achievements at Ridgefield, or even his rash exploits at Behm's Heights, can never be forgotten; but almost every scene is marred by a difficulty. At the last-named place, a difficulty with General Gates ran so high, that in his passion Arnold demanded a passport for himself and suite to General Washington, which Gates gladly granted. In less than three years, in fact, from his patriotic harangue on the Green at New-Haven, he had quarreled with most of his companions.

* Some of the cuts in this article are altered, by permission, from those in "Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book"—a capital work, published by Harper & Brothers.

In his mad heroism at Behm's Heights, on the 7th of October, which resulted in victory to the Americans and honor to himself, he received a wound in the leg, which fractured a bone, and laid him aside in Albany for the winter. Before the end of May he joined the army at Valley Forge; but such was the state of his wound, that he could not perform active service, and Washington appointed him to the command of the city of Philadelphia, just then evacuated by the British. The instructions to General Arnold were rather unlimited in their character—a great misfortune certainly, when the temper of the man is considered. His want of discretion brought him at once, as military governor of the city, into collision with the civil authorities of the colony. Under specious pretexts, he prohibited the removal, sale, and transfer, of all goods in the city; at the same time appointing agents of his own for this business, charging enormous profits, most of which found their way into his own private purse. His whole rule was one of extortion and oppression.

Fond of show, and proud of his station, he had located himself in a large mansion, once occupied by William Penn, and was living in most splendid and extravagant style. He drove a coach and four, kept a retinue of servants, and gave costly banquets. To do all this, his means were utterly inadequate, and his pecuniary embarrassments in consequence became very great. To relieve these he presented large claims to Congress for money alleged to have been spent in the public service in Canada; but these claims, much to his chagrin, were not allowed. He was incensed, and may have fancied it no more than just, to make reprisals on the public. Scarcely had he been a month in office, as commander of Philadelphia, before he proposed to Washington that he should be put in command of the navy—having, as we doubt not, a distant vision of rich prizes and large personal gains—but the commander-in-chief discouraged the thought, and it was abandoned.

Such was his conduct at Philadelphia, that, finally, the President and Council of Pennsylvania preferred against him charges of an abuse of power and criminality. These were brought before Congress, but finally referred to Washington for a military adjudication. Arnold, in the mean

time, resigned his command; and being out of employment, was anxious to see his case disposed of. Even the necessary delays were to him most vexatious. Moreover, he continued to reside in the city, an object of detestation to the inhabitants, who, no longer fearing his power, did not conceal their feelings. He was openly assaulted in the street, and besought Congress in vain for a guard of twenty men. All this increased his wrath and disaffection to his country. These feelings were not at all diminished by the decision of the court-martial, by which he was convicted on two counts of the indictment, and sentenced to be reprimanded. In this he was greatly disappointed and mortified, and no doubt began almost to *hate* the cause for which he had fought and bled. He had even now conceived the thought that he might make the Americans repent of their *ill-treatment* of himself.

Another important event had occurred, which tended to prepare the way still more effectually for his alienation from the cause of his country. He had recently been united in marriage to Miss Margaret Shippen, daughter of Edward Shippen, one of the tory residents of Philadelphia, who, a few months before, had welcomed the British troops, and *féted* them on their entrance into the city. She was beautiful in person, of graceful manners, and rare accomplishments. Arnold loved her passionately—an affection, in truth, that seemed to survive every other noble feeling that had possessed his soul. This lady may not have been in any way the partner of his guilt, but the friendly disposition of her father's house to the British cause brought him into company with many British officers. His regard for them naturally increased in proportion to the decline of his sympathy with the "*rebels*."

Among the intimate friends of his wife was John André. This was a gallant young soldier, not less pleasing in person or manners than the lady herself, for whom she would have been a far more worthy companion than for him who sought her hand with splendid equipage. He possessed a fine literary taste, coupled with a passionate fondness for the fine arts. Many sketches from both his pen and pencil still exist. While residing in London he became enamored of, and was betrothed to, a lady named Honora Sneyd; but the father of this lady forbidding the

union, life became to him a blank, and he forsook his business, hoping to drown the murmurings of his heart in the din and excitement of battle. He joined the army that came to America in 1775. His amiability, genius, education, and bravery, soon made him a general favorite; and, on a vacancy occurring, he was made adjutant-general.

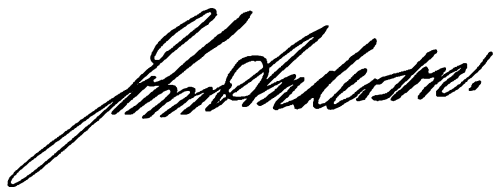
With André, Arnold's wife had kept up a correspondence, and Arnold thus found a way to communicate with General Clinton. At this early day his letters were, doubtless, of a treasonable character, but anonymous, and not so explicit as to forbid his acting as circumstances might determine.

Before proceeding to so fearful a step he paused, and sought relief from his pecuniary embarrassments in another way. About a month after his trial he renewed his petition to Congress for a settlement of his claims, but was so pertinacious and insolent in his manner—so quarrelsome to all, both friends and opponents, that the patience of his friends was exhausted, and his enemies were disgusted and provoked. Of relief from this quarter he despaired. He next unbosomed himself to M. de la Luzerne, the French minister. He complained of the ingratitude and injustice of his country, and intimated that it would be for the interest of the French king to attach himself to his interests. M. de la Luzerne refused the bribe, and seized the occasion to reason with the traitor, and, if possible, gain him back to duty. But he wanted money, not advice, and went away indignant. His case now seemed desperate. Soured with his friends, distressed for money, the future seemed very dark.

In this state of mind, West Point suggested itself. He knew this post and its dependencies would be of almost priceless value to Sir Henry. It was the key to all that country. It would put under his control the navigable waters of the Hudson River, and in some degree facilitate intercourse with Canada. Its possession would, moreover, essentially interfere with the communication of the Americans between the eastern and other colonies, and that in many respects no sum would be too great to pay for its surrender. Nothing seemed wanting but to get its command. He had always plead his wounds as a

reason why he could not enter active service; but these now began rapidly to heal, and his patriotism seemed to be newly aroused. He talked much and earnestly of liberty, and seemed eager to join his companions in arms. Finally he began to suggest to his friends in Congress and to those who had influence with Washington that, although he could not endure much riding on horseback, he might possibly take the command of West Point. At last he prevailed on Robert R. Livingston to write to the commander-in-chief on the subject, and Arnold managed to appear in the camp just after the letter had arrived. Under pretense of private business in Connecticut, he passed through the camp and paid his respects to Washington, saying nothing, however, on this subject. On his return from Connecticut he again visited the camp, and made the proposal to the chief. Arnold joined the army just as Washington was about crossing the Hudson in view of an attack upon New-York, and at once inquired if any post had been assigned him. The commander-in-chief replied that he was to take command of the left wing, the post of honor. Arnold did not conceal his disappointment, and Washington, after a conference with him, seeing his heart set upon West Point, gave him the command of "that post and its dependencies in which all are included from Fishkill to King's Ferry." The commission is dated Peekskill, August 3, 1780.

Arnold promptly repaired to the Highlands, and established his head-quarters at the house of Colonel Beverly Robinson. His appointment to this station revealed to Sir Henry Clinton the importance of the propositions made to him, which hitherto he had regarded as of little value; for it had been clear to his mind from several considerations that his correspondent was no less a person than General Arnold. The correspondence had hitherto been solely by letter, in ambiguous style and with feigned hand, and on the part of Arnold with the signature of



Sir Henry Clinton had employed André in the correspondence, which, on their part, was in corresponding style and under the signature of Gustavus. It was now necessary to have a personal interview, and Arnold insisted that André should be sent to confer with him on the subject. As money was one of Arnold's chief objects, it was necessary to know what price would be paid for his honor. He accordingly writes, under the date of August 30, in the usual feigned style, closing thus:—"A speculation of this kind might be easily made with ready money."

The hint was understood, and André was fully authorized on that subject.

Everything was now in readiness for the completion of the bargain.

Arnold's first plan was to receive André within the lines, and even at his own head-quarters, as a person devoted to the American interests, who had the means of procuring important intelligence. This was a safe ground; for secret agents had always been employed, and Arnold, with consummate address, on being appointed to West Point, had requested La Fayette to give him the names of all the spies employed by him in New-York, as his situation at West Point would enable him to hold more frequent intercourse with them. La Fayette refused, esteeming himself bound in honor to reveal the name of a spy to no one; but Arnold's real design was not understood until after his treachery. His plan for a meeting was communicated to André, with information that, if he could make his way safely to the American out-posts above White Plains, he would find no obstructions thereafter. This was not entirely agreeable to André, who was not disposed to go within the American lines, or in any way incur the odious name of a spy. He therefore proposed a meeting at Dobbs's Ferry, which was neutral ground.

Arnold, leaving his quarters on the 10th, went down the river in his barge to King's Ferry, and passed the night at the house of Joshua Hett Smith, about two and a half miles from the ferry on the road to Haverstraw. Early in the morning he proceeded toward Dobbs's Ferry, where André and Colonel Robinson were in waiting. Being without a flag of truce he was fired upon by the British gun-boats

stationed in that part of the river, and, closely pursued, barely escaped to the opposite side of the river. He went down toward the ferry, and remained till evening, but no meeting took place. He now returned to his head-quarters at the Robinson house, and began to make arrangements for another interview. Knowing that Washington was about to proceed to Hartford to meet the newly-arrived French officers, and that, while his absence would favor the consummation of his plans, it was of the utmost importance that no movement should be made that could excite suspicion until after his departure. In two days Arnold wrote to André in his commercial style, intimating that a person would meet him on the west side of Dobbs's Ferry, and conduct him to a place of safety where the interview could be had. Sir Henry Clinton, who was not less anxious than Arnold for the completion of the scheme, had sent Colonel Robinson up the river on board the Vulture, with orders to proceed as far as Teller's Point. As Arnold's head-quarters were in Robinson's confiscated mansion, the Colonel found a ready pretext for writing to him in reference to the restoration of his property. The letter was directed to General Putnam, but was inclosed in one to Arnold, requesting him to hand it to Putnam. This of course gave intimation that Robinson was on board the Vulture. These letters were sent by a flag to Verplanck's Point, where Arnold received and read them on the very day that Washington commenced his journey to Hartford, and only a few hours before the arrival of the chief on the opposite shore. The traitor mentioned the contents with all frankness to several officers, and, with seeming integrity, laid the whole matter before Washington, asking his advice. The chief disapproved of an interview with Robinson, and the traitor dared not risk it, but replied to Robinson, ingeniously adding as a postscript:—

"I expect General Washington to land here on Saturday next, and I will lay before him any matter you may wish to communicate."

Thus informing him of the time of the chief's return.

The letters of Arnold were given to Clinton, and the next morning André proceeded to Dobbs's Ferry under positive instructions not to go within the American lines, change his dress, or in any other way act as a spy. It was thought Arnold



SMITH'S HOUSE.

would visit the *Vulture*, but his own plan was a different one, and less hazardous to himself. He went to Joshua Hett Smith, and, as Smith alleges, without disclosing his real intentions, engaged him to meet André, whom he represented as a person of consequence from New-York, with valuable intelligence from the enemy, and conduct him within the American lines, the interview, should it be protracted, to be at his house. In view of this Smith took his family to Fishkill on a visit, and returning stopped at Arnold's head-quarters for instructions. The General gave him a flag of truce, sent an order to Major Kieise at Stony Point to supply Smith with a boat, and directed Smith to visit the *Vulture* the following night, and bring the person he expected on shore. Smith failed in this at the appointed time, as Colquhon, one of his tenants, whom he relied upon as oarsman, refused to go. Colquhon was at once dispatched to Robinson House with a letter announcing the failure, which, by riding all night, he delivered at dawn. Early in the forenoon Arnold himself went down to Verplanck's Point, and thence to Smith's house. While here a letter was handed him from the captain of the *Vulture*, remonstrating against a violation of the rules of war by a party at Teller's Point. This letter, although signed by Sutherland, was in André's handwriting, and was designed to inform the traitor that he was on board the *Vulture*. He now hastened preparations to send Smith to that vessel the ensuing night. He ordered a boat to be sent to a certain place in Haverstraw Creek, and Colquhon and his brother, threatened with punishment by

Arnold if they continued to refuse, at last consented to go. It was near midnight when the three, with muffled oars, pushed off from the shore. The night was tranquil and serene; the stars shone brightly; the water was unruffled, except by the gentle current; silently the boat approached the *Vulture*, and was hailed by the sentinel on board. All on board the vessel but André, Robinson, and Captain Sutherland, were ignorant of the plot, and the boat was ordered alongside with many coarse nautical epithets. The noise was heard below, and orders were at once sent that the gentleman should be shown into the cabin. Smith bore the following sealed letter from Arnold:—

"This will be delivered to you by Mr. Smith, who will conduct you to a place of safety. Neither Mr. Smith nor any other person shall be made acquainted with your proposals. If they (which I doubt not) are of such a nature that I can officially take notice of them, I shall do it with pleasure. I take it for granted that Colonel Robinson will not propose anything that is not for the interest of the United States as well as himself."

This was to guard against the consequences, should the letter fall into other hands.

Major André was introduced to Smith as John Anderson, and they both descended into the boat, and were soon out into the stream. They landed at the foot of a great hill, called Long Clove Mountain, on the west side of the river, about six miles below Stony Point, where Arnold lay concealed in the bushes; and Smith, first having found him, conducted André thither. They were left alone; and, for the first time, amid the gloom of night, Arnold's lips uttered words of treason. As morning approached, Smith crept into the bushes, and reminded the conspirators that the boat must depart from its present station before daylight. There was much yet to be done before the object of their meeting could be entirely effected. Smith and the boatmen were hence allowed to return up the river, and André, mounting the servant's horse, accompanied Arnold to Smith's house. He was dressed in his uniform, but completely covered up in a long blue surtont. As they proceeded the voice of the sentinel, demanding the countersign, startled André, and awakened his fears; but it was too late to recede. They reached Smith's house just at day-break, and at that moment heard a cannon-

ade in the direction of the Vulture. Colonel Livingston, hearing that the vessel lay so near the shore, had opened a sharp fire from Teller's Point, which led the Vulture to hoist her anchors and drop down the river. André, who, from the upper chamber, could see the firing, watched it with anxious solicitude, but felt relieved when it had ceased.

During the morning everything was arranged. Arnold was to weaken the various posts under his command; a link from the great chain across the river, at Constitution Island, was to be removed and weakened, so that this should form no barrier to the passage of vessels; and the British troops, already embarked, under pretext of an expedition to the Chesapeake, were to be ready to move up the river at a moment's warning. Arnold supplied André with the needful explanatory papers, which were put between his stockings and his feet, with instructions, in case of accident, to destroy them. All being completed, he gave André the following pass:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ROBINSON HOUSE,
"September 22, 1780."

"Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to White Plains, or below, if he chooses, he being on public business by my direction."



Arnold went up the river in his barge, believing his abominable scheme complete. Before he left he urged Smith to return André to the Vulture as soon as it was dark. André waited till evening, and then applied to Smith to take him back to the vessel; but Smith positively refused, offering to ride half the night with him on horseback, if he would take a land route. There was no alternative, and André yielded to the force of circumstances. Contrary to Sir Henry's instructions, he had been prevailed upon by Arnold, in case he took a land route, of which something had been said, to exchange his military coat for a citizen's dress. Thus disrobed, a little before sunset, on the evening of the 22d, accompanied by Smith and a negro servant, they crossed King's Ferry,

and turned their faces toward the British camp. Smith was jocular, and assumed to be quite unconcerned, but André was silent and reserved.

They met no special interruption until between eight and nine o'clock, when, about eight miles below Verplanck's Point, they were hailed by the sentinel of a patrolling party. Smith dismounted, and went through a most searching examination by Captain Boyd. Even his pass did not screen him from the curious and wondering inquiries of this officer. André, in the mean time, was anxious almost to trembling. Smith answered and prevaricated as well as he could, stating that himself and Mr. Anderson were on their way to meet a person at White Plains, from whom they expected important intelligence, and that they must proceed as expeditiously as possible. Boyd now magnified the perils of their journey, to which Smith listened with open ears, and, in spite of the remonstrances of André, resolved to tarry for the night. André spent a weary and restless night at the house of Andreas Miller, and at the first dawn of light was up and prepared for his journey. Once more on his way, he became more cheerful and talkative, and they journeyed on till they came within two and a half miles of

Pine's Bridge, which marked the limit of the American territory. Here they partook of a frugal breakfast, at the house of a good Dutchwoman, and the company parted, leaving André to pursue his journey alone over the neutral ground.

This was a territory of several miles between the two armies, occupied by neither. It was, however, infested with two species of banditti, known respectively as *Cow Boys* and *Skinners*. The first professed to adhere to the British, or lower party, and the second to the Americans, or upper party. André, fearing the *Skinners*, and preferring to fall into the hands of the *Cow Boys*, who Boyd had said were most numerous on the Tarrytown road, after crossing the bridge took that direction.

There was at this time a law of the State of New-York, which authorized any person to seize, and convert to his own use, all cattle or beef that should be driven or removed from the country, in the direction of the city, beyond a certain line in



SCENE OF ANDRÉ'S CAPTURE.

Westchester county. It so happened that, on the morning that André crossed Pine's Bridge, a party went out near Tarrytown to look for booty of this kind. Four of the party were detailed to watch the road from a hill above, and three of them, viz., Paulding, Van Wart, and David Williams, were to lie concealed in the bushes by the stream near the post-road. Such was the position of the parties when André approached. The capture is best related, as given by Mr. Sparks, from the testimony of Paulding and Williams, at the trial of Smith:—

"Myself," said Paulding, "Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, were lying by the side of the road about half a mile above Tarrytown, and about fifteen miles above Kingsbridge, on Saturday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, the 23d of September. We had lain there about an hour and a half, as near as I can recollect, and saw several persons we were acquainted with, whom we let pass. Presently, one of the young men who were with me said, 'There comes a gentleman-like looking man, who appears to be well dressed, and has boots on, and whom you had better step out and stop, if you don't know him.' On that I got up, and presented my firelock at the breast of the person, and told him to stand, and then I asked him which way he was going. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I hope you belong to our party.' I asked him what party. He said, 'The Lower Party.' Upon that I told him I did. Then he said, 'I am a British officer, out in the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute,' and, to show that he was a British officer, he pulled out his watch. Upon which I told him to dismount. He then said, 'My God! I must do anything to get along,' and seemed to make a kind of laugh of it, and pulled out General Arnold's pass, which was to John Anderson, to

pass all guards to White Plains and below. Upon this he dismounted. Said he, 'Gentlemen, you had best let me go, or you will bring yourselves into trouble, for your stopping me will detain the general's business;' and said he was going to Dobbe's Ferry to meet a person there and get intelligence for General Arnold. Upon that I told him I hoped he would not be offended; that we did not mean to take anything from him; and I told him there were many bad people on the road, and I did not know but perhaps he might be one."

Paulding asked his name; he told him it was John Anderson, and produced General Arnold's pass, when he would have let him go, if he had not before called himself a British officer.

"We took him into the bushes," said Williams, "and ordered him to pull off his clothes, which he did; but, on searching him narrowly, we could not find any sort of writings. We told him to pull off his boots, which he seemed to be indifferent about; but we got one boot off, and searched in that boot and could find nothing. But we found there were some papers in the bottom of his stocking next to his foot; on which we made him pull his stocking off, and found three papers wrapped up. Mr. Paulding looked at the contents, and said he was a spy. We then made him pull off his other boot, and there we found three more papers at the bottom of his foot within his stocking.

"Upon this we made him dress himself, and I asked him what he would give us to let him go. He said he would give us any sum of money. I asked him whether he would give us his horse, saddle, bridle, watch, and one hundred guineas. He said 'Yes,' and told us he would direct them to any place, even if it was that very spot, so that we could get them. I asked him whether he would not give us more. He said he would give us any quantity of dry goods, or any sum of money, and bring it to any place that we might pitch upon, so that we might get it. Mr. Paulding answered, 'No; if you would give us ten thousand guineas, you should not stir one step.' I then asked the person who had called himself John Anderson if he would not get away if it lay in his power. He answered, 'Yes I would.' I told him I did not intend he should. While taking him along, we asked him a few questions, and we stopped under a shade. He begged us not to ask him questions, and said when he came to any commander he would reveal all.

"He was dressed in a blue over-coat, and a tight body-coat, that was of a kind of claret color, though a rather deeper red than claret. The button-holes were laced with gold tinsel, and the buttons drawn over with the same kind of lace. He had on a round hat, and nankeen waistcoat and breeches, with a flannel waistcoat and drawers, boots, and thread stockings."

The nearest military post was at North Castle, where Colonel Jameson was in command. To this place André was taken by his captors. Jameson examined the papers, saw they were of the most danger-

ous character, and in the undisguised hand of Arnold, yet he strangely resolved to send André at once to Arnold. He wrote to the General describing André, the mode of his arrest, and the papers, and started him under escort for West Point. The papers were dispatched to General Washington. Major Tallmadge, who was absent at the time, on his return expressed his surprise at the strange course that had been pursued, and through his persuasion André was brought back and sent for safe keeping to Colonel Sheldon's quarters, Lower Salem, which were further within the American lines. Considering escape hopeless, André penned a letter to General Washington, which he handed open to Major Tallmadge, who read with amazement both its contents and the rank of his prisoner. It was noble in its style and language. We have room but for the following extract:—

"It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, and not to solicit security. The person in your possession is Major John André, adjutant general to the British army.

"The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary is an advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose I held, as confidential, (in the present instance,) with his excellency Sir Henry Clinton. To favor it, I agreed to meet, upon ground not within the posts of either army, a person who was to give me intelligence. I came up in the Vulture man-of-war for this effect, and was fetched by a boat from the ship to the beach. Being here. I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must be concealed until the next night. I was in my regimentals, and had fairly risked my person.

"Against my stipulations, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and must imagine how much more must I have been affected by a refusal to reconduct me back the next night as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New-York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers. Thus, as I have had the honor to relate, was I betrayed (being adjutant general of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts.

"Having avowed myself a British officer, I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself, which is true on the honor of an officer and a gentleman. The request I have to make to your excellency, and I am conscious I address myself well, is, that in any rigor policy may dictate, a decency of conduct toward me may mark that, though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonorable, as no motive could

be mine but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an impostor."

With such skill had the whole plot been conducted that no suspicion of Arnold's fidelity had been aroused. When he had reached his head-quarters, after leaving André, he conversed freely with his aids about the important information he expected from New-York, and even on the day that was to complete his scheme of guilt, he was as calm as usual.

Washington returned on the 24th, by an unexpected route to Fishkill, where he was detained over night by M. de la Luzerne on important business. Very early in the morning, however, he sent off his baggage, and at dawn was in his saddle anxious to reach Arnold's head-quarters for breakfast. When opposite West Point, Washington's horse was discovered to be turning into a narrow road that led toward the river. La Fayette said to him:—

"General, you are going in the wrong direction; you know Mrs. Arnold is waiting breakfast for us, and that road will take us out of the way." Washington smilingly replied, "Ah, I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. You may go and take your breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me; I must ride down and examine the redouts on this side of the river, and will be there in a short time."

With the exception of two aids-de-camp who rode on to explain the detention, the officers remained with the chief. The aids found the breakfast waiting, and with the family at once sat down to eat. Before they arose, a messenger came in with a letter for Arnold, which he opened and read in the presence of the company. It was Jameson's letter, and contained the first news of André's capture. Agitated as he must have been with emotion, he yet concealed it. He informed the officers he must immediately leave on important business for West Point, wishing them to apologize to General Washington for his absence, and promised soon to return. Having ordered his horse, he immediately left the table and went up to Mrs. Arnold's chamber and sent for her. He hastily told her they must instantly part, perhaps forever, for another messenger might in a few moments arrive, which would lead to his arrest and certain death. Horror-struck, Mrs. Arnold swooned and fell senseless to the floor. Not daring to call for help, he left her in that state, his in-



ANDRE ARRESTED.

nocent babe but one year of age sleeping in the cradle. He sprang to his horse, made all speed for the river, by a steep path little used, and still called *Arnold's Path*. At Beverly Dock he entered a boat, and directed the six oarsmen to pull out into the middle of the stream. He quickened their activity by promises of



BEVERLY DOCK.

reward, and by saying he was in haste to board the *Vulture* with a flag, and return in time to meet General Washington. He ordered them to pull direct for that vessel. As they approached King's Ferry, Arnold held up a white handkerchief, which answered Colonel Livingston and the *Vulture* for a flag of truce. The boat reached the vessel in safety, and Arnold getting on board introduced himself to Captain Sutherland, and informed the

oarsmen they were prisoners. They indignantly asserted their freedom, seeing they had come on board under the protection of a flag. But Arnold was inexorable, and they were forced to remain. The captain, however, despising Arnold's baseness in this matter, set the coxswain on shore on his parole, and they were all subsequently released by Sir Henry Clinton.

Washington reached Robinson House soon after Arnold left; took a hasty breakfast, and concluded to proceed to West Point, and meet Arnold there. Hamilton remained behind, and all expected to return to dinner. No salute greeted the commander-in-chief as he approached the shore; and Colonel Lamb, on seeing him, expressed his surprise, and apologized for the neglect, saying, in answer to a question of the chief, that General Arnold had not been there for two days.

Washington was surprised, but proceeded to examine the works, and at about noon returned to Beverly Dock. While ascending from the river, Hamilton was seen approaching in a hurried and anxious manner, and whispering to the general, they both retired for a time. It seems that, during their absence, the dispatch from Colonel Jameson had arrived, and also André's

letter, and that Hamilton had read them. There was now the clearest evidence of Arnold's guilt; and the first thing was, if possible, to intercept the traitor; but he had several hours' start, and all effort was vain. All necessary precautionary measures were at once taken.

Washington was calm. Ignorant of the extent of the treason, he kept his own counsel, except as he advised with La Fayette and Knox. At dinner time he said, "Come, gentlemen, since Mrs. Arnold is unwell, and the general is absent, let us sit down without ceremony." He had, however, been greatly affected by the sufferings of Mrs. Arnold, who, no doubt, had been up to this hour ignorant of her husband's guilt.

"She, for a considerable time," says Hamilton, in a vivid description of the scene, "entirely lost herself. The general went up to see her. She upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child. One moment she raved; another, she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have pierced insensibility itself. All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct."

Washington received during the day a most insolent letter from the traitor, written on board the *Vulture*, asking protection for his babe, and wife, whom he declared to be "as innocent as an angel." Then came also a letter from Beverly Robinson, in relation to André, demanding his release—claiming that he went on shore under a flag of truce, and had a permit from General Arnold to return to New-York; but the chief could not be terrified or moved from duty.

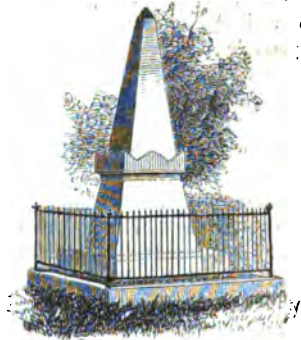
Colonel Jameson received orders to send André to the Robinson House, and although the orders arrived at midnight, and it was very dark, and raining fast, yet André was aroused, and with a strong guard under Major Tallmadge, set off immediately. They arrived by the dawn, and rested for the day. At evening he was taken over to West Point, and on the morning of the 28th was conveyed under a strong escort of cavalry to Tappan. Of these journeys Tallmadge has left a minute account. On the way André conversed freely, and seemed to be anxious to know how Washington would view his case, and absolutely propounded to Tallmadge that unpleasant question. He was

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PAULDING'S MONUMENT.°

reminded of the case of Nathan Hale, an officer of scarcely less worth than André himself, who had recently been hung as a spy by the British. André replied, "But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike." Tallmadge replied, "Yes,



VAN WART'S MONUMENT.°

precisely similar, and similar will be your fate." At this he seemed greatly troubled.

When Washington arrived at Tappan, he ordered a court of inquiry, consisting of fourteen general officers, of which Green was president. André made a plain, ingenuous statement of the facts in the case; acknowledged that he came ashore in the night without a flag, and left his case to the honor of the soldiers who composed the court. After a long and

° The patriots were duly rewarded by Congress for their faithfulness. Paulding's monument is at Peekskill, in the graveyard of an old wooden church, where his remains lie; it was erected by the corporation of the city of New-York. That of Van Wart is at Tarrytown, in the burying ground attached to the Presbyterian Church, and was erected by citizens of Westchester County in 1829. David Williams was buried with military honors at Livingstonville, Broome County, New-York.

careful consideration of the case, the Board reported:—

"That Major André, adjutant-general of the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that, agreeably to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death."

On the next day Washington approved their decision, as follows:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, Sept. 30, 1780.

"The commander-in-chief approves of the opinion of the Board of general officers respecting Major André, and orders that the execution of Major André take place to-morrow, at five o'clock, P. M."

The youth and noble bearing of the prisoner made a deep impression upon the court, and their feelings would have prompted his release; but there could be no question of the equity of the verdict or sentence. There was, indeed, a general desire to save his life, both on the part of the British and Americans. The only mode possible to the Americans was to exchange him for Arnold, and hold the traitor responsible for all the acts of his victim. This was informally suggested to the British; but the high sense of honor which was characteristic of Sir Henry Clinton, could not allow it to be entertained. The British employed all possible efforts. Sir Henry wrote to General Washington, and a deputation was sent to confer with him. Arnold himself wrote a letter, which it was hoped might help the case, but really injured it. It was full of language most hypocritical and malignant—even threatening a terrible revenge if André were executed, and charging Washington with torrents of blood that would flow in consequence. The letter could meet with only disgust and contempt; but had it been consistent with duty, the nobleness of André, and his pitiable situation, would have obtained the clemency of Washington; but duty was plain, and he was unwavering.

André betrayed all this while no fear of death, but the *manner* exceedingly distressed him. When the sentence was communicated to him, he betrayed no emotion, only remarking, that since he was to die, there was yet a choice in the *mode*. He could not bear the thought of hanging as a spy—he was anxious to be shot, and thus die the death of a soldier—and for this privilege he earnestly besought Wash-

ington. But as the extent of the treachery was then unknown, and as it seemed necessary to do all that could be done to deter others from similar conduct, the request was denied. The various and protracted conferences on these matters made it necessary to postpone his execution to the following day. André, in the mean time, procured his military suit, and calmly awaited the hour of his fate. On the last morning he sketched with a pen a likeness of himself, sitting by a table, the original of which is in the Trumbull gallery, Yale College: the likeness is good. On the second of October, 1780, at twelve o'clock, he suffered death at Tappan. The spot is now designated by a stone, about three feet in length, placed here a few years since by a citizen of New-York, on which is chiseled, "ANDRÉ, EXECUTED OCT. 2, 1780."



The scene was one of most affecting interest. Doctor Thacher, then a surgeon in the Continental army, has left us the following account:—

"Major André is no more among the living. I have just witnessed his exit. It was a tragical scene of the deepest interest. . . . The principal guard-officer, who was constantly in the room with the prisoner, relates, that when the hour of execution was announced to him in the morning, he received it without emotion, and, while all present were affected with silent gloom, he retained a firm countenance, with calmness and composure of mind. Observing his servant enter his room in tears, he exclaimed, 'Leave me, until you can show yourself more manly.' His breakfast being sent to him from the table of General Washington, which had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual, and, having shaved and dressed himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard-officers, 'I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you.' The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops was paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled. Almost all our general and field officers, excepting his excellency and his staff, were present on horseback. Melancholy and gloom

pervaded all ranks, and the scene was awfully affecting. I was so near, during the solemn march to the fatal spot, as to observe every movement, and to participate in every emotion the melancholy scene was calculated to produce. Major André walked from the stone house in which he had been confined between two of our subaltern officers, arm-in-arm. The eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on him, who, rising superior to the fears of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignified deportment he displayed. He betrayed no want of fortitude, but retained a complacent smile on his countenance, and politely bowed to several gentlemen whom he knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most conformable to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted. At the moment, therefore, when suddenly he came in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started backward and made a pause. 'Why this emotion, sir?' said an officer by his side. Instantly recovering his composure, he said, 'I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode.' While waiting, and standing near the gallows, I observed some degree of trepidation—placing his foot on a stone and rolling it over, and choking in his throat as if attempting to swallow. So soon, however, as he perceived that things were in readiness, he stepped quickly into the wagon, and at this moment he appeared to shrink; but, instantly elevating his head with firmness, he said, 'It will be but a momentary pang;' and, taking from his pocket two white handkerchiefs, the provost marshal, with one, loosely pinioned his arms, and with the other the victim, after taking off his hat and stock, bandaged his own eyes with perfect firmness, which melted the hearts and moistened the cheeks not only of his servant, but of the throng of spectators. The rope being appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his head, and adjusted it to his neck, without the assistance of the awkward executioner. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. He raised the handkerchief from his eyes, and said, 'I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man.' The wagon being now removed from under him, he was suspended, and instantly expired. It proved, indeed, 'but a momentary pang.' He was dressed in his royal regimentals and boots. His remains, in the same dress, were placed in an ordinary coffin and interred at the foot of the gallows.

"Thus died, in the bloom of life, the accomplished Major André, the pride of the royal army, and the valued friend of Sir Henry Clinton. In 1831, by command of the Duke of York, his remains were disinterred."^o

Every possible honor was paid to the memory of André. His memory has been embalmed in verse by his friend Miss Seward, and his king has caused to be erected a beautiful monument to his honor in West-

^o "On opening the grave, the moldering coffin was found about three feet below the surface. The roots of a peach-tree, which some sympathizing hand had planted at the head of his grave, had twined like a net-work around the young hero's skull."

minster Abbey. A pension was settled upon his family, and his brother received the honor of knighthood.

Arnold received, as the price of his treason, an office lower than his rank in the American army and about \$50,000. He lived to be loathed by all that knew him, and abhorred by himself. At the close of the war he went to England, where none but the necessary attentions were shown him, and insults were frequent. What his situation and feelings in after life must have been the following scene will tell:—

"Pursued by the blood-hounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand was about going, a beggar and a wanderer, to a strange land.

"'Is there an American staying at your house?' he asked the landlord of his hotel.

"The landlord hesitated a moment, and said:

"'There is a gentleman up stairs, but whether an American or Englishman I cannot tell.'

"He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who in life was bishop, prince, and prime minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

"In the far corner of the dimly-lighted room sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression.

"Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind feeling and offices, pouring forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"'I am a wanderer—an exile! I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or hope. You are an American. Give me, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends.'

"The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his head still downcast—his eyes looking still from behind his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward—his voice was full of meaning.

"'I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend, not one, in all America!'

"'Who are you?' he cried, as the strange gentleman retreated toward the next room. 'Your name?'

"'My name!'—with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—'My name is Benedict Arnold!' He was gone. Talleyrand sank in a chair gasping the words—'Arnold, the traitor!'

Arnold returned to England, and died in London on the 14th of June, 1801, aged sixty-one years.



JOHN O. CHOULES, D. D.

TO any one who has once cast his eyes on Dr. Choules, it will be no information to say that he is a remarkable man. He shows at once that he is a hearty, cheerful, and benevolent Englishman, thoroughly Americanized. With a head and brow not unlike those of Webster, he has an eye which, even through his spectacles, can pierce you through and through; and when he looks over his spectacles, evidently meaning to read your thoughts, he will make any rogue in the world tremble. He is just the man whose benevolent countenance invites a poor fellow-being to stop him in the street that he may tell his troubles; and he is, too, just the man to hear the whole tale, and then to study day and night to make the poor fellow happy; nor will he cease thinking till the object be accomplished. We could detail half a dozen cases within our own knowledge where he has taken poor lads who had not a friend on earth, educated and prepared them for life, and rejoiced in making them gentlemen. But we can scarcely give him credit for these kindnesses, for to him all this is perfectly natural; and in performing acts of kindness, especially those which can never be repaid, he only acts out the natural instincts of his heart. We never knew a man more devoid of self. He labors in-

cessantly, but almost always for others; and will assuredly die without wealth, excepting the conscious feeling of having greatly served the Church and the world.

We have spoken of the Doctor as an Englishman. He was the son of pious Methodist parents who resided at Bristol. They were the personal friends of such men as Adam Clarke, Miles, Pawson, Bradburn, Reece, and other honored and kindred spirits, who have now passed away from earth. We need not say that the parents of John O. Choules were distinguished for piety; for at the houses of those who were not so, the good old-fashioned men of whom we have spoken would not have been frequent visitors. The early years of John were spent among the Christian people to whom his parents belonged; but by the time he had reached the age of twelve years, both those parents had "passed into the skies," and he became identified with the family of his maternal uncle, Henry Overton Wills, Esq., a wealthy merchant of Bristol, eminent for his active piety, and a manager of the *Whitefield Tabernacle* of that city. Of the *paternal* kindness of this guardian of his youth, we have heard the Doctor speak with tearful gratitude.

His uncle wisely determined to give him the best education which that noble

city could furnish, and placed him under the care of the Rev. Thomas Evans, master of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, a gentleman highly distinguished for his classical learning and fine taste. Afterward he was removed to Devizes, in Wiltshire, and placed under the superintendence of Richard Biggs, Esq., of a reputation at least equal to that of the Bristol master. It will be readily believed that the student would carry his natural ardor into his academic duties, for it has always been his leading characteristic, that what "he knew not he searched out." At this early period he became acquainted with John Harris, now "the eloquent orator," the distinguished divine, and the not less distinguished Principal of the celebrated Congregational College at St. John's Wood, London. Between them a warm and strongly attached friendship exists to this day.

For a short period John O. Choules endeavored to apply his energies to business, but could not draw his attention from books and from active benevolent efforts. Before he was eighteen he had become a Christian; and on September 9th, 1818, he united with the Baptist Church, Broadmead, in his native city, under the pastorate of the beloved and truly learned Dr. John Ryland. His new friends were at once impressed with the adaptation to usefulness which he so clearly manifested, and placed him, to pursue his studies introductory to the college course, under the late Rev. William Anderson, of Dunstable, Bedfordshire. This self-made man, though never popular as a preacher, possessed a mind of firm and comprehensive grasp, learning equally profound and clear, and a severity of criticism and of manners seldom met with. No man whose studies were directed by Mr. Anderson could rest on the surface of things; and we suspect that were Dr. Choules asked to tell the most important period of his youthful training, he would point to the straw-plait town of Dunstable, and to the study of William Anderson. With this gentleman he stayed some two years, preaching on the Sabbath in the neighboring pulpits of his own and other denominations with much acceptance.

He was now fully prepared for Bristol College, under the presidency of his venerated pastor, Dr. Ryland, of whom Dr. John Pye Smith used to bear a true witness when he described him as one of the

very first theologians of his day. We could, however, almost venture to say that, next to the profound lectures of the Doctor, Mr. Choules would derive most advantage from the "glorious library," as the students usually describe it; assuredly one of the finest collections of theological books in the world. Would that, in any denomination of Christians, we had such a library in the United States!

Toward the completion of his collegiate studies, Mr. Choules began to feel that, to a dissenting minister, especially to a young Baptist minister, little of a very inviting prospect could be presented in England, and with his usual promptitude he resolved on making the United States of America his residence for life. In 1824 he arrived at New-York, where he spent the following winter in occupying the pulpits of that city; and in the spring of 1825 became the principal of Red Hook Academy, in Dutchess County, in that State. Here he stayed but little more than two years, during which period, however, he acted on the minds of a large number of young men, not a few of whom have since become distinguished on the bench, in Congress, and in the pulpit. Here he began to acquire that public influence which has ever since been increasing, and which has never been used but for the advantage of society.

But it was not to be expected that our friend could long be hid, or that the Baptists would allow such a man to be *buried*, as the phrase runs, in a school. The ancient and honorable Second Baptist Church at Newport, in Rhode Island, formed so long ago as 1656, has always been distinguished for the piety, the learning, and the success of its pastors. One of these, the Rev. William Gammell, in the midst of a most eloquent and successful ministry, was suddenly called away by death, in the full vigor of forty-two, during the spring of 1827. The attention of the Church was almost immediately directed to Mr. Choules, as his successor. He was ordained its pastor September 27th in that year, the venerable Dr. Gano, of Providence, preaching the sermon. This large congregation was not only sustained, but greatly enlarged. God was pleased to give them under their new pastor a very blessed revival of religion; very large additions were made to their numbers and efficiency; and during six years Mr.

Choules occupied the position of its pastor with growing acceptance and success.

In 1833, the exceeding low state of his wife's health induced him to request his dismissal from the pulpit at Newport, which was most reluctantly granted, and he became pastor of the Baptist Church at New-Bedford, Massachusetts. But the object of his removal was not realized. Mrs. C.'s health continued to fail, till death removed her from a scene of suffering to one of eternal rest.

At New-Bedford, as previously at Newport, the ministry of Mr. Choules was successful, and large accessions were made to his Church.

In 1835 Mr. Choules visited England, and in London a friendship with the present writer, which had previously begun by correspondence, became matured by much personal intercourse. Here he preached extensively; and from the pulpits of his now deceased friends Dr. Ryland, Abraham Booth, William Jay, and many others of the same class, he taught and preached apostolic doctrine. On not a few religious platforms was he seen, and was always heard with more than acceptance. In every class of society he became known, and received many proofs of cordial regard.

Not long after his return to New-Bedford, the family of Mrs. Choules (his second wife) determined on a removal to Michigan; and with the view of being nearer to them, Mr. Choules accepted a call to the First Baptist Church at Buffalo. Here he labored with great diligence, acceptance, and success; but it was soon discovered that his constitution would ill agree with the cold winds from the vast Lake of Erie. His health failed, bronchitis threatened entire cessation from pulpit labor, and after three years he was compelled to leave a station of great interest and importance. He removed to the city of New-York, where he supplied the Sixth-street Baptist Church for about two years, and in every possible way devoted himself to usefulness, both from the pulpit and the press.

In 1843, a number of wealthy Baptist families having erected residences on Jamaica Plains, one of the most lovely suburbs of Boston, they determined on building a church edifice, and invited Mr. Choules to settle with them, with a view of collecting a Church and society. He

acceded to their request, and one of the most beautiful church edifices in New-England soon added a fine ornament to the delightfully situated village. A prosperous Church was soon collected, and the commodious building crowded. Here he added to his usefulness and his income by receiving into his family, for mental and moral training, some five or six youths from wealthy families in New-York and elsewhere; and here, as we more than once visited him, we fondly hoped he was located for life. In all his settlements he had been happy, never once having any difficulty with his people, and certainly no prospect of difficulty ever presented itself at Jamaica Plains. Perhaps no pastor ever enjoyed greater happiness.

But who among us can say with any degree of confidence that a pastor is *settled*? The Church at Newport had never forgotten their beloved preacher, and more than one intimation was given him that he must return. In the early part of 1847 this Church was involved in great trouble: schism entered, division took place, and "the ways of Zion mourned because few were found in her solemn assemblies." In their state of distress, the few who were left turned their eyes to their old friend; and the public voice declared that Dr. Choules was the only man who could, under God, restore union and prosperity to the society. The Church of his first love recalled him, but the Church at Jamaica Plains answered with a decisive *no*. The call was renewed, and a committee sent on to urge its object with all the parties concerned. At length it was referred to a council, who after deliberation, to the great joy of the Church at Newport, advised his resumption of the pastorate there. On July 1st, 1847, he again became the pastor; the scattered elements of the Church and society began again to unite, and they have long since once more presented a very united and cheering aspect. At no period has its union been more complete than at present, and at no time have the additions been of a more gratifying character.

We should do great injustice to the subject of our sketch if we did not write a page as to his literary character. In 1826, the College at Princeton conferred on Mr. Choules the honorary degree of A. M.; and the College at Georgetown, Kentucky, followed it in 1846 with a diploma of D. D.

These were honors granted without solicitation, and which have been well sustained. We do not pretend to be acquainted with even half of the literary labors of the incessantly laborious Doctor; but we do know that his fine taste induces not a few authors to confide their MSS. to his careful, and often elaborate examination and improvements. We do know that for years past he has been the gratuitous editor of many magazines and papers. We remember, too, funeral sermons for General Harrison and Daniel Webster; a long historical sermon on the Church of which he is pastor; a series of lectures on Oliver Cromwell, carefully prepared and extensively delivered, which have done much to correct the public opinion as to that extraordinary man. We remember, also, two quarto volumes on the History of Missions, which first brought us in contact with him, and was one of the first publications to give him fame; he has also continued Hinton's History of America; and edited, with many curious and valuable notes, Neal's History of the Puritans, and Forster's Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England.

Dr. Choules continues to prepare young men for college or for business, and, if we are correctly informed, has now eight or nine such residing in his family. In 1851, with three of these youths, he took a tour in Europe, and on their return the tutor and his pupils published a joint production under the name of *Young Americans Abroad*, which volume, we understand, has had a large sale. We will add here that the Doctor has an excellent library, of which an account appeared last year in one of the popular New-York Magazines, with the title, *Hours in a New-England Study*.

It is tolerably certain that the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE will not say either that Dr. Choules is an idle man, or that here is a sketch of him destitute of incident. Idle! His activity is incessant, and has sometimes extremely vexed us. We have more than once sat down with him, according to previous engagement, for a cozy hour about matters and things of a literary character, and have just entered on our inquiries, when we have been greeted, "Well, now, you really must excuse me, but pressing emergency calls me away;" mentioning some case of distress which must be relieved; or some

instance of a poor lad that must be provided for; or some poor widow to whom he has engaged to render a service; or some poor prisoner for whom he must obtain a pardon;—yes, we have been vexed with him, and could only be satisfied by the recollection that our loss was the gain of others.

We have spoken of Dr. Choules on the platform, and few men in this country have performed more labor of this kind, or with more acceptance, than he. But, after all, it is in the pulpit that he appears to the greatest advantage, especially to those who have heard him most frequently. He is never dull, never wordy; nor did we ever see any of his hearers asleep. He has formed his taste very much on the study of the old Puritan divines, combining with them much of the more logical thinking and condensed style of the best men of the present day. Accustomed in his youth to hear such preachers as Hall and Fuller, Bunting and Newton, Ryland and Parsons, his profiting by them appears to all. Though in age he has passed over half a century, he was never more attractive to young persons than at present; and it is tolerably certain that he will think and feel as a young man to the day of his removal from earth. May that day be far distant, and when it arrives may it bring holy triumph to himself! To his friends, and to a large portion of the community, it will be a season of no small grief.

GENIUS.—Genius is lord of the world. Men labor at the foundation of society; while the lonely lark, unseen and little prized, sits, hard by, in his nest on the earth, gathering strength to bear his song up to the sun. Slowly rise basement and monumental aisle, column and architrave, dome and lofty tower; and when the cloud-piercing spire is burnished with gold, and the fabric stands perfect and wondrous, up springs the forgotten lark, with airy wheel, to the pinnacle, and, standing poised and unwondering on his giddy perch, he pours out his celestial music till his bright footing trembles with harmony. And when the song is done, and, mounting thence, he soars away to fill his exhausted heart at the fountain of the sun, the dwellers in the towers below look up to the gilded spire and shout—not to the burnished shaft, but to the lark—lost from it in the sky.—*Kidd's Journal*.



THE TEST OF LOVE.

"THE sun will set in a few minutes, and we have still ten miles to go. At our present rate of movement, my dear Deslaurius, we shall never arrive."

The speaker was a fine young man, about twenty-five years old, mounted on a powerful horse, which he managed with ease. His companion, who appeared to be some ten years his senior, instead of quickening his pace, pulled up his steed.

"My dear Sénéchal," said he, in a tone of the utmost composure, "at what hour this morning did we start?"

"At seven."

"And 'tis now five. Trotting for ten hours together, with only a few minutes' respite, may suit an experienced horseman like you very well; but I frankly confess that it has tired me exceedingly."

"If trotting fatigues you, we can gallop."

"Much obliged, friend, for your kind offer."

"You do n't intend, I presume, to sleep under the canopy of heaven?"

"No, my dear fellow," replied Deslaurius, blowing on his numbed fingers; "but I see beyond the next turn of the road half

a dozen smoking chimneys, and already I fancy that the delicious odor of the country hodge-podge soup has reached my nostrils."

"What can that matter? You know that a more fitting repast awaits us at La Martinière."

"Know, friend Sénéchal, that truffled partridges, ten miles off, would not tempt me half so much as a smoking bowl of vegetable soup separated from my mouth by only the length of a spoon, even should that spoon be pewter."

"Nonsense!" cried Sénéchal; "you shall not play me so false. You know very well we are expected this evening at La Martinière, and you ought to remember what dreadful anxiety our non-arrival would cause my beloved Juliet."

"Well, well," said Deslaurius, with a quiet smile; "you are really very young for your years. 'Dreadful anxiety indeed!' I'll tell you what, your 'beloved Juliet' will eat her supper with an excellent appetite, saying perhaps once or twice, when at a loss for conversation, 'T is strange that these gentlemen do n't come.' Then, when closing the piano, preparatory to retiring for the night, she may probably remark, 'M. Gaston will certainly arrive to-morrow morning; shall I wear my green or my blue dress?' And there's 'dreadful anxiety' for you, my poor boy!"

"You talk thoughtlessly, Deslaurius; but I forgive you, because as yet you do not know my Juliet. One reason for my wishing you to be present at our marriage is, that her virtues and attractions may forever vindicate her calumniated sex in your skeptical eyes, and teach you what admirable qualities a woman may possess."

"So be it, then," rejoined Deslaurius, in a half-comic, half-doubting tone.

By this time the poor tired horses had stopped of their own accord at the door of a snug-looking country inn.

"I defy all the Juliets in the kingdom to make me stir from this to-night," remarked the elder traveler, as he stiffly got off the saddle.

"As you please," rejoined his friend. "Sup on brown bread and rancid bacon, and sleep on a flock bed between coarse damp sheets; but for my part I shall start again, as soon as my horse has had a feed of oats."

To any other traveler than M. Gaston Sénéchal that inn-kitchen would have

seemed an attractive resting-place. On a clean shelf, half veiled by a snowy-white napkin, stood a row of crusty, light-brown, freshly-baked loaves. A savory stew was simmering on the fire, before which a pair of plump fowls were revolving on a spit, with a gentle hissing sound. The bright tin and copper kitchen utensils, ranged against the wall, gleamed cheerily in fire-light. A large cat was purring lazily on the hearth, in amicable companionship with the house-dog, that lay at full length, cherishing his nose between his fore-paws, while the crickets chirruped cheerily among the warm wood-ashes.

"Supper, if you please, madame; and have a bed prepared," said Deslaurius, as they entered, to the mistress of the inn.

"Certainly, monsieur; and for the other gentleman?"

"I shall start for La Martinière as soon as my horse is fed."

"For La Martinière!" repeated the hostess; "I fear monsieur wont reach it to-night."

"What should prevent me?"

"The late heavy rains have swollen the Galliotte, so as to make the ford impassable by night, and going by the bridge would take you a round of more than twenty miles. Languin, the muleteer there, will tell you the same."

"T is all true," said the personage in question, who, seated in the chimney corner, was busily discussing a loaf and goats' cheese. "No one but a madman, or some one tired of his life, would attempt to ford the Galliotte now that 't is as dark as a wolf's mouth."

"Then," said Gaston, sighing profoundly, "let two beds be prepared."

Pending the appearance of supper, Deslaurius fell asleep in a straw arm-chair, and when aroused by the welcome announcement that the meal was served, he saw his companion in the act of putting up his pencil and closing his book, having been evidently penning some stanzas to the absent object of his attachment.

The muleteer had retired to the stable, and his place was occupied by a table covered with a cloth as white as snow. The ragoût and the fowls, done to a turn, and smoking hot, were served on earthen plates adorned with a pattern of unheard-of flowers and impossible birds. After supper the hostess conducted the travelers into a snug double-bedded room, adorned

with many colored prints of shepherds and shepherdesses, together with sundry historical, Scriptural, and mythological personages.

After a wretched sleepless night, the next morning found M. Gaston Sénéchal in a high fever, while his body was covered with spots.

"Madame!" called Deslaurius, "have you a doctor in this village?"

"Yes, monsieur, we have; he's called Doctor Meslier."

"Then send and tell Doctor Meslier to come hither immediately."

In a few minutes the physician arrived; and, after a careful examination, pronounced that his patient had the small-pox.

"Dear Annibal," said Gaston, the moment they were left alone, "hasten, if you love me, to La Martinière, and relieve my Juliet from her terrible suspense. Assure her and her family that a vexatious but temporary illness detains me here. You need not alarm her by telling its real nature at present. Go, dear friend; and by returning quickly you will prove my best physician."

Deslaurius, having earnestly recommended Gaston to the care of the hostess and the doctor, mounted his steed, and having safely crossed the now passable ford, pushed on with all possible dispatch toward the dwelling of the young lady of whose praises he had heard so much.

The fine demesne of La Martinière belonged to M. Duravin, formerly a wealthy banker in Paris; but now, having been attacked by paralysis, he was wholly confined to his country-house. His wife and daughter, however, regularly spent the winter in Paris, and plunged into all its gayeties. Gaston had met Juliet Duravin at a fashionable party, and on a superficial acquaintance had speedily become attached to her. As he was young, handsome, rich, and of a good family, there was no obstacle to their union, and the marriage was fixed to take place in January. It was now about the middle of December.

Ten o'clock struck as the sorely-tired Deslaurius rang for admittance at the hall-door. A servant in splendid livery answered the summons.

"Can I see Madame and Mademoiselle Duravin?"

"The ladies never rise before noon."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the visitor, whose

appetite had once more become inconveniently sharp; "and when do they breakfast in this hospitable mansion?"

"At one o'clock."

The cloud deepened on our friend's brow.

"Can I see M. Duravin?"

"Monsieur wishes to see M. Duravin?" repeated the lackey, as if he doubted whether he had heard aright.

"Yes."

"M. Duravin, madame's husband?"

"Exactly."

"Then I shall have the honor of conducting monsieur to his room."

Deslaurius followed him through several long passages into a remote apartment, heated by hot-air pipes to an intense degree of warmth. The ex-banker, enveloped in furs, and with a lack-luster eye and hanging lip, was shivering in an easy chair.

"Monsieur," said his visitor, "my name is Annibal Deslaurius."

"Shut the door!" interrupted M. Duravin.

"It is shut. I am the intimate friend of your intended son-in-law, Gaston Sénéchal."

"Will you shut the door?"

"Monsieur, all the doors, I assure you, are shut quite close," said Deslaurius, ready to faint from the heat. "I have some unpleasant tidings to announce," continued he.

"Unpleasant tidings! Then keep them to yourself, I beg of you. My nerves won't bear to be excited. And, I beseech you, shut the door—it *must* be open—do n't you see how I shiver?"

The ambassador bowed, and silently retired, wiping his streaming brow.

"Well!" he thought, "Gaston will have a delightful father-in-law. If the rest of the family answer to this sample, it must be a charming household!"

He found the servant waiting in the ante-chamber.

"Would you like to earn a louis-d'or?"

A low bow. "What can I do to serve monsieur?"

"Quick! get me some ink, with pen and paper."

In a moment he was supplied.

"Take this letter," he said to the servant, "and if within five minutes you bring me an answer from Madame Duravin, the money shall immediately be yours."

The lackey vanished with astonishing celerity, and returned almost as rapidly.

"Monsieur, the ladies are dressing; they request you will wait for a few minutes. Have the kindness to walk into the saloon."

Meantime, a confused sound of ringing of bells, opening and shutting doors, and footsteps hurrying to and fro, was heard overhead. Deslaurius bethought himself of beguiling the tedious time of waiting by a minute examination of the room in which he was, hoping thence to derive some information touching the character and pursuits of its occupants.

"It is evident," thought he, after having glanced around the elegant apartment with a critical eye, "that these ladies think themselves handsome, or they would not have so many large mirrors in every possible direction. I see no trace of embroidery or needlework. But here are books—let's see what their studies consist of. Ha!" exclaimed Deslaurius, after having read the titles of several scattered volumes; "I do not think our intended mother-in-law is particularly scrupulous about her reading."

A piano stood open, and the visitor commenced turning over the songs, whose ownership was marked by an interlaced J. and D. His brow darkened; all were supremely silly—some decidedly immoral.

"Alas! my poor Gaston!" he muttered.

After the lapse of nearly an hour, two fashionable-looking women entered the room. Juliet was certainly very showy, with large blue eyes and a profusion of fair hair. Her mother, bowing graciously, said: "Monsieur Annibal Deslaurius?"

A low bow was the answer.

"You are alone?"

"Yes, madame. I have left Gaston at the village of Moriez, suffering from what will prove, I hope, a slight illness."

Juliet remained unmoved.

"And you hastened on," said madame, "to prevent our feeling uneasy; how very kind! Have you breakfasted?"

"I have not, madame; and will frankly own that I feel very hungry."

Without replying, the lady offered Deslaurius an ornamented box, filled with perfumed chocolate lozenges.

"A cutlet and a cup of coffee would suit me much better," thought he.

"You have just come from Paris," said

madame, heaving a gentle sigh. "Ah! my daughter and I have not been able to go there this month, on account of M. Duravin's melancholy state of health. You can tell us what is going on. Have there been many balls at the Tuileries? Will fur be much worn this season? Have you read the last new novel? Tell us everything; have pity on us in our dismal solitude."

"Ah! my dear Gaston," thought Annibal, "if thy papa-in-law is somewhat silent, thy mamma-in-law takes care to make up for the defect!"

At length breakfast was announced; and, during the progress of the elegant meal, our friend continued to make himself so agreeable to the ladies, that Madame Duravin, as she touched his hand at parting, said: "Should M. Sénéchal not be able to accompany you to-morrow, remember that at all events we shall expect you here. I have still a thousand questions to ask you about dear Paris!"

On arriving at the inn, Annibal found Dr. Meslier waiting for him at the door. He briefly informed him that his friend's illness had increased, and threatened to prove of a very serious character. "And thinking," continued the worthy man, "that he would be taken better care of and more closely watched in my house than at the inn, I have had him removed thither."

In a few minutes they arrived at the doctor's pretty, neat, vine-covered dwelling. The door was opened by a simply-dressed young girl, who seemed surprised at the sight of a stranger.

"This is my daughter Margaret," said the doctor, imprinting a hearty kiss on her fair forehead.

Gaston, who was by this time quite delirious, did not recognize his greatly alarmed friend, and repeated almost incessantly the name of Juliet. Three anxious days passed without any improvement. On the fourth, Dr. Meslier took Deslaurius aside, and said: "I think you ought to go to La Martinière, and acquaint the family with our poor friend's very dangerous condition. If Mademoiselle Juliet wishes to see him once more, she should lose no time in coming."

"And," asked Deslaurius, while a large tear rolled down his cheek—"if, during my absence, you should be called away to some other patient, who will watch by Gaston?"

"My daughter."

"How! would you expose that tender young girl to such a hideous spectacle as the poor fellow presents; to say nothing of the risk of infection?"

"O, Margaret is a brave girl, accustomed all her life to help me in visiting and nursing my poor patients. Many of them say that she, not I, ought to have the diploma; for that her kind offices and gentle words do them more good than my prescriptions."

When about half-way between the village and La Martinière, Deslaurius met a servant coming from the latter place.

"Ah! monsieur, I am thankful I have met you. I was going to Moriez, to inquire for M. Sénéchal. The ladies are dreadfully uneasy about him."

"Don't stop me," cried Deslaurius, angrily, giving vent to his ill-humor; "when people are 'dreadfully uneasy,' they do n't wait without sending for three days!"

Walking noiselessly into the saloon on his arrival, Annibal surprised Madame Duravin studying the last book of fashions; while her daughter, seated at the piano, was singing a gay song of more than questionable tendency.

"Ah, here you are at last, monsieur!" said the elder lady. "How is poor Gaston?"

"For aught I know, he may at this moment be *dead*."

Both ladies screamed aloud.

"Yes; if you wish to see him once more, you have no time to lose."

"Germain, order the carriage immediately!"

Pale and trembling, both mother and daughter hastened to put on their bonnets and mantles, for once in their lives without looking in the glass.

"Have I judged them too hardly?" thought Deslaurius.

"What is the nature of his illness?" asked Madame Duravin.

"The small-pox."

The mother and daughter exchanged glances, and a painful silence ensued.

"Then monsieur," said madam, at length, "you must be aware that it would be quite out of the question for us to go to M. Sénéchal."

"Out of the question!" repeated Deslaurius.

"That frightful malady is highly in-

fectious, and I should be unmindful of my duty as a mother were I to expose my precious child to such a risk. Tell your friend that we both feel most deeply for him, but we are assured that you will watch over him like a brother. We will send every day to inquire about him, and meantime (putting her lace handkerchief to her eyes) no one can express what we shall suffer!"

"Peace, old actress!" thought Deslaurius, as he rose suddenly and fled, feeling himself to be in imminent danger of saying something more sincere than complimentary.

On his return, he found Margaret watching by the sick man's pillow.

"Hush!" she whispered; "he sleeps."

In the feverish restlessness of his slumber, Gaston let his pillow fall. Margaret gently raised the head, covered with the hideous eruption, and made a sign to Annibal to replace the pillow.

"Are you not afraid of infection?" asked he, thinking of the ladies at La Martinière.

"I have been vaccinated."

"So was Gaston."

"Then why do you watch him yourself?"

"Gaston is my *friend*; that makes a great difference."

"He is our *guest*, monsieur; how then could we neglect him?"

Deslaurius was silent, and sat for some time watching the doctor's daughter, as she busily converted some old linen into lint. There was nothing exalted or poetical in the employment; and yet Margaret, in her simple cotton frock, seemed in his eyes a thousand times more charming than the brilliant Juliet, dressed in silk and lace, and running her jeweled fingers over the keys of her grand piano.

"Will Mademoiselle Duravin come to visit her betrothed?" asked Margaret.

"No; she is afraid."

"Afraid! I thought she *loved* M. Sénéchal?"

"So she does, after the fashion of a Parisian wax-doll, which has neither mind nor heart."

"You are too severe, M. Deslaurius."

"Time will tell," muttered he.

Next morning the invalid was decidedly better; and in a few days his host had the pleasure of pronouncing him quite out of danger.

"Have Juliet and her mother been here very often?" asked the patient, when restored to consciousness.

Deslaurius, in reply, gave him a detailed account of the two visits he had paid to La Martinière.

"Strange!" said the young man, sighing deeply.

"Look at Mademoiselle Margaret," said Annibal. "That you are not lying in the village church-yard, you owe, under God, to her devoted care."

"How came it that you were so brave, while Mademoiselle Duravin was so cowardly?" asked Gaston.

"Because I had nothing to lose," replied the young girl, simply; "Mademoiselle Duravin has beauty—I have none."

Gaston, for the first time, looked at her attentively. He did not think her handsome: he thought her charming.

Meantime, Madame Duravin's domestic punctually accomplished his daily pilgrimage to Moriez; but he had strict directions never to cross the doctor's threshold, and his pockets were a perfect magazine of camphor, ether, and thieves' vinegar.

"Look at these two heartless women!" Annibal would exclaim; "if we had all got the plague, and the yellow fever combined, they could not be more afraid of us!"

"Ah, my dear Deslaurius," Gaston used to reply, "be more lenient toward them. Recollect that one of them will be my wife, the other my mother-in-law."

"More simple you," was the muttered response. Then aloud: "And when will you make your triumphal entry into 'that dear house,' as you poetically called it on the first night of our arrival?"

"At the end of a month."

"Better wait a little longer, until the traces of your illness shall have quite disappeared, and the fair Juliet may see you as you were before."

Very reluctantly the patient consented. However, he beguiled the time, and aided the progress of convalescence, by accompanying Margaret on her missions of mercy throughout the country.

One day, Deslaurius met Germain, and said to him: "Tell your ladies that they need no longer send to inquire for M. Sénéchal. He is fast recovering, and I shall have the honor of waiting on them to-morrow."

The next day, accordingly, he went to La Martinière, and found both mother and

daughter, most elegantly dressed, prepared to receive him.

"Welcome, dear Monsieur Annibal," said madame; "I know that we owe our dear Gaston's recovery in a great measure to your devoted care, and in my daughter's name, and my own, I thank you most sincerely."

"Thank God, madame, not me."

"We shall see him soon?"

"To-morrow, I hope."

"This cruel malady has not altered him?"

"Morally speaking, Gaston is the same as ever—kind, sincere, faithful, sweet-tempered, and," he added, turning toward Juliet, "more than ever attached to mademoiselle."

"How you rejoice me!" cried the mother; "dear, excellent Gaston! Ah, my child will indeed be a happy wife!"

"Physically speaking," continued Deslaurius—Juliet fixed her eyes on him.

"Not to deceive you, you would scarcely recognize him. The malady has committed fearful ravages on his face. But what signifies beauty compared to more sterling qualities?"

"Is he very ugly?" asked Juliet.

"Alas! mademoiselle, truth obliges me to say it is even so. You will have abundant opportunity of convincing yourself on the subject."

The two ladies exchanged a meaning glance.

"Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Deslaurius," said madame at length, "that it would be well for M. Sénéchal to return at once to Paris? The physicians there may possibly find some means of restoring his appearance. Country physicians are very well in their way, but in these matters they have not the skill of Audral or Bouillaud; and for my part, I do not think he ought to delay another hour."

"Your idea, madame, is excellent; I shall hasten to communicate it to my friend." And rising, he took leave of the ladies with a low ceremonious bow. "May I never enter this cold-hearted house again," he exclaimed, as he set spurs to his horse.

"My friend," said he to Gaston, on his return, "pay your doctor, pack up your clothes, and let us be gone. We have no longer anything to keep us here."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that if you marry Mademoiselle Duravin, I will never speak to you again;"

and he then briefly explained what had passed. "You see," he added, "these two coquettes turn you off because they think that you are pock-marked. When will you set out?"

"Not now; I shall remain."

"Without me, then, it must be. Choose another bride-man. I both pity and despise your folly."

Next morning, Gaston took his friend by the arm, led him toward the window, and raising the muslin blind, desired him to look out.

In the court beneath, Margaret stood distributing soup to a crowd of poor people.

"My dear friend," said Gaston, "there is my wife. I loved Mademoiselle Duravin with my head—I love Margaret with my heart. And now," he added, smiling, "I hope you will defer your departure, and be my bride-man after all!"

One of the happiest wives in Paris is Madame Sénéchal. I cannot say as much for Mademoiselle Duravin, who, at the end of six months, married the elderly Marquis de —.

"A splendid match!" her mother says.

[For the National Magazine.]

SACRED MUSIC.

THE Bible has the honor of holding the earliest history of music. No record has a hymn older than that of the morning-stars. The family of song can refer to no more ancient parent than Jubal, "the father of such as handle the harp and organ." The most distant voice of melody is from the land of the Hebrews.

To the Christian it must be a satisfaction to find the eldest hymns written upon the pages of Scripture, and the patriarch musicians first appearing among the people of God; for it is a part of that vast testimony which proves that there is nothing "lovely and of good report," nothing which is a pure, all-pervading charm to our humanity, that does not receive the recognition of religion.

Religion must also have the praise of keeping music in its highest and holiest province. Over the battle-marches of slaughter, its angels have been singing of "peace on earth." The solemn psalmody of the temples of Zion has ever been pouring its holy refrain along the banqueting places of earth; and while the children of

the world have been singing their choruses to the god of pleasure, even the little children of Jerusalem have been singing their hosannas to the Highest. The music of the world has been too often the song of the Sirens, who lived upon the coast of Italy, and lured the voyager to destruction by the melody of their voices: the music of Faith has a seraph-song, calling us toward the shore of endless safety. The world has often used music as did the Florentines during their dreadful plague in 1348, who amused themselves with music and dancing, in order that they might banish thought; while sacred music has ever been trying to awaken the largest and most solemn reflections concerning life and eternity.

Again, it is from religion that music learns its vastest hopes for the future. Its revealings give intimations of wonders of sound in the eternal world which are yet unreached, of a "new song," which no man has yet learned. It is in listening to the choir of the "hundred and forty and four thousand," and of those who "stand upon the sea of glass with the harps of God," that music is to learn the most glorious prophecies in melody.

Haydn said to Reynolds, the painter, when shown the picture of Mrs. Billington, the celebrated singer: "Yes; it's like, very like; but you have made a sad mistake!" "How?" inquired Reynolds. The answer was, "You've made her listening to the angels; you should have made the angels listening to her." But sweetly as that woman may have sung, it will ever be found that Reynolds was right in making the singer listening to the angels; for it is in the region of celestial song that the musician will ever find the loftiest study and vastest suggestions of the mysterious power of sound. The true artist sometimes feels the need of eternity, with its enlarged expression for the utterance of some of the wondrous hymnings of the spirit.

"Melodies he could not utter,
O'er Beethoven's soul would roll."

We think that many, in hearing the exulting and inspiring hymn or anthem from a choir, have felt that they have been carried on the glorious swell and ascendings of sound nearer to the eternal world. On the rapt uplifting voices of the singers we have been borne to such a height, that

we could almost hear the breaking in of the chantings of the choir of God.

When music thus reaches its sublimest field, we feel that we need the tones and emphasis of eternity for a still higher ascension. A writer in one of the English reviews, speaking of the religious compositions of Handel, reveals the feeling of soul to which we have referred above. He remarks:—

“We feel that the sculptured grandeur of his recitative fulfills our highest conception of divine utterance—that there is that in some of his choruses which is almost too mighty for the weakness of man to express—as if those stupendous words, ‘Wonderful! Counselor! Prince of Peace!’ could hardly receive justice, except from the lips of angels and archangels, as they shout them through the vast Profound in tremendous salvos of sound. We feel in that awful chorus, ‘And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,’ that those three magical notes which announce, in claps of thunder, ‘That all flesh—shall see—it, toge—ther,’ might better belong to an order of ethereal beings with wings, that they might rise spontaneously with the sounds, than to a miserable race merged in clay and chained to earth, though they feel that they stand upon it when they hear them.”

We think, also, that it is eternity only that can fulfill in *real* life the tones which *here* on earth are but the vocal imagery of its spiritual existence. On earth we hear and make music; *there* the soul itself shall *be* music. *Here* we tremble and wonder at the power of the hymn, and of the shouting chorus of the heavenly worshippers; *there* the hymnings of the adoration will tremble, and burn, and shout within us. Here we sing the home-songs of heaven, as a traveler sings his home-songs in a foreign land; *there* we shall sing as the *returned* traveler sings within his home-doors with his wife and children around him.

It is the promises of faith, the incoming of the eternal melodies that touch our faltering human lips, as the finger of Christ touched the tongue of the dumb man and gave speech to his chained soul. It is the inconceivable refrain of eternity, which pauses just outside of life, which is ever suggesting to the musician that there are keys he has not yet struck, and that there are qualities of sound the vocalist has not yet attained. It is this unreachd ideal, that comes like a second descending of God upon the plains of Shinar, not to confound our voices, but to speak of a harmony in heaven, that the nations do not yet understand. It comes with the

startling sweetness of the song of the heavenly host upon the plains of Judea, bidding us go and worship the Saviour, and thus get ready to sing the song of the Lamb.

We appreciate too little the impulse and elevation which a *revealed* eternity, with its concealed wonders and voiceful silence, gives to all that is beautiful and pure in the soul and in art. A traveler in the lofty passes of the Alps, says:—

“I heard a music overhead from God’s cloudy orchestra—the giant peaks of rock and ice, contained in by the driving mist, and only dimly visible athwart the sky through its folds—such as mocks all sounds our lower world of art can ever hope to raise. I stood calling to them in the loudest shouts I could raise, and even till my power was spent, and listening in compulsory trance to their reply. I heard them roll it up through their cloudy world of snow, sifting out the harsh qualities that were tearing like demon screams of sin, holding upon it as if it were a hymn they were fining to the ear of the great Creator, and sending it round and round in long reduplications of sweetness, minute after minute, till, finally receding and rising, it trembled as it were amid the quick gratulations of the angels, and fell into the silence of the pure empyrean.”

Thus the dim and lofty passages of eternity, which lie just along the borders of life, catch up our holy thoughts and hymns, and rolling them up its mysterious heights, and sending them round its solemn scenery, they gain a greater richness and purity as they approach nearer to God, and finally bending with the choral melody of the saints, they sing with the angels.

This inspiration of the Eternal is so much needed, we wonder not that Haydn says: “When I was occupied upon this ‘Creation,’ always before I sat down to the piano I prayed to God with earnestness that he would enable me to praise him worthily.” In ending our thoughts, we may just suggest a high proof of the holy and divine quality of music: it is, that the dying oftimes seem to hear it breaking in from the other world,—

“As the shining ones receive them,
With the welcome-voiced palm,
Harp of gold and waving palm.”

The departing soul, in thus hearing voices of melody from out of the excellent glory, as the transfiguration of the celestial life is passing upon it, and as the descending cloud of divine light is encircling it, gives to music the purest and highest honor it may receive.

[For the National Magazine.]

"MOODUS NOISES," OR, CONNECTICUT EARTHQUAKES.

HOWEVER familiar our readers may be with the renown of Connecticut for her statesmen, poets, and philosophers, or for the genius of her inhabitants, by virtue of which she can turn out, each perfect in its way, every variety of Yankee notion, from a clock to a wooden nutmeg; a Connecticut *earthquake*, as a distinctive appellation, will probably be, to most of them, something of a novelty. It may not, therefore, be an uninteresting question to consider whether her claims to distinction, as furnishing something near the real thing, are well founded.

The particular portion of the State which is the seat of these phenomena is the northern part of East Haddam, in and about the village of Moodus. This town is situated on the east side of Connecticut River, about fifteen miles below Middletown. The local name for them is "Moodus noises," or, rather, they are thus denominated when comparatively slight; but when severe, earthquakes.

There is good reason for supposing that they have occurred in this region from time immemorial. The Indian name for the town was *Mackimoodus*, which is said to denote, in their language, *the place of noises*.

The earliest account of them which we have been able to obtain, is contained in a letter addressed to Mr. Prince, of Boston, dated August 13th, 1729, by the Rev. Mr. Hosmer, the first Congregational minister in East Haddam. His account of them is as follows:—

"As to the noises, I have something considerable and awful to tell you. Earthquakes had been here, (and nowhere but in this precinct as can be discerned; that is, they seem to have their center, rise, and origin among us,) as has been observed, for more than thirty years. I have been informed that in this place, before the English settlements, there were great numbers of Indian inhabitants, and that it was a place of extraordinary *Indian powwows*, or, in short, that it was a place where the Indians drove a prodigious trade at worshipping the devil; also, I was informed that, many years past, an old Indian was asked what was the reason of the noises in this place? To which he replied:—'That the Indian's God was angry because Englishman's God was come here.'"

After expressing his ignorance as to whether there be any diabolical agency in

their production, he proceeds as follows:—

"I have myself heard eight or ten sounds successively, and imitating small arms, in the space of five minutes. I have, I suppose, heard several hundred of them within twenty years, some more, some less terrible. Sometimes we have heard them almost every day, and great numbers of them in the space of a year. Oftentimes I have observed them to be coming down from the north, imitating slow thunder, until the sound came near or right under, and then there seemed to be a breaking, like the noise of cannon shot or severe thunder, which shakes the houses and all that is in them. They have, in a manner, ceased since the great earthquake."

The great earthquake to which reference is here made, we are informed by Dr. Field in his "Statistical History of Middlesex County," occurred on the 29th of October, 1727.

"Ten or twenty years after this," says the same author, "they became again very frequent and violent, and excited the attention of the neighboring towns, and of the learned and inquisitive throughout the colony."

The most violent, however, of these noises, of which we have any information, took place on the 18th of May, 1791, and is within the recollection of many now living. The first shock was felt about ten o'clock P. M., and was followed a few minutes afterward by another. They became gradually lighter, but continued at intervals, varying from fifteen to sixty minutes, through the night, and until the middle of the next forenoon, or later. The newspapers noticed an earthquake, which was perceived as far distant as Boston and New-York, about the time or the first shocks in East Haddam. In this place they were attended, as is said, with a violent roaring of the atmosphere, and the earth was agitated to such an extent that a number of stone walls were thrown down, and several chimneys shattered and untopped: one, which stood near what is called the Falls, on Moodus River, was cleft from top to bottom. Some, who were in their houses at the time, think they were lifted a foot, though this is probably too strong a statement. The noise and undulations appeared to come from the north or north-west, as is the fact generally when any direction is noticed. It is worthy of remark, that the same observation has been made in many of the earthquakes which have occurred in the United States. At the time of the great earth-

quake, also in 1755, which destroyed Lisbon, the agitation would seem, from all accounts, to have extended farther in this general direction than in any other, for on the same day the waters of Lake Ontario were violently agitated. Whether this agitation preceded the shock which destroyed the city, we have not at hand the means of ascertaining.

Trumbull, in his "History of Connecticut," quotes a letter purporting to have been written in East Haddam, which, in speaking of the shocks above referred to, concludes as follows :—

"The next day stones of several tons weight were found removed from their places, and apertures in the earth, and fissures in immovable rocks, ascertained the places where the explosions were made. Since that time the noises and shocks have been less frequent than before, though not a year passeth over us but some of them are perceptible."

Not doubting the correctness of this statement, we had expected to find the fissures and rocks here spoken of without difficulty ; however, after diligent inquiry of those who have lived on the ground from that time to the present, we have only learned of one stone which was said to have been thus moved. The person who visited it thinks it would weigh nearly a ton. It was lying on a declivitous bank of a river, and had, apparently, been jostled from its former bed higher up the bank. A force necessary to move it under the circumstances stated, however, comes far short of the idea conveyed in the letter above quoted. As to the fissures, they are numerous in the rocks of the region ; but not more so than in other parts of the town, nor indeed than elsewhere. So far as appears, these effects are such as have never been witnessed in that region before or since. This would be sufficient to make them matters of public interest and notoriety at the time—so much so, that they should be easily pointed out after a lapse of less than forty-eight years ;* but those who have lived in the region from the time of the earthquakes referred to to the present, are unable to point out the rocks and fissures, although they can readily tell the number of stones thrown from a particular chimney, and point out the place of the stone walls which were thrown down. On the whole, we think it quite possible that

the statement may have been made on the authority of hearsay testimony, and that more was stated than what actually occurred. Certain it is, that upon a subject of this nature, there is a natural and common tendency to go beyond what a rigid investigation of facts will justify.

For a time after these severe shocks they were less frequent, and, when heard, were not violent. On a pleasant day in July, in the year 1810 or 1811, they again occurred so severe as to excite the fears of some of the inhabitants, though less so than in 1791.

Having been a resident of that portion of the town in which these shocks are usually the most severe, we have enjoyed a few opportunities of witnessing them. One shock was felt on the 8th of August, 1840, at about half-past three in the afternoon. The day was clear and warm. Contrary to what would appear to have been usually the fact, if the newspaper accounts were not exaggerated, it was more violent in some of the towns north than in East Haddam. At the latter place, before it was known how far it extended, some called it an earthquake, and some a Moodus noise ; which, from what has been before stated, may serve as an index of the estimate of the inhabitants as to its comparative severity. The next, worthy of note, commenced about eight o'clock on a warm and moist evening in June, 1844. Some idea of its severity may be formed from the fact, that although soundly asleep at the time, we were waked, and went to the door, supposing some one had discharged a gun near the house ; nor were we dispossessed of the idea until we bethought ourselves of the Moodus noises. They continued through the night, and until afternoon of the following day, becoming, as usual, gradually lighter ; the intervals between them varying from twenty to sixty minutes. The atmosphere during the day was warm and humid, as the evening before. A close attention to them left no doubt on our mind as to their cause being subterranean. As to the apparent motion, it was less distinct than we had expected ; if there was any, we should say unhesitatingly that it was from the north or north-west. Still, that the expectation of finding it so may not have been father to the impression, is more than we dare aver. From the absence of any accounts of earthquakes in other parts of the State

* Our inquiries on this subject were made in 1839.

at the time, we infer that, on this occasion, they were perceived only by the inhabitants of the town and vicinity.

Those who have witnessed them for a series of years, uniformly assert that, after they are uncommonly severe, they are less frequent than at other times. They agree also in saying that they are less frequent than formerly.

As they occur ordinarily, they are sometimes as sudden as the explosion of a gun, at other times there is a rumbling both before and after the shock; but always, if any direction is spoken of, apparently coming from the north or north-west, as has been before mentioned. They are variously compared to the effect which would be produced by a heavy log falling from the garret to the cellar, or let fall from a height upon the ground near the house; sometimes to a tremendous blow upward, and appearing to be but a short distance beneath the surface; and sometimes to a heavy wagon moving with great velocity over frozen ground, and suddenly stopping before the door. There is usually so much trembling or agitation of the earth, that trees and other erect bodies may be seen to vibrate at a considerable distance.

No sufficient reason exists for believing that there is any connection between them and the state of the atmosphere or time of day. Fissures have been produced by severe shocks, but so superficial as to be soon obliterated. There is not the slightest evidence that flame, smoke, steam, or anything of a gaseous nature, issued from them at the time of the severe shocks in May, 1791, or at any other period.

The preceding account embodies all the facts, in regard to the phenomena themselves, which we consider worthy of notice. As might be expected, many and marvelous are the legendary tales told in reference to them. One only will be given, which will serve as a specimen of the whole. It appears that, somewhere between 1760 and 1770, a transient person, calling himself Doctor Steele, came into the town, and spent some time professing to examine into the cause of the noises, and having no other ostensible business. He ascribed them to *carbuncles*, and spent his nights exploring the country in search of them, frequently attended by inhabitants of the town. It so happened, however, that, at the time of finding the treasure, he was alone. Returning to his lodgings with it,

the whole house was so illuminated that people at a distance supposed it to be on fire. So peculiar also was the effulgence of this carbuncle, that it could be concealed by nothing but lead, and a person was dispatched that night to Middletown for the purpose of obtaining it. He told the inhabitants that no more noises would be heard for a time, as he had removed their cause; but as there were more carbuncles growing, they would return again. As predicted by him, they were not heard for some time afterward.

It is, we suppose, from the fact that they are peculiar to the region that they are regarded by many, if not most of the inhabitants of the town, as peculiar in their character—something *sui generis*. A careful examination of the phenomena attending them, however, we think, can leave no doubt in the minds of any who are disposed to view them with the eye of reason, not only that they are earthquakes, as commonly understood, but that they are produced by the same cause or causes. Although they are not characterized by all those scenes of terror and devastation which frequently attend the earthquakes of southern Europe, as well as portions of our own continent, yet the rumbling noise, the agitation of the earth, and vibration of erect bodies, the frequent apparent progression and repetition of the shocks, as well as the fissures in the earth, are all circumstances well known to attend earthquakes generally; and, in the absence of anything which gives the phenomena in question a distinctive character, are sufficient to establish their identity. All the difference would seem to be in degree, rather than in kind of force or forces producing them.

But the question very naturally suggests itself, What is it that produces them here? What is it that thus distinguishes this comparatively small spot on the great surface of our Union? There is nothing in the geological character of the region, as we think, which sheds any light on the question. The rocks are all of the primitive formation, mica-slate and gneiss predominating; the strata of which are, in some places, intersected by nearly vertical veins of granite. The rocks upon the surface are frequently tinged with the oxides of iron. Some of the springs of the region, being impregnated with the same metal, indicate its existence beneath the

surface. These circumstances, however, are common to geological formations, in other respects similar.

In the north-west part of the town, and bordering upon a stream called Salmon River, is the village of Leesville. This village may be regarded as somewhere near the north-western limit of the area, within which, different individuals who have been conversant with the shocks would say they are most severe. This village is bounded on the north by a high sand-hill, which, as to position, may be regarded as a spur to the range of hills running nearly north and south, back of the village. This sand-hill, extending nearly at right angles to those back of the village, about to the eastern bank of Salmon River, is bounded, rather than formed by, a ledge of mica-slate, which presents toward the river a nearly perpendicular front from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height. This is called Basin-hill, from its having upon the top, and about one hundred feet east of the river, an excavation. This excavation is in form somewhat like a hollow hemisphere, its rim or edge being very nearly a circle of eighty or ninety feet diameter; its depth, however, cannot at this time be more than from thirty to forty feet. From the loose nature of the materials of which the basin as well as the entire hill is composed, being sand and rounded pebbles, the depth of the basin is constantly decreasing, and must have done so for ages; while, from the same cause, its diameter must have been as constantly, though in a less degree, increasing. This excavation, allowing for the effects of time and the elements in decreasing its depth, and regarding it as it probably was at its formation, it must be acknowledged is somewhat remarkable; and, viewed in connection with the fact of earthquakes occurring in its immediate neighborhood, at once suggests the idea of a crater. There is, however, in and about it, an entire absence of lava or any other substance indicating the action of fire. The uniformly rounded form of the pebbles and stones, shows that they have been subjected to violent or long-continued attrition. This form would obviously be given them on the supposition that they had been borne from a distance above to their present position; possibly when an accumulated mass of water first made its way through the region where the river now runs. The same effect

might also be produced upon them by sufficient agitation, if they were thrown from beneath the surface by escaping steam or other gaseous bodies. However, from the entire absence of anything indicating igneous action, we are disposed (to borrow convenient terms from geologists) to adopt the *Neptunian*, rather than the *Plutonic* theory, in regard to the formation of the hill. This view, perhaps, derives some confirmation from the fact, that for thirty rods or more below the hill there is the same deposit of sand, almost entirely destitute of the stones and pebbles found in the hill above. An inspection of the hill is sufficient to show that the basin is not produced by a substratum of rock, which gives it its form; nor can it in any sense be regarded as a valley formed by surrounding hills, as the ground descends in all directions for quite a distance from it. Whatever may have produced this singular excavation, we think the idea of an eddy or whirlpool, on a scale corresponding to the mass of water necessary to have formed the hill itself, quite as plausible as that it is the result of any force proceeding from beneath.

So far as may be inferred from the expression of views of those who have witnessed the shocks for a series of years, the more common opinions would seem to be, that they are produced by the decomposition or combustion of some mineral substance connected with beds of coal, or by falling rocks beneath the surface. But although combustion of gases in coal-mines sometimes occurs, and, under circumstances favorable to its development, the same thing happens in beds of that ore of iron, known as iron pyrites; these phenomena always manifest themselves so differently from what occurs in the Moodus noises, as to afford no ground for referring them to the same cause. Well-settled geological principles, moreover, render the idea of the existence of coal-beds in the region where these shocks occur, almost, if not quite, an absurdity. Were further objection to this view necessary, we might apply to it the remark which we make in reference to the combustion of gas in beds of iron ore; that is, that it is unreasonable to suppose any disturbing cause, proceeding from them, should produce a sensible shock so far distant as New-York and Boston, without producing any more violent local effects.

It would seem to be a legitimate inference, from all the circumstances connected with these shocks, that the cause, whatever it may be, is at different times located at different distances from any one central point; perhaps varying both as to distance beneath the surface, and in other directions also. This we infer from the fact, that, when they have been felt in remote parts of the State, or even out of it, they have not been much more severe in East Haddam than when they have been limited in extent to this town and its neighborhood.

The manner in which they occur generally, seems further to justify the inference that there is a previous want of equilibrium of force, (whether of steam or gas confined in separate cavities, or galvanic, we will not say, though we think the latter more probable,) and that the proximate cause of the shocks is an effort to establish this equilibrium. When they have been unusually severe, for a time after they have been less so than usual; and when there is a succession of shocks, each one is invariably lighter than the preceding—facts which harmonize with the galvanic theory. Where there is only a single shock, we may suppose the same thing accomplished at once, which, under other circumstances, is attained by a succession of discharges.

That we may the better judge of the plausibility of the galvanic theory, it may be worth while to consider, for a moment, how the views of those most conversant with such subjects, as well as established principles in natural science, bear upon it. We may remark, that it is only within a comparatively short period that earthquakes have received that rigid investigation to which their importance in the list of natural phenomena justly entitles them. Most, if not all the theories in relation to them, have been based upon the supposed existence of fires in the interior of the earth. While there is no doubt that these subterranean fires are a common cause, it seems to be a question with geologists, whether they may not sometimes be produced by other agencies. Professor Silliman, speaking of the theory of earthquakes and volcanoes, says:—

“It is undoubtedly obscure, and attended with many difficulties, especially in the extent to which the view of igneous action is carried by most geologists of the present day.”

Mr. Bakewell, an English author on geology, remarks:—

“It may deserve consideration, whether an interruption to the magnetic or electric currents which circulate through the earth, may not sometimes occasion earthquakes.”

Other writers might be quoted to the same effect. When we consider that galvanism and magnetism are proved to be nothing more than electricity, their distinctive characters depending merely on the mode by which they are elicited; that this fluid pervades all terrestrial bodies, although frequently in a latent state; that it may be called into activity by mechanical power, by chemical action, and by heat; we discover an agent existing in nature, such as would not only lead us to expect *a priori* effects similar and equal to what occurs in the region of the Moodus noises, but capable even of producing all those scenes of terror and devastation witnessed in connection with earthquakes in different parts of our earth. If the chemist in his laboratory, by a few metallic plates, immersed in a weak solution of acid, can elicit a power which will cause metals to crystalize when in a state of solution, will decompose water, and fuse substances which resist the action of the most powerful furnaces; what may we not expect from the operation of the same power in that great laboratory of nature, the earth? If we may not trace its connection and operation, there is no want of ocular proofs of its existence.

We know, moreover, that those changes are constantly going forward which must disturb its equilibrium; and considering the vastness and variety of materials which make up the mass of the earth—their arrangement, and, in short, the variety and extent of circumstances favorable to its development, we are certainly warranted in the conclusion that we have beneath us an energy fully adequate to all those displays of power which we witness, in common electricity, around us and over our heads.

With these remarks we dismiss the subject, avowing our belief that although, perhaps for many years to come, the phenomena we have been considering may remain among the arcana of nature, whenever they shall be explained, galvanism, or some force allied to it, will be found to play an important part in their production.

DEATH UNMASKED.

“THE pain of death,” says a popular writer, “must be distinguished from the pain of the *previous disease*; for when life ebbs sensibility declines.” This is quite true; for as death is the final extinction of corporeal feelings, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains whose sides exhibit every climate in regular gradation: vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and when the mind preserves to the end a rational cognizance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close.

“If I had strength enough to hold a pen,” said William Hunter, “I would write how easy and delightful it is to die.” “If this be dying,” said the niece of Newton, of Olney, “it is a pleasant thing to die.” “The very expression,” adds her uncle, “which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago.” The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that whole pages might be occupied with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. “If this be dying,” said Lady Glenorchy, “it is the easiest thing imaginable.” “I thought that dying had been more difficult,” said Louis XIV. “I did not suppose it was so sweet to die,” said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all; they expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. “No, Thomas,” he replied; “I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more;

I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.”

A second and common condition of the dying is, to be lost to themselves and all around them in utter unconsciousness. Countenance and gestures might in many cases suggest that, however dead to the external world, an interior sensibility still remained; but we have the evidence of those whom disease has left at the eleventh hour, that while their supposed sufferings were pitied by their friends, existence was a blank. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his doublet; but he was entirely senseless, and only knew afterward that he had done it from the information of his attendants.

The delirium of fever is distressing to witness; but the victim awakes from it as from a heavy sleep, totally ignorant that he has passed days and nights tossing wearily and talking wildly. Perceptions which had occupied the entire man, could hardly be obliterated in the instant of recovery; or, if any man were inclined to adopt the solution, there is yet a proof that the callousness is real, in the unflinching manner in which bad sores are rolled upon that are too tender to bear touching when the sense is restored. Whenever there is insensibility, virtual death precedes death itself; and to die is to awake in another world. More usually the mind is in a state intermediate between activity and oblivion. Observers, unaccustomed to sit by the bed of death, readily mistake increasing languor for total insensibility; but those who watch closely can distinguish that the ear, though dull, is not deaf—that the eye, though dim, is not yet sightless.

When a bystander remarked of Dr. Wollaston “that his mind was gone,” the expiring philosopher made a signal for paper and pencil, wrote down some figures, and cast them up. The superior energy of his character was the principal difference between himself and thousands who die and give no sign; their faculties survive, so averse to even the faintest effort, and they barely testify in languid and broken phrases that the torpor of the body more than keeps pace with the inertness of the mind. The same report is given by those who have advanced to the very border of the country from whence no traveler

returns. Montaigne, after his accident, passed for a corpse; and the first feeble indications of returning life resembled some of the commonest symptoms of death. But his own feelings were those of a man who is dropping into the sweets of slumber, and his longing was toward blank rest, and not for recovery. "Methought," he says, "my life hung only upon my own lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting-myself go."

In many of these instances, as in the cases of stupefaction, there are appearances which we have learned to associate with suffering, because constantly conjoined with it. A cold perspiration bedews the skin, the breathing is harsh and labored; and sometimes, especially in delicate frames, death is ushered in by convulsive movements, which look like a wrestling with an oppressive enemy. But they are signs of debility and a failing system, which have no relation to pain.

There is hardly an occasion when the patient fights more vehemently for life than in an attack of asthma, which, in fact, is a sufficiently distressing disorder before the sensibility is blunted and the strength subdued. But the determination is not to be judged by the beginning. Dr. Campbell, the well-known Scotch professor, had a seizure which all but carried him off a few months before he succumbed to the disease. A cordial gave him unexpected relief, and his first words were to express astonishment at the sad countenance of his friends, because his own mind, he told them, was in such a state at the crisis of the attack, from the expectation of immediate dissolution, that there was no other way to describe his feelings than by saying he was in rapture. Light, indeed, must have been the suffering as he gasped for breath; since physical agony, had it existed, would have quite subdued the mental ecstasy.

Hard as it may be to control emotions with the very heart-strings ready to crack, pity demands an effort, in which the strongest affection will be surest of success. Tears are a tribute, of which those who bestow them should bear all the cost.

When Cavendish, the great chemist, perceived that his end drew near, he ordered his servant to retire, and not to return till a certain hour. The servant came back to find his master dead. He

had chosen to breathe out his soul in solitude and silence, and would not be distracted by the presence of man, since vain was his help. Everybody desires to smooth the bed of death; but unreflecting (we too often note the result) turns it rather to a bed of thorns. It is not always that sickness merges into the agony. The strained thread may break at last with a sudden snap. This is by no means rare in consumption. Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the aspect of an event they knew to be inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavored to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. "I am under no terror," he said; "I feel myself better, and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters—I know not why." Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, "Does it rain?—No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees." The whistling of the wind, and the waving of the trees, brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect:—

"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters
blow,
Breathe soft or low; and wave your tops, ye
pines;
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave!"

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sunk into the arms of his father—a corpse. *Not a single sensation* told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips.

Commonly, the hand of death is felt but for one brief moment before the work is done. Yet a parting word, or an expression of prayer, in which the face and voice retain their composure, show that there is *nothing painful* in the warning. It was in this way that Boileau expired from the effects of dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting, and the poet, in one and the same breath, bade him hail and farewell! "Good day and adieu!" said he; "it will be a very long adieu!" and instantly died.

In sudden death, which is not preceded by sickness, the course of events is much the same: some expire in the performance of the ordinary actions of life, some with a half-completed sentence on their lips, some in the midst of a quiet sleep. Many die without a sound; many with a single sigh; many with merely a struggle and a groan. In other instances there are two or three minutes of contest and distress; and in proportion as the termination is distant from the commencement of the attack, there will be room for the ordinary pangs of disease. But, upon the whole, there can be no death less awful than the death which comes in the midst of life, if it were not for the shock it gives the survivors, and the probability with most that it will find them unprepared.

When there are only a few beats of the pulse, and a few heavings of the bosom, between health and the grave, it can signify little whether they are the throbbings of pain, or the thrills of joy, or the mechanical movements of an unconscious frame. There is, then, no foundation for the idea that the pain of dying is the climax to the pain of disease; for unless the stage of the agony is crossed at a stride, disease stupefies when it is about to kill. If the anguish of the sickness has been extreme, so striking from the contrast is the ease which supervenes, that, without even the temporary revival which distinguishes the lightening before death, "kind nature's signal for retreat," is believed to be the signal of the retreat of the disease.

Pushkin, the Russian poet, suffered agony from a wound received in a duel. His wife, deceived by the deep tranquillity which succeeded, left the room with a countenance beaming with joy, and exclaimed to the physician, "You see he is to live; he will not die." "But at this moment," says the narrative, "the last process of vitality had already begun."

Where the symptoms are those of recovery, there is, in truth, more pain to be endured than when the issue is death—for sickness does not relinquish its hold in relaxing its grasp. In the violence which produces speedy insensibility, the whole of the downward course is easy, compared to the subsequent ascent. When Montaigne was stunned, he passed from stupor to a dreamy elysium. But when returning life had thawed the numbness engendered by the blow, then it was that the pains got

hold of him which imagination pictures as incident to death. Cowper, on reviving after his attempt to hang himself, thought he was in hell; and those who are taken senseless from the water, and afterward recovered, reëcho the sentiment, though they may vary the phrase.

This is what we should upon reflection expect. The body is quickly deadened and slowly restored; and from the moment corporeal sensitiveness returns, the throes of the still disordered functions are so many efforts of pain. In so far as it is a question of bodily suffering, death is the lesser evil of the two.

We come then to the fact, that to die means nothing more than to lose the vital power; and it is the vital power which is the medium of communication between the soul and body. In proportion as the vital power decreases, we lose the power of sensation and of consciousness; and we cannot lose life without at the same time, or rather before, losing our vital sensation, which requires the assistance of the tenderest organs.

IMPORTANCE OF LIGHT AND AIR.

DR. MOORE, the eloquent author of "The Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind," says: "A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog, and an infant being deprived of heaven's free light, will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beauteous and reasonable thing. Hence, in the deep dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many citizens are incapable of articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all the privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is, in all places, a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect with regard to the sun; and that those are decidedly the healthiest, *cateris paribus*, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to direct light. It is a well-known fact that epidemics attack the inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and exempt them on the opposite side; and even in endemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its action.

THE SHEPHERD OF SAINT BARBARA.

IN the province of Murcia, which is notable for the stupidest people in all Spain, there lived in former times a very honest shepherd, named Pedro Cinta. Pedro's dwelling-place was the village of Saint Barbara, at the foot of the Sierra Verda. It had the proudest Alcaid and the greediest priest in the province. Pedro watched his flock on the side of the Sierra, went regularly to mass and market; had a patch of vineyard and corn ground, a dirty cabin, a lazy wife, and three squalling children. In short, he was in all things exactly like his neighbors; yet the shepherd was known to be distinguished by one extraordinary particular.

When awake, Pedro Cinta told as much truth as most people; but it was an attested fact that when asleep, and no man excelled him in the length of that exercise, Pedro answered all questions, though asked in ever so low a whisper, and it was equally certain that Pedro told nothing but fibs. Some, indeed, asserted that the sounder his sleep the greater were Cinta's stories, and he never uttered such clinchers as between the snores; but be that as it would, the shepherd's sleeping abilities for fiction brought about an event which astonished Saint Barbara, and made himself the second man in the village.

The Alcaid traced his descent direct from Ruy Dias, the Campeador. How he made it out nobody knew; but on the strength of that genealogy and the largest house in the village, half the sheep Pedro watched on the Sierra, (by the way, not one of them belonged to the shepherd,) a vineyard of prime muscatels, with cattle and corn to match, there was not a prouder man in Murcia than Don Pedillo—nevertheless, his wife had died some fifteen years before, leaving him one son and three daughters, since which time the Don had remained a widower, chiefly, it was alleged, because there was no lady convenient of a sufficiently good family to occupy the void in his heart and home. It was commonly suspected that Pedillo's entire household must lead single lives from a similar cause. The nuns of Saint Denis the Humble, had been on the look-out for his girls a considerable time, and his son was generally destined to be either a bachelor Alcaid, or a brother of Mount Carmel.

There was but one man in Saint Bar-

bara who openly contemned the Alcaid's pride, and that was Father Josas, the priest of the parish. If his descent were quite as noble as Don Pedillo's, the neighbors never heard; but they all knew him to be much richer, and well he might, for no man in Murcia could make a real go further than Father Josas. For thirty years he had levied tithes and dues in Saint Barbara with so keen an eye to the main chance that a brood of chickens never escaped him. It required great dexterity to smuggle in the onions and garlic without his valuation; but Father Josas denounced that practice as sacrilege, and more than one unlucky wight had been threatened with excommunication for the attempt.

Father Josas preached but two sermons in the year—one at Easter, and the other at Martinmas. If his flock had ever entertained any curiosity on the subject of those discourses, it was long ago satisfied, for the Easter theme was invariably tithe with all its corollaries, and the Martinmas sermon as certainly set forth the orphan niece and three nephews, for whom Father Josas had to provide, as causes of increased liberality on the part of his congregation. The constant drop which is proverbially said to wear down the hardest rock, had, however, a contrary effect on the hearts of Father Josas's parishioners. If he had become dexterous in exaction, they had learned to hold hard in the course of that thirty years' war; and though the Easter sermon was generally considered unanswerable, Saint Barbara had a standing defense against the Martinmas one, in the fact that the said orphans had been less costly than profitable to his reverence: for the three nephews tilled his fields and vineyard, while the niece kept his house, and most people knew that was not an expensive process. Father Josas said he could have brought his parish to reason but for Don Pedillo. The Alcaid was certainly the most rebellious sheep in his flock. Between him and the priest martial law had been proclaimed ever since the latter's settlement, though they were the nearest neighbors in Saint Barbara: their fields, vineyards, and gardens, bordered on each other. Their houses were within talking distance, but their bullock carts never met in the lane without a dispute for precedence. No harvest went by without a squabble concerning tithes

and dues. Father Josas privately asserted that the Don's grandfather had fed hogs, and Don Pedillo called the priest a skinflint.

How long this tranquil state of things had continued is not on record; but the priest's niece, Joanna, had acquired considerable experience in housekeeping. His three nephews, Gian, Lope, and Vasco, thoroughly understood vines and corn. The Alcaid's son, Carlos, had long returned from the Royal College of Murcia, where he learned Latin, law, and sword exercise. His daughters, Clara, Katherine, and Dorinda, could spin wool, make goat's milk cheese, and dance a bolero with any girls in the province. Father Josas had taught his household economy. Don Pedillo had instructed his in the greatness of their family; but in spite of that sound education, the young people could not help seeing each other over walls and hedges, and somehow began to wish for fields and houses of their own. Father Josas kept his household close at home from village dance or feast, to avoid expenses. Don Pedillo did the same on account of his noble ancestors; but neither priest nor Alcaid knew what bunches of flowers, with hearts cut out of oak leaves appended, were flung by way of *billets doux* over walls and hedges, for not a soul of the eight could write, but Carlos alone, and like a true Murcian he forgot the laborious art as fast as possible. As little did they guess what signals were made and answered by means of goat-bells and castanets. The ingenuity of youth is marvelous in such matters. What whisperings occasionally took place at garden-fence and vineyard wall, or what the good people of Saint Barbara had long ago concluded—that if the Don were not so proud, and the priest so greedy, there might be four capital weddings to dance at on the green, before their old church. Changes to that extent did not seem probable, so the neighbors gave the matter up as a bad business, particularly when greater news demanded public attention.

One morning, in the beginning of the vintage, Father Josas was observed proceeding with evident reluctance to Michael the turner's cottage, where he expended two reals on the purchase of a new trencher, a drinking horn, and a spoon ornamented with the face of Saint Peter, carved from the best of old maple. Michael said he

never stood so hard a bargain; but it transpired that the purchase had been made to entertain no less a guest than Senor Montaldo, the new Bishop of Murcia. Senor Montaldo was a very remote cousin to Father Josas; but counting of kindred was an art never understood in the province. He was a learned man too, and a mighty preacher; but some said his mother had been of gipsy blood, for there had been always a roving strain in him. From his college days he was accustomed to take long journeys with staff and wallet, over the wild uplands, among shepherds and muleteers. Now that he was made a bishop, it was presumed such vulgar habits would be cast aside forever; but rumor spoke of a progress he was about to make through his diocese, and the priest expected great things from his cousin at Saint Barbara. It was not clearly ascertained whether the perfect and final settlement of all his claims on the parishioners bounded Father Josas's expectations, or if he anticipated the bringing of Don Pedillo to subjection by that episcopal visit; but his entire house was swept, his best pot mended, and the newest coat he possessed darned for the occasion. Still the bishop did not come. All Saint Barbara went about its business as usual. The two households gathered grapes, with bunches of flowers and signals between, and Pedro Cinta watched his flock on the highest pastures of the Sierra. They had nibbled all below as bare as Pedro's own poncho, in which the threads could be counted. Even there the grass was thin, and so were the sheep. The fattest ewe among them could have run against any goat; and the shepherd sat on a mossy rock, thinking how the owners, especially Father Josas, would grumble when he took them home in the approaching winter. That was not a pleasant prospect; Pedro knew the priest would clip some reals off his wages in consequence, but there was no help. Far as his feet and eyes had explored, the mountain sides afforded no better pasture. The year was now far advanced, the heath was growing dry and withered, and evenings felt chill on the Sierra. All that day the sky had been darkened by heavy clouds, which thickened as the sun neared his setting. Pedro knew there was thunder somewhere, and hastened to collect his flock, with the help of the shaggy, though faithful dog, which he had named San Jago,

by way of precaution against the evil eye. The gathering was happily effected, and under the conduct of San Jago and his master, they were wending down a narrow path to the fold, which lay snug and warm in the shadow of a huge overhanging crag, when a traveler, mounted on a handsome horse, with saddle and bridle to match, a fine cloak, a velvet hat, and all things requisite for a cavalier, loudly hailed Pedro across the moorland, inquiring if he could direct him to the house of the most noble Alcaid Don Pedillo, of Saint Barbara? But that he looked too young and gay, Pedro would have believed himself addressed by the expected bishop. Horses with saddles on were not common in his village, neither were velvet hats and cloaks seen every day; but the bishop would have inquired for the priest's house, so, without quitting his ground, Pedro responded: "Tis a long way off, and I am a poor shepherd with all these sheep to fold—your excellency will doubtless find the path."

"Guide me safely, and I'll give you a real," said the traveler at once, comprehending his scruples.

"I will conduct you as safe as a procession," cried Pedro, and he spent little time putting up the ewes and lambs that evening. The sky was indeed threatening terribly—growls of distant thunder were heard far up the mountain, and great drops began to fall. Pedro, his dog, and the traveler hastened on, the latter asking all sorts of questions regarding the place, the people, and especially the Alcaid's household; through which, Pedro discovered that he was a young licentiate from the college at Murcia, who had never been at Saint Barbara before, and knew nobody there but Don Pedillo's son Carlos, whose fellow-student he had been, and whom he now meant to visit in the time of vacation. The communicative traveler also mentioned that his name was Sebastian Munoz; that he belonged to a good family, and had brought a letter of introduction to the priest of the parish from a good Franciscan, who had been his schoolfellow. Pedro naturally wishing to do something for his real, as the village was now in sight and his own hut hard by, was about to warn him how little anybody's letter would avail in securing hospitality from Father Josas, when they were overtaken by another traveler, who had ascended the Si-

erra too, but a different way. He was a man of more than middle age, so dark and thin that Pedro half suspected him of being a Jew. Unlike the young cavalier, he had neither horse nor mule, but a stout oaken staff, a coarse poncho, a wolf-skin cap and buskins, little better than Pedro's own, and seemed ready to faint with fatigue and weariness.

"Good shepherd," he said, approaching Pedro, "I am a poor man whom sickness has overtaken on my journey; give me shelter in your cottage this night for the sake of Saint Barbara, in honor of whom I hear this village is named." Now Pedro knew that himself could always sup the largest half of the garlic pottage prepared for the family's supper, and thought it most fitting that the rich Alcaid, to whom he was conducting the gay visitor, should entertain the poor traveler also. He, therefore, muttered something about his wife's dislike to strangers, and Senor Sebastian broke in with, "Come along, good man, I'll get you lodging from either the priest or Don Pedillo; the best people in this village are my friends."

Thus patronized, the poor man toiled on behind, while they quickened their pace to escape the coming storm. The first house they reached was that of Father Josas, and being told of it, Don Sebastian knocked boldly with his riding-whip. When the door was cautiously opened by the priest himself, who rarely trusted that matter to any other hand, he pulled out the letter, saying, "My name is Don Sebastian Munoz, and I bring this from brother Lorenzo, at the Convent of Saint Francis, in Murcia, to the Reverend Father Josas, curé of Saint Barbara."

"It gives me joy to hear from that worthy friar," said Father Josas, taking the letter with one hand and holding the door with the other. "But I am a poor priest, with a wicked parish that does not pay me half my dues; besides, I have an orphan family to provide for. In short, there is nothing in my house to entertain such a noble Senor as you."

"It was not my intention to trespass on your hospitality, father," said Don Sebastian, with a smile; "I am going to visit my friend Carlos Pedillo, from whose good father I have some hope of welcome."

"You will find pride enough there, any way," cried the priest.

"But," continued Sebastian, "here is a

poor, sick traveler, to whom, doubtless, your reverence can give shelter in my room, for the sake of charity and brother Lorenzo?"

"No! no, young man!" cried Father Joas, gradually closing the door as he spoke; "I am every hour expecting to see my cousin, the most Reverend Senor Montaldo, Bishop of Murcia, and cannot have my house made a resort for vagrants."

"You old churl," said Sebastian when the door was fairly shut, "if you be a sample of the folks in Saint Barbara, it was well worth my while to journey so far! Come along, poor man, we will both try the Alcaid!" Here the priest's door once more opened, and Joanna came out with her own supper, consisting of a crust and a draught of goat's milk, to the sick traveler, who drank the milk, put the bread in his wallet, and wished the girl a good husband.

The rain was pouring on them as it can pour only at the foot of a Sierra, when Don Sebastian knocked at the Alcaid's door, but it was opened by Carlos, who gave his friend a hearty welcome, took the sick traveler in to a bench in the chimney corner, and invited Pedro to stay for supper. Don Pedillo considered it due to his noble ancestors to be hospitable; besides, with all his pride, he was a charitable Christian. The poor sick traveler, refusing all supper, was put to sleep in the state-bed of the house, as the best and warmest place for him; and as Don Sebastian was known to be some way or other related to the house of Gusman, his seat was on the Alcaid's right hand, and his rest for the night assigned with his friend Carlos. As for Pedro, the salted olives, goat's-milk cheese, and hard-boiled eggs were such novelties to him, notwithstanding the peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, which made the company in Don Pedro's kitchen start and cross themselves at times, that he was grateful for the Alcaid's permission to sleep on some hay in the granary.

Don Pedillo's house had been erected at the time of the banishment of the Moors from Spain. Like the mansions of old country gentlemen in Murcia, it had the great hall or kitchen in front, the stable in the rear, the granary on one side, the sleeping rooms on the other, and an open court in the middle, with a capacious hen-house, and a cistern to catch rain-water;

all the windows looked into that court except one in the girls' apartment, which commanded the village street, and had been constructed for the special benefit of serenaders. The dormitory appropriated to the rougher portion of the household, besides the state-bed, an alcove formed in one of its walls, lined with walnut-wood, on which the arms of the family were elaborately carved, and covered with crimson cloth, contained two pallets, each furnished with a sack of straw and a lambskin coverlet. On one of these Don Pedillo, having bidden his guest a dignified good-night, was snoring soundly as the best born will, after a hard day's work in the vintage time. The rest of the household had all retired, and Carlos and his friend, having talked sufficiently of college news, were about to follow their example, when the former recollected that the lady of his thoughts had that day lost a pet kid, which he felt called upon to search for and bring home, if possible, before either priest or Alcaid were stirring. There was a door opening from the stable into the farm-yard beyond, where free egress for man and dog might be had over the low wall; but Carlos knew that the Licentiate was a particularly light sleeper, and the delight of his days had always been to discover and reveal secrets of any kind, not from ill-nature, but an unquenchable zeal to appear knowing. Had Don Sebastian been concerned in high treason, he would have made somebody wonder at his knowledge of the plot. Some expedient was therefore requisite to get quit of his company for that night; but Carlos Pedillo had not been at college for nothing.

"My friend," said he, taking up the cork-wood torch which was to light them, "there is one thing I think it right to tell you before we go to rest. I have got an unfortunate habit of boxing in my sleep. The last night my cousin Henrezius spent here my heart was grieved to see his nose like a loaf and both his eyes blackened in the morning, and, what is almost as bad, I can sleep nowhere but on my own pallet. If you could think of resting in the granary, the hay is the driest we have had for many a year, and Pedro, shepherd though he be, is a good, honest fellow, who knows the news of the whole country."

"Say no more, my dear boy," said Sebastian, seizing his own cloak. "With this and the hay I will sleep like a prince."

Carlos handed him the torch, and pointed out the door, with many adjurations not to let the Alcaid know, as he would never be forgiven for allowing a young man of Don Sebastian's birth to sleep in the granary. Promising to keep as close as a confessor, the Licentiate entered. San Jago, lying as usual at his master's feet, welcomed the new-comer with a short quick bark, the only sound in nature which could awaken Pedro, and wonder-stricken was he to see the magnificent senor stretch himself on the hay at no great distance. Don Sebastian was tired with the long day's ride, and glad to escape the fortune of Carlos's cousin; but thinking his friend had been singularly close concerning the handsome girl who came out of the priest's house, he considered the present opportunity too good to be lost, and opened preliminaries by assuring Pedro there were more reals in his purse than the one promised him.

Under that intimation the shepherd rehearsed all that was known to Saint Barbara touching the Alcaid, the priest, and the young people in their respective houses. Here there came a pause. Don Sebastian knew not the might of salted olives, but he had framed a question.

"Pedro! I say Pedro! What makes you snore, man?"

"I'm not snoring, it's only my dog."

"Well, then, Pedro, do you think in your own mind is there any chance of the young people ever getting married?"

"That they will directly," said Pedro, and there was another snore. "The priest is going to divide his land and sheep between his three nephews, and give his niece the leather wallet of reals he has been filling these thirty years. Don Pedillo will give his son two-thirds of his land, and his daughters fortunes of five hundred dollars apiece."

"That's news!" cried Don Sebastian. "And the one so proud, and the other so greedy! Now, Pedro, you are snoring!"

"I'm not," snuffed Pedro. "It's all the new bishop's doings. He is going to take notice of the orphans, and see them decently married."

Don Sebastian slept well on that intelligence. How Carlos rested it matters not, but Joana's kid was found next morning securely fastened to the vineyard gate with some of the most intelligible flowers of autumn wreathed about its neck. The

poor sick traveler was somewhat better of the good night's rest, but the Alcaid hospitably invited him to stay a few days till his strength was quite restored. Pedro went to his fold three reals the richer, and the vintage work went on; but never did new wine in the cask ferment more mightily than the news of the night in Don Sebastian's brain. Both vineyards at least were open to him, and he took the first occasion to astonish Father Josas as that good man enlarged on his neighbor's pride, and kept a sharp eye on the grape-gathering.

"Well, father," said the Licentiate, quite in a matter-of-course manner, "proud as he is, Don Pedillo entertains a proper respect for your family in meaning to match his girls with your nephews, not to speak of the handsome fortunes he will give them. Five hundred dollars apiece is not to be despised in these times."

The priest had guessed something of the young generation's minds, for covetous eyes are said to be quick-sighted; but Don Sebastian never learned the joyful surprise his words had given, for Father Josas answered calmly, "It is not, indeed; though my nephews might expect as much, Don Pedillo may be certain I will not put them off with trifles."

"No doubt of it, father," said the Licentiate, as he walked off to avoid questions touching the source of his information. Having achieved this, Don Sebastian next ventured on the Alcaid, where he gathered grapes in a corner of his vineyard, which had always been set apart for the head of the family's special plucking. With much ingenuity the young Licentiate continued to bring Father Josas on the carpet, and Don Pedillo launched forth as usual on the priest's covetousness and contemptibility. "But this notice the bishop means to take of the family will raise them in the eyes of all Murcia," said Don Sebastian; "and for my part, I cannot sufficiently admire the prudence and judgment of his grace, in making Father Josas divide his land among his nephews, and give his niece that leathern wallet of reals he has been filling these thirty years, in hopes that they may match with your nobly-born son and daughters, Senor Pedillo."

The Don's ancestors were far too illustrious for him to show any token of astonishment; but there was a sparkle in his

eyes at the prospect of suitable weddings at last, as he answered, "His grace is a most wise and learned bishop."

From that day there was news in Saint Barbara. The priest gave precedence to the Alcaid's bullock cart, and Don Pedillo sent Father Josas a dish of his great black grapes, the equal of which were not in the province. Even the young people began to recognize each other's existence in the fashion of old Spain, and nowhere was its integrity maintained more complete than at the foot of the Sierra Verda. Watchers in the twilight saw Don Pedillo's son breathing his vows at Joanna's window, and a chair sent out for his accommodation in token of family approval. In the following evenings the priest's three nephews, Gian, Lope, and Vasco, did homage to Clara, Katherine, and Dorinda, each damsel taking her turn at the window, and a chair being sent out to each lover.

When things arrived at this point, Murcian propriety required that the priest and the Alcaid should come to an immediate settlement, and the youth of both houses being safe at the grape-gathering, Father Josas, accompanied by Michael the turner, by way of second, waited on Don Pedillo, where he sat in state on the principal bench in his kitchen, with the young Licentiate, who was now in high favor and importance. Having smoked for some time, and discussed the weather, the crops, and the markets, the priest, as in duty bound, opened the business, by declaring the great respect in which he held the Alcaid's family, and his wish to see his niece and nephews married into such an honorable house. Don Pedillo answered in a strain of equal compliment, but concluded by inquiring what portion Father Josas's niece would have, and what provision Gian, Lope, and Vasco, could make for his daughters?

"The five hundred dollars apiece, which I hear you intend giving them, will not be thrown away," said Father Josas, wishing to deal in generalities for his own part.

"The Virgin preserve my ears," cried Don Pedillo; "is not their noble blood portion enough for your nephews? When you divide the land among them, I will consider what bridal presents to make my daughters."

"My land!" cried the priest, almost jumping from his seat, "not a toise will the young rascals get while I live."

In spite of his lofty lineage and no-

ble composure, the Alcaid burst into a storm on that declaration. He told Father Josas every particular of his genealogy, from Ruy Diaz downward; assured him that he and his were mud and mushrooms in comparison, and at length demanded why he dared to tell such stories to his noble friend, Don Sebastian? Before he had finished, Father Josas fell on the Licentiate for deceiving him, and that worthy student, with many a sincere wish that he was back in the college of Murcia, was finally obliged to declare that his revelations came from Pedro Cinta. These words were scarcely uttered when Pedro himself walked in. He had been so lucky in guiding the last traveler, that when a train of men and mules passed him on the mountain, inquiring the way to Saint Barbara, as his grace, the Lord Bishop of Murcia, whose servants they were, had commanded them to wait for him at the house of the Alcaid, Pedro immediately left his flock to San Jago's care, and conducted them safe to Don Pedillo's door.

"Dog of a shepherd!" cried the priest and the student, at once falling on him, "what tales were those you told in the granary?"

"I never told a tale in my life," cried Pedro, backing out, as the bishop's men, with the poor traveler, who had somehow got among them from where he had been helping in the vineyard, marched coolly in.

"You did," cried Don Sebastian; "you told me that Don Pedillo would give his daughters five hundred dollars apiece, and Father Josas would divide his land among his nephews, and give Joanna the leathern wallet of reals he had spent thirty years in filling—do'n't you remember it, you deceitful knave, how you snored at every word?"

"Did I snore?" said poor Pedro; "then, Senor, I was fast asleep."

"Thou art a sacrilegious infidel!" cried Father Josas, "to tell fibs in thy sleep concerning a priest and a bishop. It is true that my most reverend cousin does intend to provide for the orphans; but, my service to you, noble Alcaid; without the five hundred dollars, my nephews cannot marry; and as for Joanna, she has been, I may say, proposed for by the son of a real Hidalgo. Good men," he continued, "I am sorry you have come so far without your master. He is not yet arrived, though I have been at much expense and trouble

providing for the suitable entertainment of his grace. My house is quite turned upside down, but I am sure the Alcaid will entertain you as becomes his office."

"Stop, father," said the poor traveler, coming forward, "Don Pedillo has been beforehand with you in his hospitalities to your most reverend cousin, for I am Ferdinand Montaldo, Bishop of Murcia, and having sojourned so long with this worthy gentleman, I will now retire with you to the house which has been turned upside down for my reception, as there are certain matters concerning which we can best confer in private."

Father Josas did follow the bishop to his house, and what passed between them was never made public in Saint Barbara; but there was an expenditure after it, hitherto undreamt of, about the priest's dwelling. The bishop's men were supplied with the best. There was a supper in the evening, to which the whole village was invited, and among them Don Pedillo, whom the bishop himself, no longer in the coarse poncho and wolf-skin cap, but appareled as his grace should be, conducted to the place of honor. After supper, the young people danced in the meadow, while their seniors concluded a treaty, by which Joanna got the wallet full of reals, the nephews each a fourth of Father Josas's land, the remaining quarter being left to his reverence, together with his tithes and dues, which were from that evening settled to the satisfaction of all Saint Barbara. Don Pedillo, besides their noble blood, bestowed upon his son Carlos the two-thirds of his land, and promised two hundred dollars to each of his girls. The bishop saw the festivities out before his departure; and if he did not effect a perfect reconciliation between the priest and the Alcaid, the village said that the Don was never after so proud nor the father so greedy. The most troublesome business his grace found, was to manage Don Sebastian, who vehemently insisted on demolishing Pedro; but he went back to college, and the shepherd escaped him. No one in the parish ever cared for believing any story that could be traced to Pedro Cinta, but the brides and grooms felt bound to make him presents; and as, in process of time, Carlos succeeded his father in the high office of Alcaid, his chosen staff-bearer or bailiff was none other than the shepherd of Saint Barbara.

THE JESUIT.

FROM A LETTER.

BBUSINESS calling me again to Dublin, my friend's carriage was put into requisition to convey me to Banagher, a small town on the upper Shannon, from which place there was a pleasant mode of transit, partly by steamer and partly by canal, to the metropolis. The day was fine for the season of the year, but cold. A battery, constantly full of soldiers, flanks the bridge of Banagher, from the loop-holes of which cannon-muzzles radiate toward all points of the compass. The few miles of river between that and Shannon harbor, where steam-boat passengers take the canal-boats, are not as interesting as it is both above and below those points, although it passes through a very rich grain-producing country, and is dotted here and there with superb residences. The cold soon obliged me to seek the comforts of the cabin, where was a motley group of English and foreign tourists, Romish and Protestant ecclesiastics, merchants going to town to make purchases, invalids seeking after health or medical advice, and, in fine, such a posse as is very usually met with under similar circumstances. Sitting at a table, with a large book before him, was a fine-looking young man, whose history I subsequently learned from his own lips. He had been exceedingly gay until a short time previous, when the Rev. Mr. Caughey, a Methodist revivalist from America, visited that country. My fellow-passenger heard him, and was led to seek for pardon through the atonement of Christ. He had had a good business education, but felt very much his want of scriptural knowledge, and was resolved to remedy the evil. Intending to arrive at the desired result as speedily as possible, he possessed himself of Adam Clarke's Commentary, a volume of which was before him, and which he read with avidity. One of the passengers, a smooth, sinister-looking fellow, whom I had met in Clonmel, as a seller of Romish prints and books a year previous, stepped up to him and said, "You're a happy man, sir, reading that book so comfortably."

"I am, sir," he rejoined, "a happy man, and this is the best of books; but it is not to my reading of it that I look for happiness. I look to its Author alone for that mercy which I need to make me happy; nevertheless, in reading it, I find my

understanding enlightened and my heart purified."

I loved the young man for his noble confession of Christ, so fearlessly made in presence of many adversaries, but saw at a glance that he little calculated on the willness of the antagonist with whom he had to deal. A very few minutes elapsed, and the combatants were fairly pitted in the heat of controversy. All eyes and ears were immediately turned toward them. The Jesuit, for such he was, very craftily obtained from his opponent the confession of his being a Wesleyan Methodist, and then absolutely refused to commit himself to the declaration of a belief in anything. He fenced about in their usual dexterous way, calling on the Methodist for his proofs of the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures, as also to show that he was not deceived in deriving his happiness from what might turn out to be no more than a fancy of his own; averring every now and then that he was no polemic, that no person present could tell whether he was of any religion or no religion, and that he would much rather sell a gold watch than be engaged in controversy.

My poor suffering friend had simply received the truth in the love of it; that truth had made him free, and happy, and zealous, and he wondered that every man did not believe the warm effusions of his honest heart; but he was unable to cope with a deeply-read and dishonest controversialist, and found to his dismay that he had committed himself to a task which was too much for him. The priest fairly chuckled with delight. Thinking it time to interfere, I interposed by saying, "Gentlemen, I beg you will excuse an interruption; but I must say that you do not stand on equal footing. You, sir," addressing the Jesuit, "have taken an unfair advantage of my friend here, who has honestly avowed *his* principles; *you* have avowed nothing. Let us know what you are." Here he tried to back out, again averring that he was no controversialist, a plain man of business, and would much rather sell a watch, &c., &c.

"You say you are a plain man of business, and still refuse to avow your principles. You have, too, challenged any one to discover what they are. I will tell you. You have been a Jew; you are now a Roman Catholic and a Jesuit, and your selling of watches is a mere decoy, in order

to enable you to insinuate your sentiments unsuspected. I defy you to disavow this." He seemed astonished, and after some little hesitation, essayed to compliment me on my candor as a disputant, again alleging his unskillfulness as a debater, and positively refusing to proceed any further with the subject.

"No, no, sir," I said, "you must not back out in this way; we who have heard your discussion with this gentleman, can form a pretty good estimate of your powers for debate. I cannot force you against your will to keep to the arena, but I can express my astonishment that you, an Israelite, should not only endeavor to throw discredit on the sacred Scriptures, which exhibit so fully the abounding love of God to your nation, but that you should run into idolatry, a sin for which your nation has suffered so much, and so frequent punishment at the hand of God; for, as a Roman Catholic, you must worship bread, the work of men's hands. Destroy our grounds of confidence in the Holy Scriptures, and what becomes of the promise made by God unto your fathers? what becomes even of your assumptions as a Roman Catholic, and of those claims which that Church sets up as being founded in Scripture? If the Scriptures are not of God, then any assumption founded on Scripture, even mistranslated, tortured, or misinterpreted, falls to the ground. If Popery can thus kill Protestantism, she must kill Judaism along with it, and commit the most determined suicide into the bargain."

"Blow off your steam, there! stop her!" was heard on deck; the jumping of twenty or more luggage porters on board, caused a simultaneous rush of the cabin passengers up stairs, to see to the safety of their luggage. The apostate Jew and his first opponent disappeared in the scramble, and I was left to find my way on board the canal-boat which was to take us to Dublin.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MAN.—It is starting on a false principle to suppose that a man can escape from his own deed—be it good or bad. As soon as he has committed it, he has given it an existence, an individuality, which he can never destroy. It becomes independent of him; and goes into the world, to deal its influence in widening circles far beyond his view.—*Kidd's Journal*.

EDMUND BURKE.

MANY imagine that Burke had no power of oratorical impression; that he was a mere "dinner-bell," and that all his speeches, however splendid, fell still-born from his lips. So far was this from being the case, that his very first orations in Parliament—those, namely, on the Stamp Act—delivered when he had yet a reputation to make, according to Johnson, "filled the town with wonder," an effect which, we fancy, their mere merit, if unaccompanied by some energy and interest of delivery, could hardly have produced. So long as he was in office under Lord Rockingham, and under the Coalition Ministry, he was listened to with deference and admiration. His speech against Hastings was waited for with greater eagerness, and heard with greater admiration, than any of that brilliant series, except, perhaps, Sheridan's on the Begum Charge; and in its closing passage, impeaching Hastings "in the name of human nature itself," it rose, even as to effect, to a high incomparably above any of the rest. His delivery, indeed, and voice were not first-rate, but such things are not to be regarded much, or at least long, in a true orator; and when Burke became fully roused, his minor defects were always either surmounted by himself, or forgotten by others. The real secret of his parliamentary unpopularity, in his latter years, lay, 1st, in the envy with which his matchless powers were regarded; 2d, in his fierce and ungovernable temper, and the unguarded violence of his language; 3d, in the uncertainty of his position and circumstances; and, lastly, in the fact, as Johnson has it, that "while no one could deny that he spoke well, yet all granted that he spoke too often and too long." His soul, besides, generally soared above his audience, and sometimes forgot to return. In honest Goldsmith's version of it,

"Too deep for his hearers, he went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought
of dining."

But he could never be put down to the last, and might, had he chosen, have contested the cheap palm of instant popularity even with the most voluble of his rivals. But the "play was not worth the candle." He mingled, indeed, with their temporary conflicts; but it was like a god descending from Ida to the plains of Troy, and sharing

in the vulgar shock of arms, with a high celestial purpose in view. He was, in fact, over the heads of the besotted parliaments of his day, addressing the ears of all future time, and has not been inaudible in *that* gallery.

Goldsmith is right in saying that so far he "narrowed his mind." But, had he narrowed it a little further, he could have produced so much the more of immediate impression, and so much the more have circumscribed his future influence and power. He *was* by nature what Cloomz pretended to be, and what all genuine speakers should aim at being, "an orator of the human race," and he never altogether lost sight of this his high calling. Hence, while a small class adored him, and a large class respected, the majority found his speaking apart from their purpose; and if they listened to it, it was from a certain vague impression that it was something great and splendid, only not very intelligible, and not at all practical. In fact, the brilliance of his imagination, and the restless play of his ingenuity, served often to conceal the solid depth and practical bearings of his wisdom. Men seldom give a famous man credit for all the faculties he possesses. If they dare not deny his genius, they deny his sense; or, if they are obliged to admit his sense, they question his genius. If he is strong, he cannot be beautiful; and if beautiful, he must be weak. That Burke suffered much from this false and narrow style of criticism, is unquestionable; but that he was ever the gigantic bore on the floor of the House of Commons, which some pretend, we venture to doubt. The fact was probably this—on small matters, he was thought prosy, and coughed down; but, whenever there was a large load to be lifted, a great question to be discussed—a Hastings to be crushed, or a French revolution to be analyzed—the eyes of the House instinctively turned to the seat where the profound and brilliant man was seated, and their hearts irresistibly acknowledged, at times, what their tongues and prejudices often denied.

And yet it is amusing to find, from a statement of Burke's own, that the Whigs whom he had deserted solaced themselves for the unparalleled success of the "Reflections on the French Revolution," by underrating it in a literary point of view. Is this the spirit of real or of mock humility in which he speaks, in his "Appeal from

the New to the Old Whigs?" "The gentlemen who in the name of the party have passed sentence on Mr. Burke's book in the light of literary criticism, are judges above all challenge. He did not indeed flatter himself that, as a writer, he could claim the approbation of men whose talents, in his judgment and in the public judgment, approach to prodigies, if ever such persons should be disposed to estimate the merit of a composition upon the standard of their own ability." Surely this must be ironical, else it would seem an act of voluntary humility as absurd as though De Quincey were deferring in matters of philosophy or style to the "superior judgment" of some of our American-made doctors. Pretty critics they were! Think of the glorious eloquence, wisdom, passions, and poetry, the "burning coals of juniper, sharp arrows of the strong," to be found in every page of the "Reflections," the power of which had almost stifled the ire of a nation, and choked up a volcano which was setting the world in flames; sneered at by two men, at least, not one of whose works is now read—by the writer of a farrago like the "Spital Sermon," or by the author of such illegible dullness as the "History of James II.," or even by Sheridan, with his clever, heartless plays, and the brilliant falsetto of his speeches; or even by Mackintosh, with the rhetorical logic and forced flowers of his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ." Surely Burke did, in his heart, appeal from their tribunal to that of a future age. To do Mackintosh justice, he learned afterward to form a far loftier estimate of the author of the "Reflections." He was, soon after the publication of his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," invited to spend some days at Beaconsfield. There he found the old giant, now toying on the carpet with little children, now cracking bad jokes and the vilest of puns, and now pouring out the most magnificent thoughts and images. In the course of a week's animated discussion on the French Revolution, and many cognate subjects, Mackintosh was completely converted to Burke's views, and came back impressed with an opinion of his genius and character, far higher than his writings had given him. Indeed, his speech in defense of Peltier—by much the most eloquent of his published speeches—bears on it the fiery traces of the influence which Burke had latterly exerted on his mind. The early sermons, too, and the "Apology for the Liberty of

the Press," by Hall, are less colored, than created by the power which Burke's writings had exerted on his dawning genius. But more of this afterward.

What a pity that Boswell had not been born a twin, and that the brother had not attached himself as fondly and faithfully to Burke, as Jemmy to Johnson. Boswell's Life of Burke would *now* have been even more popular than Boswell's Life of Johnson. For, if Johnson's sayings were more pointed and witty, Burke's were profounder and sublimer far. Johnson had lived as much with books and with certain classes of men, but Burke had conversed more with the silent company of thoughts; and all grand generalizations were to him palpable, familiar, and life-like as a gallery of pictures. Johnson was a lazy, slumbering giant, seldom moving himself except to strangle the flies which buzzed about his nostrils; Burke wrought like a Cyclops in his cave, or like a Titan, piling up mountains as stepping-stones to heaven. Johnson, not Burke, was the master of amplification, from no poverty, but from indolence; he often rolled out sounding surges of commonplace, with no bark and little beauty, upon the swell of the wave; Burke's mind, as we have seen before, was morbidly active; it was impatient of circular movement round an idea, or of noise and agitation without progress: his motto ever was "Onwards," and his eloquence always bore the stamp of thought. Johnson looked at all things through an atmosphere of gloom; Burke was of a more sanguine temperament; and if cobwebs did at any time gather, the breath of his anger or of his industry speedily blew them away. Johnson had mingled principally with scholars, or the middle class of community; Burke was brought early into contact with statesmen, the nobility and gentry, and this told both upon his private manners and upon his knowledge of human nature. Johnson's mind was of the sharp, strong, sturdy order; Burke's of the subtle, deep, revolving sort; as Goldsmith said, he "wound into every subject like a serpent." Both were honest, fearless, and pious men; but, while Burke's honesty sometimes put on a court-dress, and his fearlessness sometimes "licked the dust," and his piety could stand at ease, Johnson in all these points was ever roughly and nakedly the same. Johnson, in wit, vigor of individual sentences, and solemn

pictures of human life, and its sorrows and frailties, was above Burke; but was as far excelled by him in power of generalization, vastness of range and reading, exuberance of fancy, daring rhetoric, and in skillful management and varied cadence of style. Johnson had a philosophical vein, but it had never received much culture: Burke's had been carefully fed, and failed only at times through the subjects to which it was directed. Johnson's talk, although more brilliant, memorable, and imposing, was also more set, starched, and produced with more effort than Burke's, who seemed to talk admirably because he could not help it, or, as his great rival said, "because his mind was full." Johnson was, notwithstanding his large proportions, of the earth earthy, after all; his wings, like those of the ostrich, were not commensurate with his size; Burke, to vast bulk and stature, added pinions which bore him from peak to peak, and from one gorgeous tract of "cloudland" to another.

Boswell and Prior have preserved only a few specimens of Burke's conversation, which are, however, so rich as to excite deep regret that more has not been retained; and a profound conviction that his traditional reputation has not been exaggerated, and that his talk was the truest revelation of his powers. Every one knows the saying of Dr. Johnson, that you could not go with Burke under a shed to shun a shower, without saying, "this is an extraordinary man." Nor was this merely because he could talk cleverly and at random, on all subjects, and hit on brilliant things; but that he seemed to have weighed and digested his thoughts, and prepared and adjusted his language on all subjects, at the same time that impulse and excitement were ever ready to sprinkle splendid impromptus upon the stream of his speech. He combined the precision and perfect preparation of the lecturer, with the ease and fluency of the conversationist. He did not, like some, go on throwing out shining paradoxes; or, with others, hot gorgeous metaphors, hatched between excitement and vanity; or, with others, give prepared and polished orations, disguised in the likeness of extempore harangues; or, with others, perpetually strive to startle, to perplex, to mystify, and to shine; or, with others still, become a kind of oracle, stereotyped prophet, coiled up in the corner of a drawing-room, and uttering *voces*

ambiguas. Burke's talk was that of a thoroughly furnished, gifted, and profoundly informed man, *thinking aloud*. His conversation was just the course of a great, rich river, winding at its sweet or its wild will—always full, often overflowing; sometimes calm, and sometimes fretted and fierce; sometimes level and deep, and sometimes starred with spray, or leaping into cataracts. Who shall venture to give us an "imaginary conversation" between him and Johnson, on the subject referred to by Boswell, of the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil, or on some similar topic, in a style that shall fortunately represent the point, roughness, readiness, and sense of the one, and the subtlety, varied knowledge, glares of sudden metaphoric illumination crossing the veins of profound reflection, which distinguished the other—the "no sirs" and the "therefores" of the one, with the "buts," the "unlessea," and the terrible "excuse me, sirs" of the other? We wonder that Savage Landor has never attempted it, and brought in poor Burns—the only man then living in Britain quite worthy to be a third party in the dialogue; now to shed his meteor light upon the matter of the argument; and now, by his wit or song, to soothe, and calm, and harmonize the minds of the combatants.

Burke's talk is now, however, as a whole, irrecoverably lost. What an irrepressible sigh escapes us, as we reflect that this is true of so many noble spirits! Their works may remain with us, but that fine aroma which breathed in their conversation, that wondrous beam which shone in their very eyes, are for ever gone. They have become dried flowers. Some of the first of men, indeed, have had nothing to lose in this respect. Their conversation was inferior to their general powers. Their works were evening shadows, more gigantic than themselves. We have, at least, their essence preserved in their writings. This probably is true even of Shakspeare and Milton. But Johnson, Burke, Burns, and Coleridge were so constituted, that conversation was the only magnet that could draw out the full riches of their transcendent genius; and all of them would have required each his own Siamese twin to have accompanied him through life, and with the pen and the patience of Bozzy, to have preserved the continual outpourings of their fertile brains

and fluent tongues. We are not, however, arguing their superiority to the two just mentioned, or to others of a similar stamp, whose writings were above their talk—far the reverse—but are simply asserting that we may regret more the comparative meagerness of biography in the case of the one class than of the other.

Burke, in private, was unquestionably the most blameless of the eminent men of his day. He was, in all his married life at least, entirely free from the licentiousness of Fox, the dissipation of Sheridan, and the hard-drinking habits of Pitt. But he was also the most amiable and actively-benevolent of them. Wise as a serpent, he was harmless as a dove; and when the deep sources of his virtuous indignation were not touched, gentle as a lamb. Who has forgot his fatherly interest in poor Crabbe—that flower blushing and drooping unseen, till Burke lifted it up in his hand, and gave his *protégé* bread and immortality? or his kindness to rough, thankless Barry, whom he taught and counseled as wisely as if he had been a prophet of art, not politics, and as if he had studied nothing else but painting, (proving thus, besides his tender heart, that a habit and power of deep and genuine thinking can easily be transferred from one branch to all, and that the great genius is great all round—a truth substantiated, besides, by the well-known aid he gave Sir Joshua Reynolds in his lectures;) or last, not least, his Good-Samaritan treatment of the wretched street-stroller he met, took home, introduced, after hearing her story, to Mrs. Burke, who watched over, reformed, and employed her in her service? “These are deeds which must not pass away.” Like green laurels on the bald head of a Cæsar, they add a beauty and softness to the grandeur of Burke’s mind, and leave you at a loss (fine balance! rare alternative! compliment, like a biforked sunbeam, cutting two ways!) whether more to love or to admire him. Fit it was that he should have passed that noble panegyric on Howard, the “Circumnavigator of Charity,” which now stands, and shall eternally stand, like a mountain before its black and envious shadow, over against Carlyle’s late unhappy attack on the unrivaled philanthropist.

We promised a word on Burke’s critics. They have been numerous and various. From Johnson, Fox, Laurence, Mackin-

toah, Wordsworth, Brougham, Hazlitt, Macaulay, De Quincey, Croly, H. Rogers, &c., down to Prior, &c. Johnson gave again and again his sturdy verdict in his favor, which was more valuable than that it is now. “If I were,” he said when once ill, and unable to talk, “to meet that fellow Burke to-night, it would kill me.” Fox admitted that he had learned more from Burke’s conversation than from all his reading and experience put together. Laurence, one of his executors, has left recorded his glowing sense of his friend’s genius and virtues. Of Mackintosh’s admiration we have spoken above; although, in an article which appeared in the “Edinburgh Review,” somewhere in 1830, he seems to modify his approbation; induced to this, partly, perhaps, by the influences of Holland House, and partly by those chills of age which, falling on the higher genius and nature of Burke, served only to revive and stimulate him, but which damped whatever glow Mackintosh once had. Wordsworth’s lofty estimate is given in Lord John Russell’s recent biography of Moore, and serves not only to prove what his opinion was, but to establish a strong distinction between the mere *diletante litterateur* like Canning, and the mere statesman like Pitt, and a man who, like Burke, combined the deepest knowledge of politics, and the most unaffected love for literature and literary men. Brougham’s estimate, in his “Statesmen,” &c., is not exactly unfair, but fails, first through his lordship’s profound unlikeness, in heart, habits, kind of culture, taste, and genius, to the subject of his critique—(Burke, to name two or three distinctions, was always a careful, while Brougham is often an extempore, thinker. Burke is a Cicero, and something far more; Brougham aspires to be a Demosthenes, and is something far less. Burke reasons philosophically—a mode of ratiocination which, as we have seen, can be employed with advantage on almost all subjects; Brougham reasons geometrically, and is one of those who, according to Aristotle, are sure to err when they turn their mathematical method to moral or mental themes. Burke’s process of thought resembles the swift synthetic algebra; Brougham’s the slow, plodding, geometric analysis. Burke had prophetic insight, earnestness, and poetic fire; Brougham has marvelous acuteness, the earnestness of passion, and the fire of

temperament. Burke had genuine imagination; Brougham has none;) and, second, through his prodigious exaggeration of Burke's rivals, who, because they were near and around, appear to him cognate and equal, if not superior; even as St. Peter's is said to be lessened in effect by some tall but tasteless buildings in the neighborhood; and as the giant Ben Macdhuil was long concealed by the lofty but subordinate hills which crush in around him. Hazlitt, Macaulay, and De Quincey have all seen Burke in a truer light, and praised him in the spirit of a more generous and richer recognition. Hazlitt has made, he tells us, some dozen attempts to describe Burke's style, without pleasing himself—so subtle and evasive he found its elements, and so strange the compound in it of matter of fact, speculation, and poetic eloquence. His views of him, too, veered about several times—at least they seem very different in his papers in the "Edinburgh Review," and in his acknowledged essays; although we believe that at heart he always admired him to enthusiasm, and is often his unconscious imitator. Macaulay has also a thorough appreciation of Burke, the more that he is said to fancy—it is nothing more than a fancy—that there is a striking resemblance between his hero and himself! De Quincey following in this, Coleridge has felt, and eloquently expressed, his immeasurable contempt for those who praise Burke's fancy at the expense of his intellect. Dr. Croly has published a Political Life of Burke, full of eloquence and fervid panegyric, as well as of strong discrimination; Burke is manifestly his master, nor has he found an unworthy disciple. Henry Rogers has edited and prefaced an edition of Burke's works, but the prefixed essay, although able, is hardly worthy of the author of "Reason and Faith," and its eloquence is of a laborious, mechanical sort. And Hall has, in his "Apology for the Liberty of the Press," which was in part a reply to the "Reflections," painted him by a few beautiful touches, less true, however, than they are beautiful; and his pamphlet, although carefully modeled on the writings of his opponent, is not to be named beside them in depth, compass of thought, richness of imagery, or variety and natural vigor of style; his splendor, compared to Burke's, is stiff; his thinking and his imagery imitative—no more than in the case of Macaulay do you ever feel

yourself in contact with a "great virgin mind," melting down through the heat and weight of its own exhaustless wealth, although, in absence of fault, stateliness of manner, and occasional polished felicities of expression, Hall is superior even to Burke.

That Burke was Junius, we do not believe; but that Burke HAD TO DO with the composition of some of these celebrated letters, we are as certain as if we had seen his careful front, and dim, but searching eyes looking through his spectacles over the MS. He was notoriously (see Prior's Life) in the secret of their authorship. Johnson thought him the only man then alive capable of writing them. Hall's objection, that "Burke's great power was amplification, while that of Junius was condensation," sprung, we think, from a totally mistaken idea of the very nature of Burke's mind. There is far more condensed thinking and writing in many parts of Burke than in Junius—the proof of which is, that no prose writer in the language, except, perhaps, Dean Swift, has had so many single sentences so often quoted. That the *motion* of the mind of Junius differs materially from Burke's, is granted; but we could account for this (even although we contended, which we do not, that he was the sole author) from the awkwardness of the position in which the Anonymous would necessarily place him. He would become like a man writing with his left hand. The mask would confine as well as disguise him. He durst not venture on that free and soaring movement which was natural to him. Who ever heard of a man in a mask swaying a broadsword? He always uses a stiletto or a dagger. Many of the best things in "Junius" are in one of Burke's manners; for, as we have seen, many manners and styles were his. He said to Boswell, in reference to Crofts' "Life of Young," "It is not a good imitation of Johnson: he has the nodosities of the oak, without its strength—the contortions of the sibil, without her inspiration." Junius says of Sir W. Draper, "He has all the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration." How like to many sentences in Burke are such expressions as these (speaking of Wilkes:)—"The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface, unruffled and unremoved; it is only the tempest which lifts him from his place." We could

quote fifty pithy sentences from Junius and from Burke, which, placed in parallel columns, would convince an unprejudiced critic that they came from the same mind. It is the union in both of point, polish, and concentration—a union reminding you of the deep yet shining sentences of Tacitus—that establishes the identity. Junius has two salts in his style—the *sal acridum*, and the *sal atticum*. Sir Philip Francis was equal to the supply of the first; Burke alone to that of the second. It adds to the evidence for this theory, that Burke was fond of anonymous writing, and that in it he occasionally “changed his voice,” and personated other minds: think of his “Vindication of natural society in the manner of Lord Bolingbroke.” He often, too, assisted other writers *sub rosa*, such as Barry and Reynolds, in their prelections on painting. We believe, in short, this to be the truth on the subject: he was in the confidence of the Junius Club—for a club it confessedly was: he overlooked many of the letters, (Prior asserts that he once or twice spoke of what was to be the substance of a letter the day before it appeared,) and he supplied many of his inimitable touches, just as Lord Jeffrey was wont to add spice even to some of Hazlitt’s articles in the “Edinburgh Review.” So that he could thus very safely deny, as he repeatedly did, that he was the author of Junius, and yet have a strong finger in that strangely-concocted *eel-pie*.

We come, lastly, to speak of the influence which Burke has exerted upon his and our times. This has been greater than most even of his admirers believe. He was one of the few parent minds which the world has produced. Well does Burns call him “*Daddie Burke*.” And both politics and literature owe filial obligations to his unbounded genius. In politics he has been the father of moderate Conservatism, which is, at least, a tempering of Toryism, if not its sublimation. That conservatism in politics and in Church matters exists now in Britain, is, we believe, mainly owing to the genius of two men, Burke and Coleridge. In literature, too, he set an example that has been widely followed. All vigorous English styles since—that of Godwin, that of Foster, that of Hall, that of Horsley, that of Coleridge, that of Jeffrey, that of Hazlitt, that of De Quincey, that of the “*Times*” newspaper—are unpeepably indebted to the power with

which Burke stirred the stagnant waters of our literature, and by which, while professedly an enemy of revolutions, he himself established one of the greatest, most beneficial, and most lasting—that, namely, of a new, more impassioned, and less conventional mode of addressing the intellects and hearts of men.

Latterly, another change has threatened to come over us. Some men of genius have imported from abroad a mangled and mystic Germanism, which has been for a while the rage. This has not, however, mingled kindly with the current of our literature. The philosophic language or jargon—and it is partly both—of the Teutons has not been well assimilated, or thoroughly digested among us. From its frequent and affected use, it is fast becoming a nuisance. While thinkers have gladly availed themselves of all that is really valuable in its terminology, pretenders have still more eagerly sought shelter for their conceit or morbid weakness under its shield. The stuff, the verbiage, the mystic bewilderment, the affectation, the disguised commonplace, which every periodical almost now teems with, under the form of this foreign phraseology, are enormous, and would require a Swift, in a new “*Tale of a Tub*” or “*Battle of the Books*,” to expose them. We fancy, however, we see a reaction coming. Great is the Anglo-Saxon, the language of Shakspeare and Byron, and it shall yet prevail over the feeble refinements of the small toadies of the Teutonic giants. Germany was long our humble echo and translator. And we, please God! shall never become *its shadow*. Our literature never, shall we say? can thus become *its own grandchild*. Our thought, too, and faith, which have suffered from the same cause, are in due time to recover: nay, the process of restoration is begun. And among other remedies for the evil, while yet it in a great measure continues, we strongly recommend a recurrence to the works of our great classics in the past; and, among their bright list, let not *him* be forgotten who, apart from his genius, his worth, and his political achievements, has in his works presented so many titles to be considered not only as the *facile princeps* among the writers of his own time, although this itself were high distinction, but as one of the first authors who, in any age or country, ever speculated or wrote.

DINING OUT FOR THE PAPERS.

I WAS sitting in my attic, very high indeed, up a collegiate Jacob's ladder, in St. John's, Cambridge. My pipe and fire had gone out together. The festivities of Grouter's party on the other side of the quadrangle, as they celebrated the wranglership of that worthy, but intense, "old stupid," sounded through my dreary domicile.

I, too, had run my academic race at all events; and there I was, *Artium Baccalaureus*. My "great-go" passed, and the world, that very extensive and variegated prospect, was before me. I was not fit for the Church, for the law, or for the dispensary. It is an awfully abrupt thing when, at two-and-twenty, a young gentleman, without any money, is told, "Now, my dear fellow, go forth and make your fortune," or when he has to ask himself, "What am I to do now?" I felt it so, I can assure you. There was Grouter; now, as sure as fate, he'll be a bishop, or, if very ill-treated, a dean. He is heavy and honorable—ponderous, upright, and philosophical to a degree—a hard-working sizar, whom Mr. Sine, our crack tutor, coached up for the glory of his "side," and to uphold "John's" against her snubby neighbor, Trinity. But he is made to get on; and the Earl of Grampond, a great whig peer, has already engaged him at a fabulous stipend to make the grand tour with Lord Sarum; and as he is a tremendous Grecian, he is safe on his way to the New Palace at Westminster. There's Sandstone, the hardest-going fellow that ever spirted up the river; but he came up from Winchester, has coached carefully, and is sure of his fellowship after to-day. There's—but what is the use of all this? What am I to do? My eye fell mechanically on the newspaper which had been left in my room by Grouter, when I refused to join his party, with the remark, that "There were some instructive remarks, highly adapted for a contemplative state of mind, in the Right Honourable Lord Cinderley's speech, at the Destitute Goldsmiths' and Jewelers' Annual Dinner," and so, to divert my thoughts from myself and my fortunes, I turned, with a grim smile of satisfaction, to read the debate on a matter in which I had not the smallest interest, "the Income Tax." As I read on, I came across the florid reference of Mr. Shiel to the gentle-

men of the press in the reporters' gallery; and first, I was astonished to find they came within the tax at all, and next, that the accomplished little orator who was talking of them should have carried with him the applause of the house when giving a highly eulogistic sketch of their attainments and abilities. My slight knowledge of the mysterious operations of that great agent was derived from occasionally seeing a red-faced, dirty, bald-headed man, in a state of extreme secdiness, attending the meetings of a political club of which I was a member, as the representative of the "County Luminary," which certainly cast a most unsteady and alcoholic light on most of the topics presented to it by the gentleman in question. The idea suddenly flashed across me that I would join the press; it seemed easy work, was more lucrative than I had imagined, and I was astonished to find it respectable. I remembered that a great friend of mine, little Beerington, of Magdalen, knew the editor of the great Metropolitan journal, "The Morning Deflagrator," very well, and my plan was made out at once.

A few days completed all my arrangements. My compact little room, overlooking the Bridge of Signs, was handed over to a lanky Hospitaler, and I was on my way to London, much cheered by Beerington's assurances that I would find Mr. Dammer, the editor, a "most regular good brick as ever was!"

Why are newspaper offices always *foci* of dirty little boys? Why are they interiorly seedy exceedingly? (there is, to be sure, one exception probably, the "Hymen's Journal;" but then all the *attachés* are compelled to wash themselves once a day, and the gentlemen when placed on the establishment have orders for bergamot, scented soap, and macassar, to an unlimited extent.) Why are they, as a general rule, retired into the most mysterious quarters of the town, in proportion to their influence and circulation, so that one would imagine the great object of the proprietors was to baffle news-agents and cut off the stream of advertisements as far as the greatest ingenuity in selecting abstruse recesses in unintelligible portions of the metropolis could do it? These and many other things did I revolve within myself while seated in a very rickety chair in a dingy room, awaiting the advent of Dammer, who had left directions that I

should call on him at twelve o'clock at night, for the sake of convenience and a quick dispatch of business. I was listening to a great deal of bell-pulling and tinkling—a succession of feet on the stairs, as of men running up and down on perpetual errands—a hazy murmur out of the upper regions of the house, which flared brightly out through the windows with gaslight, white shirt-sleeves, and pale faces—and a heavy sort of hammering noise from time to time, which put me in mind of a set-to with the gloves between the Rev. Billy Pounder, of King's, and his friend "The Deaf'un"—when Dammer rushed in. His personal appearance is a subject too awful to be treated of. Who shall dare to roll back the clouds which enshrined the Olympian Jupiter? Who shall live and see—clothed with that particular description of garment, of which we have all read, that an ancient sinner fabricated his "strong expressions"—the ineffable, intangible, impersonal "We?" Those who like may essay to limn the terrors of his beak (probably somewhat roseate and fuliginous, as to the tip, with snuff) and behold the lightnings of his eye dimmed, haply though they be by the ostreafying properties of Hodge's Balm of Gilead—I tremble and am silent.

Dammer soon found out I was as nearly useless for his purposes, or, indeed, for most things, as a good University education could have rendered me, and was evidently much perplexed. He could not throw me over—that was out of the question; Tom Beerington had written him such a letter, had recalled so many boasts and promises, and had put on the screw with such vigor, that Dammer was afraid of cutting off the supplies of fat round haunches, of birds, hares, grouse, of good mounts, and runs, and dinners, which "The Swill," my friend's family mansion, had always afforded him in due season, if he did not do "something handsome and permanent for my best friend, Wentworth Rushton." I was young, lanky, with a fine run of spare ribs, and altogether in good condition for work—a great desideratum for newspaper men—but Dammer had found out I did not write short-hand, though I was indifferently well at Greek verse; that I could not undertake the composition of "leaders" on any one of the extensive subjects he placed before me—notwithstanding I had gained the prize of

my college for English composition, (subject, "The Advantages of Steam-power")—and that I was, in fact, generally unfit for anything. "Beerington," quoth he, "is a great friend of mine, Mr. Rushton. When in the jungles of Ava, shooting—However, I must tell you that some other time. I'm anxious to oblige him and to do you a service as a friend of his. If you were going into the Church, I'd get you a living at once from my best friend the Archbishop of Canterbury—we traveled through Arabia Petrea together, and I fed him through a reed for weeks in the jungle—but you're not. I'd ask Lord John, but that I have not spoken to him lately. However, I dare say I'll find something for you to do, and meantime you can, by a little application, render yourself better fitted for a good engagement. When I commanded the irregular horse of my friend Shah Murdo Jung, I—But just wait a moment, if you please; I'll see if I can't try you at a dinner or two."

Dammer returned in a moment with two large envelopes—placed them in my hand, and said, "Would you be good enough to attend to these to-morrow—they're only dinners—I must now bid you good-night—I've got your address—a short paragraph will do—good-night!" and left me in such a state of mind I could scarcely find my way into the street. Under the first lamp I stopped and tore open the envelopes. No. 1 was a request from the Committee of the "Society for the Amelioration of Mankind" that the editor of the "Morning Deflagrator" would favor them with his company to dinner at the Metropolis Tavern, at six o'clock the following day. No. 2 was a magnificent-looking ukase from the managers of the "Profligate Females' Restoration Association" to the same individual, demanding his attendance at a dinner, in aid of the funds of the Association, the same day at seven o'clock. Two dinners in one day! I did perceive there a divided duty; but knowing I had a good digestion and a stout constitution, I went to bed with a clear conscience, and dreamed all night of charging the Amelioration Society at the head of Murdo Jung's Irregular Horse.

Who has not heard of the Metropolis Tavern? It is the temple of hungry benevolence, the shrine where Lazarus kneels in confidence to the beneficent Dives, and where the appeals of suffering humanity

go direct to the heart through the chylipoetics. Day after day streams of black-coated, white-chokered people, of waiters, "professionals," and "company," (of whom, in my early times of dining out, I might have said with truth, "*Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*") may be seen pouring into that shady hall within which resounds forever the clang of covers and the rattle of the dinner-steel, mingled with the faintest *souppçon* of French cookery from the remoter kitchen. Day after day carriages and cabs there deposit their joyous burdens toward seven o'clock, and the band of the Guards seem there to be on constant duty. Fresh posters outside announce diurnally new objects to be achieved in the paths of gastronomic regeneration; nor is there in this age of progress any development of science, of social knowledge, or of political life, in which the Metropolis Tavern and its diners do not play an important part.

"Mankind Amealorations?" said the fat porter in his arm-chair, as I timidly made my inquiries; "up stairs, sir, third flight. Leave yer hat and coat at the table, please, sir."

And so I ascended a lofty flight of stairs, the walls by the side of which were decked with portraits of great kings, and admirals, and generals, who had feasted in their day right gloriously in these saloons, amid files of smiling waiters and plethoric guests till I reached the banqueting-room. What a new world it was to me! Three long tables glittering with plate, with center-pieces laden with bouquets, with stupendous wine-coolers, side-covers, and heaps of silver knives and forks flashing brightly beneath the light of wax and gas, ran the length of a noble and richly-decorated hall, till they effected a junction with a transverse cross-table—the seat of honor—at the end of the room, covered with dazzling ornaments, such as the Roman in his conquering hour might have snatched from the treasure-houses of an Eastern monarch. In the orchestra over the entrance were the fair ladies whose happiness it was to be about to see the Ameliorators feeding, and beneath it that indefatigable band of the Guards was already bleating through all its lungs of brass a preparatory rehearsal of the march in Nabucco. The cards before the dishes bespoke the rank of the guests. There was Lord Cinderley, the benevolent chairman, Lord Bruf-

ham, Mr. Benjamin Ligament Cable, the vice, Mr. Wirey, the great city orator, Mr. Deputy Greenpea, Alderman Carcase-man, Lord Fudleigh Steward, Sir Benjamin Bawl, &c., all in due order. Lower down, little cards stuck into sponge-cakes pointed out the local boundaries for "the Press," which I approached with much humility. A stout gentleman with spectacles was busy pointing a pencil, and prematurely sipping hock as I sidled up. He looked at me—brushed the crumbs of bread off his highly-ornate "tommy," and addressed me in some cabalistic phraseology, of which I only understood the words "Going to make much of this?" As I felt hungry, I replied, "Well, I should rather say so;" on which the stout gentleman, immediately turning his back on me, merely remarked, "You'll h've it all to yourself then," an observation which left me to infer that he was slightly deranged and decidedly ill-bred, for I could not at all fancy that I would be really called on to consume the whole banquet. By-and-by the press-seats became fuller and fuller, and I was aware that I was a black sheep, a "new boy at school," for as no one could say who I was, it seemed to be taken for granted I was nobody. Spriggs of the "Star," who wore a bright blue cravat, and a white vest, with gold flowers, hinted audibly to Brown of the "Moon" that I was some "outsider" that Ginner of the "Deflagrator" had engaged for the evening; but Brandyer's theory that I was "doing it" on my own "hook," for the society, seemed to be most generally acceptable.

It is not pleasant to be the subject of baseless theories in one's own hearing; and for some few minutes I felt unhappy and *distrain*, and the more so because my *confrères* were on such good terms with each other.

Enter at last a grand procession! Smiling stewards with white wands in their hands, and rosettes in their button-holes, precede a stately pomp of lords, and baronets, and knights, and aldermen, and gentlemen, (ought not the last to be first, by-the-by?) and escort them to the top table; and amid the strains of the band and the waving of kerchiefs from the gallery, the Ameliorators take their places. A crowd of waiters struggling beneath the weight of mighty covers fills up the void which has been left by the march of white-headed

nobles, with red noses and ribins, and is at last precipitated on the tables in a sediment of tureens and smoking dishes. While I gaze in wonderment on this strange scene, the triumphal strains of the band cease, and I feel a gentle nudge at my elbow. A party gorgeously apparelled, with rills of shirt-frills and bossy studs, and an engaging smile at once familiar, and deprecating offense, says to me, "Mr. a—a—a, (*a bow*.) I haven't the pleasure of your name, (*a bow*.) but my name is Harkaway, sir—well known to Mr. Ginner, of your paper, sir, (*a bow*.)—and if you'll be so good as to say Harkaway, the toast-master, was as—anything you're good enough to think, sir—as usual, (*two bows*.) Thank you, sir, you're very kind," (*three bows, and vanish the vision amid the waiters*.)

And now a clergyman rises to bless the feast, and as his general exhortation, not to be fond of creature-comforts, but rather to eschew feasting and reveling, is something of the longest, many of the company raise the covers, and peep slyly into the dishes to ascertain the contents, and then, as the Ameliorators are great martyrs in this way, and stave off what they so much desire, as long as possible, a stout gentleman with a bass voice, a lean gentleman with a barytone tenor ditto, and a cherry-cheeked, rotund little body, whether boy or man, one cannot say at the distance, with a juggle and a warble in the throat like that of an over-fed nightingale, execute the dreary ode to the deity of dinners, "*Non nobis Domine.*"

What a clatter as the peaceful army sits down to battle! If old Homer had heard it he might have culled one more simile to describe the march of the Grecian host. Ladles, spoons, knives, forks, plates, covers, and glasses, keep up a perpetual clash, tingle, clang, which rise above the crash of a waltz by Lanner, and the rows of the waiters by dozens. A red-faced gentleman at the other side of the table, who has been working away at a large tureen for some time, catches a glimpse of my plate while I am staring about me, and with horror exclaims, "Why, sir! you've had no turtle! and it's getting cold! here, waiter, that young gentleman's plate opposite. I've a nice bit of the meat for you left." What a mine of happiness I am for that man! he has discovered I never was at a public dinner before, and

he is—he confesses with a sigh—the hero of hundreds of them; he takes care of me as a father would of a favorite child—he tells me when to drink my cold punch, my champagne, my claret, (he insists on its being a light red-sealed bottle—orange wont do, nor scarlet,) the exact moment at which port may be ventured on, and he marshals the made dishes, and reveals their secrets with rare prescience; he is my mentor as to what to eat, drink, and avoid; makes enemies of his best friends by giving me all the tid-bits of flesh, fish, and fowl, and hears unmoved the whispered libel that "Old Goldfish is buttering up that young press chap to get a report of the speech," absorbed in the rare enjoyment of what, he says, with a sigh, is now his greatest pleasures, "Seeing a man eat with an appetite."

With the aid of Goldfish I got on remarkably well. My brethren of the pencil relaxed so far as to ask me to take wine in rotation, and to inform me that this was the best dinner going, as it was expensive, and there was nothing to do in the way of speech-writing. Several times I had observed a tall, slight, courteous-looking person, in evening dress, hovering round our chairs and speaking confidentially to my *confrères*, but could not make him out; waiter, head or tail, he evidently was not, and yet, he somehow or other, seemed to belong to the Metropolis Tavern. There was an air of diplomatic grace about him—a soft, oily gait, which slid him about here, there, and everywhere, as though he traveled on felt springs—a bland smile and a hearty genial manner, mingled with excessive respectfulness and deference of address that attracted attention at once. Just as I was inquiring who this very agreeable person was, and had learned it was Mr. Love, the proprietor, he appeared at my elbow, and as if I had become the one object of his thought and exertions, in his inimitable tones said, "Dear me, dear me, Mr. Ruxton, you have eaten nothing—*absolutely* nothing! Is there nothing I could get to tempt you? I have kept a woodcock just for you and our excellent friend, Mr. Goldfish. Ah! there is a man, Mr. Ruxton! Such a man, sir, (*forte*;) I often say what would we do only for him, sir, (*piano*.)—enormously rich—dines here four times a week. You really will not take anything more? dined so well! delighted, indeed! And how is my excel-

lent friend, Mr. Ginner? No indisposition, I hope? Ah, well, that's *really* well, sir. So glad to hear you believe him in his usual health." By this time a waiter had whispered something in Lave's ear. "And now, sir, I'll just give you, if you will allow me, a taste—just a taste—'pon my word, Mr. Ruxton, it's my last dozen of Prince Metternich's Cabinet hock—keep it just down there, between your legs—and give a glass or so to your *vis-à-vis*. Ah! Mr. Goldfish, you know what we have got here. Tell our excellent friend here, (*myself*), who has honored us with his company this evening, its history, I pray, sir. James, (to a waiter,) attend *particularly* to these gentlemen here, and to this gentleman especially, whom I have not seen before. No Champagne, but Moët and Chardens—do you like La Rose or Chateau Lafitte, as a claret? I think you will; I'll send both—now *do*, I beseech you, make yourselves comfortable." And Mr. Lave glided off to spread happiness round him, and to win the hearts of aldermen, common-council-men, stewards, and committee-men, by appeals to their vanity and their stomach.

And now came "The Queen," "The Prince Albert," &c., which are irreverently described in the prints as the usual loyal toasts, and "The Army and Navy." Mr. Sims, of the City Artillery Company, returned thanks for the army, observing, that, when the time came, the corps to which he belonged would do its *dooty*, (great cheers,) and Lieut. Knocks, of the R. N., did the same for the navy, and in the course of his remarks introduced a spirited account of the battle of Copenhagen—the professionals warbling sweetly in the intervals, and Harkaway bellowing like all the bulls of Bashan, his perpetual injunctions to gentlemen to charge their glasses, as if poor human nature was not prone enough to do it without any such stimulus. My mind having been set at rest by an assurance from my stenographic friend on the right, that Lave would get me the names of the people at the other dinner, and that a line or two would be enough for it, I resigned myself to the joys of the table, amid which was Lord Cinderley's speech on the gradual approach of an ameliorated-mankind era, which he illustrated by some astounding statistics from all parts of the criminal world. The noble lord had spent the day in hunting up young thieves through all the alleys of

London, in attending a dog-fight for the purpose of reforming two very pet criminals who hitherto obstinately refused to read tracts, and live on the fat of the land at the expense of the society, and in distributing some religious pocket-handkerchiefs; but as he had succeeded in capturing a cracksman out of luck, and two repentant cabbies, and taking them off to the retreat, he was in the best humor possible, and spoke sanguinely of his ultimate success. The end of that dinner—what was it? when was it? I know not. I remember a small room filled with cigar smoke, faces looming out above it, and the fumes of hot brandy and water; also a number of songs and broiled bones, and an enthusiastic speech from myself, in which I wished to embrace all the company, and hailed them all as my best friends—and then a cab to the "Deflagrator,"—a dignified but unsuccessful attempt to walk steadily up stairs, with a consciousness that men in white shirt sleeves were grinning at me—most extraordinary paper, and pens and ink, in a deak in a big room with a rotatory motion, and a poem commencing—

"Sing, muse, sing the banquet of our Lave,
Which not Lucullus"——

The meeting with Dammer was awful. However, I got over it, and ever since I have been a "diner out" for the papers. It is not improbable but that I may give some account of the greatest and most remarkable of the wonderful scenes I have witnessed in that capacity—but it's very trying to the constitution.

A COOKING EARL.—The Earl of Peterborough, among other things, was in the habit of stating that, during the War of the Succession, he had frequently been in danger of perishing for want of food; and that even when he could get it, he was often obliged to cook it himself; he thus became a good artist, and, from the force of habit, sometimes dressed his own dinner. Those who have dined with him at Parson's Green, have seen him at work in a dress for the purpose, like that of a tavern cook: he usually retired from his company about an hour before dinner-time, and having dispatched his culinary affairs, would return properly dressed to his place among the guests, and astonished them by his wit and varied information.—*Warburton's Life of Peterborough*.

IBIS-SHOOTING IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA.

THE ibis (*tantalus*) is one of the most curious and interesting of American birds: it is a creature of the warm climates, and is not found in either the northern or middle states—the tropics, and the countries contiguous to them, are its range. Louisiana, from its low elevation, possesses almost a tropical climate; and the ibis, of several varieties, is to be there met with in considerable numbers.

There are few sorts of game I have not followed with horse, hound, or gun; and, among other sports, I have gone ibis-shooting: it was not so much for the sport, however, as that I wished to obtain some specimens for mounting. An adventure befell me in one of these excursions that may interest the reader. The southern part of the State of Louisiana is one vast labyrinth of swamps, bayous, and lagoons. These bayous are sluggish streams that glide sleepily along, sometimes running one way and sometimes the very opposite, according to the season. Many of them are outlets of the great Mississippi, which begins to shed off its waters more than three hundred miles from its mouth. These bayous are deep, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide, with islets in their midst. They and their contiguous swamps are the great *habitat* of the alligator and the fresh-water shark—the gar. Numerous species of water and wading fowl fly over them, and plunge through their dark tide. Here you may see the red flamingo, the egret, the trumpeter-swan, the blue heron, the wild-goose, the crane, the snake-bird, the pelican, and the ibis; you may likewise see the osprey, and the white-headed eagle robbing him of his prey. These swamps and bayous produce abundantly fish, reptile, and insect, and are, consequently, the favorite resort of hundreds of birds which prey upon these creatures. In some places, the bayous form a complete net-work over the country, which you may traverse with a small boat in almost any direction; indeed, this is the means by which many settlements communicate with each other. As you approach southward toward the Gulf, you get clear of the timber; and within some fifty miles of the sea, there is not a tree to be seen.

It was near the edge of this open country I went ibis-shooting. I had set out from a

small French or Creole settlement, with no other company than my gun; even without a dog, as my favorite spaniel had the day before been bitten by an alligator while swimming across a bayou. I went of course in a boat, a light skiff, such as is commonly used by the inhabitants of the country.

Occasionally using the paddles, I allowed myself to float some four or five miles down the main bayou; but as the birds I was in search of did not appear, I struck into a "branch," and sculled myself up stream. This carried me through a solitary region, with marshes stretching as far as the eye could see, covered with tall reeds. There was no habitation, nor aught that betokened the presence of man. It was just possible that I was the first human being who had ever found a motive for propelling a boat through the dark waters of this solitary stream. As I advanced, I fell in with my game; and I succeeded in bagging several, both of the great wood-ibis and the white species. I also shot a fine white-headed eagle, (*Falco leucocephalus*,) which came soaring over my boat, unconscious of danger. But the bird which I most wanted seemed that which could not be obtained. I wanted the scarlet ibis.

I think I had rowed some three miles up-stream, and was about to take in my oars and leave my boat to float back again, when I perceived that, a little further up, the bayou widened. Curiosity prompted me to continue; and after pulling a few hundred strokes further, I found myself at the end of an oblong lake, a mile or so in length. It was deep, dark, marshy around the shores, and full of alligators. I saw their ugly forms and long serrated backs, as they floated about in all parts of it, hungrily hunting for fish and eating one another; but all this was nothing new, for I had witnessed similar scenes during the whole of my excursion. What drew my attention most, was a small islet near the middle of the lake, upon one end of which stood a row of upright forms of a bright scarlet color: these red creatures were the very objects I was in search of. They might be flamingoes; I could not tell at that distance. So much the better, if I could only succeed in getting a shot at them; but these creatures are even more wary than the ibis; and as the islet was low, and altogether without cover, it was

not likely they would allow me to come within range; nevertheless, I was determined to make the attempt. I rowed up the lake, occasionally turning my head to see if the game had taken the alarm. The sun was hot and dazzling; and as the bright scarlet was magnified by refraction, I fancied for a long time they were flamingoes. This fancy was dissipated as I drew near. The outlines of the bills, like the blade of a saber, convinced me they were the ibis; besides, I now saw that they were only about three feet in height, while the flamingoes stand five. There were a dozen of them in all. These were balancing themselves, as is their usual habit, on one leg, apparently asleep, or *buried in deep thought*. They were on the upper extremity of the islet, while I was approaching it from below. It was not over sixty yards across; and could I only reach the point nearest me, I knew my gun would throw shot to kill at that distance. I feared the stroke of the sculls would start them, and I pulled slowly and cautiously. Perhaps the great heat—for it was as hot a day as I can remember—had rendered them torpid or lazy. Whether or not, they sat still until the cut-water of my skiff touched the bank of the islet. I drew my gun up cautiously, took aim, and fired both barrels almost simultaneously. When the smoke cleared out of my eyes, I saw that all the birds had flown off except one, that lay stretched out by the edge of the water. Gun in hand, I leaped out of the boat, and ran across the islet to bag my game. This occupied but a few minutes; and I was turning to go back to the skiff, when, to my consternation, I saw it out upon the lake, and rapidly floating downward! In my haste I had left it unfastened, and the bayou current had carried it off. It was still but a hundred yards off, but it might as well have been a hundred miles, for at that time I could not swim a stroke.

My first impulse was to rush down to the lake, and after the boat; this impulse was checked on arriving at the water's edge, which I saw at a glance was fathoms in depth. Quick reflection told me that the boat was gone—irrecoverably gone!

I did not at first comprehend the full peril of my situation; nor will you. I was on an islet, in a lake, only half a mile from its shores—alone, it is true, and without a boat; but what of that? Many a man had been so before, with not an idea

of danger. These were first thoughts, natural enough; but they rapidly gave place to others of a far different character. When I gazed after my boat, now beyond recovery—when I looked around, and saw that the lake lay in the middle of an interminable swamp, the shores of which, even could I have reached them, did not seem to promise me footing—when I reflected that, being unable to swim I could not reach them—that upon the islet there was neither tree, nor log, nor bush; not a stick out of which I might make a raft—I say, when I reflected upon all these things, there arose in my mind a feeling of well-defined and absolute horror.

It is true I was only in a lake, a mile or so in width; but so far as the peril and helplessness of my situation were concerned, I might as well have been upon a rock in the middle of the Atlantic. I knew that there was no settlement within miles—miles of pathless swamp. I knew that no one could either see or hear me—no one was at all likely to come near the lake; indeed, I felt satisfied that my faithless boat was the first keel that had ever cut its waters. The very tameness of the birds wheeling round my head was evidence of this. I felt satisfied, too, that without some one to help me, I should never go out from that lake: I must die on the islet, or drown in attempting to leave it.

These reflections rolled rapidly over my startled soul. The facts were clear, the hypothesis definite, the sequence certain; there was no ambiguity, no supposititious hinge upon which I could hang a hope; no, not one. I could not even expect that I should be missed and sought for: there was no one to search for me. The simple *habitans* of the village I had left knew me not—I was a stranger among them: they only knew me as a stranger, and fancied me a strange individual; one who made lonely excursions, and brought home bunches of weeds, with birds, insects, and reptiles, which they had never before seen, although gathered at their own doors. My absence, besides, would be nothing new to them, even though it lasted for days: I have often been absent before, a week at a time. There was no hope of my being missed.

I have said that these reflections came and passed quickly. In less than a minute, my affrighted soul was in full possession of them, and almost yielded itself to despair. I shouted, but rather involuntarily

than with any hope that I should be heard; I shouted loudly and fiercely: my answer—the echoes of my own voice, the shriek of the osprey, and the maniac laugh of the white-headed eagle.

I ceased to shout, threw my gun to the earth, and tottered down beside it. I have been in a gloomy prison, in the hands of a vengeful guerilla banditti, with carbines cocked to blow out my brains. No one will call that a pleasant situation—nor was it so to me. I have been lost upon the wide prairie—the land-sea—without bush, break, or star to guide me—that was worse. There you look around; you see nothing; you hear nothing; you are alone with God, and you tremble in his presence; your senses swim; your brain reels; you are afraid of yourself; you are afraid of your own mind. Deserted by everything else, you dread lest it, too, may forsake you. There is horror in this—it is very horrible—it is hard to bear; but I have borne it all, and would bear it again twenty times over rather than endure once more the first hour I spent on that lonely islet in that lonely lake. Your prison may be dark and silent, but you feel that you are not utterly alone; beings like yourself are near, though they be your jailers. Lost on the prairie, you are alone; but you are free. In the islet, I felt that I was alone; that I was not free; in the islet, I experienced the feelings of the prairie and the prison combined.

I lay in a state of stupor—almost unconscious; how long I know not, but many hours I am certain: I knew this by the sun—it was going down when I awoke, if I may so term the recovery of my stricken senses. I was aroused by a strange circumstance; I was surrounded by dark objects of hideous shape and hue—reptiles they were. They had been before my eyes for some time, but I had not seen them. I had only a sort of dreamy consciousness of their presence; but I heard them at length: my ear was in better tune, and the strange noises they uttered reached my intellect. It sounded like the blowing of great bellows, with now and then a note harsher and louder, like the roaring of a bull. This startled me, and I looked up and bent my eyes upon the objects: they were forms of the *crocodilidæ*, the giant lizards—they were alligators.

Huge ones they were, many of them; and many were they in number—a hundred at least were crawling over the islet, be-

fore, behind, and on all sides around me. Their long gaunt jaws and channeled snouts projected forward so as almost to touch my body; and their eyes, usually leaden, seemed now to glare.

Impelled by this new danger, I sprang to my feet, when, recognizing the upright form of man, the reptiles scuttled off, and plunging hurriedly into the lake, hid their hideous bodies under the water.

The incident in some measure revived me. I saw that I was not alone: there was company even in the crocodiles. I gradually became more myself; and began to reflect with some degree of coolness on the circumstances that surrounded me. My eyes wandered over the islet; every inch of it came under my glance; every object upon it was scrutinized—the moulted feathers of wild-fowl, the pieces of mud, the fresh-water mussels (*unios*) strewed upon its beach—all were examined. Still the barren answer—no means of escape.

The islet was but the head of a sand-bar, formed by the eddy—perhaps gathered together within the year. It was bare of herbage, with the exception of a few tufts of grass. There was neither tree nor bush upon it—not a stick. A raft indeed! There was not wood enough to make a raft that would have floated a frog. The idea of a raft was but briefly entertained; such a thought had certainly crossed my mind, but a single glance round the islet dispelled it before it had taken shape.

I paced my prison from end to end; from side to side I walked it over. I tried the water's depth; on all sides I sounded it, wading recklessly in; everywhere it deepened rapidly as I advanced. Three lengths of myself from the islet's edge, and I was up to the neck. The huge reptiles swam around, snorting and blowing; they were bolder in this element. I could not have waded safely ashore, even had the water been shallow. To swim it—no—even though I swam like a duck, they would have closed upon and quartered me before I could have made a dozen strokes. Horrified by their demonstrations, I hurried back upon dry ground, and paced the islet with dripping garments.

I continued walking until night, which gathered around me dark and dismal. With night came new voices—the hideous voices of the nocturnal swamp; the quack of the night-heron, the screech of the swamp-owl, the cry of the bittern, the

el-l-uk of the great water-toad, the tinkling of the bell-frog, and the chirp of the savanna-cricket—all fell upon my ear. Sounds still harsher and more hideous were heard around me—the plashing of the alligator, and the roaring of his voice; these reminded me that I must not go to sleep. To sleep! I durst not have slept for a single instant. Even when I lay for a few minutes motionless, the dark reptiles came crawling round me—so close that I could have put forth my hand and touched them.

At intervals, I sprang to my feet, shouted, swept my gun around, and chased them back to the water, into which they betook themselves with a sullen plunge, but with little semblance of fear. At each fresh demonstration on my part they showed less alarm, until I could no longer drive them either with shouts or threatening gestures. They only retreated a few feet, forming an irregular circle round me. Thus hemmed in, I became frightened in turn. I loaded my gun and fired; I killed none. They are impervious to a bullet, except in the eye, or under the forearm. It was too dark to aim at these parts; and my shots glanced harmlessly from the pyramidal scales of their bodies. The loud report, however, and the blaze frightened them, and they fled, to return again after a long interval. I was asleep when they returned; I had gone to sleep in spite of my efforts to keep awake. I was startled by the touch of something cold; and half-stifed by a strong musky odor that filled the air. I threw out my arms; my fingers rested upon an object slippery and clammy: it was one of these monsters—one of gigantic size. He had crawled close alongside me, and was preparing to make his attack; as I saw that he was bent in the form of a bow, and I knew that these creatures assume that attitude when about to strike their victim. I was just in time to spring aside, and avoid the stroke of his powerful tail, that the next moment swept the ground where I had lain. Again I fired, and he with the rest once more retreated to the lake.

All thoughts of going to sleep were at an end. Not that I felt wakeful; on the contrary, wearied with my day's exertion—for I had had a long pull under a hot tropical sun—I could have lain down upon the earth, in the mud, anywhere, and slept in an instant. Nothing but the dread

certainty of my peril kept me awake. Once again before morning I was compelled to battle with the hideous reptiles, and chase them away with a shot from my gun.

Morning came at length, but with it no change in my perilous position. The light only showed me my island prison, but revealed no way of escape from it. Indeed, the change could not be called for the better, for the fervid rays of an almost vertical sun burned down upon me until my skin blistered. I was already speckled by the bites of a thousand swamp-flies and mosquitoes, that all night long had preyed upon me. There was not a cloud in the heavens to shade me; and the sunbeams smote the surface of the dead bayou with a double intensity. Toward evening, I began to hunger; no wonder at that: I had not eaten since leaving the village settlement. To assuage thirst, I drank the water of the lake, turbid and slimy as it was. I drank it in large quantities, for it was hot, and only moistened my palate without quenching the craving of my appetite. Of water there was enough; I had more to fear from want of food.

What could I eat? The ibis. But how to cook it? There was nothing wherewith to make a fire—not a stick. No matter for that. Cooking is a modern invention, a luxury for pampered palates. I divested the ibis of its brilliant plumage, and ate it raw. I spoiled my specimen, but at the time there was little thought of that: there was not much of the naturalist left in me. I anathematized the hour I had ever imbibed such a taste; I wished Audubon, and Buffon, and Cuvier, up to their necks in a swamp. The ibis did not weigh above three pounds, bones and all. It served me for a second meal, a breakfast; but at this *déjeuner sans fourchette* I picked the bones.

What next? starve? No—not yet. In the battles I had had with the alligators during the second night, one of them had received a shot that proved mortal. The hideous carcass of the reptile lay dead upon the beach. I need not starve; I could eat that. Such were my reflections. I must hunger, though, before I could bring myself to touch the musky morsel. Two more days' fasting conquered my squeamishness. I drew out my knife, cut a stake from the alligator's tail, and ate it—not the one I had first killed, but a second; the other

was now putrid, rapidly decomposing under the hot sun: its odour filled the islet.

The stench had grown intolerable. There was not a breath of air stirring, otherwise I might have shunned it by keeping to windward. The whole atmosphere of the islet, as well as a large circle around it, was impregnated with the fearful effluvia. I could bear it no longer. With the aid of my gun, I pushed the half-decomposed carcass into the lake; perhaps the current might carry it away. It did: I had the gratification to see it float off. This circumstance led me into a train of reflections. Why did the body of the alligator float? It was swollen—inflated with gasses. Ha!

An idea shot suddenly through my mind, one of those brilliant ideas—the children of necessity. I thought of the floating alligator, of its intestines—what if I inflated them? Yes, yes! buoys and bladders, floats and life-preservers! that was the thought. I would open the alligators, make a buoy of their intestines, and that would bear me from the islet!

I did not lose a moment's time; I was full of energy: hope had given me new life. My gun was loaded—a huge crocodile that swam near the shore, received the shot in his eye. I dragged him on the beach; with my knife I laid open his entrails. Few they were, but enough for my purpose. A plume-quill from the wing of the ibis served me for a blow-pipe. I saw the bladder-skin expand, until I was surrounded by objects like great sausages. These were tied together, and fastened to my body, and then, with a plunge, I entered the waters of the lake, and floated downward. I had tied on my life-preservers in such a way that I sat in the water in an upright position, holding my gun with both hands. This I intended to have used as a club in case I should be attacked by the alligators; but I had chosen the hot hour of noon, when these creatures lie in a half-torpid state, and to my joy I was not molested. Half an hour's drifting with the current carried me to the end of the lake, and I found myself at the debouchure of the bayou. Here, to my great delight, I saw my boat in the swamp, where it had been caught and held fast by the sedges. A few minutes more, and I had swung myself over the gunwale, and was sculling with eager strokes down the smooth waters of the bayou.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

WE were now about to see nature in a new and awful form, by witnessing the beginning of an eruption at Vesuvius. Before quitting Naples, we heard reports that an approaching tumult in the mountain was anticipated. Volleys of smoke ascended, from time to time, from the crater, or lay curled in clouds on the summit. The wells at Naples were becoming dry, while those at Resina were overflowing; loud noises, too, were heard on the mountain, and it was rumored that fire had been seen by night.

Upon reaching the house of Salvator, at Resina, the principal Vesuvius guide, he told us that the mountain was in action; that a new crater had been opened the night before, and was sending forth flames and stones. We speedily mounted our donkeys—poor miserable little creatures, which had already been up the mountain twice during the preceding twenty-four hours—and started, full of expectation. For some time our path lay between walls built of blocks of lava, strewn with volcanic stones. In about three-quarters of an hour we reached a wide current of lava, that of 1810; it was like a frozen Styx. The scene was one of wild desolation; not a trace of vegetation was seen. Black, dark, and barren, was the surface of the earth; in some places the lava, arrested in its course, resembled petrified waves, while in others it formed a hard compact surface: our guide pointed out to us the streams of lava of 1819, 1822, and 1833.

On a hill formed of volcanic products, raised like a ridge high above the currents of lava that have swept past it on either side, stands the hermitage. One solitary friar had pitched his tent in this wilderness, and had lived here nearly twenty years, never quitting the spot, even during the most awful eruptions of the mountain. Here we halted for twenty minutes, to rest our poor little steeds. The lava, which we had before crossed in comparatively regular streams, was now piled about in huge blocks, among which we picked our way with difficulty. We soon arrived at the foot of the cone; and here we were obliged to leave our donkeys, and commit ourselves to the mercy of twelve *portantini*, or bearers. The soil is so loose, and the ascent so steep, that no animal, except man, can find a footing.

I do not remember ever in my life to have been so entirely overcome with terror, as in the scene which followed. The ladies of our party were placed in small arm-chairs, fastened upon long poles, which the men supported on their shoulders. Imagine what it was to be thus lifted up by twelve men, who sank knee-deep in the ashes at every step, and whose footing was so uncertain and irregular, that I was one minute thrown to one side of the chair, and the next flung violently forward, and then as suddenly jerked back again. All the time the men screamed as Neapolitans only can scream. The *portantini* who were carrying one of my friends fell down all at once, and this was the signal for my bearers to rush past them, yelling with delight. So wild and uncivilized a set of beings you never saw, and the noise they made was something quite unearthly. I completely lost my presence of mind, and in piteous tones besought the men to let me get down and walk; but instead of heeding my entreaties, they only raced on the more desperately.

When I reached the summit, after having endured this terror for three-quarters of an hour, I sat down and buried my face in my hands, unable to speak. After a little while, when I raised my eyes and looked around, what words can picture the scene that presented itself! We were standing on the edge of the large basin, in the center of which were the craters in action. When all our party were assembled we followed our guide, and proceeded toward them, scrambling over rocks of hot lava, and stepping across deep chasms, from which rose a hot sulphureous exhalation. I can never forget the feelings of that moment. I had lately seen nature in her most grand and lovely forms, and remembered with delight the sublime beauty of Switzerland; but here I beheld her under a new aspect—awful, terrific, and overwhelming—working in the secret places of the earth with a power of destructive and mysterious energy, and revealing itself to man in fearful and desolating might. I gazed, and thought of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

We stopped on a high point of lava, and looked into the mighty caldron beneath us. Loud subterranean noises were heard from time to time—the mountain seemed shaken to its center; then columns of bright clear flame spouted forth from the crater, suc-

ceeded by volumes of dense black smoke. Red-hot stones and masses of rock were hurled hundreds of feet into the air; some falling back into the crater, while others, dashed into a thousand pieces, were scattered around. After standing on this pinnacle for some time, the guide led the way to the very edge of the crater. I felt that I had seen enough, and begged to be left behind, being indeed too cowardly to venture on. The rest of the party, however, had sufficient courage and curiosity to explore further. I asked our guide if there was really any danger; he looked at me earnestly, and simply said, "Signorina gentilissima, ho sei piccolini in casa!"—"Gentle lady, I have six little children at home!" Could any words have conveyed a stronger assurance than this touching appeal? It gave me courage, and I proceeded with the others.

And now we stood beside the crater; and as each volley of smoke and flame subsided, we peeped into the abyss. Then came a hollow fearful sound, the earth beneath us trembled, the smoke and flame again ascended; stones were shot up into the air high above our heads. Suddenly the wind changed, and our position was by no means an enviable one; the smoke and sulphureous vapor were blown toward us, and red-hot stones fell in showers around. Every one was now terrified; we fled like a herd of startled deer, and scrambling up the hill as fast as the loose and slippery soil would permit, only turned to look back when we had reached the top. We were now content with a more distant view, and lingered long near the crater, reluctant to leave a spot which we were so unlikely ever to visit again.

At length we prepared to descend the mountain. I had dismissed my chair, determined to trust alone to my feet. Supported by a friend, and one of the guides, I advanced down the precipitous descent, slowly and cautiously at first; but gaining courage as we proceeded, I soon ran briskly on, and in four minutes reached the foot of the cone which it had cost us so much time, toil, and suffering to ascend. Remounting our donkeys, we soon joined those of our party who had not ventured on the ascent, and as we drove back to Naples, related to them our adventures. But how vain were all our endeavors to give utterance to the thoughts and feelings which this day's excursion had awakened!

THE CAPTURED SLAVER.

A FEW weeks only have elapsed since Her Britannic Majesty's brig the "S——" captured, and carried triumphantly into port, a Spanish slaver, called the "Camoens," having on board five hundred and seventy-three poor creatures who had been torn away from home and kindred in Africa, and, after suffering untold horrors, and passing through the hands of the barbarous wretches who feed and grow rich upon the misery and murder of their fellow-creatures, had been crowded, one layer above another, into the narrow hold of the "Camoens," to endure the aggravated wretchedness of a passage to the Cuban coast, there to be consigned to wasting, interminable, and hopeless slavery. They were found in an indescribable condition of filth and suffering, when, happily, the "S——" brig-of-war crossed the path of the floating slaughter-house, and she was compelled to yield up her stolen, living cargo to the protection of the British flag. The sun has not long risen from behind the eastern wave, when the officer of the watch gives notice that a strange sail to windward has just hove in sight. Little of her can be observed at first; but the glances of numerous gazers are anxiously directed toward her as she comes dashing on before the wind in the direction of the brig-of-war, evidently not keeping so good a look-out as is maintained on board the "S——." After a little while a further report is made by the officer of the watch, that the stranger has "gone about," thus indicating that she has discovered the brig, and that her crew are not anxious for a closer acquaintance. This suspicious movement on the part of the chase, now not more than five or six miles distant, is sufficient to arouse the officers and crew of the brig to the utmost vigilance and effort; and all sail is crowded in pursuit, none doubting that they will bring the schooner within range of their guns before the approach of night affords opportunity for escape. If she were honest, she would have nothing to fear from a British vessel of war: she must, therefore, be either a slaver, or one of the piratical craft by no means unknown in those seas; and in either case it is the duty of the "S——," if possible, to overhaul her. The excitement rises high as the chase is prolonged; but the brig, well-equipped, well-manned,

and having all the advantage of a high state of discipline among her crew, gains upon the fugitive, though she has been constructed for fast sailing. The officers, with their long glasses bent upon the one object before them, are all anxiety to make out her true character; while the "young gentlemen" and the crew are animated by the keen desire to make another seizure; not forgetting that, while suffering humanity is relieved by their success, there is prize-money as well as honor to be gained by the capture of a slaver. The expectations which had been raised so high are suddenly dashed; for it is observed that the schooner has suddenly desisted from the attempt to escape, and, hoisting Portuguese colors, is now waiting for the brig to come up. Had she been a slaver, it is argued, she would not, while at such a distance, have given up the effort to get away from her formidable pursuer. "She is no slaver," is the almost unanimous conclusion on board the "S——;" "for such a proceeding is irreconcilable with the idea of her being one of that class. There is possibly a mutiny among the crew, which may account for her strange movements." The brig urges on her course, glad to be spared the long chase she must have had if the schooner had persisted in the effort to escape; but when the pursuers approach near enough to distinguish by their glasses her rusty and filthy sides, and the absence of a long-boat and stern-boat, they begin to think that, after all, they have been mistaken. A little nearer, and all doubt of the real character of the schooner is dissipated: there are the indubitable indications—the slave-coppers, and the captive Africans themselves. Conjecture is at an end. She is unquestionably a slaver, with her wretched cargo on board; but the crew of the "S——" scarcely believe the testimony of their own senses, even while they congratulate themselves on having made so easy a capture, the cause of which has yet to be explained.

The brig having run up sufficiently near, the mainyard of the schooner is backed; one of the boats, with an officer, is sent to board her; and, unopposed, he is shortly seen treading her quarter-deck. With an excess of humility, the ship's papers and register are produced at the demand of the British officer; and none would imagine, on witnessing the servile, cringing demeanor of the slaver's captain and crew, that

they had not all along cherished an earnest desire to place their charge under the shadow of the British ensign. The captured schooner proves to be the "Rozalia," manned almost entirely by Spaniards, although sailing under Portuguese colors; and there is no doubt that the property invested in her, and in her wretched cargo, is Spanish also. Having thus ascertained her character, and taken formal possession of the vessel and the slaves on board, as a prize to Her Britannic Majesty's brig "S——," the boarding-officer passes aft toward the poop, when the mystery of the slaver's non-resistance begins to be solved. Looking around, his eye lights upon a countenance which, he is certain, he has seen before; the expression of which is of that ludicrous, dubious character, which makes it a matter of doubt whether its possessor is weeping or smiling. The man to whom this face belongs is leaning on the side of the vessel; and, looking at him a little more earnestly, the officer recognizes him as the supercargo of a slave-vessel, called the "Isabelita," which had been captured off Hayti by the "S——" eight months before, with her freight of suffering humanity, and carried into Sierra-Leone for adjudication by the Mixed Commission Court established there. His papers show, when they are examined, that he occupies the same position on board the "Rozalia" that he had formerly filled in the "Isabelita;" and he smiles grimly, while tears fill his eyes, (for the flinty-hearted monsters who embark in this murderous traffic, though callous to other humane suffering, can find a tear for their own losses,) as he reflects that he has had the hard fortune of being, within nine months, twice stripped of his ill-gotten property by that intermeddling British brig-of-war. The officer smiles too, as he recognizes the serio-comic physiognomy of his quondam friend of the "Isabelita," and receives his salutations, not remarkable, certainly, for the cordiality with which they are rendered. A conversation ensues between the two, from which the officer gathers that, on first discovering their dangerous proximity to the brig, the parties commanding the schooner had strained every nerve to get away; but the brig gained upon them rapidly; and when she had approached sufficiently near to be recognized as the "S——," he, the supercargo, had at once advised them to sur-

render and not expose themselves to the fire of their pursuer, as he was assured from painful experience that it was equally hopeless to think of escaping from her, or of resisting her with success. This advice, given and received less under the influence of feelings of humanity than from a salutary fear of the "S——'s" guns, was prudently acted upon; and consequently the schooner was captured without the firing of a single shot. On looking over her, the prize-officer finds the "Rozalia" to be small, low, and dirty in the extreme, with two hundred and sixty Africans of both sexes on board, all of whom have been kidnapped, and forced away from all they hold dear, and would have been consigned, within a few hours, to the murderous rigor of Cuban slavery. But these are not the whole number originally shipped; for many have sunk under their sufferings, since the schooner left the African coast. The prize being secured, the Spaniards are directed to get into the boats, and are conveyed as prisoners to the brig, English blue-jackets being sent in lieu of them to take charge of the slaver. The surgeon of the "S——" is also directed to accompany them, that he may examine the condition of the miserable beings who are crowded into the slaver's hold, and make to the captain his report of the survey.

Now it is that a scene of wretchedness and horror is exposed, at which even the experienced surgeon of the "S——" stands aghast! He has had to discharge a like painful duty on many former occasions, when the brig has crossed the path of the man-stealer, and rescued the prey from the grasp of oppression. The last capture—the "Camoens"—had presented a detail of horrors, the remembrance of which is sickening to the humane heart of Dr. T.; yet nothing in all his experience has enabled him to picture anything equal to the stern, dreadful reality of woe now visible before him. Disease has made havoc among the poor slaves since they left the coast; small-pox and dysentery, in their worst types, have been rapidly doing the work of death; and the number of the cargo has grown less and less day after day. Nor has the violence of these maladies at all abated; they are still spreading rapidly in the yet crowded hold; and the results must have been most fatal, had not the vessel happily fallen into

British hands. Dr. T.'s attention is first directed to those whom he sees on deck—mostly females—among whom disease has committed the greatest ravages. These he finds unchained, and several of them are moving about the deck; but all are without the slightest covering of any kind! On the starboard side, under the partial shelter of an old sail, he discovers a large number of poor creatures writhing and shrieking in agony under the influence of the small-pox—loathsome everywhere, but acquiring aggravated intensity within the tropics. They are huddled together without any distinction of age or sex, appearing at a little distance, from the effects of the disease on a black skin, (to use the surgeon's own words,) "a dark, putrid, corrugated mass." Many are rapidly sinking; not a few appear to be on the verge of eternity. Little can be done to alleviate these miseries. To send the sufferers below would only be to deprive them of the purer air they breathe on deck, and give fresh impulse to the disease that is destroying them; while it would contribute to spread the contagion yet more rapidly among those in the hold, upon many of whom it has already commenced its fatal progress. But all that the surgeon's skill and kindness can effect, under these unfavorable circumstances, is promptly done. The larger part of the limited deck is apportioned to their use; provision is made by spreading awnings above the deck, to screen them from the scorching sun by day, and the unwholesome dews of night; and a regimen is ordered vastly different from that to which for some weeks they have been accustomed—the stores of the "S—" furnishing means for carrying into effect these humane and judicious arrangements.

While Dr. T. is occupied in these professional duties, one of the blacks—a strong, tall, athletic man, who appears to belong to the crew rather than to the cargo—advances, and places a paper in the surgeon's hand. On looking it over, he finds that it is written in English, setting forth that the bearer and several others have been hired to assist in the navigation of the "Rozalia" from Africa to the coast of Cuba. "Are you not, then, a slave?" inquires Dr. T. "Slave, massa! slave?" responds the negro—drawing up his manly frame into an attitude of no small dignity and importance, while a dark frown lowers

on his brow, and his whole mien betokens mingled pity and indignation that a thought so dishonoring to him should be indulged—"Massa, me Krooman; and Krooman neber slave!" Then approaching nearer to Dr. T., he directs his attention to a blue mark, running from the corona to the nasal bone, as the characteristic symbol of the tribe with which he claims to be allied. He is gratified by receiving the doctor's assurance that he and his countrymen shall be duly cared for. It is well for them that they have been thrown into the hands of the British cruiser; their voyage would otherwise have ended, doubtless, as tragically for themselves as for the survivors of the cargo they were assisting to convey to the place of bondage. It is not often that Kroomen are found in a state of slavery; but there is little room to doubt that, once in a Spanish port, they would have found "*Kroomen neber slaves*" to be only a delusion; and, defrauded, betrayed, and sold by their unprincipled employers, their manly frames, and proud, indomitable spirit, would have been alike broken down by the lash, the bilboes, and the blood-hounds, which the Spanish slaveholder scruples not to employ in dealing with the untractable African whose unhappy lot it is to fall into his power.

These Kroomen have not only acted as sailors, but have also taken part in the laborious task of providing for the captives in the hold; and it is observed that the slaves regard them with marked deference and respect. Their services are now called into requisition by Dr. T., who has not as yet been able to direct any attention to the poor creatures still confined below. There are but few Englishmen left on board after the Spaniards have been withdrawn; for when it is ascertained that disease prevails to such an extent in the schooner, it is considered prudent to limit the prize-crew to one officer, the surgeon, and just as many men as may suffice to navigate the vessel. All the British sailors may, therefore, be seen aloft, reefing the topsails of the slaver, the "S—" meanwhile, lying off at some distance until both vessels are got under easy sail. Dr. T., with the Kroomen pressed into his service, proceeds with his survey of the schooner's living and dying freight. The hatchways are opened, disclosing the miserable dens in which the poor creatures are confined. They are low—little more than three feet

in depth—and indescribably filthy. The surgeon, standing near the opening, directs that all the slaves found in the hold shall be brought on deck for his inspection; and now the discovery is made that all the sufferers below are in irons—rendering it no easy matter, even for those who are as yet free from disease, to move their long-cramped limbs. A pair of strong iron rings, connected by a bar of iron, fastens the right leg of one negro to the left leg of another, just above the ankles. With exceeding pain and difficulty one couple after another of these unfortunates, thus linked in iron bands, emerge from the pestilential hold in which they have spent many weeks, dazzled and almost blinded by the light of day, to which they have been so long unaccustomed. Among these, also, the above-named maladies are doing their fell work; and some are so enfeebled and crippled that they cannot move from the spot where they are found. Diseased and healthy, weak and strong, young and old, are found all fettered together with indiscriminating impartiality. The helpless ones have to be assisted in ascending from the hold; and as many as can do so, turn an eager, scrutinizing glance to the countenance of the surgeon, standing at the hatchway, whom they seem to regard as in some sort the arbiter of their destiny, as if they sought to find there an explanation of the unusual occurrences of the day. All are at length brought on deck, where the pure sea-breeze can reach them. Many a tear of commiseration flows down the manly cheeks of the doctor as he gazes upon the spectacle before him; and, accustomed as he has been to look unmoved upon objects which to a non-professional eye would be horrifying, his heart sickens as he contemplates so many helpless, diseased, and dying creatures, possessing man's noble and immortal nature, victims of the cupidity and wickedness of their fellows. The scene awakens emotions in the surgeon's mind, now of pity, then of indignation, the remembrance of which will for years send a thrill of horror through his soul.

The Africans have discovered the tear of sympathy glistening in the white man's eye, and have justly interpreted it. And, now that they are all assembled on deck, many an anxious eye turns to him, to ascertain the fate that awaits them. He is not able to communicate with them in

their own tongue; and, fresh from Africa, the negroes understand only the language of their own land. But, several of the Kroomen having picked up a little English, one of them engages to act as interpreter between the surgeon and the captives. He is desired, first of all, to inform them that they are no longer slaves; that, rescued from the cruel power of the Spaniard, they now enjoy the protection of the British flag, under which slavery cannot live; that instead of being carried to Cuba, there to drag out miserable existence in hopeless bondage, and wasting, unrequited toil, they will be taken to a British colony, located among countrymen of their own, provided with means of procuring food and clothing, and guarded by just and equal laws. It is even amusing to witness the manner in which the Kroomen listen to the communication of Dr. T. Their eyes glisten with delight, and every muscle of their fine, intelligent faces quivers with emotion, as he announces that the poor creatures around them are to be set free; and, probably, their joy at the turn which affairs have taken is heightened by the memory of an occasional apprehension that they had embarked in an evil cause, and placed themselves in a perilous position. The scene acquires a deepening interest when the interpreter turns round, and advances a step or two nearer the fettered slaves. Of a tall, commanding figure, with arm outstretched, he seems to expand into new dignity with the consciousness that he is commissioned as an angel of mercy to proclaim glad tidings of great joy to the suffering group before him. He utters, in African dialect, a word which bids them listen; but scarcely is this needed, for every ear is open, and every eye that is not closed by disease is bent upon him with intense anxiety. Silence prevails, while, in a tongue with which all are familiar, he makes the heart-cheering communication with which he is charged; when, as if touched by a magic wand, all tongues are simultaneously loosened. Forgetting for the moment all physical suffering, in the rapture of unexpected freedom, the poor Africans lift up their voice with all their remaining strength. Shout after shout arises from the deck of the slaver, the spontaneous expression of heartfelt joy—joy which, but a few brief hours ago, it was unlikely they would ever experience more.

is sympathetic: the shouts on deck are heartily returned by the British tars aloft, and echoed by those on board the brig; every voice saluting the glorious emblem of liberty floating above them—the flag, which for “a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze.”

When these tumultuous expressions of joy have subsided, (which must have been gall and wormwood to the disappointed Spaniards in the brig,) hammers and chisels are brought into requisition; and there is heard that sound more sweet than “the music of the spheres”—the clink of the loosening fetter. To the unspeakable joy and satisfaction of their minds, no less than to the ease and comfort of their bruised and wasted frames, the poor slaves receive this substantial earnest of freedom: their chains and manacles are cast aside. Yet it is a work of time, and of difficulty too; for the irons are firmly riveted on the hapless wearers. But the hearts of those to whom the task is assigned are in the work; and at length, to the gratification of all, the labor of love is accomplished; every fettered limb is set at liberty; and there are rejoicing hearts in that slave-ship, and dark faces radiant with hope, such as its narrow, polluted hold, and its blood-stained decks, have never witnessed before.

As to some of the poor captives, their physical energies are too completely prostrated to be recovered. Both vessels are kept under easy sail, and the weather is fine; but many days necessarily elapse before they can reach the nearest British port: the best arrangements that the limits of the schooner admit of are made for the benefit of the sick; all that the stores of the “S——” can contribute is freely yielded; while the surgeon, actuated no less by a feeling of true philanthropy than by a sense of professional duty, is indefatigable in attention to his unhappy patients. But every day some are found sinking in death; and before the friendly harbor is gained, one tenth of the whole number found in the pest-ship at the time of her capture have been consigned to the deep! How fearfully would the mortality have been increased had she continued on her once-destined course! Probably half or two-thirds of the enslaved Africans would have perished. And were the voyage protracted, even under the present comparatively favorable auspices, the result must inevitably be fatal in many other cases.

Ten days after the capture, the “S——” and her prize arrived at Belize, in the Bay of Honduras; provision is promptly made for landing the slaves on a small island not far from the settlement; suitable food and clothing are provided, and additional medical aid is obtained. The ravages of disease are arrested. Freed from the confinement of the slaver, and able to take sufficient exercise under the refreshing shades of a well-sheltered island, the rescued captives reawake to life and activity; wasted and death-like forms acquire the vigor and elasticity which had vanished under the blighting curse; pallid faces (for the dark skin of the negro can become pallid) assuming the shining hue of health; and all bless the day when the “S——” crossed the “Rozalia’s” course, and the ensign of St. George waved in triumph over the decks of THE CAPTURED SLAVER!

A HINT TO PARENTS.

BAD temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization. It frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull, passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil, by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tampered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble—whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill-conduct on his part—are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely. Unhappiness is the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence; and, worst of all, the mind’s green and yellow sickness—ill temper.

GENTLENESS, AND ITS POWER.

A woman's—say, a little child's soft hand,
With gentle patting easier doth command,
And make the bristling boar to crouch and fall,
Than any boisterous wrestler of them all.—*Peterark.*

IT is not needful for us to dilate on the magic power of gentleness, which we have ever pronounced to be an irresistible argument when all others fail; but we know too well the value of such a talisman, to be silent in its praises as opportunity offers. One-half at least of the world's misfortunes originate in their contempt for this virtue. Take our word for it, good people; we may *always* lead, and win, by kindness. Hard words, cruel speeches, opposition, and perverseness, prevail neither with mankind nor with animals. But *everything* falls before the sunshine of good-nature. We prove this daily.

The subjoined fragment will fully illustrate our meaning:—

“I did not hear the maiden's name; but in my thought I have ever since called her ‘Gentle Hand.’ What a magic lay in her touch! It was wonderful.

“When and where, it matters not now to relate;—but once upon a time, as I was passing through a thinly-peopled district of country, night came down upon me, almost unawares. Being on foot, I could not hope to gain the village, toward which my steps were directed, until a late hour; and I therefore preferred seeking shelter and a night's lodging at the first humble dwelling that presented itself.

“Dusky twilight was giving place to deeper shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shone with a pleasant promise of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an inclosure, and a short distance from the road along which I was moving with wearied feet. Turning aside, and passing through an ill-hung gate, I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges, and the rattle of its latch, in closing it, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the little porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival.

“A deep, quick bark, answered, almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate; and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the

doorway. I was now near enough to see the savage aspect of the animal, and the gathering motion of his body, as he prepared to bound forward upon me. His wolfish growl was really fearful. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck, and a low word spoken.

“‘Don't be afraid. He wont hurt you,’ said a voice, that to me sounded very sweet and musical.

“I now came forward, but in some doubt as to the young girl's power over the beast, on whose rough neck her almost childish hand still lay. The dog did not seem by any means reconciled to my approach, and growled wickedly his dissatisfaction.

“‘Go in, Tiger,’ said the girl—not in a voice of authority, yet in her gentle tones was the consciousness that she would be obeyed; and as she spoke, she lightly bore upon the animal with her hand, and he turned away, and disappeared within the dwelling.

“‘Who's that?’ A rough voice asked the question; and now a heavy-looking man took the dog's place at the door.

“‘Who are you? What's wanted?’ There was something very harsh and forbidding in the way the man spoke. The girl now laid her hand upon his arm, and leaned with a gentle pressure against him.

“‘How far is it to G——?’ I asked, not deeming it best to say, in the beginning, that I sought a resting-place for the night.

“‘To G——!’ growled the man, but not so harshly as at first. ‘It's a good six miles from here.’

“‘A long distance; and I'm a stranger and on foot,’ said I. ‘If you can make room for me until morning, I will be very thankful.’

“I saw the girl's hand move quietly up his arm, until it rested on his shoulder, and now she leaned to him still closer.

“‘Come in. We'll try what can be done for you.’ There was a change in the man's voice that made me wonder.

“I entered a large room, in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor.

“‘A stranger, mother,’ said the man who had given me so rude a greeting at the door; ‘and he wants us to let him stay all night.’

"The woman looked at me doubtingly for a few moments, and then replied, coldly :—

" 'We do n't keep a public-house.'

" 'I'm aware of that, ma'am,' said I; 'but night has overtaken me, and it's a long way to G——.'

" 'Too far for a tired man to go on foot,' said the master of the house, kindly; 'so it's no use talking about it, mother; we must give him a bed.'

"So unobtrusively that I scarcely noticed the movement, the girl had drawn to the woman's side. What she said to her I did not hear, for the brief words were uttered in a low voice; but I noticed that, as she spoke, one small fair hand rested on the woman's hand. Was there magic in that gentle touch? The woman's repulsive aspect changed into one of kindly welcome, and she said :—

" 'Yes, it is a long way to G——. I guess we can find a place for him. Have you had any supper?'

"I answered in the negative.

"The woman, without further remark, drew a pine-table from the wall, placed upon it some cold meat, fresh bread and butter, and a pitcher of new milk. While these preparations were going on, I had leisure for more minute observation. There was a singular contrast between the young girl I have mentioned, and the other inmates of the room; and yet I could trace a strong likeness between the maiden and the woman, whom I supposed to be her mother—browed and hard as were the features of the latter.

"Soon after I had commenced eating my supper, the two children who were playing on the floor began quarreling with each other.

" 'John! go off to bed!' said the father, in a loud, peremptory voice, speaking to one of the children.

"But John, though he could not help hearing, did not choose to obey.

" 'Do you hear me, sir? Off with you!' repeated the angry father.

" 'I do n't want to go,' whined the child.

" 'Go, I tell you, this minute!'

"Still there was not the slightest movement to obey; and the little fellow looked the very image of rebellion. At this crisis in the affair, when a storm seemed inevitable, the sister, as I supposed her to be, glided across the room, and stooping down, took the child's hand in hers. Not

a word was said, but the young rebel was instantly subdued. Rising, he passed out by her side, and I saw no more of him during the evening.

"Soon after I had finished my supper, a neighbor came in, and it was not long before he and the man of the house were involved in a warm political discussion, in which were many more assertions than reasons. My host was not a very clear-headed man; while his antagonist was wordy and specious. The former, as might be supposed, very naturally became excited, and now and then indulged himself in rather strong expressions toward his neighbor, who, in turn, dealt back wordy blows that were quite as heavy as he had received, and a good deal more irritating.

"And now I marked again the power of that maiden's gentle hand. I did not notice her movement to her father's side. She was there when I first observed her, with one hand laid upon his temple, and lightly smoothing the hair with a caressing motion. Gradually the high tone of the disputant subsided, and his words had in them less of personal rancor. Still, the discussion went on; and I noticed that the maiden's hand, which rested on the temple when unimpassioned words were spoken, resumed its caressing motion the instant there was the smallest perceptible tone of anger in the father's voice. It was a beautiful sight; and I could but look on and wonder at the power of that touch—so light, so unobtrusive, yet possessing a spell over the hearts of all around her. As she stood there, she looked like an angel of peace, sent to still the turbulent waters of human passion. Sadly out of place I could not but think her, amid the rough and rude; and yet, who more than they need the softening and humanizing influences of one like the 'Gentle Hand?'

"Many times more, during that evening, did I observe the magic power of her hand and voice—the one gentle, yet potent, as the other.

"On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was preparing to take my departure, when my host informed me that if I would wait for half an hour, he would give me a ride in his wagon to G——, as business required him to go there. I was very well pleased to accept of the invitation. In due time, the farmer's wagon was driven into the road before the house, and I was invited to get in. I noticed the horse; it

was a rough-looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off.

"'Dick!' said the farmer, in a peremptory voice, giving the rein a quick jerk as he spoke.

"But Dick moved not a step.

"'Dick! you vagabond! get up.' And the farmer's whip cracked sharply by the pony's ear.

"It availed not, however, this second appeal. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next the whip was brought down upon him with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt, to the number of a half-dozen. The man might as well have beaten his wagon!

"A stout lad now came into the road; and catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using, at the same time, the customary language on such occasions; but Dick met this new ally with increased stubbornness, planting his fore-feet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clinched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed nothing, however; Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

"'Do n't do so, John!'

"I turned my head as the maiden's sweet voice reached my ear. She was passing through the gate into the road, and in the next moment had taken hold of the lad and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratification.

"And now that soft hand was laid gently on the pony's neck, and a single low word spoken. How instantly were the tense muscles relaxed—how quickly the stubborn air vanished!

"'Poor Dick!' said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly patted it with her child-like hand.

"'Now, go along, you provoking fellow!' she added in a half-chiding, yet affectionate voice, as she drew upon the bridle. The pony turned toward her, and rubbed his head against her arm for an instant or two; then, pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as freely as if no silly

crotchet had ever entered his stubborn brain.

"'What a wonderful power that hand possesses!' said I, speaking to my companion as we rode away.

"He looked at me for a moment, as if my remark had occasioned surprise. Then a light came into his countenance, and he said briefly—

"'She's good! Everybody and everything loves her.'

"Was that indeed the secret of her power? Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by brute beasts? The father's explanation was, doubtless, the true one. Yet I have since wondered, and still do wonder, at the potency which lay in that maiden's magic touch. I have seen something of the same power, showing itself in the loving and good, but never to the extent as instanced in her, whom, for a better name, I must still call 'Gentle Hand.'

A gentle touch—a soft word. Ah! how few of us, when the will is strong with its purpose, can believe in the power of agencies so apparently insignificant! And yet all great influences effect their ends silently, unobtrusively, and with a force that seems at first glance to be altogether inadequate.

Is there not a lesson for us all in this? And how very quickly it may be learned! God bless every "gentle hand!" say we.

ANCIENT BABYLON.—The French government having employed a party of gentlemen to explore the site of Ancient Babylon, a report has lately been received from them, in which they intimate that it has been ascertained, beyond reasonable doubt, that the ruins beneath a certain tumulus are those of the marvelous palace-citadel of Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar. They are in such a state of confusion and decay that at present it is not possible to form any idea of the extent or character of the edifice. They appear, however, to extend beneath the bed of the Euphrate—a circumstance accounted for by the change in the course of that river. Sarcophagi have been found, in which were skeletons clothed in a sort of armor, and wearing crowns of gold on their heads. When touched, the skeletons, with the exception of some parts of the skulls, fell into dust; but the iron, though rusty, and the gold of the crowns, are in a fair state of preservation.



THE CHILD AT THE WHEEL IN THE PEAK CAVERN.

THE following lines are from an English publication, entitled "Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil." After an interesting description of numerous caves and mines in Derbyshire, England, the author recounts a visit to the Peak Cavern, and adds: "We could not help grieving over a poor little dejected urchin, who seemed abandoned to hopelessness and disease, and who turned a rope-spinner's wheel at the entrance to the cavern. We learned from a cottager hard by, that the little people employed here worked all hours of daylight in the summer-time, at low wages, and starved in the cold of winter." This suggested these thoughts, which are worthy of perusal for the genial and kindly feelings of humanity which pervade them.

The sun is bright, the heavens are blue,
The warm light gushes through the trees,
And verdant weeds of changeful hue
Bend with the breeze.

The painted fly is round the stream,
The dove coos from its maple bowers;
The poor sick maiden in a dream,
Seems lost in flowers.

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All sorts of simple laboring men,
With smiles and laughter move along;
The wrinkled woodman tries again
His childhood's song.

The pillow'd grandam nods to hear
Her old man's gay but feeble rhymes;
"God sends," quoth she, "my children dear,
"Such blissful times!"

The white-hair'd little things come in,
And circling round her—dull and blind—
Forth from her kirtled lap begin
Their flowers to bind.

Within the "Cavern of the Peak,"
Behold a pale and wretched boy;
The rose-bud never knew his cheek,
He hath no joy!

All day he turns that restless wheel,
From sunrise until slumber shade;
Seasons and change he scarce doth feel,
In gloom array'd.

A cool, clear stream from hideous cells,
Leaps by his feet with urgent wave;
And tripping into light, it tells,—
"I am no slave!"

Upon his mind, from faery lamp,
No beams of youth's enchantment come;
Bending, he hears—all cold and damp—
A ceaseless hum!

Proud people pass him day by day,
To gaze on wonders manifold:
"Give me some mirth," his look doth say;
"I want no gold!"

Offer him food—he doth not crave;
Vesture,—the naked rocks would smile;
Talk to him of an early grave,
Entomb'd the while.

A few bright hours of healthful day,
Lent to that little helpless child—
Bestow'd upon the cast-away,
Who never smiled—

Would save some greedy master shame,
When childhood, in such lean array,
Shall speed the curse of fire and flame,
At one Great Day!

O! who that knew the lonesome boy
Can look on God's own heaven, nor feel
That he should hold a kindred joy,
Loosed from his wheel.

By labor we must live, and wear
The livery of Adam's kind;
But do not banish nature's care,
So far behind!

Give children the sweet-breathing fields,
For one brief space of cheerful day,
Before the injured blossom yields
To slow decay!

A wretched coffin, in a roofless room,
A poor, pale woman, prostrate and in tears,
(The only good thing left amid the gloom
Of dusty furniture, the wrecks of years.)
This is my noonday's vision—this the doom
That curtain'd round with certainties appears.
Nature! close up your bosom, warm and mild;
No more sweet kisses! weep for this poor child!

TRUISMS.

'Tis true that clouds
But momentarily bar out the sunshine; true
That stars—invisible by day—in crowds
Spangle the skies, but come into the view
In darkness only; true that flowers will die,
And be renew'd, as fair, beneath a vernal sky.

'Tis true that grief
Is not eternal; that our bitterest tears,
As well as that which makes them, find relief
In fewer moments than we give them years
To wear away our hearts in; true it is
That almost every sorrow hath its sister-bliss!

'Tis true that graves
(Within whose close-shut lips dear treasures
lie
Which the death-kiss pollutes) give forth green
waves
Of grass—all flush with flowers—which no
keen eye
Could guess for growth proceeding from decay,
Where nothing sweet there is that hath not
sour'd away!

When spring is dead
Upon rich summer's bosom, which, in turn,
Lays the last clusters of its lovely head
Upon pale autumn's breast, till, in his urn

Of wither'd leaves, old winter buries all—
We know that time shall back each dear-loved
presence call.

We know that all we lose
May be restored; we know that flowers which
fade

May flourish, and that even love's sweet rose
(Sore-girt with thorns) may make, as it has
made,

Our happiness again. We know all this;
Yet doubts o'erwhelm all knowledge—fear sub-
dues all bliss.

Our hopes are mists
That mount up from the very earth around us,
Till lost in heaven above, where Heaven
resists

All earthly exhalations. Pain may wound us,
And trials mark us with full many a scar;
But time brings certainty—than hope a brighter
star.

Yet sweet are hopes,
And fair their presence is, with sorrow by us;
But though their rosy hands the portals ope
Of joy ideal, care can still defy us;
For we shall find, if we regard it near,
The shadow of each hope to be a nameless fear.

THE POET'S MISSION.

BY MARIA J. EWEK.

WHAT is the Poet's noblest work? To sing
Of Nature's glories, light, and birds, and
flowers,
Of star-gemm'd eyes, of fair bright skies?—To
swing

A perfum'd censer o'er this earth of ours;
To wreath the world with beauty's magic zone?
Not this—not this alone!

To catch the spirit-murmurs of the sea,
The low, sweet whisper of the forest air;
To pour them forth in one wild melody
A grander, softer chant by far than theirs,
All feeling link'd to music's trancing tone?
Not this—not this alone!

More high and noble still I deem to be
The Poet's work; with his rapt soul, clear eyes,
His "thoughts that wander through eternity;"
His proud aspirings, world-wide sympathies,
His burden and his woe, his raptures, tears—
His doubtings and his fears.

'Tis his to bear a message from high Heaven,
To flash God's sunlight o'er the minds of men;
To sheath in burning words fair thoughts, God-
given,
Till Earth awake to beauty—truth again;
To point with Faith's firm finger to the skies:
"Henceforth, thou sleeper, rise!"

To scatter seeds of precious worth; to shout
In high appeal against the powers of wrong;
To tinge with golden light the clouds of doubt;
To "raise the weak, to animate the strong;"
To seal all souls with Love's pure signet-kiss:
The Poet's work is this!



MAIN ENTRANCE.

NAVY-YARD, BROOKLYN.

THE Navy of the United States has already acquired no small reputation, and gives promise of yet greater celebrity in the future. Separated as we are by the wide ocean from all the greater powers of the earth, it is evident that fleets, not armies, are the means by which we shall be able to exert an influence upon them. Europe seems likely to be convulsed, ere long, with commotions exceeding in intensity and importance any that the world has ever yet witnessed; and though we may desire to stand aloof as spectators rather than actors in the struggle, it is doubtful whether sympathy, interest, and duty, will permit us to remain entirely passive. Already has the commander of an American vessel of war been compelled to take a decided, and, we rejoice to say, an honorable stand in the presence of European governments. If such be the effect of the first low-breathings of the coming tempest, what will be the result when the storm bursts in all its fury? To our navy, then, always an object of interest, should our attention be now especially directed; and our navy-yards, the birth-places and homes of our fleets, well deserve our consideration.

The New-York Navy-Yard, of which we propose now to speak, occupies the

south side of the Wallabout, a bay lying between the cities of Brooklyn and Williamsburg. It was established in 1794, and is under the charge of a captain, usually styled the commandant, assisted by one commander and two lieutenants. There are also a surgeon, a purser, a chaplain, a boatswain, a gunner, a carpenter, a sail-maker, and a ship-builder, who is called a constructor. These are assisted by about twenty-five master-workmen, and employment is furnished to about seven hundred and fifty men throughout the year.

The present officers of the yard are—Captain Charles Boardman, salary \$3,500 and house; Commander William L. Hudson, \$2,100 and house; Lieutenant Boggs, \$1,500 and house; Lieutenant Lynch, \$1,500; Surgeon Guillen, \$2,000; Chaplain Blake, \$1,500; Purser Todd, \$2,500; Master Brady, \$1,000, with house.

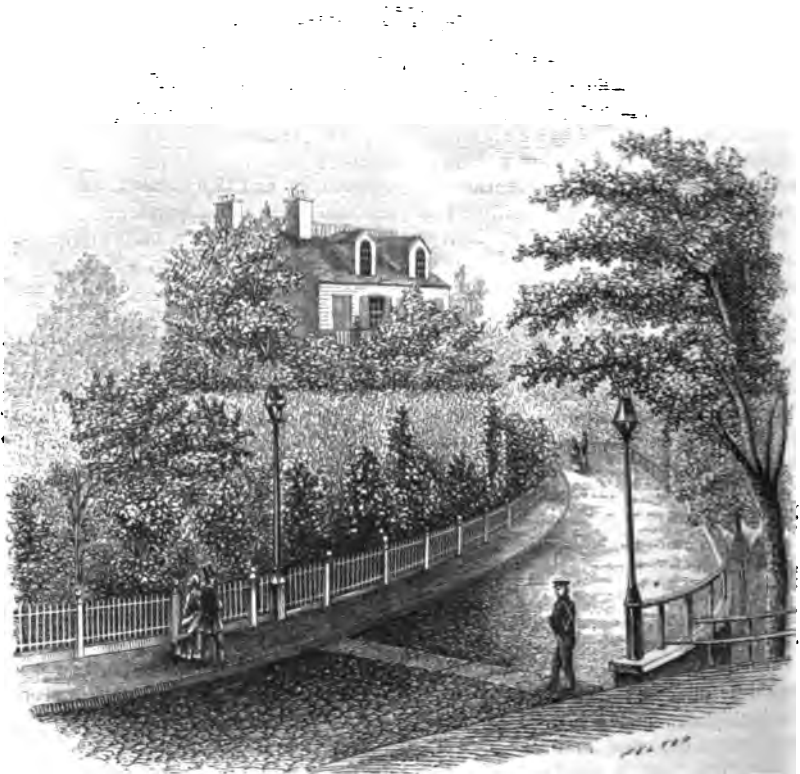
The pay of the sailors is from \$10 to \$12 per month, and they are allowed as rations one pound of pork or beef daily and fourteen ounces of biscuit, one pound of flour and one of rice per week, and other articles in proportion.

The view at the commencement of our article shows the entrance to the yard. It is at the head of York-street, Brooklyn.

The neighborhood is occupied with sailor boarding-houses, liquor stores, and residences of workmen. The gates generally stand wide open, affording ingress and egress to all who choose, though a marine is constantly on guard. The building on the right is occupied as a guard-house, and the little wooden edifice further down on the same side of the street is the office of the clerk of the yard, around which the workmen all assemble in the morning and at noontime to answer to their names, called in alphabetical order. Fortunate is the man whose name begins with one of the latter letters of the alphabet, the usual algebraic symbols of unknown quantities, for he will have fifteen minutes more in which to eat his dinner and smoke his pipe, than poor A, B, or C, who must be on the spot precisely at the hour, or lose his half day's work. One bearing the name of Adams or Atkins, for instance, would feel some temptation, in applying for employment here, to enter as Williams, or Watkins, or Youngs.

On entering the yard, the visitor will be impressed with the order and neatness which everywhere prevails. The streets are beautifully clean; our city street inspectors would do well to examine them, and take them as a pattern for imitation. Heaps of cannon-balls and bomb-shells are piled symmetrically in different spots within the grassy enclosures; rows of cannon, bomb-mortars, and anchors, some of them of enormous size, lie within the neatly white-washed fence. These all tell of the stormy deep, of deadly slaughter, and the fierce jar of human passions; but the velvet-like lawns around, the beautiful foliage above, and the sweet song of numerous birds, speak of peace; and the heart would fain interpret the whole as a prophecy, that these instruments of death shall yet lie idle in their resting-places, objects of curious interest to the beholder, never more to become the messengers of destruction.

The road seen on the left of the cut leads up to the commandant's residence, a



THE COMMANDANT'S RESIDENCE.

front view of which is here given. It is a neat two-story frame house, on elevated ground, overlooking the whole yard. We do not know that there is any special prohibition against visiting this part of the premises; but courtesy and good-sense should dictate the propriety of not intruding upon the privacy of this lovely home, even though it be that of a public officer, and the house itself the property of "Uncle Sam." Some years since, we are told, at least one party, if not more, took the liberty of entering the halls and passing through various rooms uninvited. We cannot but hope that such specimens of rudeness are "few and far between."

Further down, on the left-hand side of the street, is a building resembling externally that at the gate; the two lower stories are occupied as offices, and the third and fourth by the Naval Lyceum, a description of which will be given hereafter. In the door-yard in front are several brass pieces, with Spanish inscriptions; trophies of the late Mexican war. Directly opposite this edifice is a flag-staff, bearing the following inscription:—

"Latitude 40° 41' 50" North.
Longitude 74° 0' 35" West of Greenwich.
" 3° 2' 35" East of Washington.
Variation 4° 10' West."

If the visitor has never before been able precisely to ascertain his position, he will now have the satisfaction of doing so, at least for a few moments.

Turning from this, the next object likely to attract the attention is a large wooden building, three hundred and fifty feet long, and eighty feet to the peak. It is full of windows, and somehow recalls to the mind our childish vision of Noah's ark. Can it be that the worthy officers of our navy have erected a fac-simile of that ancient bark as a model for imitation? Passing around to the water-front we find the doors open, and perceive that the building is nearly empty. It is no ship, but the shell out of which, some time since, a ship was hatched. Indeed, several have already been launched from its inclosure, and others will probably follow. Along an inclined railway they dive into the water like young ducks, wingless at first, it is true, but soon to be supplied from the sailmaker's loft with those necessary organs, made of the very best *duck*. The vessels are built under cover, and remain so, sheltered from the weather sometimes for years, till they are

needed for service. In a similar ship-house adjoining, a first-class frigate of forty-four guns, to be called the Sabine, is yet to be seen in an unfinished state. Though not of the largest size, she looks gigantic as she lies high and dry, for so great a proportion of the bulk of a vessel is below the water-line when she is afloat that one can form but little idea of her real magnitude. What a spectacle yon noble ship, the North Carolina, must have presented before she slid from the ways into the element for which she was built!

Now that we have mentioned the North Carolina, let us board her. But she lies at a distance from the land; a little guard-house is just before us, however, near which a plank gently descending will bring us to a float, from which we can step into a barge, or scow, or ferry-boat, call it what you please; at any rate, the motive power is neither steam, nor horses, nor wind, nor oars. A rope is stretched from the vessel to the shore; this rope passes through rings at each end of the boat, and two sailors by pulling soon bring you safely over. You land on a float at the side of the ship, and looking up at the rows of guns peeping out from her sides, congratulate yourself that you come peaceably, for the effect of one broadside would be more than you would care to witness. She shows her teeth, however, without barking or biting, and having mounted the flights of stairs you are soon on her upper deck. Here are officers in uniform, and sailors going to and fro; all is neatness and quietness. The decks look as if they had been scrubbed by the best of housewives, the brass is highly polished; while all around, with their mouths turned away from you now, are the black demons that looked at you so terribly as you were coming on board. A staircase takes you down to another deck, similar in many respects to the one above, with rows of cannon on every side; another staircase to a third deck, which is ditto; and then, getting tired of going down stairs, you look down the hatchway and see two or three stories of dark holds yet below you. On one of the lower decks is a *caboose*, or cook-stove, and tables for the different messes. Muskets are stacked in various places, and a fire-engine stands ready for use in case of necessity. If the doors of the officers' state-rooms are open, you will see that they are pleasant and neatly

furnished; but do not enter them, for they are private. Should you get there at nine o'clock A. M. or three P. M., the band will be on board, discoursing most excellent music.

The *North Carolina* is a line-of-battle ship, called a seventy-four, but mounting one hundred guns of large caliber, and is moored off the yard for the purpose of receiving recruits for the navy. She is under the immediate charge of Commander E. Peck, who is subordinate to the commandant of the navy-yard. The other officers are Lieutenants Walke, Ring, Middleton, and Bowers, and Master S. C. Reid, who acquired during the war with England quite a reputation as commander of the *General Armstrong*. There are also connected with her Surgeons Abernethy and Bell, Purser Cahoon, Marine Lieutenant Brooks, and Chaplain Lenhart, a member of the New-Jersey Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her complement in her present service is one hundred and forty men; at sea, she would be manned by eight hundred. She was built at Philadelphia in 1820.

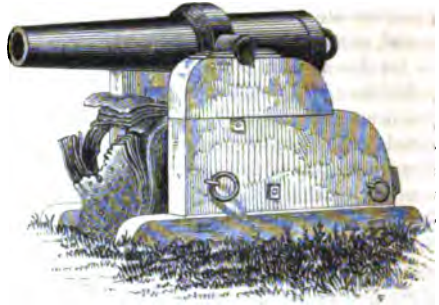
At a little distance from the *North Carolina* lies a hull, without masts, &c., the *Brandywine*, whose first voyage was



THE BRANDYWINE.

undertaken to bring to this country that honored guest of the nation, the Marquis de la Fayette. She is a frigate of the first class, mounting forty-four guns. She was built at Washington in 1825, and laid up in 1849. It is designed to rebuild her.

The *Constitution*, familiarly known as *Old Ironsides*, was at this yard not long since. She and the *United States* are the oldest vessels in the navy, both having



THE PEACEMAKER.

been built in 1797, the former at Philadelphia, the latter at Boston. Both are celebrated for their services, the Constitution especially so.

Not far from where the *North Carolina* is now moored, lay the ill-fated *Fulton*, which was destroyed by the explosion of her powder-magazine in 1829. The catastrophe took place a little after midday, and resulted in the death of more than forty persons. The cause of this disaster was never ascertained. But little powder is kept about the yard at present. The government store of this destructive article is at Ellis's Island, in the bay below New-York. One family only resides there, having charge of the premises; and no lights or fire are permitted.

On shore again, we look about for new objects of interest. At the end of a brick building, standing between the two ship-houses before alluded to, is a cannon of some size, and in front of it a mass of iron eight inches thick, through which one of its balls has been driven. This gun, we are told, bears the singular title of "*Stockton's Peacemaker*," and carries a ball of one hundred and twenty pounds. It was made in England, and is of wrought-iron. The United States government, it seems, had been applied to to adopt and assist an invention called Stevens's floating-battery, composed of plates of iron, which the inventor claimed would be impregnable to cannon balls. It was resolved to test the matter practically, and one ball from the *Peacemaker*, though it did not make pieces of the target, caused that fearful rent. Steam and gunpowder! what mighty agencies are they! Controlled by man, how useful in many particulars; but, like caged wild beasts, how apt to turn, in terrible fury, against their puny tyrants!

But no object in the navy-yard can exceed in interest the Dry-dock and its appurtenances. It is located at the north-east corner of the yard, its front, or entrance, being built on the edge of the convex channel of the bay. Standing on its brink, let us consider its history before we proceed to a more minute examination of its parts.

As early as 1826, Colonel Baldwin, a civil engineer, examined the harbor of New-York, and reported that it was practicable to build a stone dry-dock of sufficient capacity to receive a ship of the line. His report was approved by Congress; but nothing further was done until March 3, 1835, when a new examination was authorized, and one hundred thousand dollars appropriated for commencing the work. In the following June, Colonel Baldwin repeated his survey, and reported in favor of locating the dock within the navy-yard. The subject was annually before Congress from that time till 1841, when decisive action was taken, and the work commenced in August, under the direction of Edward H. Courtenay, Professor of Civil Engineering at West Point. He was succeeded by others, who prosecuted the task with ability and zeal, until, on the 30th of August, 1851, it was completed under the superintendence of General Charles B. Stuart, to whose published account we are indebted for the particulars given.*

The difficulties encountered were neither few nor trivial. The soil proved less substantial than was anticipated, although great pains had been previously taken to ascertain its character. There were numerous quicksands, and the coffer-dam, though composed of piles from thirty-three to thirty-seven feet in length, did not penetrate the solid substratum beneath to a sufficient depth to give them as firm a hold as was necessary. On two occasions breaches occurred with little or no warning—providentially without any loss of life. Additional piles were then driven, and, to keep them in place, chain-cables were attached to mooring-blocks on the shore; but these, though of iron, and two inches

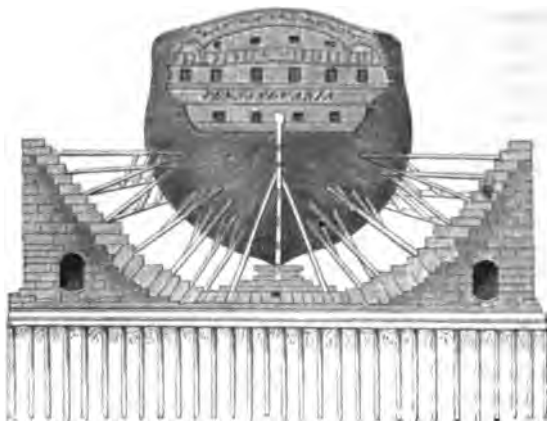
in diameter, were repeatedly broken, six giving way in a single night. At length, however, the excavations were completed, and the foundations of the dock commenced; but the difficulties did not yet cease—numerous springs of fresh water, some forty or more, made their appearance. One of these, at the north-east corner of the dock, undermined the piles, and in a single day made a cavity in which a pole was run down to the depth of twenty feet below the foundation timbers. Into this hole two hundred cubic feet of cobblestone were thrown; but the spring sought a new outlet, bursting up through a bed of concrete two feet in thickness. Various expedients were resorted to in vain; but at last, by driving piles to a great depth, a secure basis was obtained.

For the purpose of making a solid resting-place for the foundation, eight thousand two hundred and eighty-three piles were used, the average length of which was thirty-two feet seven inches. Some of these, called bearing-piles, were round, and of spruce timber; others, called sheet-piles, were of yellow pine plank. Concrete masonry, two feet deep, was then laid between the bearing-piles, and a flooring of yellow pine plank, three inches thick, was placed upon and spiked to them. Timbers and concrete, covered with another flooring of plank, then followed, and on this last the stone-work was commenced.

The main chamber of the dock is two hundred and eighty-six feet long and thirty feet broad at the bottom, and three hundred and seven feet long and ninety-eight feet broad at the top. By means of a floating-gate, an additional length of fifty-two feet may be obtained, being room enough for the largest war-steamers afloat. Eighty thousand tons of stone were used. The granite for the exterior masonry was from the Sullivan and Franklin quarries, in the State of Maine; and the interior stone from the Staten Island and Highland quarries, in the State of New-York. The sides of the dock are like a succession of lofty steps, as may be seen in the section here given, within which is represented the Pennsylvania, the largest ship of the line in the American service. The cornerstone of the masonry was laid May 19, 1847, and completed April 19, 1850.

When a vessel is to be repaired, the gates (which are very ingeniously constructed, but cannot be described in the

* General Stuart's work is very valuable, and beautifully got up. It is entitled "The Naval Dry Docks of the United States," and is published by Charles B. Norton, Irving House. Its illustrations are numerous, and add greatly to the value and beauty of the volume.

THE PENNSYLVANIA IN DOCK.^o

present article) are opened, and she is floated in; the gates are then closed, and the water pumped out by means of an engine of great power, at which we will now take a peep.

This beautiful machine stands in the east wing of a granite building, perfectly fire-proof, three hundred feet long and sixty feet broad, with iron roof, doors, floors, shutters, window-frames, &c. A part of the building will be occupied for other purposes. The engine is of the species called a condensing double-acting beam-engine, and is set in a cast-iron gothic frame, and finished in the most perfect manner. Its cylinder is of fifty inches diameter and twelve feet stroke. A register records the number of strokes of the pumps. An elegant iron railing surrounds the whole. The boilers, three in number, are in an adjoining apartment. Thirty-seven thousand three hundred dollars was the price at which it was contracted for; but various additions and alterations raised the sum total to fifty-two thousand eight hundred and thirty-five dollars and fifty-nine cents. It was constructed at the West Point Foundry, at Cold Spring, New-York, and is the largest in America; and at the time of its erection not exceeded by any in the world, and is capable of emptying the dock in two hours and ten minutes. One, since constructed to drain the Harlem Mer, in Holland, is said to exceed it.

The United States sloop of war Dale,

^o The perpendicular lines at the bottom of the cut, represent the bearing-piles already mentioned.

the steamer San Jacinto, the frigates St. Lawrence, Brandywine, Constitution, and Macedonian, the store-ship Relief, and the French steam-frigate Mogadore, were all safely docked between the first of January, 1850, and the first of January, 1852. We believe the work has fully answered the design of its construction.

Much time might be very pleasantly spent in examining the various workshops and store-houses in the yard. They are built of brick, with slate roofs, and are generally of two stories, and covered with a yellow wash. Some

of them are occupied for the storage of provisions, and others as timber-sheds, where large quantities of oak and pine are laid up to season for use. One of these was consumed last spring, and much valuable property destroyed. Then there are shops for the blacksmiths, joiners, block-makers, spar-makers, &c.; besides lofts for the sail-makers, riggers, gunners, &c. A brick building now in process of erection in a distant part of the yard, is intended for a steam saw-mill. The barracks for the marines are not in the yard; a large wooden building on Park Avenue, is occupied by them.

The Naval Lyceum, before referred to, will well repay the visitor for the time



spent in examining it. It comprises a library, reading-room, and museum of natural history and curiosities, &c. It was organized at a meeting of naval officers, held on the 27th of November, 1833, and incorporated in 1835, under the title of "The United States Naval Lyceum." By donation and purchase it has acquired a library of more than three thousand volumes, and nearly two thousand charts and maps. Its rooms, though not as large and well lighted as might be desired, are tastefully arranged, and decorated with busts and portraits of the various presidents of the United States, celebrated officers of the navy, &c. Models of all vessels built at the station are to be seen there; relics of several that have been destroyed or rebuilt; also, models of various useful inventions connected with naval affairs. One of the most prominent objects is a large goblet-shaped mass of madrepore, inclosed in a glass case, and called Neptune's Cup. It is about two feet six inches high, and was taken from about sixty feet below the surface, in the bay of Bengal. Its base seems to be composed of mingled madrepore and shells, and it is an object altogether unique.

At a little distance from this natural curiosity are two bomb-shells, bearing inscriptions stating that they were fired from the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, during the siege of Vera Cruz. In another part of the room is a piece of the material of this same castle; it appears to be a species of madrepore.

In one of the cases is a British standard of red silk, bearing the arms of England, and the motto "*Dieu et mon droit*." It is said to have been taken by a retreating party at the battle of Long Island, in 1776. Various other trophies are to be seen; also many specimens of old rusty arms, and warlike implements of savage nations. A glass case in the gallery contains a coat of mail from Sapitioma, one of the South Sea Islands, we believe; it hardly seems invulnerable either to bullets or sabers, for its material is a species of grass. In another case is part of a wharf-pile, exhibiting the ravages of the worm (*teredo navalis*) in Pensacola bay. Here, also, are numerous jars of pickles or preserves, not likely to excite the appetite, however, for they contain scorpions, moccasin snakes, and other lovely creatures, put up in brandy. Against the wall, in a frame, is

a printed charter from King Charles the Second to the proprietors of East Jersey, conferring upon them powers of government. It is dated Whitehall, November 23, 1683. Americans no longer ask of crowned heads the privilege of governing themselves. A century after the above date they were laying the foundation of a system of government in which the good of the governed is the cardinal principle, and in less than half a century they placed its practicability beyond all doubt.

But these privileges were not obtained without a struggle, and here lies a memorial of it in the shape of some links of the chain that was stretched across the Hudson River, below West Point, to prevent the ascent of the British vessels of war. Fifty-one of these links were recovered from the bed of the river some years ago. They are about two feet long, and weigh from thirty to thirty-five pounds a piece. The iron in many places was much corroded, and stones, some of them weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, were found adhering to it.

Still further on, there is also a blanket, which was used by Abraham Canfield through the whole of the Revolutionary war. He was present at the battles of Bunker Hill, Bennington, &c., and at the surrender of Burgoyne. It was made by his mother, Sarah Canfield, of Derby, Connecticut. It was thus that our forefathers were encouraged in that trying season—while they fought, their wives and mothers cheered them with their approving smiles and efforts for their comfort.

But we cannot attempt to describe everything that is to be seen here. There is a fine collection of minerals and shells; among these last are two, curiously perforated in the center, as if for key-holes. In the lower part of one case are a number of beautiful stalactites from the island of Minorca. Here are models, and casts, and miniature copies in plaster of the celebrated Elgin Marbles. Here are fragments from Tyre, Baalbec, Philippi, Athens, &c.; pieces of carving, &c., from the Alhambra; and bits of mosaic and lamps and vases from Pompeii. Among these last are some found in tombs, and supposed to be lachrymatories, or tear-bottles, such as the Psalmist refers to in *Psa. lvi. 8*. The shape and finish of many of these specimens of ancient skill are extremely beautiful. Peru and Central America have also con-

tributed specimens of their wares and some of their idols of wood and stone—hideous enough. In the opposite case is a mummy of a girl partly unwrapped, taken from Thebes; with mummies of cats, one of them cut in two longitudinally, exhibiting the interior; also of crocodiles, and jars containing the sacred ibis. Again, there are specimens of Indian skill—garments, blankets, necklaces, baskets, drinking-vessels, &c. A piece of Mexican picture-writing is also to be seen. Among the engravings is one which, though small, is calculated to excite much interest. It represents Washington on a visit to his aged mother, at the close of the Revolution. The attitude of affectionate and respectful attention with which he listens to her, while she appears to be claiming all a mother's authority over her noble son, are truly characteristic and instructive. Would that there were more mothers like her! then would there be more truly great men, like her beloved George.

But the reader will be wearied if we continue the list. We conclude our sketch with some extracts from a printed sheet hanging up in a frame near the desk of the polite librarian, Dr. Guillon. It is about fifteen inches by ten, and is headed "Pro Bono Publico, Brooklyn Hall, Super-Extra Gazette, Saturday, June 8, 1762." It appears to be a burlesque, published by British officers or Tories. The first paragraph is as follows:—

"On Thursday evening last we were blessed with many refreshing showers, attended with loud thunder, &c. The distance from our friends in New-York prevented us giving them more early intelligence."

"Religion and morality gain much ground, for, to be sure, a tavern-keeper a few days since gave away his old black coat, to enable a minister of the gospel (just then come in from the rebels) to mount the rostrum with decency."

"The Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, president of the college of Princeton, has invented a new creed, and is now writing a paraphrase on the Fifth Commandment, by which he intends fully to prove that there is no duty due from a child to a parent, from an inferior to a superior, from a subject to, a sovereign, unless a Congress; which [work] is to be published as an appendix to an essay, ready for the press, entitled 'A Treatise against Moral Obligations.'"

"Our passage boats have had a middling good time in crossing the ferry lately—not a single life has been lost."

"Whether or no we meet esteem,
Regardless as a prize,
No real injury we mean
In our Gazette Extra.

Critics may snarl, but should they bite,
Then we'll our power exert;
For we're assured, the more we write,
Will make us more expert."

✂ "A generous price will be given by the EDITORS for the latest RAZOR PAPERS."

Then follow half-a-dozen advertisements, the last of which is as follows:—

"MACINTOSH

CARRIES on the business of a TAYLOR with the greatest propriety at his shop, situated between Mr. Smith's, watchmaker, and Mr. Ross's tavern."

At the bottom are the words "Vivat Rex et Regina."

The yard is open to visitors every day during the hours of labor; the Lyceum can be seen any time after nine o'clock in the morning.

THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUTH.

GERON, an old man of eighty years. **G** was one day sitting before the door of his rustic dwelling, enjoying the bright and cheerful autumn morning. His eye rested now upon the blue hills in the distance, from whose tops the mist was stealing upward, like the smoke of burned offerings, and now upon his mirthful grandchildren, who were sporting around him. A youth from the city approached the old man, and entered into discourse with him. When the youth heard the number of his years from his own lips, he wondered at his vigorous age and his ruddy countenance; whereupon he asked the old man whence it came that he enjoyed such strength and cheerfulness in the late autumn of life? Geron answered:—"My son, these, like every other good thing, are gifts which come to us from above, the merit of which we cannot claim to ourselves, and still we can do something here below to enable us to obtain them." Having uttered these words, the old man arose, and led the stranger into his orchard, and showed him the tall and noble trees covered with delicious fruit, the sight of which gladdened the heart. Then the old man spoke:—"Canst thou wonder that I now enjoy the fruit of these trees? See, my son, I planted them in my youth; thou hast the secret of my happy and fruitful old age." The youth cast a look full of meaning upon the old man, for he understood his words, and treasured them up in his heart.—*Krummacher.*

The National Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1853.

EDITORIAL VARIETIES.

THE EDITOR has returned to his post, after an absence of some months, though not in time to contribute anything to the present number of the Magazine. His absence has been rendered necessary by laborious duties devolved upon him at the time of his appointment, but which were postponed for nearly a year, in order that he might more fully attend to his Magazine tasks. He will now resume more fully the latter. The Magazine will not suffer by the recent enlargement of his official sphere; it will rather gain by that fact, as the assistance with which it is reinforced will secure to it more thorough attention. While the communications and pictorial matter will be in other and capable hands, the editorials will be fully resumed by the official editor, and on a scale of more variety and amplitude than heretofore.

We have some hundreds of clergymen on our subscription list. It is our design to furnish a good leading article, especially adapted to them, in each number. The essays of this kind already inserted have excited no little attention, and been extensively copied.

We are happy to be able to present to our readers another *Boston Letter*. It will be found to contain interesting matter. We especially invite attention to the remarks on "The Great Republic."

A wonder of genius and art is the immense ship constructed in our harbor, which, while your readers are glancing over this notice, will be lying at one of your wharfs in New-York, or speeding on her first voyage to California. At the date of this letter, she towers up, a stupendous monument of human labor, upon the shore, not having yet reached her destined element. She is well named "The Great Republic," for she will nobly represent in her structure, and officers, and we hope, also, in her multitudinous crew, the land whose proud title she bears.

Her builder and owner, Donald M'Kay, Esq., is still a young man, although he has lived long enough to make his name well known and honorable all over the "high seas." He has already constructed, and sent forth on their commercial mission, some thirty-five of the finest clipper-ships that cut the wave. His preceding vessel, "The Sovereign of the Seas," was the largest and fleetest merchant ship ever launched; and now, in the last, he presents to commerce the largest vessel of any description that floats upon the ocean. It is a pleasant denominational item that Mr. M'Kay is a generous member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and offers to take out any amount of freight which the Missionary Society or Book Room may wish to send to California, without charge. Your readers may be pleased to run over a few of the dimensions of this ship, and attempt to form in their minds some idea of her size. She is three hundred and twenty-five feet long, from her taffrail to her knight-heads—one hundred feet longer than the Pennsylvania, the largest man-of-war in the American Navy. If she should be raised erect upon her stern, she would rise into the air fifty-five feet higher than Trinity spire, in New-York, and ninety feet higher than Bunker-Hill monument. She is thirty-seven feet deep from her upper deck to her keelson, having four decks or stories; and is fifty-two feet in breadth.

She will have four masts, the mainmast being one hundred and thirty-four feet high, and forty-six feet in circumference. The mainyard is one hundred and fifteen feet in length. Her capacity will be

between three and four thousand tons. She will be able to carry out four enough to meet the present wants of the whole State of California for five weeks—thirty thousand barrels. For her crew she will require one hundred men—a little republic in itself. The expense of her construction will reach the amount of three hundred thousand dollars. She is to be commanded by a brother of the constructor, Captain L. M'Kay, late of "The Sovereign of the Seas." When she glides gracefully into her predestined element, she will be indeed

"The monarch of all she surveys,
Her right there is none to dispute."

The exhibition of the useful and beautiful manufactures of Massachusetts has drawn great crowds of visitors to the city, and afforded them unminged delight and profit. It is wonderful to see how rapidly labor-saving machines are multiplied. Of the one article of sewing machines, a great variety of inventions were presented. For plain sewing on garments, and on boots and shoes, these machines are rapidly taking the place of human fingers. I am afraid the time will come when Hood's touching "Song of the Shirt" will become obsolete.

Covering almost all of one side of Faneuil Hall, and arresting the eye of the spectator the moment he enters, and often drawing it away from the little elegancies and conveniences inviting observation below, hangs Healey's great picture of the United States Senate when Webster answered Colonel Hayne. Is it treason to confess it? I never see this august scene without thinking,—if its principal actor, upon whom all eyes are bent, awful and glorious in his majesty, had been as true to conscience as to the constitution, what a memory would he have left behind for all time!

It is a happy thing for New-England, and the whole country, that Massachusetts gave her children a soil so sterile, and a climate so severe. She has disciplined her children to the highest ingenuity, and ever administered the wholesome spur of necessity, the only effectual goad to invention. The probabilities really seem to increase, as one wanders through these mechanical fairs, that very soon, as the Turkish visitor examining our endless machines remarked, "Everything will do itself." Brains and machinery are now made to take the place of hands and toll.

In the literary world, few new works are announced by our booksellers. The unusually large sales at the late trade-sales have put them in fine temper, and after the holidays they will put new works to press.

Many of the books announced last month, have enjoyed a liberal patronage. Hillard's "Six Months in Italy," with its full and elaborate descriptions, showing the research of the careful scholar, and the ease of the practiced writer, meets with universal favor. The children are never tired of the classical, fairy fictions of Hawthorne; "Tanglewood Tales" has charmed many a young reader. The publishers of these volumes, Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, & Field, have just issued another volume of papers by De Quincey, entitled "Autobiographical Sketches." They possess the same magical charm as the "Confessions," and exhibit a like mastery command of the English tongue, which has placed the author at the head of English writers in this respect. A refreshing exhibition of magnanimity is given by this firm, in voluntarily paying to the author a copy-right, which neither law nor precedent forces upon them.

An unusual demand anticipated the publication of the *Life of Dr. Judson*, by Dr. Wayland; some twenty thousand being ordered by the trade in advance of its issue. By an act of noble generosity, the copy-right of the work has been presented by the author to Mrs. Judson. It promises to be a very handsome patrimony for the family of the deceased missionary. We learn that Mrs. Judson's health is very poor, and that it is not probable that she will long remain to enjoy the sympathy and respect of the Christian community.

Horace Mann remarked, at a late Temperance Convention, that the temperance reform would be a permanent benefit to the world, after the immediate occasion for its activities had been removed, in the literature which it had called into being. No small proportion of the success thus far secured in this cause, is to be credited to the impression made upon the community by the admirable series of Temperance Tales by Bargeant and Artur. And now, as the question has assumed new aspects, and calls for new defenses, literature has come again to the aid of forensic argument. B. B. Mussey & Co. have pub-

ished a handsome volume, illustrated with designs by Billings, entitled "Uncle Sam's Palace; or, The Reigning King," by Emma Wellmont, in which the necessity of a prohibitory law is urged and defended. A work that exhibits many characteristics of De Quincey's Confessions, and is marked with a touching personal interest from its autobiographical character, has been issued by the same publishers, entitled "Passages from the History of a Wasted Life," by the author of Pen-and-Ink Sketches. It is intended to illustrate the perils to which the young and intellectual are now peculiarly exposed. "The Mysterious Parchment; or, The Satanic License," by Rev. Joel Wakeman, published by Jowett & Co., is directed to the accomplishment of the same purpose. The tales, like the songs of the people, will go far to fashion their moral sentiments. These volumes will be powerful co-laborers in the temperance reformation.

B. K. F.

AMUSEMENTS.—Man is created with infinite longings and capacities for happiness. This is in itself satisfactory evidence that "we were brought into being to be blessed;" for it cannot be that a God of infinite love has so endowed his creatures, and yet given them nothing answering to these desires and abilities of the soul. The Creator of the faculty must have provided something for its gratification: "He openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." The law within us, then, as well as the law without, commands us to rejoice.

It cannot be denied that religion alone is a satisfying portion. Nothing short of its joys can fill the immortal mind, or adequately gratify its powers. Wealth and honor, possessed ever so extensively, leave the soul as hungry as before. The millionaire is as unsatisfied with his acquisitions as when he was the possessor of but a few hundreds; and the conqueror of a world weeps that he has reached the limit of his triumphs. But an indwelling Christ transforms this emptiness into an unutterable fullness of glory and of God, and constitutes within the man an earthly Eden. All this is true, but yet God has not forbidden the Christian to swell the stream of his joys by whatever rivulets of earth may lawfully become tributary to this great end. The religion of our adorable Redeemer is not, even in the most limited sense, an embargo on human bliss. If God had given us this beautiful world, enriched with a variety of sources of pleasure, and yet made us incapable of appreciating them, there would seem to have been no object for which these glories were created. Why the tints of the flowers, why the loveliness of the landscape, if no eye to see them? The carol of the bird, without an ear for its music, would have seemed almost useless. So also if man had capacities for enjoyment, but nothing to enjoy, there would have been an unaccountable deficiency in the divine arrangement. But we find an adaptation on the part of the one to the other; and we infer that the world was created as it is, that we might relish its beauties.

It evidently cannot be that God has made us with these hungerings and thirstings after pleasure, and surrounded us with this abundance so well calculated to afford it, and yet on every bliss-bestowing object written "*Unlawful.*" Our God is not the god of mythology; nor are we in the situation of the king of Lydia, doomed by a cruel decree to stand up to our neck in a crystal stream, and yet forbidden

to slake our burning thirst; or, ever pressed with hunger, we are not compelled to gaze upon the most delicious fruits just within our grasp, and not dare to pluck them. "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious; abundant in goodness and truth," has not thus cruelly dealt with our race. That he has implanted within us such restless cravings, is evidence that he has also furnished an ocean, deep enough and wide enough to supply them; and that, when that ocean is spread out before us, we may lave in its waters, and look up with gratitude to God, its giver. There are perils here, it is true; and it is the office of religion to point them out, that we may be restrained from evil, and preserved in innocence and joy.

The long evenings are just before us—the gay and the foolish will meet for merriment—the blazing fire will shed its cheerful light into the halls of social pleasure—the white snow will overspread the earth, and muffled companies will speed them on with merry jingling in search of joy. A thousand merry hearts will be anxiously inquiring for the boundaries of innocent mirth; and truly important is the inquiry.

Youth is the season of activity and joy. Our being no sooner begins to unfold itself, than it has the most pleasurable experiences. These are associated with an almost unwearied activity. From morning till night the infant is busy seeking to gratify its budding energies. Any other condition at this early period than one of joyful activity must be the result of disorder. Smiles are the natural language of infancy, and cries and tears are indicative of some physical derangement. This is the foundation of that love for toys and glee which fills the baby-life of all the race. As life progresses, these gradually lose their charms—boyhood having its plays, youth its pleasures, manhood its stern endeavor, and old age its love of rest and quiet. The wisdom of this arrangement will readily appear.

It evidently promotes the happiness and growth of our race. God has, in all stages of life, associated employment with happiness. Idleness is misery. But in infancy and childhood there is little that can employ the mind. The undeveloped state of the intellectual powers leaves no chance for large mental gratification. Its physical imbecility precludes the child from all efforts to provide for its own wants; hence it cannot be occupied with business. Its little life would be all *enansi*, were it not that trifles interest and amuse it. This activity is also essential to the development of its physical nature. On its entrance into the world, its body is but in a state of formation—growing rapidly—receiving its strength and induration from exercise. This necessity for activity to strengthen and preserve the natural life has a response in the bosom of the babe, in its love for the exercise of its limbs: a law of God so plainly written, that he who would hush the laugh of the babe, or spoil its sports, should be thought a brute. The same truth is written on all animal creation, and for the same reason. The colt is seen careering through the fields, and the lamb frisking on the mountain-side. To interfere with this law would be to interfere with God himself. Now, the God of the Bible is the God of nature; and his rule in one

department of his universe is never found infringing upon that of another: all is complete harmony. There must be something unscriptural, therefore, in that creed which would forbid the boy of less than a dozen years to play, or even youthful manhood to be sprightly. Neither are our physical and mental natures materially altered when that great moral change takes place which makes us new creatures in Christ Jesus. Though converted, Peter will still be ardent; Paul logical; John affectionate; and the child will remain a child, with all the peculiarities of a child. Youth will still have the vivacity of youth; and old age will love its quietness.

The conclusion from these reasonings is unmistakable. There must be no interference in the divine government. Law must not dash against law, annihilating the good government of our King. Men may pursue their pleasures just so far as they do not trespass on the written law of God. This is the limit of the Christian's worldly joy. Indeed, here, take life on the whole, it ceases to be joy;—and the voice that proclaims, "Thus far mayst thou go, and no further," is recognized as revealing a fearful precipice just beyond this barrier, from which it would fain preserve us.

Pleasures that cannot be taken in the name of the Lord Jesus are not pleasures. They are like Bunyan's by-paths, very shady and inviting at the outset, but ending in a dreary waste and final destruction. Or like the wine, which seems red and sparkling at the beginning, "but at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Or like the smiles of the harlot, "with the flattering of her lips," which are not understood by the unwary "till a dart strike through his liver," and his eyes are opened to behold written upon the door-posts, "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." The line which limits our participation in earthly pleasures is therefore the limit to all real pleasure. The youth may "sow his wild oats," but he must not forget "that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." No one can deliberately put off the Lord Jesus—forsake the fountain of living waters and betake himself to the polluted pools of earth—who will not have occasion to rue his folly, even in time. By the very law we have laid down, therefore, the Christian should bring even his pleasures into subjection to the law of God. The Christian youth may go only where he can carry his Saviour—only where he may hope to enjoy the smile of his God—only where he can ask the company of his Maker. He is never to be found where the trumpet of the judgment would startle him into a consciousness of guilt. He is to carry about with him a powerful realization that "for all these things God will bring him into judgment." This, so far as he is individually concerned, is the check which kind Heaven has put upon his merriment.

"All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient." Christians may not innocently participate even in all lawful amusements. The welfare of others is to be regarded; and if some weak one is to be offended, some soul to be injured, better that we should forego the gratification of our own desires than bring about such serious results. The self-sacrificing

spirit of Paul is here presented for our imitation, who would renounce the use of meat for life, rather than that any should stumble.

We cannot conclude without an intimation that much of this seeking of worldly pleasure is derived from an inability to enjoy the nobler joys of a pure Christianity. A soul fully renovated by divine grace must be possessed of a relish for heavenly things. That the worldling sees no loveliness in the cross, no beauties in religion, is nothing to the case. Many there are who would regard the most exquisite performance of the finest oratorio with complete indifference, while we would listen with rapture,—for the manifest reason they have no ear for music—no adaptation to its enjoyment. Could they suddenly, while listening, have their ears touched with this power, they would enjoy it as well as we. The reason why religion is irksome to the unregenerate soul is, that he has no taste for its pleasure—no power to appreciate its joys—no ear for the music of heaven. The blood-stained finger of Christ touching that heart with its transforming energy, would impart to it a love of divine things. A complete revolution would take place within: the things once loved would be hated; those hated would be loved; all things would become new. We repeat it, then, it is much to be questioned whether there is not in modern Israel some sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt—some looking back toward a forsaken Sodom. But let it be everywhere understood, sin adds no charms to life—religion takes none away. It is no real sacrifice to be a Christian. For a man to be a disciple of Christ, he must "sell all that he hath;" yet by so doing he is enabled to purchase "a pearl of great price," worth far more than all the cost. It is to be remembered that while some deem religion so dull—so insipid—others, with a sanctified nature, have derived from it a love so intense as to exclude every other, as the intense rays of the sun are said to put out common fires. Royal David's delight was so fully in the law of the Lord, that he could prefer one day of holy, spiritual comfort to a thousand of mere worldly bliss. He could prefer the office of a porter at the gate, with his Redeemer as a companion, to a residence in the palace from which Christ was excluded. A little heart-searching upon this subject might account for the love which some Christians bear the world.

EDITORS.—We find the following in an English periodical, and could scarcely restrain the thought that the world was everywhere much alike, "as face answereth to face." Hoping no one will receive it as personal—and lest they should, assuring all concerned that it was by no means written for THE NATIONAL—we venture to publish it:—

"A great deal has been penned about the calamities of authors, but a pathetic volume might be written, and should be largely circulated, on the calamities of editors. The editor takes office, with the most genial feelings of respect and sympathy for all who may feel disposed to contribute to the pages of his magazine. He has probably suffered tribulation, and the shades of rejected addresses arise to teach him mercy. He knows it is a duty, a wisdom, to be courteous; but he wishes to be kind. He commences by answering every letter punctually, but finds, at the end of his first month, that he had been able to do nothing else. He gives notice "on the cover," that on such a day, manuscripts will be returned to the

publishers, and delivered to their respective owners, when called for. This brings a host of *extra* letters, country correspondents begging manuscripts, to be directed to them—an expensive process to the editor, not taken into consideration, and quite unusual. Then one fair lady is so very obliging as to write, that if one particular poem is approved, she will send a volume of the *Idæ*. (Heaven forgive her!) for insertion "in the delightful pages of your periodical," and begs a speedy answer from your own hand. Another entreats the editor to look over a bale of manuscripts, intended to be converted into a three-volume novel, and will be so obliged to him to correct any "little mistakes," or alter what "he does not approve;" that novel being, he is assured, the "very thing" for his magazine. A third suggests, that if you have not room in your magazine for the inclosed, you will be so good as to introduce the story to some other periodical; a fourth sends a translation—which has been "done" twenty times; a fifth "grieves" that you have so little poetry, and sends a supply; a sixth dislikes poetry, and recommends controversy, and a particular line of politics, and sends "stunning" articles as samples of what you ought to insert; a seventh imagines you to be a bookseller as well as an editor, and forwards a box by railroad, containing literature for the million—which the author would be content to publish on the half-and-half system; an eighth proposes an epic poem, in twelve cantos—a canto a month. The boy brings up your letters in a small clothes-basket, and the railway porter could walk blind-folded to your door—so well does he know the way—and yet correspondents expect individual answers on every subject."

WORLD'S CONVENTIONS.—Two great conventions on the subject of temperance have recently met in our city. We had the privilege of attending both, and at both had occasion to mourn over the weaknesses of poor human nature. It is not our design at present to express any opinion on the questions mooted on these occasions, but to put forth a query in reference to the future. It is simply this: on every such occasion, should not the call be as explicit as possible? If delegates are there to meet persons of all sexes, colors, and conditions, let it be so understood at the outset, and such only will attend as are pleased with the invitation. If, on the other hand, any human being is to be partially or wholly excluded from a participation in the doings of the convention, let that also be understood, and those who object to such a proceeding will of course be absent; and if those not invited present themselves, they may be rejected. But what have world's conventions accomplished? What can they accomplish? Their history as yet answers, "Nothing." It is, indeed, a noble conception to convene the world on great moral enterprises, but the world has never yet been practically assembled. The Evangelical Alliance did, indeed, seem to approximate to this result, but has proved but a splendid failure. The recent temperance conventions, for all great practical purposes, were not less so. But if we are to have world's conventions, let them be so called that there shall be no misunderstanding as to who are invited. Meet all the difficulties before they present themselves. "The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself."

WHO WAS JUNIUS?—This vexed question still agitates the English public and the world. The appearance of the long expected Grenville Papers has revived the general interest that has been so long felt on this mysterious subject, but appears by no means to have allayed curiosity, or settled the dispute. Public expectation, excited by the advertisement of this "Correspond-

ence," and by rumors of "a box with three seals, containing the original letter from Junius to the king, signed with the real name of the author," is greatly disappointed in this particular; for, however valuable the correspondence may be—and it is said to possess rare worth—it furnishes no clew to the authorship of these celebrated letters. It divulges many interesting secrets, but leaves this secret shrouded in a deeper mystery than ever. It is said not only to fail of showing Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, to have been Junius, but also to throw discredit upon the claims of the other aspirants to that distinction.

For anything that has yet transpired, we can easily believe that Junius declared with truth, "I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me."

ALBERT DUKER.—Our present number contains an excellent sketch of this exquisite artist and childlike genius. As will there be seen, he married a beautiful vixen, Agnes by name, from whom came a lovely little daughter, also called Agnes. The artist's heart went out toward this little one in passionate yearnings, which only fired the jealousy and wrath of the mother. To Albert, any child was an angel—his own, a little seraph. She stood by him as he painted or carved, and he would often pause to sport with her. The little thing soon learned her father's misery. One day, in the child's presence, her mother broke forth in passionate invectives against her husband. One can scarcely read the artist's narrative of what follows without tears. Albert speaks of himself in the third person, thus:—

"Whereupon he sat down, and closed his eyes; but tears may have secretly gushed forth from under his eyelids. Then the child sighed, pressed him and kissed him, but said at the same time to her mother, in childish anger—'Thou wilt one day bring down my father to the grave. Then thou wilt repent it—everybody says so.'

"Albert chastises the child, but, in doing so, inadvertently strikes her a severe blow on the stomach.

"He was horror-struck, he staggered away, threw himself upon his bed and wept—wept quite inconsolably. But the child came after him, stood for a long time in silence, then seized his hand, and besought him thus: 'My father, do not be angry; I shall soon be well again. My mother says thou hast done right. Come, let me pray and go to bed; I have only waited for thee. Now the little sand man comes to close my eyes. Come, take me to thee; I will certainly for the future remain silent as thou dost. Hearst thou? Art thou asleep, dear father?'

"The child continued sick from that day. Christmas Eve, her birth-day, comes round.

"During the night the child suddenly sat upright. Her father talked with her for a long time. Then she appeared to fall into a slumber, but called again, and said to him:—'Dear father—father, do not be angry.'

"'Wherefore should I be angry, my child?'

"'Ah, thou wilt certainly be very angry.'

"'Tell me, I pray thee, what it is?'

"'But promise me first?'

"'Here, thou hast my hands. Why, then, am I not to be angry?'

"'Ah, father, because I am dying. But weep not—weep not too much. My mother says thou needest thine eyes. I would willingly—ah, how willingly—remain with thee; but I am dying.'

"'Dear child, thou must not die. The sufferings would be mine alone.'

"'Then weep not thus: thou hast already made me so sorry—ah, so sorry. Now, I can no longer bear it. Therefore, weep not. Knowest thou, that when thou used to sit and paint, and look so devout, then the beautiful disciple whom thou didst paint for me, stood always at thy side; I saw him plainly.'

"Now, I promise thee, I will not weep," said Albert, "thou good little soul. Go hence and bespeak a habitation for me in our Father's house, for thee and for me."

"Albert now tried to smile, and to appear composed again. Then Agnes exclaimed:—"Behold, there stands the apostle again; he beckons me. Shall I go away from thee? O, father!"

"With strange curiosity Albert looked shuddering around. Of course there was nothing to be seen. But while he looked with tearful eyes into the dusky room, only for the purpose of averting his looks, the lovely child had slumbered away.

"The father laid all the child's little playthings into the coffin with her, that he and her mother might never more be reminded of her by them—the little gods, the angels, the little lamb, the little coat for the snow-king, and the little golden pots and plates. Over the whole, moss and rose-leaves."

RUSSIAN BRIDAL EMBLEM.—In Russia, the bride on her wedding-day is crowned with a garland of wormwood. This has a double significance, implying not only the bitterness and trials of the marriage state, but also the duty of married women to triumph over these difficulties, and thus transform them into a crown—the emblem of victory.

BEAUTY OF JEWESSES.—It is related that Chateaubriand, on returning from his Eastern travel, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish nation were so much handsomer than the men, when he gave the following:—

"Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curses which alighted on their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourging him, crowning him with thorns, and subjecting him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judaea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a case of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus; he cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment; to the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought him spices, and, weeping, sought him in the sepulcher. 'Woman, why weepest thou?' His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, 'Mary!' she answered, 'Master!' The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewess."

AMUSING LIBEL SUIT.—Some thirty years ago, a merchant of this city employed an Italian artist to paint his portrait. The work was duly completed, and payment demanded. Our friend the merchant wishing, no doubt, to reduce the price of the painting, began sedulously to find fault with it; and our artist patiently altered every defect named. At last the work was entirely rejected, on the ground that it was no likeness. The Italian, taking a witness with him, again presented the portrait, and demanded payment. The merchant still refused, stoutly averring that it bore not the least resemblance to his own worthy phiz—that no human being could possibly recognize it as his likeness, &c. The artist returned to his studio and substituted on the canvas, for the two ears of the merchant, those of a jackass, and long enough at that. The painting, thus amended, was in a few days suspended in the Tomtine, corner of Wall and

Broad-streets, then used as an exchange. When the merchants assembled, as they did every day toward three o'clock, all were surprised to find a most excellent portrait of Mr. P—— in so strange a plight. The story, however, soon circulated, and many a hearty laugh was enjoyed at the merchant's expense. Smarting under the jokes and merriment of his fellow-traders, he instituted a suit against the Italian for libel. The case came on, the facts alleged were all acknowledged by the artist, but in defense he proved the rejection of the picture because it was no likeness, and the declaration of Mr. P——, that no one could ever imagine the least resemblance to himself, and asserted his privilege, therefore, to do with the painting as he pleased. It is needless to say, the verdict was triumphantly given for the defendant.

Moral.—Never try to cheat an artist.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.—Lorenzo Dow defined a death-bed repentance to be "burning out the candle of life in the service of the devil, and blowing the snuff in the Lord's face."

ANSWER YOUR OWN PRAYER.—"Father," said a little boy, "did you not pray that God would clothe the naked and feed the hungry, relieve the distressed and comfort the mourner?" "Yes, my son; why did you ask the question?" "Because, father, I thought when I saw you turn away poor S——, without giving him anything, that if I had your wheat I could answer your prayer."

DR. ADAM CLARKE had a perfect abhorrence both of pork and tobacco. He is reported to have said, "If I were to offer sacrifice to the devil, it should be a roasted pig stuffed with tobacco."

EARLY RISING.—There is much more truth than poetry in the following, but the young men are included:—

"Young ladies, rising with the dawn,
Steal the roses from the morn;
But when young ladies sleep till ten,
Aurora steals them back again."

KINDNESS.—Some one has written beautifully thus:—

"The warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity can subdue."

THE MAJESTIC OCEAN.—After all the adjectives that have been heaped upon the mighty deep, we, in reality, have but a faint conception of its size or grandeur. E'en to see it, will not give us an adequate notion of its extent.

Accepting its supposed average depth as one thousand feet, it contains twenty-nine millions of cubic miles of water, and to fill its basin would require all the rivers of the earth pouring their waters into it for forty thousand years. According to the technical reckoning, the solar heat which annually raises the sea-water in form of vapor, corresponds to the enormous sum of sixteen billions of horse-power.

AN OAK ON THE MANTLE.—The thought has never, perhaps, been suggested to our reader;

but it will be at once evident that this phenomenon is not difficult of production.

If an acorn be suspended by a piece of cord, half an inch of it being immersed in soft water contained in a glass, and permitted to remain undisturbed for a few months, it will burst, send a root into the water, and shoot upward a straight tapering stem, with beautiful green leaves. In this way a young tree may be produced on the mantle-shelf of a room, and become an interesting object.

THE EARTHMEN.—Under this title two wonderful specimens of human nature are being exhibited in the city of London. They are natives of the Orange River district, in Southern Africa, belonging to a pigmy race called Earthmen, or Erdermanns, as they were called by the original Dutch settlers, and their height is about thirty-nine and a half inches. The boy's name is Martinis and the girl's name Flora, and they are respectively fourteen and sixteen years of age. The name Earthmen is acquired from their habit of burrowing in the ground, in which manner they live, lining their hiding-places with leaves, and sheltering themselves only with mats of plaited grass. They are hunted and destroyed by the Hottentots and Bushmen as mere vermin, and on the approach of their foes they hide themselves with the rapidity of a rabbit or a fox. They are exquisitely proportioned, each movement being instinct with natural grace, and might form perfect models for the sculptor. Their color is a bright bronze, and their features are singularly pleasant and intelligent. They are flat-nosed, and their hair grows in thick spiral tufts, leaving the scalp interstitially bare. In their normal state their chief sustenance is game, but when this is not to be found they live upon locusts and the curiae of ants. They were brought to England in 1851, and have been for some time domesticated in the family of a gentleman, near Croydon. They have been taught the simple rudiments of the English education, the existence of a God, and the difference between good and evil, of which before they were perfectly ignorant. They can also express their ideas very appropriately in the English language. They evince great musical taste, perform several tunes on the piano-forte, and sing several popular melodies. They are occasionally indulged with cigars, which they puff with inordinate satisfaction. The object of the present exhibition is professedly to provide a fund for their maintenance, and to secure means for enabling them to visit their native land, to disseminate among their people the advantages of civilization. Gulliver's Travels are no longer a fable.

PERILS OF PREACHING.—Anton Wilhelm Böhme, who went over to England as chaplain with Prince George of Denmark, officiated at the German Chapel, St. James's, from the year 1705 to 1722. He was a favorite of Queen Anne, and a friend of Isaac Watts. On one occasion he preached in a way which gave great offense to one of the courtiers present, who conceived that a personal attack on himself was intended. He accordingly sent a challenge to the preacher, which was without hesitation accepted; and at the time and place

appointed the chaplain made his appearance in full canonicals, with his Bible in his hand, and gave the challenger a lecture which led to their reconciliation and friendship.

A good lesson, truly. This sword of the Spirit, with two-edged power, never fails to conquer. Strange that we use it so little!

TURNED IN THE COFFIN.—There is some reason to believe that unauthorized inferences have been sometimes drawn from finding the face of the dead, on being disinterred, to be turned downward. The following is from the Bath (England) Herald, and is worthy of some consideration. May not reasons be assigned for this phenomenon, other than the supposed restoration to consciousness of the person prematurely buried?—

"Having occasion last week to inspect a grave in one of the parishes of this city, in which two or three members of a family had been buried some years since, and which lay in very wet ground, I observed that the upper part of the coffin was rotted away, and had left the head and bones of the skull exposed to view. On inquiring of the grave-digger how it came to pass that I did not observe the usual sockets of the eyes in the skull, he replied that what I saw was the hind part of the head, (termed the occiput, I believe, by anatomists), and that the face was turned, as usual, to the earth! Not exactly understanding his phrase 'as usual,' I inquired if the body had been buried with the face upward, as in the ordinary way; to which he replied, to my astonishment, in the affirmative, adding, that in the course of decomposition the face of every individual turns to the earth! and that, in the experience of three-and-twenty years in his situation, he had never known more than one instance to the contrary."

OLD FOGIES AGAIN.—Since our last, a new thought on this epithet has been suggested. The word *fog*, in Scotland, and probably in Ireland also, means *moss*, and the moss-rose is called the *fogie-rose*. The term implies that, like stones that have ceased to roll, these old gentlemen were getting *mossy*.

THE BOOK TRADE IN 1735.—It appears that so late as 1735, the city of Glasgow, now containing four hundred thousand people, was considered insufficient for the support of two booksellers. The following law case is on record, under date of the 16th of January of that year:—

"*Stalker vs. Carmichael.* Carmichael and Stalker entered into a copartnership of bookselling within the city of Glasgow, to continue for three years; and because the place was judged too narrow for two booksellers at a time, it was stipulated that after the expiry of three years, either of them refusing to enter into a new contract upon the former terms, should be debarred from any concern in bookselling within the city of Glasgow. In a reduction of the contract, the Lords found the debarring clause in the contract is a lawful practice, and not contrary to the liberty of the subject."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The Frenchman's dish of frogs may be very palatable to an American as long as he is ignorant of the name of what he eats. So we remember an old deacon at the South, who was horror-struck at some of the abuses that had crept into the Churches at the east, especially the use of the anxious-seat; but seeing a deep religious interest in his own Church, proposed to his pastor that the serious should be gathered into one place during the prayer-meeting, to afford greater facilities for

conversation, and that they might be more special objects of prayer. But we do not know that we ever before met with the following. It is from Bishop Sprat's discourse to his clergy, 1695, and is published in the Clergyman's Instructor, 1827 :—

"He relates that, immediately after the Restoration, a noted ringleader of schism in the former times was interred in one of the principal churches of London, and that the minister of the parish, being a wise and regular conformist, and afterward an eminent bishop, delivered the whole office of burial by heart on that occasion. The friends of the deceased were greatly edified at first, but afterward much surprised and confounded when they found that their fervent admiration had been bestowed on a portion of the Common Prayer."

Southey conjectures this was Bull; others suppose it was Hackett. But we do not know who it was.

DETACHED BELFRIES.—Large numbers of the church towers in the old world are detached from the main building, as at Chichester Cathedral. Sometimes they are connected with the church only by a covered passage, as at Lapeveret, Warwickshire. Many of them, even when connected, are at the side and rear of the building, instead of in front. This, in some instances, favors the beauty of the architecture; and entire separation preserves the building from the racking consequent upon the swinging to and fro of bells of massive weight.

"**CATCHING A TARTAR.**"—This expression, so common in our country and Europe, is charged to an Irish soldier who was in the Imperial service. It appears that in some battle between the Russians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, the soldier called out, 'Captain, halloo there! I've caught a Tartar!' 'Fetch him along, then,' said the captain. 'Ay, but he won't let me,' said the man. The fact was the Tartar had caught him. So when a man thinks to take another in, and gets himself bitten, he is said to have "caught a Tartar." Poor Pat and the Yankees have to father all the good jokes afloat.

A TOAST.—The following remarkable toast is ascribed to Lord Duff, and was presented on some public occasion in the year 1745.

- "A. B. C. A Blessed Change.
- D. E. F. Down Every Foreigner.
- G. H. J. God Help James.
- K. L. M. Keep Lord Marr.
- N. O. P. Noble Ormond Preserve.
- Q. R. S. Quickly Resolve Stewart.
- T. U. V. W. Truss Up Vile Whigs.
- X. Y. Z. 'Xert Your Zeal."

REVOLVING TOYS.—It is a common thing to see toys of various shapes so contrived, that on being placed above a burning lamp or heated stove, the rising current of air will cause them to revolve and perform various antics. This was derived from the Chinese, who have lanterns with paper figures in them which revolve by the heat, and are very common about New-Year time.

THE FISHERIES.—The recent consideration of the subject of the American Fisheries has brought to light some long-forgotten facts. We find in an English periodical the following, with

the very important question appended, whether the act of Parliament referred to has ever been annulled :—

"In June, 1693, a vessel arrived at Plymouth. Cape Cod, commanded by Admiral West, who had been sent from England for the sole purpose of preventing all persons, whether subjects of Great Britain or foreigners, from fishing on the coast, unless they had previously obtained permission for that purpose from the Council of New-England. The admiral meeting with much opposition, and finding he could not settle the question in an amicable manner, left Plymouth in disgust, and sailed for southern Virginia. The colonists then appealed to Parliament, and an act was passed that the fisheries should be free."

NEIGHBORHOOD JEALOUSIES.—War is clothed with a kind of awful sublimity by the magnificent scale on which the contest is carried on. Presented in its nakedness, however, it is both absurd and wicked. We need but see it enacted on a petty scale, stripped of this horrid magnificence, to understand its nature. A rivalry as fierce as ever raged between savage tribes often exists between two proximate villages or neighborhoods, separated by an intervening hill, or vale, or creek. The great questions at stake are as to the location of the church or school-house—the residence of the physician or minister—the most appropriate place for the post-office, &c., &c. Almost inconceivable are the consequent jealousies, heart-burnings, and slanders. Never have we seen so clear and ridiculous an exhibition of this petty strife as in the following, from Dr. Fisk's Travels :—

"There is a bridge over the Rhine at Bâle, which connects the principal city with a smaller town on the other side, called *Little Bâle*. Between these two towns, it is said, there was formerly much contention and local jealousy, of which there is still remaining a most laughable monument. In a tower directly facing the bridge is a public clock, and a carved image of a human face, whose perpetual business seems to be to *make faces* at *Little Bâle*. The image has its mouth a little open, and is furnished with a long tongue of a fiery red color, which is so connected with the pendulum of the clock, that every vibration in one direction runs it out in a threatening, scornful, venomous brandishing toward *Little Bâle*, and the return stroke draws it in. The device is so queer, so expressive, and, at the same time, so ludicrous, that I could scarcely refrain from laughing right heartily in the public thoroughfare when I saw it, and I have felt my risibles excited ever since whenever my mind has reverted to the perpetual spitting out of that scornful red tongue toward the momentarily insulted and scorned town of poor *Little Bâle*."

TO CORRESPONDENTS :—All contributions to THE NATIONAL will be thankfully received, carefully read, and disposed of as the authors may direct. We have not intended that our correspondents should understand that we did not wish their favors, but only that we could not remunerate them in every instance ;—that our paid contributors must be of our own selection. In every case we feel at liberty to abridge or amend articles to suit our own taste and circumstances. If any object to this, they must expressly inform us.

"Webster, Clay, Calhoun," has some excellences, but certainly is not poetry.

"The Potomac" has in it some good passages—some that are poetical—but irremediable defects in measure have led to its rejection.

Other "Poetry" that does not soon appear, we have consigned to oblivion.

Book Notices.

Carlton & Phillips have recently issued a most excellent aid to family devotion, entitled *Family and Social Melodies*, by *W. C. Hoyt*. We recognize many of the good old tunes and hymns, and some new ones. The music is conveniently arranged for the melodeon, seraphine, piano, and organ; and an index of subjects at the end, will enable the leader of the devotions at once to select suitable hymns. Let Christians sing at the family altar—the little ones will thus learn the songs of Zion, and the great congregations will become one grand choir, verifying the demand of the Holy Oracles, "Let the people praise thee; let all the people praise thee." The book is beautifully "got up," and meets, we think, a demand of the times.

Christian Baptism and the Lord's Supper, by *Rev. T. Spicer*, contains the reasonings of a venerable Methodist divine on the Holy Sacraments. It is a miniature book of one hundred and twelve pages, which any one can read in a short time, and contains the pith of the whole argument. *Pease & Co., Albany.*

Wonders of the Insect World, by *Francis C. Woodworth*. Woodworth, of the Youth's Cabinet, is pretty well known to the little folks. He has given a volume on Quadrupeds, and one on Birds, illustrated by very enticing stories. This volume is of a similar character, on Insects. Its illustrations are numerous, and our little daughter says, (and the little ones are the best witnesses in these cases,) the book is very interesting. *Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. New-York: D. A. Woodworth.*

A Translation of The Organon; or, Logical Treatises of Aristotle, is before us. It is in two convenient volumes, and forms a part of Bohn's Classical Library. We are not sure that more than one translation of this celebrated work into our own tongue has hitherto been given to the world, and this is rarely met. Thousands will rejoice to read the Organon in their own tongue, who had not the time or talent to read it in the original. *Dangs, Brother, & Co., New-York.*

Malcolm's New Bible Dictionary has been laid on our table. It is in better style than former editions, and has been thoroughly revised by the author. We take this to be among the best works of the kind for Sunday schools and Bible classes. It is Calvinistic in its views, but frank and generous toward those of other sentiments. *Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street, Boston.*

History of Church Music in America, by *Nathaniel D. Gould*. *Boston: Gould & Lincoln.* This book is not a mere history, but contains also criticism, and some most useful hints to choirs and their leaders. Choirs are too often harmonious only in their voices—all else is discord and disorder. The instructions of Mr. Gould will not, we trust, be lost upon the musical world. It is, withal, a most readable book, and we heartily recommend it to public favor.

Lights of the World; or, Illustrations of Character, from the records of Christian Life, by *Rev. John Stoughton*. Facts are always more convincing than theories—example than precept.

Nothing can be more impressive than living exhibitions of the power of a pure religion. Each chapter of this book is designed to present some vital element of Christianity, as manifested in the life of some prince in Zion. For instance, Tyndale is cited to illustrate labor and patience; George Whitefield, seraph-like zeal; Baxter, earnest decision; Fletcher, intense devotion; Henry Martyn, self-denial, &c. The book is well written, and deeply interesting—a work calculated to do much good. *Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street.*

Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian. *Redfield, 110 Nassau-street, N. Y.* The fame of this work has preceded it. Our last number contains, from an English periodical, perhaps a sufficient notice. Be this book fiction or truth, it is most graphic and interesting—the more so, as it is not the life of a hero, but of one of the people, and may be esteemed as but one instance among thousands furnished by every-day life in Italy. The book cannot fail to have an extensive circulation.

Gems from Fable Land, by *William Oland Bourne*, is a collection of Fables, illustrated by facts. Both the fables and facts are selected with a high regard to mental improvement, the refinement of the heart, and the cultivation of the noblest virtues. We wish this book could be placed in the hands of all our youth. *Talleyrand and Arnold*, at the close of our article on the Treason of Arnold, is from this work. *Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau-street, New-York.*

Applegate & Co., 45 Main-street, Cincinnati, have laid upon our table *Notes on the Twenty-five Articles of Religion, as received and taught by the Methodists in the United States*, by *Rev. A. A. Jameson, M. D.* The twenty-five articles of religion in the Methodist Discipline are abridged from the thirty-nine articles of the English Church, with alterations and additions adapting them to the Methodist Episcopal Church. We are glad to see an attempt to elucidate these articles and reduce them to a system. A cursory examination of this book has led us to believe that Mr. Jameson has succeeded well. The work is a neat volume of four hundred pages, with a full alphabetical index. We shall hope to see a review from the right quarter.

The Cyropædia of Xenophon, according to the Text of L. Dindorf; with Notes, for the use of Schools and Colleges. By *John J. Owen, D. D.* *Second Edition. New-York: Leavitt & Co., 1849.* The learned author of this fine classic has done the students and lovers of ancient literature a service which they will highly appreciate. In a stout, handsome volume, he gives the most approved text of the original, and subjoins copious notes, prepared with much judgment and discrimination. Their aim is to render the study of the Greek tongue both pleasing and profitable to the student; by not, on the one hand, allowing him to grope unguided through dark passages, and stumble unlighted over exegetical difficulties, and, on the other, by not

nursing his indolence and destroying his self-dependence with too much help. This should be, but is not always, the golden mean with classical commentators.

Voices of the Heart, by Fanny Files. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co., 1853. A small volume of short poems, on a variety of well-chosen themes. Most of those we have read are pervaded by the spirit of genuine poetry. The book has a very neat exterior, and is creditable both to author and publisher. We hope the fair author may find many readers.

The Methodist Quarterly Review.—The October number of this sterling Quarterly has been laid upon our table, but at too late a moment for a full notice. The following are its contents:—

I. The Bacon of the Nineteenth Century. (Second paper.)

II. The Ground of Moral Obligation, by Rev. Israel Chamberlayne.

III. On the Second Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, by Rev. Dr. Bangs.

IV. Davidson's Biblical Criticism, by James Strong, Esq.

V. The Origin of Evil and the Fall, by Rev. B. H. Nadal.

VI. Anselm of Canterbury.

VII. Miscellanies.

VIII. Short Reviews and Notices of Books.

There are few Quarterlies of our country which are up to this in real ability, and none before it. This is our sober judgment, after no little familiarity with this department of American literature. It is a bad indication, not only for the Methodist Church but for the country, that such a work should suffer for want of patronage.

A most timely and valuable book is before us, entitled *China, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical*; to which is appended some account of *Ava and the Burmese, Siam, and Anam*. It contains a map, and nearly one hundred illustrations. It will be recommendation enough to say, that it is one of the volumes of Bohn's London Illustrated Library. Bangs, Brother, & Co., New-York.

We have experienced a mournful pleasure in examining *Tribulation exchanged for Glory*, a funeral discourse on the death of the wife of Rev. James M. Freeman, of New-Jersey Conference, preached by Rev. N. Vansant. The sermon will long be treasured by her many friends.

We have now received parts eleven and twelve of the fine reprint of Shakspeare, with the manuscript corrections, by Redfield, New-York. Also, the American Journal of Dental Science, edited by Drs. Harris and Blandy, and published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia, and Armstrong & Berry, Baltimore; a valuable work we should judge. Also, the District School Journal of Education, of the State of Iowa, edited by R. R. Gilbert, and published by R. Spalding. Also, The Foreign Missionary, published by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. An American edition of Household Words is on our table, published by M'Elrath & Barker, 15 Spruce-street, New-York; a good idea. Also, The Annual Reports of the Board of Inspectors and Officers of the Massachusetts State-Prison. Also, The Catalogue of the Wesleyan Female Institute, Staunton, Va., Rev. John Wilson, A. M., Principal; sixty-nine students.

LITERARY RECORD.

DURING a late debate in the House of Commons, it was stated that the *Catalogue of the Library of the British Museum*, now in process of compilation, has already cost a hundred thousand pounds, and is so far from being complete that it cannot be finished in less than forty years. This catalogue already fills twelve thousand folio volumes. When completed it will form "a neat and portable work of thirteen thousand volumes."

Mr. Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, and the editor of the *London Quarterly Review*, has been compelled by indisposition to cease, for a season, from all literary labor. He is about to seek the benefit of an Italian sky.

The Czar has ordered that in the higher educational establishments, for civilians in Russia, the *Greek language* shall be taught, with the modern Greek pronunciation.

The Rev. E. E. E. Bragdon, A. M., has accepted a call to a professorship in the Ohio State University, and removed from the city. The Rev. E. R. Keyes, A. M., succeeds him as pastor of the Vestry-street (M. E.) Church, New-York.

The endowed schools and colleges of Great Britain possess property to the amount of three hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars. A society has been formed recently for the single purpose of investigating and exposing the abuses in the administration of this vast property.

Miss Mary Legare has made a donation of three thousand dollars to found a Female College at West Point, Iowa, to be under the auspices of the Presbytery of Iowa, and Rev. Salmon Cowles has been appointed its Principal. She makes prospective offers of a liberal character as to future endowments.

Mr. Halliwell, the Shakspearian editor, has published a new tract entitled "Curiosities of Modern Shakspearian Criticism." It is a justification of his manner of editing Shakspeare.

The State of New-York has placed eight thousand five hundred copies of Noah Webster's Quarto American Dictionary in her district schools.

The Great Seal of England.—The Great Seal wherewith Queen Victoria signifies to her subjects her royal will and pleasure is no wafer and sealing-wax affair, such as suffices in this

Republican country, but a solid cake of wax some six inches in diameter by two inches in thickness, and weighing at least three pounds. It is tied to the document of which it forms a part, by two or three yards of ribin. On the seal are various inscriptions and devices, among which is a figure of the queen on horseback.

A *National Convention of Librarians* was held in New-York in September, for the purpose of devising measures for the management of libraries, and to increase their prosperity and usefulness.

In the *Roman Catholic Schedule of Female Education*, great stress is laid upon music, dancing, and French. Among the boys at their colleges, the effort is to familiarize the mind with the classics—and that by the oldest and now exploded methods. The mathematics, natural, mental, and moral science play a subordinate part, while our own language and literature, the noblest in the world, are overlooked.

Dr. Wayland has generously presented the copy-right of his new work to the widow of *Dr. Judson*, and she has already been offered twenty thousand dollars for it, but has been advised by her friends not to sell it.

The remark was once made to Moore, the poet, that it was supposed his verses slipped off his tongue as if by magic, and a passage of great ease was quoted: "Why, sir," Moore replied, "that line cost me hours, days, and weeks of attrition before it would come."

The *New-York Mercantile Library Association* was founded in 1820. Its library of seven hundred volumes was opened in 1821. Since then it has steadily increased, until it now numbers forty thousand volumes. The Astor-place Opera-House has been purchased by the Association, and is to be disemboweled and fitted up for the reception of its handsome library. On the first floor will be the reading-room, sixty-two feet by eighty-five, with all the accommodations of tables and desks, where from three hundred to four hundred persons may read without inconvenience.

The *Chicago Democratic Press* contains the following statements respecting the Methodist Book Establishments at New-York and Cincinnati. They were made at the late meeting of the Rock River Conference in that city:—

The total assets of the New-York establishment amount to the very large sum of \$706,733 05. Its real estate in New-York, buildings, and the requisite materials for printing, binding, &c., amount to \$243,947 88. It has invested in public stocks some \$49,500. Its present cash assets are given at \$16,947. Its books and sheet-stock on hand is worth \$176,130 35. There are due in notes and accounts \$210,207 10. The liabilities are only \$29,858 56, which, deducted from total assets, leaves the actual capital of the concern \$676,874 49. The sales during the past year amounted to \$182,757 80. The sum received for periodicals for the same time was \$69,890 77, making a total of \$252,648 57.

The Cincinnati establishment has a capital of \$242,802 69. The value of its real estate is put down at \$65,000. Its stock on hand,

materials, &c., are estimated at \$60,853. Its cash and stock amount to \$23,044 15. Its notes and accounts amount to \$111,417 96. The liabilities are \$16,530 91, leaving as the net capital of the concern, \$226,371 78. The profits for the year ending March 31st, 1853, were \$10,068 25.

In addition to these two immense establishments, the General Conference has published, much under its immediate supervision, a paper at Pittsburgh, at Buffalo, at Chicago; a Sabbath-school Journal, with an immense circulation, a Quarterly Review, and two Monthlies.

For the various papers thus issued, as well as for all the books published, each traveling and local preacher of the denomination is an authorized agent.

At the last session of the General Conference, that body determined to make Chicago a base for newspaper and book operations. Accordingly, a branch of the Cincinnati Book Concern was opened some ten months since. On the first of January the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* was also established. By reports made to the Rock River Conference, we learn that the sales of the first have already amounted to \$19,000, and the circulation of the latter has reached four thousand two hundred.

There are in Greece three hundred and thirty-eight primary schools for boys, and forty-nine for girls, attended, the former by thirty-three thousand eight hundred and sixty-four boys, and the latter by six thousand three hundred and twenty-three girls. There are eighty-six secondary ancient Greek schools, with one hundred and fifty-eight teachers, and four thousand three hundred and eighty-three pupils; seven gymnasiums, or superior schools, with forty professors, and one thousand and seventy-seven pupils; and a university, with thirty-nine professors, and five hundred and ninety students. Besides these, there is a Normal school for the formation of schoolmasters, an ecclesiastical seminary, besides the faculty of theology, a polytechnic school, a school of agriculture, and other establishments necessary for instruction, such as the National Library, the Botanic Garden, the Astronomical Observatory, and the museums. The state expends, yearly, for public instruction, \$701,573.

Dr. J. Newell, of Harvard, Worcester County, Mass., a descendant of the old English martyr, John Rogers, has in his possession one of the oldest Bibles in this country. It is printed in the Latin tongue, at Geneva, by Petrus Sautandranum, A. D. MDLXXXIII—1583—two hundred and seventy years ago.

It is reported that the third volume of *Macaulay's History of England* will not be published until the latter part of 1854. The story that he is a confirmed opium-eater, is asserted to be a fabrication.

Madame de Staël, one night expatiating on the merits of the French language, and illustrating her meaning by the word "sentiment," which has no exact equivalent in English, Lord Palmerston answered her that we had a phrase which to a nicely expressed the "sentiment" of the French—namely, "Tis all my eye and Betty Martin."

Religious Summary.

THE *Marquesas Islands* have recently sent one of their chiefs, a man of great energy and strength of character, to the Sandwich Islands, to solicit a visit from some of the missionaries. The people had heard of the mission recently sent to the Micronesian Islands, and determined to throw open their islands to the gospel.

The friends of the *Madias*, in England, are busily engaged in raising a thousand pounds, by penny subscriptions; the sum to be applied to the purchase of an annuity for those unfortunate people. Copies of the subscription paper have been sent to this country. The *Madial* are still at Geneva, and are gradually recovering their health. The success with which the good providence of God has crowned the efforts made in their favor has encouraged some of the most eminent Christians in Europe to set about establishing a society which shall especially take in hand the cause everywhere of Christians suffering for their faith.

The *King of Bavaria*, during his recent visit to Rome, received from the Pope a rare relic, declared to be a small piece of the robe of the Virgin Mary, set in a valuable gold frame.

Romanism in Baltimore.—Baltimore is one of the strongholds of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. Yet even there, it has church accommodations for only eleven thousand six hundred persons. Other sects accommodate over seven times that number.

The total membership of the *Methodist Episcopal Church, South*, consists in round numbers, of whites, 400,000; of colored, 150,000: total, 550,000.

Protestant Christianity is said to be making great progress in *Syria*, in consequence of the labors of the American Protestant missionaries, and the influence of their schools, publications, and religious services. Copies of the Bible in Arabic have been widely distributed, and may now be seen in most of the villages in the Durse Mountains, where controversial discussions on religious subjects are very common, particularly among the lower orders of the people. As yet, however, the only Protestant congregation distinctly recognized by the government, is in *Hasbeys*, at the foot of Mount Hermon, and numbers about two hundred members.

Rev. J. L. Wilson, a returned missionary of the Old School Presbyterian Church, from Africa, recently stated, as among the results of missionary labor in Africa, the gathering of more than one hundred Christian Churches, containing ten thousand hopeful converts; the establishment of a hundred and fifty Christian schools, in which from twelve to fifteen thousand youth were receiving Christian and other instruction. The Bible had been translated, and its truths brought into contact, directly or indirectly, with a million of human minds.

Mr. Seymour has stated, on the authority of an official visitor of the Roman convents, that one-half of the nuns die raving mad before they have reached the age of twenty-five. It is not

otherwise with their unhappy sisters of *Tuscany*. A gentleman, whose veracity and whose means of information are unquestionable, informs me that in one of the best managed convents in Florence, three girls have died during the course of the last year, screaming, foaming, and cursing the system to which their youth had been offered up.

The Journal de Bruxelles says, that the Pope has sent the Duke of Brabant a fragment of the wood of the manger which formed the cradle of our Saviour. When this precious relic was presented to His Royal Highness, he is said to have been much affected.

Bishop Boone, of the Episcopal Church, proposes (*D. V.*) to sail for China toward the close of October, and hopes to carry with him a sufficient reinforcement of fellow-laborers for the mission at Shanghai.

The Dutch Reformed Churches are considering the propriety of dropping the word "Dutch" from the name of their denomination.

A "devotion train" is organizing at Lyons and Marseilles for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; the fare to be one thousand francs there and back.

Thomas Scott, now of Chillicothe, Ohio, and better known as Judge Scott, is the oldest living Methodist traveling preacher in the West, and probably in America, and was admitted into the Western Conference in the year 1789. Joshua Wells, now resident somewhere in the vicinity of Baltimore, entered the Western Conference at the same time—a period of some sixty-four years since.

Rev. John Hickling is the oldest of the Wesleyan Methodist preachers in Great Britain. He was ordained by Mr. Wesley over sixty-five years ago, and is now about ninety years old. He made a very feeling and sensible address before the late British Conference.

An exciting controversy is going on at *Fittsburgh*, with reference to the propriety of permitting omnibuses to continue their trips through the streets on Sunday the same as on other days.

In 1818, the population of England and Wales being then 11,642,683, the number of Sunday schools was 5,463; of scholars, 477,225. In 1851, with a population of 17,927,000, there were 23,084 schools, and 2,407,409 scholars.

The Episcopal Diocese of Virginia has 175 parishes, and only 107 clergymen of all orders; the number of communicants reported is 5,299. The Diocese of Rhode Island has 23 parishes and 28 clergymen, with 2,201 communicants. The Diocese of Western New-York has 125 clergymen, and a missionary fund amounting to \$10,000.

The Metropolitan Methodist Church, of Washington city, it is said, will be of stone, three stories in height, and seventy feet wide by one hundred in length. It will not cost less than fifty thousand dollars, exclusive of the lot.

Miss Martha Whiting, late the accomplished Principal of the Charlestown Female Seminary, who died at Hingham a few days since, has left between five and six thousand dollars to objects of religious benevolence, and from a moderate income gave probably even more than this during her lifetime.

There are now in Kentucky some six or seven *Free Churches*—having no fellowship with slavery. These have met with opposition and persecution, although this is daily diminishing.

At Favalo, in Sardinia, near the Gulf of Genoa, a very interesting movement is in progress, the result of a *single Bible* sent there; forty persons, belonging to seven branches of one peasant family, have given themselves to Christ, and are diffusing light amid the surrounding darkness. It is wholly a native work, foreigners having had nothing to do with it.

The danger of *toasting and tasting* has received a melancholy illustration in the case of Rev. Mr. Alder, a prominent Wesleyan minister in England, who has forfeited his membership in the Conference by becoming a drunkard. Three clergymen, of the Established Church of Scotland, have recently been expelled for the same reason.

The Pope has recently appointed eleven new bishops for the United States.

The subject of *Ministerial Education* in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is eliciting much discussion, calling out the ablest minds of that denomination.

Rev. Mr. Van Maastdyk, a Fleming, who labors in Brussels, states that his Church, which eleven years ago had not twenty members, has now one thousand, mostly rescued from the Church of Rome; and members of this Church, in the outskirts of the city, are formed into little groups, for maintaining worship among themselves, and bringing others to the knowledge of the truth.

At a late monthly meeting of the Board of Managers of the *American Bible Society*, a grant of \$100 was made to the Reformed Church to purchase Arabic Scriptures for their mission in Syria; and an appropriation of \$3,000 was made for a new edition of the Armeno-Turkish Scriptures.

The *Congregationalist* states that a large Protestant bookstore has been opened in *Constantinople*, in the very heart of the city. On its shelves are found copies of the Scriptures in twelve different languages, and thence have gone forth, during the past year, more than ten thousand copies of the word of God, besides other religious books and tracts in the various languages of that part of the world. \$400 worth of the Scriptures in the Ararat dialect have been sent into Russia during the same period.

Some one thousand six hundred acres of land have recently been purchased in Iowa, on which a colony of monks have settled. Among their peculiar habits may be mentioned that they never mingle with the world, and when they put on a new suit of clothes, that suit is kept on, waking or sleeping, till it falls off, or becomes unfit for wear.

At a meeting of the San Francisco Association, of the Baptist denomination, the *California Baptist Education Society* was formed. It is expected they will take early measures for the founding of a literary and theological institution, at some suitable place within the bounds of that State.

A German traveler has discovered a race of negroes, near the kingdom of Bambara, that are *Jews* in their religious rites and observances. Nearly every family have among them the law of Moses, written on parchment; and, although they speak of the prophets, they have none of their writings.

Two missionaries of the *Old School Presbyterian Church*, viz., Rev. Edwin T. Williams, and William Clemens, with their wives, have taken passage in the bark *Gem*, from New-York, for the Island of Carisco, on the coast of Africa. This is intended to be a point for a new American colony, having a magnificent bay and a healthy climate, with superior advantages for commerce.

In Northern Oregon, generally, there is a great dearth of moral, religious, and educational institutions. Rev. D. E. Blain, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was recently appointed a missionary to the northern part of the territory.

The erection of a beautiful building is progressing on Fayette-street, in the city of Baltimore, for the use of the *American Bible and the Maryland Tract Society*. The dimensions are to be forty-eight feet front by seventy-four feet deep, three stories high.

A society has been formed in London "for exploring the ruins of Assyria and Babylonia, with especial reference to Biblical illustration," under the patronage of Prince Albert. The plan is to raise \$50,000, and commence operations at once in various parts of Mesopotamia, and to sustain necessary activity during three years; \$25,000 is to be expended the first year. A committee of twenty-eight noblemen and literati has been formed to carry the design into execution; and there appears to be no doubt of its success.

A very interesting case has recently been decided in Ireland, in which it was declared by the court that a nun could succeed to an estate as the lawful heir. The case is regarded as important, making void, so far as the law can, the vow of poverty taken by professed nuns. The decision is taken to the British House of Lords on appeal.

A chronological list of the generals of the "*Society of Jesus*," from St. Ignatius, the founder, to Pere Roothaan, recently deceased, shows that no American, Englishman, or Frenchman, is found among the twenty-one generals who have controlled this Society. Loyola, a Spaniard, was elected 19th of April, 1541.

Only four young men graduated at the late commencement of the *Unitarian Divinity School, Cambridge*. A few years ago there were two or three times that number.

The Rev. Antoinette L. Brown was recently ordained pastor of the Congregational Church in South Butler, N. Y. The sermon was preached by Rev. Luther Lee, of Syracuse. Gerrit Smith was present, and addressed the congregation.

Arts and Sciences.

A MONUMENT to Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, is soon to be shipped at Leghorn, for Baltimore. It is from the studio of Bartholomew, whose beautiful works are now attracting much attention in Rome.

Mr. Robert Langton, wood engraver and draughtsman, of Cross-street, Manchester, has discovered a method of applying photography to blocks of polished boxwood, such as are ordinarily used in his own art for wood engraving, thus rendering the blocks ready for the application of the engraver's burin. The specimens are exceedingly beautiful; and the discovery will prove of great utility to the arts.

A rich proprietor, who has gained an immense fortune by gas speculation, has proposed to warm all Paris by a concentrated gas of his invention, and he urgently solicits authority to commence with one of the quarters. No decision has yet been made upon this singular project.

One of the huge granite boulders on the summit of Mount Washington, has been selected and set aside for the apex or crowning-stone of the Washington Monument, and measures will be immediately taken to have this gigantic stone on its way to the national capital.

The effect of the means adopted for checking disease in England, France, and Germany, during the past century, are such, that while formerly one out of every thirty of the population died each year, now the average is one out of every forty-five, reducing by one-half the number of deaths in those countries. In the year 1700, one out of every twenty-five of the population died in each year, in England. In 1801 the proportion was one in thirty-five; in 1811, one in thirty-eight; and in 1848, one in forty-five; so that the chances of life have nearly doubled in England within eighty years. In the middle of the last century the rate for Paris was one in twenty-five; now it is one in thirty-two.

We have been informed that the valuable cabinet of many thousand specimens in Comparative Anatomy, Mineralogy, and other sciences, collected in the course of years by that distinguished savant, Professor Agassiz, has been purchased for the University at Cambridge, at the price, as is rumored, of twelve thousand five hundred dollars; the greater part of which, it is said, was obtained by private subscription.

At the sale of the late Duchess (Dowager) of Bedford's property, "The Highland Cabin," a painting by Landseer, was sold for £770; "The Three Dogs," by Landseer, £225; "The Highland Toilet," by Wilkie, £540; "A Landscape," by Neamyth, £400; "Coast Scenery," by Bonnington, £220; "Dead Game," by Landseer, was purchased by Mr. Graves for £1,200, (said to be purchased for Her Majesty;) "The Tower of the Cathedral of St. Rombold," by Roberts, £110; "A River View in Scotland, by Landseer, £198; "The Hermit," by Landseer, £100.

The Marquis of Tweeddale has succeeded perfectly in working plows by steam-power. The distinguished English agriculturist, Mr Meche, in a late article, says, there can be no doubt but that very shortly every agriculturist must use steam-power if he is to stand his ground in the race of agricultural competition.

A singular phenomenon was witnessed during a thunder-storm some weeks since, in the neighborhood of West Fitchburgh. A gentleman, passing under a railroad bridge, was completely surrounded with electrical lights: every nail-head in the bridge being brilliantly illuminated, as well as the buckles on the harness of his horse, while the lightning played silently along the iron bolts of the bridge, contrasting most beautifully with the intense blackness succeeding each flash. He experienced several slight shocks while passing the bridge.

Electro-magnetism has been applied to locks; the principle being to attach a plate of soft iron to the door, which, when shut, is in contact with the poles of an electro-magnet, the fastening and opening of the lock being effected by the forming and breaking of the circuit. Any number of locks throughout the house may be secured or opened at the same time.

A Bostonian has invented a "chronometrical lock," which, fixed to a door, cannot be opened before the time determined on beforehand. It operates by clock-work, and the absence of a key-hole precludes all attempts to pick it.

Mr. Adams communicated to the Royal Society, at the closing meeting of their session in London, that he had discovered that the principle of Laplace's calculations of the secular motion of the moon is positively erroneous. This is a discovery which affects the whole range of lunar astronomy, seeing that all the calculations made on the assumption that the moon really was in the place assigned to her, are wrong.

Mr. J. B. Lindsay, of Dundee, who is at present in Glasgow, propounds a startling theory—that of forming an electric telegraph betwixt Great Britain and America without employing submerged wires, or wires of any kind. At a meeting in the Athenæum Mr. Lindsay illustrated his method. A large trough of salt-water was employed, across which he transmitted the electric current, without any metallic conductor, the water itself being the only medium of communication. Mr. Lindsay explained that he had obtained similar results over a breadth of sixty feet of water. Some calculations have been made in regard to the expense, and Mr. Lindsay computes, according to his present information, that the cost of the necessary battery and land wires to establish a communication between England and America would not exceed £60,000.

The Indian papers announce that the munificent Parsee, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, has made over \$50,000 to government, for the purpose of endowing a School of Design at Bombay.

Sound affects particles of dust in a sun-beam; cobwebs and water in musical glasses; it shakes small pieces of paper off a string in concord. Deaf persons may converse through dead rods held between the teeth, or held to their throat or breast.

The odorous matter of flowers is inflammable, and arises from an essential oil. When growing in the dark their odor is diminished, but restored in the light; and it is strongest in sunny climates. The *fraxinella* takes fire in hot evenings, by bringing a candle near its root.

A monument to *Copernicus* has been erected at Thorn, in Prussia, his native place. It bears the inscription drawn up by Baron Humboldt, "Nicolaus Copernicus, Torunensis, terræ motor, solis cœlique stator," on one side, and on the other, "Natus anno 1473, obiit anno 1543."

A Bavarian naturalist, Dr. Antenrieth, traveling in New Grenada, has, it is said, while excavating in the neighborhood of Panama, disinterred a terra cotta vase containing three hundred and sixty-four *Roman Coins* in bronze. They belong to the third and fourth centuries, and bear the effigies of the Emperors Maximian, Diocletian, and Constantine the First.

The contents of the *Egyptian Galleries* of the Louvre at Paris have been re-arranged, and a portion of the discoveries made by M. Mariette, in the Temple at Memphis, has been added to them. The principal additions consist of a number of statuettes of the time of the fourth and fifth dynasties; a statue of Apis, a sphinx, and three lions, a bass-relief bearing the name of King Menkehor, and a number of inscriptions.

A monument to *Justus Lipsius*, the great scholar and critic of Brabant, has been erected at Overysasche, near Brussels, his native place. It consists of his bust placed on a pedestal, with a Latin inscription.

An effort is being made to erect a monument on Plymouth Rock, in honor of the landing of the Pilgrims. The residents of Plymouth have subscribed \$6,000.

One of the largest and finest collections of engraved *English portraits* that has been made since the great days of Walpole and Sykes, was recently sold at auction in London. The highest price given for any one print was \$132—for "Oliver Cromwell, standing in armor between two pillars."

The *Corriere Mercantile* of Genoa, quotes a letter of the 16th, mentioning the discovery at Pompeii of three human skeletons, evidently belonging to one family, together with that of a dog. The postures in which they were found lead to the presumption that they were engaged in flight at the time of the eruption, but were overtaken by the lava, the dog refusing to leave his master. They had bags of gold and silver coin with them; one of the skeletons, still displaying rings and ornaments, was that of a young girl, probably the daughter of the fugitives.

Mr. Hays, a painter in India, is preparing a series of fifty pictures, or scenes, representing the entire story of "Uncle Tom," from the first to the last chapter.

A gentleman named Finch, in Pittsburgh, has discovered, it is alleged, a mode of *puddling iron*, by which the common gray Alleghany iron is made equal to the best Juniata. The strength of the iron when pulled in the direction of its length, is sixty thousand nine hundred pounds per square inch; and Mr. Finch is confident he can make an advance on this of four thousand pounds to the square inch.

Curiosities of the Locomotive.—Our first-class narrow-gauge engines weigh, empty, forty-four thousand pounds, and are worth sixteen cents per pound. They will consume one cord of wood and one thousand two hundred gallons of water per hour, and will generate two hundred and seventy-five thousand cubic feet of steam per hour, of a pressure equal to that of atmosphere. Their heating surface is of the extent of the bottom of a boiler thirty-four feet in diameter. The strain upon the iron of the shell or boiler, to burst it open lengthwise of the boiler, is from six thousand five hundred to eleven thousand five hundred pounds per square inch, under ordinary pressures. There is also an additional strain of about four thousand pounds per square inch exerted lengthwise of the boiler to pull it apart crosswise. The whole pressures exerted against all the internal surfaces of the boiler amount to twenty millions of pounds, or ten thousand tons! The usual distance traveled by the locomotive being in motion but about one-eighth of the time, is equal to once around the globe every year.

Colonel J. F. Gaines mentions the discovery of an iron mountain in Scott County, Ark. He sent several specimens of the different minerals from that section of the country, lead, silver, and iron.

A Mr. Whitworth has invented a very modest-looking little apparatus which can determine easily the one-millionth of an inch. The use of such an instrument is chiefly for copying or regulating the standards of weights and measures, and in the construction of delicate philosophical instruments.

Large lumps of sulphur are found in various parts of *Iceland*. They seem to be the result of the heat that steams up through the ground, as the sulphur collects upon everything. Hot-springs are numerous in this country, and jets of steam rush out of the mountains with a loud and terrible roaring.

An iron tubular bridge is being prepared at London, intended to be thrown across the Nile at Bentra. The trains will pass along the top of the tube. A foot-path will be made on each side of the rails. The bridge will be twenty feet above the ordinary level of the water, and the center portion of it is constructed to swing on a pivot, so that the boat traffic may be secured during the rising of the Nile.

The Paris correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser* states that the vapor of chloroform, as a motive power, is to be applied upon an immense scale. A company has been formed, the money is subscribed, and the invention of M. du Tremblay is bought. Twenty-four vessels are to be constructed, to sail between Havre and New-York, and several other ports.

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ANCIENT IMPERIAL PALACE.

CHINA AND ITS RULERS.

CHINA has always been an object of most intense interest to the world. It has hitherto been to us an almost unknown region. Like a magnificent volume, covered on the outside with richest gilding and pictures, and promising to unfold many rare and excellent things, we have a few times glanced at its contents, but only glanced before it has been suddenly and ruthlessly closed, the pages we would fain examine being too "celestial" to be scanned by "barbarians." True, we have a tolerably correct idea of its geographical outlines and limits, and have dim fancies about its stupendous wall, its porcelain pagodas, its earthenware towns, and other remarkable edifices; but of the aspect of the country, or the manners of the inhabitants,—how it was first settled, how many are its races, or what have been its dynasties,—our information is most limited. Even

the revolution at present progressing, and which has concentrated upon it the anxious gaze of the whole earth, is but little understood. Americans regard it with solicitude and hope as an effort of *the people*, the *national party*, to uproot a dynasty which assumed the throne by something akin to the right of conquest; and Christians everywhere are wondering what, if successful, will be its effect upon the interests of the kingdom of Christ. National pride and a love of the marvelous have so distorted the writings of native historians as to make them totally unreliable. They date the beginning of their empire before the world was founded; their early sovereigns are all spoken of as giants, taller than the loftiest pagodas, and as possessed of miraculous powers, and gifted with a longevity compared with which the life of Methuselah was but a

span. It is doubtless one of the oldest empires in the world. According to the native historians, the first mortal emperor was Fohi, who is called "the son of Heaven;" but the empire really began with Yu-ta the Great. Fohi may have been Noah, a very natural supposition certainly, in view of the well-attested fact that China was settled by one of the first migratory tribes, formed by the dispersion of Babel, that passed beyond the deserts of Central Asia. Having taken possession of Shen-si, which borders on Tartary, they there laid the foundations of the present empire. From the reign of Fohi and his immediate descendants to the present time we usually count twenty-two dynasties, a brief account of which we here compile from various sources.

The first dynasty is called Kia, and commenced, about 2207 B. C., with the reign of Yu-ta. It continued four hundred and forty-one years, under seventeen emperors, the last of which, Kia, detested by his subjects, was driven from his throne and died in ignominious exile. The second dynasty began with Ching-tang, a modest prince, shrinking from the government, but called to it by the voice of his country. He continued to hold the scepter only at the urgent and oft-repeated solicitation of his ministers.

This dynasty was continued for upward of six hundred years by thirty emperors, and was terminated by the folly and vices of the last one. The third dynasty was called Tcheou, and continued some eight hundred and sixty years, during

which thirty-five emperors reigned. The fourth dynasty lasted but forty-three years, terminating 203 B. C. During this brief period four emperors were on the throne, and it was one of the most remarkable periods of Chinese history. One of these emperors, Chi-hoang-ti, was a man of unusual talent and energy. He reduced the petty kings who had hitherto rebelled against the imperial power to a tributary condition, and thus secured internal peace. He also abolished their kingdoms, and gave in the stead of these honors to his relatives the privilege of wearing yellow, the imperial color. He next turned his arms against the Tartars—a portion of the warlike tribe called the Huns—who, according to the custom of the savage hordes of the North, to which they belonged, made frequent incursions into China for hunting and plunder.

To keep off these invaders, the emperor resolved to build, along the northern frontier, a wall of immense height and thickness. To complete this mighty work every third laboring man in the realm was detailed, and with most servile toil and scanty supplies was compelled to labor. This work, after the lapse of two thousand years, still stands, one of the wonders of the world. It extended one thousand five hundred miles from the sea to the remote province of Shen-si, running over mountains and across valleys, and spanning the rivers by arches. It was broad enough for six horsemen to travel abreast, and of such height as to defy all attempts to scale it. The exterior was of solid masonry,



THE GREAT WALL.

which was filled in with dirt, and it was fortified by strong towers about three hundred feet apart, which were constantly garrisoned. It was certainly a most stupendous work, and merits well its title—The Great Wall of China.

Chi-hoang-ti, or, as the word signifies, the *first emperor*, not satisfied with so lasting a monument to his fame, was ambitious to be considered the founder of the empire. To secure this renown, he endeavored to wipe out every vestige of former history. He ordered that all books and writings of every description should be burned; and so rigidly was this edict enforced, that some literary men were put to death for attempting to secrete valuable records. Several copies of the works of Confucius, and those of some other eminent writers, were nevertheless preserved, having been hid under the floors and behind the walls of different dwellings. Chi-hoang-ti appointed his eldest son to succeed him; but, he being absent at the time of the emperor's death, a younger son seized the empire, and caused his brother to be strangled. This usurper soon became unpopular by his neglect and voluptuousness, an insurrection broke out, headed by Lien-pang, a freebooter, which, after many scenes of violence and bloodshed, ended in the death of the usurper, and Lien-pang ascended the throne under the title Kao-Tsou.

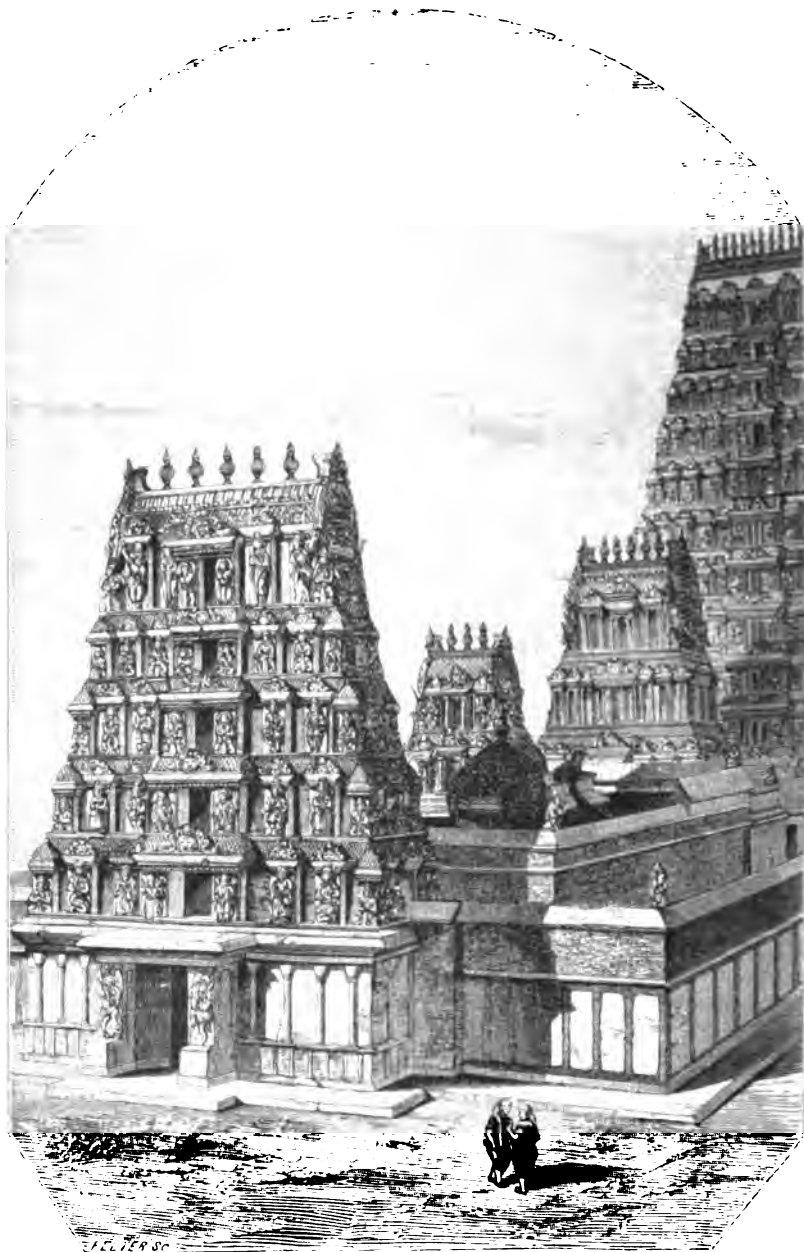
Thus began the famous dynasty of Han, which derived its name from the native district of its first sovereign. Most of the emperors of this dynasty were munificent patrons of learning, and, during their reign, paper, ink, and hair-pencils for writing, were invented. The Egyptians had for a long period made paper of papyrus, an article which had been used also at Rome; and it is not known whether the idea was derived thence, or was, in reality, a Chinese invention. The Chinese paper, at all events, was made of bamboo, a gigantic species of reed or cane which reaches the height of ordinary trees, and which is used for almost every conceivable purpose. The bamboo is pounded in mortars, mixed with silk and other materials, and, being made into a thin paste, it is spread out on a flat surface and dried into what we call paper. The Tartars borrowed this art from the Chinese, substituting cotton, which was more abundant in their country, for the bamboo, as

the Arabs subsequently did linen for both. The Chinese ink is in cakes, known commonly in this country as India ink, and is applied with camel's hair pencils instead of pens.

The dynasty of Han was on the throne of China when the Lord of Life and Glory appeared among men, and when the Buddhist religion, of which the Grand Lama is the pope, and the leading doctrine the transmigration of souls, was introduced into that country. The last fifty years of their reign is celebrated for the "revolt of the yellow caps," or the "war of the three kingdoms," as it is sometimes called. The empire was at this time ruled over by three princes of the line, but was involved in constant commotions, of which we know little, as Chinese romance and tragedy have swallowed up its history so completely that we cannot distinguish fiction from truth.

This period of troubles is known as the Heou-han, or sixth dynasty, although in reality not to be distinguished from that of Han. During these dynasties an attempt was made to secure, by intermarriage, &c., the friendship of the Tartars, who, notwithstanding the Great Wall, continued their predatory excursions. But these alliances, as will be seen, only prepared the way for future troubles. In the year 261 A. D. a descendant of Chi-hoang-ti appeared, laid claim to the scepter, established his authority, restored good order, and thus began the dynasty of Ts'in. Many of the late difficulties having arisen from the intrigues of women and eunuchs, he was ungallant enough to pass a celestial edict that "women should not reign, or take any part in public matters."

Up to the period of which we now speak, the capital of the Chinese empire was at Hang-chow-fou, a large and wealthy city not far from Nankin, containing an immense population, chiefly engaged in the manufacture of silk and cotton. Like all Chinese cities it covered an immense area as the houses were but one story high, and surrounded by gardens. The imperial palace, of which we present a cut at the head of our article, was in the midst of extensive grounds, adorned with oriental splendor, and surrounded by several magnificent temples. The first monarch of this new dynasty removed the seat of government to Kai-fong-fou, another large city in the province of Honan, one of the



OUMENTI'S PALACE.

most beautiful regions in China. This continued to be the royal residence until the time of the fifth monarch of this dynasty, called Ouenti, who built a still more magnificent palace at Nankin, and there established his court. Our cut of this building presents us with a full view of the

edifice, excepting that one-half of the immense tower in the background is omitted, but exactly corresponds to the half exhibited.

But the splendor of his palace contrasted sadly with the emperor's disquiet. A new invasion of the Tartars had spread terror

and desolation throughout the empire. The Tartar chieftain at last captured the emperor, and obliged him to be his servant at table, finally putting him to a most cruel death. His son was also captured, and after performing for a while the menial office of carrying his conqueror's parasol, was at last beheaded. Another of the family, however, was proclaimed, and the Tartars were driven out. This dynasty was continued until A. D. 420, when a revolted general seized the imperial power and began the dynasty of Song, the eighth in order.

Of the next six dynasties we cannot speak in this article. They succeeded each other in vigor and promise, but gradually declined and passed away, most of them in violence, leaving little worthy of record. Let us but say that Tait-song, of the thirteenth, was one of the most renowned of the Chinese emperors. He was a father to his people, the friend of the poorer classes, the promoter of the arts and sciences. During his reign it is said that eight thousand students were annually in attendance at the imperial institute, and some Christian missionaries were admitted to China, and permitted to build a chapel and preach the gospel. As a relic of this period, the Jesuits have claimed that, on their admission to the empire ten centuries afterward, they found a stone monument on which was chiseled, in Syriac characters, an abstract of the Law of Moses and the names of seventy-two preachers. The mode of making the fine porcelain called chinaware was discovered during this reign; and the celebrated Han-lin College was established, consisting of forty members, from which the Ministry of State are chosen, by an examination into their capabilities. At this time also was introduced the custom of binding the feet of female children, to prevent their growth.

As was most commonly the case, this period of prosperity was succeeded by decline, anarchy, and rebellion, which introduced the fifteenth dynasty with the reign of Chwang-tsong, a general whom the Eastern Tartars aided in seizing the empire. He proved a worthy ruler, and during his reign block-printing was invented, and the arts encouraged. In return for their services, the Tartars obtained a grant of a large territory in Pe-chee-lee and an annual tribute, thus gaining their first firm footing in China. The

empire now declined more and more—the encroachments of the Tartars continually increased. By treaty and by conquest they soon became possessors of large territories even within the Great Wall. In 1234 the Mongols, or Western Tartars, on the one side, and the Chinese on the other, attacked the Kin, or Eastern Tartars. After terrific bloodshed, the power of the Kin passed mostly into the hands of the Mongols; but the remnant of this people became the Mantchu Tartars, who, four centuries afterward, conquered all China. Genghis Khan, the Mongol chief, by whom these wars were conducted, left his son Kublai in possession of most of the Northern provinces. He was a man of great energy and talents—a warrior and a statesman; and, coveting the scepter of all China, with a large army he began his progress to the imperial city. At his approach, the court fled in the utmost consternation to some vessels lying in the river; and being pursued, one of the nobles seized the infant emperor, and jumped with him into the sea, followed by the empress and all the chief ministers. Thus the Tartar sovereign was left in undisputed possession of the throne.

The new emperor fixed his seat of government at Peking, where he built a palace of unrivaled magnificence, which has been glowingly described by Marco Paulo. He adopted the laws, customs, dress, &c., of the Chinese, and governed with great wisdom and moderation. Such was his success as a ruler, that the people not only became reconciled to the Tartar sway, but actually loved and gloried in Kublai Khan. During his reign, the public works of China were greatly improved, and with a more liberal policy, Matteo and Nicolo Polo, the famous European travelers, were admitted to China. The last of this Tartar race was Shunti, a miserably effeminate and voluptuous prince, who ascended the throne in 1331, and reigned thirty-five years. The vices of this monarch served but to awaken in the Chinese all their prejudices against the Tartars, and an insurrection broke out, headed by the celebrated General Choo, who entered Peking in triumph, and was proclaimed emperor under the title of Tait-soo, and became the first of the Ming dynasty, establishing his court at Nankin, as more favorably situated to keep off the Tartars. Shunti and his ministers fled into Tartary. While

the Ming dynasty was in power, Tamerlane, a Tartar chief, as remarkable for prowess as Genghis Khan, set out to attack the empire; but dying on his way, the Chinese luckily escaped. At this time a new impulse having been given to navigation by the discovery of America, European ships first visited China. The Portuguese and Dutch were the most enterprising of these adventurers, and the former actually established themselves on the borders of China, at Macao; and, through them, the Jesuits made their entrance into the empire. During the reign of Wanlie, the thirteenth of this dynasty, the Manchus made frequent irruptions upon the empire, and just at the time of his death war had been formally declared. In a few months the Tartar chief also died, leaving as his successor Tien Song, who continued the war against the new Chinese sovereign, Whey-tsong. The whole nation was now in a state of anarchy and confusion. Rebellion sprang up in every province. The boldest of the insurgent leaders, Li Kong, aspired to the imperial dignity. He began his march toward Peking, which city he took by stratagem—the emperor, stabbing first his daughter and then himself, left Li Kong in possession of the imperial power, and most of the nation submitted to his sway.

A Chinese general, by the name of Woonsankwei, having a considerable army under his command, still held out with determined bravery, and fortified himself in a city on the confines of Tartary. This was soon besieged by the usurper, who had, since his accession, been guilty of the most revolting cruelties. Enraged at the obstinacy of Woonsankwei, the tyrant caused the aged father of that general to be brought loaded with chains to the walls of the city, and notified the son that, if he did not at once surrender, the old man would be instantly put to death. The son appeared upon the wall, and upon his knees, while tears streamed down his cheeks, he heard the commands of his parent never to acknowledge the usurper as his sovereign; and the words were scarcely uttered, before his head was severed from his body. This horrid sight inspired Woonsankwei with a new thirst for vengeance. He made peace with the Mantchu Tartars, and with their aid soon drove Li Kong from the capital. The Tartar chief resolved to retain the government for

himself, and thus began, A. D. 1644, the twenty-second dynasty, which is still on the throne.

As before, the people generally submitted with cheerfulness to the rule of the Tartars, who, indeed, doffed their own customs, becoming, in the main, Chinese in their manners, and habits, and modes of dress; the Chinese, of course, retaining their own peculiarities. One exception, however, was made most humiliating to the natives. They were compelled to divest themselves of their thick raven hair, and adopt the Tartar fashion of a long-plaited tail hanging from the crown of a shaven head. These tails, so dreadful to the Chinese at first, have since become greatly esteemed. The reign of Shun-che, the first emperor, was wise and politic; that of Kang-hy, the second, was of great chivalry and popularity. During his reign, the English obtained a permanent footing in China. They were at first received cautiously, the Manchus fearing they might unite with the Chinese to dethrone them; but their trade steadily advanced, until, in 1699, the East India Company were allowed to establish a factory at Canton. Under several emperors of this dynasty China still advanced, until it reached something like the glory it had under Kublai Khan, and intercourse was first had between the courts of China and Great Britain. It is true, wars now and then broke out; one with the Burmese, another with the Maou-tse, a wild, uncivilized people dwelling in the mountains, who not only refused to acknowledge the Tartar rule, but were constantly making predatory incursions upon the lower countries. But in all the emperor was successful. The empire, at last, began to decline under the rule of Kia King, who ascended the throne in 1795. He was loose and intemperate in his life, superstitious and idolatrous in the extreme, and the country became the ready prey of robbers and revolutionists. In 1820, hurried to his grave by his excesses, if not by assassination, he died, and his second son, Taou-Kwang, the late emperor, took the scepter.

This monarch had neither the talents of his grandfather, nor the vices of his father. He sought to restore peace and prosperity to the empire. Formidable rebellions were quelled, both among the distant Tartar tribes that had been annexed to the empire, and among the still unsub-

dued mountaineers, and a formidable one which arose in the Island of Formosa, in 1839. But his reign is chiefly memorable for the quarrel with the English. We cannot now trace the origin of this opium war. Its history is so recent, that it must be somewhat familiar to our readers. Suffice it to say, the English entered into the heart of the country, demolishing fortresses, capturing cities, and actually appeared before Nankin itself, previous to signing the treaty which terminated hostilities. The pride of the Chinese was humbled by British cannon, and a feeling of great dissatisfaction arose throughout the empire that Taou-Kwang should have permitted "barbarians"—a little nation that they had been accustomed to think of as being under infinite obligations for the privileges of trading with them—thus to intrude, unbidden, upon "celestial" ground.

The opening of five ports to the British, and the cession of Hong Kong to them forever, increased the clamor against the emperor. This feeling of discontent was further fomented by the subsequent conduct of Ki-in, the minister who had negotiated the treaty with the British. His disposition to be on friendly terms with foreigners awakened a suspicion of his patriotism. The most absurd calumnies were circulated, and numerous placards served to excite the populace against him. From one of these we extract the following:—

"Our carnivorous mandarins have hitherto connived at all that those English bandits have done against order and justice, and five hundred years hence our nation will still deplore its humiliation. In the fifth moon of this year, more than twenty Chinese were killed by the strangers: their bodies were thrown into the river, and buried in the belly of the fishes; but our high authorities have treated these affairs as if they had not heard speak of them. They have considered the foreign devils as if they were gods, have taken no more account of Chinese than if they were dogs' meat, and have despised men's lives like the hairs that are shaved off the head. Thousands of persons have lamented and been indignant; grief has penetrated the marrow of their bones," &c., &c.

In the mean time the emperor was growing old. His government had lost its pristine vigor, and was most objectionable with the people. A rebellious feeling was on the increase in the distant mountain districts, and everywhere, indeed, the old prejudice against the Tartars began to revive. Such was the state

of things when, on the 26th of February, 1850, due proclamation was made with all the usual ceremonies that Taou-Kwang had breathed his last. The present emperor quietly took possession of the empty throne, assuming the title of Hien-foung, which signifies *complete abundance*. Great expectations were excited in all parties by his accession.

For a season all parties were disappointed by the entire inactivity of the emperor; but in a few months, as if arousing from stupor, he at once dismissed the old and tried ministers of Taou-Kwang, and selected his advisers from their most violent opposers, and the bitterest enemies of the Europeans. Scarcely had this act been done before the first news came of a revolt in the distant province of Kouang-Si.

The most diligent preparations seem to have been made for this revolt. The "Triad," a secret society spread over all China, had existed for years, having for its chief object, it is believed, the destruction of the Tartar dynasty. Means were therefore accessible to give currency to the most extraordinary rumors. It was said, for instance, that an ancient prophecy had fixed the year 1851 for the reestablishment of the Ming dynasty. It was also said that a sage who lived under the last emperor of that race had preserved his standard, and it was generally believed that whoever unfurled this standard in the midst of the army would remount the throne; and now it was said that these insurgents at Kouang-Si marched under this miraculous banner. Kouang-Si was well chosen for the beginning of this insurrection. It was a distant district in the south-western portion of the empire, mountainous in the extreme, singularly picturesque, and utterly inaccessible. The inhabitants, bold and independent, had never tamely submitted to the Tartar yoke, and their heads had never been shaven. They were a fearless, hardy, vigorous race, well calculated to bear the fatigues of war. Here the revolutionists had wisely determined to begin their work. They resolved, in the first place, to mark the date of their enterprise by the erection of a religious monument. Laborers began to dig for its foundation in decomposed rock, which yielded readily to the pickax. When but a few feet below the surface they came to hard and heavy lumps, which on investigation proved to be silver ore.



德天

TIEN-TE, THE PRETENDER.

This providential bank supplied the army with means for beginning operations, and gave to them, of course, a fresh impulse. The Chinese papers now began for the first time to speak of the insurgents, but only as robbers, that the Chinese *tigers* would soon destroy. They, in the mean time, began their march in triumph, towns and cities yielding cheerfully before them.

Tien-te, the pretender, who had been shrewdly kept in the background, began now to be more freely spoken of by his adherents; and he is described as being twenty-three years of age, grave and melancholy, and very reserved, communicating with those around him only to give them orders. His complexion is that of the southern Chinese—a saffron tint. His impassible gaze seems to probe the depths of the human soul. He commands rather by suggestion than by direct dictation. In a word, he has the silent reserve of a man who has reflected a great deal before communicating his projects to any one.

The persons who surround Tien-te have cut off their tails, and let the whole of their hair grow, which is an act of treason in China; and, instead of the *chang* buttoned at the side, they wear tunics open in front. None of the officers wear

upon their right thumb the *pen-tche*, that archer's ring which the mandarins so ostentatiously display. The emperor rides in a magnificent palanquin, with yellow satin curtains, carried by sixteen officers. After Tien-te's palanquin comes that of his preceptor, borne upon the shoulders of eight coolies; then his thirty wives, in gilt and painted chairs, and a multitude of servants and soldiers follow in fine order.

The army of the rebels seems to be kept in excellent discipline, while that of the emperor is in great confusion. The pretender exercises a liberal and protective policy wherever his army goes; while Hien-foung, limited in his exchequer, levies everywhere the most oppressive tribute, and enforces its collection by barbarous cruelties. All this tends to alienate the people from the emperor, and to fan the flames of rebellion.

But it is not our purpose to trace the progress of this rebellion, neither to discuss its probable effect upon China, the world, or the cause of Christ. We hope and pray that the gates, so long barred against the gospel, may be thrown wide open, and that this mighty empire will soon be numbered among "the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ."



SPIRLINGSTEIN.

BOHEMIAN GLASS.

THIS beautiful article is manufactured in various places throughout Germany, most largely amid the very mountainous districts of Bohemia; some of the best, however, is made in Bavaria and sent to Bohemia, and thence exported. The materials from which the glass is formed consist chiefly of the same as those used in England; the manufacturers themselves seem to believe that there is no difference except in the proportions of the materials, and in the fuel, which is exclusively wood, and produces, by a little attention, a more constant and intense heat than can be produced by any coal; the feeding of the furnace with the latter material, they say, always creates a change in the temperature detrimental to the fluid above, and never sufficiently intense. The wooded mountains of Bohemia are entirely inhabited by a population whose industry, morals, hospitality, and kindness of manners do honor, not only to this rich and beautiful kingdom, but to the whole human race. They are pure Germans, not of Slavish origin, and the German dialect alone is

spoken. Unlike every other manufacturing district I have ever visited, they retain unimpaired all their rural and primitive virtues. Clean to a proverb in their houses and persons, hospitable and amiable in their manners, simple in their habits, cheerful and devoted in their religion, they form, perhaps, the happiest community in the world. In passing through the country, a stranger would never find out that he was in a manufacturing district, but might fancy himself in the green valleys of a partly pastoral, partly agricultural people. Thickly inhabited, the beautiful little cottages, clustered into villages, or scattered along the glens, or sides of the hills, are embowered with fruit-trees, and encircled with shrubs and flowers, which each cottager cultivates with a zeal peculiar to his race. On every side rich fields of grain or pasture stretch out like a vast enameled carpet between the hills, which are clothed in dense forests of spruce, fir, pine, and beach, filled with deer, roe, and capercalzie; they extend in every direction, far beyond the reach of the eye, one

vast cloud of verdure. The fabriques, or factories, are placed generally in the middle of one of these villages, the extent of which can only be known by going from house to house. So closely is each hid in its own fruit-bower, and so surrounded by shrubs and flowers, that the eye can only pick up the buildings by their blue smoke, or get a glimpse of them here and there as you advance; thus some of the villages are elongated to three miles, forming the most delicious walk along its grassy road, generally accompanied by a stream, *always* overhung by a profusion of wild-flowers, the mountain-ash, and weeping-birch; many of the former only to be found in our gardens.

It has a very picturesque effect to see the inhabitants of these villages with their simple costume; and if it rains, their umbrellas, often of rich colors like their glass, scarlet, green, and deep crimson, with beautiful ruby, emerald, or turquoise handles; not such as a stranger might suppose a gaudy glass bauble, but rich and massive, and having all the appearance of the solid gold and gem-studded handles of the oriental weapons.

The fabrique is built like the rest of the cottages, and only differs from them in size, and the shape and height of its chimney, which, emitting only wood-smoke, has none of the dense sulphuric cloud which blackens and poisons the neighborhood of coal-fed factories; it is never that ostenta-

tious building for whose magnitude and embellishments the public are obliged to pay, in the increased charges on its productions. The glass fabriques of Bohemia are all small, in fact only one large apartment, in the center of which is the furnace, a circular structure divided into eight compartments, containing the melted metal for as many colors; one man and a boy are stationed at the door of each compartment, the former to extract the fluid with his pipe, the latter to hold the wooden mold in which the article is blown and shaped. The number of hands employed in an ordinary fabrique are:—Eight men who work in the metal, take it from the fire, and blow it in the molds; eight help to hold the molds, &c.; four to stir the metal, &c.; two breakers; four day-laborers.

The materials of which the glass is composed, as far as can be ascertained, and they seem to make no secret of it, appear to be the same as those in use in England; they say they derive their perfection from their mode of mixing and burning the material. Thus the principal component parts are:—Sand, chalk, pot-ash, brimstone, arsenic, mixed with various colors, regulated by the principal; Uran oxyd, cobalt oxyd, coppé oxyd, nickel oxyd, chrome oxyd, minium, tin oxyd.

The gold used in ornamenting the glass is from the purest ducats, dissolved in strong acid, (artz wasser;) the oil with



which the colors are mixed is of turpentine, (harz öhl.) Nothing is done in most of the blowing fabriques but mixing the material and coloring; and for cutting, polishing, &c., from three to six wheels are used. All the finishing goes on in the little cottages by which the furnace is surrounded, and with which the valleys and sides of the hills are studded; here you find, within the contracted chambers of these small block-houses, if on the ground-flat, standing on an earthen floor like our Highland cottages, an artist of the first ability, tracing the exquisite scrolls and flowers which we see in these beautiful works of art, and which are per-

formed by men bearing all the appearance of simple cotters, but whose hand sweeps free and careless over the glass with the confidence and ease of an experienced artist, seldom being provided with more than two very ordinary looking brushes, a small one and another a size larger, and working frequently without any pattern, or indicating lines upon the glass they are painting; but, perfect from habitude, the scrolls, and wreaths, and flowers come out with the same facility as one traces a name upon the dewy pane of a window. Often the whole family are brought up from childhood in painting and in drawing on glass, and thus producing a race of hereditary artists; boys from thirteen and upward are employed in the most delicate works in this genre of art. Each cottage where the painting and gilding go on is provided with a small oven, into which the glass is put to bake in the colors, where it is kept for a day and allowed to cool down; the white figures and flowers, when they go into the oven, are of a dark chrome color, but come out pure white, as will be observed on examining any glass on which flowers of this color are painted; the gold, also, when laid on, is of a dead brown, and when burnt in is polished, generally by women of the family. The gold in many instances is left unpolished, and only the stalks and fibers are burnished, which give an excellent effect. It is most interesting to go from one cottage to another: in one you are amazed by the exquisite paintings in gold, silver, and colors; in another, the cutting out all those beautiful leaf-work, lily, bell-flower, octagon, and star-shaped vases, which is done not only by men, but by their children, girls and boys. In one cottage I was particularly struck by a man, his two daughters, and son, sitting at as many wheels, cutting the most elaborate, but delicate figures; shaping, from the merely turned over bell-vases, those beautiful varieties of lily and flower-indented lamps for suspension, and vessels for holding bouquets: tracing the scrolls, stalks, and fibers with the same ease as the bare-footed wife and mother prepared their supper in the wooden bowl on the earth-floor behind them; for there was but one apartment for the fine arts, the nursery, and the kitchen, yet all was neatness, perfect cleanliness, and order; while on the long beam which formed the sill of the



GLASS VASE.

three mullion windows was arranged a number of glass objects in the glorious colors of Bohemian art—ruby, emerald, topaz, chrysopras, turquoise; with pure crystals, which, richly cut, reflected, like a rainbow, the gems by which they are surrounded. In another cottage in Steinschönau I was much pleased with the designs which two young men were painting, both in gold and colors; of which the former were scrolls of a very superior character, and the latter, flowers, butterflies, and insects. I questioned one of the men respecting the forms and characteristics of those he was painting, and which were beautiful illustrations of Natural History; when he brought me in, from a little bed-room, or rather closet, two boxes full of exquisitely-preserved specimens of a great variety of native insects, which he had collected in his leisure hours, and arranged himself, to assist him in his painting. The copies were fac-similes of the originals, both as to colors and character. Among these insects I observed a beautiful miniature crawfish, not so large as a shrimp, a native, also, of the streams in his neighborhood. So identified had these productions of nature become with his imagination, that he was, at the moment I came in, painting some most correctly, without any specimen before him. It is impossible to

express the feelings produced by these people, so simple, so industrious, and, above all, so modest. They could not refrain from surprise at the admiration their everyday productions created in us; and these simple artisans would with difficulty believe that their works were sought for, and thus valued, in all-powerful and wealthy England, where they believe nothing is unknown, nothing imperfect, nothing impossible! One man whom I visited is an extraordinary genius, rarely to be met with; he has been driven by the force of that same genius to seek abroad, in France and Bavaria, (Munich,) food for his mind,

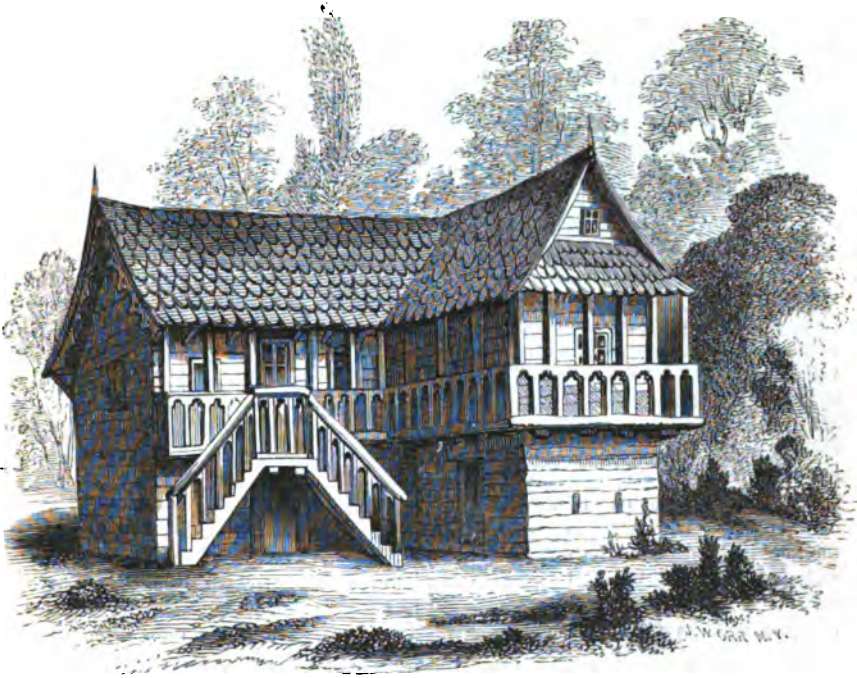
and has brought back with him several folio works of engravings from the best masters, from which he designs. Placing before him one of these works, a Raphael or a Rubens, he either copies the group, or composes from them to suit the form of his vase, which he thus embellishes with the most exquisite figures; his name is Charles Antoin Günther. He lives in a little block-house, as humble as the commonest of those above described, on the declivity of a brae, by a small stream, on which stands the little scattered village of Steinschönau. It is composed of only two apartments below, of which his work-room



HOME OF CHARLES ANTOIN GÜNTHER.

is one, and which is not above ten feet square, with just space enough to hold four little lathes for engraving glass, at one of which he works himself, while the others are occupied by three boys, the youngest twelve-and-a-half years old, the eldest fifteen! They all engrave beautifully pieces laid down before them by Günther, and which they follow with a faithfulness and spirit only to be believed on personal inspection. He was at work himself on a vase-goblet, of the shape of the usual green hock-glass, but which might contain a

bottle; it was lapis lazuli blue, enriched by a group of Bacchanalian Cupids and vine-leaves of his own composition, and worked with a spirit and freedom worthy of some of the masters by whose works he was surrounded. What struck me most was one of those exquisite little figures of Raphael's, in his great picture of the "Madona del Sixto," in the Royal Gallery at Dresden; the cherub leaning on the parapet, with his chin resting on one hand, as he gazes on the Virgin. It is exquisitely drawn in pencil, a fac-simile, and pinned



RESIDENCE OF A BOHEMIAN ARTISAN.

on the wooden wall of the engraver's cottage, immediately opposite his seat. I asked him how he first traced on the glass the subjects which he was to cut; he replied by taking up a plain glass without any figure or indication on its surface, and asking me what subject I should like engraved. On my replying that, being an old deer-stalker, I should be very well pleased with a stag, he immediately applied the wheel to the glass, and in five minutes by my watch produced one of the most splendid, spirited animals I ever saw in the forest, and really worthy of Landseer. The stag is making a spring over some broken palings and rough foreground, and his action and parts can only be appreciated by those who have lived with the deer on the hill and watched them with the feelings of a hill-man, like Günther, who has had opportunities of seeing the deer in his own native woods, where they abound. I brought this glass away with me, though in itself but an inferior article, merely as a specimen of what I had seen done by this man in the space of five minutes, and that, also, without a copy or anything to guide him on the smooth surface of the goblet.

I send you sketches of the artist and his dwelling; and as the portrait exhibits, at the same time, his native costume, it will be in every manner the more interesting, and cannot fail to give a correct idea of the character of this Bohemian mountaineer.

The sketch of Günther's house will also afford an idea of these Bohemian artisans' dwellings, more so than any written description could do. I send you with it a drawing of another of these picturesque houses.

There are two classes of persons engaged, on a large scale, in the exportation of Bohemian glass—the fabricant and the collector. Generally speaking, however, the latter is the direct exporter, and he also superintends the cutting, painting, and packing. The fabricant is more frequently engaged in furnishing the collector, and to a great extent, with the glass in its original and more simple forms as it comes from the furnace, and it is then cut and painted by the cottagers who surround the dwelling of the collector, so that many of these villages are entirely formed by the collector and his people. Others, however, employed in the same way, cluster round the

fabrique; but even their productions for the most part go to the collectors, who have their correspondents in America, Spain, Turkey, Greece, England, &c.

The glass villages are scattered all through the mountainous districts, whose ridges, and summits, and upper ranges are covered with a forest, which extends forty or fifty miles in length, by thirty broad; the fabriquant maintain that the finer glass cannot be brought to perfection but by wood-heat, and hence the glass fabriques are only to be found in these vast forests. One of the most interesting natural formations within this circle is the volcanic rock, called "Spirlingstein," which shoots up out of a little valley on the right bank of the Elbe, crowned with a shattered mass of natural towers and turrets which it is difficult to believe, till closely examined, are not the ruins of one of those feudal holds crowning the summits of so many of the hills in Bohemia. We walked up the valley to visit a fabrique of Chichorie; in the way I remarked a little cottage, like the rest, with its fruit-trees and garden,



BOHEMIAN GLASS-PAINTER.

but which had, in addition to its projecting roof and windows filled with flowers, both in pots and *Bohemian glass vases*, verandahs in carved oak, the scroll-work of which was quite classic, and the execution admirable. While I stopped to examine this, the fabriquant who accompanied me remarked that the owners were makers of musical instruments. On inquiring of what kind, he replied a variety—violins, accordions, and others. I was met at the door by a man whose appearance was that of a simple cottager, and his manners indicated all the simplicity of rural life. He was told that I wished to see some of his instruments, upon which he bowed, slightly elevated his shoulders, and replied that he had nothing worth seeing, but would be happy to receive us, and showed us the way with that natural kindness and politeness which distinguish the peasants of this country. We followed him up a little carved-wood staircase, and he ushered us into a small, yet clean apartment, where, to my surprise, I found two rather large organs, sufficiently large for a moderate church. One was a peculiar instrument, a pan-harmonic, invented by himself, with improvements and great facility and simplicity in tuning; it formed a concert of the single organ, brass horns, and kettle-drums, having a double row of keys behind, so that the performer was masked by the instrument, which had a handsome front; the face of it could be removed, to show the whole interior of the mechanical arrangement.

The little chapels in the glass districts are beautifully decorated with colored glass, the rich ruby lamps suspended before the altars, with their ever-burning lamps, the clusters of prisms in the great central chandelier reflecting the ruby lights, and gold, and flowers from the altar, are always—independent of any other feeling—subjects worthy the contemplation of the artist. All the vases for flowers which richly decorate the country churches are of native manufacture—ruby, emerald, topaz, chrysopras; turquoise, and crystal chalices, full of the rarest of those flowers which form so much the delight and pastime of the inhabitants to cultivate, shed their delicious perfume through their chapels, mingled with the incense which, renewed daily, at morning and evening service, fills the buildings with perpetual fragrance.

CHRISTMAS AND THE POETS.

SOME of the very gems of our poetry—quaintly set, albeit they may be, in their old style—have been produced in honor of the blessed nativity of our Lord, and the good old English household festivities and hospitalities of that most beautiful holiday of Christendom. A full compilation of them would swell into volumes. A classification of them has been made in England by some genial spirit; it presents a rosary of sparkling jewels. There are no less

than six principal divisions in this classification, including carols from the *Anglo-Norman Period to the time of the Reformation*; Christmas poems of the *Elizabethan Period*; Songs and Carols of the *Time of the Civil Wars, the Commonwealth*, (a dry time for them, by the way,) and the *Restoration*, (when they burst forth again like trumpets in an orchestra;) *Christmas Verses of the Eighteenth Century*; Songs of the *Nineteenth century, &c.* Under these general divisions are we know not how many subclasses, such as *Religious Carols, Boar's-Head Carols, Carols in Praise of Ale*, (foaming most lustily,) *Carols in Praise of the Holly and the Ivy, the Wassail Bowl, &c., &c.*

Here is one of the earliest of these poems and one of the best,—nearer four hundred than three hundred years old. It is from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum:—

"IN EXCELSIS GLORIA.

"WHEN Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem, in that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,

In Excelesis Gloria!

"Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, 'God's Son is born this night,'

In Excelesis Gloria!

"This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In Excelesis Gloria!



"Then, dear Lord, for thy great grace,
Grant us the bliss to see thy face,
That we may sing to thy solace,
In Excelesis Gloria!"

Simple, indeed, but good in its simplicity, is this.

Most of the poets of the Elizabethan period have left odes on Christmas. We present our readers with a brief one by Drummond:—

"THE ANGELS' SONG.

"Run, shepherds, run where Bethlem blest
appears,
We bring the best of news, be not dismay'd,
A Saviour there is born, more old than years,
Amid heaven's rolling heights this earth
who stay'd;
In a poor cottage inn'd, a Virgin Maid,



There is He poorly swaddled, in manger laid,
 A weakling did Him bear, who all upbears,
 To whom too narrow swaddlings are our spheres :
 Run, shepherds, run, and solemnize His birth,
 This is that night, no—day grown great
 with bliss,
 In which the power of Satan broken is ;
 In heaven be glory, peace unto the earth.
 Thus singing through the air the angels
 swam,
 And cope of stars reechoed the same."

We give another of this period from good George Herbert; it is full of "quaint conceits," after the manner of the time, but glows and palpitates with his ardent, pious feeling :—

"ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,
 My horse and I, both tired, body and mind,
 With full cry of affections, quite
 astray,
 I took up in the next inn I could
 find ;
 There when I came, whom found I
 but my dear,
 My dearest Lord, expecting till
 the grief
 Of pleasures brought me to him, ready
 there
 To be all passengers' most sweet
 relief ?
 O Thou, whose glorious, yet contract-
 ed light,
 Wrapt in night's mantle, stole into
 a manger ;
 Since my dark soul and brutish is
 thy right,
 To man of all beasts be not thou
 a stranger :
 Furnish and deck my soul, that thou mayst
 have
 A better lodging, than a rack or grave.
 "The shepherds sing; and shall I silent
 be ?
 My God, no hymn for Thee ?
 My soul 's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
 The pasture is thy word; the streams, thy
 grace
 Enriching all the place.
 Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my
 powers
 Outsuing the daylight hours.
 Then we will chide the sun for letting night
 Take up his place and right :
 We sing one common Lord; wherefore he
 should
 Himself the candle hold.
 I will go searching, till I find a sun
 Shall stay till we have done ;
 A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
 As frost-night suns look sadly.

"Then we will sing, and shine all our own
 day,
 And one another pay :
 His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so
 twine,
 Till e'en his beams sing, and my music
 shine."

But amid all the English Christmas Minstrelsy, there comes forth from the period of the Commonwealth a resounding note like the thunder of a cathedral organ, or that sublime trumpet-voice which Moses describes as "waxing louder and louder" above the awful tumults of Sinai. It is John Milton's grand

"HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

"It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies :
 Nature, in awe to Him,
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.



"Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air,
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

"But He, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
 She, crown'd with olive green, came softly
 sliding
 Down through the turning sphere,
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous cloud dividing ;
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and
 land.

"No war, or battle's sound,
 Was heard the world around :
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstain'd with hostile blood ;
 The trumpet spake not to the arm'd throng ;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was
 by.

"But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :

The winds, with wonder
whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the
mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to
rave,
While birds of calm sit brood-
ing on the charmed wave.

"The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious
influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd
them thence;
But in their glimm'ring orbs
did glow,
Until their Lord himself be-
spoke, and bid them go.

"And, though the shady
gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his
wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlighten'd world no
more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burn-
ing axletree, could bear.

"The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row:
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

"When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each
heavenly close.

"Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier
union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced night
array'd;
The helm'd cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn choir, [Heir.
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born
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"Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
keep.

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

"For, if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mold;
And hell itself will pass away, [day.
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering

"Yea, truth and justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen, [steering;
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

" But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so ;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those enchain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
through the deep.

" With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds
outbrake :
The aged earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake ;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread
his throne.

" And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for from this happy day,
The old dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurp'd sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.



"The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy."

" The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
cell.

" The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edgèd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn, [mourn.
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

" In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight
plaint ;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted
seat.

" Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd God of Palestine ;
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
Thammuz mourn.

" And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

" Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove, or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass
with lowings loud :
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Naught but profoundest hell can
be his shroud ;
In vain, with timbrè'd anthems
dark,
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his
worship'd ark.

" He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his
dusky eyn ;
Nor all the Gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky
twine ;
Our Babe, to show his Godhead
true,
Can in his swaddling bands control
the damnèd crew.

" So, when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,

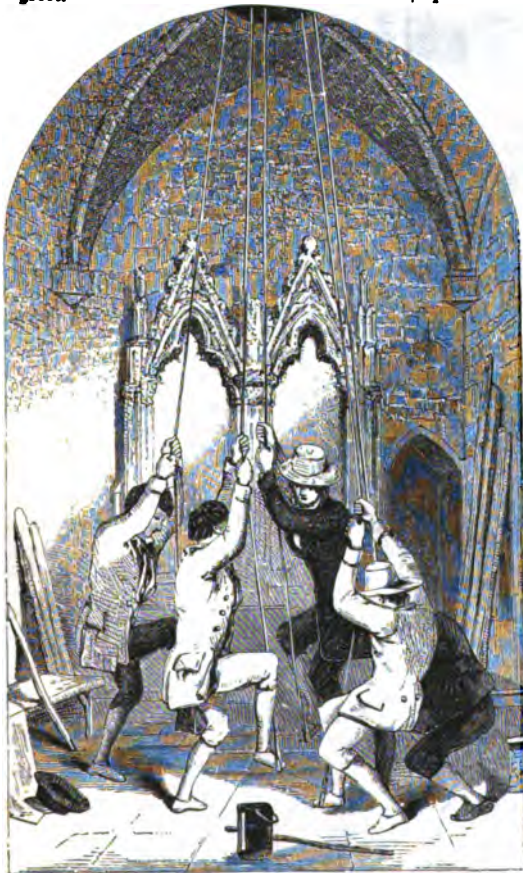
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-
loved maze.

" But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
Time is, our tedious song should here have
ending :
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord, with handmaid lamp, at-
tending :
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable."

After this thunder-burst of melody, as from within the gates of heaven, all other poetic sublimities on the subject must be tame. We shall not quote any, therefore, but evoke a hymn to the season, tender as the voice of childhood. It is from Keble:

“CHURCH BELLS.

“Wake me to night, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear
To high and low glad tidings tell,
How God the Father loved us well,
How God the Eternal Son
Came to undo what we had done;
How God the Paraclete,
Who in the chaste womb form'd the Babe so
sweet,
In power and glory came, the birth to aid and
greet.



“Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long
May bear the song
About with me in the world's throng;
That treasured joys of Christmas tide
May with mine hour of gloom abide;
The Christmas Carol ring
Deep in my heart, when I would sing;

Each of the twelve good days
Its earnest yield of duteous love and praise,
Insuring happy months, and hallowing common
ways.

“Wake me again, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The peal of the departing year.
O well I love, the step of Time
Should move to that familiar chime:
Fair fall the tones that steep
The Old Year in the dews of sleep,
The New guide softly in
With hopes to sweet sad memories akin!
Long may that soothing cadence ear, heart,
conscience win.”

With this sweet strain we may well
contrast the still sweeter, though more
manly lines of Wordsworth, addressed to
his brother. It is full of his fine, subtle
spirit of religion and wisdom, and a beau-
tiful example of his peculiar
style:—

“CHRISTMAS MINSTRELSY.

“The Minstrels play'd their
Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage
eaves;

While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick
with leaves,

Give back a rich and dazzling
sheen,
That overpower'd their natural
green.

“Through hill and valley every
breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded
wings:

Keen was the air, but could not
freeze, [strings;
Nor check the music of the band
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with
strenuous hand!

“And who but listen'd?—till was
paid

Respect to every inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music
play'd, [name,

In honor of each household
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And “merry Christmas” wish'd
to all!

“O brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native
hills;

And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often
tills

(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

“Yet, would that Thou, with me and
mine,

Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine

A true revival of the light,
Which Nature and these rustic powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours!



"For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offer'd at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

"How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence.

"The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brighten'd by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

"Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endear'd
The ground where we were born and rear'd!

"Hail, ancient Manners! sure defense,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mold,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

"Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought
That slights this passion, or condemns;
If thee fond Fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams and greener bowers.

"Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
Short leisure even in busiest days;
Moments, to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

"Hence, while the imperial City's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy!"

Here is a good old homely contrast to
this splendid picture—from "Poor Robin's
Almanac," 1700:—

"Now that the time is come wherein
Our Saviour Christ was born,
The larders full of beef and pork,
And garner's fill'd with corn;

"As God hath plenty to thee sent,
Take comfort of thy labors,
And let it never thee repent
To feast thy needy neighbors.

"Let fires in every chimney be,
That people they may warm them;
Tables with dishes cover'd,
Good victuals will not harm them.

"Good customs they may be abused,
Which makes rich men so slack us,
This feast is to relieve the poor,
And not to drunken Bacchus."

We conclude with the good staunch
words of Walter Scott:—

"HEAP on more wood ; the wind is chill ;
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night :
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung.
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle shewn ;
The hall was dress'd with holly green ;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd his pride ;
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village-partner choose :
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of " post and pair."'
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man ;
Then the grim boar's-head frown'd on
high,

Created with bays and rosemary.

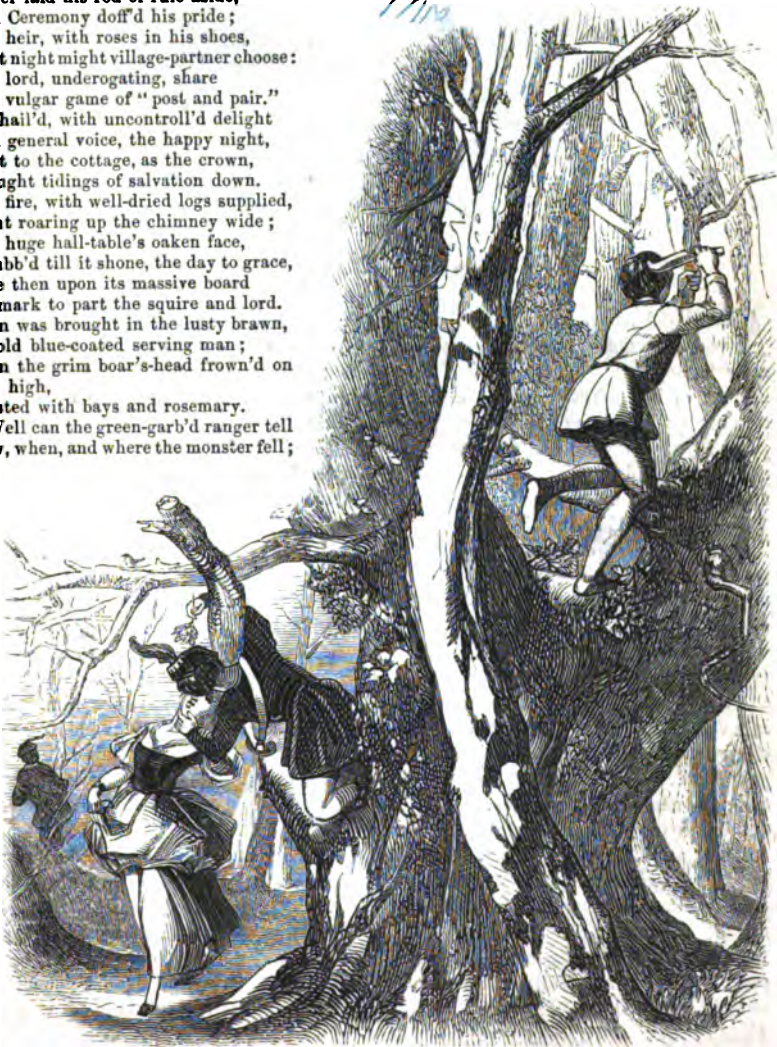
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell
How, when, and where the monster fell ;

What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.

There the huge sirloin reek'd ; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas-ple ;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din ;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mummery see
Traces of ancient mystery.

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.

A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."





OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

AMERICA as yet has produced nothing very noteworthy in the shape of satirical or humorous poetry, though we have had no lack of it, such as it is. For the last seventy or eighty years our bards have pertinaciously tried to be funny, but have only succeeded in making the critics so, at their expense.

In the year 1772, or thereabouts, John Trumbull, one of our pioneer poetasters, published a satire entitled *The Progress of Dullness*, (it did not belie its title,) and another entitled *M'Fingal*. The first was written to advance the cause of Education, (we sincerely hope it effected its object;) and the last that of Liberty, which was then in a doubtful state. We have never heard of any sane person reading either of these poems, though the last, which is written after the manner of *Hudibras*, is not without some clever lines. In 1793, while residing at Chamberry, France, Joel Barlow, the once famous author of *The Columbiad*, wrote (we had almost said *mixed*) his *Hasty Pudding*, according to Dr. Griswold the most popular of his poems. In 1819, Halleck, as we have already noticed in his life, published *Fanny*; and since then—we fancy not

more than ten or twelve years ago—N. P. Willis, the most elegant of our prose satirists, made a failure with *Lady Jane*, an unfinished satire in the style of *Don Juan*.

Besides these, our principal writers in this line, Lowell, Benjamin, and Saxe have written and published satirical poems of various degrees of excellence. But not till we come to Oliver Wendell Holmes do we find much humorous poetry really worthy of the name, or anything more than a local or temporary reputation. In Holmes we recognize, we think, a genuine and original humorist—one whose works are destined to live after him. At any rate, such is our hope; and if anything that we can write will help to bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished, it will only be a labor of love to write it.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born on the twenty-ninth of August, in the year of our Lord 1809, at the town of Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts. His father, who was a D. D., and we know not what besides in the way of capital letters, determined to give him a good education; so when he was large enough he was sent to the Phillips Exeter Academy, and in his

sixteenth year to Harvard University, from which he graduated with honor. Leaving college, he began to look around him for a profession, as was proper for a young gentleman beginning the world, and the first which suggested itself as likely to suit him was the law. He commenced the study of law, and pursued it diligently for a year; not finding it agree with him, (perhaps it was not as funny as he expected,) he relinquished it and devoted himself to medicine, in which his troubled spirit seems to have found rest.

At what period of his life he began to write verses we know not. The spirited poem *Old Ironsides*, written when it was proposed to break up the frigate Constitution as unfit for further service, is said to be the production of his sixteenth year. If so, he ranks high among the genuine juvenile prodigies. Be this as it may, he was an acknowledged contributor to *The Collegian*, a monthly magazine published by the undergraduates at Cambridge; and his articles therein attracted attention, and were copied in the other magazines and newspapers. Only a few, it is said, have been printed under his proper signature; and as his volume fails to distinguish them from his later poems, we can only conjecture which they are.

The study of medicine seems to be about as uncongenial to poetry as that of the law—time out of mind the bane of poets. Poring over volumes of anatomy and physiology, illustrated with explanatory plates, upon which are served up slices of the "human form divine;" heads cruelly split in two, to show the different structures of the brain; tangled skeins of blood-vessels, sanguineous Niles with no visible source; fragmentary arms and legs bared to the bones and muscles, and whatever else is therein contained; attending lectures in the stifed basements of suspicious-looking medical colleges, and taking voluminous notes of the same, (the lectures, not the colleges,) occasionally diversifying the latter occupation by dissecting somebody's distant relation, obtained no one knows how: being, in fact, "a general deputy saw-bones," as Sam Weller would say, is not exactly the way to become or to remain a poet; unless, indeed, as in the case of Holmes, the poet is *born*, and not *made*—"a joy forever." But even then, so thoroughly material are all the surroundings of an M. D., and so

be-littling most of his experiences, it is very apt to divert the current of his poetry from its original channels, and make the poet a mocker and unbeliever, or, at best, only "a good fellow," instead of a thoughtful and earnest man. May we not trace to this cause the comic and satirical cast of much of Holmes's poetry?

In his twenty-second year Holmes made his first appearance, in book form, in a volume entitled *Illustrations of the Athenæum Gallery of Paintings*. It was edited by himself and Epes Sargent, and composed of metrical pieces, most of them satirical. To more thoroughly perfect himself in his profession, he sailed for Europe in 1833. His residence abroad seems to have been chiefly in Paris, where he walked the hospitals, learned *la belle language*, and became acquainted with the most eminent French physicians. Of this tour there remain among his poems two records: *Qui Vive* and *La Grisette*, the latter the sweetest and saddest of his poems. Returning to Boston in 1835, he commenced the practice of medicine in that city, and in the autumn of that year delivered a poem before the *Phi Beta Kappa Society* of Harvard. It was entitled *Poetry, a Metrical Essay*, and stands first in the collected edition of his poems. Scattered through the volume are occasional pieces, read from this time forward at centennial celebrations and anniversary dinners; and one or two long satirical poems, such as poets are wont to spout before public bodies. We have not much faith in this sort of thing ourselves; but if any man ever succeeded in making it respectable, it is Holmes.

In 1838 the medical institution of Dartmouth College elected Holmes Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, which situation he held till his marriage in 1840. His attention to business was strict and thorough; and what with the unhealthy symptoms of the New-Englanders, and his really fine talents in his profession, he acquired a large and, what was just then still better, a paying practice. But he still clung to the Muses, and found time to write some of his best poems, among which were *Terpsichore*, read in 1843 at the annual dinner of the *Phi Beta Kappa Society*, and *Urania, a Rhymed Lesson*, pronounced in 1846 before the *Mercantile Library Association* of Boston. Still rising in his profession, in 1847 he suc-

ceeded Dr. Warren as Professor of Anatomy in Harvard University, and added to his medical reputation by the *Boylston Prize Essays, Lectures on Popular Delusions in Medicine, and Theory and Practice*, the work of himself and Dr. Bigelow; besides which he wrote several fine papers in *The North-American Review*, and delivered occasional addresses. In 1850 he read his *Astræa, or the Balance of Illusions*, before the *Phi Beta Kappa Society* of Yale College; and almost every winter we hear of his lecturing in our principal cities, and convulsing his audiences with laughter.

Boston, we believe, is the nominal residence of Dr. Holmes, at least during the winter months; but in the summer he may be found at his country-seat in Berkshire, rusticated among his pigs and chickens, and the *litterati* in the neighborhood. Herman Melville is one of his neighbors, or lives somewhere in his vicinity; as, till very recently, did G. P. R. James, the novelist.

The literary attainments of Holmes are many, and he is thorough and excellent in all; excellent, it is said, as a medical lecturer, and excellent, we know, as a poet. But it is neither as a poet nor lecturer that his genius exhibits its most distinctive traits, but rather as a satirist,—the almost neglected walk of satire being the field of his fairest triumphs, and, without doubt, the site of his future renown. As the satirical poets have not always had fair play shown them, and as satire itself is not commonly criticised, a few preliminary paragraphs may not be uninteresting. The origin of satire seems to be involved in considerable obscurity, and many conjectures have been formed thereon.

Schlegel, in his *Lectures on the History of Literature*, gives it a comparatively modern date; for he considers it an exclusively Roman species of composition, both in the spirit with which it is animated, and the subject of which it treats. Roman satire, which attained to eminence in the days of Horace and Juvenal, was entirely confined to the capital itself, the social habits and customs, amusements, spectacles and assemblies of its inhabitants. But perhaps its most favorite topic was the corruption of Roman manners, then dayly approaching the last stage of possible viciousness. The only perfect picture which poetry itself can set before us of com-

mon life, is in the drama; individual traits or scenes, however masterly, can never satisfy us. The Roman satire, therefore, in the hands of such a writer as Horace, is merely a substitute for that comedy which the Roman people ought to have possessed. With regard to the Satires of Juvenal, their chief interest depends on the vehement expression of scorn and indignation excited by the contemplation of execrable vices; the spirit in which they are conceived may be morally sublime, but they can scarcely receive the name of poetical.

In many respects agreeing with Schlegel, (but of that hereafter,) we are disposed to doubt the correctness of his opinion that satire is of Roman origin. For our part we date it back to the early ages of antiquity, the very dawn of civilization: almost as soon as poets began to sing, they began to be satirists; provided, indeed, that there was anything to be satirized, of which there can be but little doubt—man, in the abstract, is such a *mauvais sujet*. The earliest poets of all, if we may credit tradition, sung of agricultural matters, and the wars of heroes and demi-gods. We have a fair specimen of their style in *The Works and Days* of Hesiod. After these came Thespis and his fellow-comedians, jolting from town to town in rude carts, and playing their queer satirical plays. "The comic poets," says the scholiast on Aristophanes, "rubbed their faces with the lees of wine, that they might not be known, and sung their poems on the highways;" and impudent, abusive poems they were too. And some of the later poets have followed their example in the wine part of the business, only that the wine has got into their heads, and the lees into their songs. After Thespis and his comedians came the mad wag Aristophanes, the greatest of the Greek comic poets, a satirist of the first water; to him we are said to owe the death of the divine Socrates. Then came the early Roman poets, Ennius and Pacuvius, and then Horace and Juvenal, the world's acknowledged masters of this species of writing. Hence we see the erroneousness of the idea that satire is of Roman origin. But what Schlegel probably meant was, that its *present form* was Roman, its spirit belonging alike to all nations and ages. Be this as it may, however, it is with its spirit alone that we have to do; and this, as Schlegel observes,

can scarcely be considered poetical, since the sharpness and scorn which it is necessary for it to possess before it can be satire, are inconsistent with that tenderness and beauty which are the soul and body of poetry. It is the office of poetry to build up and support; it is the office of satire to cast down and destroy: the one is a scoffer and image-breaker, the other an image-maker, and the very priest of nature; not dealing in bitter laughter and stinging sarcasms, but in gentle smiles and loving words, and whatever else is beautiful and good. ///

Again, and this is to us proof positive that it is not poetry, its effect does not depend upon the rhythm and rhyme in which it is commonly embodied. True, there are occasions when they seem to deepen its effect, and to give it additional force, poisoning, as it were, the already barbed arrow; but for the most part it is just as effective in prose as in verse, as any one can convince himself by turning from Pope and Dryden, our greatest English poetical satirists, to the prose comedies of Congreve and Sheridan. Indeed, comedy seems its most natural mode of expression; for, not forming the groundwork of plot or dialogue, it is relieved by both, and dropping as it does from the mouths of many different speakers, its opposing phases and very natural exaggerations are laid to their peculiar idiosyncrasies, and understood accordingly; while in poetry it is always general, and often too sweeping in its denunciations, condemning weakness and folly as harshly as error and crime. Besides, what right has the poet, an individual, to satirize us, a class? to say to the world, with whom he is equally culpable, "Go to, I am holier than thou!"

But if satire is not poetry, she is her bond-slave and handmaiden, and often her pioneer, clearing away whole forests of evil and prejudice, and whatever "wounds the tender palms of her invisible feet;" and from the earliest time she has been a favorite of poets. Indeed, we fear they are frequently too fond of her society, so prone are they to irascibility and ill-humor. From the Roman poets, to whom we have already traced her, she passed to the Troubadours, who satirized the abuses of the Romish clergy; and thence, grave and stern, to Dante, whose *Divina Commedia* is a stupendous satire against an irrational, unreasoning dogma. Then she became light

and sparkling with Boardo and Pulci; mirthful and wise with immortal Cervantes and Le Sage; strong and coarse with Dryden; polished and elegant, yet bitter and revengeful, with Pope; personal and scurrilous with Churchill, Gifford, and Byron; and so on, and down, with occasional intervals of dullness, till she at last crossed the water, and made her appearance in our midst in the person of Oliver Wendell Holmes. From the antique comedian in his rude go-cart, to the modern doctor in his stylish buggy, the chain is complete. Thespis at one end and Holmes at the other, with Horace and Juvenal, and Dryden and Pope as intermediate links. What shocks have they not given, these electric geniuses!—those who have been rash enough to venture within reach of their batteries—and what shocks are yet to come!

Of Holmes, the satirist, we cannot say much that is new, so often and so well has he been reviewed within the last few years. He looks at folly and pretension, says one of his critics, from the highest pinnacle of scorn. They never provoke his indignation, for to him they are too mean to justify anger, and hardly worthy of petulance. His light glancing irony and fleering sarcasm are the more effective from the impertinence of his benevolent sympathies. He wonders, hopes, wishes, titters and cries with his victims. He practices on them all the legerdemain of contempt. He kills with a sly stab, and proceeds on his way as if "nothing particular" had happened. He picks his teeth with cool unconcern while looking down on the captives of his wit, as if their destruction conferred no honor on himself, and was unimportant to the rest of mankind. He makes them ridicule themselves by giving a voice to their notions and manners. He translates the conceited smirk of the coxcomb into felicitous words. The vacant look and the trite talk of the bore he links with subtle analogies. He justifies the egotist unto himself by a series of mocking sophisms. He expresses the voiceless folly and affectation of the ignorant and brainless by cunningly-contrived phrases and apt imagery. He idealizes nonsense, pertness, and aspiring dullness. The movement of his wit is so swift that its presence is known only when it strikes. He will sometimes, as it were, blind the eyes of his victims.

with diamond dust, and then pelt them helplessly with scoffing compliments. He passes from the stinging gibe to the most grotesque exaggerations of drollery with a bewildering rapidity.

It is not in single passages however striking, but in their general unity and effect, that Holmes's satires appear to the most advantage. A few scattered lines, however, like those below, may be detached without injury to the main design; they run up and down the gamut of wit and humor, and over the whole world of ludicrous poetry and satire.

"Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun,
A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one."

"Shave like a goat, if so your fancy bids,
But be a parent, don't neglect your kids."

"Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat;
Mount the new castor, ice itself will melt:
Boots, gloves may fail, the hat is always felt!"

"For only water flanks our knives and forks,
So sink or float, we swim without the corks!"

"Hands that the rod of empire might have
sway'd,
Close at my elbow stir their lemonade."

"The speaker, rising to be seen,
Looks very red, because so very green!"

"And crippled couplets spread their sprawling
charms,
As half-taught swimmers move their legs and
arms."

"Your hat once lifted, do not hang your fire,
Nor like slow Ajax, fighting still, retire;
When your old castor on your head you clap,
Go off, you've mounted your percussion cap."

"The song. But this demands a briefer line,
A shorter muse, and not the old long nine;
Long metre answers for a common song,
But common metre does n't answer long."

"Thus great Achilles, who had shown his zeal
In healing wounds, died of a wounded heel;
Unhappy chieftain! who, in childhood doused,
Had saved his bacon had his feet been soused."

"Essays so dark, Champollion might despair
To guess what mummy of a thought was there;
Where our poor English, striped with foreign
phrase,
Looks like a zebra on a parson's chaise!
Lectures that cut our dinners down to roots,
And show (by monkeys) men should stick to
fruits;
Mesmeric pamphlets which to facts appeal,
Each fact as slippery as a fresh-caught eel."

Admirable as are the satires of Holmes, it is, we think, in burlesque and humorous poetry that his strength and originality mostly lie. The prominent signs of his

art are common to all satirical writers, but his humor is exclusively his own. He has both wit and humor, but on the whole more true humor than wit, and of a richer kind. His nature is too fresh and genial, too full of the milk of human kindness, to be witty long.

There is often something ill-natured and unscrupulous in wit, while humor is always pleasant and cheerful, and always beautiful—the twin of pathos and feeling. Wit is sharp and keen, humor broad and deep: the one often the result of education, the other always soul-born. We can conceive of a man's being made a wit by books and communion with the world, but never of his being made a humorist, no matter how skillfully he may be cultivated, and in what intellectual green-house. Wit is to humor what a jet of gas-light is to the world-embracing, space-pervading sunshine. There is an inimitable air of freshness and jollity in Holmes's humorous poetry, a feeling of sound health and a good conscience. We feel that we should like to know the man who wrote it; he is, we say to ourselves, a good fellow, a fine fellow, and we give him our hearts at once. We are not afraid of his laughing at us, for he is "one of us" himself. But even if he does laugh, we care not; we can afford a joke at our own expense when Holmes is the little joker!

To classify his humorous poetry, and give the reader an idea of what it is, would require too many subtle distinctions, and too many different specimens. How fine in its way is the poem *Evening, by a Tailor*. Notice the poor snip's inability to "sink the shop," and the pompous simplicity of his blank verse. We warrant him a sincere fellow who reads *The Excursion* in his leisure moments.

"Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom button'd it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meager ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
O me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending
robe!
The thin leaves, rustling on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy lap.

"Ha, what is this that rises to my touch
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply-injured flower
Which boys do flout us with; but yet I love
thee,
Thou giant rose wrapp'd in a green surtout.

Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these thy puny brethren, and thy breath
Sweeten'd the fragrance of the spicy air ;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt bear,
Stripp'd of thy gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in thy sober garments.

"Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
O no, it is that other gentle bird
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a
goose :

I have a scar upon my thimble finger
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were
tailors :

They had an ancient goose, it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happen'd I did see it on a time
When none were near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me, O, most fearfully !

"It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a passive hour of soothing silence.
Kind nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom ; I can feel
With all around me ; I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle ; and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
Where nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion."

Of a different stamp is the character-poem *My Aunt*, reminding us of the *every-day characters* of Præd, between whom and Holmes are many points in common. Its tone of half-contempt and good-natured pity are very effective. Different again, and perfectly *unique* as a mock heroic poem, is *The Ballad of the Oysterman*. It is the poem *par excellence* of the kind ; as complete a burlesque and as pungent a satire on a certain style of ballads as the best things in the *Rejected Addresses*, or *Ben Gaultier*. Ranging from the broadest burlesque to the quietest humor, and equally good in their various styles, are the poems *To an Insect*, *The Mysterious Visitor*, *The Spectre Pig*, *Lines by a Clerk*, *Daily Trials*, *To the Portrait of a Gentleman*, *The Comet*, *A Noontide Lyric*, *The Hot Season*, *The Height of the Ridiculous*, *The Treadmill Song*, *The September Gale*, *The Music-Grinders*, and *On Lending a Punch-Bowl*. But Holmes does not confine himself to wit and humor. As is the case with all truly comic writers, he

has a deep vein of serious sentiment in his nature, and a broad undercurrent of pathos and feeling. Pathos and feeling often seem to us the truest expression of his soul, the flower and fruit of his genius, and wit and humor merely grafts thereon. Perfect gems are many of his songs and lyrics ; such, for instance, as *The Last Reader*, *Our Yankee Girls*, *Qui Vive*, *La Grisette*, and *The Last Leaf*. *The Last Leaf* is probably Holmes's most successful poem, for in it he best exemplifies and unites his two distinguishing traits, humor and pathos. It is merry enough to make one smile, and, in its essence, sad enough to make one weep ;—the smile and tear are blended as we read it.

The serious part of the machinery of verse in Holmes's poetry is not always equal to, nor proportionate with, the comic ; he has more fancy than imagination, and is apt to overlay his subject with it. Instead of a blaze of light, a full picture, he gives us shooting gleams, streaks and clouds of color ; isolated bits of fancy, like the many-hued pieces of tinsel in a kaleidoscope. When he is happy, however, he comes near "the perfect loveliness of art." Altogether, he is one of the sweetest and rarest poets that America has yet produced—certainly the finest satirist—and has not yet reaped his full fame. Poetry such as his, of no school and no one age, is always sure to be popular—to be popular at once and forever. Witness that of Gray and Collins. Success, then, to Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet, physician, and good-fellow generally !

CURIOSITY.—Whenever M. de la Condamine, the French mathematician, visited a friend, he would employ his time in inspecting and handling every article in the cupboard and drawers. One day being at Chanteloup, in the study of M. de Choiseul, the prime minister of Louis XV., at the time of the arrival of the letters and dispatches, he, during the momentary absence of the minister, opened the letters on the table, some of which doubtless treated of the most secret interests of the different states of Europe. "Ah, Monsieur," cried M. de Choiseul, in horror, what are you about? You are opening my letters." "Pooh! it's nothing at all," replied his visitor, with the utmost unconcern ; "I was only looking to see if there was any news from Paris!"

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS IN THE WEST.

MORNING—CORPULENCY—WESTERN CARS AND ROADS
—AGRICULTURE—MANUFACTURES—MAN IN THE
WEST—WESTERN WOMEN—ACCLIMATION—INDIAN
ROMANCE.

ON a brilliant morning about the beginning of the autumn, we waked up and found ourselves in Mount Vernon, quite in the interior of Ohio; we had been whirled thither with hardly any "note of time" from the State of New-York, as we had been whirled about for months before by "lightning trains" in various other parts of the Northern States. Raising ourself on our elbow after a sweet night's repose, we rubbed our eyes with a momentary and an agreeable bewilderment, then leaped out of bed and thrust our head rather ostensibly out of the half-open window, for the air was genial with the morning sun and fragrant with the perfume of flowers. We were in the commodious mansion of our friend Sapp, who, we regret to say, has had the foolish patriotism to leave his beautiful home temporarily for a seat in Congress, and a residence in the limbo of the capital. Gazing for a moment at the tastefully laid out gardens below—which were laughing with gay flowers and swarming with bees and humming birds—and up at the skies, which seemed exultingly responsive with smiles, we drew in our head with a tolerable consciousness of our whereabouts, and a remarkably agreeable sense of satisfaction with "all the world" and ourself "besides." Our brother editor of the *Repository*, (Cincinnati),—our "chum" for the nonce,—was greeted as he opened his eyes that morning with our very blindest salutation.

We had bestirred ourself during the day, and at "the evening tide" was lounging in a good arm-chair, book in hand, under a tree amid the flowers that had regaled us in the morning, when we espied approaching us, with something of the "rolling gait" which Boswell ascribes to "the majestic Samuel Johnson," a gentleman of unusually respectable dimensions. We confess a profound respect for corpulent men. Our pen has, indeed, sometimes caricatured them, but—let us acknowledge it—only through envy. Fatness is physical, to be sure, and therefore no substitute for virtue; but if there is any corporeal index of a big soul, it is a big body. Who ever knew an habitual crimi-

nal to be fat? Was there ever a fat man known to be hung? We do 'nt venture an affirmative on the subject; we only ask a question. We doubt very much whether there are any fat demons. The old painters, while they give a very puff to the cheeks of their cherubs, always paint evil spirits as sadly lacking in facial integument. Shakspeare makes Cæsar tremble almost at the lean aspect of Cassius:—

"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Would he were fatter."

We have known fat men subject to sudden, but never to prolonged passions; their vices, even, are usually the excesses of generous and indulgent dispositions. Give us a "portly" man for the entertainment of an after-dinner leisure hour—for politics or polemics, and, above all, for a traveling companion.

With such sentiments, we set ourselves aright to receive, with all possible cordiality, the approaching personage. He turned out to be our personal friend F., a gentleman whose capacious cheeks—rounded and tinted with health, and surmounted by eyes which are really beautiful with kindness—are a genuine index to his capacious heart. We had last met him in another part of the West, and was then entreated by him to go some hundred miles to his home to "eat salt" under his roof. He was now come to repeat the same invitation, and to propose an excursion among the Indians of upper Michigan. We were in a mood for any adventure with such a man; and as we had been working desperately hard for some months in our official duties, and had some days of leisure before us, we accepted both his propositions.

The next day—another brilliant morning—we were on board the cars and away; but while flying out of Ohio, let us "drop the thread" of our sketch and bethink ourselves a little. We are an old traveler, good reader, and two things we always do when we get fairly seated in a car or steamboat—they are not unworthy, perhaps, of your imitation. One is to take off our hat, as a good Quaker would, and inwardly pray a little. Uncle Toby says that a soldier, above all men, should be a saint, and always ready to die. Had he

lived in our day he would have qualified the remark and applied it to the traveler. Every man should make his will, and mend fully his conscience, when he undertakes a steam excursion, whether by land or water, now-a-days. "The spirit of the age" is abroad, and cannot stop for so trivial a consideration as the safety of human life.

Having thus committed ourselves to the divine protection, we next banish all anxiety whatever, and adjust ourself in our seat for a brief siesta, and then for the wide-awake observations of a trained traveler.

Our first observation was of the superb cars which were bearing us along—as commodious and as elegant even as we had seen anywhere in the East. Those of the "State of Camden and Amboy" would hardly be fit for "second passenger" pretensions in the same train. Everywhere in the West we notice this improvement—a mark of not only good taste but of good sense and good enterprise. The roads, too, what grand ones they are! They have the advantage, to be sure, of the level of the prairies in many places; but where they have it not, they are constructed, especially the more recent ones, on that scale of grand ideas and calculations with which everything else is founded and destined in the West. How comfortably and magnificently is one borne onward in the lightning trains along the shore of Lake Erie, or across the wide prairie-sweep from Lake Erie to Lake Michigan, or down the long lines of iron that stretch over the whole length of Ohio and Indiana. The Michigan Southern and Central Roads are the most finished and most noble passages in the nation. They are even beautified—grassed as a protection against dust, their depôts located and constructed with reference to landscape and architectural effect as well as convenience, and planted about with the beautiful locust-tree—the ornament and shelter of the north-western prairie farm-house generally. And then where can you find the ends of all these magnificent roads? They are stretching everywhere. In the greater Western States you are lost in a maze of them, and it is becoming a problem with even a veteran traveler how to choose his route. The neighing of the steam-horse sounds into the cities of Cleveland and Sandusky at every angle on the land, while steam leaves continually its cloud-trace on the skies, or cuts its wake on the waters, to their

north. Ohio and Indiana are intersected everywhere with iron lines. They enter Cincinnati from every point except the south, and they fairly radiate from Indianapolis. As you pass through the chief places of the West—the great junction points—you are stunned with the din of enterprise. It reminds you of the high-ways of advancing armies in the campaigns of the great European wars. It seems a national outburst of energy, as if to overthrow at once and forever every obstruction to the purposes of men; and in the jostling fray and hilarious excitement, you feel like throwing up your hat and huzzaing for your country and your age. There is one question that comes to you especially with power: What will the future be here? What will the little fellow sitting there before you witness, when, with spare gray locks, he shall pass over this highway of the march of the world at that day which, according to the laws of statistics, he, with at least eight hundred thousand now living, shall behold when the population of this republic shall equal that of all present Europe? God be with our children in that day!

Looking out of our flying vehicle, our next observation was of the glorious country—the realms of natural opulence through which we were passing. What fields extended right and left! Why, your eastern farms are but garden-patches in comparison with these. What think you, Brother Jonathan, amid your obstinate rocks and narrow-sliced "lots," of a six-hundred-acre corn-field, and miles of scarcely interrupted golden grain, "shaking like Lebanon,"—waving, exulting with an out-bursting luxuriance that might feast the eyes of gods and the mouths of nations! And then look down at the soil, especially on this "Grand Prairie;" it has never known manure, it will never need to know it; it is a vast field of richest manure itself, a continent of the best guano. Open the surface, put in the seed, and next shout the "harvest home;" that's farming here.

It is "a great country," this, for agriculture, doubtless; but not that only. You blunder egregiously when you complacently look upon it as a mere granary for you, the manufacturers of the East. Why, here, with a surface upon which Ceres and the "jocund Hours" may riot forever, is an underground foundry where Vulcan

and all his varied apprenticeships may work for the world—nearly whole states of coal and iron. Further westward you find that superabundant nature has burst her usual bounds, and shot up a solid mountain of iron; and further northward you see exhaustless mines of copper, better than the gold mines of California; and still westward and northward steam-engines will, in a few months, utter their shrill acclamations over the Galena mines of lead. This mighty West, we say, is to have its own great workshop as well as its own great garden. It will supply the rest of us with bread most bountifully; but it will supply itself and us too with manufactures also, to a great extent. In fine, and dropping all rhetoric, the elements of all industrial arts are here, and accompanied with facilities which must, sooner or later, give them a development never known elsewhere in the world.

Recalling our thoughts, we next looked at the specimens of humanity around us. The country and its developments were grand. What was man? That is a hard question to answer, for who is the Western man? Doubtless there is by this time a numerous corps of indigenous Westerners—Hoosiers, Buckeyes, Wolverines, &c.; and we never met one that was not a genuine man—whole-hearted and thoroughly characterized; naturally fitted to work well, to vote well,—if a Christian, to pray well,—and, if his country needed it, to fight well. The native-born men of the West have in fact come almost invariably of good old American stock—from respectable well-trained families of New-England, (which in the West includes New-York,) Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and you cannot find a better edition of American character; but they are hardly discernible among the millions that are spreading over these vast regions. There sat around me the bearded German, the lank Frenchman, the bluff Englishman, the omnipresent and ever-ready Irishman, the hardy Scandinavian, and, on the end seat, the African with his mulatto associate—these, besides every physiological variety of the different American States. Look out of the window and you see the broad coppered features of the Indian; glance up the village street, across which you are flying, and you see the lithe-limbed Italian, grinding music and leading his trained monkey; step into the second passenger car and you

find yourself in a chamber of Babel. What a commixed population! yet let us remember that the crossing of breeds, with very few exceptions, improves the race. We need not fear, therefore, for the future human development of the West. It will be *originally* good; we have but to take good care that, by our moral and educational provisions, we keep it so, and on the basis of a strenuous and manly *physique* rear an ennobled intellectual and religious character. Give us this, and our destiny will need no further anxiety.

So far as we could distinguish the native Westerner from the human intermixture around him, his physical development struck us as an improvement on that of his Eastern brethren. He is usually taller and stouter about the chest, though his climate gives him a more bilious, if not more cadaverous aspect. We Americans certainly have a national *physique* peculiarly our own. Its chief characteristic is an attenuation, a narrowing outline, of both frame and feature. The Westerner leads off in this trait of our nationality as he does in all others. He is wiry, long-limbed, tight-featured, and broad only in his heart and humor, the latter of which always takes the character of "mother wit." The women of the West are an exception to this physical type generally. We were struck with their almost universal appearance of ill health. Perhaps our observations were erroneous; but we doubt whether they do not share, even in an augmented degree, the proverbial fragility of their Eastern sisters.

The American women are noted for their early beauty and early decay. The law seems universal among us. Foreign women—English, German, and even French—present an obvious contrast in both robustness and complexion. Our physiological lecturers (of whom Providence rid the country as soon as possible, for they are more mischievous than even the doctors) have ascribed the fact to the in-door life and sedentary and dietetic habits of the sex, and have belabored the public abundantly on the subject from the rostrum and the press. Doubtless they are partially correct; but the problem has a deeper solution. The fact seems to be that the European races are not yet fully acclimated in the New World—at least in North America. Woman, from her more delicate organization, suffers most from the process. It will re-

quire generations yet, probably, to remedy the evil entirely. In the East, our women do injure themselves undoubtedly by their habits; but in the West they are accustomed to activity, to simple and nourishing diet, and the open air; yet the natural fragility of their sex is as common here as in the East—perhaps more obvious. We have all got to suffer yet in these respects from our new-world home; but we have compensations—splendid ones. Meanwhile let us brave the inclemencies of our climate—not retreat too much from them, but get inured to them. Let us turn the children out of doors more, especially the girls—the future mothers of the Republic. Harden them in the open air, rather than polish them in cribbed school-houses or asthmatical drawing-rooms. The West is educating its daughters rightly in this respect, and, with the improvement of the country, its climate is becoming more genial; man, as everything else, will yet flourish there.

Such were our observations and meditations, when suddenly our attention was recalled. Whiz! and puff! puff! with the jingle of bells and the squealing of railroad whistles, filled the air. We thrust our head out of the car window and found a very Babel around us—masses of baggage and merchandise, emigrants from all parts of Europe, and wiry, loud, nasal-toned, but few-worded Yankees racing about among them, giving orders and giving impulses as if they were driving “all creation” before them. “We are at Sandusky city,” said our fat friend, who had been enjoying tranquil dreams. We were soon on board the steamer, and after a magnificent night passage—part of it with moonlight, and part with a sublime lake-storm—we reached Detroit. A few delicious days, bland as Indian summer, were spent in rest, and in preparations for a trip among the Indians far up on the Tittewassee River.

We have seen Indians often, but never one whose *personnel* did not pretty effectually dash our notions of savage magnanimity and romance. Still we have kept, doggedly, those notions from childhood up, determined to have at least one “native American” realm of idealism, and often have we wondered that our poets and novelists have not come marching out of it more frequently, bending under its harvests of wild flowers. The poets have

frequently glanced at it, but, with unaccountable perversity, have as quickly averted their gaze. Nearly all our young ones betake themselves to it like new-fledged eagles to the wilds; but, for some reason, they come out speedily, rather beak-fallen. Campbell and Bryant have best succeeded there, but they have plucked only a few really indigenous flowers from the vast wilderness. Whittier in his “Mogg Megone” and “Bridal of Pennacook,” (“Phœbus, what a name” for poetry!) Street in his “Frontenac,” Sands’s “Yamoyden,” Colton’s “Tecumseh,” and most others, smack little of the wild-flower fragrance that our young nostrils, given to poetical itching, used to snuff up so often from this ideal woods-realm. As for the novelists, if we except Cooper, they have not done any better. There is a sorry lack of ideal excellence, though an abundance of scalps, war-whoops, and torture scenes in their lucubrations.

But we see the Indian only amid the accompaniments of our civilization—transformed without being improved by them. What can these be to him but as a Cockney or Broadway fop’s trappings drawn over a tamed lion? What if we seek him in his own unchanged domain? There, certainly, we shall verify our poetical ideals of aboriginal romance! So we thought; and it became a favorite expectation that, at some “good time coming,” we should be able to see Indian life in its native simplicity—in its yet unmixed, unaltered communities, among the old poetic forests. It was a most entertaining whim of ours. Such a sight is rare; *it will not be possible twenty-five years hence*. The next generation will hardly find a considerable specimen of pure Indian life on all the continent of North America, except far off at the pole, as among the Esquimaux, and they, it must be remembered, are not allowed by the ethnologists to belong to our Indian race. They are a poor, squatty race of blubber-eaters, who came from nobody knows where—Scandinavia perhaps—and who have no more romance in their character than they have resemblance to the Apollo in their persons. He, therefore, that would see the real Indian life of North America (the South American is a very different thing) must be in haste. The last scene of this unique and marvelous drama of humanity is just now passing—never

again to be seen on the great stage of the earth. How strange that travelers do not flock to the final places of this spectacle—to witness this dying and burial of a race—of a primitive, mysterious people, whose history is the most curious and inexplicable problem in the annals of man!

We resolved once, as we have said, to have a peep at some of the real, unadulterated poetry of Indian life, and was planning with a literary friend to take first the cars, then Lake steamers, then horseback, (over the old portage of the French,) and at last canoes, till we should reach the Upper Mississippi, where we hoped we should find the noble savage in his golden age estate. We had read, in Bancroft and the elder historians, of the marvelous travels and sufferings of those real heroes and first martyrs on our continent, the old French missionaries, along that route; and, not keeping "note of time," in its later and faster joggings under Uncle Sam's goadings and "gee-ups," fancied that St. Anthony's Falls and the neighboring regions must be still sacred to savage life and romance. While actually cogitating one evening on this expedition to the Indian Eden, an old friend—a strapping, lank Yankee, who had for years been wandering over the world—entered our room, and, in his genuine nasal, proposed an investment. "In what?" asked we. "In lots and a saw-mill." "Whereabouts?" "On Rum River." "Rum River! where is that?" "Rum River, sir! Why, don't you know? It enters the Mississippi above St. Anthony's Falls—a capital place for investments—fifty per cent. advance in two years, sir. I have just come from there, and am going back with machinery for a steam saw-mill." "Above St. Anthony's Falls!" responded we. "Why, how far is it from the nearest settlement?" "Nearest settlement! Why, man, have you been in a Rip Van Winkle sleep? There are settlements enough there; there is the city of the Falls, and——" We were "dumb founded," and immediately "knocked under," as they say here in the West. Our romantic dream of the aboriginal Eden vanished, and the racket of steam-engines, and the gratings of saw-teeth, have since been our only associations with the Upper Mississippi. But if we gave up the hope of finding an Indian Eden, we still hoped to see the noble savage in some one of his retreats in the Western States, where,

however mongrelized with civilization, something of his real character and primitive life might be seen. So away we started with our friend F. to the wilds of Northern Michigan, where a camp-meeting of Chippewas was about to be held. We will invite the reader thither in our next number.

THE TRICKS WHICH MEMORY PLAYS US.

MEMORY is a magician. Poets may call it "Sober Memory," if they please, but I do not agree with them. Memory plays us all manner of tricks, some of them kindly and beneficent, such as the good fairies used to indulge in in the olden time; some of them mischievous, like those of the half-malicious Puck. Of course I except the scientific and historical sorts of memory, which are grave affairs enough: chronicling, and cataloguing, and labeling, and putting away facts in regular rank-and-file, like bottles in a chemist's shop, though even there an elf-like freak puts things in confusion sometimes. I refer only to that private sort of memory, which is a kind of familiar spirit to everybody. I hope it is not getting too metaphysical to say, that as each man has a different nature, so has he a special memory of his own. I would not be metaphysical for the world, for that would make some people put down the paper at once; but it is necessary to step just so far into that dreaded sphere, in order to make what I mean plain. If each man or woman were to add a verse to that song which used to be popular in my young days, beginning, "I remember, I remember," the result would be that each would sing of a memory different from that of the other. Even if they remembered precisely the same facts, which would, I suppose, happen now and then, they would give contradictory versions of them. Their memories would be tinged with their fears, and hopes, and wishes, till they assumed all manner of hues; for the wish is not only father to the thought, as Shakspeare tells us, but often parent to the memory also. But I find, from my experience among my acquaintance, that reasoning about these matters is never satisfactory. We must always keep going to facts for explanations, and here is a fact which illustrates my theory. I was once in a law court,

where a trial was going on about somebody's wagon running down somebody's cart. It was a dull affair enough, as such trials generally are. The case seemed to turn on the question whether the cart was or was not upon the right side of the street, which, as every one learned in road usage knows, is the left side, and this brought out something far more interesting than the question itself—the contradictions of memory. There were two witnesses, one on either side, who seemed particularly worthy of credence. Both of them were respectable men, both of them apparently trust-worthy, both of them seemingly impartial—strangers to the parties on either side—and both of them exceedingly positive, and totally contradictory. Up to a certain point their unanimity was wonderful. They agreed about the color of the horses, of the carts, the time of the day, the part of the street, and all the details of that character; but upon one point it would have been as reasonable to expect the heavens and the earth to come together, as that their statements could be reconciled; and, unfortunately, that was the very point which was important: one said it happened on the right side of the street, the other on the left; and that each of them stuck to, through thick and thin. No amount of cross-examination, ingenious though it was; no quantity of badgering, or coaxing, could move either from that settled point. They would have as soon thought of giving up their faith, or renouncing their identity, as of denying their memory upon that subject. The more each conviction was questioned, the more firmly settled and deeply rooted it became. No one thought that these men were committing perjury. There was too much evident sincerity and earnestness, and too little interest for that; yet one of them must have sworn to what was not true. The judge was puzzled, and in his summing-up treated it as a case of mistaken impression, one way or the other, but which way, was left for the jury to decide. The jury were bewildered, and the verdict was neither better nor worse than a piece of guess-work. They might have tossed up a halfpenny to decide what was right, with just as much chance of correctness as they had by "laying their heads together," and considering their verdict; and all be cause memory had been playing tricks with somebody.

Though your memory may not play you such tricks as that—not yet, at least—still depend on it, it does indulge in some pranks. If it do not, it must either be one of those paragon memories, which are perfection and a little more, or a memory not worth having, which leaves the "tablet of the mind" a blank. But there are very few memories of either of those descriptions. Most memories present us with records which are like yesterday's sum on a schoolboy's slate—a little "smudged," as we used to say in my youthful days: old Time smears the one, just as the jacket-cuffs do the other. I suppose my experience in this matter is just that of the great part of the rest of the world. A face often flashes past me in the street which strikes me as familiar, and which yet does not bring a single association along with it. I say, "I know that man, I'm sure I know him; let me see, where did I meet him." But that fact, like Glendower's spirits, will not come when called for. I have an impression that I liked him, or did n't like him; that he is a good-tempered or surly, a witty or a dull fellow. Bless me, I know him as well as though I had lived with him for a twelvemonth; but his name, his rank, occupation, habitation—the circumstances under which my knowledge was obtained—they are clean gone! Time has been busy with that yesterday's life sum, and has rubbed out the working, leaving only the product decipherable. Perhaps the rest has vanished into something thinner than "thin air;" perhaps it is put away in some out of the way corner of my brain, which I have missed for the time; perhaps I shall stumble over it, as often happens, just when I do not want it. There is always a consciousness of this, that tells you if you would only look in the right place you would find it, and that is the most tormenting part of the whole. It is like searching for the lost key, which you are twirling on your finger all the time, or going over the alphabet to worm out a word, which is "on the very tip of your tongue," but will not come any further. That consciousness keeps you on the stretch—on the rack; you cannot, try as you will, get rid of the subject; you agree with Byron, that "there are thoughts you cannot banish." The face asking to be known, insisting to be recognized, pertinaciously claiming acquaintance with you, haunts you all day, and gets into your

dreams at night; and in the morning, possibly your wife says to you, "Mrs. Popjoy was here yesterday, Alfred, and her Mary is going to be married to Mr. Friend." "Friend! what Friend?" you ask. "Why, don't you recollect Mr. Friend; that tall young man we met at Popjoy's the last time we were there, and—" but you pay no attention to the rest of the narrative; you heave a huge sigh of relief, and exclaim: "Why, bless me! that was Friend I saw yesterday!" When such things happen, you understand it pretty well—memory has been playing tricks with you.

Again, memory in her elfish quality will now and then play you another trick,—will cause you to mistake one man for another. You meet a man in the street with whom you are not very intimate, but you know him well enough to talk to: you shake hands with him, get through the weather, and chat as acquaintances chat, and then you find out that you have been talking to Jones, when you thought you were talking to Green; and possibly, as you have been very general in what you have said, there is no harm done. But I have known a few instances where the results have been very ludicrous, and a few more where they promised to become serious. Something of that sort happened when Powell met Parsons a little while ago—no, he did not meet Parsons, he only thought he did. After a while, Powell, who is a good sort of fellow, but rather too apt to gossip about what does not concern him, said, "What a fool Williams made of himself in that affair, did n't he?" "What affair?" said the other, drawing up his athletic figure, and looking down on poor little Powell, who, like most gossiping men, I fancy, would not meet the military standard. Powell felt he was wrong, how he did n't know, nor why; but he was in for it, and went on just as men, when they feel they are in a mess, do. "What affair! didn't you hear? O! I thought everybody knew that stupid affair with Miss Brown." Poor Powell had scarcely got as far, when the giant he was talking to, turning him round, thrashed him with a riding-whip, which he happened to have in his hand at the time. Then, and not till then, the truth flashed on him, that instead of talking to Parsons, as he thought, he had been actually insulting Williams, whose identity he had, by a trick of memory, wholly mistaken. When little Powell tells

this story, which he does sometimes—for he is not a hero, and knows it, and does not pretend to be one, and is not above acknowledging that he has been horse-whipped by a man of Williams's size—he wonders, and everybody else wonders, how he could have been betrayed into such a blunder; for Williams is dark as a Moor, and Parsons among the fairest of sandy-haired men. Williams is herculean, and somewhat petulant-looking; Parsons, slight, diminutive, and lamb-like. No two people could be more dissimilar; and Powell generally winds up with "Well, I was either a stupid dolt, or it was one of those unaccountable tricks that memory plays us!"

Among the most common vagaries of memory are those which make us expect to find things very different from what they are. Though we hardly perhaps can call it a vagary of memory, when, after years of absence, we find things very different from the treasured image we had retained of them. This is rather the effect of our increased knowledge and experience, although, at the time, it affects us like a trick of memory. When I was young, I left a quiet country village, and came up to this great Babylon of modern times, which some one has appropriately enough called "a brick and mortar wilderness." The vastness of the place, the breadth of the streets, and the height of the houses impressed me, as they do everybody fresh from the green fields, till I got used to it all. Still, when memory wandered, as it often did, to that dear old road at home, bordered by its fields and hedge-rows, dotted here and there by shady elms, under which men sat to their bread and cheese at noon-tide, it never seemed to me that the road was narrow or lonely; I never thought of it in any other light than as a spacious highway, peopled by hosts of old associations. When I returned, however, I found the old road was only a lane—a mere lane, which I could almost jump across! and the laborers going to and from their work hardly redeemed it from solitude. So it was with the old houses. That old weather-boarded, many-gabled, broad-eaved, white-painted cottage, with green shutters and doors, where my first years had been passed,—that house which used to seem to me a spacious mansion,—how small it now looked! I stooped as I entered the door, it seemed so low; and the ceilings, with the great square beams projecting out of

them,—why, I could put up my hand, and touch them! and the plot of grass before the door now looked no bigger than a tablecloth; and the tree in the middle which it was one of my first youthful ambitions to climb—what a giddy height it then seemed!—had now dwindled into a stunted shrub. Memory had shown me these things through a magnifying-glass, and now experience brought me a pair of diminishing spectacles. It is strange, however, what vitality these delusions have, and how they last and renew themselves! Whenever I visit the old place, I find that my impressions need to be corrected. Somehow, I have expected to find things on a larger scale, and feel a faint sort of surprise at their littleness; yet I know all the while how the matter stands, but memory is so subtle that we cannot help it playing tricks with us.

It is not only with things and places that this happens; the same fancies beset us with regard to persons. A friend of mine used to be eloquent about a lovely child—a girl he knew years ago. From the way he spoke of her, she must have been a cherub (minus the wings, of course) at ten; but old Time plied his pinions, and she became twice ten. He went to see her the other day, not expecting of course to find a little romp in a short frock, ready to rush at him and devour him with kisses—he was a much too sensible man for that—but expecting I hardly know what,—a seraph, perhaps, grown out of the cherub. Ah! that rough hand of reality, how hard it came down upon him! He did not see a seraph at all; he could not even trace the marks of the cherub. He saw a young lady with the smallest of waists, and the stiffest of backs, and the most inflexible of shoulders, and the tightest of corkscrew ringlets, and a complexion only fit to be seen by gas-light, and hardly then! Ten years had done all this, and brought him all the while visions of beauty. I am afraid it will destroy a faith in him—a faith in cherubs, and what might come of them. I greatly fear that when a lovely, rosy-faced child springs to his knee again, he will see in perspective that gas-light Venus of twenty!

Something like that happens to everybody; sometimes for good, sometimes, at least so it appears, for evil. It was for evil when young Scarlet went to India, for example, and left his plighted troth with

Miss Thwaites. He was a fine, dashing fellow then, and looked well in the light-blue and silver of the Madras cavalry, and she was *the* belle of the ball-room. When she floated through the quadrille, all gaze and beauty, men quoted that oft-spoken line, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." We dare say young Scarlet often whispered that sentiment. But that is twelve years ago, and in twelve years fact and memory have been working and playing in their wonted fashion. Well, young Scarlet went, and if you want to know what he did, you may look at the dispatches, where his name is coupled with the thanks of the general a good many times. From more private sources of information, I can tell you that all those twelve years he wrote letters—such letters! as glowing as the sun he was under—to his lady-love. Those letters—just think of it!—all that large bundle of pen-and-ink ardor and wrath, Miss Thwaites ruthlessly burned one evening last month! And she herself had written letters, also, during all those twelve years; such letters! full of affection, and as gentle in their lovingness as the pale moonlight of her own native skies. Those letters possibly, if Scarlet has them yet, will be torn up for pipe-lights! And Scarlet came back, and, as the reader may guess, did not want to marry Miss Thwaites; and she did not break her heart about it. He had been writing to the ball-room sylph of whom I have already spoken, and not the stout lady with a waist not fit to be seen in a waltz, into which Miss Thwaites had grown at thirty-two: and she had dispatched to the post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, every time an Indian mail was made up, a tender missive, not to that middle-aged hero with a thick, heavy mustache, and the scar left by a Sikh tulwar across the bridge of his nose, and a complexion compounded of yellow ocher and mahogany, the joint effects of a tropical sun and a liver complaint, but to young George Scarlet, as he was the first time he donned his epaulets, and the last time she danced with him. Ah! memory had something to answer for in this case. Memory had smothered good sense. These two people, if they had met at thirty-two for the first time, might have liked each other well enough, but they had now been living for twelve years on memory and imagination, and could not bear the con-

trast between what they once had been and now were.

The memory, however, of what people have been has its pleasant side also. Good old Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, and plenty of other ancient couples, are instances of this. It is half-a-century since they came together, and do you think they see each other with the same eyes with which any ordinary stranger regards them? Do you think he notices the wart upon her chin? or that she has acquired such a rotundity that it is quite a little journey to walk round her? No, not he! And even if he did, what would that matter to him? Do you suppose she sees him merely the lame man—so crippled with rheumatism that he cannot hobble without two sticks? or beat-shouldered and wrinkled, as he appears to you and me at first sight? If you do, you are completely mistaken. When they married, Partridge was the finest young man in his parish, and as for Mrs. Partridge, (Miss Hare she was then,) the ancient postman recollects with a chuckle, even now, how he used to besiege her father's door on Valentine's Day with a thunder-storm of knocks, and a shower of letters. Old people said of them that they were "the handsomest couple the sun ever shone on," and thanks to memory, that which they were to each other then, they are now; nay, even much more, for they have gleaned and garnered up through the long experience of their pilgrimage, memories which have outshone mere youth and beauty, holy memories of sorrow and suffering, of love and joy, of kindness and sympathy, and mutual forbearance, which, like links in the golden chain of life, have bound them the more tenderly and the more inseparably together. Half-a-century, which has made them feeble and ailing, which has silvered their hair and dimmed their sight, has given them new and better charms in each other's eyes. Their transfiguration has already begun; they entertain angels unawares: so much truer, so much nobler, is the love which has stood the test of trial,—the love of the old married pair,—than that of the mere youthful lover, roseate and smiling though it may appear. Yes, of a truth, and as to our old Partridge couple, memory's tricks on them are all pleasant ones. Some way or other she hides what is unsightly from them. Troubles they have had, but memory keeps no account of them,—if she

does, it is only of the good that came out of them; false friends they have had, and have met with unkindness and ingratitude. as who has not? but memory has not chronicled these things, or, if she has, it is in a sort of debtor and creditor account with life, and there is a rich balance on the other side; winters they have passed through, and dark days, and many bitter baptisms of experience, but if memory keeps count of these they are only jotted down to be read against all the springs, and the summers, and the rich autumns, and the sunshiny days, and the affluence of good, with which God has so bountifully enriched them. Well, of all the tricks of memory that I know, none are equal to those which she plays with such jolly old couples as Mr. and Mrs. Partridge! Long life to them, and may memory play such tricks with us all!

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.

I HAVE a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh: the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying what Solomon says. "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet Heaven deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that when she seems to play, is at the same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and above all for a quiet conscience.—*Isaac Walton.*

TROUBLES AND ADVENTURES OF
YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

WHEN Jane, of just twenty, marries her adored Henry of twenty-seven, and enters upon an entirely new household, she has certain troubles with her *ménage*; but they are all of them troubles of a laughable kind. Different it is with Jane when she chances to have taken pity on some maturer bachelor who has for several years been keeping house himself—keeping it, of course, with the assistance of some superior servant or housekeeper, who has gradually acquired his entire confidence, and begun to feel as if she were half a mistress. Great, usually, is the consternation of such a household when the master announces that he is about to place a lady over it. In some cases there is no mean show of resistance, as if he were reviving some antiquated claim to independence, or making a positive aggression upon some established right. The domestics go about the house with a sulky, careless, you-may-do-as-you-like kind of air. The master is made to feel as if his importance were quite gone.

He was a gentleman—a real quiet gentleman—the highest praise they have to bestow on a bachelor master; but what is he now? As for the expected lady, it is not difficult to establish the saddest anticipations regarding her. The consequence is, that poor Jane, who has hitherto seen nothing in matrimony but a new name and a conglomeration of flounces, orange blossom, and budding importance, plunges, at her home-coming, into a sea of troubles for which she is totally unprepared.

Jane, in short, in such a case, is an intruder, and she meets the usual fate of intruders. There is a phalanx arrayed against her, through which she must fight her way with such courage and dexterity as she may. What is very provoking, her respectable partner is generally quite insensible to the difficulties she has to encounter. Under the happy delusion, that he has his household in entire subjection, he cannot imagine, or readily be brought to see, that his young bride has anything more to do than quietly assume an empire which will be willingly yielded to her.

This, or something of the sort, was just what happened to my cousin Joanna and myself, who both married old bachelors,

(though nobody would have ventured to call them so to us then, nor we to ourselves,) heads for more than a dozen years of such households as I have described. I had lately a visit from this my excellent Joanna, whom I had not seen for many years. We are now both staid matrons, on what is cruelly called the wrong side of fifty, which, though it does not by any means imply the garrulity of old age, brings out yet certainly a disposition to dwell more on the past than the present, and to find exceedingly funny and racy what fails to extract a smile from the grave, wise, crammed, and used-up children of the present generation. We especially dwelt, my cousin Joanna and I, on our anticipated and actual troubles, when, as girls—she twenty-one, and I nineteen—we made common cause with our respective and respected bachelors. She told me that a month before her marriage her intended had amused her, at least she tried then to be amused, with an account of his great dread and hesitation in announcing the coming change to his domestics; that he had frequently risen with the determination to get it over, cost what it might, then sunk down again abashed, and feeling as if the very pictures in the room were looking down on him with contempt; then he would get outside of the door, and his courage would again ooze out on the way. It never seemed to occur to the simple man that he might have summoned the chief actuary into his august presence, and ensconcing himself in his arm-chair, and assuming a superhuman firmness of tone, whatever his heart might be saying to it, announce to her the awful fact in as few and succinct words as those used by the immortal Dumbiedykes on a like occasion, desiring her at the same time to make it known to the others, her inferiors; and before she had time to recover from her astonishment, dismiss her with a magnificent wave of the hand. At length, as the matter could no longer brook delay, one day when the domestics were at dinner, he, not knowing over-distinctly how he got there, found himself desperately clutching the handle of the hall-door, and in another instant there he stood like an apparition, face to face with the domestics, who were busily employed in eating, and cheerfully talking together. But what he did say after all his conning over and hesitation, he has

not now the most distant idea, further than this, that it was as different as possible from what he meant to say. Also, the effect was so entirely different, at least on the principal person concerned, the controller of the household, that he felt quite sorry, almost repentant, for being the cause of inflicting so much pain, nay, and even began to doubt his right to be his own master; for instead of frowning or looking daggers, for which he was quite prepared, the poor thing laid down her knife and fork, pushed herself a little way from the table, leaned back in her chair, crossed her legs and folded her arms, then with a slow and very slight shake of the head, and in a pathetic, resigned tone of voice, she said: 'Well, that's the loss of a good place to me!' Having uttered these few and simple words, embodying a conclusion that was evidently quite clear to herself, she relapsed into silence, only giving evidence of the strong inward conflict by a certain swinging of one leg, a motion always indicating, even on mournful occasions, a decided tincture of rebelliousness.

The serving-man, meanwhile—he who worked when he liked in the garden, and as he liked at many other things—in no-wise burdened, but with too much leisure, had been in the act of conveying a huge piece of boiled mutton to his mouth, when from his master's words it became evident to his then bewildered, and at no time very bright senses, that a mistress was about to be placed over him. The fork with the piece of mutton on it stopped short within a few inches of his mouth, which, already open more than wide enough to receive it, now dilated to an immense gape, while his eyes became vacantly fixed on his master. Thus he sat for a few seconds, during which it is impossible to say what visions may have passed through his mind of active young wives suddenly appearing at the back-door when they should have been sitting in the drawing-room. However this may be, the thought of either a dismissal or a voluntary departure never seemed to enter into his calculations. On the contrary, evidently determined to brave the worst, his features suddenly relaxed; he drew in his chair so near the table as scarcely to leave room for himself; then, with a general wriggle of the whole body, said: "Well, I'm no carin', if so be that she's a good one;" and set himself to his

dinner again, making the mutton disappear as if he was eating for a wager.

The young damsel, the third domestic in this hitherto happy family, amazed at the unusual apparition of the master at dinner-time, and having a confused notion that something was wrong, and that he must have come to find fault, rose from her seat the instant he appeared, and without waiting to hear his mission, retreated to the further end of the apartment, pulled out a drawer from which she took a woolen stocking, and began to darn it as hastily as if her master had come to scold her for eating her dinner instead of attending to his work. The subsidence of all this excitement, as in more important cases, bore no proportion whatever to the seeming violence of its extent; and when, next day, the master, having recovered from the effects of the grand effort, found leisure and composure enough to explain that the change was to make no change, and that all, he hoped, would go on exactly as before, then they said that they hoped so too, that nothing would be wanting on their part, and the like. And so the whole passed off much like an explanation after a duel or a parliamentary skirmish, leaving the matter as it was before, only somewhat more unintelligible.

When the domestics found time to consult quietly together, and to view the change in all its bearings, they soon became wonderfully reconciled to it, and hopeful for the future. One thing, however, seriously disquieted them, and it was no wonder. It so happened that among several wives lately come to the neighborhood, not one had turned out satisfactorily. One had proved a scold, another had taken to strong waters, a third was gay and extravagant. Now, I could not but admit to my cousin Joanna that here had been just cause of apprehension. She afterward learned that the chances in her case had been discussed in rather a desponding manner owing to the above cause, when our friend Thomas, the serving-man, ventured to suggest, that as so many had turned out ill, it was all the more likely that one now would turn out well. Here was a stroke of the most consummate wisdom, quite deserving of the fulfillment it received, for my cousin Joanna speedily became immensely popular in the household, and, moreover, continued so; and Thomas, in after-years, used frequently to refer quite

exultingly to the distinguished success of his first plunge into the doctrine of chances.

My bachelor was a person of a different stamp from my cousin Joanna's. His custom was to get over rather than dwell on a painful task; and he professed, moreover,—an empty boast in any bachelor, I fear,—to have his household in entire subjection. However, I used to remark in him a certain nervous twitching of the mouth and eyes, when he was in the presence of his, to me, awful housekeeper; and when she had retired, I would rally him on this symptom of her control. He met the jest with an indignant denial of its foundation; but to this I never could give credence. When he announced to this formidable personage the event about to take place, she affected to be quite pleased, and said she had always preferred to have a mistress, "provided she were a reasonable person"—a fling of which the ominous character was more apparent to me than to him. I had had at first sight a disagreeable impression regarding this woman, for she was far from prepossessing in her aspect; but I finally entered upon my new course of life with anything rather than a disposition to dispute her supremacy. Indeed, so great was my inexperience, and so little store did I set by the character of mistress, that she might have continued to rule, so long as she saved me trouble, and did not do anything positively offensive. But I was not to be let off in this way.

One day, if, in fear of being thought stingy, I ordered for the hall-dinner nearly enough to dine a troop, she would tell me with a scornful laugh that they could eat "the double of that;" and the next, she would try me with the most insulting proposals of scanty fare for the dining-room. Her good-humor was far more portentous than her frowns. When she waddled into my presence, filling the whole doorway, and wreathed in smiles—*her* smiles!—I was sure to come off second-best in the encounter. Crafty and primmed as she was, she did not even save her strength for a protracted race, but left me at once nowhere. But the most provoking thing of all was her extreme devotion to my husband. He was utterly faultless in short, except in having married me. She delighted to serve him in every way, but most of all where she could convey a

slight to me. I am quite sure, if she could have roasted the bit of meat he was to eat, and left mine raw, she would have done so.

When my first baby came, then began the great tug of war. In pursuance of my ill-luck, I had hired as nurse-maid a forbidding-looking Highland woman, who had been thrust upon me as a perfect treasure, which must have been meant in the unpalatable sense of an exercise of patience. She had a flat face, a low forehead, and a high temper. While I was still in all the pomp of darkened rooms, doctors, nurses, mothers, and water-gruels, the most awful reports of explosions in the lower regions reached me. As if she had been bone of our bone, the Highlander, with all the pride of her race, resented every word uttered against her lady and her darling baby; and it being the dayly custom of the other to throw out such taunts as that the precious child was "a poor ill-thriven thing," there always ensued a fierce duel of words, ending in a drawn battle between Highland pride and Lowland impertinence. At length the contention waxed so hot, that my husband was forced one day to come to the rescue. He descended in wrath, and dethroned the ruler of the mansion, without listening to a word from her in arrest of judgment.

After her departure, I gave myself over to a succession of minor rulers, who, seeing my weak side, served me apparently well, and saved me all trouble, even that of maintaining an orderly household, for they not unfrequently enacted "high life below stairs," kept untimely hours, and even gave balls in our absence—at one of which the cook danced out my husband's new slippers in a single night! Of course, they all made great eyes, and could not think how the thing happened; but one of them, afterward smitten, turned king's evidence. I should have dismissed them all, but indolence prevailed; till, finding myself still worse deceived and defrauded, I was forced to an entire change of tactics.

I now took a totally opposite turn, and instead of suspecting nothing, I suspected everything, and resolved to inspect everything, and so constantly worried myself and my servants, poking into every corner, and spying mischief where there was none, that they very soon took to deceiving me, and laughing at my expense. If they wished to hide anything from me, they

would put it up on the edge of the water-cistern. They would ring the area-bell from within, expecting me to run to the window to see who were their visitors.

But as all this was doing violence to my own nature, I soon tired of it. I next took a stinging turn. Concluding that to preside over a household was unmitigated misery, and never blaming my own bad management, I resolved, since all servants were bad, I would have them at the cheapest possible rate. But my very first essay in this line worked an effectual cure. Like most persons who knew little, my cheap cook professed to know everything. It so happened, that the week after she came, a very fine stubble goose was sent me from Orkney, and I set about assembling a few of our kith and kin to dinner, the said goose being to figure as the principal dish. But imagine my horror! There was the goose, just as it had arrived from Orkney; roasted to be sure—the simpleton had done that—but she had never plucked it? I have a confused recollection of a dimness coming over my vision, of pointing convulsively to the dish, and then to the door, and of feeling that it had disappeared amid a suppressed titter from the assembled guests.

The doings of my cheap housemaid were quite to match; but she was remarkable for the ludicrous fertility of her excuses. She had been desired one night to put out the gas in the drawing-room, instead of which I found it blazing in the morning, while she protested it was no neglect of hers. I asked her how it could be lighted if she had extinguished it? With scarcely a moment's hesitation, she replied she supposed the sun had done it. I asked her if the sun had turned the screws? I had evidently come to the end of her philosophy; and here ended also my foolish attempt at lowering the price-current of good labor.

I next hired a perfect jewel of a woman, who had no other fault than that she was rather old. Her chief duty, however, was to consist in a sort of general superintendence of the household. She was a perfect Caleb Balderstone. She would have worked herself to death, and gone into any kind of innocent prevarication, for the honor of the house. She had a sublime transcendental manner of glossing over deficiencies and defects, and turning

them into advantages. All she had or got, she expended on me and mine. She had the most clever, determined way of attaining her ends. Highly disapproving of her master's custom of abstaining from luncheon, she would prepare strong soup for him; and even if he were engaged with strangers on business, she would enter the room, and tell him with a most urgent, important air, that there was a person wanting very particularly to see him; and when she got him outside of the door, she would lead him with nods and winks toward the soup, keep watch over him till he swallowed it, and then come and recount her exploit to me with an air of triumph.

Unfortunately I soon lost the dear old woman, who became so infirm as to need watching herself, and since then I have had scarcely any troubles and adventures worth recounting. Indeed, my cousin Joanna and I think there are no such adventures now-a-days at all; and when we get together, we are always recurring to old stories for amusement. We are quite willing to be borne along on the stream of progress and improvement, but we think people are too much alike now, and that the individual would seem in some danger of being lost in the general. But then we are old crones, and think ourselves privileged to croak. Even our servants are now insufferably learned, and know all about foreign countries and everything else; and my cousin Joanna and I sigh for the good old times, when the ignorance and simplicity of the many gave a zest to the learning and cultivation of the few. We cling with fond memory to the time when many simple excellent beings thought there was only one foreign country, and that America; and my cousin still tells with great glee, that on her return from a first visit to the fine old city of Antwerp, her faithful old nurse said to her: "And, Miss Joanna, when you was at America, did you see Bonaparte?"

Alas! we are never asked such questions now; scarcely even do we hear a misapplication of words. I do know one primitive serving-woman, a true old family-piece, who speaks of having an "impression on her breast," and "a flirting at her heart;" but the race is all but extinct; and when I next take up my pen, it must be to write of less quaint and pleasant troubles and adventures.

LIEBIG—RITTER—HUMBOLDT.

PROFESSOR LIEBIG.

OUR principal object in Geissen, however, was to pay our respects to Liebig, its celebrated professor of chemistry. We had sent in our cards, and while we were waiting for the arrival of the hour which he had named for an interview, we drove about the town, and obtained access to the library of the University, which contains two hundred thousand volumes. It is arranged in a large and handsome building, and we were attended by a very intelligent librarian, who spoke English fluently. He made our brief visit interesting by leading us through the different departments of this large collection. The books are divided by subjects: theology, physics, mathematics, &c., being placed in separate departments, which is obviously the most useful and convenient arrangement.

We were amused for a moment by seeing, near the library building, a peculiar kind of convex mirror. It was nothing more than a huge bottle of green glass, apparently a carboy, such as sulphuric acid is commonly put up in. It was secured, with its mouth down, on the top of a post, and from its sides the landscapes and houses were reflected in elegant reduced pictures, changing with every change of position of the observer. These we observed to be very common in Geissen. At the door of Professor Liebig's lecture-room we were detained a little by the reluctance of the janitor, under orders not to admit any one after the lecture had begun; but our German attendant, whom we had engaged at the inn, overcame his objections, and we were admitted. Professor Liebig, who was sitting and lecturing in his chair, perceiving our entrance, gave us a pleasant smile of recognition and welcome, and the young men courteously gave us seats. He spoke about fifteen minutes after we entered. His pupils were very attentive, and most of them were engaged in taking notes. Their appearance was very much like that of a similar collection of American students. The room was crowded, and, from its dimensions, it could not have contained over one hundred students. The table was full of the usual accompaniments of a chemical lecture. Everything was plain and business-like.

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We have been surprised at the small size of the lecture-rooms in several of the European Universities which we have visited, and at the small number of pupils who generally frequent them. In Heidelberg, for example, Professor Leonhard threw open, for our inspection, the doors of his lecture-room, which was in his house, and contiguous to his geological collection. The apartment had a rough appearance, and the benches did not imply more than thirty pupils.

Professor Liebig's manner of lecturing is calm and quiet; his voice is musical, and his fine, dark, deep-set eye sparkles with a depth of intellectual expression and fire indicative of high genius. He has nothing of the action and vehemence of some of the Parisian professors, and, with a manner perfectly natural, he appeared to command entirely the attention of his audience. His subject was morphine, and other alkaloids of opium. When his lecture was finished he came immediately to us, gave us a very warm reception, and showed us about his working laboratory. There are four rooms, in two of which the working students are employed in their analytical labors. The tables exhibited every appearance of actual labor. They were full of chemical vessels and reagents, and, of course, in the disorder which necessarily attends on the numerous operations in which many persons are engaged. The number of working pupils in this department of the laboratory was from twenty to thirty. It being the hour of dinner, (at one o'clock, as in New-England,) there were only a few young men present, and they appeared to be employed as private pupils; but Professor Liebig told us that there were forty young men at work in another department, under an assistant teacher.

Professor Liebig is a very pleasing man. In his person he is tall and genteel, and apparently about forty, or not much beyond that age. He is very affable and courteous; and as he speaks the English language perfectly, with only a slight German accent, our interview was particularly interesting and agreeable. He showed us some new chemical products, among which was *cordein*, which, in prosecution of his researches on the flesh-fluids, has been extracted from the heart of the ox. *Cordein* crystallizes, and appears to be similar to sugar, having a sweet taste. Nitrogen

does not enter into its composition, which is the more remarkable, especially for a principle extracted from muscle. Professor Liebig also called our attention to the result of a process for obtaining barberine from the bark or alburnum of the barberry; it is a yellow crystalized substance.

The expression in the published print of Professor Liebig is very different from that of his speaking face. The print is true to the form of features, but it does not give the impression of suavity and mildness which he wears in conversation. It is, however, a common misfortune to men whose minds have been much exercised with thought, that the artists often catch the settled fixed expression, in which intensity is easily mistaken for severity.

Professor Liebig expressed much regret, which we of course felt still more, that our interview must be so brief; but he was going to London, and we exchanged addresses, hoping to meet again in that city.

To our earnest invitation that he would visit the United States and lecture in our institutions, he gave no encouragement, expressing great reluctance to speak in a foreign language; and when we named Professor Agassiz as an example of great success in the United States, he added that he had a peculiar facility in acquiring a foreign language.

PROFESSOR RITTER.

Among our introductions was one from Professor Guyot, late of Neufchatel, but now a citizen of our country, to the celebrated Professor Carl Ritter, the well-known physical geographer.

He is a tall, handsome man, of most noble person and mien, and prepossessing address. His dignified presence is tempered by a mild and winning manner, and by his musical, although powerful voice; and we listened with pleasure to his very good English, uttered with dignified deliberation. His healthful and bright appearance by no means indicates his age, as he is still in the full energy of physical and mental power.

Professor Ritter gave us an invitation to attend in the evening the meeting of the Geographical Society, of which he is President; and he treated us while there with the utmost kindness and consideration.

Several papers were read on geographical subjects, and different gentlemen were

called upon to elucidate particular topics. Their course is not only to illustrate topography but all allied themes, including the different branches of natural history and of meteorology that are connected with the country under consideration. In this manner the discussions become fruitful of instruction and entertainment, and the interest is greatly enhanced.

A supper followed, in the great room of the society, in which a large chandelier, lighted by gas, made noonday of night. Among the eminent men present, whose fame was known to us at home, were Professor Ehrenberg, the philosopher of the microscopic world; the two brothers Rose; Gustave, of mineralogy, and Heinrich, of analytical chemistry; Professor Dove, the meteorologist and physicist; Professor Poggendorf, the editor of the well-known journal which bears his name; Professor Magnus, of electro-magnetism; Professor Mitscherlich, of general and applied chemistry; besides many others almost equally distinguished.

We received a warm welcome to Berlin, and throughout the interview of the evening the most kind and cordial treatment. We were highly gratified by the interview and were again at home in our hotel before eleven o'clock. Professor Ritter spoke in very warm terms of approbation of the researches made in the East by our countryman, Professor Robinson, and by the Rev. Eli Smith, now of Beyroot.

BARON VON HUMBOLDT.

In fulfillment of an appointment, we went at once, and were admitted by his faithful servant, the companion of many an arduous journey. His mansion is a plain edifice, situated in a retired part of the city; and he would not have been now at home, had not the king gone to Konigsberg; for his residence is generally with the king, at Potsdam, who keeps him near his person, as his father did before him, not only for his society and conversation, but, no doubt, also as a counselor, wise from his many years, and his large experience in the world. We passed through his library, which fills, on all sides, a room of considerable size; and he issued from a door on the remote side of the apartment, opening apparently from his private room. He met us with great kindness and perfect frankness, and with a pleasant rebuke for my having hesitated to call on him, (I had

written a note, asking permission to call,) implying that he was not ignorant of my position and efforts at home. I then introduced my son and Mr. Brush, and we were at once placed perfectly at our ease. His bright countenance expresses great benevolence; and from the fountain of his immense stores of knowledge, a stream, almost constant, flowed for nearly an hour. He was not engrossing, but yielded to our promptings whenever we suggested an inquiry, or alluded to any particular topic; for we did not wish to occupy the time with our own remarks any further than to draw him out. He has a perfect command of the best English, and speaks the language quite agreeably. There is no state-likeness or reserve about him, and he is as affable as if he had no claims to superiority. His voice is exceedingly musical, and he is so animated and amiable that you feel at once as if he were an old friend. His person is not much above the middle size; he is not unlike in form to the late Colonel Trumbull. He stoops a little, but less than most men at the age of eighty-two. He has no appearance of decrepitude; his eyes are brilliant, his complexion light; his features and person are round, although not fat; his hair thin and white; his mind very active, and his language brilliant, and sparkling with bright thoughts. He alluded in a flattering manner to our progress in knowledge in the United States, and to the effect which *The American Journal of Science and Arts* had produced in promoting it. He showed himself perfectly acquainted with the progress of physical science and general improvement in our country, and particularly commended the labors of Colonel Fremont in the Far West, of Professor Baché in the Coast Survey, and of Lieutenant Maury in navigation. Bringing out his maps, and tracing his lines without glasses, he pointed out a channel of communication across the Isthmus of Darien, which he had observed and described more than forty years ago, and to which his attention had been recalled by a paper of Captain Fitzroy's in *The Journal of The Royal Geographical Society*. He showed us that there are no mountains in the course he indicated, which is more southern than any of the existing routes, and that it possessed several important advantages. I alluded to his brief visit in the United States in 1804, when he traveled no further north than Phila-

delphia. He told us that he passed three weeks at Monticello with the late Mr. Jefferson, who entertained him with an extraordinary project of his inventive but often visionary mind, regarding the ultimate division of the American continent into three great Republics, involving the conquest of Mexico and of the South American States. He discussed many topics regarding the United States. The discovery of gold in California furnished him an abundant theme—our topography, climates, productions, institutions, and even political controversies, were all familiar to him.

Baron Humboldt, although associated intimately with kings, is evidently a friend to human liberty, and rejoices in the prosperity of our country. He made some very interesting remarks on the present state of Europe, and on the impossibility of keeping down moral power by physical force. In his library hung an excellent likeness of the king, and another of his own brother, the late W. Humboldt, the eminent philologist and ethnological antiquary.

We retired greatly gratified, and the more so, as a man in his eighty-third year might soon pass away.

When we were about leaving Berlin I addressed a note to the Baron, expressing our great satisfaction at the interview, bidding him farewell, and asking for his autograph. He readily replied; but instead of his signature merely, he sent an interesting original letter, written on the occasion, from which, I trust, it is not improper to make an extract of sentiments relating to the American continents.

After some very kind expressions of personal regard, he alludes to his usual residence at Potsdam, where are both the rural palace of the king, and the tombs of some preceding monarchs: "Compelled to return in the morning to the country, where are the tombs which I shall soon occupy, I have reserved to myself the perusal of"—certain scientific American papers which had been presented to him. He then adds: "I have moral reasons to fear the immeasurable aggrandizement of your confederacy—the temptations to the abuse of power, dangerous to the Union—and have occasion also to fear the distinct individual character of the other populations (descriptions of population) of America. I am not less impressed by the great advantages which the physical knowledge of the world, and positive sci-

ence and intelligence, ought to derive from this very aggrandizement—from that intelligence which, by peaceable conquests, facilitates the movement of knowledge, and superimposes, not without violence, new classes of population upon the indigenous races which are in a course of rapid extinction. However imposing this spectacle may be, which is being realized under our eyes, and is preparing another still more remarkable for the history of the intellectual development of our races, I already desecrate the distinct epoch, when a high degree of civilization, and institutions free, firm, and peaceful, (three elements which are not easily associated,) shall penetrate into the tropical regions where the high table-lands of Mexico, Bogota, Quito, and Potosi, shall come to resemble (in their institutions) New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia."

The letter concludes with warm personal good-wishes, and a kind message to Professor Agassiz, "equally distinguished by his vast and solid acquisitions in science and the great amenity of his character."

The signature is without a title: "ALEXANDRE HUMBOLDT, à Berlin, 5 Juillet, (it should have been Août,) 1851."

It is proper to add, that at the time of our visit Baron Von Humboldt was engaged in the preparation of a new production on the Outline Form of Mountain Peaks, in which he was working up original observations and drawings made during the course of his various wanderings. He assured us that the greater part of his literary labor was of necessity performed when others slept, as the hours of usual labor were with him consumed by the demands of the king. He added, that he early made the discovery that he could get on very well with four hours of sleep. This, as has been often remarked, accounts for his prodigious performances in literary labor.

Such are the modest and unassuming language and appearance of one who has, in person, explored a larger portion of our globe than any other living traveler; of a philosopher who has illustrated and enlarged almost every department of human knowledge: general physics and chemistry, geology, natural history, philology, civil antiquities, and ethnography, have all been illustrated by him.

He has endured the extreme vicissitudes of opposite climates, and seen men, and

animals, and plants, under every phase and aspect. His published works are a library. His faculties combine the enthusiasm of poetry with the severity of science; and from the culminating point of fourscore years and four, he surveys all his vast labors, and the wide panorama of universal science, which, as probably his last labor, he is now presenting to his fellow-men by the reflection of that splendid intellectual mirror, his *Kosmos*—the comprehensive *Hellenism*, which expressed both *the universal and the beautiful*.

Such is the philosopher who, of all living men, belongs not so much to his country as to mankind, and who, when he departs, will leave no one who can fill his place.

We dismiss him, with the hope that he may inherit blessings beyond the grave, and find, in a higher state of being, that his large measure of human knowledge is infinitely surpassed by the spiritual illumination and revelations of that glorious world.

LION CATCHING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

MR. LEMUE, who formerly resided at Motito, and is familiar with the Kal libari country, assured me that the remarkable accounts sometimes circulated as to the people of that part of Africa catching lions by the tail, and of which, I confess, I was very incredulous, were perfectly true. Lions would sometimes become extremely dangerous to the inhabitants. Having become accustomed to human flesh, they would not willingly eat anything else. When a neighborhood became infested, the men would determine on the measures to be adopted to rid themselves of the nuisance; then, forming themselves into a band, they would proceed in search of their royal foe, and beard the lion in his lair. Standing close by one another, the lion would make his spring on some one of the party—every man, of course, hoping he might escape the attack—when instantly others would dash forward and seize his tail, lifting it up close to the body with all their might: thus not only astonishing the animal, and absolutely taking him off his guard, but rendering his efforts powerless for the moment; while others closed in with their spears, and at once stabbed the monster through and through.—*Rev. J. Freeman.*

[For the National Magazine.]

THE HISTORY OF AN ULTRAIST.

INDIFFERENTISM is death. Conservatism is vital heat—a recuperative thing, tending to health and long life. Ultraism is a fever, producing unnatural strength, the precursor of death. The first is drought; the second is rain, well measured and well timed; the third is tempest, lightning, thunder, hurricane, and an overflowing flood. Indifferentism is Gallio, caring for none of these things. Conservatism is Gamaliel, prudent in counsel, and content to wait. Ultraism is Saul, breathing out threatening and slaughter. He is an ultraist who is right in the main principle, and wrong in the time and manner of applying it. He has many things to say, but errs in supposing that society can bear them now. He will not tolerate evil for a moment, though his intolerance is sure to destroy both him and his cause. He discards the lessons of experience, and replies to the warnings of caution with a howl. He applies the rule of abstract right, regardless of the state of existing facts. He allows nothing to the force of circumstances, no palliative to error, no excuse for the temporary continuance of an evil, whose roots may be twisted and tied about the very foundations of the social system. In zeal he outstrips all his superiors in discretion, and *must* fling the brand though it consume the temple. He is impatient of the slow development of events, and would outrun the measured march of time. He has no patience with prophecy till it turns to history. Like Sterne's canting critic in the theater, he looks only at the stop-watch. Go with him part of the way, and he will knock you on the head if you follow him not to the end. Reader, I shall define no more. Listen to the story of Jonathan Honestus, the only consistent ultraist that ever lived.

Jonathan was the son of a father who was given to boasting that he had always been an honest man, that his promise was as good as his oath, and his word as reliable as his bond. The boy was naturally of an ingenuous temper, and without difficulty was taught to speak and act the truth outright, irrespective of consequences, however mortifying.

"Tell the truth, my son," his father would say to him, "and however long the

story, and full of particulars, it will never involve you in the shame of self-contradiction, because truth is ever consistent with itself." But Zachariah Honestus would not only have his son to be truthful, he would have him grow up in all respects an example of integrity. He had scarcely begun to talk before he was required to repeat, "Honesty is the best policy;" and that the good old maxim might make an indelible impression on his memory and heart, it was before him at every meal in large letters on the rim of his tin plate. All this care bestowed on the culture of his moral principle was not without its effect; for before he was ten years of age, if any of the poor neighbors came to purchase a bushel of corn, and Jonathan was sent to the barn to measure it, he would be sure to throw in an additional peck by way of good measure. As he was a boy of quick parts, his intellectual education was scarcely inferior to the strength of his moral principle. He learned with such rapidity, that the lame Irish schoolmaster soon confessed him his equal; and by the time he was sixteen, he could talk Latin and write Greek. In a word, Jonathan was the wonder of the school; and though he was largely indebted for his learning to the precocity of his genius, yet much is to be ascribed to the special pains of the master, who slept under the same roof, and ate at the same table with him. A country schoolmaster is always supposed to favor the children of the family with which he boards, and especially if the table is well kept. But schoolboy days are soon past, and, singularly enough too, always remembered with pleasure, whatever may have been the pains of study, or the penalties of truant hours. Jonathan had now reached the seventeenth year of his age, and was as learned as his master. His father intended him for a merchant, a neat, clean, pale-faced drygoods man. About thirty miles off, in the village of Grasshill, lived Jacob Sharp, a maternal uncle, who kept the largest store of the place. He was a man of bland face, soft voice, and address sufficiently engaging to attract customers. If he had not the manners of a gentleman, he was largely endowed with the civility and obsequiousness of a tradesman. In short, Jacob Sharp was the very man whose likeness was struck off a hundred years ago, as

"A tradesman, meek, and much a liar."

Letters passed between Jonathan's father and his uncle Jacob, and the result was that the boy should be taken into the store, and taught to buy, and sell, and get gain.

I have already said that the store kept by Jacob Sharp was the head store of Grasshill. The village itself was a snug, tidy little place, situated on a rising ground that overlooked a narrow tide-water stream and acres of bilious looking marsh, and connected with the rising ground beyond by a pivot bridge and a causeway. Standing on the brow of the hill, on a summer night, you might see millions of fireflies sporting over the miasmatic swamp, and at the same time hear a motley concert of screaming whippowils, and chirping crickets, and croaking frogs, led on by a blood-a-noun, whose voice might easily be mistaken by a son of the Emerald Isle for an animal's as huge as a mastodon, and as frightful as Milton's "Death." The little town, according to the unanimous opinion of the inhabitants, was one of the healthiest places in the land, and a sober regard for truth obliges me to confess that not more than nine out of every ten were usually down with the autumnal ague, and even that was only of the second or third-day type. When a passing traveler would venture a remark on the cadaverous faces that gathered in the tavern porch, he was told with great coolness that it was the result of eating a kind of bread made of yellow Indian corn, commonly called pone. On most days of the week not a living creature was to be seen in the street, excepting perhaps the blacksmith shoeing a horse, that stood contentedly hitched to the door-post—the smith thinking of the low price of shoes, and the horse quietly wondering at the absurdity of wearing shoes at all, and all the while pleasing himself with the idea, and half inclined to try the experiment of stirring up the village by kicking Vulcan's brains out.

But the village of Grasshill had one busy day in the week. The reader must know that the two principal storekeepers, of whom Jacob Sharp was first, were dealers in grain. The country for miles round was one of the most thriving of grain-growing districts, and on Saturdays might be seen the farmers from all quarters coming into town, some in vehicles, others on horseback, while those who lived nearest made their way on foot. At the particular time of which I write, the pota-

to crop of Ireland, and the grain crops of Europe generally, had failed. The consequence was, that grain of every species went up to about double its usual market value. The first anxious inquiry therefore of the farmers who came weekly into Grasshill was, if corn, oats, and wheat had probably reached their highest point. One day, in answer to the question, they were all told that prices could not possibly get higher, for the last news from Europe had just arrived by the weekly mail, bringing the unwelcome intelligence that the starvation in Ireland was nearly over for the want of subjects. At this they all looked blank, and, actuated by the true instinct of gain, every man thought it his *duty* to hold back no longer.

But the great interest of the little village lay in its winter evening assemblies for conversation. These were alternately held in the stores of the two great grain-dealers, but by far the largest meetings were held at Jacob Sharp's. At these gatherings the doctor himself would sometimes be present, and even the parson would occasionally step in to learn the news of the day, and, if possible, elevate the tone of village thought. Two candles burned dimly on the counter, shedding a disastrous-looking light on all around. Beside the stove stood a rickety bench, just large enough to hold six men. Immediately behind it, the schoolmaster occupied a broken-backed chair; while in front sat the village squire, at full ease on a pile of coffee-bags. Some lay on the counter, while the remainder of the group, who came in last, were obliged to stand. Near the wall were piles of Yankee buckets, kegs of nails, and barrels of flour. Over head, from spikes in the joist, hung rows of coarse boots, of sufficient thickness to defy wet fields and dismal swamps; while against the partition that divided the grain-room from the main store, glittered, in the dubious light of the unsnuffed candles, any quantity of tin-ware, and a few dangerous-looking scythes.

Various were the topics discussed at these social meetings. If the papers of the week happened to bring an account of an "*awful murder*," then all the murders that had occurred for fifty miles round in the last forty years were related by the old squire, with the particulars, for the hundredth time. Occasionally a spirited discussion would consume a whole evening, on the question whether growing wheat

would turn to darnel? or, as they more tersely stated it, whether wheat would turn to cheat? At other times, acute conjectures were offered on the exceedingly interesting and difficult question in natural history, why some cows have horns and some have none? In politics they differed, as all companies do. But there was one opinion in which these evening volunteer parties always and unanimously agreed—that “a poor man has just as much right to vote as a rich one.” The author of the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus spake a most canonical truth, and made a decided hit withal, when he said of rustic society, that “their talk is of bullocks.” And never, in the history of country life, did conversation run to such a tedious length on the whole horned tribe, with an occasional episode on swine, and the varieties of dogs,

Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

But, reader, you should have heard them talk of horses, that heroic subject, captivating alike to city gentlemen and country swain. It has always been with us an inexplicable wonder that the horse was never numbered among the gods of the heathen, for, in these more enlightened times of ours, no animal is so nearly esteemed a divinity. It is a fact, too, worthy to be noted, that among all the animal forms under which the devil tempted St. Anthony, he never tried him in the shape of a horse, for it has long been a settled question that as it relates to either idolatry or honesty, horseflesh is the infallible test of saintship. On this subject, therefore, the villagers in Jacob Sharp's store seemed to lose all sense of time, until the clerks gave a significant hint by closing the window shutters and blowing out the candles.

Such was the village of Grasshill, such the character and conversation of the villagers, and such was the store into which Jonathan Honestus entered, as virtuous a lad as ever cut cloths or measured tape. As he was Sharp's own nephew, he was under no necessity to do the menial offices which have mortified many a high-spirited boy. The clerks were ordered to teach him at once to be a salesman. They soon instructed him in the qualities of goods, and the arbitrary signs that denote first cost and selling prices. His first customer was a youth from the country, who had

come into the village to furnish himself with his first suit of black.

“Have you any cheap cloths?” inquired the rustic.

“I *presume* we have,” answered Jonathan, for he feared to speak positively lest he might make a mistake, and mistakes in dealing, especially when the benefit of the mistake is with the seller, have a most suspicious resemblance to falsehood.

“Let me see them,” said the young farmer.

Jonathan threw down a cloth such as he supposed the young man might want, and, to show the strength of its texture, snapped it so violently between his thumb and forefinger that he made a hole in the cloth at least four inches in length. “It is as rotten as a seven-year-old shirt,” said Jonathan, and threw the piece aside, to the no small amazement of his fellow-clerks. Another piece was partially unrolled. “This is moth-eaten,” said the honest clerk, and placed it back on the shelf. The young man was about to leave the store and try elsewhere. But Jonathan was determined to sell, and equally determined to sell honestly. He called the plowman back, saying he “*presumed* he had found the very article he wanted.”

“What's the price of it,” asked the customer.

Jonathan looked at the arbitrary marks, and saw that though the piece cost but two dollars a yard, the selling price was five. “That you shall have for five dollars a yard.”

“Five dollars a yard!” said the plowman, “is not that too high?”

“I think it is,” replied Jonathan, “a good deal too high.”

“How much did that cloth cost you?” inquired the customer.

“It cost me nothing,” said Jonathan; “but I find on this piece of pasteboard attached to it that it cost my uncle Jacob, who stands there by the stove, just two dollars a yard.”

“Can you take no less than five?”

“Why, yes,” answered the truthful lad; “I can take half that price, and still my uncle Jacob will make twenty-five per cent. on the sale; but I am not allowed to take less, and as ‘honesty is the best policy,’ I thought it just to let you know what the cloth cost, so that if you buy, you will buy with your eyes open.”

The youth withdrew from the store,

neither disposed to deal with an honest clerk, nor pay a double price for his cloth. Jonathan restored the goods to their places on the shelf, wiped the counter with his handkerchief, and stood ready for another trial of his unbending integrity.

But it so happened that Jacob Sharp overheard the whole colloquy between his nephew and the raw one from the fields, and saw at a glance that Jonathan must either quit his nice scrupulousness or quit his store. Accordingly he called the lad into a back room, to reason with him on the absurdity of his scruples. He told him that no man ever made money without a prudent course of concealments, and if he hoped ever to succeed in business, he must buy as cheaply and sell as dearly as possible, leaving every man to judge for himself. "You must do all you can," said he, "to promote the interest of your employer, and be not over nice about the means, for such is the way of the world; and we should not seek to be better than our neighbors."

Jonathan listened to this loose morality with such disgust as became him. He regarded it as a direct temptation addressed to his virtue, and wondered that one so near as an uncle should attempt to seduce him from that simple integrity which had been his father's boast, and which he regarded as the element of his own strength.

"Uncle Jacob," said he, "if I may turn villain to promote your interest, I see no reason why I should be less scrupulous about serving myself; for when integrity departs, it is as easy to rob my employer as it is to cheat his customers."

"Young man," said Jacob Sharp, becoming somewhat warm, for he saw the verge to which he would lead his nephew, and a ray of light glanced upon him, by which he saw the danger of corrupting a tender conscience,—“I did not say you must cheat anybody, but sell the goods at such prices as are marked on them, and leave the responsibility with me.”

"Ay," said Jonathan, "but I am afraid the responsibility will not stay with you, for if I knowingly become accessory to a guilty transaction, I see not by what rule in ethics, philosophy, or religion, I can escape my share of the guilt."

"Philosophy, ethics, and religion," said Jacob Sharp, "have nothing to do with selling goods, and if you stay in my store

you must lay these notions aside, and do as I require."

"*Fiat justitia ruat cælum,*," answered the scholarly clerk, and again took his position behind the counter, doubting much whether the business of a merchant could be reconciled with that keen sense of honesty which he had cultivated to an almost morbid dread of wronging his neighbor. His purpose, however, was not in the least shaken, to be as honest in his future dealings as he had been in the last. "No man," said he, "shall ever say of Jonathan Honestus that he has wronged him of a penny by taking advantage of either his ignorance or necessity; and what I would not do to benefit my own purse, I shall surely not do to swell the gains of my uncle Jacob." As he finished this soliloquy a sailor stood before him, and said:—

"Shipmate, have you any black everlasting stuff?"

"No sir," answered Jonathan.

The tar turned and left the store.

"What did he inquire for?" asked one of the clerks.

"He inquired for black everlasting," said Jonathan.

"Why, we have an abundance of it," said the clerk.

"We have not," replied Jonathan; "there is no kind of cloth in this store that will last a thousand years. To say, therefore, that you have black cloth of everlasting durability, is trifling with truth; besides, there is something impious in the application of that awful word to a piece of perishable cloth."

"But that is only the name of the goods," said the clerk.

"Names should be truthful," answered Jonathan; "and to say that we have an everlasting cloth would be to violate the truth—a thing I cannot and will not do to serve the interest of uncle Jacob or any one else."

His scruple in this instance was absurd, for he might have shown the tar the goods without reference to the name. But Jonathan was righteous overmuch; that is, an ultraist on the right side.

Time went on. The first summer passed away, and Jacob Sharp laid in his stock of fresh fall goods, an ample assortment, excepting such fine things as the wealthier village ladies would not purchase anywhere but in the city, to which they

made a semi-annual visit for that single purpose. And, to confess the truth, there was no heathenish price set on any article, but such as the customers were supposed not to know the real value of. Before the boxes were opened the store was crowded with purchasers, watching with eager eyes as the clerks tore off lid after lid and exposed the precious contents, meanwhile pointing out the beauties of each piece, and loudly expressing their wonder that such goods could be sold for such low prices. But in all this Jonathan Honestus seemed to take no more interest than bare duty required. He scorned the arts of trade, with which he had now become familiar. He was frequently censured for not praising the goods, and as frequently replied that if the goods were valuable they would speak for themselves, and if they were not, the praise bestowed on them incurred the double guilt of cheating and falsehood. The truth is, he sighed to get away from the store, and longed for a vocation in which truth and honesty are consistent with success. One evening as he sat alone, the other clerks having retired, he reviewed the whole question of mercantile morality. "Here I have been," said he, "for nine months, selling goods for exorbitant prices. True, I cannot accuse myself of having misrepresented the qualities of anything I have sold, and although I have asked such prices as others have fixed, I have used none of the arts of persuasion to induce people to buy. But how shall I excuse myself for being the instrument of exchanging with the small farmer useless tobacco and pernicious liquors for the intrinsically valuable products of his farm? There is old Ben Jones, whose horse is about as strong, and much the color of a dun calf, who week after week brings in a peck of corn, or a dozen eggs, or a small load of wood, which he invariably changes for rye whiskey, or apple-jack, and who, in returning home with his half-starved beast, makes the forest ring with his drunken yells, while his tattered wife and barefooted child await his return in terror for their lives. Besides, I have strong doubts whether traffic of all kinds is not tainted with sin. Let me see. One man buys an article, for which he gives so much, and sells it to his neighbor for so much more than he gave. Now, in the first place, he gave either the full value of

the article, or he did not. If he did not, he cheated the seller. If he did, then he sold it for more than its value, and thus cheated the buyer. I see no way of avoiding this consequence but by buying and selling at the same price. But then where would be the profit? How could a man live at such an even trade as that? He could not live at all, therefore all trade should be abandoned. At any rate I will wash my hands of it, and seek some employment which can be pursued with a clean conscience. The world is corrupt, and corrupt because unenlightened, and unenlightened because destitute of suitable instructors. Ah, I see my calling. I have already a good education; Latin I know, and Greek I know, and with a little theological study I shall qualify myself for the pulpit. There I shall escape the corruptions of trade, and from that commanding position I can exhibit truth in its naked form. The world will soon see virtue as she is. Thousands will flock to my ministry, and the masses, who have never known where virtue ends and vice begins, will see that point of demarkation, and a new morality will dawn upon mankind." Thus saying, he closed the store and went to bed, resolved to leave next morning for his father's house, and thence to go to college.

The next morning Jonathan rose with the sun, went into the presence of his uncle, and told him of his purpose to quit the store and return home. Jacob Sharp was not at all displeased with the purpose of his nephew, for he knew well that he had been to him a most unprofitable salesman, and he had for some time past entertained an intention to dismiss him. He was therefore happily relieved by Jonathan's voluntary offer to depart. After breakfast the conscientious youth got all ready, and went into the store to take leave of his fellow-clerks. He bade them farewell, and turning, left the store just as Ben Jones drove up to exchange a bag of corn for a little sugar, a jug of rum, and a bar of tobacco. "A happy escape," said Jonathan, as he jumped on his horse and rode off, without a particle of regret, from a village where he had learned that trade is a species of robbery. Two or three times he looked back on the little place of his last nine months' residence, breathing freer as the village faded from his sight, and hoping to see it no more.

I need not acquaint the reader with the interview which Jonathan had with his father, further than that he told him he could not conscientiously pursue the business of a merchant, and had resolved to go to college and qualify himself for the pulpit. The old man heartily seconded his son's design, and cheerfully consented to bear the expense of his theological course. In a few days Jonathan was regularly entered as a student of divinity in one of the oldest and most richly endowed theological seminaries of the land. "Here," said he, as the college porter set down his trunk in the room that had been assigned him, "here I shall have nothing to do but study. Here are no temptations to depart from my integrity; and, if possible, I will from this hour be in every way more upright than ever." That day he entered with a hearty good-will upon his new studies. He soon got into the depths of polemic theology, and learned to distinguish Supralapsarianism from Sublapsarianism. He could accurately define the difference between the Homoousions and the Homoiousions. His perspicacious eye saw clearly the light through the narrow crevice that divides Trinitarianism and Tritheism. Heresies long extinct, and heresies still extant, he learned to refute with a master's skill, so much so that the little pale-faced professor of polemics began to think that he would one day become the champion of the Church—a second Athanasius; for no youth that had ever been consigned to his care had displayed half the dexterity at splitting hairs, or laying open the gnarled questions which beset the difficult department of controversial theology. The fact is, that in one year Jonathan Honestus was ready to take up any man on the Arian, Apollonarian, Eutychian, or Bangorian controversy. In Church history, dry as it is, he soon became so knowing that he could tell the exact period when heretics began to be hung up by the heels, or, more mercifully, had their necks stretched, or their evil eyes punched out, or their heterodox tongues cut off; or when, like beef-steaks, they were regularly cooked, rare or well done, according to orthodox taste. It is true that this feature of ecclesiastical history somewhat startled his mild nature, and he soon began to consider whether the world would not have been quite as well off without such a violent, cut-and-

thrust, body-roasting religion. But he soon rectified his suspicions, by reflecting that these practices were just as much opposed to the Christianity of the New Testament, and as much condemned by it, as robbery or murder; and his logic soon detected the fallacy of charging against religion the very things which religion forbids.

During the time that he was passing through his theological course, like other young gentlemen of the college, he was occasionally invited to evening entertainments in the town. But, owing to certain singularities of speech and behavior, it was observed that he never was invited to the same house the second time. These peculiarities were the natural effects of a stern regard for truth, which he had often seen sacrificed on the altar of politeness; and as he was now a student for the most sacred of all vocations, he thought it became him to think, speak, and act the bare truth, without any softening of polite phrase. The least departure from rigid, literal truth in either gentleman or lady, though it might be but the harmless exaggeration of every-day discourse, was sure to rouse his spirit, and call down a reproof that spoiled the enjoyment of the whole company. When the lady who served tea politely pressed him to eat, saying he had eaten nothing, he replied, to her confusion and astonishment, that she either knew, or ought to know, that her language was false, for he had just finished his fourth roll, besides partaking (he trusted thankfully) of sundry meats.

When another said that she had nearly died a laughing at a street organist's monkey, he interposed by saying, "And yet, madam, you have wonderfully recovered from the jaws of death, for you look as plump and fat as though nothing had happened to you."

It was not to be expected that society would tolerate such manners whatever opinions they might hold concerning his morals, and no one will wonder that Jonathan Honestus was soon permitted to pursue his divinity studies without interruption. But what he lost in the good will and esteem of the ladies he gained in time, so that by the end of the second year he was ready for ordination and a pastoral charge.

He was not long without a call. The little congregation at the head of Mus-

quito Creek had been for some time without a pastor. Their last man had labored among them with but indifferent success. They all said that he was "*a good man*," an expression which usually precedes a minister's condemnation as "*a poor preacher*." But still it was a matter of wonder that he succeeded no better. When he first came among them he was received with joy, and some disposition was shown to make his home comfortable. The parsonage was whitewashed from garret to cellar, inside and out. Farmer Briarton had placed a full load of wood in his yard, and farmer Blackberry had hung up in the cellar a full side of bacon, and potatoes enough were supplied by another wealthy old farmer of the congregation to last the family full three months; and it is a fact, that not one of these considerate men brought in a bill against the parson for these things until the very day he received his first quarter's salary! It is true, that when the bills were presented he was somewhat surprised, not knowing the way of the country; but he paid them with as fair a countenance as he could assume, though his purse suffered severely by this unexpected draught upon it.

His salary had been fixed at three hundred and sixty-five dollars per annum, besides free-rent of the parsonage, which stood half-way between the church and the village of N—. This was deemed a most liberal allowance, especially as he had but a wife and five children, with a horse and carriage to keep, for it was expected that he would visit the sick and attend funerals anywhere within ten miles of the church. Indeed, some of the congregation were openly dissatisfied with such a liberal allowance, and ventured to lecture the church-officers for creating such an extravagant demand on them. Farmer Snipe said that he could not see why the parson could not live on much less than a dollar a day, for there was his wood-cutter who worked hard in the forest for seventy-five cents a day, and supported a wife and five children on it, and paid twenty dollars a year rent besides, whereas the parson had no rent to pay at all. It is however a fact, that salaries, like revolutions, never go backward, and the salary of Parson Whimple was, according to this profound maxim, permitted to stand, notwithstanding the discontent of a portion of the congregation.

It has been remarked by philosophers that there are compensatory contrivances throughout all nature, whereby a defect is remedied by an excess, or one evil becomes the cure of another. Now, although the farmers of Parson Whimple's congregation were not philosophers, yet they were practical men, and well understood how to prevent the *rich* salary of their minister from making him purse-proud. As he was obliged to make his purchases of provision from them, they took good care to charge him a *little* over the full market value of all he got in the way of grain, vegetables, meat, and wood. And, lest this mode of depleting should not be sufficient to keep him down to the point of humble poverty, they would each in turn make him a friendly visit, bringing their whole families with them to spend the day. These visits the parson could ill afford to bear; for though he and his wife were given to hospitality, yet it frequently drew tears from her eyes to see her larder emptied by the demands of company, while he watched with equal feeling the shrinking of his oat-bag to feed their horses. The reader will not be surprised, then, at Parson Whimple's want of success at the head of Musquito Creek; for, poor man, when his thoughts attempted to ascend to heavenly things, or his feelings began to glow with the animating themes of his pulpit discourses, the former were speedily dragged down to this bitter world, and the ardor of the latter as speedily cooled by the heart-sickening cares of his ill-fed and ill-clad family. Little did the congregation think of these things, for although they talked in groups about the church-doors up to the moment that service began—one group complaining of the want of rain; another discoursing of the benefits of lime, ashes, and guano; while yet another were quietly discussing the question of discharging the parson—yet none thought of finding the real cause of his heavy discourses in a heavier, and almost broken heart. The dissatisfaction of the congregation increased, until at last the man of leading influence was deputed to intimate to the parson that his services were no more needed. He received the hint with emotion, and for once gave way to his own spirit, saying that as he had now fully shared the honor of disinterested labor among the most sordid people in all Christendom, he was sure that Providence would

reward his self-denial by giving him a better pastoral charge.

Parson Whimple, in a few days, saw his household furniture and five children securely fixed on a wagon. His good wife, having labored beyond her strength in the preparation for moving, took her seat in the well-worn carriage, in no humor to talk to any one but the church-officers, who had discreetly kept themselves out of the way. A few of the poorest of the flock stood around the carriage, weeping honest tears for the loss of their pastor. He affectionately charged them to fight the good fight, and meet him in heaven, where the sting of ingratitude never wounds. Having parted hands with them all, he took his seat beside his wife, and slowly left the place in advance of the wagon, for a temporary home under her father's roof.

On the next Sunday, Jonathan Honestus ascended the pulpit which had been vacated by Parson Whimple. The congregation was unusually large. All the farmers, for miles around, and nearly all the inhabitants of the neighboring village of N——, collected to hear the new preacher; and many, whose earthly cares and bodily infirmities had long served as excuses for neglecting public worship, were now promptly on the spot, as if suddenly relieved by miracle of disease and care. All were anxious to hear and judge of the abilities of Parson Whimple's successor. As he drove up to the church-yard gate, the male part of the congregation, who, from immemorial time, were accustomed not to enter the house till service began, stood between the church and the gate to get a good view of him. And to say the truth, he was no inconsiderable figure; for, excepting a pair of unusually long arms, which he carried with the worst possible grace, he was a tolerably well-made man. He made his way through the crowd, and entered the church without seeming to notice any of the rustic spectators. As he walked up the aisle, all the good wives and daughters turned toward him with evident sensation, and gratified curiosity. He was followed by but one individual—the schoolmaster, who served the double duty of instructing the urchins through the week, and pitching the tunes for the congregation on Sunday. At the proper time he commenced the service. As soon as he began the invocation, the

whole company, who had stood at the door, rushed in, creating confusion and noise enough to disconcert the preacher, and drown his voice. After the usual preliminaries, he arose and read his text. It was short, consisting of but two words, selected from the eighth verse of the sixth chapter of Micah: "Do JUSTLY."

I shall not attempt even a synopsis of this first, and, as it will appear, the last sermon of Jonathan Honestus before the congregation of Musquito Creek; but to use a figure, his gun scattered with such terrible effect, that every man received his portion of shot in due season. But the peroration! Ah! I shall never forget that. It was as follows:—

"Justice, my friends, is the first duty of man to man. He who is not just, is unjust; and he who is unjust, is a thief; for all that he gets by injustice, is nothing but downright robbery. Disguise it as you will, excuse it as you may, it comes to that at last. The man who unjustly takes a dollar from you in trade, might as well slyly take it from your pocket in a crowd. In either case he is a thief. And what has a thief to do with religion? He is far more fitted for the penitentiary than the church. The treadmill should sweat his villainous propensity out of him, or he should learn to be honest by a seasonable connection with the whipping-post. Moral suasion has had its day. It has been fairly tried as a substitute for old-fashioned punishments, and with what results? The merchant buys with one set of weights, and sells with another. The scale which holds his weights is much lighter than the scale in which he puts his sugar and coffee. Send your child to his store with a pass-book, and he will charge you with twenty-five per cent. more than you get. (At this remark they all looked round on Deacon Short, the village store-keeper, whose head suddenly fell as if a fit of devotion had struck him.) The shoemaker promises to have your shoes ready for you on a given day, though he knows in his soul you will not get them within a week of the promised time. He assures you, too, they will not rip, and with a little wearing they are ripped from toe to heel. (Here two or three farmers rose right up, and looked round for the man who made shoes for the whole neighborhood, but he had quietly slipped out of the door as soon as he heard the word 'shoemaker.')

Go and ask your tailor how much cloth is required to make you a coat, and he will tell you two yards and a quarter, or a half, intending thereby to steal for his own use at least a full eighth of your purchase. And what is this but stealing? And where is the difference between him and the footpad who steps out of the bushes with pistol in hand and demands your purse? The difference, my friends, is in favor of the footpad, for he robs you without the guilt of lying, whereas the tailor first lies, and then steals. (Here farmer Blackberry looked first at his new coat, and then cast his eye over to Tim Buttonhole, who

seemed so devout as to be paying no attention to the discourse.) And then what shall I say of the farmer, who pays his harvesters with promises, whose cord of wood is never more than three-quarters, whose butter is light weight, and who sells rotten eggs knowing them to be rotten? Talk of moral suasion, indeed! The due treatment and reward of such immitigable rascality, is a position in the pillory, and a pelting with the eggs he sells."

Here the tailor lifted up his head; Deacon Short, the merchant, changed his seat to get a better view of the congregation; while the shoemaker, standing outside of the door, cried out in a quick, sharp voice, "Give it to 'em, parson!" Immediately the whole church was in confusion. Every man, seizing his hat, made his way out as fast as he could, leaving the parson as he began, with nobody present but the women and the schoolmaster. The service closed, and Jonathan left the church as quietly as he entered it, saluting no man by the way. As soon as he had gone, a grave consultation was held behind the church on the qualifications of the preacher. The farmers were unanimously of opinion that his language was too coarse. The tailor thought that if his doctrine were true all would be lost, whereas it was plainly written that a *remnant* shall be saved. Deacon Short was indiscreet enough to say that the sermon was intended to be personal—at which they all burst into laughter; while the shoemaker, who had missed his share by a timely flight, boasted that "the *last* shall be first." It was, however, on all hands agreed, that Jonathan Honestus was not a suitable man to fill the pulpit at the head of Musquito Creek, and Deacon Short was appointed to let him know the result of their conference. The deacon, who had been stung by the discourse, felt a secret satisfaction in being appointed the messenger to communicate the decision of the meeting. He accordingly, but with rather indecent haste, went directly over to the house of a pious widow, where Jonathan was enjoying a temporary home. He met the honest preacher on the porch, and abruptly told him that the congregation had no further need for his services. The widow, who was neither old nor ill-looking, having heard the conversation through the window, came out, and with as much calmness of manner as she could command, said to Deacon Short that she, for one, knew there was too much honest truth in the sermon to make its author acceptable to

such a congregation; and as to the remark about scales, and weights, and pass-books, she knew exactly where that fell. The deacon soon found that the place was getting too warm for him, and hasted away, half angry and half ashamed, and altogether sorry that he had come on such an errand. Jonathan, who knew nothing more of the character of the deacon than if he had never heard of him, very innocently said, as he left, that he hoped they might soon be able to supply themselves with the service of a more faithful man.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY RELICS.

THE house in which Milton resided between the years 1651 and 1659 existed, only a few years back, at No. 18 York-street, Westminster, London. Jeremy Bentham, to whom the house lately belonged, put up a tablet on the back wall (believed to have been the front in the poet's time) inscribed, "Sacred to Milton, prince of poets." This habitation, wherein part of "Paradise Lost" was undoubtedly composed, was at the time we allude to rented to two or three poor families, the ground floor being converted into a chandler's shop. From the parlor windows the poet could have commanded a view of St. James's Park, more picturesque than at present. At Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, is another residence of Milton's, in which he commenced "Paradise Regained." Though the pear-tree, said to be planted by Cromwell, in Sidney College, Cambridge, was cut down in March, 1833, the mulberry-tree, planted by his illustrious Latin secretary, Milton, has been more fortunate, still flourishing in the pleasant garden of Christ's College, where it was planted by the youthful student. Some years ago it suffered considerably from a violent gale of wind, which sadly shattered it; but its aged boughs were carefully propped up, and its trunk protected by a partial covering of lead. With these aids it promised to look green for many years to come. Its fertility appeared to have undergone no change; in the summer it was laden with fruit, of which more than two bushels of the finest flavor were gathered in the season of 1835. The smallest fragments from this tree were religiously cherished by the poet's numerous admirers. In Au-

gust, 1790, when Milton's coffin was discovered buried under the desk in the chancel of the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, some friends of the overseer contrived, at night-time, to possess themselves of the hair and some of the teeth of the immortal poet.

In the grounds of Abbington Abbey, Northamptonshire, stands Garrick's mulberry-tree, with this inscription upon copper attached to one of its limbs:—"This tree was planted by David Garrick, Esq., at the request of Ann Thursty, as a growing testimony of their friendship. 1778."

Henry Kirke White's favorite tree, whereon he had cut "H. K. W., 1805," stood on the sands at Whitton, Northumberland, till it was cut down by the woodman's ax; but, in veneration for the poet's memory, the portion bearing his initials was carefully preserved in an elegant gilt frame.

Some years ago, a curious arm-chair, which had belonged to Gay, the poet, was sold at public auction, at Branstaple, his native place. It contained a drawer underneath the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller drawer, connected with a rod in front, by which it was drawn out.

Benjamin Franklin's "fine crab-tree walking-stick, with a gold head, curiously wrought in the form of a cap of liberty," we all know was bequeathed, in a codicil to his will, "to the friend of mankind, General Washington;" adding, "that if it had been a scepter, he has merited it and would become it." General Washington has a name beyond the price of scepters.

Pope's house at Binfield has been pulled down, but the poet's parlor still exists as a part of the present mansion erected on the spot. A patch of the great forest near Binfield has been honorably preserved, under the name of Pope's Wood. His house at Twickenham is gone, the garden is bare, but the celebrated grotto remains, stripped, however, of all that gave it picturesqueness, grace, and beauty.

Cowper's house, at Olney, is still standing, in the same ruinous state so humorously described by the poet; his parlor is occupied as a girls' school. The summer-house in the garden, in which he used to sit conning his verses, also remains, its walls covered with visitors' names. His residence in the neighboring village of Weston has been much altered, but is still beautiful, with a profusion of roses in it.

THE ARTS BEFORE THE FLOOD.

THE period referred to in the heading of this paper is so remote in the historical existence of the globe, and the records that have descended to this time are so scanty and so brief, that it would be unreasonable to expect that much could be gathered new relative to the arts before the flood. The early portion of the Holy Scriptures is the only trustworthy source of information open to us; all that tradition can legitimately do is to corroborate. From that source we learn that the antediluvians had not simply discovered useful inventions, but had even entered the domain of the fine arts. While they cultivated the soil for their support, and built cities for their accommodation and comfort, they had the sweet strains of music, instrumental as well as vocal, to relieve their leisure, and cheer their solitary hours.

In preparing this article, we have drawn freely on a work entitled "Daily Bible Illustrations," by Dr. Kitto, a gentleman whose name, as a writer on biblical themes, is celebrated over the Christian world.

It seems clear to us (says Dr. Kitto) that the antediluvians, commencing with the knowledge imparted to Adam before his fall, and acquired by him subsequently, did make high improvements in the arts, and attained to a state of considerable civilization. If this be true, there is consequently no foundation for the notion of man's gradual progress from the savage to the civilized condition. Indeed, how any one who believes in the sacred origin of the book of Genesis can take that view is inconceivable. According to that account, the various nations of the world are descended from the men who survived the deluge, and who were certainly not an uncivilized family. They built a large and capacious vessel, and their doing this implies the possession of tools suited to so great a work; they were also skilled in agriculture; and Noah betook himself to the culture of the ground as soon as he quitted the ark; the successful management of so many diverse animals that were committed to his care in the ark, implies much knowledge of cattle. All this we know; and knowing this, it is not too much to suppose that the various members of this family possessed all the arts which existed before the deluge, and of which we now give some notice. Indeed, there is

evidence of this in the great undertakings of their descendants, previous to their dispersion into nations and languages.

One of the sons of Lamech by Adah was Jubal. He, we are told, "was the father of such as dwell in tents, and such as have cattle." This is a very important fact. It shows that man had existed thirteen centuries upon the earth before the nomade life, to which a large proportion of mankind have since been addicted, received its origin. There had been shepherds before, and sheep had before been kept; but it was not until the time of Jubal that pasturage was organized into a distinct form of social existence. The care of man was by him extended to larger animals than sheep; and they were taught to cast off the restraints which the habit of living in towns and villages imposed, and to betake themselves wholly to the pastures, dwelling in portable habitations, and removing from place to place for the convenience of pasturage. This is a mode of life frequently brought under our notice in the Scriptures, being essentially that of the patriarchs, whose history occupies the greater portion of the book of Genesis.

Jubal had a brother named Jubal, and "he was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." Had, then, the world been for above a thousand years without music, till Jubal appeared? Perhaps not. Man could scarcely, for so long a time, have been without some efforts to produce musical sounds; and the birds could scarcely for so many ages have poured forth their melodious notes to him, without some attempts at imitation. But hitherto, probably, all their attempts had been vocal, until Jubal discovered that instruments might be contrived to give vent to musical sounds of greater compass and power. We may conceive that he had many anxious thoughts, many abortive trials, until perseverance conquered, as it always does, and he had brought his "harp and organ" to perfection. The harp was something of that sort which we call a lyre, and the form and character of which is better known to us from sculptures, paintings, and medals, as well as from poetical descriptions, than from actual knowledge, the instrument being virtually extinct. And let not "the organ" of Jubal perplex us with large ideas of pipes, and keys, and bellows. It was nothing more than a

simple "mouth organ"—a bundle of reeds—a Pandean pipe; that is, such a pipe as the god Pan is seen to blow in ancient sculptures, and such as is often enough to this day witnessed in our street exhibitions.

Jubal has been, of course, a favorite with the poets, who strive to render due honor to the great promoter, if not the originator, of the sister art. Du Bartas, to whom we always refer with pleasure, very fancifully supposes that the idea of instruments for producing musical notes may have been suggested by the regulated strokes of the hammer upon the anvil of his Vulcanian brother, and his companions.

Thereon he harps, and ponders in his mind,
And glad and fain some instrument would find
That in accord these discords might renew,
And th' iron anvil's rattling sound ensue,
And iterate the beating hammer's noise,
In milder notes and with a sweeter voice.

Accident, such as only occurs to the thoughtful and the observant, who know how to take the hints which nature offers to all but the slow of understanding, enabled the son of Lamech to realize his hopes.

It chanced that, passing by a pond, he found
An open tortoise lying on the ground,
Within the which there nothing else remained
Save three dry sinews in the shell stiff-strained:
This empty house Jubal doth gladly bear,
Strikes on those strings, and lends attentive ear,
And by this mold frames the melodious lute,
That makes woods hearken, and the winds be
mute,
The hills to dance, the heavens to retrograde,
Lions be tame, and tempests quickly fade.

So a poet of our own day, whose very name is a word of honor,—James Montgomery, in his "World before the Flood,"—renders due honor to Jubal, though he finds no place for Jubal or Tubal-Cain. There is a touching and beautiful conception with reference to him, which we should be reluctant to omit noticing:—

Jubal, the prince of song, (in youth unknown,)
Retired to commune with his harp alone;
For still he nursed it like a secret thought
Long-cherish'd and to late perfection wrought,
And still, with cunning hand and curious ear,
Enriched, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere,
Till he had compass'd in that magic round,
A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound.

He sings to his instrument of God, of man, and of creation. The song is given; then, couched before him, like a lion watching for his prey, he beheld a strange apparition—

An awful form, that, through the gloom, appear'd
Half brute, half human, whose terrific beard
And hoary flakes of long dishevel'd hair,
Like eagle's plumage ruffled by the air,
Vail'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace.

Who was this? It was Cain, who had seven years since gone mad under the stings of conscience :—

Jubal knew
His kindred looks, and tremblingly withdrew ;
He, darting like a blaze of sudden fire,
Leap'd o'er the space between, and grasp'd the lyre ;
Sooner with life the struggling hand would part ;
And, ere the fiend could tear it from his heart,
He hur'd his hand with one tremendous stroke
O'er all the strings ; whence in a whirlwind broke
Such tones of terror, dissonance, despair,
As till that hour had never jarr'd in air.
Astonish'd into marble at the shock,
Backward stood Cain, unconscious as a rock,
Cold, breathless, motionless, through all his frame ;
But soon his visage quicken'd into flame
When Jubal's hand the crashing jargon changed
To melting harmony, and nimbly ranged
From chord to chord, ascending sweet and clear,
Then rolling down in thunder on the ear ;
With power the pulse of anguish to restrain,
And charm the evil spirit from the brain.

It had this effect upon Cain, who exhibits signs of returning consciousness and intellect :—

Jubal with eager hope beheld the chase
Of strange emotions hurrying o'er his face,
And waked his noblest numbers to control
The tide and tempest of the maniac's soul ;
Through many a maze of melody he flew,
They rose like incense, they distill'd like dew,
Pass'd through the sufferer's breast delicious balm,
And soothed remembrance till remorse grew calm ;
Till Cain forsook the solitary wild,
Led by the minstrel like a weaned child.

From that time, the lyre of Jubal was to Cain what in latter ages the harp of David was to Saul ; and thus the poet concludes :—

Thus music's empire in the soul began :
The first-born poet ruled the first-born man.

The son of Lamech by Zillah supported well the renown of his family for discoveries in the arts. His name was Tubal-Cain. He was "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." For "brass" read "copper ;" brass being a factitious metal of certainly much later invention. Was, then, the use of metals wholly unknown in the eight or nine centuries of not savage life which had passed since Adam received his being? Perhaps

not. It is hard to conceive that extensive agricultural operations could have been carried on, that cities could have been built, or the useful and elegant arts brought into use, without his knowledge. We might indeed conceive that the use of iron was of this late, or even later, origin. That metal is hard to find, and difficult to bring into that condition which fits it for use. It is usually the last of the metals to be brought into man's service, and nations which have passed all the other metals have wanted that. This is not the case with copper. It is often found on or near the surface in its metallic shape ; it is soft, and easily wrought ; and nations, whose instruments were only of this metal, have been known to execute great works, and to have attained an advanced state of civilization. All antiquity, indeed, vouches for the remotely ancient, but not earliest, discovery of iron ; but all antiquity also affirms that, although iron was known, the difficulty of the first operations in rendering it available greatly restricted its use, and a large number of implements, utensils, and weapons, which we should expect to be of iron wherever that metal was known, are found to have been nevertheless of copper. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the ancients, being obliged to rely so much upon copper, labored diligently in overcoming the inconvenience which its natural softness could not but occasion. By certain amalgamations and manipulations, they seem to have succeeded in imparting to copper some of the hardness of iron ; and it is certain that, with their tools of this material, they were able to perform operations which we cannot execute without instruments of iron. It is probable that the ancients possessed some secret in hardening copper, which has been lost, since the more general use of iron threw it out of use for such purposes.

Not to pursue this theme further at this time, we may remark that copper is here placed before iron, and that, taking all things into account, the probability is that Tubal-Cain's improvements were more in copper than in iron. The text itself seems to intimate that great and important discoveries in the working of metals were made by him, rather than that he was the first to apply them to any use. He is not, like his brothers Jubal and Jubal, called the "father," or originator, of the art he taught, but an "instructor" of those that

wrought in it. So strong is our impression respecting the earlier use of copper, and the comparatively limited employment of iron, that we would almost venture to conjecture that Tubal-Cain's researches in metallurgy, which led him to great improvements in the working of copper, also led him to the discovery of iron. Du Bartas, who, in his poem on "The Handicrafts," has exercised much ingenuity upon the origin of inventions, appears to have felt great difficulty in accounting for the discovery of iron, and seems to have found it only possible to do so by supposing that it had been seen in a state of fusion, and afterward hardening as it cooled in the operations of nature.

After describing Tubal-Cain's successful working out of the ideas thus suggested, the poet breaks forth into an eulogium upon this metal, which, if merited in his time, may now be uttered with tenfold emphasis:—

Happy device! We might as well want all
The elements as this hard mineral.
This to the plowman for great uses serves;
This for the builder wood and marble carves;
This arms our bodies against adverse force;
This clothes our backs; this rules the unruly
horse;
This makes us dryshod dance in Neptune's hall;
This brightens gold; this conquers self and all;
Fifth element, of instruments the haft,
The tool of tools, the hand of handicraft.

Certain it is, that, whatever was the precise nature of Tubal-Cain's inventions in metallurgy, they were of such use and service to mankind as rendered him famous in his day, and attached honorable distinction to his name in all succeeding generations, so that there is scarcely any ancient nation which has not preserved some traditional notices of his character and improvements. There is even reason to think that he was eventually worshiped by various ancient nations, and under names which, however different, signify an "artificer in fire." In the name and character of Vulcan, the blacksmith-god of the Greeks and Romans, it requires no great penetration to discover the Tubal-Cain of Genesis. Omitting the Tu, which was likely to be regarded as a prefix, and making the exceedingly familiar change of the b into v, and you have Vulcain or Vulcan. This, and other analogies of a like nature, might tempt us into investigation, from which we must at present refrain.

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But, it will be asked, if this were the original condition of mankind, how came so many forms of savage life to exist? How is it that some of the commonest social arts are unknown to many nations—that there are those to whom the use of fire is unknown, and that many are in their entire condition but a few degrees above the beasts that perish? Is it possible that these are descended from civilized ancestors, have lost much that their primeval fathers knew, and have retrograded rather than advanced in the scale of civilization? Painful as it may be to those who uphold the doctrine of human progress, the affirmative is, we apprehend, not only probable but certain; and might be illustrated by a cloud of examples in which nations have gone back in civilization, and have lost arts which were in former times known.

A very sensible and thoughtful writer has expressed this fact perfectly in accordance with the view we have long entertained. "The first men were not wandering and ignorant savages, although those who wandered from the parent stock, and ceased to have any connection with it, generally fell into a state of barbarism and ignorance, as in Africa, America, and the Asiatic and other isles. Science, arts, and civilization, were confined to those who maintained their connection with the central stock of the first men, or departed in numbers sufficient to enable them to exercise and carry along with them the subdivisions of art and labor necessary to civilized life." Besides, many of the separated parties, in the course of their migrations, arrived at regions in which, from the difference of products, of climate, and of the physical circumstances of the country, some of the arts cultivated by the original families were no longer needed, and would, therefore, cease to be cultivated, and be in a few generations forgotten.

The arts of useful life, which were lost in the process of dispersion, are known to have been recovered in the course of time, either by reinvention, under the same conditions as those in which they were first discovered, or by renewed communication with those branches of human family which still retained possession of them. The latter process is indicated by the numerous traditions of various ancient nations, who traced the origin of their arts

and civilization to some stranger who came to them from the sea, and imparted instruction to them. And as to the former process, it is clear that families which lost the arts belonging to their original condition, when that condition became changed, often recovered them when, by the lapse of time, the population had so increased, and other circumstances had so arisen, as to restore the need for them. Hence we find the invention of various arts claimed by different nations, which could not, since the original dispersion, have had communication with each other.

Upon the whole, it seems to us that the civilization and knowledge in art of the antediluvians, and of the postdiluvians, up to the dispersion, have been greatly underrated, by the progressive civilization of particular branches of the human race, which had greatly degenerated from ancient knowledge. Indeed, when we consider the advantages which length of days afforded to the earliest generations of mankind, giving to one man in his own person the accumulated knowledge and experience of a thousand years, it seems difficult to over-estimate the advancements that may have been made, and the knowledge in art that may have been acquired. We think much of the advantages we possess in books, which give to us the knowledge of the past. But their advantages were greater. There are few books of more than two or three centuries old, from which we derive any knowledge, in at least the material arts, of any avail to us; but then fathers could impart, by the living voice and by the living practice, the knowledge of a thousand years, to sons who might build up the experience of another thousand years upon that large foundation. If man had gone on advancing to this time, at the same rate, upon the knowledge possessed by the antediluvians, it is inconceivable to what he might not have attained; or if, indeed, we had only progressively advanced upon the knowledge possessed by the ancient Assyrians, Egyptians, Babylonians, and Phœnicians, or even upon that of Greece and Rome. But God has put limits to human progress, lest man should be exalted above measure. The shortening of human life, the confusion of tongues, and the consequent dispersion, did, in primeval times, the work which has since been accomplished by less direct agencies, and which have successively said to man

in the highest state of his advancement, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and here shall thy proud mind be stayed."

Thus it has come to pass that one nation after another has become highly civilized; has fallen; the arts it possessed were lost or discontinued; dark ages followed; then arose other nations, gradually recovering these old arts, and perhaps inventing some new ones; but not more, perhaps, than serve to counterbalance the old ones that have not been recovered. We too much overrate the present, because we know it better than the past. But ancient histories, and monuments older than history, disclose to us that there were, two, three, and four thousand years ago, nations scarcely less advanced in material civilization, and in the arts of social life, than ourselves; and who certainly possessed arts that we do not, and were able to execute works which we cannot surpass, and some that we cannot equal, sufficient to counterbalance our possession of arts which they had not acquired, and our execution of works they had not imagined. It has been proved that many, and it may be proved that more, of our inventions and improvements are but revivals of old things.

From such catastrophes, which have from time to time thrown back the tide of human advancement, and prevented man from fully gathering the fruit of the tree of knowledge, for which his soul has hungered ever since the fall, we think ourselves exempt by means of the printing-press, which has embalmed our inventions and discoveries beyond the possibility of loss. It may be so; but let us grant, that whatever advantage in this respect we possess, was enjoyed more abundantly by the primeval fathers, by reason of the length of their lives; so that it is morally impossible but that their material condition should have been one of high and progressive advancement during the period which is now under our survey.

In further corroboration of the argument, that the recent invention of many arts, and the savage condition of many nations, is not adverse to the conclusion that the fathers of mankind were not a barbarous but a cultivated people, let us listen to the hypothesis built by Plato upon natural and thoughtful reasoning from known facts. He admits that men, in these ancient times, possessed cities, laws,

and arts; but desolations coming, in the shape of inundations, epidemics, malaria, and the like, those that escaped betook themselves to the mountains, and kept sheep. Most of the arts and sciences, which were formerly common, were then more and more disused and forgotten among them. But mankind afterward multiplying, they descended into the valleys; and, by degrees, mutual conversation, the necessities of their condition, and the due consideration of things, gradually revived among them the arts which had been lost by long intermission.

Sir Matthew Hale, who, in his profound work on the "Primitive Origination of Mankind," incidentally touches on this subject, says:—

"We are not to conclude every new appearance of an art or science is the first production of it; but, as they say of the river Tigris and some others, they sink into the ground, and keep a subterranean course, it may be for forty or fifty miles, and then break out above ground again, which is not so much a new river as the continuation and reappearance of the old; so many times it falls out with arts and sciences, though they have their non-appearance for some ages, and then seem first to discover themselves where before they were not known, it is not so much the first production of the art, as a transition, or at least a restitution, of what was either before in another, or in the same country or people; and thus also some tell us that guns and printing, though but lately discovered in Europe, were of far ancients use in China."

[For the National Magazine.]

THE "CHARTER OAK."

HARTFORD, Connecticut, one of the most interesting of New-England cities, is located in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut river. One of the principal objects of interest to the stranger is the far-famed "Charter Oak." This venerable tree stands on a beautiful elevation in the southern part of the city, and near the ancient seat of the Wyllys family. The premises on which it stands are owned by Hon. S. W. Stuart. It received its name from the following circumstance.

Sir Edmund Andros, the first Governor-General of New-England, arrived in Boston in 1636, and immediately wrote to the colony of Connecticut, commanding them to resign their charter, which they refused to do. The colonial assembly met in October following, and while it was in session, Sir Edmund arrived in Hartford with his suite and more than sixty regular troops.

He demanded the charter, and declared the government under it dissolved. The assembly were unwilling to accede to his demands, and continued to debate the question until evening, when the charter was brought and laid on the table. Instantly the lights were extinguished, and it is said that one Captain Wadsworth, then residing in the town, secreted the document in the cavity of this remarkable tree. The candles were relighted, but the patent was gone, and no discovery could be made of it, or of the person or persons who carried it away.

The tree bears marks of great age. Its wide-spreading branches are somewhat stunted and curtailed, but it is still remarkable for the coloring and richness of its foliage. Its trunk is twenty-one feet in circumference, and nearly seven in diameter. The cavity, the asylum of the charter, is near the roots, and large enough for a child to enter it. It is supposed to be smaller now than formerly; but its exact size we could not ascertain, as it is now furnished with a door, which we found locked.

It came near being destroyed by fire a few years since, an account of which was thus given in the *Connecticut Courant* of May 4th, 1849:—

"An alarm of fire was given about eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, which was caused by the discovery that the inside of the venerable 'Charter Oak' was on fire. It is supposed to have been communicated to the punk and decayed substances in the hole in which the old charter of the colony was placed by means of a fire-cracker, carelessly thrown in by some heedless boy, and had been burning for some time. The injury done to the tree is feared to be serious, though we sincerely hope it may prove otherwise. The 'Charter Oak' is one of the first things a stranger visiting Hartford wishes to see."

Happily, the tree was not materially injured by the fire, and is still as green and fresh as ever, promising to flourish at least another century. The precise age of this interesting memento of the early history of New-England cannot be determined. The charter was deposited in its cavity in 1637, and it must then have been of great age, as the oak is not remarkable for its rapid growth. Probably for more than three hundred years it has withstood the battling storms and tempests, and it still stands, vigorous and strong, reminding us of other days, and pointing with cheering hopes to the future.

SPIRIT-RAPPINGS—TABLE TURNING.

AS early as the days of Hippocrates, the great Grecian physician who wrote before Plato and Aristotle, a subtle fluid was recognized in the human frame acting in a manner similar to the electric and magnetic fluids, and serving as the medium of communication between the spirit of man and his material frame. Modern physiologists thus describe its action. When the mind wills to move any part of the body, this fluid, coursing along the nerves, contracts the muscles to which it is directed, according to our desire and determination. When, again, any one of the organs of sense is impressed by objects without, the same fluid is the medium to bear the perception along the nerves to the brain, and thus to the mind. The ancient Greeks called this fluid "*ψυσις*;" the Romans of Cicero's day and later, "*anima*;" the Jewish Cabalists of the middle ages, "*Sephiroth*;" Descartes and his followers, "*the animal spirits*;" the physiologists of our time, "*the nervous principle*;" and Reichenbach and other psychologists of modern days (after whom Dr. Rogers copies) style it "*odyle*."

In all ages, a belief has prevailed among the ablest and most cultivated men, that the wonders of magic, to which the developments of our day are similar, resulted from the excessive action of this fluid. Those manifestations have been the moving of material substances, especially of metals; the control, by a strong man, of the physical frame of another, when voluntarily submitted to that sway; the control of the energies of reptiles, birds, and beasts even, contrary to their will; the wondrously accurate reporting of the thoughts and even the forgotten knowledge of those persons, under this control, by those controlling them; and a power of bodily agitation and of mental fervor, seemingly supernatural, in those who have learned, as an art, to practice upon this diseased action of the nervous energies. Among ancient, as well as modern writers on this influence, there has been, it is true, a blending of practical facts with conjectural theory. The *facts* in reference to the impressions of sound made through the air as a fluid, of sight through light as a fluid, and of feeling through electricity as a fluid—these facts, attested by our sensations, are established as verities; yet treatises on

Acoustics, Optics, and Electricity may contain much theorizing which either is not or cannot be decided to be true. So has it ever been with such minds as Hippocrates and Plato, Cicero and Galen, Descartes and Reichenbach, in treating of the mysterious manifestations produced through the nervous energy. Yet on no subject of scientific inquiry has such an interest been felt; in none has such a chain of facts been recorded; in none has the analysis of the phenomena been more uniform and harmonious; and, therefore, though this may be the last among its kindred class of natural powers, whose law shall be discovered, yet, when discovered, none can be more fully attested and more satisfactorily established.

The theory of those who refer these mysterious manifestations to this ever-observed power in human nature, is this: Electricity and Magnetism are kindred to the nervous principle, analogous in their means of generation and similar in their modes of action. The laws of the action of the two former powers are now determined, though they were not fixed till within the last half-century. It is not unphilosophical to make the supposition, that two of the known laws of these former powers may belong to this third power. And if, on a collation and comparison of the whole history of recorded facts, the supposed existence of those laws explains all the facts, then it is more than probable that such are the laws of the nervous influence, and it is not less than probable that this is the power producing the manifestations so mysterious.

The first of the two laws referred to is this. When a body is overcharged with one of these fluids, if bodies which are *not conductors* of the fluid be brought in contact, the fluid accumulates upon and alternately attracts and repels the body—the magnet attracting or repelling heavy iron bars, and electricity drawing and driving various material substances. Who shall limit the power of the nervous energy, which, by its silent influence on the muscles, contracts them and thus draws up the heaviest weight. If, by undue nervous excitement, this fluid be overgenerated, and my frame become surcharged with it, what may it not move! What rappings and thumpings may it not produce!

The second of these laws is: When a body is overcharged with these fluids, and

bodies that are conductors are placed in contact, it flows off over those conductors without limit of extent. If the electric fluid can echo the rap, make the mark, report the thought of the operator, over connected wires, at any point he may choose, why may not the nervous fluid, when overgenerated, flow off over the nervous conductors of other human bodies; and the knowledge of any one of the excited circle be reported by the rap on the table, by the pen of the writing medium, or from the lips of the passive clairvoyant? An idea of this sort seems to have been conceived and hinted by Plato and Galen, not to mention other ancient observers of these manifestations.

It is sufficient for our purpose to quote the statements of two or three men of science on this general subject, and to leave the reader, who desires further investigation, to refer to the books above cited. A commission of the French Academy, appointed in 1784 to investigate the experiments of Mesmer, (a commission consisting of four of the medical faculty and five members of the academy, one of whom was our own Franklin,) reported that they were, so far as their causes were concerned, referable to four classes, one class of which must be the result of an unknown "special agent." Of this same animal magnetism, similar in all its manifestations to the phenomena of our day, Cuvier says: "The effects produced * * * * leave little doubt that the proximity of two animate bodies, in certain positions and with a certain movement, has a real effect, independent of all participation of the imagination of one of the two. It appears equally clear, also, that the effects are due to some communication which is established between their nervous systems." Such is the power over *animate* bodies. When six years ago Arago witnessed the mysterious and powerful attraction and repulsion of *heavy bodies* in general, produced by Angeline Cottin, the nervous factory girl, he remarked to one who asked him his opinion of the force: "That is yet to be settled. It seems to have no identity with electricity; and yet when one touches her, in the paroxysms, there was a shock like that given by the discharge of the Leyden jar. It seems to have no identity with magnetism proper, for it has no reaction on the needle; and yet the north pole of a magnet has a

most powerful reaction upon her, producing shocks and trembling. This is not effected through the influence of her imagination, as the magnet has the same influence, whether secretly brought near her or otherwise. It seems a *new force*. At all events, whatever it be, time and research will determine with sufficient cases. At present we are left to conjecture. One thing, however, seems to be certain; the phenomena of this case show very plainly that whatever the force is which acts so powerfully from the organism of this young girl, it does not act alone. It stands in some mysterious relation to some mundane force that acts and reacts with it. This is witnessed in the reactions which external things have upon her person, often attracting her with great power. It is a curious inquiry, and may open to us new resources, in the nature of man and of the world, of which we have little dreamed." Humboldt, when questioned lately as to the manifestations of the present day, held himself uncommitted, but gave partial adhesion to the view of Reichenbach and the advocates of the agency of the nervous principle.

The practical results proved in history and by the nature of the case, to spring from these several theories, are their best tests. Whatever be the agency in these manifestations, be it an evil spirit, trickery, or the nervous energy, all thinking men give to youth the warning: "Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it and pass away." Yet the practical influence of this caution will depend very much on the foundation on which it is made to rest.

The secular and social, the physical and intellectual dangers which thicken in the path of every one who follows up these manifestations, will be courted or shunned according to the light in which they are viewed. Let them be regarded but a clear trick, and many who thus judge of them will thoughtlessly and from curiosity hasten to witness and to test them; while every one whose senses shall testify that they are not all deception, will lose the confidence which he might otherwise repose in a well-meaning adviser.

Let the belief, on the other hand, prevail that these are the work of *evil spirits*, and the excitement thus produced will so unsettle sound judgment, and cause stable piety to waver, that believers and unbelievers together will be drawn, as by a

serpent fascination, into the bewildering maze where reason is lost. No human mind can breast itself against superstition. Even a Johnson will carry the impression, and the active influence of it, to the last hour of his life. A Sir Matthew Hale could not, in witchcraft times, stem the current of popular excitement which it produced; nor could his own mind preserve its stable equilibrium when borne down by such a torrent.

But let the philosophic and self-commending view prevail, that the things seen and attested by men of the greatest intelligence and coolness are *real*; that they have been seen in all ages, and that they must therefore have a law, and then men can patiently wait to see the legitimate development of that law. Let it be received that this law is to be found in an over-worked nervous energy, and then at once the fact will be reconciled, that some are far more impressed by these manifestations than others; that the "mediums" themselves, like electrical machines, are in better working order at some times than at others; that an uncultivated operator or lecturer, committed before a special scrutiny, will feel a disturbing influence, and sometimes fail to exhibit his ordinary nervous energy; that the temptation to artifice, in an uncultivated mind, not to say in a scientific lecturer, must be, under these circumstances, such that human nature can hardly be expected to entirely resist it; and that, therefore, the cool, not to say skeptical observer, will sometimes see real deceit, and therefore have reason to suspect it when it does not exist. Moreover, let the distinct impression be created that it is an over-working of the nervous energies which produces these displays, that bodily prostrations, distressing nervous irritability, and perhaps mental derangement and even insanity must follow, as surely as the abuse of the digestive organs is followed by its correspondent penalty; and inexperienced practitioners will be most likely to pause before pressing further on this enchanted ground.

The *moral* and *religious* influences resulting from the prevalence of one or the other of these theories as to the so-called "spiritual manifestations," will differ even more essentially. Let the idea that all these phenomena are *trickery* take possession of the public mind, and a general want of confidence in the credibility of

human testimony, and of facts witnessed by the senses, will naturally follow. Strong enough in our day already is the disposition to fly away from the established convictions of our fathers, and from the surest testimony of history. Even Professor Page, with all his professed belief in miraculous interpositions in the divine economy, strikes a blow at the very root of the testimony on which human belief in them rests, and, by the trifling manner in which he treats the case of the Witch of Endor, (where he forgets even his respect for his avowed compeer, Sir Walter Scott,) not to mention other cases, he shows that his own faith is far from being established on a reverential basis. Such is the natural tendency of too material a view of man's condition and relations, and this very fact, in a well-balanced mind, would awaken the inquiry whether there is not another and more spiritual field of inquiry after truth, whose just appreciation can alone lead "into *all* truth."

Even more disastrous is the opposite view, which makes all the grossness of the earthly to pertain to the spiritual. What! are these manifestations indeed *communications from spirits* in the other world? O, how different from what the chastened spirit of the true child of God on earth had pictured the world of spirits! With disappointment and even loathing, the cultivated mind, and the heart refined from earth's dross, shrink back from so gross a picture. Perhaps a few may admire, who imagine themselves to be especially spiritual, only because from the very depths of gross materialism in pursuits and habits, in thought and feeling, they have just awakened to the reality of spiritual things, and are catching their first confused glimpses and sensual impressions of spiritual ideas; and who, therefore, think themselves the only persons who have spiritual vision. But, when the light upon such minds has become a little stronger, then judgment within them begins to revolt from their own gross views, and they abandon the farther pursuit of truth, and take the bold stand of avowed skepticism. Shallow judging is this, assuredly. Yet many a Mather has been given us in different ages to warn us, that "temptation to atheism" is the necessary religious tendency of such views of the spiritual world as the believers in spiritual agency, in these manifestations, entertain.

In the view advanced by Rev. Mr. Beecher, there is an apparent conformity to right theology, which makes its first-glance impression to have an aspect of truth. But in reality the idea of a "permanent law," by which finite disembodied spirits have power over material substances on earth, and over the bodies of men, is most radically opposed to the eternal spiritual truth revealed in the gospel of Christ. To suppose that evil spirits have control over matter, is contrary to all *analogy* in the works and providence of God. God himself exerts no such erratic power; for though in the special ages of miracles, for a special end, he has departed from his permanent law of immutable order, in the influence he exerts on his material and spiritual creation, yet ordinarily, certainly since Christ's day, Jehovah himself has exerted no disturbing interference on his creation. Can any man believe that he would leave within the power of evil spirits such a deranging influence? Yet again, the testimony of *history* is against this. The testimony of ancient Egyptian and Hindoo philosophers, of Grecian and Roman sages, of the Jewish historian Josephus, and of Christian Fathers, may be cited as evidence of a world-wide belief in the interposition of evil spirits in the affairs of men. But a more thorough sifting of all these authorities will show that human belief is much the same in all ages; that, under the cover of language necessarily made up of imagery addressing the senses, intelligent men like Plato and Cicero had as clear a spiritual idea as we who boast so of our far-sightedness; that Josephus and Jamblicus,* and others of like philosophy, mingled the notions of Grecian Neoplatonism with correct Jewish and Christian theology, when they referred to bodily possessions with demons as existing in other ages than that of Christ.

Most of all, this view, that demons exert a material agency, is plainly at war with all consistent views of the spirituality of God's manifestations to man, with Christ's spiritual reign in the souls of men, and with all the plain teachings of both the Old and New Testaments as to our relations to the other world. When God himself, specially interposing, was "manifest in

flesh," we may see a reason for the *anomaly* as to demoniacal agency; and we are prepared to receive the testimony that evil spirits were allowed to manifest (in order that it might be met by Christ) a supernatural power over things material and over the bodies of men. Yet the deep study of a ripe and fervent Christian scholar, such as Knapp or Neander, on this point,* will reveal to him two great tendencies of human belief in such subjects, and will lead him to seek and to find the golden mean of truth between them. Not a single allusion which can be construed into a teaching of any such material influence, does the Old Testament contain; unless it be the case of Job, the whole dramatic representation of whose language bespeaks the description to be imagery; and the case of Saul, where the influence and power mentioned is but a *moral* one, and that, too, such as was controlled by the state of mind of him who was affected. No such scenes as those of Christ's day, spoke of Satan manifest in flesh; any more than "the Messenger of the Covenant," who appeared to Abraham and the patriarchs, was declared "God manifest in flesh." As soon, too, as Christ and his lingering miraculous power, abiding for a time with his first disciples, passed away, then this unusual influence of evil spirits ceased. In all Christ's teachings about evil spirits, there is no allusion to anything as permanent and practical, but the *moral* influence of spiritual evil. In the Gospel of John, written probably after bodily possessions by demons had passed away, there is not even a single allusion (since they had ceased to become practical) to the cases of demoniac possession in Christ's day. In the latter portion of the Acts of the Apostles, all mention of demoniacal possessions disappears; and in the Epistles, written for the world's permanent instruction, full as they are of warnings as to the *spiritual* influence of evil spirits, not a hint of any possible material agency on their part do we find. How could such men as Mather sustain and proclaim such doctrine as they did on this point? No wonder the manifest displeasure of the God of all truth attended, and always has attended, such perversion of his spiritual truth.

* Compare Josephus's Antiquities, book viii, chap. ii, § 5, with his Wars, book vii, chap. vi, § 3.

* See Knapp's Theology, p. ii, art. vii, Appendix; and Neander's Life of Christ, b. iv, chap. vi, § 101.

THOMAS WALSH AND GIDEON OUSELEY.

THE chief agents employed in the earlier Irish Wesleyan Mission were remarkably fitted for their work. The first of these, Thomas Walsh, appointed by Mr. Wesley himself, besides his fluency in the Irish tongue, which sometimes saved his life, was remarkable not only for sanctity, tender pity for the blind led by the blind in the Church of Rome, to which he formerly belonged, cogency of argument, and aptness of illustration, but for the earnestness of his manner, and the frequency of his appeals to divine authority. Once that Mr. Tackaberry visited Wexford, he went to see an aged woman, who, he understood, was personally acquainted with him. Having mentioned his name, her countenance brightened and her manner became animated. "What do you know," she asked, "about Thomas Walsh?" "Why, I have read his memoirs with pleasure and profit." "O, but I *knew* him," she added, with deep emotion. "Well, and what sort of preacher was he?" "O, he was the preacher!" "Yes; but what was the character of his preaching?" "O, it was he who knew how to preach! In the middle of his sermon, he used to clasp his hands in an agony of prayer that the people might be converted *now*; and, under his ministry, God saved *my* soul." His habit was, she said, to demonstrate the doctrines he taught by numerous and forcible quotations from the word of God.*

None of these evangelists, perhaps, equaled Ouseley in tact, for addressing promiscuous multitudes in the open air. An instance of such tact, of which I was an eye and ear witness, occurred one Sabbath evening in the town of Drogheda. Leaving his hat in the Tholsel, and standing on the steps, he commenced singing a hymn. Soon a crowd gathered around,

* It is related of Mr. Walsh, that, in the midst of severe study, regardless of bodily weakness and suffering, his custom was to rise and sing:—

"O, love, how cheering is thy ray,
All pain before thy presence flies!
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise!
O, Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee!"

Such an apostrophe to *incarnate* love, and at such times, furnishes no slender proof of his high attainments in holiness, and qualifications for the office of the Christian ministry.

chiefly Romanists. The last verse he sung was:—

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be!"

"Now," he said in familiar style, "you all believe that—whatever religion you are of—you believe there's a God? I know you do. Aye, and you believe in the Trinity—that there are three persons in one God? To be sure you do. And you've all made a covenant with that one God in your baptism, whatever Church you belong to, that you'd renounce the devil and all his works. I'm come here to put you in mind of it—to get you to keep your covenant, and be true to God. And if you keep your covenant, what altered times we'll have! what happy times we'll have! Then we'll have no more cursing and swearing; then, no more people will be seen rolling drunk through the streets on a Sunday." Here, a man in the crowd shouted, "The devil trust you with a glass yourself, if you had it." At this the preacher seemed horrified. "O! O!" he cried; "did you hear that man? O! did you hear him blaspheming in the open day? Look," said he, pointing at him with his finger, "there he is!" The man held down his head abashed, and gave no further interruption. The missionary proceeded in the same strain until he uttered a sentiment to which a woman, who stood beside me, objected in great earnestness, in Irish. Turning toward her with surprise and displeasure, he exclaimed, "O! did you hear that woman? Did you hear what she said? She's drunk this time o'day! There she is—look at her!" She said no more until, at the close, she observed with much emotion, in my hearing, "Well, that's the best sermon I ever heard!" Mr. Ouseley concluded an address of about twenty-five or thirty minutes, by repeating the Lord's Prayer. As he bowed, and was going to get his hat, a man cried out, "You forgot the 'Hail Mary'—why did n't you say the 'Hail Mary?'" Mr. Ouseley turned upon him with fervent indignation: "How dare you speak so disrespectfully of the blessed Virgin? You're very impertinent. How dare you!" A rebuke which seemed to meet with universal approbation.

The sincere reverence with which he was wont to speak of the "blessed" Mary

procured many a respectful hearing. I was present on another occasion, in the town of Granard, when he announced for his text Mark xvi, 15, 16. The congregation, chiefly Romanists, filled all the available rooms of an untenanted house. His divisions were bold, and rather polemical.

I. What sort of men did Christ send to preach his gospel?

II. What was it they preached? The gospel.

III. The effects which followed.

The difficulty was to discuss the subject inoffensively, and yet not shun to declare the whole counsel of God.

In answering the first question, he went on to say that the men who got the commission in the text were not horse-racers, card-players, or drunkards—leaving his congregation to make their own inferences concerning immoral ministers and priests. In explaining the second point, he bore heavily upon *tradition*, without once naming it. The gospel they preached was the inspired—the *written* gospel. "Now," he said, addressing himself to the mothers present, "if your child was sick, you'd send for the doctor, would n't you? To be sure you would. Well, the doctor comes, you describe the child's symptoms, and he begins to prescribe. Give it this—do n't give it that—in so many hours give it the other—and in so long a time after repeat it again. But you will say, 'I'm afraid I'll forget it, doctor; write it down, if you please.'" Here there was a loud murmur through the congregation, for they perceived his drift, and there was reason to fear for his personal safety; but he contrived to introduce the name of the Virgin Mary at the moment with an expression of respectful regard. The ferment subsided immediately, and he finished without serious interruption.

The zeal of this evangelist never cooled. In old age it retained all the quenchless ardor of youth; and it was the pure flame of love—love to the erring and the deceived, especially in Ireland. Once that he was at the Mission-house in London, he was asked in the committee to engage in prayer for two missionaries just appointed to the foreign field. A few petitions were devoted to them, when, forgetting all other topics, he poured out his soul, in agonizing earnestness, for "his poor country." Another visit which he

paid to Drogheda while I was stationed there, will furnish an instructive example of this undiminished zeal. This was in his seventy-third year. Preaching in the chapel on a Sabbath evening, he announced that he would preach there again next morning at seven o'clock. By mistake he was at the gate an hour before the time. Going to the Tholsel to ascertain the hour correctly, I followed, and found him preaching to the laborers who were waiting to be hired. And here an incident occurred, illustrative of his calm trust in the distinguishing care of Divine Providence. A large sea-shell, flung from a window opposite, fell at his feet with a fearful crash. He continued his address unmoved, and without caring to notice it. As we returned to the chapel, I said, "Mr. Ouseley, that shell would have inflicted serious injury had it struck you; it was within half a yard of hitting you." Making the usual motion with his finger—"An inch," he replied, "is as good as a mile!" He kept his appointment at seven.

As he advanced in life, the overthrow of Popery became his absorbing desire—it might almost be said his single aim, and the "ruling passion" was "strong in death." This feature is distinctly marked by the Rev. William Reilly, in his excellent "Memorial" of him. A brother from the country mentioned to me that he once visited the venerable missionary in his last illness. The permission to pray was readily given. As he earnestly supplicated that God might graciously sustain his suffering servant, and administer an abundant entrance to him into heaven, Mr. Ouseley interposed, saying, "Stop, dear; pray—pray that I may live to see an end of that fell apostasy!"

Rough in his exterior; sound in his physical constitution; overflowing in compassion for the millions oppressed and ruined by priestly cupidity and despotism; thoroughly enlightened in his opposition to doctrinal Popery, as embodied in the Trent Canons; chary of politics; decisive in purpose; fearless of danger; ever on the aggressive; superabundant in labors; preaching occasionally six times a day, "in and out," as himself used to phrase it; unmoved by appalling difficulties, like another "Greatheart;" and withal, a refreshing example of patient continuance in well-doing—he was the Martin Luther of the Irish Reformation.

THE MOUSE AND THE MERCHANT.

A HUNDRED years ago to us are olden times. Rude times they seem, too, compared with those in which we live. The schoolmaster, the press, and the mechanic had not then done so much for our people. Nevertheless, prudent and pious men walked the world with our great-grandfathers, and among them there was one known to his correspondents as Mr. Francis Fairhold, merchant, of Cheapside, in the city of London.

The Fairholds had been notable in Cheapside ever since it was called Westcheap, or the western market. One representative of the family had helped to clear St. Paul's of relics and images; another had fitted out a ship at his own expense against the Spanish Armada; and one served as member for his borough in the Long Parliament. Their house had been almost desolated by the plague, and burned down in the great fire of London; but it rose from its ashes with the rebuilt city, and son had regularly succeeded sire therein till about the year 1753, when George the Second sat on the throne of England. Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith were then in the morning of their fame, and Mr. Francis Fairhold was reckoned a substantial member of the honorable company of linen-drappers.

Mr. Fairhold remembered the bursting of the South Sea bubble, the great frost, the last Jacobite rebellion, and was at the period of our story a discreet, middle-aged gentleman, plain of speech, friendly of manner, and attired, like the respectable citizens of the day, in amply-skirted coat, clubbed hair, and silver buckles. Mr. Fairhold was in high respect among the London drapers of those homely times. They knew his word to be as safe as his bond, his custom to be large, and his credit still more extensive.

A prudent and prosperous man in every sense was our merchant of Cheapside. Active, but not over-anxious for this world, he carried on his business with the steady and quiet industry of those old-fashioned days, giving time for recreation as well as work. His evenings were passed in household leisure with a city friend or two, who frequently dropped in to supper. When shop and warehouse were closed, on Saturday afternoons, he walked with his family to see their grand-uncle, the old farmer at

Marylebone, then a village in the fields, or paid more ceremonious visits to his knighted cousin Sir Thomas, who kept his coach, and lived in the fashionable locality of Red-lion-square. Once a year, when business was slack, about the end of summer, Mr. Fairhold made a circuit of his country customers, to collect debts and square accounts generally. He had no son to succeed him in the fashion of his family, nor even a nephew, having been himself an only child; but thankful for two good daughters, the merchant did not despair of finding a successor, and took no trouble regarding the continuance of his house. The experience of others had taught him that even paternal hopes are not safe from disappointment. He had seen sons turn out neither a comfort nor a credit; and the saddest recollection hanging about his own peaceful premises was that of a young and once promising apprentice, the son of his poor neighbor Widow Waterton, who had been a gentlewoman and called Madame in her day. Perhaps the boy's mother had spoiled him. Perhaps the love of gay company (as he thought it) had led his youth into snares: for in spite of care, admonition, and the good order of Mr. Fairhold's house, poor William had got acquainted first with strolling players, then with more dangerous characters; and at length, detected in an attempt to rob his master, he fled the city, and had not been heard of for years.

Grieved at heart was Mr. Fairhold, and he diligently inquired after his apprentice, in hopes, merciful man as he was, of reclaiming him. No intelligence, however, of the youth could be gained. His mother, a weak, worldly-minded woman, after fretting for some time over the disgrace he had brought on her genteel family, married an ill-doing excise officer, whom she had rejected with high scorn in her youth, and removed with him to one of the northern counties.

The remembrance of poor William Waterton served to make Mr. Fairhold more careful regarding his apprentices. Not that he had ever been remiss on that point. Our merchant was an upright, conscientious man, who felt that business had more duties for him than to get rich. No one under his authority had cause to complain of selfish exaction, or inconsiderate carelessness. His friends and family valued him for a mild and pla-

cable temper. His worldly dealings were just, his religion practical and sincere. Nevertheless, Mr. Francis Fairhold was not free of faults; and among them was a tendency at times to grumble at small and casual annoyances. Our merchant did not exactly lose his temper at every turn; but a spoiled dinner, or a room out of order, would vex him more than he cared to tell. Most of us, perhaps, bear great troubles better than little ones in proportion to their weight; but as the latter are by far the most abundant, that Christian philosophy which helps one to keep easy under them has a dayly usefulness as well as dignity about it. Surely, a traveler to eternity should not be disturbed by every straw in his path; moreover, small evils may contain the seeds of great good, and Francis Fairhold was taught that truth by one of those wonderful works of Providence which prove to the Christian's mind that no instrument is weak in the hand of Omnipotence.

The wild rose had faded in England's fields and hedgerows; the hay was mown in all her meadows, from Kent to Northumberland; and the flush of ripeness was growing on her orchard boughs, when Mr. Fairhold, having regulated his books, duly committed his business to Johnstone, the foreman, who had been in his employment fifteen years, and having taken leave of his family and most intimate neighbors, set forth with a good horse and a well-secured valise, with many good wishes, and commissions almost as numerous, on his yearly circuit among the country customers. This and the stage-coach or wagon were the only public modes of traveling in the time of our story; but the latter, besides being a slower method, owing to bad roads and stoppages at every inn, could only be had on the principal lines of traffic, and never approached those small towns and scattered villages where our merchant's customers flourished.

Mr. Fairhold's journey, like his business, was quiet but regular. He was a peaceable man, and had always traveled safely, though there were bold highwaymen in those days, and the police system was far from its present completeness. His customers were mostly steady, methodical men, given to clear accounts and punctual payments. With many of them Mr. Fairhold was an old acquaintance, joyfully entertained at their houses in memory of

similar hospitalities received in their great journeys to London. The landlords of all the respectable inns on his way waited for our merchant's coming year by year, as that of an important guest; and he rode on from one country town to another, through narrow rutty roads, familiar only with cart and wagon, at a pace varying from fifteen to twenty miles a day, attending to his horse's comfort as well as his own, settling old accounts, opening new ones, and depositing his receipts in a diminutive strong box constructed for that purpose in his valise. There may be readers of our tale who have never seen a specimen of that antiquated conveniency; but the valise played an important part in the traveling of Francis Fairhold's times. It was a species of leathern portmanteau, much about the size and shape of those ponderous folios in which laborious scholars then studied law and divinity, and was fastened to the back of the saddle by straps and buckles too numerous for the patience of our hurrying days. In the valise respectable travelers were accustomed to pack all their requisites, including money; and Mr. Fairhold had seventeen hundred pounds, the entire returns of his country business, besides bills and bonds, in the before-mentioned strong box, when, at the end of a seven weeks' circuit, he arrived at an old and favored inn known as the Golden Lion, and standing on the ancient road between Farnham and Guildford.

The country is now studded with hamlets and farm-houses, but at the time of our tale a wild heath extended for miles along the base of the chalk hills, through which the road, little better than a modern sheep-path, wound with many a curve and angle. At one of these turns stood the Golden Lion, one of the oldest hostels in the county of Surrey. Travelers had resorted to that house before the civil war. Its quaint chimneys, low windows, and wide porch were wreathed with ivy; but its thick walls of timber, hewn from the famous oaks of Sussex, its roofs deeply thatched with reeds and oaten straw, were still proof against time and weather. The sanded space in front still contained the horse-block and the draw-well. Sounds of pigeons and poultry came from the yard behind, cattle browsed and corn rustled in fields scarcely separated from the surrounding heath, and, half inn, half farm-house, the old hostel greeted all wayfarers

with the creak of its swinging sign, on which the forest king was represented in rather indefinite gilding.

For twenty years Mr. Fairhold had rested there on his homeward way; but as he now approached the house, late in a close, cloudy afternoon, with great drops of heavy rain, announcing a wet evening, he could not help observing that something of neglect and carelessness had grown about the Golden Lion. Its eaves were less trim, its porch less carefully swept and scoured; and in the best kitchen, which had always served for tap-room and parlor, things were by no means in the order he had seen them. The pewter on the shelves was dim; the once white walls were dingy; there was a smouldering fire on the wide hearth, and by it three slovenly, ill-looking men sat, each with a pipe and tankard. The landlord himself dozed in his elbow-chair in the chimney-corner, and no ostler was to be seen. Mr. Fairhold made these discoveries before his arrival was perceived. He had thrown his bridle over the staple in the porch, and stepped quietly in, to the great surprise of the three, who saluted him with keen, suspicious looks; and still more to the astonishment of the host, who woke up at the sound of his entrance.

Changes had come over the old house since last the merchant saw it. Mrs. Hobbes, the honest active landlady, had been summoned from her domestic cares to the house appointed for all living. Mr. Hobbes had married the maid, and latterly taken strongly to old October, of which, like many a country innkeeper in his day, he was a notable brewer. Things in consequence were not as they had been at the Golden Lion; but Hobbes welcomed Mr. Fairhold with all the noise and bustle he deemed requisite for such an old and distinguished customer, shouted for the ostler and stable-boy to look after his horse, summoned Mrs. Hobbes the second to provide for his entertainment, and, with muttered apologies for the company in his best kitchen, marshaled him and his valise to the parlor. That room of pride, for such it had been to the former hostess, contained the chief treasures of the Golden Lion. There were the glazed cupboard filled with china, the eight-day clock, and the best bed hung with dimity. Mr. Fairhold thought the round table and oaken floor had lost the dark polish they used to

exhibit; but the rain was heavy without, the evening was dark and chill, and he sat by the blaze of a bright wood-fire discussing a substantial supper after his long ride, and hearing, through the wooden partition which divided kitchen and parlor, the ostler expatiate on the weight and chink of his own valise to a number of inferior travelers whom the rain or Hobbes's strong ale had assembled.

The merchant did not much mind that, though he remembered one of the three ill-looking men shading his face with his hand while glancing at him, and wished the ostler had not guessed so correctly concerning his strong box. More solemn thoughts came as he looked round that old-frequented room. It spoke to him of life and its uncertainties. The busy, good-humored landlady, whom he had known for twenty years, was gone; and the furniture by which she set such store, and which she took such pleasure in scouring, all were there, up to the silver tankard and the plated candlestick which flanked the Duke of Marlborough's picture on the chimney-piece: a coarse print in a clumsy frame it was, and Fairhold had seen it many a year, but never without thinking of an early friend. John Churchill Phillips (as his father had named him, because the boy was born when the great duke's fame had the flush of Blenheim fresh upon it) was the son of a London draper, not wise enough to see the woeful waste of such victories, but sufficiently prudent and successful to leave him a flourishing business. He and Francis Fairhold were schoolfellows, and grew up friends. Their inheritance was of equal value. They married in the same year: Phillips named his eldest son after Fairhold, and stood godfather to his eldest daughter; but Phillips was in haste to be rich. There were games of speculation played in his time, and he joined one of them called the Morocco Company, which promised great things by shipping linen to the Moors. Phillips thought it would make his fortune; but losses by the Algerine pirates and defalcations at home broke the company, and his affairs were ruined. It must be acknowledged that insolvency was a more rare and serious occurrence a hundred years ago than it has since become in the mercantile world. Phillips was proud as well as weak: he could not bear the observation and exposure, and, leaving all in the

hands of his creditors, fled with his wife and child, it was believed, to Ireland. Our merchant's recollections of him were interrupted by the entrance of Hobbes the landlord, who came, in recognition of his guest's quality, to tell and inquire after news, leaving the door ajar, as custom directed, for the gratification of his kitchen company.

"Call me at seven," said Mr. Fairhold, after informing his host that the Earl of Bute was still prime minister, and the Hanoverian succession likely to be secure; in return for which he heard of a foal with five legs and a bewitched dairy. "Seven will give time to reach Guildford before dinner; and I am so tired that a long sleep will be useful."

Hobbes retired, promising punctuality; and, having committed himself and his concerns to the care of Him who neither sleeps nor slumbers, Francis Fairhold was soon dreaming of his own good household and friends in London. The man slept soundly, for he had good health and a clear conscience; but as the din of the pigeons, cocks, and guinea-fowl rose round the solitary inn at the summer sunrise, Mr. Fairhold was disturbed by something running across his face. It was a mouse. He saw it dart away among the white dimity, and, thoroughly disgusted, our order-loving merchant started up. Things were not as they ought to be at the Golden Lion! that was manifest; and he would never call there again. With these reflections he rose and dressed himself. It was hours before the appointed time, but the household were all astir. People rose early in the country then; the bacon, eggs, and strong ale, which formed a well-to-do merchant's breakfast, were therefore prepared without delay. The morning sun was shining on heath and hill, and though the road was miry with the last night's rain, Mr. Fairhold felt nowise inclined to stay. The kitchen company had departed over-night; but the ostler had the satisfaction of hearing the valise chink once more, besides receiving his yearly tenpence. The landlord poured forth his good wishes; Mrs. Hobbes came as far as the draw-well to make her parting curtsy; and with all the civility he could assume, our merchant rode on to Guildford.

The mouse had caused him to yield to his infirmity of grumbling; but the day was fair, and his annoyance diminished

amazingly, when, at some miles from his destination, he found the wagon, which had left that town for Horsham with the first light, sticking fast in a deep rut. The horses had broken their traces and fled over the fields, pursued by the wagoner and one of his passengers; while the rest, consisting of two Sussex farmers, a brewer, a butcher, and the master of a Portsmouth trader, stood in great trepidation regarding a noted gang of highwaymen, said to be somewhere in the neighborhood. Our traveler cheered their hearts with the assurance that he had neither seen nor heard of them. The wagoner and his help had by this time caught the horses, but all endeavors to mend the harness proving vain, the latter offered to proceed with their new acquaintance to Guildford, and bring back assistance if possible. Such accidents were by no means uncommon in the traveling of those times. Ever ready to oblige, Mr. Fairhold at once assented to the proposal; and, by way of making haste, it was agreed that each should ride and walk by turns.

It was soon found, however, that the wagon traveler, who was little more than a youth, could get over the miry road almost as quickly as Fairhold's quiet horse; rapid progress of any kind was indeed impossible, and they beguiled the way with conversation. There was something in the active figure and honest, cheerful look of his companion which seemed familiar to the merchant's memory. He had a frank, courteous manner, too, which at once won Mr. Fairhold's liking; and as his dress spoke of respectability striving with narrow means, our merchant ventured, on the strength of seniority, to hint some inquiries touching his history and prospects. "My father," said the young man, "was once a prosperous London merchant, but speculation ruined him, and he died in comparative poverty in Dublin. My mother followed him early to the grave, and my boyhood was passed in beating about among our relations in Bristol. After that, I got my own living by serving two drapers in succession; but the first failed, the second was burned out. I have been trying hard for a situation in London, and, though little to my liking, it seems the will of Providence that I should go to sea with a cousin of my mother's, in whose company I was on my way to Portsmouth when our wagon stuck fast."

"What is your name, young man?" inquired Fairhold, earnestly

"Francis Fairhold Phillips, at your service," said the youth.

"Then you are my namesake, and the son of my earliest friend," cried the merchant, grasping his hand; "you will never want a situation while I have a warehouse. My boy, I have got a lesson this morning against grumbling at trifles; but for a mouse which woke me up in no good temper, I should n't have left the Golden Lion for some hours later, nor have fallen in with you and the Horsham wagon."

Before things were fully explained, they entered the town; assistance was forthwith dispatched to the wagon, and young Phillips, on a good horse from the Crown Inn, rode back to take leave of his mother's cousin. Joyfully he returned to join the merchant; and Mr. Fairhold, with his chinking valise and his new-found namesake, journeyed safely on to the old house in Cheapside. There he found his family and business all as he had left them some two months before. The honest foreman gave up his temporary trust. The punctual merchant made his annual payments, and the house of Fairhold continued to flourish. Its master found in the son of his friend an assistant on whose business abilities and, better still, on whose sterling principles he could rely; and as his true worth became every day more apparent in home and warehouse, Mr. Fairhold was wont to remark how much, under Providence, he owed to that disturbing mouse at the Golden Lion, and how short-sighted he had been to grumble at what had been a blessing under disguise.

The good merchant had half made up his mind to call there on his approaching journey, when at the summer assizes, held at the Old Bailey, he was summoned to act as a juror on the trial of a man indicted for highway robbery. The case excited considerable interest of that morbid kind so common to mobs in all ages, for the man was believed to be the last of a desperate gang who had long been the terror of the southern counties. Mr. Fairhold felt the solemn responsibility of an English juror as his eye wandered over the crowded court and rested on the prisoner. He was a sullen, hardened man, whom the alternate want and riot of an evil life had made prematurely old. There was no trace of better days about him; but as

his many *aliases* were read over with the indictment, the last of them was William Waterton. The evidence was clear, the facts were proved. The prisoner had been a companion of robbers, and active in breaking the laws of both God and man; but Francis Fairhold remembered the boy who had sat in his church-pew, and worked in his warehouse, and though conscience obliged him to concur in the unanimous verdict of "guilty," his reasoning brought the whole jury box to recommend him to mercy, in consideration of early seduction and a misguided youth.

The law had little mercy in those days; but the judge, being a humane man, as judges ought to be, supported the petition which Mr. Fairhold by great exertion got up, and the capital sentence was commuted to transportation. His good work was scarcely finished, when our merchant received a message one morning from the governor of Newgate, saying that the prisoner Waterton begged hard to see him.

Hoping an impulse of repentance might have caused this, Mr. Fairhold hastened to see his lost apprentice in the prison cell. The unhappy man was more moved than could have been expected at his coming, and when they were alone, said:—

"Sir, you have done a great deal for me, and ill I deserve it; but I could n't cross the sea without speaking to you of one thing. You remember, almost a year ago, when you stopped at the Golden Lion on your way back to London. You had collected a deal of money, and I knew it, though you did n't know me, for I was one of the three men who sat drinking in Hobbes's kitchen. We were all of the same gang, and hearing that you were to go at seven next morning, we laid a plan to rob you at a lonely part of the road, and I meant to take your life, sir, because you had been my master, and tried to keep me in order. I have lived to be thankful that we were disappointed; but, to this hour, cannot understand why you should have set out three hours before the time."

Readers, the chasm was wide between the pious upright merchant and the convicted felon; but both learned within the walls of Newgate what wondrous work an overruling Providence had wrought by a puny instrument. The mouse which disturbed Mr. Fairhold's sleep, and ruffled his temper, had been the means of saving his life, and through him that of his in-

tended murderer. Even on the hardened mind of the latter the event explained by his old master made an impression which proved lasting, for hopeful accounts of him were heard from the penal colony. Francis Fairhold carried on business for many a year in Cheapside, and made many a journey among his country customers, always calling at the Golden Lion. In memory of his marvelous escape, he had a broad seal engraved with the figure of a mouse, and this motto: "By it God preserved me." The modest, upright young man, whom he met on that eventful day, became to him a son through the special favor of his daughter Sophy. Kate wedded a neighbor's son, and lived close by her parents; but never did his increasing family gather round the good merchant's board, at Easter or Christmas time, that he did not recall the event of the wayside inn with fervent thankfulness. Sometimes, too, he related it to impatient spirits, with this exhortation: "Never get out of sorts at small annoyances; they may be God's messengers."

PRIMEVAL FORESTS OF BRAZIL.

IN front of a Brazilian inn on the banks of the Macacú, Prince Adalbert of Prussia observed the trunk of a gigantic tree, covered with *Orchidaceæ*, at the foot of some rising ground. The forest-trees had been cut down in the lower part, but the stumps rose high above the grass and plants; while here and there a tree, which had escaped the ax and fire, stripped of its bark, reared its head toward the black rain-clouds. Higher up the acclivity extended the primeval forest, the deep shades of which set off strongly the slender white stems. Our way (says the royal traveler) led up the valley of the Macacú, which swept along far below us on our right: we gazed upon the vaulted tops of the lofty trees on the opposite bank, admiring the varied tints of green, which are not seen in our woods. The forest extended as far as the eye could reach. We soon entered its refreshing shade, and lost sight of the surrounding country, which was seen in an unfavorable light to-day, the fine rain obscuring the outline of the mountains. . . .

Hitherto we have been used to inquire, in passing through a wood, whether it formed part of the primeval forest? We no longer asked this question, for we were

now *conscious* of the fact. The solemn feelings which arise on entering these forests for the first time indicated the truth surely enough. At first we gazed in wonder on the labyrinth of tall, straight trees, rising like giants, and into the tangled creepers and climbers which surrounded us; we looked up to the light roof of foliage, through which was seen the vault of heaven as through a veil; but we could not account to ourselves for all we beheld. The imagination may picture to itself the aspect of these forests in the most glowing colors; but it will fall far short of the impression produced on the spectator when setting foot in them. Every object is here colossal; everything seems to belong to a primeval world: we feel ourselves to be in disproportion to all around us, and to pertain to quite another period of existence.

The chief ornament of the forest, on our ride to-day, were trees with magnificent lilac blossoms, and others with white ones, contrasting beautifully with the surrounding varied tints of green. After enjoying, with a restless glance, this splendid display of colors, we turned to the deep shades which lay disclosed, solemn and mournful, between the gigantic trees on our wayside. The flame-colored raceme of a *Tillandsia*, a foot tall, glowed like fire among the dark foliage. Again our attention was attracted by the charming Epiphytes, climbing up the straight trunks of the trees, or picturesquely covering their branches, which seldom shoot out from the trunk at a less height than fifty to eighty feet from the ground. From the fertility of the soil, the trees spring up so densely that, when young, their branches, not having room to expand freely, strive to overtop one another. The *Tillandsias* nestle at the ramification of the smaller branches, or upon excrescences, where they often grow to an immense size, and have the appearance of an aloe, the length of a man, hanging down gracefully from a giddy height over the head of the passer-by.

Among the various plants which spring from the branches or cling to the stems of the trees are the mosses, hanging down, not unlike horses' tails, from the branches which support the Epiphytes and *Tillandsias*; or one might fancy them the long beards of these venerable giants of the forest, that have stood unbent beneath the weight of a thousand years. Myriads of

Lianes hang down to the ground, or suspended in the air, several inches thick, and not unfrequently the size of a man's body, coated with bark like the branches of the trees. But it is impossible for any one to conceive the fantastic forms they assume, interlaced and entangled: sometimes they depend, like straight poles, to the ground, and, striking root, might, from their thickness, be taken for trees; at other times they resemble large loops, or rings, from ten to twenty feet in diameter, or are so twisted that they look like cables. Sometimes they lace the tree regularly from distance to distance; often they embrace it so closely as to choke it, and cause all its leaves to fall off, so that it stretches out its dead gigantic arms, like branches of white coral, among the fresh verdure of the forest—a picture of death, surprising us in the midst of the most blooming life. Frequently, however, they give the old trunk a new covering of leaves, so that the same tree appears clothed in several different kinds of foliage.

The variety of leaves, in short, is infinite; but they are mostly very fine and small, and the roof which they form is of no great size, being often vaulted like that of fir-trees. I have never observed conifers in the primeval forests; but the dark-colored foliage of some other trees much resembles them. A group of Imbaibas, on a rising ground near our road, presented a peculiar appearance; their slender, smooth, and white stems rising high above the surrounding thicket, and their small crowns, of large-lobed leaves, crowded picturesquely together, or overtopping one another. Nor less interesting was another tree which I observed, resembling the Imbaiba in several respects; but its leaves are silver-gray, and perfectly white beneath; and the regular growth of its branches, extending like the arms of a candelabrum, and bending over at their summit, gives this tree a character of its own.

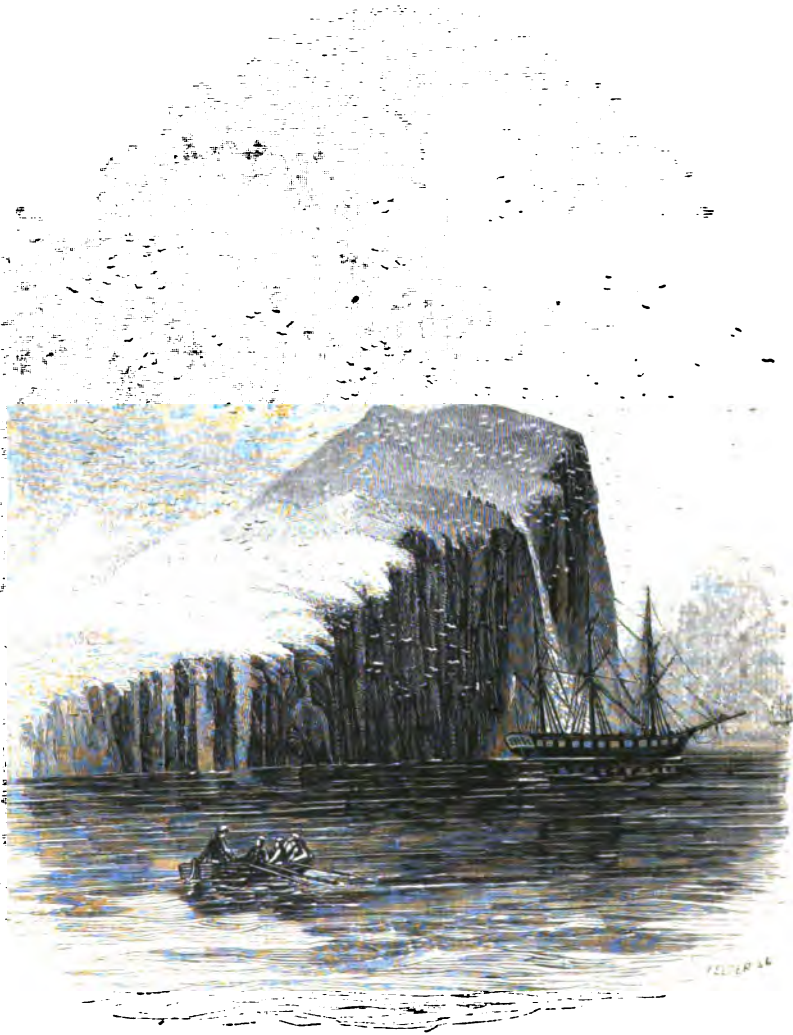
In my opinion, however, the greatest ornament of the primeval forest is the graceful palm, yielding to the gentlest breeze: its slender, pliant stem may almost be spanned by the hand, and, nevertheless, it rises to half the height of the tall forest-trees, being frequently from sixty to seventy feet high. The small crown at the top resembles a tuft of pendent feathers, consisting of finely-pinnated

fronds, from the midst of which rises a pointed spire, of a light-green color, giving to these beautiful palms the appearance of the slender shaft of a lance, or a waving reed. They are generally seen in groups, and their clustered tufts, rising from amid the foliage, and agitated by the least breeze, bow their heads as if in graceful salutation to the passer-by. All species of palms usually love company—not only those of a tall and slender growth, but also those with stiff spines and thick crowns, as well as many others with larger trunks: even the stemless, shrubby palms are generally met with in groups in these primeval forests. The traveler sometimes journeys on a long way without seeing anything like a palm; and then again, at other times, his road will lie for hours among these trees.

At first we rode on for some time without speaking; but at length exclamation followed exclamation, and our amazement increased at every step, as one new picture succeeded another. Everything here is wonderful, and altogether different from what we, in our cold northern regions, can picture to ourselves. In what other part of the world is to be seen such a union of the grand and sublime, with the beautiful, the lovely, aay, even the fantastic, and all forming so harmonious a picture, as we witness in these tropical forests of the new world!

Perfect silence does not reign in these forests, as is generally imagined; for the singing of birds, and the sounds of the cicadas, are heard incessantly. . . .

We continued our ride, and following a stream, descended on the other side of the Sierra, but not quite so far as we had ascended on this. The forests covered the two ridges inclosing the valley. . . . A new object now presented itself—the tall reed, "Taquara Assú." Except in our ride to the botanical garden near Rio, I had never before met with the Brazilian bamboo. It overtops high trees, resembling in appearance dark green lances from thirty to sixty feet high, and bent like bundles of flexible spears in lofty arches over the road. Toward the lower end it is frequently as thick as a man's body, and has regular internodal divisions: sometimes it is quite smooth, and bears small leaflets on its slender and scarcely visible branches. The bamboo, like the palms, generally occurs in large masses.



A GUANO ISLAND.

AMONG all the new-fangled manures introduced by experimentalizing agriculturists during the last twenty years, not one has been so rapidly and universally adopted as guano. Its astonishing fertilizing qualities and easy mode of application have rendered it a general favorite with the farmers, though the immense distance of the places from which it is chiefly obtained, and its consequent high price in England, must necessarily limit its use even if the supplies were inexhaustible.

The island of Ichaboe, on the west coast of Africa, whence guano was first obtained in large quantities, is, perhaps, a most

remarkable instance of a desolate rock becoming suddenly the port of destination for hundreds of large ships, and the source of immense wealth to numerous individuals. But Ichaboe was soon exhausted, and the dusty treasure that had for many centuries been accumulating on its rocky bosom was literally swept away. The once busy island has now returned to its former loneliness, and the fleet of ships that gathered round it seek on still more distant coasts the fertilizing powder that shall fatten the impoverished fields of old-world countries. We ask the reader to accompany us to the far-off country of

Peru, for upon her shores there lies an open mine of wealth that will bear comparison in value, and far exceed in usefulness, the glittering veins that traverse her huge mountains.

More than half the guano imported into England, during the last ten years, has been obtained from a small group of islands called the Chincas, that lie off the port of Pisco, on the Peruvian coast. Of these islands, the largest, Sangallan, has very little guano upon it, the principal deposits being found on three smaller ones, the most northern of the group. These are emphatically the guano islands, for they are utterly unproductive of anything besides. They are distinguished as the north, middle, and south islands. The north island has been constantly worked ever since the introduction of guano into England; the middle one has also been occasionally invaded; but the south island, on which I believe the accumulation to be greatest, remains untouched.

Every ship bound to the Chincas is compelled to anchor at Pisco, in order to pass the necessary custom-house formalities before proceeding to her loading ground. A couple of hours are then sufficient to carry her across the few miles of water that intervene, and she soon again drops her anchor among the numerous fleet that is ever lying off the islands waiting for their turn to load. The odorous scent of the guano is distinctly perceptible at several miles distance, and is far from unpleasant when thus mingled with the pure sea air.

The first duty of the crew after the ship's arrival, is to discharge the extra ballast, and as the captains have no dread of port-officers or harbor-masters, the sand or stone is quietly tossed over the side, until there is barely sufficient left in the hold to keep the vessel on an even keel. In the mean time, the long-boat is hoisted out of her berth amidships, and part of the crew are busily employed in bringing off boat-loads of guano from the island, to replace the discharged ballast. The peculiar odor pervades the whole ship, the carefully tarred rigging becomes a dirty brown, while the snow-white decks and closely-furled sails assume the same dark hue.

On the side next the main-land, the islands rise precipitously from the sea to a considerable height, presenting only a

bare, dark wall of rock. From the upper edge of the precipice the huge mound of guano slopes rapidly upward for a short distance, and then spreads into a level surface that gradually descends on every other side to within a few yards of the water. Here and there, rough craggy points thrust their white heads through the brown crust of guano, which has completely filled up the deep hollows that originally existed in the island, and would soon, had it not been disturbed, have covered even these crests of what were once tall pinnacles. The only safe landing-place is on a narrow strip of beach, the remainder of the island being surrounded by low rocks and small detached reefs; but the singular formation has greatly facilitated the loading of ships, enabling the crews to accomplish that in a few days, which, under other circumstances, must have cost them tedious weeks of labor. Close to the face of the rock the water is deep enough to float the largest merchantman, and the steady constancy of the trade-wind, which rarely increases here beyond a pleasant breeze, enables the ship to lie in perfect safety, in close contact with her two most dangerous enemies—a rocky island and a dead lee-shore. Having taken aboard by her boats sufficient guano to ballast her, the ship is hauled in close to the steep cliff, to which she is securely bound with warps and chains; two anchors being dropped to seaward to enable her to haul off again when loaded, or in case of accident.

Down to the very edge of the precipice, on its lofty summit, comes the point of a triangular inclosure, open at its base, and made of strong stakes driven into the solid guano, and closely knit together with iron chains. At the point resting upon the edge of the cliff there is a small opening, to which is firmly attached a wide canvas pipe, which hangs down the face of the precipice and passes into the hold of the vessel beneath. The inclosure, which will contain several hundred tons, is filled with guano by the Indian laborers, and a small line that closes the mouth of the pipe being slacked, the whole mass is poured into the ship at a rate which very soon completes her cargo. From different parts of the pipe, bowlines lead to the mast-heads of the vessel, and from thence on deck, where they are tended by the crew, who alternately haul upon and slack

them so as to keep the long pipe in motion and prevent its choking. But, however well they may succeed in that effort, the men have considerable difficulty in avoiding some such catastrophe in their own persons; for the guano, after falling from so great an elevation, rises through the hatchways in one immense cloud, that completely envelops the ship, and renders the inhaling of anything save dust almost a matter of impossibility. The men wear patent respirators, in the shape of bunches of tarry oakum, tied across their mouths and nostrils; but the guano mocks at such weak defenses, and a brisk continued fusillade of sneezes celebrates the opening of the pipe, and accompanies, in repeated volleys and with unwilling tears, the unremitting shower of pungent dust. In the mean time, a gang of Indians are at work in the hold, trimming and leveling the guano as it pours from above. How they contrive to exist at all in such an atmosphere is matter of astonishment; but even they are unable to remain below longer than twenty minutes at one time. They are then relieved by another party, and return on deck, perfectly naked, streaming with perspiration, and with their brown skins thickly coated with guano. The two parties thus alternately relieving each other, a ship of seven or eight hundred tons is loaded in this manner in two or three days, the Indians on the island working during the night, and filling up the inclosure, ready for shipment on the following day. A smaller inclosure and pipe supply the boats of the vessels anchored off the island.

The guano is dug out with pick and shovel down to the level of the rock, and on the north island the cutting thus formed is in some places from sixty to eighty feet in depth, in others it is only a few inches; but these shallow spots are comparatively rare, and usually border on some deep valley firmly packed with the prevailing substance. From the pressure of the superincumbent mass, the lower strata have become almost as hard and compact as the rock itself, and the color deepens from a light brown, or sometimes white, at the surface, to nearly black at the bottom of the cutting.

The guano of the Chinca islands is said to surpass all other deposits in its strength and fertilizing qualities, and this is chiefly attributed to the fact that rain never falls

on those islands. Owing to this extreme aridity of the climate, the saline particles of the manure are never held in solution, and are therefore less liable to be lost by evaporation than where the surface of the mass is frequently washed by heavy rains. Large lumps of very strong and pure ammonia are, in fact, often turned up by the diggers. The thick fogs, that at certain seasons are of nightly occurrence on the coast, convert the outer layer into a greasy paste, which is immediately baked by the sun into a hard crust that prevents even the fogs from penetrating into the interior. This crust is completely undermined by the birds that still frequent the islands in vast numbers, though they are said to bear no comparison to the myriads that formerly held sole and undisturbed possession of them. There are mews, gannets, penguins, pelicans, divers, sheerbeaks, and many other sorts of sea-fowl; but the most common is the guano-bird—a very handsome creature, about the size of a pigeon, beautifully variegated, and decorated with two pendant ear-drops. Naturalists, delighting in hard words, call him *sulieta variegata*. These web-footed colonists form regular towns beneath the crust of the guano, the various settlements communicating with each other by galleries running in all directions, so that it is almost impossible to set foot upon the untouched surface of the island without sinking to the knee in some feathered lady's nursery, and either smashing her eggs or mutilating her half-fledged progeny. The egg-shells, and the remains of fish brought to feed the young birds, or to be devoured at leisure by the old ones, must form a considerable item in the deposits.

Thickly tenanted as are the islands and the air above them, the waters beneath are no less full of life. Shoals of small fish are continually passing through the channels; whales are frequently seen rolling their huge bodies in the offing; and the numerous caves that perforate the islands on every side are inhabited by colonies of seals and sea-lions, that wage an unceasing predatory war upon the sparkling shoals that pass, unconscious of all danger, their gloomy surf-bound territories.

The islands themselves are perfectly barren. Not a blade of grass, nor even a particle of moss, exists upon them. They present only one brown arid expanse, in-

capable of furnishing food for the tiniest nibbler that ever gnawed a grain of corn; and yet they possess sufficient fertilizing power to transform a barren desert to a fruitful garden; and they annually furnish food in other lands for thousands of hungry mortals who never even heard of their existence! They are also completely destitute of water, the Indians who live upon them being supplied with this necessary of life by the shipping in turns. Every article of food is brought from Pisco, to which port the guano-diggers occasionally resort, to spend in extravagance and dissipation their hard-earned wages. The commandant resides on the north island, in a miserable cottage. Four poles stuck in the guano, with grass mats or a few reeds stretched between them and covered in with a flat roof of the same material, form specimens of a high order of Chinca architecture. Furniture is of course unknown, and clothes are as nearly so as possible; but the high wages given to the laborers appear to balance the *désagrémens* of their position.

Guano, indeed, has been used for agricultural purposes in Peru ever since the invasion of the Spaniards. Large quantities of it are consumed in the haciendas that skirt the banks of the rivers which flow from the mountains through the desert coast, raising in their passage through the arid sand-ocean long green islands of extraordinary fertility. The mode of applying the manure differs considerably from that adopted in England. It is never used with the seed; but when the plants are a few inches above the surface a long shallow trench is made close to the roots, and in this a small quantity of guano is placed, the white being always preferred. The trench being slightly covered with earth, the whole field is either laid completely under water by dams and sluices erected for the purpose, or, where no such system of irrigation exists, other means are adopted for thoroughly saturating the soil.

The potatoes produced by this mode of culture are perhaps the finest, both for size and quality, in the world, and the extraordinary rapidity of their growth after the first application of the manure is most astonishing. This fact alone ought to furnish a sufficient reply to the theory that attributed the late potato disease to the use of guano.

POPERY AND OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is stated that an act, authorizing the *pro rata* apportionment of public school money to schools organized and maintained by religious denominations, was pushed through the California Legislature at the heel of its last session, and that the Roman Catholics, who incited its passage, are preparing to profit by it.

So "it is stated," say the newspapers, and we suppose correctly. It is what we might expect from the politic ecclesiastical managers of Romanism, and from the demagogical politicians of the country. If the statement is correct, it is the first instance of success in what has evidently been a grand scheme, emanating from the highest councils of the Roman Church in this country, for the subversion of our common school system—the system which Romanists, as well as ourselves, know to be the strongest bulwark of both the Protestantism and the liberties of the Republic. The light that radiates over the land from our common school houses is destructive to the mediæval barbarism of Popery, and can consist only with an enlightened faith and unshackled consciences. The common school education of this nation is a consuming conflagration among the temples of Romanism. The papal papers and bishops complain that the Church loses its children and youth continually. The complaint has become very emphatic within a few years past.* The superannuated immigrant and the bigotedly educated child are alone found to be firm in their adhesion to the obsolete mummery of the system. The second generation quite generally, and the first generation to a considerable extent, are indifferent if not hostile to the arrogant pretensions of the priesthood, and desert usually the altar, and almost entirely the confessional.

Our public education is accused of this effect. At first our text-books were condemned, and in many instances ignominious concessions were made by the American public to this imported public. Expurga-

* *Zion's Herald* says that "FATHER CAMELL, celebrated as an Irish Roman Catholic Priest, is coming to this country to check the defection of his countrymen from Romanism! Is not this fact significant? Does it not show that Rome has cause for alarm in America, and that, despite her boasts of anticipated triumphs here, she really fears annihilation?"

tions of the noblest sentiments were made from our school manuals, restrictions were put upon the reading of the Scriptures even, and religion was virtually turned out of our schools. The alleged evil, however, continued—the Church still lost its youth. Now the effect is ascribed to the want of religious instruction, and the association of the papal children with our young American heretics. Popery is to educate her own children, and educate them not merely in the elements of wholesome secular knowledge, but in her own faith—in the use of rosaries, genuflections, the worship of images of the Virgin and other saints—and the public money must be given to her for this purpose. This is her plea, and this plea is as preposterous as would be a claim to introduce into our jurisprudence the absurdities of European municipal tyrannies, because they are congenial with Popery, which has coëxisted with, if it has not created them.

Nothing is more important in the policy of this country than the promotion of homogeneity of character—a common nationality among all the races that thicken on our territory. We have two great means for this end—the *common ballot-box* and the *common school*. All others put together do not equal these, and the greater of these, incomparably, is the common school. The common education of the children and youth of a nation, conducted in a common language, under a common regimen, and having, if not a common form of religion, yet a common *exclusion* of all formal religion—this, if anything, must give national identity to a people. Hostility to our common schools is, then, hostility to our nationality, and the Roman ecclesiasticism of the country is guilty of this high crime.

We have said it was guilty of a concerted scheme in this respect. The fact is hardly questionable. It was not till after a grand council of all the papal prelates of the country, held at Baltimore, that this war against our public education began. It then began simultaneously in all parts of the country. Roman Catholic schools sprung up everywhere, the Roman papers began to clamor all together for a division of the public school funds among religious bodies, not in proportion to their taxes, but in proportion to their children—a condition which would make Protestantism virtually endow the education of Popery.

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Popery, always in the market for the bid of demagogues, soon appeared with its ridiculous claim at the ballot-box. But the good sense of the people met it sternly there, and gave it an overthrow, the like of which was never known before in this land. In Detroit, in Cincinnati, in Baltimore, everywhere that it attempted the fool-hardy contest, it was utterly routed. A more gratifying instance of the good sense of the American people can hardly be quoted. It became quite clear that the bishops had blundered most egregiously; they had compromised their position before the nation. The blunder is irremediable. They can make no apology for it which will not exasperate it, and hereafter they will be looked upon with an inexorable vigilance. We know of no event in the history of their Church, in this country, which must tell so signally against its future success among the American people. The wrong action was impotent enough, to be sure, but the reaction is stunning; and we have no fear that the conspiracy will ever do anything more than combine our citizens in firmer support of a *common provision for the common education* of the children of our *common country*.

If the emissaries of this plot have succeeded in accomplishing their purpose in California, we hope her Protestant citizens will ferret out and correct the mischief promptly. It should not be connived at one hour. Let the fact and the process of the fact be searched through and through, and let it be known whether the energetic population of that new State will bow their necks to be priest-ridden by conspirators against the liberties of their country—by men who, defeated in the older States, have skulked to the extremity of the republic, and there, amid the absorption of the public mind in new enterprises, and at “the heel of the session of the Legislature,” have stealthily enacted their culpable purpose. The Californians have not been understood by their brethren of the other States if they do not spurn this flagitious imposition.

We hope the politicians will learn a lesson from the reaction which has attended most of these efforts of the Romanists; namely, that the political importance of the latter, so much vaunted, 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. Their numerical importance in this country has been entirely overrated. There are other denominations who utterly 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 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 this subject a few 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	3,130,870	\$10,031,382
Christian	612	296,050	845,810
Congregational ..	1,674	795,177	7,973,962
Dutch Reformed ..	324	181,986	4,096,730
Episcopal	1,422	625,213	11,261,970
Free	361	108,005	232,235
Friends	714	232,823	1,706,867
German Reformed	327	136,932	905,880
Jewish	31	16,575	371,000
Lutheran	1,203	531,100	2,867,886
Mennonite	110	29,900	84,245
Methodist	12,467	4,209,333	14,656,671
Moravian	331	112,185	443,347
Presbyterian	4,334	2,040,316	14,309,859
Roman Catholic ..	1,112	620,950	8,973,838
Swedenborgian ..	15	5,070	106,100
Tunker	52	35,075	46,023
Union	619	213,532	690,065
Unitarian	243	137,367	3,288,122
Universalist	494	205,462	1,767,013
Minor Sects	326	115,347	741,980
Total	30,011	13,849,806	\$86,416,639

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* 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 statements of the 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.

The papal statistics appear large, because they report their whole population as members of the Church; whereas the Protestant denominations only report their actual communicants, not their congregational adherents. The latter are, however, as decidedly Protestant on all general questions as the mass of Catholics are papal. The Methodist denomination alone (rating three members of the congregation to one of the Church—a small estimate) has under its religious influence above one-sixth of the population of the nation. That denomination, if none other, should openly confront Popery on all these great questions. It is a duty it owes to all sister sects, and to our common country.

Any attempt by the leaders of parties to compromise the great interests of the country with the Papal Church, must, in view of these facts, be a disastrous policy, if the Protestant denominations choose to resent it. And the time has come, we believe, for them to be ready to do so, should any political countenance be asseverated to this great conspiracy of the Catholic leaders. The party that sides with it should be overthrown by the joint rising of the Protestantism of the country. Protestantism could not do a better service to American liberty, nor earn a better title to the respect of the world.

ALLIGATORS SWALLOWING STONES.—The Indians on the banks of the Oronoko assert, that previously to an alligator going in search of prey it always swallows a large stone, that it may acquire additional weight to aid it in diving and dragging its victims under water. A traveler being somewhat incredulous on this point, Bolivar, to convince him, shot several with his rifle, and in all of them were found stones varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about seventeen feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about sixty or seventy pounds.

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EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

TABLE-MOVING.—"Much of Europe is still agog with table-moving. In Spain the exploits of the *mesa atrigera* (gyrating table) are everywhere set on foot, and regarded with the liveliest interest. In royal and princely palaces and in peasants' huts nothing is tried or talked of but the new discovery. At St. Petersburg, too, the whole world is gathered to the dance, and from Siberia we have accounts of successful experiments. Indeed, we hear from that country of achievements in the tabular line by the Buddhist lamas or priests of Tartary, which surpass the common run of things elsewhere." So speaks one of our exchanges. In this country the mania is far from subsiding. We have recently seen a prolix volume of "Discourses from the Spirit-World," by Dr. Olin—a most preposterous affair. Another volume has also appeared, "Philosophy of the Spirit-World," with revelations from Washington, Jefferson, Adams, &c., on almost every important topic of ethics and government; and now Judge Edmonds's work, backed by Senator Tallmadge's indorsement, has taken the wings of the wind to spread still further the half-comic, half-tragic demerit. What a chapter in the history of popular excitements will this strange affair make for the writers who in the next century shall record our history, with its Mormon, its Mesmeric, its Fourierite, and its Woman's Rights mania, as we write the marvels of the Witchcraft and Ghostcraft of our fathers! Which of the two ages will appear the wisest to our children?

We notice several new publications on the subject in England—one by a grave clergyman, contending (as did Mr. Beecher) that the devil himself, or at least his immediate invisible associates, are responsible for the mischief. We think the disrespectful charge (in this form, at least) is not due to that quarter; but that the simoleonism of our times, perplexed by a newly developed scientific fact, has become crazed, and needs only good scientific guidance to thread its way out of the delusion. We contend for our former solution of this mystery, and are glad to be able to lay before our readers some sensible remarks on the subject from an evidently sound-headed critic in our present number. Please not pass them by.

BEARDS OR NO BEARDS, seems to be among the "great questions" of the times, if we may judge from the frequent discussions of the subject in our exchanges. We have heretofore inserted several articles, witty or profound, upon it, from our European magazines. Dickens, in his Household Words, takes rank gallantly among the non-shavers. After belabering the subject at much length, and with great energy, he concludes emphatically thus:—

"Surely, enough has been said to make it evident that the man who, at the end of his days, has spent about an entire year of his life in scraping off his beard, has worried himself to no purpose, has submitted to a painful, vexatious, and not only useless,

but actually unwholesome custom. He has disfigured himself systematically throughout life, accepted his share of unnecessary *tic douloureux* and toothache, coughs and colds, has swallowed dust and inhaled smoke and fog, out of complaisance to the social prejudice which happens just now to prevail. We all abominate the razor while we use it, and would gladly lay it down. Now if we see clearly—and I think the fact is very clear—that the use of it is a great blunder, and if we are no longer such a slovenly people as to be afraid that, if we kept our beards, we should not wash, or comb, or trim them in a decent way, why can we not put aside our morning plague, and irritate our skin no more as we now do?"

Common-sense that, certainly—a common sense as old as the patriarchs and apostles, but nullified by our modern succumbency to fashion. Fashion, however, is itself now taking a turn in its route, and will probably soon be found joggling along with a long beard in the train of the "good old times."

Even the Spirit-Rappers have entered the field of the "long-beard controversy." A "medium" of Boston, by whom evidently some waggish spirit speaks, addresses to the world, through the *Tribune*, an oracular article against the razor. His reasons against its use smack also, to some extent, of good common sense. He says:—

"1. In the first place, it seems to us that an all-wise Creator could not have placed the beard of the male man on his face, without some wise end to be obtained by its growing there.

"2. 'The hairs of our head are numbered,' and therefore each and every one is designed for some good use.

"3. It is as much a subversion of the designs of God to shave off the beard as it would be to cut down a forest of trees, and afterward, by continual exertions, to prevent another growth of trees or vegetables on the soil.

"4. To practice shaving is a continual exertion on the part of man to destroy the works of God, and unnatural, because the Creator is in the continual endeavor to reproduce and establish a beard. Such has been the strife between this medium during more than forty years, that he shaved off what the Creator reproduced, until he cut off about thirty feet in length of beard from his face! What a monstrous destruction of the vitality of the system, as well as of refined nutriment?"

After this substantial logic the writer lapses into his monomania, and reports from the invisibles on the subject. He proceeds:—

"5. It has been told to this medium, from the spiritual world, that the beard has especial reference to a guard kept by spirits over the speech of men, of the power to do which they are in a great measure deprived the moment the beard is removed from man's head.

"6. They say, also, that a man, by removing the beard from his face, destroys the distinction that God has wisely placed there to show that he is a man and not a boy.

"7. That the destruction of this distinction causes men, women, and children to forget that he is a man, and that thus impertinence and frivolity of speech are engendered in all the race, as the constant effect of removing a distinction so salutary."

After these opinions from the "spirits," which do not seem quite as sensible as Dickens's, or the "medium's" own logic, the writer rounds off with a little more common-sense, dashed with some slight freaks, as follows:—

"10. It is a duty we owe to God to submit to all the disadvantages of wearing it, if any there be, and to influence our fellow-men to omit shaving, and employ the necessary time and expenses more usefully.

"11. The disadvantages of wearing it are not worth mentioning, as a little skill in training it will keep it well out of the way, without trouble, as I know from near a year of experience.

"12. It protects the throat and chin from the effects of damp and cold atmospheres, and thus the bronchial tubes from inflammation, both in winter and summer, thus rendering the voice more clear, distinct, and forcible.

"14. The grown beard supplies necessary fluids to the head, and thus keeps it, as well as the throat, cool in summer, as by covering the face it protects it from cold in winter. All who wear their beards the year round can testify to this. It is also a great comfort to have a well grown and full beard in bed, whether one is sick or well, as this medium knows by experience.

"15. In olden time, all who were dedicated to the service of the Lord, as were Samson, Samuel, Jesus Christ, &c., were forbidden to shave or to 'mar the corners of their beards,' and there is such a conscious connection between exalted virtue and a beard on the face of men, that were a picture of any good patriarch, apostle, or male martyr presented without a beard, people would call it a humbug and a cheat.

"16. I feel now like a whole man before God and men, not now to be subjected to cowardly distrust or fear, as if I had violently removed a necessary part of my being, formed by wisdom divine, for which I am guilty. I can now stand forth in my entire identity, not being maimed by the destructive works of my own hands, and pass the world's mistaken sneers and smiles without annoyance."

This is conclusive. Let the shavers "hide their diminished" chins.

But aside from all banter, we believe the tendency to restore the old manly custom of wearing the beard is a salutary, a reasonable one—a most convenient one we know it to be, so far as we have been able, consistently with public opinion, to adopt it. What an emancipation of mankind will the abolition of the razor be! How much time, expense, vexation, and even ill-health, will it save? The fact that the world of foppery has taken the lead in the reform, is the only serious obstacle to its progress. This, however, will not be insurmountable in so desirable a change. We see, from an exchange paper now on our table, that the question whether all the railway employees in England should wear beards, is discussed on sanitary grounds. Some recommend it as a preventive against cold, in a letter signed by guards, inspectors, engineers, and firemen. In France, says this "cotemporary," the railway employees wear beards as a protection against cold; in Russia, the beard is the great protection of the male inhabitants against severe weather; it is considered an ordination of nature. The fact is, mankind are coming to their senses on a great many old topics. A return to nature in all natural habits is the true philosophy—the philosophy which is, hereafter, to sweep away half the follies of that whimsical nonsense called fashion, and half the fallacies of that still more ambiguous affair called civilization.

The late disasters of steamboats and railroads have almost settled our character as a reckless, break-neck, dare-death people. They have, indeed, been lamentable; but after all, when compared with the amount of safe traveling we have in this country, where the whole nation is floating about, these disasters do not appear so frightful, and the chances of escape become quite mathematically hopeful. We have, personally, been half the year "boxing the compass," nearly all over the free States, on steamboats and rail-cars, and without the slightest inkling of accident. The Secretary of the Treasury, in his last report, gives some

statistics respecting our steamboats. He says: "Our whole number of steamboats amounts to one thousand three hundred and ninety; tonnage, four hundred and seventeen thousand two hundred and thirty-six tons, manned by twenty nine thousand two hundred and seventy-seven men; and carrying, besides freight, forty millions of passengers in the year 1852." In this vast travel, it is stated that only seven hundred and fifty lives were lost by all sorts of accidents—that is, one in fifty-three thousand two hundred and five. The ratio on railroads must be much less. A newspaper writer remarks, that "in a lottery where there were fifty-three thousand blanks to a prize, the adventurer would deem his chance next to nothing." Our improvements are continually diminishing the perils of travel; let us push forward such guarantees: but, meanwhile, let every traveler enjoy his passage without constituting himself into a committee of vigilance, as if pursued by death and destruction. We make some experimental suggestions to such in the "Jottings in the West," the present month. Professor Silliman, it is stated, affirms that more lives are lost by camphene than by steamboat explosions. This sounds to us like what they call a "whapper" in the West, but "whappers" are often true in this "great country."

The *Christian Advocate* intimates that the *Five Points* stories,—"*Hot Corn*," &c.,—published in the *Tribune*, are fictions, and designed by the author to be so understood. If this is the case, we are sure many readers of these affecting sketches will feel somewhat chagrined, if not a little worse. They have obtained for Rev. Mr. Pease's Mission considerable material aid, from the impression, as we doubt not, that they were matter-of-fact illustrations of the scenes amid which he is laboring, and not the invented (however generally truthful) pictures of a novelette writer. We notice a sort of rivalry between the managers of the different missions at that noted locality—a rivalry which would be well enough if it were a mere emulation of each other's good works; but it takes quite another aspect. There are incessant indirect allusions to mutual disagreements between the parties, and the public is left to puzzle itself with conjectures about the matters in dispute. A "Report" in a late number of the *Tribune* reflects quite distinctly on the Ladies' Home Mission. "Fanny Fern" attacks them without gloves in the *Musical World*. What is the matter? The public have a right to understand it. If there is or has been any abuse of its sympathies for these missions, it ought certainly to have a full and frank exposure of the wrong. It is lamentable that discords should mar a charitable work so peculiarly urgent and interesting as that now going on in the very precincts of perdition at the Five Points; but if they do exist, the cause of humanity and religion will only suffer by an equivocal treatment of them.

Mathematical Genius.—The *Cincinnati Gazette* says that "William Marcy, a colored boy from Kentucky, who was in that city lately, can add up columns of figures of any length, divide any given sum, multiply millions by thousands

within *five minutes* from the time the figures are given to him, and with such exactness as to render it truly wonderful. Recently, in the presence of a party of gentlemen, he added a column of figures, *eight* in a line, and *one hundred and eighty* lines, making the sum total of several millions, within *six minutes*. The feat was so astounding, and apparently incredible, that several of the party took off their coats, and, dividing the sum, went to work, and in two hours after they commenced produced identically the same answers. The boy is not quite seventeen years of age; he cannot read nor write, and in every other branch of an English education is entirely deficient." It is worthy of remark that mathematics are the only department of science in which such feats of imbecile minds can be achieved. The supposition would not, *a priori*, be admissible; but frequent facts prove it. A negro, a real idiot, was not long since reported in Alabama who could beat this Kentuckian in figures, but could scarcely do anything else worthy of a human intellect. Precocious mathematicians, not imbecile, have usually turned out poorly; few of them, like Pascal, have shown any general capacity. These facts suggest inferences unfortunate for mathematical genius, if not for mathematical studies. They have sublime relations, in their "mixed" form, with our knowledge of the universe; but their relations to genius—to human sentiments and sensibilities—to the moral and ideal in humanity, are, to say the least, quite equivocal.

The following paragraph, from St. John's "*Here and There*," will be interesting to classical students, and all lovers of ancient history:—

"The whole channel of the Mediterranean must be strewed with human bones. Carthaginians, Syrians, Egyptians, Sidonians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans—there they lie side by side, beneath the eternal waters, and the modern ship that fetches freight from Alexandria, sails in its whole course over buried nations. It may be the corruption of the dead that now adds brightness to the phosphorescence of the waves. All told me in the East that a superstition exists on this subject, which represents the spirits of the departed as hovering, whether on land or water, over the spots where the ruins of their tabernacles are found; so that in plowing the Mediterranean we sail through armies of ghosts more multitudinous than the waves. These patient spirits sometimes ride on the foam, and at other times repose in those delicious little hollows, which look like excavated emeralds between the crests of the waves. It is their union and thronging together, say the Orientals, that constitute the phosphorescence of the sea; for wherever there is light the billows flash with the luminousness of vanished generations, that concentrate, as it were, the starlight on their wings."

The Mediterranean has been the field of many brilliant and many fearful scenes, but it is yet to present its sublimest spectacle when "the sea shall give up its dead."

Many persons have a habit of justifying their own faults by referring to those of other people; and a few have the art of extenuating one short-coming by citing another of their own. Charles Lamb, the humorist, ironically illustrated this propensity one day. One of his superiors in the counting-house in which he held a situation said to him, "Mr. Lamb, we notice that you come *late* to your post." "But,

sir," was the ready reply, "you must acknowledge that I *quit early*."

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Apropos of *faults*, we mind us of an incident in the early history of Jeremy Taylor. It appears that Laud, the famous Archbishop of Canterbury, having heard the fame of Taylor's eloquence, was anxious to hear him, and sent for the young divine to preach before him at Lambeth. The archbishop was highly pleased with his discourse, but observed that he was too young for the office he was then filling in St. Paul's. Taylor "humbly begged his grace to pardon that fault, and promised if he lived he would mend it."

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A GOOD PORTRAIT.—Miss Bremer's new book on this country is exceedingly entertaining, though it abounds in petty blunders. There is a simple, beautiful revelation of her own soul throughout its pages. Its naive borders at times on weakness, and yet is irresistibly charming. We have quoted from it elsewhere, but are tempted to give also the following as a good portrait at once of herself and her excellent American friend:—

"When at night I went home with Anne Lynch, the air was delicious, and the walk through this night air and in the quiet streets—the causeways here are broad, and as smooth as a house-floor—very agreeable. The starry heavens—God's town—stood with streets and groups of glittering dwellings in quiet grandeur and silence above us. And here, in that quiet, starlight night, Anne Lynch unfolded all her soul to me, and I saw an earnest and profound depth, bright with stars, such as I scarcely expected in this gay being, who, butterfly-like, flutters through the life of society as in its proper element. I had always thought her uncommonly agreeable, had admired the ability with which she, without affluence, and who, alone, by her talents and personal endowments, had made for herself and for her estimable mother an independence, and by which she had become the gathering-point for the literary and the most cultivated society of New-York, who assembled once a week in her drawing-room. I had admired also her inoffensive wit, her child-like gaiety and good-humor, and especially liked a certain expression in her eye, as if it were seeking for something, 'something a long, long way off,' even in her apparently dissipated, worldly life. In a word, I had liked her, had a deep interest in her: now I loved her. She is one of the birds of Paradise which skims over the world without soiling its wings with its dust. Anne Lynch, with her individuality, and her position in society, is one of the peculiar figures of the New World."

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ORTHOGRAPHY.—We are not sure that the readers of the "NATIONAL" are not sometimes startled, and, it may be, shocked even, at meeting in its pages an occasional deviation, seemingly very gross and glaring, from the orthography—the good old Mother-English spelling—they were wont so studiously to memorize in their school-boy days, and have skillfully practiced and reverently respected ever since. We confess that our own prejudices, notions, and nerves have, times not a few, been offended for the same reason, and we can easily sympathize with all sensitiveness on this point. However, somebody before us has shrewdly called this "an age of progress;" and, naturally enough, language, not being perfect, could not abide intact such tinkering, meddling times as ours. Still, we have no tears to shed over any changes, in whatsoever department of life or learning, only so they be for the better. But "who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Unquestionably, ourselves. Be it, therefore, known

that we have chosen to be, for an indefinite term, linguistically our dictator, *Ree regens*, and supreme autocrat, Noah Webster, LL.D., author of an "American Dictionary of the English Language," published by George and Charles Merriam, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

This work is now justly deemed the standard dictionary of our noble but clumsy language; and we trust that the republic of letters, and "the rest of mankind," will soon concede it a universal defence, and so save themselves from a "confusion of tongues," and editors from floods of anarchic scribbles. Meanwhile, should we sometimes seem to perpetrate what may look very like an egregious blunder, let the critic charitably suspend judgment until he has consulted the aforementioned Noah Webster, LL.D., Doctor of the Laws of Language. We shall hold him to be an authoritative umpire.

We will not be responsible for the following clip, on the "effects of wrong spelling," but think it will serve to "point a moral or adorn a tale":—

"Not long since, a gentleman, then chorister of a certain choir in Vermont, wrote to a publisher in Boston for a copy of that popular singing-book entitled 'The Ancient Lyre.' In his communication he used the following language: 'Please send me the Ancient *Liar* well bound.' The publisher, in answer to his request, replied: 'My Dear Sir,—I do not doubt that the *devil* has been and still is in Boston; but it will be difficult to comply with your request, for the reason that Boston influence is so strong in his favor it will be impossible to *bind* him.'"

"Anger," says St. Chrysostom, "is implanted in us as a sort of sting, to make us gnash with our teeth against the devil, to make us vehement against him—not to set us in array against each other. We have arms given to us, not to make war among ourselves, but that we may employ our whole armor against our spiritual adversary. Art thou prone to anger? Be so against thine own sins; chastise thy soul, scourge thy conscience; be a severe judge, and merciless in thy sentence, against thine own sins. This is the way to turn anger to profit. It was for this that God implanted wrath within us."

The aping of aristocracy, by our opulent city families, is becoming an enormous evil: we are glad to meet with any rebuke of it. Hon. John A. Dix, in a late lecture, made the following just remarks upon extravagance in building: "Nothing can be more unwise than the erection of costly dwellings, which can only be maintained by princely fortunes. At the death of the head of a family, and a division of the ancestral property, no one of the children, as a general rule, has enough to support the establishment, and it passes into other hands. Nothing can be more cruel than to bring up children with expectations which cannot be fulfilled, and with habits of life which they are compelled to abandon. The parent, for the sake of a few years of ostentation, invests a large portion of his estate in a splendid dwelling, with the certainty that his death will be the signal for the expulsion of his children from it. Nothing can be more inconsiderate, if it is done without reflection; or more unfeeling, if it is done with a full view of the inevitable consequences. Look for the splendid mansions of thirty years ago, and see what has become of them. Scarcely one

remains in the family by which it was constructed. They are boarding-houses, places of public exhibition, or the workshops of fashion."

Our New-York "dinner parties" in "high life" have often been described—we were about to say *caricatured*, but that would be incorrect, for they are themselves practical caricatures, and the caricature of a caricature is a conception which we believe no art has yet realized. Their ridiculous extravagance—a self-compliment to the wealth of the host rather than a compliment to the good taste of his guests—is notorious. Miss Bremer, in her new book, says:—

"Is there in this world anything more wearisome, more dismal, more intolerable, more indigestible, more stupefying, more unbearable, anything more calculated to kill both soul and body, than a great dinner at New-York? For my part, I do not believe there is. People sit down to table at half-past five or six o'clock; they are sitting at table at nine o'clock, sitting and being served with the one course after another, with the one indigestible dish after another, eating and being silent. I have never heard such a silence as at these great dinners. In order not to go to sleep, I am obliged to eat, to eat without being hungry, and dishes, too, which do not agree with me. And all the while I feel such an emotion of impatience and wrath at this mode of wasting time, and God's good gifts, and that in so stupidly wearisome a manner, that I am just ready to fling dish and plate on the floor, and repay hospitality by a sermon of rebuke, if I only had courage enough. But I am silent, and suffer, and grumble, and soid in silence. Not quite beautiful this; but I cannot help it! I was yesterday at one of these great dinners—a horrible feast! Two elderly gentlemen, lawyers, sat opposite me, sat and dozed while they opened their mouths to put in the delicacies which were offered to them. At our peasant weddings, where people also sit three hours at table, there are, nevertheless, talk and toasts, and gifts for the bride and bridegroom, and fiddlers to play in every dish; but here one has nothing but the meat. And the dinners in Denmark! I cannot but think of them, with their few but excellent dishes, and animated, cheerful guests, who merely were sometimes too loud in their zeal for talking, and making themselves heard; the wit, the joke, the stories, the toasts, the conversations, that merry, free, lively *leiszer aller*, which distinguishes Danish social life; in truth, it was champagne—champagne for soul and body at the entertainments there!—the last at which I was present in Europe before I came hither. But these entertainments here! they ought to be introduced into the Litany."

WICLIF'S ASHES.—The Council of Constance raked from the grave the bones of the immortal Wiclif forty years after their interment, burned them to ashes, and threw them into a neighboring brook. "This brook," says Fuller, "conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." "So," says Fox, "was he resolved into three elements, earth, fire, and water, thinking thereby utterly to extinguish both the name and doctrine of Wiclif forever. But as there is no counsel against the Lord, so there is no keeping down of verity. It will spring and come out of dust and ashes, as appeared right well in this man; for, though they digged up his body, burnt his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of his doctrines, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn. They to this day remain."

The following remarkable admission speaks for itself. *The Freeman's Journal*—the well-known leading paper of the Romanists—in an editorial on Chaplains in Public Institutions, finds much fault with the appointment of Protestants to such posts, and contends for the appointment of Romish priests, assigning a very extraordinary and significant reason. "The rule is exceedingly plain," says the Journal, "in reference to prisons, poor-houses, and all institutions supported by public money. Under our government, we do not see what business such institutions have with salaried chaplains; but if such are to be, it is evident they should be chosen of the religion most generally professed by the inmates of such institutions."

An able writer says: "The confessional, and its easy absolution of sins, have made, in all eminently Roman Catholic countries, truth cheap and human life cheap. Both in Ireland and Italy, perjury and murder are stripped of their horrors."

Punch has the following witty parody of a nursery song:—

"Hushaby, Pontiff, upon the sword's prop:
When the world moves the popedom will rock,
When the prop breaks the structure will fall,
And down comes papacy, pontiff, and all."

With the present number closes another volume of the NATIONAL. The fourth semi-annual volume and the New Year will open together. We respectfully solicit the attention of our subscribers, and our friends generally, to this fact. Although many subscriptions on our list do not expire until July next, many others terminate with the present issue, and should be renewed by the first of January. We hope that none of them will fail. We hope also, at that time, to enrol upon our books the names of several thousand new subscribers.

We cannot forbear an expression of hearty satisfaction at the success which has thus far attended our enterprise; not that it has been peculiarly remunerative, but because many of the good and wise in all parts of the land have declared their high appreciation of our design and labors, and their deep convictions of the timeliness and usefulness of the undertaking. We are greatly encouraged. Everything indicates that the NATIONAL has already achieved for itself an enviable reputation, and rests upon a solid basis. Believing that we have not only the approval of our conscience, but also the approbation of the best critics and Christians in the land, we address ourselves with new diligence and hope to the work assigned us. We never closed up a volume under happier auspices. Additional editorial aid has been secured, and no pains and expense will be spared to make the magazine the best family monthly published in the land. It looks to its friends for continued encouragement. Is not such a work needed? They have affirmed so with much emphasis. The public press has given our humble efforts to meet the necessity even unusual commendation. We shall press forward with more hopefulness than ever in these attempts; and under new arrangements, by which they will be much facilitated, we shall

not doubt of securing increased success. We urge our patrons not only to renew their own subscriptions, but also to aid our circulation in their vicinities. Is there a cheaper work for them to recommend to their neighbors? Our authorized agents especially, we hope, will exert themselves for us, securing payments on old subscribers, and adding largely to the list. We look to our friends in the West for a hearty "lift." They have expressed much interest in our undertaking. They are a practical people—will they be practical in this interest? We hope to begin the year with hundreds of practical proofs that they will be.

We have endeavored to meet, in this publication, a public want. Our friends have commended the endeavor with much warmth. We shall proceed onward, trusting the pecuniary success of the experiment to the sincerity of their interest.

A beautiful custom prevails among the Norwegians. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway, or barn-door in Norway is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole, from which it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner.

Our Boston correspondent sends us the following interesting

LITERARY EPISTLE.

Chambers' Publications—Visit of William Chambers to this Country—Biographical Sketch of the Brothers—Popular Education—American Books in Europe—Literary Notices and Announcements.

Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, the enterprising book-publishing firm of our city, have, for a few years past, been greatly enriching the popular literature of our country by the republication of the valuable works edited and issued by the brothers Chambers, of Edinburgh. Of their "Encyclopaedia of English Literature," nearly twenty thousand copies have been sold in the United States; and for their "Miscellany" and "Papers for the People," a very wide distribution has been secured. William, the elder of the brothers, is now visiting this country, and he will undoubtedly receive the attention that his high position in the republic of letters has honorably won for him. He is a gentleman of noble personal bearing, with an intellectual countenance, and with a frank and easy address. He expressed his grateful surprise, in his call upon his American publishers, at the extraordinary circulation of his works in this country, and at the familiar acquaintance which the gentlemen to whom he had been introduced, exhibited with his personal history and writings. William and Robert Chambers commenced their active life in a small bookshop in Edinburgh, Scotland, when they were yet boys, having been thrown entirely upon their own resources for support. William learned the art of printing, and worked at the case and press to increase their annual income. In 1824, Robert published his first volume upon the "Traditions of Edinburgh." Its combined humor and patriotism introduced the book at once to a large circulation, and made its author a favorite with the public. Both brothers, from this time, devoted themselves indefatigably to the labors of the pen and press, and volume after volume of biographical, scientific, and literary works were written and published in rapid succession. In 1832 they originated and issued the first number of the famous "Edinburgh Journal," intended, as set forth in the first number, "to supply intellectual food of the best kind, and in such a form and at such a price, as must suit the convenience of every man in the British dominions." It at once reached the circulation of fifty thousand copies, justifying the wisdom of the projectors in this noble experiment of supplying the common people with substantial reading at an insignificant expense. In 1834, some changes having been made in its form and character, it arose to the then unprecedented number of ninety-two thousand copies, and now, in the twentieth year of its existence, it retains the enviable position it has so long held in the peri-

odical literature of Great Britain. At the present time two hundred persons are employed in their vast publishing warehouse in the various branches of the book-making and printing art.

Mr. William Chambers is now visiting the United States, to become familiar, by personal observation, with our institutions, and especially to examine our system of popular education. We are pleased to have so sagacious and practical an observer carry back with him to England the impressions he must receive from a personal examination of our common schools. At the present moment an important discussion is going on there in reference to popular education; and the question has been not a little embarrassed by reports from certain sources in this country, that our system tends to a wide-spread and confirmed infidelity, and to great laxity of morals. It is a significant fact, that these opinions have only been advanced by those who were previously committed to the advocacy of parochial or sectarian schools. The discussion has been of great service, however: for it has awakened the community to the importance of insisting upon high moral qualifications in their instructors, and upon decided Christian discipline in the schools. An interesting inquiry, suggested by an English gentleman, was made in reference to the statements above alluded to, under the direction of certain friends of the Massachusetts Board of Education. The object of the inquiry was to discover how many of the attendants upon the common schools were also members of Sabbath schools, and were receiving religious instruction through this instrumentality. The result reached, by examining the schools in Boston, Lowell, and representative towns in commercial and agricultural districts, was, that on an average, ninety per cent. of all the children connected with the common schools were at the time of the examination, or had been, connected with the Sabbath school, and were receiving, through this important instrumentality, religious culture. This was, indeed, an unexpected and gratifying result, justifying a remark that has somewhere been made, that the Sabbath school is the *cradle* of the common school.

Mr. Chambers was peculiarly interested in his visit to the rooms of the Mercantile Library Association. He was astonished to hear of the number of the young merchants enrolled upon its lists, frequenting its library, attending its educational classes, and crowding its double series of literary lectures. He could hardly credit the account he received, of the generous pecuniary donations made to its permanent funds by our merchants. He remarked with pain that such an institution could not be sustained in Edinburgh, as the young men were so generally dissipated, given to sensuous pleasures, and devoid of ambition for intellectual discipline and eminence.

As a reciprocal compliment for the republication of so many English works, several of the scientific issues of Messrs. Gould & Lincoln's press have enjoyed a very wide popularity in Europe. The admirable work of Agassiz and Dr. Gould, entitled the "Principles of Zoology," indeed, the only philosophical manual upon the subject, has been republished in Germany—taking the place of all other works upon the subject as a text-book—and in France and England. "The Earth and Man: Lectures on Comparative Geography, in its relation to the History of Mankind," by Professor Guyot, has also enjoyed an extraordinary European reputation and circulation. It is refreshing to see our country represented by such noble additions to the world's knowledge, as well as by the numerous works of fiction and art now attracting the attention of the old world.

The above publishers announce as forthcoming "The Mission of the Comforter," with copious notes: by Jules Charles Hare, 1 vol. 12mo.; "The Priest and the Huguenot; or, Rabant and Bridaine, in the time of Louis XV.," 2 vols. 12mo. They will soon publish uniform editions of Cowper, Scott, and Milton's Poetical Works, 18mo., with illustrations: "First Series of Christian Theology, in the form of a Syllabus, prepared for the use of students," by Rev. John Fye Smith, edited by Rev. W. Farrer; "Village Sermons," by Charles Kingsley, jun.—a volume of sermons by one of the most popular English clergymen; "Plain Discourses on Important Subjects," by John Brown, D. D.; "Christian Progress: a Sequel to the Anxious Inquirer," by John Angell James; "Noah and his Times," by Rev. J. M. Olmsted, M. A., 1 vol. 12mo.; "The Christian World Unmasked," by John Berridge, A. M., with a Life of the Author, by Dr. Guthrie, of Scotland, 16mo.; "Glad Tidings; or, The Gospel of Peace; a series of Daily Meditations for Christian Disciples," by Rev. W. K. Tweedie, D. D.

Crosby, Nichols, & Co. are receiving very generous demands for some of their late religious publications. The delightful Memoir of Mrs. Ware has reached the seventh edition; and the work upon "Regeneration," by Sears, is attracting considerable attention. They have issued an interesting and thoughtful volume of lectures, by Rev. Samuel Osgood, upon a Divine Providence, as illustrated in the histories of Scriptural worthies, entitled "God with Men; or, Footprints of Providential Leaders." The Lectures to Young Men and Young Women, by Rev. Mr. Elliott, of St. Louis, have reached a second edition. They announce two new volumes by Mrs. H. F. Lee, author of "The Old Painter," &c.: "Familiar Sketches of Sculpture and Sculptors," 2 vols. 16mo.; and "A Memoir of Pierre Toussaint," born a slave in St. Domingo, and afterward a well-known resident in New-York: "Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face," by the author of "Yeast," &c. 2 vols. 16mo. They have in preparation a Memoir of the late Rev. Sylvester Judd; "Popular Legends of Brittany, from the German, with engravings," 16mo.; also, from the German, "The Wind-Spirit and the Rain-Goddess." They promise a pleasant and beautiful diversion for children, to be ready by the holidays—a series of cards, in which, by change of drapery, the fortunes of a little girl named "Fanny Grey" are recorded, with an illustrative ballad.

Jewett & Co. are finding an unexpectedly large demand for the excellent volume of Sermons to Young Men, by Rev. R. W. Clark. The impression made by their delivery was peculiarly happy, and now they are speaking eloquently to a much larger audience. The same publishers are now preparing the illustrations for the publication of a poem of Whittier, entitled "A Sabbath Scene." It will be a gem in execution, while the ballad will sing a stinging satire upon the ill-omened fugitive slave-law. They announce as in press, "Similitudes from the Sea-side and from the Prairie," by Lucy Larcom. The chief work of the month, however, is the promised volume of Travels, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, finely illustrated.

Munroe & Co. have sold six thousand copies of Choate's Eulogy upon Webster, and are preparing a new edition. They have in press a scathing review of Theodore Parker's sermon upon the deceased Statesman, and a new edition of "Friends in Council, both series." Their new and revised edition of "Whately's Rhetoric" is published in excellent style—on the whitest paper, in large type, and arranged in distinct paragraphs—a model of a text-book, as it is final authority upon the subject it discusses.

Little, Brown, & Co. continue the publication of their beautiful edition of the British Poets, from Spencer to Moore. They are chiefly reprinted from the celebrated Aldine edition. The volumes are accompanied with Lives of the Authors, and critical and historical notices, by Rev. John Mitford and others. Gray, Goldsmith, and Pope, are already issued, and the others will soon follow; 18mo., 75 cents. This will be at once the cheapest and most elegant edition of the British Classics. The volumes of the Life and Works of John Adams, edited by his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, are approaching a completion. Of the ten volumes, six are already published. "The Life and Letters of Francis Horner," 2 vols. 8vo., are to be published jointly with Murray, the English bookseller. Octavo editions, in the finest library style, of Plutarch, Hume, and Bacon's Works, are announced as in press.

The fine edition of Prior's Life of Burke, just published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, will find numerous readers. An admirable portrait, suggestive of the extraordinary mental power of the great rhetorician, accompanies the work.

Rev. Robert Turnbull, D. D., has a new work in the press of Phillips, Sampson, & Co., entitled "Christ in History; or, The Great Central Power." It will form a duodecimo of four hundred and fifty pages. The volume is said to exhibit marked ability and originality, and is announced in connection with flattering commendations from several clergymen of note who had examined the manuscript.

The above book-firm have just published in our leading daylies a Descriptive Catalogue of their standard works, covering the whole field of history, sciences, and general literature—a vast accumulation of substantial additions to the American library by one house, the proprietors of which are still in their prime. Their editions of the standard Poets and Dramatists are the finest ever published in the country, and placed, by their extremely reasonable price, within the reach of the people; while their volumes of English Histories are unparalleled in cheapness.

We add to this interesting letter a few

LITERARY ITEMS.

HUZERON, 137 Nassau-street, New-York, is about publishing a book, entitled "January and June; or, Out-door Thinkings and Fireside Musings," by Benjamin F. Taylor—a pithy, witty writer, whose fugitive articles have occasionally enlivened our own pages. It will, doubtless, be one of the most readable books of the season.

There were six hundred and ninety-one books published in the United States during the six months ending June 30, of which one hundred and sixty-nine were reprints of English books, and seventeen original translations from the German and French.

The corner-stone of a *Jewish Educational Institute* was laid with the usual ceremonies in this city in October last. The institution is intended as the commencement of a Hebrew College, to be hereafter erected.

The Cooper Institute, now in course of erection in this city, at the head of the Bowery, is designed to be a free public institution, for the benefit of youth generally, apprentices, and all who are disposed to embrace an opportunity for self-improvement. Competent persons will always be ready to instruct without charge, and lectures and discussions on the most useful scientific subjects are to be delivered continually throughout the day and evening. Mr. Peter Cooper is the founder of this noble institution, and the gift is made perpetual.

We have received a handsome catalogue of the *White Water College*, located at Centerville, Indiana, and under the presidency of the Rev. Cyrus Nutt. It appears to be in a flourishing condition. Total number of students in all the departments, two hundred and eight.

The committee authorized by the City Council to purchase a site for the Public Library of Boston, have concluded the purchase of the "Wheeler estate," and one of the estates adjoining on Boylston, near Tremont-street, the same being a portion of the Aphorip estate. The price paid is about seventy thousand dollars. In size, location, and fitness, in every way, it is believed by the warmest friends of the institution to be a most excellent site.

The report to the Methodist Episcopal Genesee Conference, on the condition of the *College and Seminary at Lima*, shows a property of above \$200,000; and the number of pupils that have received instruction during the year is six hundred and fifty-two males, and four hundred and twenty-three females. The new Freshman class in the college numbers forty-nine. The seminary has sent out above two hundred teachers during the past year.

At a late meeting of the School Board of Cincinnati, it was stated that there are at least fifteen thousand children in that city who attended no school whatever.

Miss Martineau is engaged in translating the *Philosophie Positive*, by the great French atheist, M. Comte. It is melancholy to see this gifted lady, in advanced age, leaning more and more toward rank infidelity.

The catalogue of the *Wesleyan Female Institute*, Staunton, Va., shows a total of sixty-nine students in the several classes. It is under the principalship of Rev. J. Wilson, and has a good faculty and good prospects.

Chevalier Bunsen's "Hippolytus" figures in the last batch of works denounced as "damnable and dangerous" by the Congregation of the Index at Rome. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has been a second time placed upon the same list. A "good sign."

The *Inaugural Address* of Horace Mann, as President of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, accompanied with the usual ceremonies on occasions of the like character, took place upon the college grounds in October. Mr. Mann's speech was on the capacities of man, and the best methods of redeeming the race from the degradation into which it has fallen.

Murray has published a revised third edition of "*The History of England*," from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles, by Lord Mahon, Vol. V. This comprises the period between 1763 and 1774, and contains some curious discussions of the oft-mooted, never-settled question concerning the authorship of the "Junius" Letters.

Mr. Arder, of London, having purchased from an Arab, at the sepulchral diggings about Luxor, Egypt, a roll of *papyrus*, has been instrumental in the publication of two pleadings of Hyperides at the Greek bar, felicitously deciphered from the reporter's notes, which, from the fact of their being three hundred years older than the Christian era, claims precedence in seniority before all known manuscripts. Longinus had a high opinion of the orator Hyperides.

The *Rev. Dr. Choules*, who accompanied Commodore Vanderbilt on his recent excursion, has a journal of the voyage in course of preparation.

The estimated total number of volumes now in the library of the *British Museum* is five hundred and ten thousand one hundred and ten. The additions since 1848 have been at the rate of fifteen thousand volumes a year.

The memoirs of the late *Robert Rantoul* are about being published. They have already reached their *second edition*—that is to say, the demand for them has taken the first edition of two thousand. Less than half the towns in Rantoul's county of Essex subscribed for one thousand copies.

Among other items mentioned in our foreign papers, is the fact that the King of Prussia has conferred on *A. Von Humboldt* the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit.

Dickens is said to have cleared \$20,000 from the *Black House*.

It is said that there are but *seventy-six* persons in New-Hampshire between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one who cannot read and write. There are ninety thousand pupils on the school-lists of the State.

Mrs. Emma R. Coe is pursuing a course of legal studies in Cleveland, Ohio, with the view of qualifying herself for the practice of law!

Grace Greenwood returned home in a late European steamer, and has been on a visit to Boston for the purpose of putting to press her "Travels in Europe," which will be immediately issued. She was married a short time since, in the village church adjoining her parents' residence at New-Brighton, Beaver County, Pa., to Mr. Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia.

It is reported in the *London Critic* that "Mr. William Chambers is about to proceed to North America for the purpose of writing a descriptive tour through the United States and Canada, and collecting accurate information respecting the condition and prospects of emigrants in those countries." It will be seen from our Boston correspondence that Mr. Chambers has arrived.

Prof. R. H. Bull, Director of the Observatory of Columbia College, succeeds *Prof. Redfield* in the mathematical department of the University of New-York.

President Wayland recently preached an able sermon on the "Apostolic Ministry."

A cotemporary writes thus of *Lieut. Maury*:—"He is rather short, and lame. His face has a mild, benevolent expression. I have never heard a softer voice. He is polite to all, and generous to a fault. His eye is his best feature, I think. There is great expression in his eyes,

and the amount of soul that glows out from their blue depths tells of the intellect of the man. *Lieut. Maury* is devoted to his studies. He talks 'Amazon' all day. There is a magnificent map of South Carolina just facing his desk at the Observatory. He will sit and illustrate that map for hours in a strain of conversation to which, in interest, and beauty, and style, no letter he has written can compare. He is a delightful companion, a finished gentleman, and the best conversationalist I have ever met."

The degree of LL. D. was conferred on *Hon. Horace Greeley* at the last commencement of the University of Vermont, at Burlington.

A Natchez paper speaks rather disconsolately of the morbid taste of the people. It says:—"Mrs. Stowe makes from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars by '*Uncle Tom's Cabin*,' the vilest and most unblushing libel ever published on the South and her institutions; and has so won upon the people of England that she is now the guest of royalty and nobility in that pharisaical country. No small portion of this money was made by sales of her book in the Slave States. Mr. Fletcher has written the ablest, most learned, and critical defense of slavery which ever appeared in print, and it will bring the publisher in debt; while the '*Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*,' which has just arrived, is going off rapidly."

Book Notices.

New works accumulate on our hands enough to bewilder the veriest book-worm. American book making is evidently, like every other department of American enterprise, to take its place soon, if it has not already, in the foremost rank of the craft. Why should it not?

One of the most important issues since our last "notices" is *Dr. Edward Beecher's* volume, "*The Conflict of Ages; or, the Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man*." It is an attempt, and a determined, energetic one, we will acknowledge, to wrestle with the great difficulty—the "appalling question," as *Chalmers* calls it—of the origin of evil. *Dr. Beecher* finds all the usual solutions of the problem inadmissible, and attempts another, viz.: *Origen's* doctrine of the preexistence of men in another sphere where they sinned—the present state being but a gracious provision for their recovery. This extraordinary hypothesis will destroy the authority of the book, and yet doubtless give it currency by giving it a novel, if not an original interest. It is elaborately, and even powerfully written—a huge bone for the metaphysicians to pick. (*Phillips & Sampson, Boston.*)

The same publishers have sent us *Dr. Wayland's* "*Memoir of Judson*"—two stout volumes of more than a thousand pages. It presents a general survey of the American Baptist field in India, of the conditions of missionary labor there, the religious and social life of the

country, &c. Its facts and comments in these respects are elaborate and invaluable, and ought to secure it a standard rank at once in our already abundant missionary literature. The personal narrative and delineation of the book are, however, its chief attraction. What religious character of our generation is more interesting than *Judson*? *Dr. Wayland* has appreciated him, and portrayed him with the finest skill. Both the subject and the author ought to secure the work general popularity. There is but one danger to its success—its size.

Gould & Lincoln, Boston, send us a copy of their elegant edition of *Miall's* "*Memorials of Early Christianity*," which the reader will find exceedingly interesting and instructive if he will not take offense at some of *Mr. Miall's* peculiar denominational notions. Beginning with *Jerusalem* and *Pentecost*, the author traces some of the principal Churches and their principal men down to *Cappadocia* and *Gregory Thaumaturgus*. *Paul, John, Ignatius, Justin Martyr, Polycarp, Tertullian, Cyprian, Clemens, and Origen* are among his heroes, of course. *Hippolytus*, of whom we have heard so much since the late discovery of his lost work, also figures in the narrative; the famous statue of him is given among the engravings. The cuts are numerous, but not very good. Otherwise, the work is in the usual excellent style of this house.

We always welcome the packages sent us by *Bange, Brother & Co.*, (13 Park Place, New-York,) for they contain the best book importations of our country. Bohn's serial volumes are enough to put a book-worm into ecstasy—the finest editions of the classics, of unique English antiquarian works, of the best standards of modern science, &c. The volumes now before us are a good translation of old Matthew of Westminster's "*Flowers of History, from the Beginning of the World to A. D. 1307*"—a capital work for the historical antiquary, in two volumes. Also, the first volume of a new literal translation of the "*Comedies of Aristophanes*," from the revised text of Dindorf, with notes and extracts from the best metrical versions, by W. J. Richie. This volume includes the Acharnians, Knights, Clouds, Wasps, Peace, and Birds. We have received also two volumes of the Standard Library, the "*Lectures*," that is, sermons, of John Foster, at Broadmead chapel, Bristol. This is their third edition; it contains some additions. The energetic thought and iron-clasped style of the great essayist characterize these productions; but they will never take rank among his notable essays.

Rev. Dr. Hawks has given to the public a very excellent translation, from the Spanish, of Rivero and Tschudi's "*Peruvian Antiquities*"—a work that attempts to glean, from local remains, a more adequate knowledge of the institutions of the Incas—their idiom, religion, laws, sciences, and customs—than has heretofore been given to the world. The readers of Prescott will turn to this volume with no ordinary interest for a fuller disclosure of those marvels of Peruvian life of which he necessarily gives but glimpses. It is a most interesting volume. Its accounts of architectural ruins is especially valuable, being the fullest one extant. (*Putnam, New-York.*)

Messrs. Carlton & Phillips have issued "*Family and Social Melodies, a Collection of Hymns and Tunes for Family and Social Worship*," by Rev. W. C. Hoyt. The hymns are mostly from the standard Methodist Hymn-Book; the tunes are generally plain and familiar, but not the less rich and choice. The music has been rewritten, and arranged for the work by Mr. E. C. Gaebler, who also contributes some excellent original tunes. For the convenience of players of the piano, melodeon, seraphine, or organ, the trebles are written on one staff. In fine, we know not a better work for the purpose of promoting singing in family worship, and had we space here we could write an essay on the importance of that design.

Messrs. Carlton & Phillips, F. J. Huntington, and Mason & Brothers, have issued "*The Lute of Zion*," a most important musical work, containing a really superb collection of tunes for the Methodist Episcopal Church. The work was edited by J. B. Woodbury, author of "*The Dulcimer*," assisted by Professor H. Mattison. It contains the riches of "*The Dulcimer*," with much more that is equally precious. We predict it will have a fast and long-continued run. It contains five parts, devoted respectively to 1st. *Ordinary Church Music*; 2d. *Anthems and Select Pieces*; 3d. *Melodies for Class-Meetings*,

Love-Fests, and Prayer-Meetings; 4th. *Sunday-School Melodies*; 5th. *An extensive selection for singing-schools, social circles, and concert rooms.* It is a capital affair.

Books of European travel abound now-a-days, and Brother Jonathan's ever active brain and hand have contributed his quota to the voluminous catalogue. Among the very best of them is "*Silliman's Visit to Europe*." The venerable savan made the tour of Europe nearly half a century ago, and published a very successful narrative of his travels. He repeats his visit with enhanced interest, and the present two stout duodecimos are remarkably fresh in their style; they abound in very entertaining sketches of the learned men met in his travels; the pictures of scenery and life are made with a skillful hand and appreciative taste, and the scientific portions of the narrative are, of course, of the first order. There is a real charm thrown over the whole work by the tranquil, healthful geniality of the writer—a character which both the portrait and autograph indicate strikingly in the outset. These volumes cannot fail to be saleable. (*Putnam, New-York.*)

Seaton's "*Map of Palestine*," with its accompanying "*Companion*," is a work which has an interest for all religious readers. The countries to which it relates are accurately delineated from surveys made for the French and English governments, and have also been personally visited by the author. By the simple use of initials, the Levitical and royal cities, as well as the cities of refuge, may be seen at a glance, and the modern names of all places of importance to the merchant or traveler are added to those given in the Scriptures. It has already passed the ordeal of the English and American presses, and has only to be known to secure general acceptance in this country. (*Baker, Godwin & Co., New-York.*)

Sir Egerton Bridges, in his edition of "*Milton's Poetical Works*," says:—"Of all uninspired writings (if these be uninspired) Milton's are the most worthy of profound study by all minds which would know the creativeness, the splendor, the learning, the eloquence, the wisdom, to which the human intellect can reach." Professor Cleveland has prepared a new edition of them, which must have cost immense labor from the care and accuracy with which every word has been weighed and compared. It is a volume which, in his own words, he has aimed to have "critical enough for the scholar, full enough for the general reader, and beautiful enough for the tables of the opulent; but which should, above all, be cheap enough for the school-room, and for the dwellings of those whose limited means prevent them from buying expensive books." We think he has been successful. The great merit of the edition is its verbal index, which is really invaluable; it occupies over a hundred double-columned pages, and by it any passage in Milton may be found, for not a line is without some representative word to which the index gives the clew. (*Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.*)

"*The United States, illustrated in views of City and Country, with Descriptive and Historical Arti-*

cles, edited by Charles A. Dana," in two parts, entitled, respectively, "The East" and "The West." The aim and character of this publication are well set forth in its title. We consider it one of the very best works of its kind ever undertaken in this country. Americans may well be proud of it, and of their land, as mirrored in its pages. Its superb, really magnificent steel engravings, representing rural, urban, and aquatic sceneries in all parts of the Union, are accompanied by well-written descriptive and historical sketches, which give it great additional interest and value. Artistic excellence of the highest order, and literary attractions of no mean grade, are here happily blended,—a fitting wedlock. Nothing that offends against strict morality and fastidious taste is to be seen on any page of this fine work—a commendation merited by very few other Art-publications. Published, at one dollar per number, by Hermann J. Meyer, 164 William-street, New-York.

"Homes and Faces; or, Homo-Life Unveiled," by Paul Crayton. This is a small book of domestic tales, twelve in number, practical in their character, unobjectionable in their teachings, and very readable. (Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston.)

"Christian Progress: a Sequel to the Anxious Inquirer after Salvation," by John Angell James. Coming from the pen of this able, practical, and catholic writer, this little volume must be a good, and will prove a useful book. (Gould & Lincoln, Boston.)

We must close our list for the month with the most remarkable book of the season, viz.: "Spiritualism," by Judge Edmonds, Senator Tallmadge, and Dr. Dexter. The first volume only has appeared, but it is a stout octavo of more than five hundred pages—unquestionably the most commanding work yet produced by this new and odd excitement. We give elsewhere, the present month, some observations on the subject, and cannot now go into any discussion of this remarkable volume; hereafter we may do so. Meanwhile, of the book itself we may say that it is written with a tone of unquestionable honesty and moderation; that many of its facts are astonishingly marvelous, but most of them, if not bordering on silliness, are yet below the dignity which we associate with the spiritual state, and there are few if any which would not yield to the solution, repeatedly given in these pages, of these new mysteries. The theology of the book is not reconcilable with the Holy Scriptures; its religious tone is otherwise good; its intellectual tone is feeble throughout; and if the communications attributed to Bacon, Clay, Calhoun, Swedenborg, &c., are really from them, there can be no question that the spiritual spheres have no guarantees against senility. One of the intellectual phenomena of the times is certainly the abundant literature which this modern "spiritualism" is producing. Partridge & Britan, 300 Broadway, have on their catalogue about half a hundred works, including two periodicals, relating to the subject.

Religious Summary.

THE state of many parts of the continent, and especially Sardinia, is such, at the present moment, as few have any conception of. There is an awakening from a long sleep—a stir among the dry bones. Everywhere the people are beginning to reflect, to discover their mistake, and to pant and inquire after something better. The Scriptures are largely pouring in to their aid, and their Divine Author wonderfully blesses the reading of them, without the intervention of human instrumentality; while, wherever the gospel is preached, it is listened to with the deepest attention, and numbers find it to be the power of God unto their salvation.

It is stated that Lord Londeborough has completed the purchase of the Selby estate for £270,000 from the Hon. Mrs. Petre, widow of the Hon. E. Petre, of Selby. Mrs. Petre, who was left sole executrix to her husband, with the whole property at her own disposal, has taken the veil in France, and the whole of the property will, of course, go to the funds of the nunnery which she has entered.

The province of Savoy, under the Sardinian government, has been lately visited by two colporteurs from the Bible Society of Geneva, who in the space of a fortnight sold 1,000 Bibles and 500 Testaments in the two towns of Chambéry and Annecy. They were prevented from prosecuting their work further by the interpo-

sition of the Romish archbishop, who ordered the importation of Bibles to cease, and ordered others to the amount of several bales to be sent back, while he himself went to Turin to obtain the sanction of government for what he had done. He can hardly succeed. But it is an instructive fact in regard to the character of Romanism, that everywhere it abhors the word of God.

A great sensation has been caused in Galicia, Spain, by what is considered a great crime by devout Catholics—the flight of a nun from a convent at Compostella. A nun in the Carmelite convent of that place let herself down from her cell, by means of towels and napkins sewed together and formed into a cord. The descent must have been attended with danger, though the nun took the precaution of tying knots at intervals in her cord.

Poor priest-ridden Ireland may look for better days. Through the influence of emigration and proselytism, Protestantism is gradually gaining the ascendancy in that country. The Roman Catholic press no longer conceals the fact, that "the altars of the Catholic Church have been deserted by thousands born and baptized in the ancient faith of Ireland." Out of a population of six and a half millions, nearly one-third is now Protestant. It is stated that 30,000 persons are known to have left the

Church of Rome within two years. The translation of the Bible into Irish by Bishop Bedell has had great effect.

The king of Prussia has issued a proclamation that he will dismiss from his service any officer who, marrying a Roman Catholic, shall promise to bring up his children in that faith. This is intended as a protest against recent encroachments of Popery.

The annual meeting of the *Bengal Baptist Association* was held in February last. This association, founded by missionary exertion, numbers twenty-two Churches and one thousand three hundred and forty-two members. To these Churches there were added by baptism, during the year, one hundred and sixteen.

Another version of the Bible has been completed in the language of the inhabitants of the *Hervey group of islands in the Pacific*. The labors of English missionaries among them have been greatly blessed for many years. The Bibles in their native tongue were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

The Rev. Eli Hall, who last year visited the Baptist Churches in Liberia, reports that there are eleven Churches, whose location and number of communicants are as follows: Monrovia, 154; New Georgia, 80; Millsburg, 20; Louisiana, 19; Bassa Cove, 27; Harper, 51; Edina, 22; Bexley, 25; Greenville, 130; St. Paul's River, 41; Caldwell, 15: total number of communicants, 584.

A writer in the *Central Christian Herald*, in enumerating the different religious sects in eastern Ohio, mentions, among others, the Omish and Manese, which, he says, are divisions among the Mennonites or Harmless Christians. The difference between some of them is said to be the wearing of buttons instead of hooks and eyes, while the length and split of the coat-tail is the great matter of controversy with others.

A movement has been set on foot among the Dissenters, by *Rev. John Angell James*, of Birmingham, England, and some others, with the view of procuring a million copies of the New Testament Scriptures in the Chinese language, for distribution among the Chinese insurgents.

Rt. Rev. Jackson Kemper, missionary bishop of Minnesota, recently made his annual visitation to that Territory. He has been as far up as Fort Ripley and the Gull Lake Mission. Besides the Indian Mission, and the chaplaincies at the forts, there are but two Episcopal Churches in the Territory, one at St. Anthony and one at St. Paul. Both these are enlarging their houses of worship this season.

The *Protestant Church Convention*, or "Kirchentag," at Berlin, has resolved to meet next year at Frankfort-on-the-Main. In the concluding report there is nothing interesting with respect to America, excepting the opinion of the conference that the apostleship of the Mormons is an emigration office in disguise, and its chief object being to advance the price of land in the West. The Danish government has been officially informed that there are one thousand three hundred Danes on the eve of

emigrating to Utah. Prodigious efforts are making by the Mormons throughout the north of Europe to direct emigrants to their State. Mr. Ferris, late secretary of the treasury of Utah, reports that the Mormon rulers are even more profligate and depraved than has been represented. Brigham Young, he says, has forty wives. Men and women, too, generally, are utterly debased.

Coming thus to our own land, we find truth and error striving earnestly for the mastery in this wide field. The Protestant Episcopal Church held a general *Triennial Convention* in this city in the latter part of October. *Bishop Doane*, the notorious pervert from the Protestant faith, has been formally deposed from his Episcopal office by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The English papers furnish unfavorable news from Madagascar. The queen was still pursuing a course of rigorous hostility toward the Christians, who were suffering greatly from her persecutions.

There are now built, and in process of building, no less than seven Roman Catholic Church edifices in Chicago. One of these, now building, will be worth \$100,000, and two others, already erected, are estimated to be worth \$50,000 each.

Some of the Chinese of San Francisco have subscribed two thousand dollars toward the erection of a Christian church in that city.

At a late quarterly-session of the Managers of the Methodist Episcopal Tract Society, held in this city, the treasurer, J. B. Edwards, reported the receipts of the society, thus far, to be \$5,034. The corresponding secretary, Rev. A. Stevens, reported that thirty conferences have adopted the cause, twelve conference agents have been appointed, forty-five colporteurs have been sent out, and \$19,000 have been subscribed at the conferences. The revision of the entire series of the society's tracts has been completed, and many substitutions and additions have been made. The list now includes four hundred and forty. The volume series includes fifty works, large and small. This organization has been in operation about one year.

Among recent grants of books by the American Bible Society were Bibles and Testaments in Ojibwa and in English to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; Portuguese and Spanish Bibles for distribution along the Amazon; Spanish Bibles and Testaments for Panama; a pulpit Bible for the American Chapel at Rome; another for a colored church in this city; Bibles and Testaments for Canada; with forty-two volumes for the blind.

Respecting the Scandinavian missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the West, Bishop Scott writes that "the work is greatly expanding. God is raising up men for this work in a wonderful manner, and the field is widening and white for the harvest!"

Of the Universalist persuasion, there are said to be one hundred and twenty-three ministers and two hundred and thirteen societies in the United States.

Arts and Sciences.

It is impossible to "bulletinize" all the improvements in the industrial arts, which are almost daily announced. We endeavor to keep our readers advertised of some of the most important, or, at least, most interesting of them; but when we sit down to make up our monthly outline, the numerous data become embarrassing. Among the most striking of the past month's announcements was that of a "revolution in journalism," predicted by the *Tribune*, from two very important improvements: first, the manufacture of fine paper from *straw* instead of rags, by Mr. Mellier, a French chemist; and second, an improvement in presses, patented by Mr. Victor Beaumont, a citizen of New-York, though of French birth. It is a printing press which, at a moderate rate of speed, will deliver "thirty thousand" sheets printed on both sides in a single hour! Its movement combines the original principles of Napier, which are applied by Hoe in his great press, with some new and beautifully simple arrangements and devices of the inventor. Improvements of the press are connected, of course, with all other interests of the race. We hail, then, this announcement.

The *Evening Mirror* also makes an announcement, in which it asserts that it verily believes that a way has been discovered of *warming houses by burning gas*, that will speedily do away with the use of wood and coal for all heating and culinary purposes; and declares that though it will astonish old foggydom, it has entire confidence in the success of this great discovery, and has made arrangements to have the *Mirror* office warmed by this process. The flame from a single gas-burner can be so diffused as to produce any required degree of heat, at a cost for gas, and that, too, at present city rates, of only fifteen cents per diem. Surely there is a "good time coming" for us all at this rate.

The sea is bottomless no longer.—English papers notice the arrival at Southampton of the American government surveying brig *Dolphin*. This brig has completed a perfect line of soundings across the Atlantic ocean. The subject of deep-sea soundings, remarks one of our cotemporaries, has for some time received the attention of scientific men, and the results of this survey will be considered a great acquisition by them. Hitherto the great difficulty has been to obtain soundings in very deep water. It has been found impossible to get back the weight attached to the line, after the bottom has been reached, owing to the heavy pressure of superincumbent water. The fact is notorious among seamen, that however carefully and strongly the line may be made, it never has been recovered after being once sunk. Yankee ingenuity, says the same authority, has successfully met the difficulty. A hole is drilled through a sixty-four pound shot, to which is fitted a rod perfectly solid, with the exception of an inch and a half at the bottom, which is bored out for the purpose of receiving and bringing up a specimen of what it has come in contact with at the bottom. Certain fixtures are attached to it, by which, so soon as the bottom is

reached, the ball becomes detached, and no difficulty is experienced in drawing up the rod.

Another very interesting marine announcement is the accomplishment of the *north-west passage*, by Commander M'Clure. He brings no news of Sir John Franklin, after spending three polar winters in the desperate search. We cannot glean from the papers many particulars of his course, but learn that he has sailed from Davis's Straits on the east, through the great Arctic ocean, to near Behring's Straits on the west, and has shown the existence of an uninterrupted water communication from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific. His course, as near as can be gathered from the brief announcement of the fact made by the English Admiralty, was through the Prince of Wales's Straits, connecting with Barrow's Straits, to a cliff south of Melville Island, called Banks' Land, and thence through fies and hummocks of almost impenetrable ice to a place called Baring's Island, in the Bay of Mercy. The precise position of this island we are unable to ascertain; but it seems to be sufficiently far east, and near to the outlet of Behring's Straits, on the coast of Asia, to settle the question of the practicability of the passage.

The *Evening Post* contains an interesting letter from Boston respecting Mr. Richardson's *atmospheric telegraph*, for the transportation of packages with great velocity through an air-exhausted tube. The inventor proposes, in case a capital of \$500,000 be raised for the object, (although \$300,000 is considered an adequate sum by scientific men,) to lay an underground tube of two feet in diameter below the frost, through which he will transmit packages or mails of any weight, in fifteen minutes or even less, from Boston to New-York and the important way stations. In front of these commodities is the plunger, to which they are attached, and which fits so closely that no air can escape it. The air before it is exhausted by a steam-engine, and the plunger propelled to its destination by simple atmospheric pressure. The *Scientific American* thus explains its operation:—

"Suppose a line of two-foot tube laid from Boston to New-York, it would contain about 4,000,000 cubic feet of air. Suppose twenty pumps, of ten feet diameter and ten stroke, are located at the Boston end, connected with the cylinder: these twenty pumps contain about 15,714 1-7 cubic feet. Suppose the pumps are worked twenty strokes in a minute, we have removed 314,287 2-5 cubic feet. Suppose the plunger was let in at New-York at the commencement of operating the pumps, and the pumps continued to run for fifteen minutes, in which same rate 4,714,279 2-7 feet of air would be removed, and the cylinder only containing 4,000,000, the plunger must reach Boston about as soon as this work could be performed, so far as we can see, and the same result the other way."

The foreign papers received since our last issue report the death of Arago, the greatest *savant* of the times, if we except Humboldt, and even that exception is questionable. He was in his sixty-eighth year at the time of his death. His discoveries in science have been numerous and important. His determination

of the diameter of planets was subsequently adopted by Laplace. His discovery of colored polarization, and that of magnetism by rotation, gained him the Copley medal. As Secretary of the Academy of Science, he had a vast field for research, and published many notices of new applications and discoveries. He was a member of nearly all the scientific societies of the world.

From the minute scientific announcements of the day, we glean the following:—

A popular Geographical Institution has been organized in London. It will attempt a collection of all the maps, charts, and geographical works published throughout the world, and proposes to maintain a competent body of demonstrators and lecturers, who shall deliver regular courses of lectures upon physical and political geography and ethnology.

Two snow-capped mountains, Kilimanjaro and Kenia by name, have been discovered by missionaries in Eastern Africa, and within the tropics.

A locomotive was recently run on the Egyptian railroad, much to the astonishment of the Bedouin Arabs, who found that it was in vain to attempt to keep pace with it with their fleet horses. Civilization will yet return to her ancient home in the land of the Pyramids.

Gutta-percha is being applied to innumerable uses. *The Home Journal* says that maps, charts, and engravings may be varnished by a delicate coating of gutta-percha. It is perfectly transparent, and is said to improve the appearance of pictures. Documents may be rendered water-proof, and effectually preserved by coating both sides with the same material.

Besides the ruins of Assyria, enormous remains exist in *Babylonia*, which have been scarcely visited by Europeans. It appears highly probable that the rich discoveries already made by Mr. Botta and Mr. Layard, bear no proportion to the treasures that lie undetected in the earth. The explorations, so successfully begun, of these buried nations, are to be pushed more vigorously than ever.

Small vexations are sometimes the most trying, hence their remedies may be deemed proportionably valuable. German physicians have discovered that carbonate of magnesia, used internally, is a valuable cure for warts.—Dr. Castle, of this country, has taught all whom it may concern how to remove rings which are too small to be slipped over the finger-joints. His *modus operandi* is to clean the ring with chalk, then apply quicksilver, which permeates the metal, and in a few minutes renders it so brittle that it may be broken by a gentle pressure.

Professor Encke, the astronomer, has been appointed Rector of the University of Berlin, an honorable post, which will be worthily occupied by one who has attained so high a scientific reputation abroad and in his own country.

Mr. Leone Levi has had the honor to receive from the king of Prussia the gold medal for science, in appreciation of his work on the Commercial Law of the World.

The inventors who have articles on exhibition at the Crystal Palace have held a meeting in New-York, and organized an association called "*The National Inventors' Union*," and passed resolutions declaring their intention to endeavor to obtain a more protective patent law than the one now in existence, and to hold an annual Inventors' Fair alternately in the various States or cities. Inventors in all parts of the country are requested to become members.

Abbott Lawrence has announced his intention of bestowing fifty thousand dollars on the *Lawrence Scientific School* at Cambridge, in addition to the same amount given by him to that institution some eight years ago.

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. The fact is worth knowing, if it—be a fact.

Uniting the Continents.—The practicability of laying down a submarine telegraph between Great Britain and America, has been guaranteed by many eminent engineers, and arrangements are about being made for connecting the Old and New World. The distance between Galway and Halifax, the two nearest points of communication, is about one thousand six hundred miles. Many estimates for the execution of the work have been sent in, varying from £300,000 to £800,000.

The London press mentions a successful application of *chloroform* upon a man of immense physical power, while under a violent attack of cholera. While in the most violent paroxysms of pain and spasm the chloroform was administered, and the struggling giant tamed into the quiet of a sleeping infant. The functions being suspended, the horrible symptoms ceased, the medicines became absorbed, and in an hour the man was restored to consciousness, and the disease was conquered.

Discovery of Amber.—Pieces of amber have for some time past been found on the coast of Courland, but in such small quantities that it was hardly considered worth while to collect them. In recently cutting a canal for draining a lake near that of Anserche, on the eastern coast of Courland, between 57° 10' and 58° 20' of north latitude, and not far from the Gulf of Riga, pieces of amber were found, and, on the search being continued, more pieces were picked up on the banks of the Lake of Anserche itself. At first the discovery was kept secret, as the lakes belong to the crown, and the amber was secretly sold for small sums by the persons who found it. But the inhabitants of the adjacent villages gradually became acquainted with the fact, and they made a practice of going *en masse* on Sundays to collect the amber. The priests, annoyed at seeing the churches abandoned, made inquiries as to the cause, and, on learning it, made it known to the authorities. The pieces of amber are for the most part transparent, and some of them are so large that they fetch from five to six roubles. In some of the pieces winged insects have been found.

We have small space for fine-art gossip this month.

Gibson's *Statue of the late Sir Robert Peel* has been erected in the north transept of Westminster Abbey, under the superintendence of the sculptor. The statue was sculptured at Rome. It is of the life-size, in pure white marble, and stands on a pedestal of blue-veined marble. The likeness is good, and the attitude expressive, representing the late statesman in the act of addressing the Senate, and marking an emphasis by the pressure of the palm of the left hand with a scroll which he holds in the right hand.

An old picture, recently sold at a sale at Bordeaux for a mere trifle, (£2.) turns out to be by Othon Vanveen, the master of Rubens. It has since been sold for one thousand pounds. It is five feet high and three wide; and the subject is *Abigail going to meet David*.

Mr. George Hughes, of London, has invented a portable running-hand apparatus, which enables a blind person to join letters together, and to write with clearness, straightness, and uniformity, without needing the aid of others.

A gigantic equestrian statue in bronze of Charles XVI. of Sweden (*Bernadotte*) has just been cast in one jet—with the exception of the head and right arm of the king, and of the head and tail of the horse—in the Royal Foundry at Munich. It is seventeen feet high, and between twenty and thirty tons in weight; and yet the horse is made to stand on his hind legs. The statue has been designed by M. Fogelberg, a Swedish sculptor of note, and is destined for Stockholm.

The block of *Egyptian granite* intended for the Washington National Monument has been received on the ground. It is a solid block of about a yard in length by the same in height, and about two feet thick. In shape it distantly resembles a huge anvil. Though very hard, this granite is exceeded in that respect by some of our own—as the Quincy granite. It is from the remains of the Alexandrian Library. There is no inscription on it, and it is only very coarsely worked.

Every Christian scholar feels a lively interest in whatever relates to the Holy Land and the adjacent countries. M. Maxime Du Camp is publishing, in England, a book of *Photographic Pictures of Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, and Syria*. These pictures, one hundred and twenty-five in number, have great clearness, and will give the untraveled a good knowledge of hieroglyphical sculpture.

Some years since, a fine headless marble statue of the Emperor Tiberius was discovered in the Island of Capri, in some ground belonging to Signor Arcucci. It was purchased for the Vatican collection, where it now is. Near the same site, within the last few months, what is supposed to be the head of the statue has been discovered. It now lies in a private house, having been seen by a few of the islanders only, among whom it of course excites no curiosity.

The Prince of Syracuse, who so meritoriously distinguished himself during last winter by his interesting excavations at Cumæ, is now making

his "villeggiatura" at Sorrento, and breaking up the ground in that interesting neighborhood. The prince has sold all the objects which were found last year at Cumæ to a private museum at Rome. The excavations will be resumed at Cumæ in the winter.

The Cartoons of Raphael are on exhibition at Hampton Court, London. The subjects of these wonderful designs are the death of Ananias, Elymas the Sorcerer, the miraculous draught of fishes, Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, Paul preaching at Athens, and Christ's charge to Peter. An ingenious copyist, availing himself of the newly perfected art of printing in oil-colors, has transferred to a set of cards the whole series of the Cartoons, with much of the life and force of the original pictures. At the same time they are afforded at so cheap a rate as to be within the reach of almost every family. They will soon be offered in the American market.

A monument to the memory of *James Watt* is to be erected in Edinburgh, in front of the Watt Institution and School of Arts. It is expected that the monument will be inaugurated on the 19th of January next, the anniversary of the birth of Watt.

The new Duke of Saxe Weimar has ordered the castle of Wartburg, in which Luther was secreted after being placed under the ban of the empire, and in which he worked at his translation of the Bible, to be decorated with appropriate mural paintings.

The monument erected to the captors of Major André was dedicated in October last.

Bayard Taylor, of the *New-York Tribune*, has received an appointment as one of the corps of artists sent out with the Japan expedition.

Madame Jenny Lind will next season visit England, to give concerts. Benedict, the composer, has gone to see her, at Dresden, and to stand godfather to her son.

Prof. Koepfen, of Lancaster College, has been in New-York lately, superintending the publication of his great work on the geography of the Middle Ages.

Hiram Powers, the sculptor, has been appointed Commercial Agent of the United States at Florence.

There was a meeting of editors, authors, publishers, and practical printers, at the County Court-house, Philadelphia, recently, to deliberate upon the ways and means to erect a monument over the remains of *Benjamin Franklin*.

The *New-York Times* says that a new "House Printing Telegraph" line is to be built from Troy to Montreal, which will make the fifth line leading from New-York to Montreal and Quebec.

A *Horological Cradle* is on exhibition at the Crystal Palace. It moves by clock-work, and will rock about twenty-four hours without any one going near it.

A correspondent of the *London Builder* strongly recommends the universal use of India ink in preparing all manuscripts intended to convey information to future ages. The inks used by our forefathers contained carbon, and that substance is the base of India ink.

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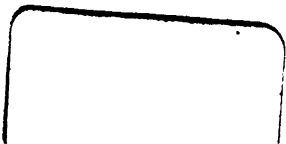
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