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(Class of 1817)



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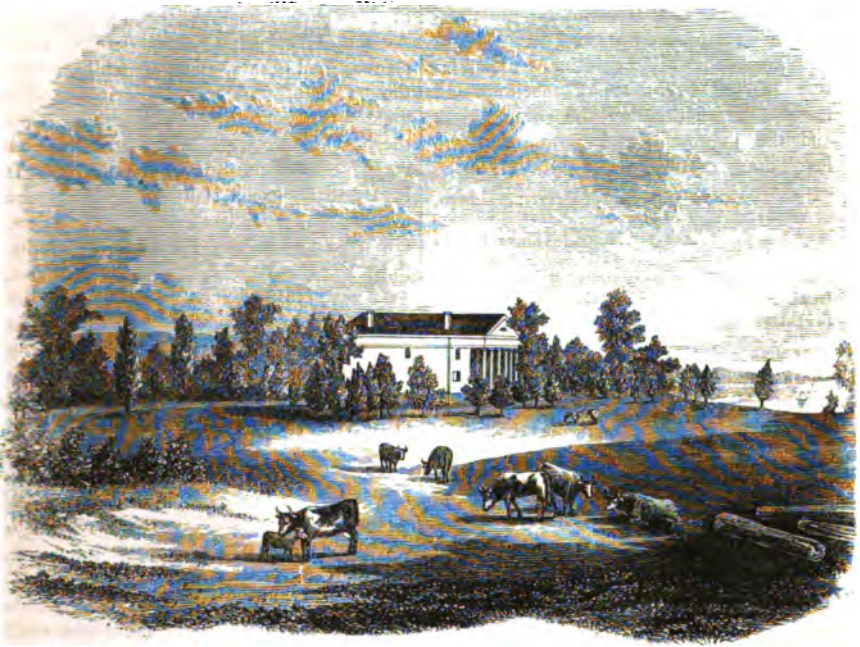
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NEWBURGH AND THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

NEWBURGH is pleasantly situated on the western bank of the Hudson, sixty miles from New-York, having a rapid communication with that city, and, by the Erie Railroad, with the Great West. It received its name from its first settlers, who were Germans, and who, after surveying the present site of the town, about the year 1719, abandoned it for some reason unknown. These were followed by a mixed population that completed what their predecessors had planned. About six miles to the west is a fine sheet of water, called Orange Lake. The old name, which is more beautiful, was *Bennin Water*. Three miles west of the town is a small lake, called Little Pond, from which water is brought by an aqueduct for the use of

the village. This arrangement furnishes the inhabitants with water preferable to the Croton of New-York; while the attractiveness of the place is increased by the salubrity of the air, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

One of the finest views of Newburgh and its vicinage is from Beacon Hill, a lofty peak on the opposite side of the river, and not far from the village of *Matteawan*.

A party started, early one morning in July, to make this exhilarating though toilsome ascent. Five romantic young men, we had an idea that a sunrise view from Beacon Hill would be a very pleasant affair. However, we saw a sunrise on the Hudson.

Such a scene is, nevertheless, worth

the attention of a student of nature. As I gazed from the Newburgh shore, in the morning twilight, a slight trembling of the glassy waters showed the approach of dawn. It was like a gentle breeze, but it was not that; *it was only a breeze of light*, the first faint harbinger of day. Then, as the vanishing and swelling radiance fell on the waters, the face of the river blushed, and glowed like the cheek of beauty under the conflict of hope and fear. During this struggle for the mastery of light over darkness I was thrilled with an indescribable emotion,—a conviction of the sublimity of morning. I thought of the creation, the resurrection, and the judgment, and murmured, with involuntary rapture,—

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven first born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is
light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate."

It was a daring flight of the prince of poets when his powerful imagination soared into the spirit-world and suggested the possibility of light co-eternal with God.

We glided easily over the river in a small boat, and, after a short drive, found ourselves climbing the side of the mountain. First, we rose along the side of a deep ravine, winding, ascending, and climbing, till we came into a more even path, hemmed in by mountain peaks. Then appeared the South Beacon at our right, still at a distance. Our way now became more intricate, as we struck off into the woods, guided by a few marked trees. After losing our way once or twice, our persevering guide at length brought us to the summit in safety.

Campbell has felicitously sung,—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

This charm of Beacon Hill was gone; but another "enchantment," deeper, wider, grander, seized the soul. The feeling of awe was such as almost to lead me to fall prostrate, with my face upon the rock—that alone seemed capable of dispelling the illusion that there was indeed some danger of being dragged into the gulf beneath. The view on every hand is inspiring. In the distance, Poughkeepsie, with its towers and white-walled cottages, can be

distinctly seen. The mountain ranges of distant states bear the horizon on their tops; and the magnificent Hudson, now revealed in his windings among the hills, has dwindled down to a creek. At the south, toward Cold Spring, and below West Point, a part of the river appears like a lake among the mountains. To complete our enjoyment, a most excellent spy-glass, which one of our company had brought, revealed the people in the streets of Newburgh, some going up Western Avenue, displaying their white shirt sleeves, and others, more genteelly, under the shade of umbrellas, showing that it must have been extremely warm down there, while we were enjoying a delicious coolness from our elevated position. It is said that Beacon Hill received its name at the bloody baptism of the Revolution. On its iron top was kindled the beacon-fire that roused the valley of the Hudson, and gave to the inhabitants, far at the north, the intelligence that the foe was advancing up the river. Here, like a column of fire, it rose in the gloom of the darkening heavens, an appropriate symbol of war.

After lingering some time on this dreamy spot, we descended to where a road, branching off, led to another peak, called the North Beacon, and not so high as the South Beacon. Here the view, though not so extensive, is more picturesque. The little town of Matteawan nestles at the base of the mountain, near enough to enable us to see clearly the movements of the people, and the dwellings, arranged as on a map, and to hear the hum of life wafted up among the songs of birds and the music of the trees.

From this position the increasing heat of the sun warned us to retire, and, after a hasty descent, we fell in with a stage-coach going to the river, reached the ferry-boat just at the right time, and parted from each other in Newburgh as tired and happy a set of men as ever reached home in safety.

One of the most beautiful spots in the vicinity of Newburgh is the residence of Mr. Philip A. Verplanck, an engraving of which heads this article. This beautiful retreat is reached by a road that descends through a small dell, and winds up a slight hill, with meadows sloping off at each side. Murderer's Creek comes in at the right, and the river, with Pollo-



THE TURK'S FACE.

pel's Island, is in front. The house stands on a high, but level plot of ground, commanding a fine view north and south. When seen from the top of Snake Hill, this estate has the appearance of a green mound crowned with a wreath of groves. On the steep bluff across the creek is "Idlewild," the villa of N. P. Willis, who has written some of the loftiest strains of our American poetry. Newburgh is also favored with the residence of J. T. Headley, the author of "Washington and his Generals," "Napoleon and his Marshals," and of several other popular works. Mr. Headley lives, in classic retirement, about a mile south of the village. At the west of Mr. Verplanck's, situated in a glen, is an old house, formerly the head-quarters of General Lafayette. At Plum Point, near the shore of the river, are still to be seen, in good preservation, the embankments of a battery of fourteen guns, intended to protect

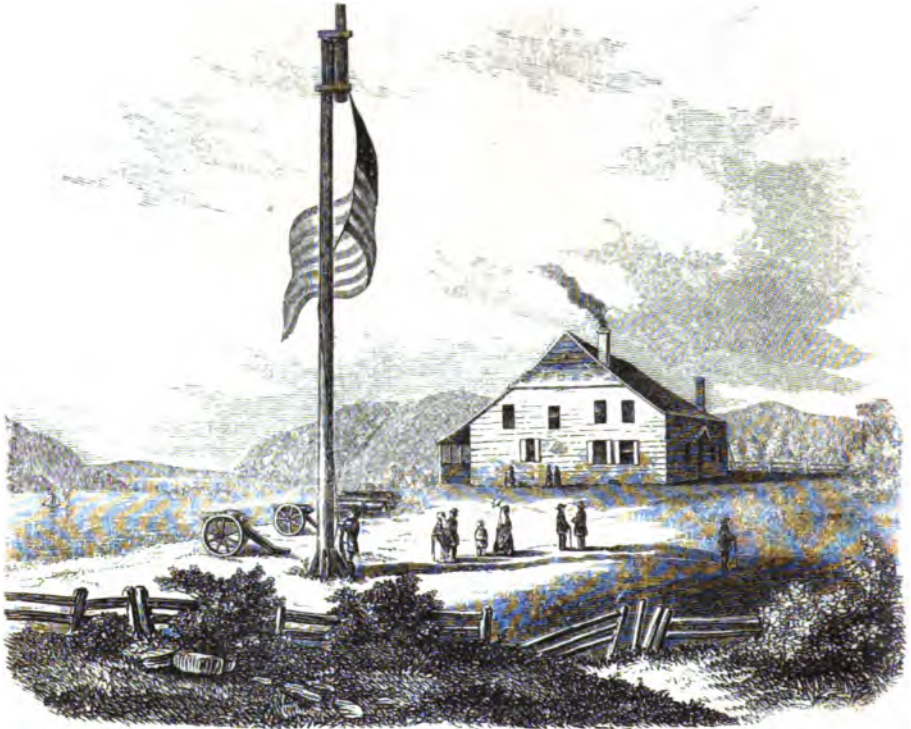
the *chevaux-de-frise* stretching across the channel of the river to Pollopel's Island. These fortifications, being in the woods, and so near the water's edge, have escaped the plow, that great leveler of the monuments of war. A portion of the *chevaux-de-frise* is to be seen at Washington's head-quarters in the village.

Opposite Verplanck's, on the other side of the river, is Break-Neck Mountain, which possesses some interest from its having had a resemblance to the human countenance. This curious formation was called Turk's Face, and could be easily seen from the deck of a steamboat when approaching Pollopel's Island. A sad catastrophe befell Turk's nose. A company were quarrying near by for granite, when a jolly Irishman put a blast of powder before the Turk's face, saying, rather mischievously, he thought the old fellow would like to have his nose blown. And,

sure enough, his nose was blown; but so violently that it was broken off, and has never been seen since. As the story runs, the poor Irishman was himself, shortly after, blown up and killed. The admirers of the curious and beautiful will be half inclined to believe that this man was hurried from the world as a punishment for his wanton destruction of the works of nature. The picture here given is believed to contain the only representation of Turk's Face now in existence. It was painted by Tice, and daguerreotyped by

Gorseline, from the original picture. May the same hand that has preserved to us the portrait of this man of the rock long hold the pencil, that beneath his touch the scenes of our beautiful Hudson may glow on the canvas!

Among the objects of greatest interest in Newburgh may be mentioned the old stone house, where Washington had his head-quarters during the stay of the army at New-Windsor. This house is now the property of the state of New-York. The small windows, the antiquated piazza, and



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

the long steep roof, render it a very suitable monument of the Revolution. The stranger is greeted at the entrance by a lady whose duties, assigned her by the state, are performed with much urbanity. The room used as Washington's parlor is small, but neat, and in plain old style. A feeling of awe begins to pervade the mind even here. You pass into the dining room. The old Dutch fire-place, with its high, massive jambs—its flue, broad and ample, where you may stand erect, and look straight out at the heavens, is cer-

tainly the very thing that must have accorded with Washington's ideas of Virginia comfort and hospitality. Here, too, around the blazing fire, stood the officers who supported our noble chief. Here Knox, as true as steel, and Wayne, with lion heart, stood and talked of Arnold's treachery, and of the hope and daring of our gallant men. And here, too, is the old black-walnut table, around which they gathered at the social repast. In the fire-place hangs a small copper tea-kettle, from which tea has been drawn for Wash-



USUAL KNAPP.

ington, Lafayette, Kosciusko, and other illustrious patriots. How noble the conduct of Washington, who, though possessed of wealth, and able to import luxuries from England, resolved to abandon the use of tea, (of which, according to Irving, he was fond.) and of all other articles that bore the odious British tax. Looking a little further you may see, in one corner of the room, a piece of oak timber, water worn, and hard as iron; it is a part of the *chevaux-de-frise*, placed at Plum Point to prevent the British from ascending the river. Timbers of hard wood, pointed with iron, and so placed as to pierce ships attempting to pass, were certainly a formidable barrier, especially when guarded by a battery on shore. Here, too, is a bomb-shell that was found near the battery that was stationed to sweep the river at this point. The case at the north side of the room is full of interesting relics, at which we can only glance, without pretending even to mention the great multitude of things that one might study. Here is a surveyor's chain, used by Charles Clinton from 1731

till his death. Charles Clinton was the grandfather of De Witt Clinton. The Clintons were great men, of whom our country may justly boast. The family originated from this neighborhood, a little distance below Newburgh. Next we see a piece of the old Jersey Prison-ship, and a spur worn by Major André. "A vest of Washington's"—beware, credulous stranger; read the word "time," just below, or you may think Washington wore that vest, that probably set off some flashy dragoon. There you see a bayonet, the point of which was broken off in the wall of the fort at Stony Point while in the body of a British soldier. That was a terrible night to the British when Wayne and his iron men came pressing on, in death-like silence, with unloaded guns, and bayonets set, while the startled sleepers heard the night guard cry, "To arms! to arms!" But they awoke to surrender or die. Wayne had divided his men into two companies, taking the command of one himself. The two divisions met in the center of the fort, and victory was won.

Another interesting relic in this room is the portrait of Usual Knapp, the last surviving member of "Washington's Life-Guard." This picture was painted by Tice, and is a very correct representation of the original. It is from a daguerreotype from the life, taken in the summer of 1854. Mr. Knapp was born in Connecticut in 1759, and is, therefore, now ninety-six years old. The infirmities of years are pressing hard upon that giant frame; but there are traces of the ancient strength that was roused to guard the life of Washington. At the last anniversary of the battle of Plattsburgh, on the 11th of September, in Newburgh, Usual Knapp was present. All eyes were fixed upon him, and all hearts were filled with the awe expressed in the language of Webster: "Venerable man! you have come down to us from a former generation." Yes! this interesting scene is fading from our eyes, and the last representative of "Washington's Life-Guard" will be seen no more; but he shall live in the stirring history of the ancient time, and in the grateful memory of freemen.

Passing into the armory, we behold the memorials of American bravery, from the days of the Revolution down to the Mexican war. Here may be seen battle-axes taken from the British by Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, a musket used at Bunker Hill, muskets brought from France by Lafayette, and a cartridge-box picked up on the field of Plattsburgh. A bullet hole through it shows that some poor fellow was shot in the back. But the mind soon "sups full of horrors." Still, some of these terrible instruments of death have a friendly look, on account of the associations that linger around them.

We go into the bed-room where Washington slept. Here, very appropriately, is hung a picture of Lafayette. Letters and frames cover the sides of the room. One of these is the copy of a letter found upon a spy, who came, unwittingly, into the American camp, misled by the name of Clinton, who proved to be one of our own generals, instead of the British General, Sir Henry Clinton. When the spy found himself caught, he was seen to put something into his mouth and swallow it. A dose of tartar-emetic compelled him to disgorge a silver bullet of oval shape, which, by means of a compound screw, disclosed the following secret dispatch:—

"FORT MONTGOMERY, October 8, 1777.

"*Nous y voici*, and nothing now between us and Gates. I sincerely hope that this little success of ours may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of the 28th of September by C. C., I shall only say I cannot presume to order, or even advise, for reasons obvious. I heartily wish you success.

"Faithfully yours,

"H. CLINTON."

Here, too, is the sword worn by Lafayette during the Revolution, and presented to Col. Barber, in exchange for his own, after the surrender of Yorktown. We learn that the sword of General Jackson has recently been presented to the U. S. Congress, and will rest at the capitol, with the sword of Washington and the staff of Franklin.

We hasten to glance, in front of the house, at the remnant of the chain that has been recently raised from the bottom of the river at West Point. This consisted of large iron links, nearly two feet long and two inches thick. There were three such links between the logs by which they were floated. These logs are eighteen feet long and two feet in diameter. The chain is attached to the logs by large iron collars, from four to six inches wide and two inches thick. The logs were chained in this manner at both ends, thus forming a double chain, or, as many suppose, what is known in military phrase as a *boom*. This chain, it is said, was never broken by the British; but, to make way for our own shipping, was let loose, and sunk to the bottom of the river.

I cannot describe the impression this curious relic made upon my mind. I seemed to be standing in the olden time on the banks of the Hudson. The roving Indian had not yet left the land, dear to him by its natural beauty, and hallowed by the graves of his fathers. He stands watching in deep perplexity these warlike preparations. He beholds the hills fortified by cannon, and across the wide river he sees swung the Titan chain which would defy, apparently for ages, his slender canoe, and the utmost exertion of his rude skill. The chain is indeed gone, but another, more stupendous, stretches with its iron bands from the mouth to the source of the stream that smiled on the ancient red man, and the mighty steambot, with the rushing car, the monuments of power and of pride, assert the presence of a severe unconquered race.

I now proceed to gather up the sacred memories that cluster around Newburgh as the abode of the illustrious Washington. "Washington," says Lossing, "established his head-quarters at New-Windsor in December, 1780, where he remained until June, 1781, when the French, who had quartered during the winter at Newport and Lebanon, formed a junction with the Americans on the Hudson. In April, 1783, he established his head-quarters at Newburgh, two miles above the village of New-Windsor, where he continued most of the time until November, 1783, when the continental army was disbanded."

Over the ancient camp, once covered by a forest, now are seen growing, by the road side, or in the fields, various fruit trees, which have been sown at random from the waste fruit of the army. There are seen also the remains of old fire-places and huts, but the traces of these will ere long pass away. Here stood "The Temple," on an eminence commanding a view of the camp-ground, and also of the Highlands, the great mountain-gate of the Hudson. This temple, called also "The New Building," though rude in construction, being built of logs, was well adapted to the purposes for which it was designed, as a masonic hall, and a place of assembly for the congenial spirits of the army. While the army was at Newburgh the famous papers, commonly called "The Newburgh Letters," were written. The first of these was communicated by Colonel Lewis Nicola, in behalf of the army, to General Washington. After setting forth the sufferings and grievances of the soldiers, he appealed to the ambition of Washington, and proposed the name ever obnoxious to republican ears—**KING**. What a bribe to aspiring ambition, and what a delicate appeal to the heart of one who felt with the strongest sympathies of generous manhood? His old companions in arms, with strong affection for him, were ready to pronounce the name that cringing subjects carve in gold. Besides, Washington had already, in time of great danger, been invested with the actual power of military dictator. Other plausible excuses for the assumption of kingly power might have been suggested. But no! Washington will not falter. By the unerring integrity of a noble and good heart he is borne on, unconsciously, to a more resplendent crown.

Detraction might whisper that it was only the profound foresight of Washington that saved him from this gilded snare. His whole previous career contradicts such a narrow supposition. The first outburst of the Revolution, which exhibited an intense hatred of wrong, and a settled resistance to tyranny, is thus described by Washington Irving:—

"From the time of taking command at Boston he (General Gage) had, been perplexed how to manage its inhabitants. Had they been hot-headed, impulsive, and prone to paroxysm, his task would have been comparatively easy; but it was the cool, shrewd common-sense by which all their movements were regulated that confounded him.

"High-handed measures had failed of the anticipated effect. Their harbor had been thronged with ships, their town with troops. The port-bill had put an end to commerce; wharves were deserted, warehouses closed, streets grass-grown and silent. The rich were growing poor, and the poor were without employ; yet the spirit of the people was unbroken. There was no uproar, however; no riots; everything was awfully systematic, and according to rule. Town meetings were held, in which public rights and public measures were eloquently discussed by John Adams, Josiah Quincy, and other eminent men. Over these meetings Samuel Adams presided as moderator; a man clear in judgment, calm in conduct, inflexible in resolution, deeply grounded in civil and political history, and infallible on all points of constitutional law."^o

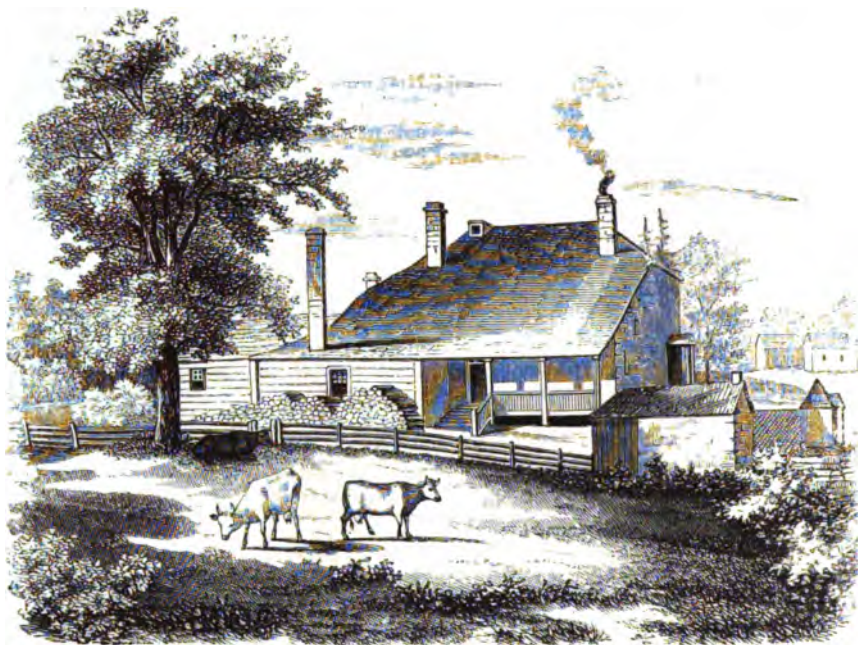
Washington at that time had no idea that the colonies would assert their independence. He was then as pure a loyalist as he was afterward a republican. He says in a letter to a friend, Captain Mackenzie,—

"I think I can announce it as a fact that it is not the wish or interest of that government, (Massachusetts), or any other upon this continent, separately or collectively, to set up for independence; but this you may at the same time rely on, that none of them will ever submit to the loss of their valuable rights and privileges, which are essential to the happiness of every free state, and without which life, liberty, and property are rendered totally insecure."[†]

Such was the man who started on horseback from Mount Vernon, with Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, to attend the first General Congress at Philadelphia. In this august assembly Washington exhibited that profound wisdom that marked him the greatest statesman

^o Irving's Life of Washington, vol. 1, pp. 394, 395.

[†] Irving's Life of Washington, vol. 1, p. 407.



KNOX'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

as well as the ablest military leader in America.

Let us return from this digression. It was not best for Washington to seek to check harshly this dangerous movement. There was need of caution. It was, therefore, a wise policy when he summoned the officers together to consider the proposals of the malcontents in a special council. They had referred to their great general as favorable to their plan. He came already, the kind adviser of those mighty men, some of whom were old and tried in battle, others young, fiery, and panting for war. He came the friend and father of his country. Washington had prepared an address. He wrote it on the piazza of the old stone house, with the battlements of God—the great mountains—around him, and with the broad Hudson glimmering before him. On his way to the temple he stopped at the head-quarters of General Knox, at New-Windsor. The house is still standing. It is a wild and dreamy mansion, with its babbling waters, its old mill, its broad lawn, and ancient trees.

As Washington arose to address his brothers, he was compelled to use glasses.

This gave occasion to say, "Gentlemen! you see I have not only grown gray, but blind in your service." The effect of this remark was electrical.

The recent address to the army had been written by a concealed hand, and went so far as to propose to intimidate Congress, that justice thus, if in no other way, might be secured. The appeal of Washington, while it sifted closely the insidious doctrines of this anonymous paper, was full of generous sympathy for his compatriots in arms, and pledged all his efforts and influence for their relief. The movement was crushed. The writer of these seditious papers was Major John Armstrong; but the moving spring was probably the disappointed ambition of General Gates, to whom this younger officer was aide-de-camp.

Addressing the army, the anonymous writer had said, "Can you consent to wade through the vile mire of dependency, and owe the miserable remnant of that life to charity which has hitherto been spent in honor? If you can, go, and carry with you the jest of Tories and the scorn of Whigs; the ridicule, and, what is worse, the pity of the world! Go, starve, and

be forgotten!" To this Washington replied, "Let me request you to rely on the plighted faith of your country, and place a full confidence in the purity of the intentions of Congress, that, previous to your dissolution as an army, they will cause all your accounts to be fairly liquidated, as directed in the resolutions which were published to you two days ago, and that they will adopt the most effectual measures in their power to render ample justice to you for your faithful and meritorious services. And let me conjure you in the name of our common country, as you value your own sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, and as you regard the military and national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wishes, under any specious pretences, to overturn the liberties of our country, and who wickedly attempts to open the flood-gates of civil discord, and deluge our rising empire with blood."

Another pleasing association, that enshrines Newburgh in the heart of America, is, that here the army was disbanded in 1783. Washington parted here from Knox, and Steuben, and the amiable and chivalrous Lafayette. It seems to me, when I look upon the lovely scenery that surrounds us, when the wind plays gently among the trees, or kisses the glowing cheek of the Hudson, that I hear in those tranquil sounds the suppressed utterances of love, the sighs of parting friends, and the hopeful whispers of faithful hearts. Sometimes Nature invites to melancholy meditations along the peaceful waters, or on the shaded lawn; but, not unfrequently, the sun rises over our bold hills, like a daring rider through the sky; or our strong river hurries on its way, bearing gay steamboats and freighted ships, and seems to laugh outright; or the mysterious tops of Beacon Hill and the recesses of the distant Crow Nest are invested with clouds, and shaken with thunder. Ever in our sight, down the stream, we behold West Point, the school of our young warriors, and the Gibraltar of America; but with the magnificent pageant of beating drums, and waving plumes, and fair women weaving chaplets for the brave, a mightier spell awes the heart of the free-man when he gazes on the blue hills of Newburgh, the refuge of the Eagle of Liberty and the home of Washington.

[For the National Magazine.]

WINTER BOUQUET.

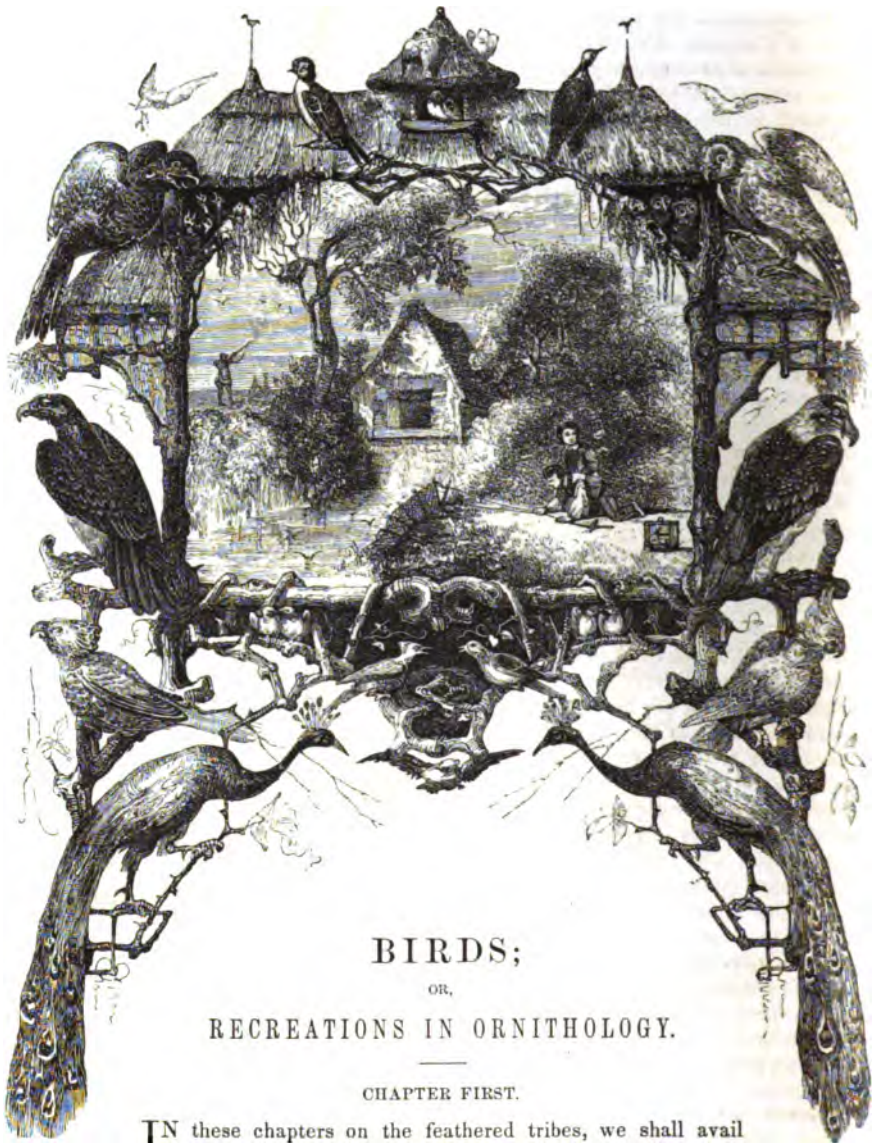
Not bright gay flowers
From fragrant bowers—
Not petaled gems
From tender stems
I pluck with willing hand:
For ah! our Northern land
Is now the home of snows.
No modest violet shows
Its tender form
On hill-side warm;
And all is drear
Till spring appear.

But thoughts are free
And fair may be
As summer's own.
The heart alone
Is green all months and days
While spring or autumn stays.
The atmosphere of truth
Gives age the heart of youth.
The winter hearth,
Of all the earth,
Has brightest flowers
From Life's thought-bowers.

Glad thoughts I'll bind,
From realms of mind,
Where forms of love
And beauty rove,
Where sweet pavilions stand
To grace the fairy-land
Of Fancy, blest and free;
Where happy harmony
Wakes all the soul
To Hope's control,
And shows to faith.
Life's holiest path.
O light and shade!
O hill and glade!
Music of streams,
Transports of dreams,
Voices of tenderness,
And smiles of loveliness,
And stars, and flowers, and birds,
And holy cheering words!
What hope and cheer
To banish fear!
What visions blest
To give us rest!

Our every path
A blessing bath,
And beauty lurks
In choicest works
Around each heart and home;
Or, where earth's children roam,
Life's higher temple stands,
And, fashioned without hands,
Its bliss invites
To holier heights:
Nor fade the flowers
In Heaven's own bowers!

HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way—all the miseries of our pilgrimage.



BIRDS;
OR,
RECREATIONS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

CHAPTER FIRST.

IN these chapters on the feathered tribes, we shall avail ourselves of all the sources of information within our reach; and aim, mainly, to interest and instruct the general reader.

With such ample resources as are found in the sprightly pages of Wilson, and the magnificent volumes of Audubon, it were absurd to pretend to originality any further than in the arrangement of our topics and the condensation of superabundant materials. We owe an acknowledgment also to *Cassell*, who has gleaned from the same sources, and whose volumes on natural history happily blend the scientific with the popular, and evince alike the skill of the engraver and the fidelity of the author.

In the division and classification of *BIRDS*, authors greatly vary. Some naturalists make sixteen different orders, others twelve; and Cuvier, whose system, a little modified, we follow, reduces them to six. They may be called—



- I. ACCIPITRES.—*Birds of Prey.*
- II. INSESSORES.—*Perching Birds.*
- III. SCANSORES.—*Climbers.*
- IV. RASORES.—*Gallinaceous Birds.*
- V. GRALLATORES.—*Wading Birds.*
- VI. NATATORES.—*Swimmers.*

Each of these general divisions will form the subject of a chapter; and our attention is first directed to the *Accipitres*, or birds of prey. In this order are included the different varieties of eagles, vultures, hawks, buzzards, kites, and owls. They are, in general, not remarkable for beauty of plumage, and are distinguished by a strong, sharp bill, more or less curved. They feed on animal substances, subduing the weaker tribes by their superior strength, and are found in all parts of the

world. It is characteristic of birds of this general division that they seldom, if ever, associate in large flocks, and usually dwell in single pairs, and sometimes in solitude. It is also worthy of remark, that among the birds of this general division the females are handsomer, and generally larger, than the males. They occupy a similar place in the animal kingdom with lions, tigers, and the canine and feline races. Like the carnivorous quadrupeds, their temperament is sanguinary and ferocious, and their voices hoarse, shrill, or piercing.

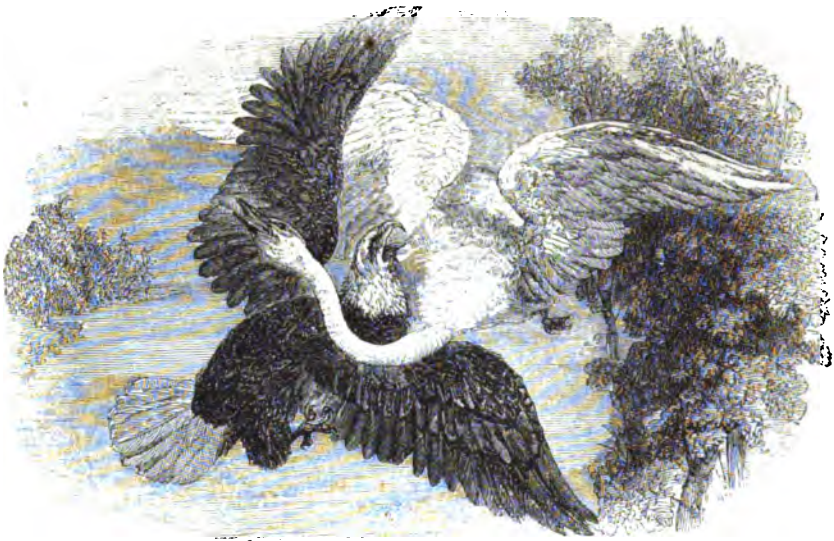
To the *Eagle*, of which there are many varieties, we give the first place. He is known as the king of birds; and by the ancient Romans and Persians, as well as by France and our own country, he has been

selected as the national symbol. The impression on our American coins seems to have been designed for the head of what is known as the imperial eagle, (*aquila heliaca*.) It gives, however, a very inadequate idea of that majestic bird, and with the preposterous gridiron upon which he seems to be broiling, makes rather a fantastic appearance. Other varieties of the eagle are distinguished as the *Golden*, the *White-headed*, the *Wedge-tailed*, the *Caracara*, and several others.

The *White-headed Sea Eagle*, of which we give a representation, (figure 1,) is seldom seen in Europe, but is found in all parts of North America. He seems to be fond of the vicinity of cataracts, great

numbers being seen frequently about the Falls of Niagara. He is a terror to other birds, and, indeed, mainly obtains his living by robbery.

"Elevated," says Wilson, "on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below: the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his attention. By his wide curvature of wing and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk,



settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself with half-opened wings, he watches the result.

"Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardor, and leveling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signals for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk. Each exerts his utmost to mount above the other. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, the latter drops his fish. The eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches

it ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill gotten booty silently away to the woods."

The tyrant, however, is not always so successful. Sometimes the fish-hawks unite, and fall upon him without mercy, and he is obliged to fly away into the woods. An account is given by an eye-witness of a contest between an eagle and a serpent, which we transcribe:—

"In the month of August I was sailing up the Ohio river, when, as we approached a noted spot on the river, we were attracted by several loud screams. I looked above where the sound seemed to originate, and saw an eagle describing circles in the air in a most beautiful and graceful manner. As it wheeled round in its gyrations of mathematical precision, with outstretched but motionless wings, it ever and anon uttered the peculiar scream which first



drew my attention. While I was gazing in admiration at its elegant curves, it suddenly changed its motion, and descended with almost inconceivable velocity in a perpendicular line to the earth. It went down, as one of the passengers described it, 'like a dart.' Before we could express our astonishment, or give any opinion concerning its object, it again rose, and ascended to a great height, with a rapidity almost equal to that of its descent, bearing in its beak a large serpent! As it mounted up, the long body of the snake hung down from the beak of the eagle like the end of a large rope. It was not, however, lifeless. It writhed in every direction, and made strong efforts for its deliverance, but in vain; the eagle held him with a death grip.

"The serpent, resolving to sell its life as dearly as possible, endeavored to impede the flying of the bird, and by dint of hard struggling succeeded in getting its body over the back of the eagle.

"The feathered prince now became aware of his danger. His wings were his only means of safety: if these became bound he must perish with his enemy. All his efforts, however, could not dislodge the snake. The wily serpent, anaconda-like, drew itself more and more tightly round him. It now had the advantage in the contest. The pinions of the eagle were pinioned. The snake, coiled like a rope round

the body of its adversary, was enabled completely to fetter its wings and stop its flight. The struggle ceased. The eagle was conquered! They both began to fall, bound together as they were. They came down as rapidly as they had ascended, and fell in the river. So interested were the officers and passengers in the singular contest that the steamer backed water, a boat put off, and in a few minutes the two belligerents were laid upon our deck, dead!"

Audubon gives an interesting account of the capture and death of the swan, as illustrated in figure 2:—

"The eagle has marked her for his prey. As the swan is passing, the male bird starts from his perch, in full preparation for the chase, with an awful scream that, to the swan's ear, brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun. Now is the moment to witness the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks, by various maneuvers, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the eagle, which, knowing that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with his



talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under side of its wing, and forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore. It is then, reader, that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the

feathered race: while exulting over his prey, he, for the first time, breathes at ease."

The *King Vulture* (figure 3) is a native of South America. On its head is a crown of blood-red skin; its beak is orange-colored and purple; its neck is beautifully diversified with yellow, purple, and violet; the rest of its plumage is

white. It is a powerful bird, exceedingly rapacious, and for all kinds of carrion exceedingly keen-scented. Waterton relates that, while sailing up the Essequibo, he saw a pair of these birds feasting on a goat; and on another occasion he directed the body of a dead serpent to be carried into a forest that it might tempt one of these creatures, and then watched for the result. The foliage of the trees was impervious to the sun's rays, and the snake, of course, invisible to the birds. When, on the third day, the body of the serpent became putrid, as many as twenty of the common vultures hovered around it, who were driven away by a bird of this superior species, who, after stuffing himself almost to suffocation, permitted the others to feed on the remains, which in a short time they completely devoured.

The *American*, or *Carrion Vulture*, is common in the warmer portions of this continent, and is found also in some parts of Europe. It is about four feet and a half in length, and weighs between four and five pounds. Their voracity is almost incredible—their favorite food carrion, and filth of all kinds. They prey especially upon the eggs of alligators, and are thus useful in diminishing the number of those dreaded reptiles; and in some regions of the torrid zone are of great service as scavengers, cleaning the streets of all filth and refuse.

Of this class of birds there are also several other varieties. The most noteworthy is the *Bearded Vulture*, of which we give an engraving, (No. 4.) As the reader perceives, he is nearly allied to the eagle, but has his own distinguishing characteristics. Found throughout Europe, as well as in Asia and Africa, he is the terror of the chamois, the wild goat, and the lamb. The Swiss peasants call him the *Lammergeyer*, or *Lamb-killer*. "Sailing in the air," says Cassell, "above the snow-clad summits of the stupendous Alps, it usually watches till the unwary chamois approaches the edge of a precipice, or traverses the pass of a narrow ledge, and then, sudden and impetuous as the avalanche of its native regions, it rushes down, hurling its victim into the abyss beneath; when, after making a few proud gyrations, as if to delight itself in its success, it plunges down to gorge on the yet quivering flesh."

It is currently reported among the Swiss

peasants that this majestic bird has been known to carry off children, two or three years old, to its nest. A vulture, shot by Bruce, the celebrated traveler, near Gondar, in Abyssinia, measured eight feet four inches from wing to wing, and from the point of its beak to the tip of its tail four feet seven inches. It weighed twenty-two pounds, and was very full of flesh. Its legs were short but muscular, the crown of the head bald, and its eyes remarkably small. Its color is of a dullish brown and gray, the neck and breast of a dirty white, with a shade of orange.

The most remarkable of this class of birds is the *Condor*, peculiar to the immense chain of the Andes, in South America. The celebrated Humboldt and his companions, when exploring these mountains within the limits of perpetual snow, were surrounded by these birds, who showed no signs of fear, suffering themselves to be approached within a short distance, and with no apparent disposition to make an attack. De la Condamine, a French author, relates that the Indians present to the condor, by way of bait, the figure of an infant, formed of very viscous clay, on which it immediately darts, and in which its talons become so fastened that it is unable to extricate them, and is thus captured. Humboldt says that the condors build no nest, depositing their eggs on naked rocks. The female is reported to remain with her young an entire year. From the graceful pen of Mr. Broderip we have the following account of a pair of these birds which were taken while young, and confined in the gardens of the Zoological Society:—

"On one occasion I saw the condors with a newly-laid white egg lying on the naked floor of their prison. There was no appearance of a nest of any kind, and there was something melancholy, and yet ludicrous, in the hopeless expression with which both the parents looked down at it. They regarded the egg, and then each other, as if they would have said, What are we to do with it now we have got it? And the mutual answer of their forlorn eyes and dejected heads was evidently, Nothing. It was proposed that as soon as another egg was laid it should be placed under a hen. Accordingly, on the 7th of May, 1846, at half-past seven o'clock A. M., (I must be pardoned for being somewhat particular on such an occasion,) the newly-laid egg was put under a gaunt motherly-looking nurse of the Dorking breed; and as the colors of hens, as well as horses, are worthy of note, let it be remembered that her color was white, inclining to buff. Day after day, week after week, passed away, and the excel-

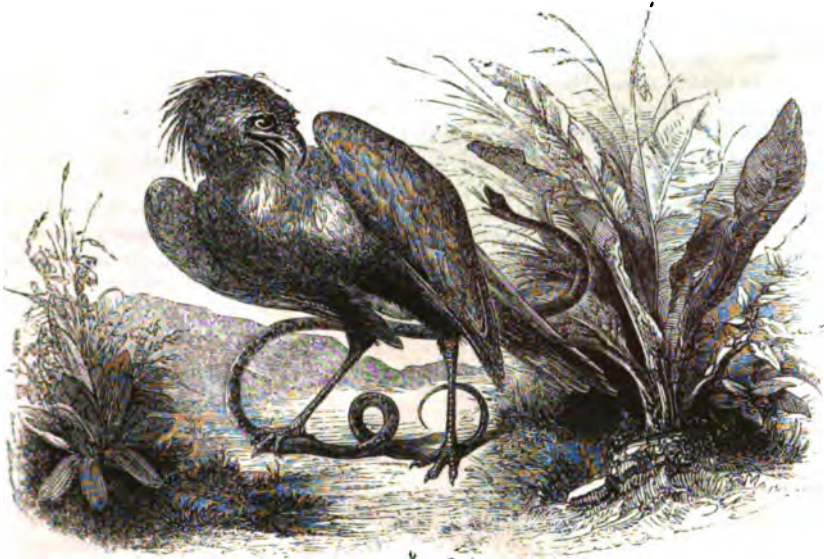


In the morning, at least, after an in-
 tensive search, he found condor,
 and he was soon seen at work in the
 water, even to break the seals of its prison.
 The process of ascending was very slow. The
 water was not extracted from the egg
 till the seventh or eighth hour, nor was it then
 removed without the assistance of the keeper,
 who used a necessary to remove the shell, as
 the condor did not try around the nestling.
 This was the first nest of all possible worlds
 he had ever seen in England. It had
 an odour which was so strong that he wondered how
 it could be so near the evening of the day
 as it was. It was placed in one part of the liver
 of a young man.

It is worth noting the condor is remark-
 ably strong and boldness. Two
 of them will attack a deer; and, pursuing
 a single one wound it with their beak
 and claws until the animal, overcome with
 pain, sticks out its tongue, which the
 hunter takes as a favorite morsel, and
 the victim sinks to the earth and slowly

expires. Sir Francis Head relates a
 most curious encounter which occurred
 between one of these birds and a Cornish
 miner, who accompanied him on his
 travels:—

"The contest," he says, "was extraordinary,
 and the encounter unexpected. No two animals
 can well be imagined less likely to meet than
 a Cornish miner and a condor; and few could
 have calculated a year ago, when the one was
 hovering high above the snowy peak of the
 Cordilleras, and the other many fathoms be-
 neath the surface of the ground in Cornwall,
 that they would ever meet to wrestle and 'bug'
 upon the wide desert plain of Villa Vicencia.
 My companion said he had never had such a
 battle in his life; that he put his knee upon
 the bird's breast, and tried with all his strength
 to twist its neck; but the condor objecting to
 this, struggled violently. He said that at last
 he succeeded in killing his antagonist, and with
 great pride he showed me the large feathers
 from its wings; but when the third horseman
 came in, he told us he had found the condor
 in the path, but not quite dead."



The next in order of the birds of prey is the *Osprey*, or *Ossifrage*, so called from the fact that large fragments of bones have been frequently found in its stomach. It is known also as the *Fish Hawk*, from the sources of its food; and we give a very striking delineation of this terror of the finny tribes in the colder regions of Europe and North America, (figure 5.) Its only food is fish. It never attacks either birds or quadrupeds, and disdains carrion of all kinds. According to Audubon, the ospreys appear in flocks of eight or ten early in the spring along the lakes and rivers of the United States, migrating in the autumn to warmer climates. Its nest is very large, and is made of sticks and sea-weed, measuring frequently four feet across. "The regular arrival of this noted and very beautiful bird," says Wilson, "when the busy season of fishing commences, adds peculiar interest to its first appearance, and procures it many a benediction from the fishermen." The same author appends to his description what he calls

THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN.

The OSPREY sails above the sound,
 The geese are gone, the gulls are flying;
 The herring shoals swarm thick around,
 The nets are launch'd, the boats are plying;
 Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep;
 Raise high the song, and cheerily wish her;
 Still as the bending net we sweep,
 God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!

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She brings us fish,—she brings us spring,
 Good times, fair weather, warmth, and plenty;
 Fine stores of chad, trout, herring, ling,
 Sheep's-head and drum, and old wives dainty.
 Yo ho, my hearts! &c.

She rears her young on yonder tree,
 She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em;
 Like us, for fish she sails to sea,
 And, plunging, shows us where to find 'em.
 Yo ho, my hearts! &c.

The plumage of the osprey is precisely adapted to its circumstances, being beautifully compact. The wings are very long, and extend considerably beyond the tip of the tail; the general color of the upper parts is rich glossy brown, and the tail is barred with alternate bands of a light and dark color. The upper parts of the head and neck are white, a band of brown passing from the beak down the side of the neck. It is about two feet in length, and the expanse of its wings four feet six or eight inches.

Passing away to another continent, we meet an almost totally different specimen of the great Creator's beautiful handiwork; and yet there are similarities which naturalists deem sufficient to give it a place in the same family with the osprey. It is called the *Secretary Bird*, (figure 6.) a native of Southern Africa; and found, says Cassell, tolerably numerous in the neighborhood of the Cape. Its color is light gray, and when standing erect it is

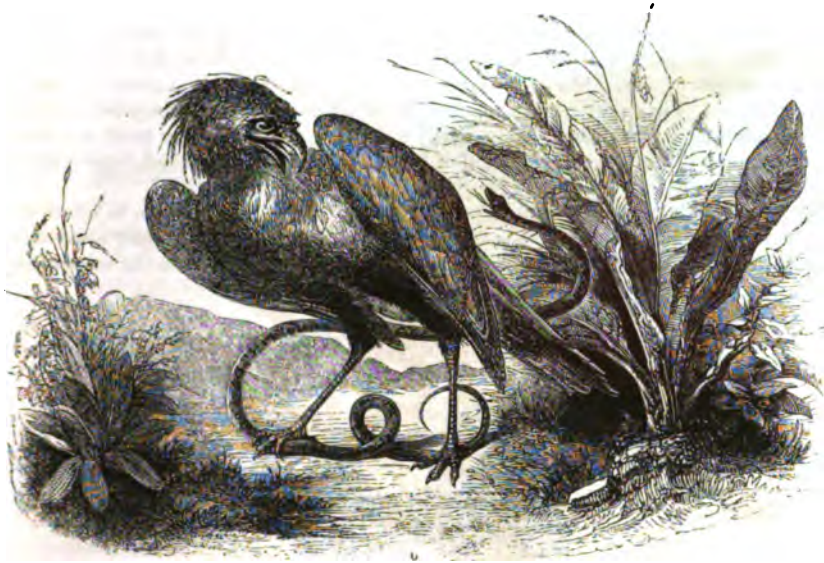


lent nurse continued to sit, until, after an incubation of fifty-four days, the young condor, on the 30th of June, about six o'clock in the morning, began to break the walls of its prison. The process of hatching was very slow. The young bird was not extricated from the egg until after twenty-seven hours, nor was it then released without the assistance of the keeper, who found it necessary to remove the shell, as the membrane had got dry around the nestling. Thus came into this best of all possible worlds the first condor hatched in England. It had an odd appearance, and seemed to wonder how it had got here. On the evening of the day on which it was hatched, it ate part of the liver of a young rabbit."

In its native state the condor is remarkable for its strength and boldness. Two of them will attack a deer; and, pursuing a heifer, they wound it with their beak and talons until the animal, overcome with fatigue, thrusts out its tongue, which the condor seizes as a favorite morsel, and the victim sinks to the earth and slowly

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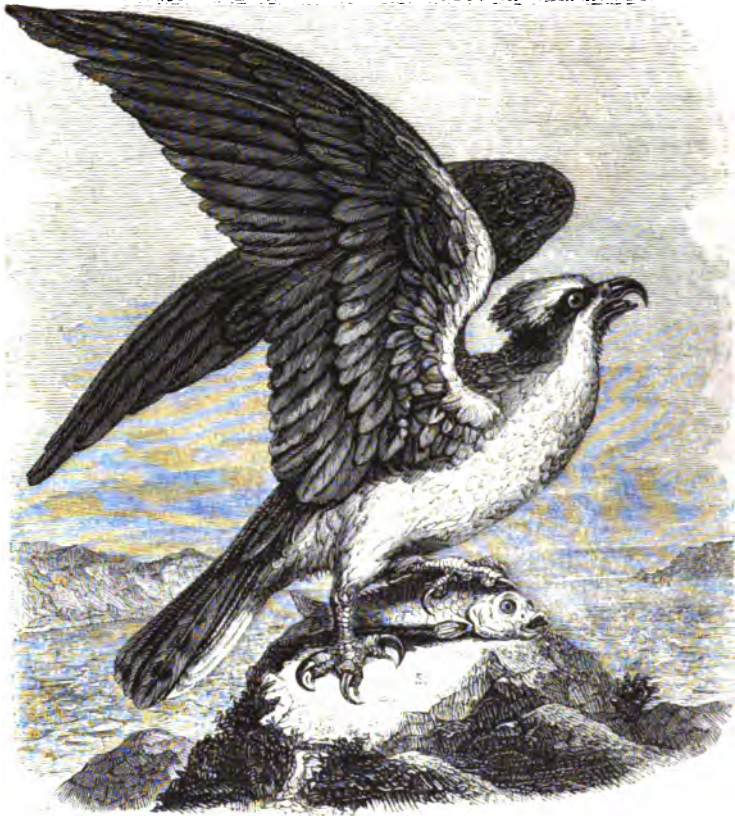
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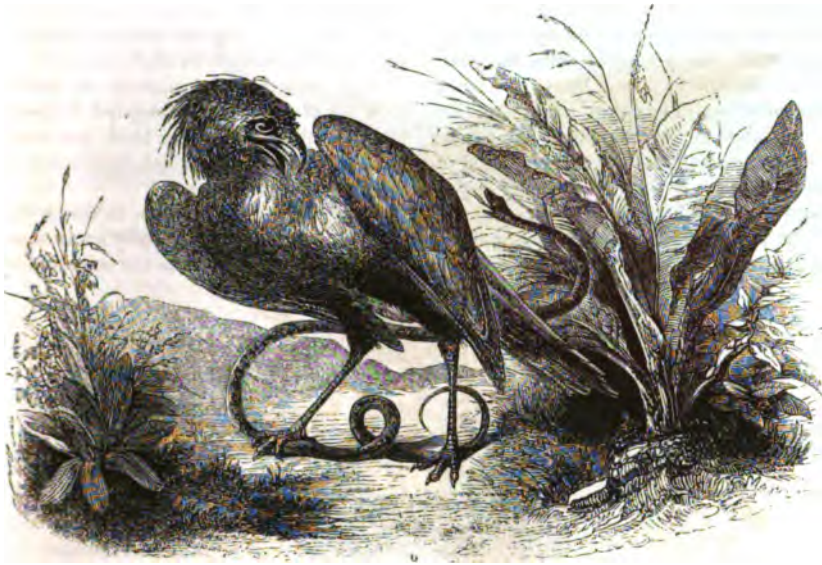


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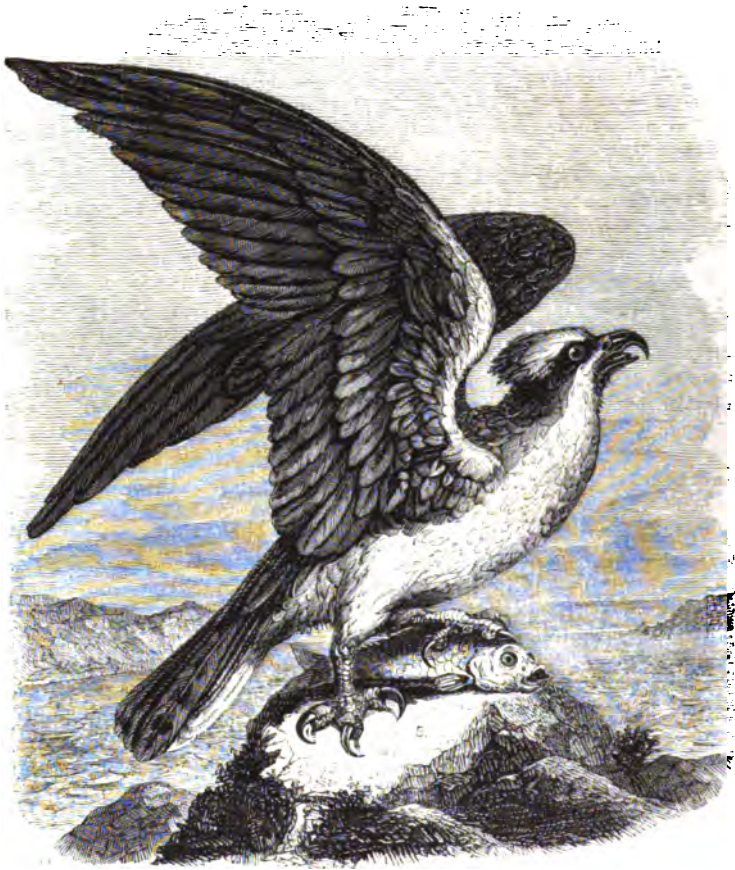
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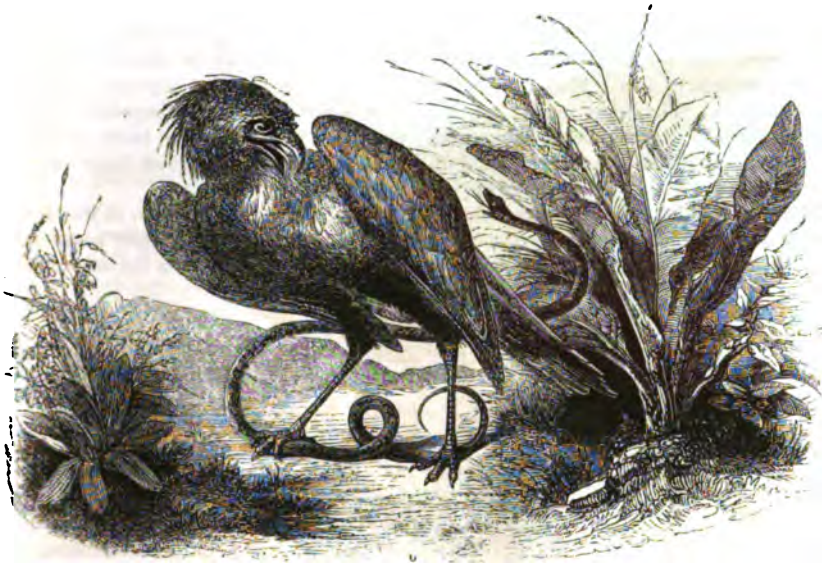


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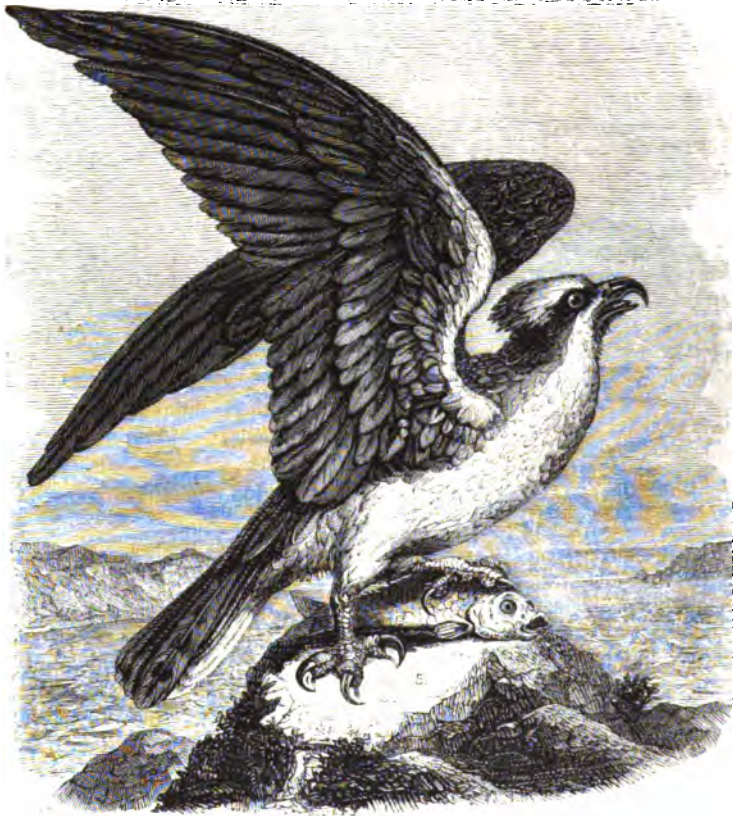
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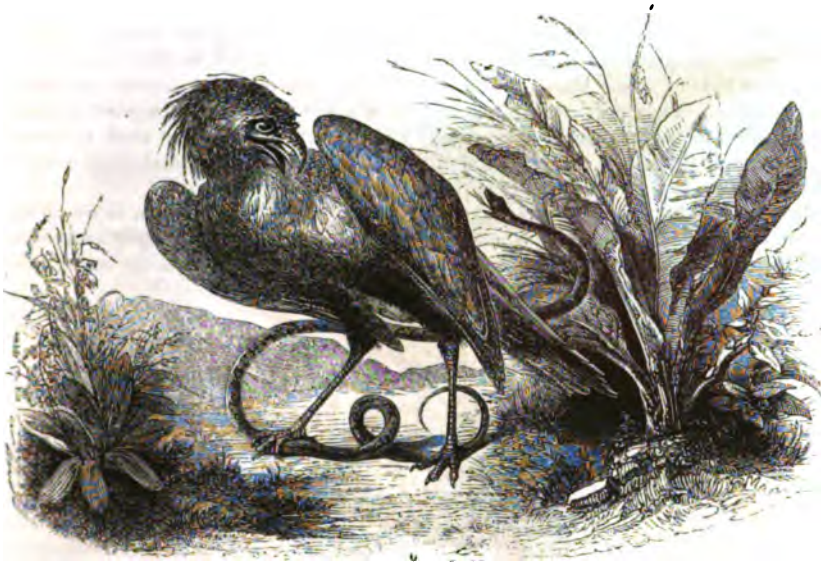


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upward of three feet in height. Its gait resembles that of a person on stilts; its bill is sharp and crooked; the eye large and prominent, but protected from the glare of intense light by strong black eye-lashes, like bristles. They prey on the reptiles which infest the regions of their habitation; and it is said that in the neighborhood of the Cape they have been tamed to such a degree as to render them useful inmates of the poultry-yard, in which they not only destroy snakes and rats, but "contribute to

the maintenance of peace among its proper inhabitants, by interposing in their quarrels, and separating the furious quadrupeds which disturb it by their brawls."

The secretary bird derives its name from a tuft of several elongated feathers springing from behind the head, and from a fancied resemblance which these have to pens stuck behind the ear.

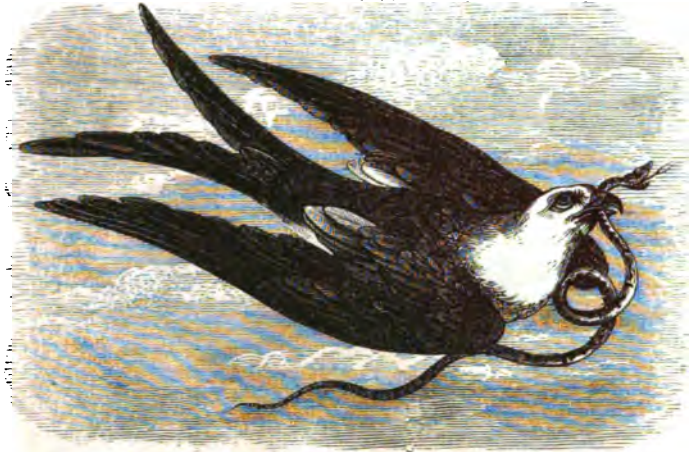
The family of the *Falcons*, to which we next turn our attention, is very numerous. Of these the *Gyr-falcon* is the boldest and



most powerful. It is also the longest lived of any bird with which naturalists are acquainted. One belonging to King James I., in 1610, was found with a golden collar bearing that date in 1793, and possessed considerable vigor, although in all probability two hundred years old. Its command of the air is truly wonderful. A few strokes of its powerful wing will send it up until scarcely visible, or bring it from the top of its flight to within a short distance of the ground. At times they will sail motionless; and anon, with

hardly any perceptible motion of their wings, they shoot with the rapidity of a meteor, and with greater certainty than an arrow from the bow of a skillful archer. The collision of their pounce is terribly effective. Surprising is the force that can break a wing, strike off a head, or burst a bird asunder, when it is not merely suspended in the air, but in rapid motion away from the striker.

The *Peregrine Falcon* (figure 7) is the best known, and in some respects the most remarkable of the tribe. It is found in



the mountain districts of North America, throughout the whole of Europe, more especially in Scotland, and in New Holland. Sir John Sebright says that several of them made their appearance about Westminster Abbey, in London, and made great havoc among the pigeons of the cockneys. "The peregrine," says Sir John, "seems often to strike down birds for his amusement; and I have seen one knock down and kill two rooks, without taking the trouble to look at them after they fell. The golden plover is his favorite prey, and affords the hawk a severe chase before he is caught. I have seen a pursuit of this kind last nearly ten minutes, the plover turning and doubling like a hare before grayhounds, at one moment darting like an arrow into the air, high above the falcon's head; at the next sweeping round some bush or headland—but in vain. The hawk, with steady, relentless flight, without seeming to hurry herself, never gives up the chase till the poor plover, seemingly quite exhausted, slackens her pace, and is caught by the hawk's talons in mid air, and carried off to a convenient hillock or stone to be quietly devoured."

Audubon states that he has seen this bird come at the report of a gun and carry off a bird not thirty steps distant from the sportsman who killed it, with a daring assurance as surprising as unexpected, and that this conduct is a notorious characteristic of the species. This is the bird which, being tamed with great patience and per-

severance, was used for the sport called hawking or falconry, once exceedingly popular in many parts of Europe, but now fallen into desuetude.

The author of "The Private Life of an Eastern King" gives the following remarkable account of what he calls "excellent sport," on a shooting excursion in the kingdom of Oude, in the East Indies:—

"The trained hawks were now brought into requisition, and marvelous it was to see the instinct with which they seconded the efforts of their trainers. They were trained especially for the purpose for which they were now employed. A flight of birds—thousands of birds—were enticed upon the water by scattering corn over it. The hawks were then let fly, four or five of them. We made our appearance openly upon the bank, guns in hand, and the living swarm of birds rose at once into the air. The hawks circled above them, however, in a rapid revolving flight, and they dared not ascend high. Thus was our prey retained, fluttering in mid-air, until hundreds had paid the penalty with their lives—the penalty of fear and sagacity; fear on their part, sagacity on that of the hawk. Only picture in your mind's eye the circling hawks above, gyrating monotonously, the fluttering captives in mid-air, darting now here, now there to escape, and still cowardly huddling together, with the motley group of sportsmen on the bank, and you have the whole scene before you at once."

To this family belongs also the *Swallow-tailed Kite*, (figure 8,) which abounds in our Southern States. It is white, with the wings and tail black. Audubon has described it with great minuteness, and says:—



"They always feed upon the wing. In calm and warm weather they soar to an immense height, pursuing the large insects called *mosquito hawks*, and performing the most singular evolutions that can be conceived, using their tail with an elegance of motion peculiar to themselves. Their principal food, however, is large grasshoppers, green caterpillars, small snakes, lizards, and frogs. They sweep close over the fields, sometimes seeming to alight for a moment to secure a snake, and, holding it fast by the neck, carry it off and devour it in the air. When searching for grasshoppers and caterpillars, it is not difficult to approach them under cover of a fence or tree. When one is killed, the whole flock fly over the dead bird as if intent on carrying it off. An excellent opportunity is thus afforded of shooting as many as may be wanted; and I have killed several in this manner, firing as fast as I could load my gun. Its courtships take place on the wing, and its motions are then more beautiful than ever. The nest is usually placed on the top branches of the tallest oak or pine, situated near a stream or pond. The male and female sit alternately, the one feeding the other."

The *Buzzards* are a sluggish and filthy tribe, cowardly, and feeding for the most part on the remnants left by nobler birds, and such carrion as may fall in their way.

Different varieties are found in almost all parts of the world, and in some places a heavy penalty is incurred by those who destroy them, as they are highly prized as scavengers by the municipal authorities. Wilson succeeded in taking prisoner one of the variety known as the American Buzzard. It lived several weeks, but utterly refused to eat, preferring death by starvation to captivity.

The *Harriers*, or, as they are sometimes called, *Harpies*, are of a smaller size than any of the birds of prey yet noticed. They fly very low, and generally find their food upon the ground among mice, moles, frogs, and young rabbits. The largest variety is that of which we give an engraving, (No. 9.) It is called the *Marsh Harrier*, and is a native of Great Britain; but there are varieties in all quarters of the globe. He is a most skillful rat-catcher, seizing on any incautious rat who may expose himself to view. He is a wild, untamable bird, and although frequently taken captive, has seldom, if ever, been so subdued as to become familiar or friendly.

"In the autumn," says an English naturalist, "partridges suffer much from the *harrier*. As soon as the corn is cut, this bird appears and hunts the whole of the low country in the most determined and systematic manner. Flying at the height of only a few feet from the ground, he crosses the fields in every direction. Nor does he waste time in hunting useless ground, but tries turnip-field after turnip-field, and rush-field after rush-field passing quickly over the more open ground where he thinks his game is not so likely to be found. The moment he sees a bird he darts rapidly to a

height of about twenty feet, hovers for a moment, and then comes down with unerring aim upon his victim, striking him dead with a single blow, and showing a strength not to be expected from his light figure and slender, though sharp talons."

The large and respectable family of *Owls* now claims our attention. In their character and habits they are recluse, solitary, and mysterious, with discordant voices, heard only in the silence of night,



and in lonely places. They are, with many, subjects of superstitious awe. The *Snowy Owl* (figure 10) is remarkable for its pure white plumage, and is indigenous to the Arctic regions, whence it migrates, occasionally, to warmer latitudes; seldom passing, however, to the southward of the colder portions of the temperate zone. The *Barn Owl* (No. 11) is the most common variety, and is found throughout Europe, Asia, and America. It is sometimes called the *Screech-Owl*, and is by many

deemed a bird of ill omen. Shakspeare calls it

"The fatal bellman,
Which gives the sternest good-night."

The *Great Eagle-Owl*, the largest of the genus, is found in Russia and Germany, but is rarely seen in France or England. It inhabits clefts of the rocks, and seldom descends into the valleys; occasionally, though seldom, flying abroad in the day-time. It preys mostly in the twilight, and feeds not only on mice and rats,



but even on rabbits, hares, and fawns. Their attachment to their young is very great. A pleasing instance is related by a French naturalist, who had succeeded in taking prisoner a young one, which he confined in a hen-coop. The next morning, to his surprise, he found a dead partridge lying at the door of the coop. The same thing was done for fourteen successive nights, the parent birds having been attracted by the cry of their lost offspring, and resolutely watching their opportunity, succeeded in furnishing it with food without being discovered. "An eagle-owl in my possession," says a naturalist, "remains quiet during the day, unless he is shown some prey, when he becomes eager to possess it, and when it is put within his reach at once clutches it, and retires to a corner to devour it at leisure. During the night he is extremely active, and sometimes keeps up an incessant bark. It is so similar to that of a cur or terrier, as to annoy a large Labrador house-dog, who expresses his dissatisfaction by replying to him, and disturbing the inmates nightly.

I, at first, mistook the cry of the owl for the barking of a dog, and sallied forth to find him; and it was not until tracing the sound to the cage, that I became satisfied of the author of the annoyance."

A very curious variety of this species of birds is one that is known as the *Burrowing Owl*. They differ from others of the tribe in not shunning the daylight, but rejoicing, apparently, in the noon-day sun. They are natives of the United States, and are found in great numbers in our trans-Mississippian territory. They make their nests exclusively in the villages of the marmot, or prairie dog, whose excavations are so commodious as to render it unnecessary that they should dig for themselves. These villages are very numerous, often spreading over the country for miles together. They are composed of mounds, slightly elevated, about two feet in width and eighteen inches high. It is thought by Sury that the marmot and burrowing owl are joint occupants of these curiously-con-

structed residences; not, indeed, by consent of the former, but by right of conquest on the part of the owl, who makes use of the labors of the marmot, and either turns him out of his own house or shares it with him. In those places where they find no dwellings prepared by the industry of others they burrow for themselves, and have the reputation of being good workmen.

The Egyptians, it is said, represented Minerva under the form of an owl. Hence it has been called the Bird of Wisdom, and is certainly remarkable for the gravity and solemn sedateness of its appearance. It tries to look wise, and has an air of great sagacity. The ancient Athenians selected the owl as the figure for their coins: and, contrary to every other people, regarded its presence as an omen of good fortune.

In our next chapter we shall introduce a much more extensive, and, in some respects, a more interesting class of the feathered tribes, including the sweet songsters of the woods and groves.



COCOONERY AND MULBERRY PLANTATION.

SILK-HUSBANDRY IN PERSIA.

THE southern shores of the Caspian are admirably adapted to the raising of the silk-worm. Both banks of the river Gorgan and Etrek, the province of Asterabad, that of Mazenderan, Tunekabune, Guilan, Talich, Chirvan, all those countries that lie upon or near the Caspian shore, produce much silk. But it is Guilan which justly has the reputation of being the model country for silk-husbandry in these latitudes.

The raw silks of Guilan, after having supplied the manufactures in Persia, go to Russia and Constantinople, whence they spread through Europe, and even into America. The annual export amounts to nearly \$2,800,000, two-thirds of which go into English manufactures, the rest into French and Russian. There are already three commercial houses at London, one at Manchester, one at Marseilles, and one at Paris, which are exclusively occupied in the trade of Guilan silks, and to these we propose to confine our remarks.

The Guileks trace the origin of silk-husbandry among them back to biblical

times. It is the result of a miracle, demonstrating the liberality with which God rewards the man who suffers patiently. They say that the first couple of silk-worms came from the sores of the prophet Job, (*Ayoub.*) This myth, the name of *Nesrani*, (Nestorian), which is borne by the best kind of cocoons in Guilan, and the well known date (A. D. 530) of the arrival in Constantinople of the eggs of the silk-worm from China, all assist in determining the epoch in which this worm commenced being raised among the Guileks. It is known that in the early days of Christianity, and up to the fourteenth century, the Nestorians sent their missionaries, their priests, and their bishops into all the countries of Asia. They aided the monks of the Emperor Justinian in conveying to him the silk-worm, and it is probably owing to them that it was introduced into Guilan toward the close of the eighth century, a time when the relations of this country with China are found among the records of our ecclesiastical history. Assemani says positively that in A. D. 778 the

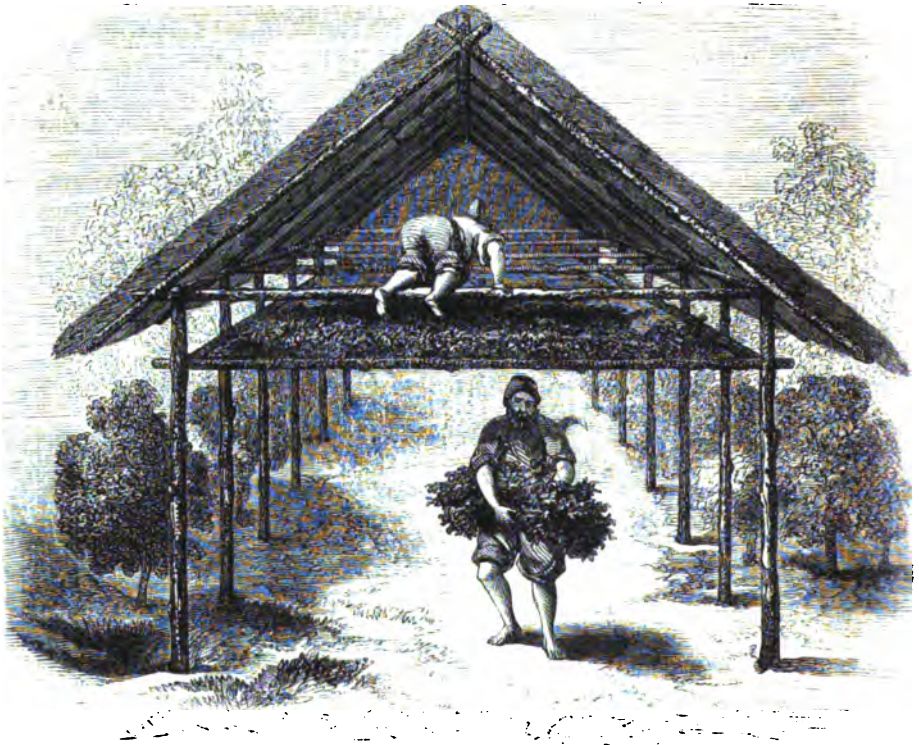
Nestorian monk Subhaljesus was sent by the patriarch of Seleucia to preach in Guilan, where he made many proselytes, and whence he set out for China. It is certain that neither the Guileks nor the other Persians were employed in silk-husbandry before the sixth century, otherwise Justinian would not have taken the trouble to send beyond them to seek for it.

The Persian chroniclers of the thirteenth century speak of raw silks offered as a precious commodity by the inhabitants of the Caspian shore to the Moguls of Timourlane. Cuirasses, called in Guilan *zirehi-ebrichim*, (silken coats-of-mail,) made of cocoons, milled like felt, are there celebrated for their impermeability and the elasticity of their tissue. Toward the close of the sixteenth century, and during the course of the eighteenth, we see the silk-husbandry already very productive in Persia. An eye-witness, father Krusinski, who resided a long time at the court of the schahs, relates all the particulars concerning a treaty of peace which Schah Abbas wished to conclude with Spain in 1608 for the purpose of

being able to send his silks into Europe by sea through the Gulf of Persia, and by this means deprive Turkey of the advantages which she derived from the transportation of this commodity. At this time the native silks yielded the king, Schah Abbas, over two millions of dollars per year. Mill tells us that in the year 1662 a merchant vessel arrived in London with raw silks to the value of ninety-seven thousand pounds sterling. After these times the culture of the silk-worm appears to have made great progress in Persia. However, it is related that in the reign of Nadir Schah the inhabitants of one whole province, that of Mazenderan, destroyed their plantations of mulberry-trees and their cocooneries in order to escape the onerous duties with which the exchequer overwhelmed them.

HATCHING OF THE EGGS, AND THE FIRST MOLT.

THREE or four days after the vernal equinox the native silk-husbandmen commence busying themselves with the hatching. For this purpose the satchels and



INSIDE VIEW OF A PERSIAN COCOONERY.



REELING SILK.

purses containing the eggs, having been preserved in a cool place, are carried into a well-warmed chamber. The hatched eggs are immediately deposited in the *kalivay*, a kind of basin made of fuller's earth, with a flat bottom, and the edges a little raised, being a foot and a half in diameter and four or five inches deep. They remain there during the first period of their lives, nourished with mulberry leaves, cut into very small pieces, or, if a late spring has not leaved out the mulberries, they are fed with coriander leaves. After this they become dormant, and it is during their sleep that the nougani carries them to the cocoonery.

A GUILAN COCOONERY AND ITS HUSBAND-MAN.

THE cocoonery differs so entirely from everything constructed in Europe in the line of establishments for raising silk-worms, that it will be difficult for us to get an idea of a *tilembar*, as the Guileks call their cocoonery. As you see in the cut, it is a kind of cage, supported aloft by

four, six, and sometimes ten posts, observing that it should be sufficiently strong and solid to sustain the weight of two men. The parallelogram is not less than thirty feet long by thirteen wide; and from the summit of the roof which covers it, to the base of the posts that support it, is some ten feet, more or less. Two horizontal floors traverse the body of the building throughout, the lower one, which is called the *ket*, is in reality both the bed and the dining-table at the same time, for it is there that the worms both eat and sleep. At the commencement of the second molt, branches of the mulberry covered with leaves are given to them. A layer of the branches being spread out, and the worms having devoured the leaves, another layer is placed over them without raising the first, and so on. When after a while these branches, mingled with the litter, the dead worms, &c., encumber the bed too much, the nougani makes holes in it below, and the litter and twigs which rest upon the surface of the bed fall down without disturbing the worms. The upper

floor or *purd* (bridge) is made of rafters, and designed to support the nougani. Thanks to this ingenious contrivance, he is enabled quite at his ease to feed and watch his worms without being obliged to handle them, which, say the Guilanese, is very repugnant to the precious insect, and causes it to suffer. The space between the ket and the *purd* is outwardly sheltered by matting, and at the windows also there are curtains, which may be opened and closed at pleasure. Lastly, the *bain*, or roof, made of rice straw, has a double use—the exterior shielding the worms from the changes of the atmosphere, and the interior affording a safe asylum to the chrysalis, which goes there to suspend itself and spin its cocoon. A moveable ladder, having one end upon the ground and the other resting against the rafters of the *purd*, completes the furniture of the *tilembar*.

THE MULBERRY PLANTATIONS.

THE bushes, resembling enormous cabbages which may be seen at the right and left of the cocoonery, form a plantation of mulberry-trees. I have seen nothing similar either in southern France or Italy. A well-conditioned *tilembar* requires for its own use a plantation of twenty or twenty-five thousand dwarf mulberries. This prodigious number is rendered necessary on account of the comparatively small size of the trees. They are planted in squares, at the distance from each other of about three and a half feet each way. The trees are permitted to grow only to the height of five feet at the most. Care is taken to clip them in the spring, so as to leave only young branches and trees with short trunks.

The confined air in such a plantation, and the shade induced by the contiguity of so many trees, make the leaves grow slender, and attain a remarkable transparency and delicacy. The bark of the branches becomes soft and smooth—a valuable quality when the leaves are not picked off before they are given to the worms. The nougani pretend that their worms cannot digest the leaves of old trees, and that they hurt themselves in climbing over the excrescences of old branches. If we believe them, many of the common diseases of the worm are induced by the poor qualities of the mulberry-leaves that are given them.

But what especially commends these plantations of dwarf mulberry is, that they greatly abridge the labor of the husbandman, who, finding himself everywhere as high as the trees, and armed with a crooked knife, gathers a sufficiency of leaves much quicker than if he was obliged to climb.

The cultivation of the mulberry by seed and by layers are equally well known here, although the former is preferred. Five years are required for bringing a tree to sufficient maturity for feeding silk-worms. The black or white mulberry is used indifferently.

But let us return to the *tilembar*, when the worms, awakening from their first molt, find themselves transported into their ket, and deposited upon a litter of mulberry branches covered with leaves. The appetite increases with the age of the worm, and it is a severe task to attend them day and night in a country where, after days in which the thermometer rises to one hundred degrees in the sun, the nights come on rendered unwholesome by fogs from the marshes and infested with musquitos, still more insupportable than the heat. After the third and at the awaking from the fourth molt, their voracity becomes such that one man could not supply them, had not the precaution been taken to build the *tilembar* in the very midst of the plantation of mulberries. It is necessary not only to feed the worms, but also to defend them against numerous enemies. The musquitos come and besiege the *tilembar*. To drive them away smokes are made under the ket, for their bite makes the worms bloat and lose their appetite. Cold and excessive heat are equally to be feared; but it is comparatively easy to guard against them by closing the openings of the cocoonery, or by raising the matting to give them air.

Six or seven days ordinarily elapse between the molts, so that the silk-worm in Guilan does not rise to the furze until toward the end of the month of May. This depends principally on the forwardness of the spring. We have already said that the under side of the *tilembar's* roof serves to receive the worm when it wishes to make its cocoon. For this purpose the ceiling is provided with a netting of rice straw, against which branches are placed. The lower ends of these branches rest on the ket, and consequently allow the worm to climb up and find a suitable place.

This operation is called, in the country dialect, *kedj khal miched*, (the worm climbs the branch.) As soon as it commences they take down the ladder, after having nailed up the door and the other openings of the tilembar, and prevent all access to it for ten consecutive days.

THE HARVEST, AND ASSORTMENT OF THE COCOONS.

THE day of opening the tilembar is a real family festival. The nougani makes presents to his wife and children, and conducts them all to see the results of his labor. A few blows of the hatchet suffice to bring down the wood-work of the ket, and then they have only to step under and raise their eyes. If the harvest is good, the whole interior is seen clothed and incrustated with cocoons.

The *mohassil*, or crown tax-gatherer, assists, by virtue of his office, at the opening of the cocoeneries: his practiced eye determines at the first glance the quantity of silk which the harvest of cocoons can produce. The tax is calculated according to the dimensions of the tilembar, which are determined by measuring the ket.

All the family unite in taking down the cocoons. This finishes the labor of the men, the reeling being generally performed by the country women. They commence by assorting the cocoons. The cocoons designed for reproduction hatch out in the shade, in the *kalivay* which we have already mentioned. The butterflies are not permitted to remain long together, as it is said to injure the litter by weakening the female. They are then separated, after which the *bombyx-mari* dies, and the female lays the litter.

The assortment is made with a view to prevent the mingling of the different kinds of butterflies. They are distinguished by the form and color of the cocoons, of which there are eleven varieties, four of which produce the finest silk; the others, that of an inferior quality.

In reeling off the silk, the operator stands between the furnace and the reel, holding in her right hand a little broom of rice straw with which she whips the cocoons in order to loosen the thread, an operation all the more easily performed as boiling water has prepared them for it. Before placing the thread upon the reel it is passed over a little iron crotchet, which stands upon the furnace in the open air

near the farm-house. The cocoon being entirely wound off, the operator joins the end of the thread to the filaments of a new cocoon, and the chrysalides, deprived of their cocoons, are immediately thrown to the hens, magpies, rooks, and other birds, who are very greedy of them, and are the indispensable accompaniment of every Guilanese silk-reeling establishment.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorns, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays—
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow;
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing;
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars—
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.



THE DELUGE—ITS EXTENT AND ITS MEMORIALS.

IN speaking of the *causes* of the deluge, we shall refer only to those antecedents which are sometimes—and perhaps improperly—termed *secondary* causes.

A more curious history can hardly be conceived, than that which might be written of the various theories that have been framed to account for the Mosaic deluge. How men—and really great men too—would speculate, and weave out of their fancies hypotheses upon this subject, is one of the most singular instances of the manner in which the intellect worked before the true method of induction was applied by science. A brief summary of some of these notions will be appropriate here. Dr. Burnet, in his "Theory of the Earth," maintained that, previously to the deluge, the rind of the earth was perfectly round and equal, without mountains and valleys, and destitute of seas, and that inclosed within this crust was an abyss of water. This outer crust in the course of time was heated by the sun, and became dry and chinky, until, by the expansion of the water beneath, it burst, and fell into the abyss, and thus drowned its inhabitants. The mountains, gulfs, and other inequalities of the present face of the earth, he explains by the tumbling together of the ancient crust. And the present ocean he conceived to have been formed by that portion of the water which could not make its escape into the interior abyss. He, like many of his followers, who enlarged

upon his system, was driven to this extraordinary supposition, because he could not otherwise account for a sufficient quantity of water to envelop the whole globe to the height of the highest mountain-tops. He calculated that, to accomplish this, it would require a body of water equal to eight times that of our existing oceans and seas!

The hypothesis of Mr. Ray was somewhat similar, excepting that he supposed the escape of the water from the internal sea to have been caused by the shifting of the earth's center, and so drawing after it the water out of its channels.

The notions of the earth's form entertained by Dr. Halley were essentially the same; but, astronomer-like, it was more in his line to account for the issue of the water from its secret reservoir by the shock of a comet, whereby, he conceived, the polar and diurnal rotation of the earth was instantly changed. "The great agitation," he says, "that must have been occasioned by it in the sea, would be sufficient to account for all those strange appearances of heaping vast quantities of earth, and high cliffs upon beds of shell which were once at the bottom of the sea, and raising up mountains where none existed before. Such a shock as this, impelling the solid parts, would occasion the waters, and all fluid substances that were unconfined as the sea is, to run violently with an impetus to that part of the earth where the blow was received, and that with force sufficient to take with it the very bottom of the ocean, and remove it to the land." It is surprising a mind like that of Dr. Halley did not perceive that, in this case, the difficulty is not so much in understanding how all creatures were destroyed, as how Noah and his family could possibly have been *preserved*. Moreover, such a shock would have brought an instantaneous deluge; whereas we are informed that it was gradual.

This ingenious theory was followed with various modifications by Whiston, in his work entitled, "A New Theory of the Earth." The writer of this treatise first propounded his views hypothetically; but afterward, upon calculating that the comet of 1680 actually appeared on the 28th of November, B. C. 2349, he published his tract with the title, "The cause of the deluge *demonstrated*."

Other thinkers have felt that the specu

lations of these philosophers have imposed too heavy a tax upon their credulity; but being unable to supply their place with such as would be less unreasonable, they at once, and very unceremoniously, cut the knot. They regarded the subject as out of the range of scientific inquiry, and referred the whole operation of the universal deluge to divine omnipotence alone. Their supposition implied the immediate creation, by the Almighty fiat, of the requisite quantity of water for the occasion; which, according to Dr. Burnet, we have seen was equal to about eight times that contained in our ocean beds. But this, in truth, is not all. If we admit this mode of solution, then this miracle requires the supposition of a series of attendant miracles of so stupendous a character as would throw the fabulous miracles of the Hindoo mythology entirely in the shade. The addition of such a vast quantity of water to the earth's mass would so increase its weight, that it would disarrange the whole of the solar system, in which our globe is balanced with such beautiful precision. Not only would it require the readjustment of the relative distances of all the bodies composing our solar system; but a like rearrangement must be extended to the whole of our starry cluster; yea, doubtless, to all the nebulae systems likewise. Then, again, as this addition of water to the volume of our globe was designed to be for a temporary period only, to attain a specific object, it must have been *annihilated* as soon as the purpose for which it was sent had been answered. But this creation of new matter, and its subsequent annihilation, is contrary to all our knowledge of what takes place, or has taken place, in the physical universe. It is not probable that, since this stupendous system of worlds came first from the hands of its Maker, a single atom has ever been added to or taken away from the sum of the whole. In popular language, we say a thing is destroyed when it is only burned. It is destroyed only as that particular thing. Every particle of which it is composed remains. The *form* only is changed; the *substance* still exists. This consideration, together with the overwhelming magnitude of the attending miracles which would be necessary, apply with irresistible force against the hypothesis that the waters of the deluge were created by an act of omnipotence,

and subsequently extinguished by the Almighty will. And, especially so, when the whole may be accounted for by simpler and more rational means.

Another class of facts, which tell against the hypothesis of the *universality* of the Noachian deluge, has been urged with much force by the late Dr. Pye Smith, derived from the actual existence, at the present moment, of many individual trees, in Africa and America, which are proved to have been growing from a period long prior to the flood. These could not have survived that event had they been covered with water for the space of time during which the waters are said to have prevailed upon the earth. It is now commonly known, that the age of trees may be ascertained from the number of rings formed concentrically around the pith, a new one being added every year. Individual trees are still living, which, according to this method of calculation, have been growing from a date anterior to the deluge. De Candolle, in his *Physiologie Vegetale*, assigns the age of the baobab of Senegal at five thousand two hundred and thirty years, and the taxodium of Mexico at from four thousand to six thousand years. These calculations have since been confirmed by Professor Henslow.

Further, there is a district in the southern part of France, more than forty miles in length and twenty in breadth, comprised in the ancient provincial divisions of Auvergne and Languedoc. In this district are a vast number of extinct volcanoes. The peculiar interest belonging to this region arises from the circumstance that it never has been submerged beneath the sea, or any other body of water, throughout the entire period of its geological and geographical structure, during which it has undergone a great succession of changes. The great antiquity of these cones of land is demonstrated from the fact that since the activity of the volcanoes has ceased, rivers have worn for themselves new channels; some of them having, during a long course of ages, cut a way for themselves through masses of columnar basalt of no less than one hundred and fifty feet in thickness, and have even eaten into the granite rocks beneath. But the most conclusive evidence of the remoteness of the period at which the cone and lava of Tartaret (one of these volcanoes, which has been most minutely

examined) originated, is derived from the age to which the bone deposit immediately under the lava belongs. It was stated by Mr. C. Lyell, in a paper read at the Royal Institution in April, 1847, that over these deposits have been poured a mass of lava to the thickness of thirty feet. Mr. Owen examined some of these animal remains for Mr. Lyell, and recognized among them the *Equus fossilis*, and others of extinct species. Mr. L. thinks it probable "that the deposits of red argillaceous sand, under the lava, containing these remains, were derived chiefly from volcanic matter, which the eruption of Tartaret threw out, and that the fossil animals perished by floods occasioned by that outburst." Now, since these volcanic cones consist of pumice-stone and other loose and light substances, "it is self-evident," says Dr. Smith, "that these could not have withstood the action of a flood: they must have been broken down and washed away with the first rush of water."

Surely when such a formidable army of objections, nay, impossibilities, rise up against us, it is time that we begin to do what we should have done before—and that is, simply to inquire whether the word of God really demands of us the belief that the deluge was universal. Are we wise in shutting our eyes against sound inquiry, and regarding it beforehand as a settled thing? Are we so sure that we have arrived at the right meaning of God's book? Especially is it incumbent upon us to consider this question calmly and patiently, since this is one of the objections made by the infidel denier of the fact of the deluge. "We see no apparent necessity for a universal deluge," he says, "when the same result might have been accomplished by a partial one." It would not comport with our limits to do more than cite two or three authorities, to show that the opinion of the *universality* of the deluge was not only doubted, but even denied, by pious men and Biblical expositors long before modern geologists began to methodize their facts into a science. The learned Vosius says:—

"No reason obliges us to extend the inundation of the deluge beyond the bounds which were inhabited; yea, it is altogether absurd to aver that the effect of a punishment inflicted upon mankind only should extend to those parts where no man lived. Although we should, therefore, believe that part of the earth only to have been overflowed by water—which we have

mentioned, and which is not a hundredth part of the terrestrial globe, the deluge will nevertheless be *universal*, since the destruction was universal, and overwhelmed the whole habitable earth." Again: "I see no urgent necessity from Scripture to assert," says Bishop Stillingfleet, "that the flood did spread over all the surface of the earth. That all mankind, those in the ark excepted, were destroyed by it, is most certain, according to Scripture. The flood was universal as to mankind; but from thence follows no necessity at all of asserting the universality of it as to the globe, unless it be sufficiently proved that the whole earth was peopled before the flood, which I despair of ever seeing proved." Fuller: "It is not to be supposed," writes Matthew Poole, "that the entire globe was covered with water. Where was the need of overwhelming those regions in which there were no human beings? It would be highly unreasonable to suppose that mankind had so increased before the deluge as to have penetrated to all the corners of the earth. It is indeed not probable that they had extended beyond the limits of Syria and Mesopotamia."

If we turn away from these mere human authorities to the word of God itself, we shall find ourselves—with one exception, to which we shall presently refer—absolutely relieved from all difficulty upon the subject, simply by applying a canon of interpretation to the history of the deluge which we are obliged to apply in numberless other cases, in order to avoid contradictions and absurdities. The canon to which we refer is, that we should frequently understand only a large amount in number and quantity, when *universal* terms are employed.

We stated that there was one difficulty in the Scripture narrative, which the application of this rule of Scripture interpretation would not meet. The sacred historian states, that on the seventeenth day of the seventh month, the ark rested upon the mountains of Ararat. Now, if the ark rested upon the mountain which now goes by that name in Armenia, and if that mountain was really covered with water, it is evident that it could have been no partial deluge. An inundation which rose to the height of seventeen thousand seven hundred feet, must, by its flux and efflux, have overspread all other portions of the globe. We shall adopt the same method of approach to this as we have done to several other difficulties in these pages, and inquire if ancient authorities are uniform in opinion about the locality of the ark's resting-place. In doing this we shall find that an agreement



has by no means prevailed upon this subject. Jerome bears testimony to the fact that Ararat was a name given generally to the mountainous region of Armenia, and not to any particular mountain. The Mosaic account states, that the ark rested "upon the mountains of Ararat"—and not upon one particular mountain, according to the popular notion. All the Greek interpreters render the Hebrew word Ararat by the name *Armenia*. The Vulgate translates the terms, *Montes Armeniæ, Terra Armeniorum*.*

Shuckford suggested that some locality more easterly coincides better with the Scripture account of the place where the ark rested; for it is said that the families of the sons of Noah, as they journeyed from the east, found a plain in the land of Shinar. Gen. xi, 2. But Shinar, which corresponds with Babylonia, lies nearly south of the modern Ararat. It is, therefore, probable that the true resting-place of the ark lies further south.

Bryant quotes a part of the song of the Sybil: "On the frontiers of black Phrygia rises a lofty mountain called Ararat." It is a remarkable fact that the Phrygian city, called Apamea, was anciently named Cibotus, which signifies, in Greek, an ark, and is the very word employed by the LXX, and also by the apostle, to designate the ark. Heb. xi, 7; 1 Pet. iii, 30. All over this region are found remarkable memorials of the deluge. A medal, or coin, of Philip the Elder was struck at this place, which bears on its reverse a representation of the ark, with a bird bearing the olive branch in its beak. The name Noe, which is the Greek for Noah, is seen written on the rude vessel repre-

sented as floating in water. This coin receives additional interest from the custom which prevailed of embellishing ancient coins with figures which related to the traditions and mythologies of the place where they were struck. And on

the authority of Mr. Bryant we learn that there was a tradition that the ark itself rested upon the hill of Celæne, where the city of Cibotus was founded.

Before we leave the subject of Ararat, we must refer to another objection, urged with great force by Dr. Pye Smith, against the notion that the mountain which now goes by that name was the true resting-place of the ark. It is argued by this eminent Biblical scholar that it would have been impossible for Noah and his family to have made a descent from that mountain. An ineffectual attempt to ascend the loftiest peak of Ararat, which rises far above the limits of eternal snow, was made by Tournefort in the year 1700. The Turkish pasha of Bayazeed subsequently fitted out an expedition, and built huts at various stations, supplied with provisions; but his people suffered so much amid the snows and masses of ice, and were unable to endure the rarefied atmosphere of that altitude, that they were obliged to abandon the project. An ascent, however, was made by Dr. Parrot in 1829. He published an account of his enterprise some time afterward. We have had our minds familiarized with the perils attending an ascent of Mont Blanc, but this mountain is not so lofty as the Armenian Ararat by nearly two thousand feet! When we remember, moreover, that for about five thousand feet this mountain is covered with perpetual snow, can we conceive the possibility of the descent of four men and four women, together with all the animals inclosed within the ark, without having recourse to another miracle? Nor are we helped in the matter by supposing the ice and snow all dissolved by the waters of the flood, for in that case the precipitous pinnacles and naked rocks would have been exposed, from which the diffi-

* In Jer. li, 27, Ararat is named where evidently Armenia is meant.

culties, if possible, would have been increased. The safer plan will be to refrain from fixing upon any particular mountain until more decisive evidence is adduced; and to keep to the simple terms of Scripture, which speaks of the ark resting upon "the mountains of Ararat," by which is signified, as we have seen, the mountains of Armenia.

Regarding, then, the view of a *partial deluge*, as to space—being coextensive only with the limits over which the earth's population had spread—as violating no Scripture statement when rightly interpreted, we proceed to inquire whether the principles and facts of geological science will afford us any corroboration and illustration of such a phenomenon. Sir C. Lyell says:—

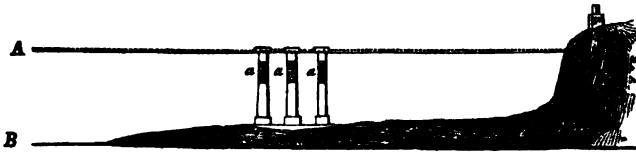
"There are two conditions, either of which will make it possible for any region to be covered by a deluge. First, extensive lakes elevated above the level of the ocean, as Lake Superior, raised six hundred feet above the level of the sea, the waters of which may be suddenly let loose by the rending or sinking down of the barriers during earthquakes; and hereby a region as extensive as the valley of the Mississippi, inhabited by a population of several millions, might be deluged. Secondly, large tracts of land below the sea level, as certain parts of Asia. The lowest parts surrounding the Caspian Sea are three hundred feet below the Euxine; here the diluvial waters might overflow the summits of the hills rising above the level plain three hundred feet; and if depressions still more profound existed in any former time in Asia, the tops of still higher mountains may have been covered."

Now, in the district lying immediately north of Syria and Mesopotamia, there once existed an inland sea, of probably larger dimensions than the Mediterranean. It is impossible now to decide, from the condition of the existing surface, at what time the waters were drained off their ancient bed; but indubitable proofs exist, in littoral and marine remains, that it was so drained at a comparatively recent period. Let us now suppose that the bed of this ancient sea was gradually elevated by such causes as are still at work in that neighborhood, and the effect would evidently be the inundation of the whole of that territory, which we suppose to have been the primitive abode of mankind, whose complete destruction must have ensued.

Again, "the sudden conversion," says Lyell elsewhere, "of part of the unfathomable ocean into shoal, would displace a

vast body of water, which being heaved up to a great height might roll and permanently submerge a large portion of the continent." A glance at the map will show that the whole district of Western Asia, which we take to have been the abode of the antediluvian world, was eminently suited to such inundations, girt about as it is by the waters of the Mediterranean, the Red, the Black, the Caspian, and the Persian seas. It is possible, however, that some of these inland seas might have been first formed by the elevation of the level of the surrounding land, at the time of the subsidence of the waters of the flood. To say the least, no violence whatever is done to any part of Scripture by this more modern theory of the cause of the deluge. And such causes as these, which would have been abundantly sufficient to have introduced that awful catastrophe, are precisely similar to many that have been in activity in more recent times, and such as are in operation at this moment in many parts of the earth. Sir C. Lyell has arrived at the conclusion, from observations which he himself has made, that a great portion of Sweden stood higher above the sea at the period of his last visit than it did twenty or thirty years before. It is well known that the frequent effect of earthquakes is to cause oscillations and changes of level. The visitations of 1822 and 1835 along the whole coast of Chili, from the Andes far out to the sea, comprising an area of one hundred thousand square miles, are to be ascribed to this cause; the effect of which was to raise the level on the north side two feet higher above the high-water mark; and on the south side to leave it two feet lower than it was previously to the catastrophe.

But the most remarkable phenomenon, and one which will best serve to illustrate some of the causes which produced the Mosaic deluge, is the submergence and the subsequent elevation of the celebrated temple of Jupiter Serapis, in the bay of Baïæ, near Naples. This temple was erected long before the commencement of the Christian era. A marble column was dug up in the neighborhood, on which was carved an inscription which dates as far back as 105 B. C. All that now remains of the fabric, besides the pavement, is several pillars, each about forty feet in height. The surface of these pillars is smooth and



A, B, Two different sea levels. a, a, a, Perforations made when submerged.

uninjured to the height of twenty feet above their pedestals. Above that altitude, upward for about nine feet, there are remarkable perforations of considerable size and depth. On examination, these piercings were found to have been formed by a species of marine perforating bivalve, *Lithodomus*. These *Lithodomi* live only in the sea, and bore their habitations in calcareous rocks. From this, and other facts which we need not here detail, it has been demonstrated that these columns have, since their erection, been submerged beneath the sea to a depth above these perforations, or equal to thirty feet. And they must have retained this position for a great length of time before they were again raised to their present level above the sea. And so gently and gradually must these successive alterations of the level of the land have taken place, on which these pillars stand, that they have been only slightly declined from the perpendicular.

We need, then, only to conceive of similar causes to these being brought into activity, to be followed by similar effects in the region of Syria and Mesopotamia, and we have all that we require to explain the great deluge of waters which destroyed the race of man. And it has been proved that the whole of that locality abounds with traces of volcanic action. May we not then give an unhesitating affirmative to the question so forcibly put by Professor Sedgwick, in one of his letters to Humboldt: "If we have the clearest proofs of great oscillations of natural level, and have a right to make use of them, while we seek to explain some of the latest phenomena of geology, may we not reasonably suppose that, within the period of human history, similar oscillations have taken place in those parts of Asia which were the cradle of our race, and may have produced that destruction among the earlier families of man which is described in our sacred books, and of which so many traditions have been brought down to us

through all the streams of ancient history?"

All that now remains to complete our argument is, to ascertain if such natural operations as we have described would have manifested themselves during their activity in a manner that would harmonize with the brief but very graphic language of the sacred writer. Let us suppose, then, either the bed of that inland sea which we have seen once existed to the north of Syria or Mesopotamia, or that of the Indian Ocean, to have been gradually elevated by volcanic action; then, in the first case, the waters would gradually have submerged the plain to the south, and, in the second case, a similar effect would have followed; for a rise of water must immediately have taken place in the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, which would have gradually swollen in the great valley of the Jordan and of the river Euphrates, and have been followed by the inundation of all the low lands and plains south of the high table-lands and mountains of Syria and Armenia.

We can scarcely conceive of more appropriate language to describe these phenomena than that employed by the sacred historian, when he says, "All the fountains"—or "floodgates," as we read in the margin—"of the great deep were broken up." This is precisely how the thing would have appeared to the senses of those who witnessed the scenes. And the invariable style of Scripture language, when speaking of the operations of nature, is not according to scientific accuracy, but rather as they *appear* to the senses.

Other natural phenomena would have attended the action of these wonderful subterranean agencies. For instance, "it is well known," says a distinguished geologist, "that in volcanic eruptions, drenching rains are often the result of the sudden condensation of the aqueous vapor." In addition, therefore, to the rains which visit our earth from ordinary causes, we may

suppose the inundation occasioned by the "breaking up" of "all the floodgates of the great deep," to have been attended with extraordinary rains from the continual condensation of vapor emitted from the bubbling, boiling, and seething volcanoes—fully justifying the strong metaphor, "the windows of heaven were opened." And these processes would also continue as long as the causes were in action, until all the high lands and mountain-tops of the district would be entirely covered from human sight.

Thus, in the foregoing pages, we have not appealed to the fancies of our readers, but to their reason and judgments; we have exercised no ingenious arts of exposition, but have simply placed the phenomena of the awful event and the Scripture statements side by side; and we think it cannot but be at once obvious that the language of Moses exactly corresponds with these phenomena, when he says that "all the floodgates of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened."

BABIE BELL.

THE FORM OF A LITTLE LIFE THAT WAS BUT THREE
APRILS LONG.

HAVE you not heard the poet tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes
She wandered out of Paradise!
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the depths of purple even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged seraphs go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven!
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers!
And all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours!

She came and brought delicious May!
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunbeams, in and out the leaves,
The robins went the live-long day:
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seem'd bursting with its veins of wine!
O, earth was full of pleasant smell
When came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours!

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell!
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes!
What poetry within them lay!

Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise!
And we loved Babie more and more:
O never in our hearts before
Such holy love was born;
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land of deathless morn!
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth—
The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise!
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, "Sweet Christ!"—our hearts bent
down
Like violets after rain!

And now the orchards which were once
All white and rosy in their bloom—
Filling the crystal heart of air
With gentle pulses of perfume—
Were thick with yellow juicy fruit;
The plums were globes of honey rare,
And soft-cheek'd peaches blush'd and fell!
The grapes were purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell!
Her *petite* form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face:
Her angel nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now—
Around her pale and lofty brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

Sometimes she said a few strange words
Whose meanings lay beyond our reach:
God's hand had taken away the seal
Which held the portals of her speech!
She never was a child to us;
We never held her being's key!
We could not teach her holy things!
She was Christ's self in purity!

It came upon us by degrees;
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God hath sent
His messenger for Babie Bell!
We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,
And all our thoughts ran into tears!
And all our hopes were changed to tears,
The sunshine into dismal rain!
Aloud we cried in our belief:—
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief!"
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell!
Her little heart was cased in ours—
They're broken caskets—Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands!
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair;
We laid some buds upon her brow—
Death's bride arrayed in flowers!
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!

IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVEL IN FRANCE.

THIRD ARTICLE.

IN our last article we referred to the opinion of Bulwer, and other writers, that the French national temperament has been undergoing a change since the first Revolution—that its old gayety has gone. There is not enough deep sensibility in the French heart for humor. The assertion may seem paradoxical, but it is true. There never was a humorous man who had not a fountain of pathos within him. Humorous writers have usually been melancholy men. Cervantes wrote Don Quixote while desponding in prison, Cowper wrote John Gilpin while in religious despair. Dr. Rush somewhere mentions that a hypochondriac once called upon a celebrated Italian physician for medical relief; the prescription was that he should associate with a notable humorist of Rome. "Alas! doctor," replied the sufferer, "I am he myself." Byron refers to this paradox of the heart in his fragmentary journal; he could not write good tragedy, he says, because he was too melancholy. His verse turned to humor.

What is thus individually the fact, is aggregately true of nations. The sensibility which is easily touched with the humorous impressions of life is equally susceptible of its other impressions; and as its sad ones are, alas! infinitely more frequent than the humorous, a man of humor is most habitually a man of sadness. And therefore it is that a man of humor is almost invariably a generous—a good man. He may be weak—for men of strong sensibility are very likely to be so—but his weaknesses are often more amiable and kindly than the severer virtues of men of little feeling. But this is moralizing, if not sermonizing.

The French are not humorous, and they are not humorous because they nationally lack sensibility. They have wit; no language contains more fine sayings—*bons mots, jeux d'esprit*. It is a study among them to succeed in smart verbalisms. This is to be *spirituelle*, as they say; and a more striking moral indication of the national heart could hardly be given than their use of that word. The critics have long settled the difference between wit and humor. The former proceeds mostly from the mind—the latter from the heart. The former

though a rare, is not, however, a very high effort of the intellect. Profound minds are seldom witty. Wit is shrewd rather than intellectual; and hence it is usually sarcastic and malicious. We will accord, then, wit to the French, but in proof still of our assertion that they lack humor, and that they lack humor because they are deficient in sensibility.

In fine, were we asked to give a moral analysis of the French character, we should mention this want of sensibility as its chief characteristic. Moral sensibility—taking that phrase in its widest sense—is unknown to the national character. Individual examples, dear to us personally, rise up before us, at this moment, almost to rebuke the hard saying; but, we repeat, we are speaking of the *national* character.

There is but little of it in the literature or the art of France. No woman ever showed more heart or more intellect in her writings than Madame de Stael; she is, as yet, the greatest of her sex known in the history of literature—a superb, a glorious creature! but she was a Swiss, and a Swiss Protestant. Rousseau's pages burn with sensibility, though it be morbid passion; but he also was a Swiss, and had a Protestant education. Voltaire was a real Frenchman—full born and educated by the Jesuits; he had a small enough head, as his cranium shows, but an incomparably smaller heart. On the stone monument which contains his heart, in his apartment at Ferney, he says, "My heart is here, but my spirit is everywhere." It would have been an affectionate saying from any other man; but, as coming from him, it conveys a keen satire. His spirit, his fine and subtle sayings, his sarcasms against all truth and goodness, are, indeed, everywhere; but what sentiment of the heart has he left to the world? Bernardin St. Pierre is the best exception to our criticism that we can now recall. All the world weeps, in childhood at least, over the story of *Paul and Virginia*. It is one of those thoroughly "human" books which, like Goldsmith's *Vicar*, De-foe's *Crusoe*, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim*, cannot lose its interest unless the common human heart shall lose its best instincts.

The actual French literature is almost boundless; we cannot pronounce judgment upon it, except from the critical "Reviews." According to the most favorable

of these, it can be but little better than that which preceded it, only more fierce in passion and less powerful in talent. French fictions, and especially the French comedy, are usually caricatures of the most sacred relations of the heart and of the life—those relations which give both moral integrity and moral beauty to the personal affections, and without which there is no stability even to states. The French domestic life is peculiar, and owes its peculiarity, we think, to this want of sensibility. They have no term answering to our sweet word "home," and they are quite as destitute of the thing itself. Their in-door arrangements, especially in the large communities, are foreign to our notions of domestic intimacy and affection. It is seldom that a common French family has a house exclusively to itself. Each story is a "*ménage*" by itself, with its kitchen, its saloons, chambers, &c. Very "genteel" boarding-houses, charging at the rate of ten dollars a week per person, are often found on the fifth story—which means the sixth story with us, for the French find it convenient universally to forget the first story in the long enumeration. A "concierge," occupying a room or two on the ground-floor, keeps guard of the common entrance, in behalf of all the tenant families, and is paid by them all. If the latter do not eat at the restaurants and cafés, as families, and habitually, yet meals at home are so casual as to deprive French domestic life of that charm of the "family table" which an Englishman or an American prizes next to the "family fireside," if not the "family altar." Real French life is out of doors—much of it is in the theater or the ball-room. Home is but a sort of domestic "bureau"—a place of daily resort for the "toilet," for the family business, for sleep, and rest from the excitements of the real life which is without its precincts. Now, if there may be some comforts, and even affections, there can certainly be no sacredness, in a home like this. And may not the domestic demoralization which has been so characteristic of France be owing greatly to this want of home life? We are happy to say that a general reformation has taken place in French domestic morals within the present century. It is perhaps a result of that reaction of the first Revolution which we described in our preceding

article. Apparently, Paris is a much more virtuous city than London or New-York; it may not be *really* so; for French immorality is not vulgar, or at least gross, as is Saxon vice. Grace and outward propriety are essential to a Frenchman's tastes even in his vices. In his language alone can he be gross. But the general improvement of French manners is not altogether in appearance. Libertine abbés, bishops, and cardinals, could not now be tolerated in France. Richelieu and Dubois would have to fly out of the country. The clergy, of all denominations, have generally an exemplary reputation. Louis Philippe's court afforded a good example; that of Napoleon III. is dubious; but scandal hesitates somewhat respecting it. A memorable instance of crime, in connection with the former, shook the throne, and helped on the Revolution—a fact which speaks well for the progress of French morals. In fact, nothing could be more absurd than the notion, entertained generally among us, of the prevalence of domestic infidelity in France. Whatever may be said of the deficiencies and discomforts of French homes, whatever may have been their demoralization in the last century, they are now as generally virtuous as those of perhaps any other European country except Great Britain. It is our opinion that the lower classes in France are more generally virtuous than those of England, because they suffer less. Our countryman, Rev. Mr. Coleman, in his volumes on Europe, makes a similar remark. His agricultural researches led him into the provinces, and quite into the intimate life of the peasants. He was struck everywhere with their superiority to the English field-laborers, both in the amiability of their manners and the purity of their morals. Especially among the female peasants did he observe the absence of that demoralization and grossness which characterize the degraded female laborers of the English fields, coal-mines, and factories. One reason of the difference is, perhaps, the fact that religion has some hold upon the former, but scarcely any upon the latter. We have no favorable notion of the moral influence of Popery, as the reader has well enough learned in the course of these articles; but almost any religion is better than none; and the masses in France are so trained to, at least, the forms of their religion that it becomes a

habit with them, and goes with them through life, with more or less restraint. The degraded masses of England, and, to some extent, of our own country, grow up—heathens we were about to say, but that would not be correct. Heathens have religious forms at least; Protestantism, by its deficient system of early training, raises up masses of popular atheists, or at least a class which an American term alone can describe—"nothingarians."

One of the many blessings of the great "Revolution" was the abolition of the right of primogeniture, by which titles and landed estates were kept in a single family; that right exists yet in England, and is its chief political curse. The old feudal estates of France are now generally divided and sold out in small farms. This division of the soil has afforded the opportunity of becoming land-holders to an immense portion of the common people, and, with this new dignity have come new self-respect, new habits of economy and industry, new interest in public order and security, and new regards for the laws and general virtue. The French are now, we think, making greater advancements in both industrial and moral improvements than any other European people. Next to an improved religion they need an improved system of domestic life, in order to secure these advancements. Both, we think, will yet be developed in the progress they are making. The possession of small farms among the peasants, and the increase of commercial and manufacturing business in the towns and cities, will tend still more to sober the national frivolity, and to create tastes for more intimate, more domestic life. And with the latter will come, more or less directly, that intelligence and those virtues which make a population revolt from Popery. Popery cannot intrench itself in good comfortable homes. It is a pageant now for the out-door life of the French; give them a love of in-door life and its chief value to them is gone.

The intellectual life of the French is remarkably vigorous, though not so much in literature (by which it is most popularly known to us) as in science. It has no poetry, and cannot have by the very structure of the language. The *Henriade* cannot be read through by a man of taste, and it is the only epic claimed by the French. An Englishman finds it hard

to appreciate "the great French tragedies" after reading Shakspeare. Corneille, Racine and Voltaire seem to him to rise on stilts, not on wings. Their stiff dignity, their stately didactics, their paucity of scene and of character, cannot be redeemed by their occasional utterance of noble but elaborated sentiments. The fullness of life and richness of genius which characterize so marvelously English dramatic literature, are looked for in vain in the classic drama of France. The modern French comedy is the nearest approach to them. But while the elder dramatic writers of France crippled themselves by their adherence to the Greek models and the old dramatic proprieties, the later writers, with their greater freedom and richness, err in the opposite extreme, and degenerate into superficiality and persiflage. Dramatic literature in France seems, in fine, to aim no longer at artistic excellence and permanent literary rank, but at passing effect.

But the scientific intellect of the country will bear comparison with that of any other land. We hesitate but little to say that it takes precedence of any other. A singular fact is it that this people, supposed to be nationally gay and superficial, should present the best results of severe studies and of modern practical sciences. La Place can be ranked second to Newton, if not fully by his side. Cuvier founded comparative anatomy and paleontology, which amounts almost to saying that he founded geology. Lavoisier gave us the very language of that most valuable of practical sciences—chemistry; and Frenchmen are continually adding to its resources. Leverier has given us the marvelous fact of the discovery of a planet, which had never been seen from ours, by the magic of mere mathematical calculations. Arago has stood by the side of Humboldt as one of the encyclopedic representatives of modern knowledge. Daguerre has given us the daguerreotype. The medical savans of France lead the world in their department. Her historians are numerous, and foremost in rank. And in speculative science Royer Collard, Cousin, La Roux are among the most profound as well as the most brilliant thinkers. If Adam Smith first suggested political economy as a science, the French were the first to demonstrate the suggestion and produce the science. Guizot,

De Toqueville, and similar men, following the hint of Bossuet, have given form to the philosophy of history. The speech of the deaf and dumb, the education of idiots and of the blind, and the improved treatment of the insane, we owe, as remarked in a former article, to the exhaustless activity of the French mind. Her Institute is at the head of learned bodies throughout the world.

Nations have, according to history, usually decayed, and irremediably decayed, after reaching their climax of refinement and luxury. Gibbon considered France already in his day an exception to the law; she had reached even an excess of glory and of vice before, under Louis XIV., but she was still vigorous in politics, in arms, and in knowledge. What would he have said of her anomalous spirit if he had seen the stupendous campaigns of Napoleon, the political reorganization which has followed the Revolution, and the scientific triumphs which have been going on amid her convulsions and her wars!

It has been said that nations never renew themselves. France is perhaps the only one which has been regenerated. She reached her climax of luxury and corruption; she fell from it into the lowest abyss. She leads Europe to-day in politics, in arms, and in arts. We are disposed to think, too, that she is to be the principal political agent in the future progress of the continental nations. Already a revolution in France means a revolution of western Europe. All eyes turn instinctively toward her for the signs of the times respecting the political fate of the continent. Popery, the religion of the western nations, depends upon her nod. She has learned well some important lessons by her revolutionary experience. Each revolution has shown increasing moderation and good sense. Europe will cease to look for terrors, but will look more hopefully than ever for blessings from her convulsions. Those convulsions must go on. The late quiescence of the democratic spirit in France is but the temporary sleep, the repose of the lion, who will again arise, and, shaking himself with more vigor for his rest, will shake again with his mighty voice all the neighboring forests. The spirit of liberty is essential in the French temperament. It is a national passion.

France averages a revolution in fifteen years. She will abridge hereafter rather than lengthen the term, until free institutions are permanently established on her soil. And when France becomes permanently free western Europe will inevitably be emancipated. She has not been prepared for democratic institutions, but has been continually preparing for them. Any observer must perceive that her progressive ameliorations are hastening that preparation in spite of any temporary reverses of her government. The civilized world, and especially the Protestant world, should look to her future with the deepest solicitude. It is not only inevitable that western Europe will be politically emancipated by the establishment of liberty in France, but that ecclesiastical emancipation must speedily follow. Lamartine and the republicans designed at the last revolution to sever the church from the state. This is the common sentiment of intelligent and liberal minds here. It extends continually. It will be sure to become a practical fact in some future revolution.

France, though bound to Popery by the reigning tyranny, does not and cannot spontaneously adopt it. Her cultivated minds practically disown it. Her general literature is almost unanimously against it. Her liberal men detest it. Her bourgeois smile at it, and would easily upset its whole fabric in a revolution—not with a repetition of the massacre of the "Carmes," but with frolicsome good-humor, as they would lead out some crack-brained old lady who, dressed in the fantastic costume of obsolete times, might have obtruded into their assembly with a claim of the modern "Women's Rights." They would repeat toward it the example of the Merry Wives of Windsor with the fat carcass of Sir John Falstaff—tumble it into the old clothes basket, and send it to be emptied into the ditch. France advances too fast for Popery. Popery is medieval; France is fast outgrowing its medieval reminiscences. It will demand a reformed religion, as it now demands reformed sciences, reformed institutions, reformed politics.

He that prays despairs not; but sad is the condition of him that cannot pray. Happy are they that can, and do, and love to do it.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

[For the National Magazine.]

POPULAR POETRY OF INDIA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DE TASSNY.

A FORMER paper upon the Female Poets of India presented what data have been gathered upon the subject; very meager, it is true, in facts and specimens, but still demonstrating the fact and acknowledgment of female talent, and the existence of poetic and religious sentiment among these distant and comparatively barbarous nations. We proceed to give some specimens of the poems and poets referred to in the introduction to the former paper. We commence with those which may be characterized as devotional.

Those religious songs which contain no mythological allusions are philosophic poems and hymns which are sung by the Kabir-panthi, the Sikhs, and other sects among the Hindoos at their religious gatherings. Many of them are imbued with the doctrine of Vedanta, which is but another name for pantheism. It teaches the unity of all human beings, and compares the relation which exists between God and the creature to the vase and the clay, the waves and the ocean, light and the sun. This manner of expression must not, however, be taken literally, because there could be no expectation of a life beyond the present, since the individuality of man entirely disappears. It may be supposed that the Avedantists and the Sophists, though they teach this annihilation of the created in the creator, may yet believe that man will individually enjoy eternal happiness.

The following song of Zulcidas is imbued with the doctrine of pantheism :—

“O foolish one, invoke the name of Rama! He is the essence of Siva; his name is Ocean. Dwell upon all his attributes and perfections with suitable study.

“Observe that time destroys both joy and sorrow; observe the separation of all things.

“Time devours what is good and what is bad, at the right and left. Finally everything is absorbed in Rama.

“The world is like a garden in the month of Sawan,* in the time of flowers and fruits. But consider it all as a vapor. Forget not my words.

“O Zulei, he who leaves the name of Rama and puts his hope in another, is like a man who disdains a nourishing dish for a handful of boiled rice.”

* The month of Sawan answers to July and August.

The following is a philosophic song on the doctrine of metempsychosis :—

“What! Hast thou not already lived many times in the world?

“Slavery has been the heritage of thy family, of thy mother, and of thy sons, and all its other members. Will not some one come and deliver thee at last?

“Employ thy life in useful occupations, and not in the losses and gains of play.

“From the terrible ocean of the world it is good to cast a glance upon the shore.

“Give attention to what is said in the company of the good, and then thou mayest have an existence beyond the present visible one. I have neither friend nor companion with me. It is a little matter—life is multiple.

“Knowest thou not thou hast lived many times in the world?”

The two following pads or hymns are by the celebrated reformer Kabei, whose principles are also taught by Nanak and adopted by the Sikhs :—

FIRST PAD.

“Come with me in the narrow way, ye who are wise.

“By the favor of my grace I have sought the company of the faithful, and she has destroyed my ignorance. The love of God is in my heart; it has destroyed my attachment to exterior life. O my brother! we must receive grief like happiness.

“Sensuality and anger are two greedy ravens, who must be driven away at any price. Good works and sins are neighbors who devour each other. Pride and avarice are our two mothers. The chief of the city has tasted the charm of my doctrine, and the people of the villages have seated themselves to listen.

“Sing a joyful song of congratulation, a happy song of joy; but O, my beloved grand-children! the greatness of the infant Krishna cannot be worthily celebrated. Kabei has spoken. Listen, my brethren; the mind should be filled with good doctrine. Come with me in the narrow way.”

SECOND PAD.

O, true master, perfect sovereign! deliver him who has fallen through ignorance, or with a knowledge of the cause.

“Thou triumphest over the world in a moment; in an instant thou adornest it. Wischnu diffuses his maya (illusion). He, the master of the world, he.

“Siva and Brahma meditate always upon him. In him they find the limit of the meditation of the Vedas. It is he who creates the low from the elevated, and the elevated from the low.

“He is the master of all. Have pity upon India and the other gods, O Lord creator!

“When evil falls upon the gods then Hasi becomes incarnate . . . having taken in his beautiful hand the weapon called *sudarshan*. He dwells constantly in each mind; the explanation of the six Schasters is as vapor.

"Kabel has spoken. Listen, O men! apply your minds, and learn that God has made the world."

The following is a specimen of the songs of Nanak, a legislator of the Sikhs:—

"My holy preceptor is he who teaches clemency. The heart awakes at his doctrine.

"The chaplet which is formed of sighs is most beautiful. The wise are compassionate. The man without compassion is a butcher.

"Thou takest the knife and thou giest pitilessly, 'That! it is nothing but a goat! it is nothing but a cow!' What are other animals?"

"Now the master (Nanak) declares that there is no difference between different murderers.

"O Nanak! destroy not the mind for the preservation of the body. Repress, O my brother! this desire of life which is in thy heart. Nanak cries out, Take refuge in Haasi."

We now pass to the mythological songs which are more generally known than all others among the Hindoos. They are particularly devoted to Krischna, the last manifestation of Wischnu, and they celebrate the love of the gopeis for this deity. The gopeis, as we have elsewhere remarked, are a kind of personification of humanity redeemed by the incarnation of this god. We commence by an invocation to Ganescha, the god of wisdom, who is invoked at the beginning of all the civil and religious ceremonies of the Hindoos.

"I sing Ganpate Ganescha, who diffuses happiness, the son of Ganri Binayak (Ganescha).

"Ganescha, who has an elephant's face and teeth, is the root of joy, and he grants the favor of intelligence. He gives deliverance from vexation, the removal of the wicked man and destruction of evil.

"O let it be granted to me, Tandhiram, who am an officer of Kican-Chand, to enjoy satisfaction from him.

PAD TO THE GANGES BEFORE BATHING.

"Blessed be the venerable river of the Ganges!

"It is like a sharp instrument to take away sin. Yes, it is an instrument to take away sin. Blessed be the venerable river of the Ganges!

"He who will meditate upon the three gods (the three persons of the Hindoo trinity) will obtain the fruit (of his meditation) without offering sacrifices.

"Blessed be the venerable river of the Ganges!"

There are some mythologic songs which are also erotic in their character, particularly those which celebrate the games of the gopeis with Krischna.

They are generally written by the poets as if composed by the shepherds who were the companions of this deity during his incarnation. They are often sung by the people, especially by the milk-maids, who dance to their own music with their milk-pots upon their heads. Bishop Heber, in his work on India, describes one of these dances as recalling the ancient games of the gopeis. If the comparison is admissible, it may be said that these songs are to the Indians what the Canticles are to Jews and Christians.

"I awoke thinking of thee, (this is repeated three times.)

"Without thee there is no happiness for me. Thy love has inflamed my heart. I must be with thee.

"Day and night sadness oppresses me. My heart is agitated. Nothing affords me any pleasure.

"Place thy feet here, O Krischna! with confidence, that I may press them to my breast.

"O, my beloved, I awoke thinking of thee!"

PAD OF SURDAS.

"O, my friend, I have brought him to thee according to thy desire. I have led here the master of life, he who gives repose. Offer to him, in a sacrifice, thy body, thy mind, and thy property. Remain at his feet.

"If thou preservest these sentiments, shalt thou not remain with the king of the gopeis, and be his faithful servant?"

"Thy prosperity now dawns upon thee, since thou hast had an interview with the king of the Yadus.

"The black Krischna, who bestows happiness, reveals himself in answer to the prayers which I have offered for thee. I have brought him to thee.

"Art thou satisfied with what I have done, O beautiful gopei? Art thou grateful for the service I have rendered thee?"

"Say to him, O thou whose countenance resembles the moon, look upon me!

"I am inclined to endure myself all the misfortunes which may happen to thee, O thou who art my happiness!

"Yes, Surdas will offer a bloody holocaust to the beautiful Krischna, without which the prosperity of no house is secure."

Our limits will allow us but a few further selections. The two following Zappas will suffice as specimens of that species of composition:—

"O fix thine eyes upon us, or else withdraw and restore again our life, O beautiful Krischna, who ravishest all hearts! Keep thine eyes fixed upon us.

"Thou whose countenance gladdenest all hearts with overwhelming joy, restrain not thyself by fatal hesitations.

"O fix thine eyes upon us!"

* This seems to be addressed to the Mussulmans.

* A respectful manner of saying "come here."

KABIT OF RAM-PRACAD.

"I would sacrifice millions of beings for that beautiful form which has the color of the kokila. I would give millions of moons for the brilliant sun of thy face, and millions of suns for thy gentle amiability. Yes, millions of suns for thine eyes, blue as the lotus.

"Ah, come and dwell in the soul of Ram-Pracad! I will sacrifice willingly the four Vedas, the six schasters, the eighteen paranas; what do I say? Yes, the three worlds, O Krischna! for a single moment of meditation on thee."

Many of the songs of the gopeis are omitted on account of the mysticism which marks most of their religious poetical compositions. Some of them relate to the messages sent by the absent Krischna to his followers, consoling them and exhorting them to penance and prayer, because his spirit is always present with them. The following specimens of philosophic and religious Mussulman songs will, we have no doubt, be more intelligible to the generality of readers:—

GAZAL OF JAWAN.

"The days of youth are like spring; when old age arrives it is the season of autumn.

"Neglect not thyself; consider the present time as a conquest to be seized with eagerness. If thou art wise, listen with the ear of thy soul to my advice.

"When thy white hairs shall bear to thee the message of death, thou hast no more time for action; now while thou hast the power make thy preparations.

"If thou hast the least intelligence thou wilt make a difference, O my friend! between black and white—between the revolutions of day and night.

"Make acquisitions of science, and perform good works. Man's true honor in this world consists in these two things.

"The tongue of the idle, which stretches itself at the demands of hatred, and the pen which is employed in calumny, are like a two-edged sword.

"A good reputation is destroyed with the breath of envy, and the assassins themselves are worthless.

"What remains now of Nourschiswân, of Halim and of Rustam, but their good names, which will always be remembered.

"Be just, brave, and generous; thou shalt then practice three virtues which are recognized by the world.

"Only that which is imperishable is really beautiful. Why is thy heart disturbed by accidental advantages.

"Be not intoxicated by the wine of pride; this fatal infatuation results in nothing but a brief dizziness.

"Jawan, happy is he who does not allow himself to be troubled by others; his heart, like a mirror of brass carefully covered, will not be soiled by the dust of grief."

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The religious songs of the Mussulmans consist properly of marsiyas, or laments, upon Hucan Hucain, or other martyrs of Karbala. One of these will be found among the productions of the female poets in a former paper. One of the most celebrated among these is a marsiya of Miskin, from which we make the following extract:—

"Hucain, addressing his companions, says to them, O my brothers, my general Muslim is dead; to-morrow my own head will be cut off. Take your swords and your pikes and leave this place, for the enemy is still distant.

"His companions replied, We will follow thee. Dost thou believe that because the word death has resounded in our ears we will abandon thee? How should we dare to show our faces to the prophet and to Ali to-morrow? My brother, we will drink with thee the cup of death.

"When the princess, the wife of Hucain, was informed of the final arrangements she exclaimed, O my king, what shall I do if I survive thee? Who will receive me into his house, that I may live in such a widowhood as I desire?

"If it is resolved that thou art to fall by the sword, tell me where my own tomb shall be prepared. If the poignard is to destroy thee, let the grave be dug which is to receive my body.

"Could Zuleikha have been resigned to the loss of Joseph—she who would have wept for him till the resurrection day? When she learned that he was no more she died of grief. As for me, I shall also die when I lose thee, my prince.

"The king, Hucain, having heard the words of the queen, whose heart was consumed with grief, replied to her, 'I have not strength to listen to thy lamentations. God is the guardian of thy honor and of mine. Let us submit to our fate, and let us cease our complaints and repinings.'

"After a brief delay the day came, and clouds of destiny surrounded the king on all sides. He longed for water, but he obtained not a drop. Fate offered only a poignard to his parched throat.

"The beloved companions of Hucain having been massacred together, their heads were separated from their bodies and placed on pikes. All the women of the harem were driven in disorder from their tents, without the veils which covered their countenances.

"Abid, who was sick and feeble, was placed in front of the prisoners to perform the duties of camel-driver. Suffering as he was, he was obliged to walk without shoes over the thorns of the road.

"The queen, who wept bitterly over the corpse of her husband, came forth inconsolable from her tent before the Syrian army. The murderer of Hucain conducted her with Abid and her companions in misery to the black-

* Metaphoric expression signifying the resurrection day.

visaged man who had destroyed the house of Muslim by the massacre of its orphans.

"This assassin ordered the executioner to be called quickly, and said to him, cut off the head of the child Abid who is here. As for the women, let them perish of hunger, and give them burning salt water to drink.

"But *Miskin* has no strength to continue the recital of these sad events, nor to tell of the grief of those who wept over the remains of Hucain. He will add but a last hemistich, which may be repeated at the dawn of each day: *Cursed be the Syrians! Blessed be Hucain!*"

But few of the erotic songs of the Musulman language are suitable for translation. The following dhrupad and a few gazals will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of their character. Among the latter, those of Schah-Alam are very celebrated.

DHURPAD.

"A graceful woman is standing at a window of her house. She is dressed in a blue robe, bordered with a fringe of pearls.

"Her vermilion cheeks are like the fruit of *bebab*; her nose, of perfect form, is adorned with a ring called *beoar*.

"A graceful woman is standing, &c.

"The dark and profuse tresses of her hair fall like serpents from her head, and surround her with their flexible wreaths.

"She has been careful to tint the edges of her eyes with a dark color, in order to heighten their beauty.

"Can the traveler fail to admire this astonishing spectacle when he passes the street where this window of the harem is situated?

"A graceful woman is standing at a window of her house; she is dressed in a blue robe bordered with a fringe of pearls."

GAZAL OF AFTAB (SCHAH-ALAM.)

"The image of the face of her who possesses my affection is before my eyes; the amiable manners of this charming woman have penetrated my heart.

"My beloved, whose mouth resembles a rosebud, is it necessary for her to speak, when all that she wishes to say is expressed by a smile of her lips? Why does not the mirror dissolve with shame when it sees the perfection of thy beauty? The heart of the rose is wounded, and its bosom is torn by its jealousy of thy rosebud mouth.

"Are not the poets false when they compare thy elegant figure to the immovable cypress?

"My heart in thy bonds is like thy foot tinted with henna and bound with the gungra.

"Thy dark eye has troubled my soul and destroyed its faith. It might be compared to blue vitriol, if this metal possessed the same properties.

"I love thee, O my beloved! and thou art attached to another; with whom can he form a similar bond?

"O sun of the world, (Aftab-i-Alam.) shine forever upon the universe! O soul of the world, I offer thee this prayer!"

GAZAL OF WALI

"What ruin is produced by beautiful eyes! By a single look we are made slaves.

"When you approach them how they salute you with a sweet smile; though scarcely daring to lift their timid glances to yours, they yet produce a wonderful effect.

"When their beautiful dark hair falls over their shoulders it might be said that night obscures Aurora.

"But is fidelity united to these powerful charms which attract all hearts?

"Even learned people are sometimes confused by these bright glances, and scarcely know how to reply.

"These beauties, with rosy cheeks, have taken possession of the heart of Wali by their graceful demeanor."

GAZAL OF ACIF.

"The tears which fill my eyes will truly fill them for a long time, but they will not remain forever.

"Like bubbles of water they will remain, but they will not remain forever.

"Thou preservest thy habitual tyranny and oppression. Through the grief which thou causest me my breath still remains to me, it is true, but it will not remain forever.

"Every month the moon reaches its fullness and afterward declines; thus the beauty remains to thee, it is true, but it will not remain forever.

"A soft moisture bathes thy countenance, O beautiful idol! but the dew which rests on the rose, though it remains some time, it is true, it will not remain forever.

"Come quickly, and let a sight of thee rejoice me. My last breath shall rest on my lips; it may linger there in truth, but it shall not remain forever.

"If Acif finds separation instead of union, what will he do? He may remain for a time with his beloved, but he shall not remain forever."

GAZAL OF DAIM.

"There is not in all the garden a cypress so beautiful as thy figure.

"There is not in Badakhschan a ruby like thy lips.

"The sun and moon converse together upon thy beautiful form, of which they are envious; there is nothing like it among the beauties of the time.

"To whom shall I describe thee, O queen of beauties! There is no one like thee in all the country of Iran.

"Shake not the curls of thy hair; for the hearts of thy despairing lovers are kept prisoners in them.

"Armies cannot fly before thine eyebrows, curved like the saber.

"O capricious beauty! Dajim is sick; but he hopes to find repose at last. His remedy is in the sight of thyself."

PAD.

"Alas! alas! when I saw the dark clouds I was in terror for my absent husband.

"I will write him a letter and I will send it to him. Alas! when I saw the dark clouds I was in terror for my absent husband."

"From their respective houses the young men come forth; some are dark and brown, others are blonde, and fresh; but I stand in the court and await the smiling countenance of my absent husband.

"Alas! alas! when I saw the dark clouds I was in terror for my absent husband."

FRAGMENT OF A DHUEPAD.

"The bee has awoke; the robber has fled away; the moon is concealed; the stars have disappeared.

"The peacock has come forth; the lotus unfolds; the pearls have become cold."

"Saffron color is diffused around. All beings are rejoiced.

"The birds have begun to warble; all hearts are awake; the doors of the houses are opening; but my husband has not arrived this morning.

"O, my companion! the bee has awoke; the robber has fled away; the moon is concealed; the stars have disappeared."

EPICIEDE.

"The charming flower which was drooping has withered; its odor no longer perfumes the air.

"The blackness of my hair will disappear, but the remembrance of my beloved will never leave my heart."

"My beloved lies sleeping under the earth of the mosque. O nightingales! make no noise; disturb not the repose of my beloved."

These will suffice, and perhaps more than suffice, as specimens of Mussulman sapphics. We come now to the ethnological songs, which are sung in the houses and streets at the Indian carnival. They are called *Hari* or *Holi*, from the name of the festival, *Phag*, from the month in which it is celebrated, which corresponds to a part of our February and March, and also *Dhamal* and *Damari*; the latter, however, are distinguished by much more license than the others. The diversions of this season, which are accompanied by these songs, sometimes degenerate into real saturnalias. The great amusement consists in throwing flour at each other, and also bright colored powder prepared for the purpose, which is called *abir*, *gulal*, and *phag*. The latter name is applied to the sports of the festival, and also to little presents of flowers, fruit, and confectionery given by husbands to their wives, and by lovers to their betrothed. Water called *rang*, colored yellow by an infusion of the flowers of the harsingar, is very freely used in the amusements of these periods.

* The Astatics believe that the dawn is announced by the coldness of pearls.

The water-bearers have their characteristic songs, as well as those who water the fields; the latter are said to be very original. The songs of the washer-women are called *birha*, but unfortunately we have no specimens of them, nor of many others appropriate to different Indian occupations. An English traveler gives one of the songs of the rice-gatherers, which was improvised by the Indian women on an occasion when some of his countrymen were present at their agricultural labors in the fields.

"The white men (Europeans) have been to the mountains of snow; they have seen the river Ganges flow through the fields. Let us labor no more, for the rice grows rapidly, and a good harvest is preparing. Abundance follows the white men; see them smile. The women whom they love are far away in the kingdoms of the West. Do they not smile upon us? Let us labor no more. If they are happy their servants should be so as well. See, the tents are spread and the fires are lighted. The travelers will repose to-day in the valley. Let us labor no more; but let us hasten to the white men, and entreat them to remain with us."

UPON A PARROT.

"O, good brahmin! sit down in the court of my house; open the leaves of your horoscope and answer my question.

"My parrot that I loved as my life is flown away; tell me the street where he has gone.

"O fickle parrot! hast thou gone to Madras? I supplied thee with grain, I gave thee water, I left thee thy liberty with the open window.

"Ah! come and speak but a word, dear parrot! for one word I would give a lakh of takas.

"O fickle parrot! hast thou gone to Madras?" &c.

SONG OF THE WATER-BEARER.

"Tell me, who art thou, charming water-bearer? O thou who advancest with a manner so graceful that it intoxicates my senses, tell me, who art thou?"

"Upon thy head is a vase of water, surmounted by another, artistically placed.

"O tell me then, whose wife art thou? Say who art thou, charming water-bearer?"

SONG OF THE HINDOLA (SEE-SAW.)

"The moon of Gokul (Krischna) balances upon the hindola.

"It rests upon two golden stakes ornamented with beautifully colored gems. The four young girls who put the hindola in motion are artless and beautiful. In their hands are bouquets of flowers of every color. Their heads are adorned with pearls mingled with sparkling diamonds.

"There the slender form of Radha balances in the presence of Krischna.

"Heaven manifests its joy at the sight of this charming spectacle. India and the other deities who have witnessed it are filled with indescribable pleasure. Thirty-three millions

of divinities humble themselves. The greatness of Kriachna overwhelms them.

"The moon of Gokul balances upon the hindola."

One or two fragments of the Indian carnival will close our specimens of Indian poetry.

"Let me go now, O my royal well-beloved! to the house where they celebrate the holi. Let mine mingle with the white arms, ornamented with emerald bracelets, that throw the phag at each other. Yes, let me go to the holi.

"Thus in the glades of the forest of Beindaban, Radha played with Kriachna, throwing the red powder.

"All the people of Braj are laughing and amusing themselves. O my royal well-beloved! let me share in the sports of the holi. Let me go to the house where they are diverting themselves."

The following song is said to be a description of a sketch which has been published in a new collection of Hindoostan designs:—

"The women seize the master of the harem by his turban, and ask for gifts of the holi. Others whisper in his ear with a mischievous air. In the distance a beauty raises the song of the phag, while another chants the *dhamari*. One presents a cup to her husband with her pretty hand, while another throws in his face the red powder called *gulal*, which she holds in the front of her robe. All besprinkle him with the saffron-tinted water; they surround him, clapping their hands, and shaking over his head their *batons* bedecked with flowers."

Our collection would be incomplete without a marriage song. The following is in allusion to the Oriental custom of throwing gold, silver, and precious stones over the heads of the newly-wedded couple:—

"Long live the husband of the new bride! May he live forever!

"Upon the dark brow of the bridegroom shines the nuptial crown formed of pearls. He meets his young bride with a smiling face.

"Throw pearls over my husband, my mother; throw pearls over my husband.

"When he comes to meet me, throw over him pearls, rubies, and coral. Throw pearls over the newly-wedded ones."

Notwithstanding the puerility which marks some of these selections, and the mysticism which characterizes others, especially to us who are ignorant of the customs and local incidents to which they allude, the reader can hardly fail to remark in most of them the genuine attributes of poetry. Many of them contain real sentiment, expressed in delicate and original terms, which will be recognized by

all natures of poetic sensibility. This is especially true in those which are devoted to the universal passion. These, in all times and in all climes, possess a certain familiarity. It may be remarked, however, that the erotic songs of the Hindoo are always represented as written by women; while those of the Mussulman mingle the love of the creator with the creature, and represent human beauty as a reflection of the divine. The difference of character and manners is also distinguishable by the careful observer in their religious songs. Those of the former are soft and sentimental, while the latter are more conformed to our own ideas. Civilization and learning are constantly developing the long-concealed resources of these countries, and their distance from us is every day diminishing by improved means of intercourse. The researches of *savans* have already opened, and will continue to bring forth literary treasures which, though not in accordance with our Saxon ideas of intellectual culture, will be of great value in making known to us events and customs that are rapidly disappearing before the advancing tide of civilization.

LAZY BEAVERS.—It is a curious fact that among the beavers there are some that are lazy, and will not work at all, either to assist in building lodges or dams, or to cut down wood for their winter stock. The industrious ones beat these idle fellows, and drive them away; sometimes cutting off a part of their tail, and otherwise injuring them. The *parasseux* are more easily caught in traps than the others, and the trapper rarely misses one of them. They only dig a hole from the water, running obliquely toward the surface of the ground twenty-five or thirty feet, from which they emerge, when hungry, to obtain food, returning to the same hole with the wood they procure to eat the bark. They never form dams, and are sometimes, to the number of five or seven, together; all are males. It is not at all improbable that these unfortunate fellows have, as is the case with the males of many species of animals, been engaged in fighting with others of their sex, and, after being conquered and driven from the lodge, have become idlers from a kind of necessity. The working beavers, on the contrary, associate—males, females, and young—together.

[For the National Magazine.]

PROPOSALS FOR IMPROVING THE NATIONAL.

I HAVE a proposal to make for the mutual benefit of myself and the NATIONAL. I do not pretend that my object is entirely disinterested, but then I am satisfied that it is not altogether selfish. It is, in fact, of a mixed nature, like the actions of men in general; for I have my doubts whether there is in our world such a thing as disinterested benevolence.

I may best introduce my subject by a brief introduction of myself. I am, then, by birth an Englishman, of which I do not boast, as do some of my countrymen. In fact, I rather keep it out of sight in the present state of political parties, except when, as in the present case, I am making propositions of a literary character. I have ascertained that, in this country, however much the natives may prefer a countryman of their own for a political office, there is a great deference to everything John Bullish in the way of literature. My old friend Dickens has many more American readers than Washington Irving. Tennyson's poems are found on the center tables of American families who never heard of Bryant, save as the editor of a soft-shell newspaper; and a candidate for office, put up by the Know Nothing party, asked me the other day if Noah Webster was not by birth an Englishman. So, also, Thackeray lectures to crowded houses at high prices, forbids Yankee reporters to publish what he says, and goes from city to city repeating the same hash, which is swallowed and reswallowed all over the continent. Could any native American hope for such subserviency? Of course not; and I will not say how often my countryman and myself have laughed, almost to bursting, at the extreme gullibility of the free and independent citizens of this great republic.

Hence I say I am an Englishman, born about the same time, and not far from the same spot, as our present illustrious poet-laureate. I expect, therefore, that my proposals will be the more readily listened to by the conductors of the NATIONAL, and that the emoluments I seek will be granted with less grumbling than if I were merely a native. This, indeed, I am happy to say, has been the case with every peri-

odical which has been so fortunate as to engage my services since I have been in this country.

To come more directly to the point—I think it will be admitted that the NATIONAL, ably as it has been conducted, is deficient in one department. I mean that of facetiousness, or light literature, as it is generally called. There have been, indeed, two or three *Olla Podridas*, prepared, doubtless, by one of my countrymen; at least so I judge from their wonderful originality and keenness of edge. They have appeared, however, at wide intervals, and cannot be said to be a feature of the Magazine. Now what I have to propose is, that hereafter there be assigned say ten or twelve pages every month to what may be called the dominion of Wit and Humor. For the name of the new department something original is desirable. At first I thought of proposing to call it THE EDITOR'S BOSTON ROCKER; but that bears too much similarity to a name I invented for a similar department in another periodical. THE SALT-CELLAR would answer, only your American readers are in general too stupid to understand the allusion, and it would be tedious to be perpetually reminding them that you mean *Attic salt*, and not the common article with which they pickle their pork.

After much cogitation, I have concluded to submit, as the best designation for the proposed department,

THE EDITOR'S SEE-SAW;

and, as a new and striking feature, we might have a wood-cut at the head of the page every month with this design:—

Scene—The boundless continent, woods, forests, rivers, mountains, all on a scale of American grandeur; the stars and stripes floating in the breeze from the top of a gigantic oak, with the British lion chained to its trunk; a few darkies in the distance cultivating a cotton-field, just to show that we are not ashamed of our distinguishing American peculiarity. In the foreground an immense log of wood, with a plank of prodigious length crossing it at an angle of eighty degrees; on one end an old gentleman in a shad-bellied coat, with a pair of spectacles on a long nose, and a pen behind his ear, to represent the editor; on the other, that is, the end nearest the moon, let there be a multitude, which no man can number, of men, women, and children, of all ages and in every conceivable variety of laughter, to represent the readers of the NATIONAL, and to premonish your subscribers that, when they get to the EDITOR'S SEE-SAW, they are expected to laugh.

This new department I propose, for a reasonable remuneration, to take under my own individual supervision; for I am by profession a *FUNSTER*, a calling which, of course, will require some explanation for the benefit of the unsophisticated. My business, then, is to provide funny things for magazines and other periodicals. I attend to nothing else. I live by my witticisms; and though my best coat is rather seedy, and I cannot be said to fare sumptuously every day, yet I rejoice in the consciousness that, as the song says,

"There's a better day a-coming!"

I am in possession of a copy of the original edition of Joe Miller's *Jest-book*, a mine of inexhaustible fertility. I have seventeen large scrap books, filled with good things clipped from newspapers; and sixty manuscript volumes, written by my own hand, containing jests, *bons mots*, repartees, *jeux d'esprit*, conundrums, acrostics, riddles, enigmas, charades, rebuses, and everything bearing the remotest resemblance to wit and humor. Many of these were copied from books that I have glanced at when occasionally calling upon celebrated publishers in this country and in Europe, and many were taken down from the lips of living speakers. Keeping the object of my profession always in view, I attend all horse-races; political meetings, especially when Prince John is expected; public dinners, to which I gain access in the guise of a reporter; and occasionally, when nothing better presents itself, I spend an hour or two in the court-rooms of the city, where the lawyers occasionally say a funny thing, and sometimes the judge perpetrates the similitude of a joke. Funerals, of course, I never attend. They do n't pay; and yet I made half-a-crown once out of the word funeral. I sent it to the editor of a London paper, who pronounced it the best anagram of the season. It was simply this. What is a funeral? Answer, Real Fun. This was, as I remember, at the time they buried Lord Castlereagh, who cut his own throat; and the editor who tipped me the half-crown was rather radically inclined. By the way, that anagram which makes of *Presbyterian* **BEST IN PRAYER** is one of mine; but I never got anything for it, the dissenters at home not being remarkable for their liberality or their appreciation of true genius.

But I am digressing. I said I never attend funerals. I may add, too, that I seldom go to church. There is a man in Brooklyn whose large theatrical-looking building I visit sometimes, as he occasionally lets off a good thing from the pulpit, and I have known a titter run all through his congregation. But he is very uncertain. Perhaps half the time he goes entirely through the service without cracking a joke. I may be wrong in this estimate. I should be sorry to do him an injustice; but if he is funny in the pulpit, more than half the time I have been unfortunate in the selection of the Sundays for my visitation. There used to be also in this city a clergyman who enlivened his discourses with quips and oddities,—I have quite a number in one of my scrap-books that are really mirth-provoking, which I took down from his lips while preaching; but I know not where he is now. He has obtained, as I am told, church preferment, and is a presiding elder, or something of that sort. It would pay a man of my profession to listen to such a preacher every Sunday, for he was like the Paddy's sprig of shillalah, that never missed fire. I never heard him without *profit*. And here I may remark by the way, (for I love to pay a compliment to your country when I can,) that we did not, in England, reward the late Sydney Smith with any church preferment like that to which I have alluded, although he was perhaps quite as full of wit as the reverend American to whom I refer. The reason may be that Smith did not use it quite so profusely in the pulpit.

It will be seventeen years, come Michaelmas, since I entered upon the duties of my present position; and, of course, I may claim to be a man of experience in this department. A comic paper in London was indebted to me for its facetiousness for nine years and a half, when my engagement came to a close suddenly, and that paper has never held up its head in respectable society from that day to the present. You would like to know how I came to leave it? Well, in plain vernacular English, I was sacked, and in a pet emigrated to this land of republican simplicity. Do not, however, too hastily include me in the category with those of whom the poet says,

"True patriots they, for, be it understood,
They left their country for their country's good."

I am willing to tell the whole story, and let my adopted fellow-citizens form their own judgment. I greatly mistake the inflammability of American pluck if American blood does not bubble up almost to the boiling point at the recital of the insufferable arrogance of the British aristocracy. Let me not be understood, however, as intimating any claim to the position I seek, namely, that of *Funster* for the NATIONAL, on account of any wrongs inflicted upon me in my native land. No, I do not ground my claims upon any such lachrymose foundation. *Palman qui meruit ferat* is the motto of the Cranberry family. So it is mine; and if ever I have a coat of arms painted on the panels of my carriage—when I get one—those words shall certainly surround it. But this has nothing to do with the matter in hand, which, if I remember, was the subject of my sackage. It happened on this wise. I had been to the Epsom races, where, keeping both my ears open, I picked up quite an amount of original facetiousness, say to the value of one pound ten, or thereabouts. Among other witticisms which I furnished my employers was the following:—

GAMMON.—When the race was over, and the sporting gentry were settling their bets, those who had staked on Lord Grenalvon's *Porcupine* were, of course, in high glee; and the Marquis of Barleycorn, who had won largely by betting on the winner, remarked with great coolness, "By Jove, *Porkey* has gammoned them finely, has n't he?"

Now for a marquis, this was very witty, you know, and it spread through all the clubs like wildfire. Unfortunately I had made a mistake which I assure you, on the honor of an Englishman, was unintentional. The remark which I attributed to the Marquis of Barleycorn was, in fact, made by Lord Mount-Coffee-House, who has since killed himself for love—with wine, you know. His lordship, as might be supposed, was much exasperated when he heard the best thing he ever said in his life credited to another, and that other one of his rivals. I offered to correct the mistake in the next paper, and even to apologize on my marrow-bones, as I did in fact. But all would not do; the wrath of Mount-Coffee-House could not be appeased, and nothing but my dismissal as *Funster* for the paper would satisfy him. To the everlasting disgrace of the proprietors of that

journal, and through them of the whole British empire, upon which the sun never sets, I was politely informed that my services were no longer needed. They had the meanness to pretend, moreover, that my dismissal was owing to another cause, and hinted something about staleness and lack of variety. Of course I knew better than that, you know.

The way, I think, is now prepared for business; and I will submit samples, with prices, so that there may be, hereafter, no misunderstanding. Let it be understood, too, that I give in every case the lowest cash price, and for the honor of my native land I trust you will not try to beat me down, as I know very well what will be the consequence if you do. I begin first with

I. ACROSTICS.—These, owing no doubt to a lack of talent among Americans, and to the fact that there are so few Englishmen in this country,—and the scarcity of Irishmen, I may add, also,—are not so frequent in your periodicals as they deserve to be. I can prepare them for you, with lines all warranted to rhyme, at prices depending, of course, upon the number of letters in the name to be acrosticized. For a name of five letters my charge will be fifty cents, increasing at the rate of ten cents for each additional letter. Thus an anagram on the name Stevens will be seventy cents, and if you wish to prefix the Christian name Abel, it will be one dollar and ten cents. This, however, be it remembered, is for what we call the ordinary acrostic. There is an invention of my own which is far superior in every respect; more difficult in the composition, and, of course, more expensive. I know not if the literary taste in this country is as yet sufficiently mature to appreciate them, but I will give you a sample. Here are the two first lines of an acrostic upon the name Smith:—

S-or, S-west, and So-rose in the S-chose of S-arrow;
M-irth M-ingles M-edly the M-oon of the M-crow.

The idea, you perceive, is not merely to make the first letters in the lines spell the word, but to compel each prominent word in each line to do the same thing. Of course, I will not add the remaining three lines, which I assure you are fully equal to the others. You may have the whole name for five dollars, and at the same rate, any other name you may select,

adding one dollar for each additional line. If you do not choose to go into this line, and it is expensive, I admit, you will oblige me by informing any family by the name of Smith, and there are several in the states, I am told, that any of them may have a manuscript copy of this entire quintuple acrostic for fifty cents, provided they promise not to allow it to appear in print. Would it not be a beautiful ornament to be worked on a sampler by the young misses of the Smith tribe?

Then again, to recur to the general subject, would it not be a very grateful compliment to the gentlemen whose portraits you have recently published, to add to their eulogies an acrostic on each name? Think of it. Such a contribution, unlike their pictures, will be appropriate for each one of their male descendants to the latest generation. While he points to the portrait and says of it, "That is my father, or my grandfather," as the case may be, he may say of the poetry, "This is an acrostic on my name!"

II. ANAGRAMS.—These I have already alluded to. It is about time they were coming into fashion again. New ones are, of course, out of the question; but I will furnish any quantity, warranted not to have been published during the last ten years, for five cents each.

III. CONUNDRUMS.—I am great on conundrums, original and selected. Permit me to say that I regard it as one of the evidences of your prospective high literary eminence in this New World that the American people appear more highly to appreciate this species of wit than they do in any other part of the globe, except France, and I am not sure that France is an exception. What entertainment more rational, more conducive to the exercise of the mental powers, more promotive of social good humor, and more redolent of fun in the family circle than the conundrum? Does it not tax the thinking powers quite as much as a game of blindman's buff? Is it not as innocent as chequers? Above all, does it not enlarge that most American of all phrenological bumps—the inquisitorial? The hilarious "D'ye give it up?" how full of excitement of a purely calculating character; and, if you will not suspect me of pandering to the national vanity, I will add, how truly cis-Atlantic! I can furnish them in any quantity that may be desired. Old ones that will an-

swer the same purpose as new ones with many of your readers, for twelve and a half cents a dozen, provided that not less than a quarter of a dozen be ordered at any one time. A mixture of old and new, the selection to be made by me, will be twenty cents a dozen with the above-named proviso. For warranted originals I must have six and a quarter cents each. In giving your orders please to specify which quality you want, and also state if you prefer them historical, mathematical, or quizzical. I will give you a specimen of each that you may understand my system of classification. Take first a quizzical conundrum.

Why do clergymen generally wear white cravats?

Answer—To keep their necks warm.

For a specimen of the historical variety I will give you one that I sent home by the last steamer, to be used at the fireside of a dear friend at Christmas.

Why is Miss Nightingale like a Roman shoe?

Answer—Because she is all soul (sole.)

Here is a mathematical conundrum, of which I will not give the answer unless you choose to order it on the terms above specified.

When are the three angles of a triangle less than half a right angle?

I will add here a specimen of a poetic variety. It is, of course, too highly intellectual for American readers; but perhaps some of my own countrymen, sojourning among you, may be gratified by its insertion, and think proper to introduce it at the next annual festival of the Saint George's Society. If they do I hope they will give credit to THE NATIONAL.

A shining wit pronounced of late
That every sitting magistrate
Was water in a frozen state.

The answer is just-ice. It is, in fact, the same as if you asked, Why is a magistrate like water at the freezing point? In this form perhaps it might be safe to propound it to American readers.

IV. Nearly allied to the last-named species of wit is one that is becoming, I am extremely happy to know, exceedingly popular. It goes, in this country, by the name of PUZZLES, and is generally followed by the editorial announcement, "To be answered in our next." I can supply them in any

quantity, and of any degree of hardness. I distinguish them by the letters E and H. Thus EEE denotes those very easily solved; EE a little more difficult; E comparatively easy, but not so simple as the two former classes. Then I have in succession H, double H, and treble H. Take a specimen first of class EEE.

I am composed of eight letters. My 1, 5, is a negative particle; my 3, 2, 6, is the prepared bark of a tree used in making leather; my 8, 5, 7, 1, is not easily obtained without good security; my 8, 5, 3, 4, 5, 1, is a wash; and my whole designates the name of a celebrated vehicle of instruction, (and as I hope, hereafter, of amusement.)

Almost any reader of average common sense would find out this in the course of a month, and you would have answers from all quarters—a desirable thing, and evincing public spirit, as thereby the revenues of the post-office would be greatly increased through your means and without any expense to you. This, I take it, is what is generally understood by patriotism in the new as well as the old world. Here now is one of my HHH's. I flatter myself that he who unlocks this mystery must be by birth a Yorkshireman, or have lived some time in Connecticut, which amounts to about the same thing.

I am composed of seventeen letters. My 2, 6, 8, 10, is what ladies do when they sneeze; my 3, 5, 9, 11, 12, is a musical instrument wanting repairs; my 1, 8, 15, 17, 14, 16, 2, is a toddy-stick made of *lignum vitæ*; my 1, 14, 8, 6, 7, 8, 4, 13, is a cold apple-dumpling without the apple; and my whole is a proverb of Solomon backwards.

Questions of this kind, in all cases accompanied by the answers, I can afford, provided you order liberally, at from six and a quarter to twelve and a half cents per dozen. Enigmas, rebuses, charades, and riddles may perhaps be deemed too trivial for your interesting pages; and yet you must remember that all your readers have not reached the age of discretion, and possibly some of them never will. If you think best to go into either or all these departments let me know, and I will supply you with good articles at moderate prices. In the mean time I hasten to another general division of vastly more momentous importance.

V. Under the general head of ANECDOTES we may comprehend *jeux d'esprit*, keen retorts, apothegms, repartees, and *bons mots*. These will of course form the

staple of the proposed EDITOR'S SEE-SAW. In a private interview I may refer you to some of my preparations in this line which give vitality and point to what would otherwise be deemed very dull publications. Under this grand division I make only three classifications. The first includes *originalities*; the second *ancients that have not entirely lost their flavor*; and the third, which is by far the largest and most important, I call *revamped Joe Millers*. Let me give you a few specimens of each class, with the prices.

And first, I mean by ORIGINALITIES such as have never before appeared in print. They are, first, purely my own inventions; and secondly, such as I have heard from the lips of living speakers, and have not appeared in any publication. As a specimen of this class, I may refer to the witticism quoted on a former page from the lips of Lord Mount-Coffee-House. At the time of my taking it from his lordship's lips that *was* an originality of the second class.

Here is another. It is American. I find it in my scrap-book for 1854:—

One very hot day last summer the reverend Doctor Tapioca observed, while he was preaching, some boys in the gallery behaving themselves rudely. The doctor paused a moment, and, wiping the sweat from his forehead, exclaimed in his well-known deep bass tones, "Boys! if you don't learn to behave better in church you'll go to a place a great deal hotter than this is; and that," he continued, "is needless!"

The following is an originality of the first class. In fact, I just now invented it for the purpose, and as you will see, it is very far superior to the generality of what passes for original wit.

"My son," said a fond mother, "are you not ashamed of your conduct?"

"Certainly I am, ma," was the reply of young hopeful.

"Why then," she asked, "do you persist in it?"

"Because," replied he, "you know the great Dr. Johnson says where there is shame there may in time be virtue, and I want to be virtuous."

Originalities of this kind I cannot afford under fifty cents a piece unless you take a dozen at a time, in which case I will put them at five dollars.

Of the second division—*ancients that have not yet lost their flavor*—I have a large stock on hand. They are such as I usually furnish to magazines, the publish-

ers preferring them because of their lower price; and I must admit, too, that there is generally more fun in them, for it is a solemn fact, first discovered, I think, by Charles Lamb, that our ancestors have stolen all our best things. You may have as many as you please at two dollars a dozen. Let me just throw in one or two samples.

When Dr. Treacle called to see Sam Toper, who was laid up with a severe cold, and had examined the patient's tongue and pulse, and smelt of his own cane, he prescribed for the unfortunate invalid catnip tea. "You must take it," said he, "plentifully. Drink at least four quarts."

"Four quarts!" cried Sam, in amazement. "It is impossible, doctor; I don't hold but half a gallon."

Here is another, but I am not sure that this has not passed the boundary line, and not only lost its original flavor, but acquired a new one, for it is with anecdotes as with eggs. There is a period of time in which they pass from freshness to rotteness. The interval between the two is longer or shorter not according to the positive facts in the case, but according to the palate of the consumer. Thus what to some readers is as fresh as an egg laid yesterday, is to others as unsavory as an addled one of summer before last. But take it as it is.

"It seems to me," said an employer to one of his men, "it seems to me you come very late in the morning."

"I know I do," was the reply; "but then I make up for it by going home very early in the evening."

If your magazine is Calvinistic in its tendencies, (as I suppose it is, almost everything of a national character having nominally that tendency in this country,) such an anecdote as the following would be very acceptable to your readers. It is a capital stone to pelt Arminians with, although, of course, there is no truth in it.

In a heated controversy between a Presbyterian and a Methodist, the former quoted largely from the epistle to the Romans.

"Ah!" said the other, "Paul says so, I know; but then I always thought that he leaned too much toward Calvinism."

Very similar is another which relates to the gentler portion of creation. It is that of a gifted female who was unable to resist the strong temptations she had to take up her cross and speak in meeting. Her spiritual adviser called her attention to what Paul says,—

"I suffer not a woman to teach."

"True," she replied, "I know Paul says that, but I never regarded him as any great friend of our sex."

But it is more especially to what I call my REVAMPED JOE MILLERS that I wish to call attention. I propose to make them the grand feature of the NATIONAL in the EDITOR'S SEE-SAW. I claim to be the original inventor. All others are imitators and pretenders. In fact, I bear the same relation to them as old Jacob Townsend does to the genuine sarsaparilla. I will give you a few specimens.

A doctor of divinity remarked to a brother clergyman whose friends had not been able to procure for him the essential sheep-skin from a college, "I have often wondered, my brother, why you have not been made a doctor." The untitled minister replied, poking his more fortunate brother in the ribs, "I would rather people should wonder why I am not a doctor than that they should be always wondering why I am."

Here is another, but I fear it may bear too hard upon some clergymen of your denomination. If so it had better be sent to some secular paper, as one must by all means keep the dominies in good humor.

A SMART WOMAN.—A preacher not long since asking to stay all night at a country house, was forbidden by the lady. Knowing her to be a member of the Church, and generally pleased to entertain ministers, he began to quote Paul to her, hoping she would take the hint that he was a preacher. He had hardly got out, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares; when she said, "but angels, sir, would not come with tobacco in their mouths." The preacher left without further ceremony.

Take another specimen.

A certain young clergyman, paying a visit to his father, an old farmer, thinking to astonish his venerable progenitor, told him that latterly he always put two texts to every sermon. "Two texts," replied the farmer, "that reminds me of a calf we had last summer which sucked the milk of two cows." "Indeed!" replied the son, "and pray what was the result?" "The result was," said the old man, "that he became a very great calf."

Now the soul (sole) of these anecdotes is as old as the oldest jest-book with which I am acquainted. I have revamped them, put new uppers upon them, and polished them so that they appear almost equal to new. Indeed, with the great mass of American readers they will be esteemed quite original, and in fact as such you may announce them, if you see proper to take the responsibility of so doing.

Let us now, if you please, go over the matter again, and ascertain what will be the monthly expense of the editor's SEE-SAW, to consist say of twelve pages. First, if you adopt my proposed picture, I charge for the design five dollars, but that expense will of course not be repeated, as having once obtained the cut you may use it as often as you please. We want for each month say

1 Acrostic, averaging eight letters.....	\$0 80
6 Anagrams.....	0 30
Conundrums to the amount of.....	0 40
12 "Questions," Hard and Soft, mixed...	0 10
2 Anecdotes (originalities).....	1 00
6 do. (high-flavored ancients)...	1 00
4 Revamped Joe Millers.....	1 00
Unclassified fun and contingencies...	0 40

Making a grand total for the month. \$5 00

This, I am aware, may seem a large sum, and it is, I confess, more than is paid by some magazines; but then bear in mind that I propose to do better work, and also to give all the reputation that may be acquired to the editor. My name is not to appear. The thing is to be called the *editor's*. That, certainly, is worth something, and, to prove that I so esteem it, if you will allow the department to be called by my name, say SNIVEY'S SEE-SAW, I will deduct ten per cent., making my monthly bill \$4 50. And perhaps still further to cut me down, though I do not think it will be best, you might omit the acrostic, which will be reducing the amount to \$3 70; or say take an acrostic only every other month, and I will let you have it (but do not tell any other publishers) for sixty cents, and thus make the monthly bill just four dollars.

There is one other matter that I wished to touch upon, but I am fearful of having already alarmed you by the expensiveness of my proposals, as I well know how shy you are in this country on the subject of money, especially when it is to be paid out to men of genius for intellectual productions. I know all about that, you know. I will say nothing more about money, then, at present, but advert very briefly to the point in hand. It is this. I am a *dabster* at designing comic pictures—at designing them, mark—I do not pretend to draw. Why not have say two pages of the real knock-me-down-and-carry-me-out woodcuts, from designs by Snivey? I know, too, permit me to add, just what kind of pictures will tickle the American fancy.

The design already suggested for the new department is entirely original, and, if I mistake not, intensely American, and certainly very funny. Take this for another, and imagine what a good draughtsman might make of it.

Scene—A Baker's Shop in the Bowery.

Two miserably ragged urchins, both bare-footed, standing before the window, one gazing in, and the other listlessly looking up the street.

Lettering underneath.

First Loafer.—Jake, they're bringing up hot dough-nuts. Now's the time to get a good smell.

Second Loafer.—Dough-nuts be blowed. I've got no stomach for 'em. Why do n't they make crullers—them's the jockeys for my nose.

Something like this, although not nearly equal to it, has indeed already been given to the public. It was received with prodigious applause. Indeed, I find that everything that tends to ridicule poverty *takes* with the lovers of the mighty dollar in this land where all white men are born free and equal. I shall keep my eye intently fixed on this interesting feature of American society; and if the NATIONAL is so happy as to engage my services in this department, I promise you I'll make poverty look ridiculous, and all varieties of loaferism laughable in the extreme. At the same time, too, you may depend on my prudence and caution. Far shall it be from me to ridicule the rich or make sport of the lucky. In fact there is no occasion for it. There are poor people enough to afford ample material for a *quantum sufficit* of mirth, and there are among us the unfortunates of all countries who cannot be made more wretched by any caricature, and who can contribute in no other way to the good of the community. If we can make ourselves merry with their misery, why should we not? It will do them no harm, and do us good; for is it not Solomon who says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine?"

THE PEN, in the hand that knows how to use it, is one of the most powerful weapons known. As the tongue of the absent, how cheering! When self-respect gives it a new vigor, how pleasing! When virtue guides it, how beautiful! When honor directs it, how respected! When wit sharpens it, how fatal! When scurrility wields it, how contemptible! 'T is the weapon of the soul.

[For the National Magazine.]

PRAIRIES OF LOUISIANA.

AT first sight these immense meadows, the prairies of Louisiana, look like the expanse of the ocean. The imagination is transported, and labors to embrace in one view a prospect so boundless and magnificent. The eye travels over them in every direction without meeting with any thing larger than a blade of grass. When out in them the horizon incloses you on all sides, the sky and the grass apparently melting into each other in the far distance. You readily imagine yourself at sea, and often feel a strange sense of loneliness steal over you. In your passage, when approaching the distant woods, they have all the appearance of a high beach, beautifully indented with coves and harbors; and if you look more immediately around you, you are delighted by the graceful undulations of the high grass, impressed and waved by the soft winds from the Gulf of Mexico, which are almost continually sweeping over these trackless wastes.

Often in your rides you come in sight of vast herds of cattle. From your saddle, in a clear day, you may see perhaps ten thousand cows, sheep, horses, and other animals spread over this interminable mead, grazing upon a sea of plenty, exuberant nature everywhere supplying them to their heart's content. Formerly, in like manner, and perhaps not much less numerously, the deer, the buffalo, and other undomesticated creatures, once enjoyed themselves in these savannas. But civilization and the deadly rifle have exterminated them, or driven them off to the still farther West.

On some occasions this heterogenous mass, at other times unsocial, or even hostile to each other, forgetting their natural antipathies, press themselves together for mutual defense against their common enemy, the mosquito; for, while they remain in this dense position, their breath, perspiration, or some other cause unknown to us, keeps these little furies at bay. I have seen a herd, estimated at eight thousand, closely embodied and quietly held together for nearly a whole day, until stern hunger drove them asunder in search of food. These mosquitoes are of all creatures the most eternally active to glut their voracious appetites

with blood. To attempt to destroy them is folly, to run away from them is impossible, and to stand your ground is to suffer and bleed. Your only escape is that of association with the cattle.

In these prairies sometimes the traveler starts up the deer, for a few of these aborigines linger yet about the bones of their predecessors. When these timid creatures see you they gaze innocently and intensely upon you, apparently wondering at your intrusion upon their premises; after which they bound off, and lose themselves in the high and distant grass.

Here, too, the wolf is sometimes seen; not the lean, starved creature of most other countries; but well-fed and fat, luxuriating himself among the calves and lambs of these meadows. They too, however, are fast disappearing. The herdsmen of these prairies are expert cavaliers, and, on their trained steeds, pride themselves in running down the wolf, or in catching him with their lassoes, which they throw with astonishing precision. I have sometimes met toward the close of the day a young Spaniard or Frenchman returning in all the pride of chivalry with a live wolf on the pommel of his saddle, to present to his loved one as a trophy of his skill and daring.

Here are seen, late in the autumn and during the winter months, myriads of water-fowl, mostly ducks and geese, in their annual passage from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes of Canada. Sometimes they float over your head like clouds, obscuring the very sun. At other times they spread themselves far beyond you, apparently vivifying the whole surface of the earth by their continual movements. When apprehensive of danger, whether from instinct or experience, the geese will extend themselves in a straight line to the distance of a mile or more, and at equal points along the whole course they are sure to place faithful sentinels, whose necks are always stretched to their utmost length, and whose eyes, quick and far-reaching, are ever and anon on the look-out for an enemy; and whenever there is the least approach of one, the signal is given, which flies with almost telegraphic speed, and instantly the whole flock is in motion. "Up they spring upon the wing, darkening" all the marshy shore.

For about six weeks in the summer these meadows are infested by a green fly whose insatiable appetite impels it everywhere in search of blood. The flocks and herds, whose combination had resisted the onset of the musquito, on their appearance immediately give way, and retreat before this new enemy. Their former strategy is now of no avail. If they can find such a place, they fly to the woods, and the bushes on the margin of the water-courses, as an asylum from suffering. Traveling on horseback is now arrested, or the mode of it is wholly changed. The order of time is inverted, and night becomes the season to travel. The preacher, or he whose duty requires him to pass these prairies at stated periods, is obliged to put his horse in some dark place, and lay by through the day. At night-fall, when the fly drops in the grass, he mounts his horse for a lonely ride. If the moon or the stars are obscured, it is hazardous for him to set out, for in these dreary wastes there is not the slightest vestige of a road; so that without these celestial guides one may move on in endless mazes, or return to the very spot from which he had started. But when these are favorable, the traveler lays his course, measuring his distance by the knots or miles which he is to run or to ride during each hour. Soon he is out in the wide expanse, and sees nothing around him but sky and grass. Late, or after midnight, when far out in the prairies, and when sleep presses heavily upon him, he feels a strange and inexpressible sense of loneliness, or of individuality. And the darkness and the silence of the hour greatly heighten the sensation. How little he seems! Even his thoughts fall back upon himself. The isolation distresses him, and instinctively he finds himself grasping at something, as if to keep himself from falling into nothingness. He may sing aloud, or vociferate to the extent of his lungs; but there is no intelligence within reach to perceive it, and even the sounds which he has emitted return upon him in strange and mournful echoes.

Once, while crossing the prairie between Bayou Queue de Tortue and the Vermilion, the stars became obscured with clouds. Without reaching the place of destination, my reckoning had run out long before midnight. Thus, finding myself

astray, I feared that I was near the Gulf, and that I might fall into its coulees or quick-sands. In nautical phrase, I was obliged to lie to on horseback until day-break. The interim was one of extreme chilliness and dampness. The dew dropped freely from the umbrella. The morning came, but with it a dense fog, impenetrable, and still concealing my position and my bearing. In about an hour it went up as with a bound, the sun blazed out, and the dreaded flies, all night ambushed in the grass, came up like those of the Nile, and fastened upon my poor horse. He had traveled much the preceding day, and was now jaded by wading all the night through the high grass; but the bite of these creatures upon him was like fire upon live flesh. He could not be controlled. Overleaping every obstruction, he ran to a smoke nearly two miles distant, and precipitated himself into it. The cottager helped me, and with our hands we literally scraped the flies from him, and put him in a dark place, and when we had finished our hands and arms were covered with blood. Thus these little furies tyrannize their hour, then sink into the grass, and leave behind them a numerous progeny to run a similar course another year.

In these prairies there are few roads and fewer bridges. Every considerable rain raises the creeks or bayous so that they cannot be forded for several days. The traveler in such cases is obliged to make for himself a float or raft on which to pass over. These floats are made by collecting a number of dry rotten logs, and by tying them together with grapevines. They must be constructed in the water, for, unaided, you cannot launch your craft. When finished, stripping your horse, and putting the saddle and other effects on board, you navigate your frail construction across, your horse in the meanwhile swimming by the side of it. When all succeeds to your wish, the voyage is a pleasant, perhaps rather a laughable one. But this is not always the case. The navigation is sometimes dangerous, particularly in a rapid current, with an untrained horse, or when the opposite bank is bold or precipitous, or whenever your green cordage, the grapevines, give way, loosen their hold, and subject you at once to an entire float-wreck. Once, in crossing a bayou, my horse, in-

stead of steering diagonally to the right landing, struck directly to the high bank, was thrown back again into the rapid current, and, after struggling a while, was carried down by it till he was lodged in a submerged tree-top. Seeing him in a drowning condition, I plunged into the bayou, and for a while held his head out of water. But soon the limb on which I stood broke from under me, and precipitated myself and horse out of sight among the entanglements of brush and grapevines. Rising again to the surface, and reaching the shore, I was delighted to see my good horse Ajax on the other side of the tree-top, wholly disengaged from his entanglements, and swimming off pleasantly to the opposite bank of the bayou.

Now this was not tasting the perils of the ocean. But to be carried by a rapid current under its surface through the complications and mazy windings of brush, submerged logs, and tree-tops, not knowing against what you might be driven, or where you might land, was, in my opinion, a position not to be laughed at even by an old "Salt."

[For the National Magazine.]

MATERIALISM.

THE mind, the intelligent spirit of man, which makes him lord of this lower world, fits him for perpetual acquisitions of knowledge, and for never-ending enjoyment,—the nature, the powers, the dignity, and destiny of the spirit of man, form an interesting and useful subject of consideration.

One school of philosophers, men of unquestionable learning in the laws of man's physical organization, have from early ages maintained that the spirit, or thinking principle of man, is the result of material organization, is absolutely dependent on it, and ceases on its destruction.

Another school, including a majority of by no means the least learned physiologists as well as moral philosophers, teach that life in general is some principle of activity added by the will of Omnipotence to organized structure, and that in man, who is endowed with an intelligent faculty in addition to the vital principle possessed by other animals, there is superadded to life and structure an *immaterial soul*. "We perceive," says Abernethy, "an ex-

act correspondence between those opinions which result from physiological research, and those which so naturally arise from the suggestions of reason, that some have considered them as *intuitive*. For most reflecting persons, in all ages, have believed, and indeed it seems natural to believe, what modern physiology also appears to teach, that in the human body there exists an assemblage of organs, formed of common inert matter, such as we see after death; a principle of life and action, and a sentient and rational faculty, all intimately connected, yet each *distinct from the other*."

There is a striking coincidence between what is here asserted as the true teachings of modern physiology, and the account of the origin and nature of man as given by the inspired penman,—“God made man of the dust of the earth:” here is inert matter joined to material structure; “and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life:” here is the principle of life added to structure; “and man became a living soul:” here is the third principle or component part of the creature man, the masterpiece of Creative Wisdom in our sphere, exactly coincident with the three principles of physiology; namely, inert matter, organized living structure, and the immaterial, sentient spirit.

Dr. Lawrence, another learned physiologist, boldly announces as his creed, “*that matter thinks*,” that “medullary substance is capable of sensation and *thought*,” that the “*cerebral functions*, which are more numerous and diversified in the higher orders of the mammalia, receive their last development in man, where they produce all the phenomena of intellect, all those wonderful processes of thought, known under the names of memory, reflection, association, judgment, reasoning, imagination, which so far transcend any analogous appearance in animals that we *almost* feel a repugnance to refer them to the same principle.”

Thus he teaches, in words too plain to be misunderstood, the portentous doctrine that the principle of life, whether sentient or intelligent, is in all organized beings the same; that whether we look to man, the highest of the animal creation, with all his faculties of invention, memory, imagination; or to an oyster or a cabbage, the vital and intelligent properties are all alike derived from their organic structure,

and the difference of their structure constitutes the only difference in their faculties and powers. "Where," says this materialist, "shall we find proofs of mind independent of bodily structure—of that mind which, like the corporeal frame, is infantile in the child, manly in the adult, sick and debilitated in disease, enfeebled in the decline of life, doting in decrepitude, and annihilated by death? Where is the mind of the child just born? Do we not see it built up before our eyes by the action of the five senses, and of gradually developed internal faculties?"

It is here assumed that the mind is built up by the action of the external senses, by which is meant that no mind exists at first, but that it is formed by the senses. Whether is it more probable, or harder to believe this, or that an immaterial mind is an original part of the human being, and not that it is built up *by*, but that it derives its ideas *through* the external senses, let any one decide. But what proof is offered of the non-existence of an immaterial soul distinct from the material body, from the fact of the mental and corporeal faculties beginning to act together, of their growing together to maturity, of their being often strengthened and enfeebled together, and generally decaying together, in the decline of life? That the closest union exists between the soul and body, and that, during this union, the former carries on its functions through the instrumentality of the latter cannot be doubted, however ignorant we may be of the nature of this union, or of the mode by which the one acts by the assistance of the other. Now, if we were only acquainted with instances in which body acts upon mind, there would be still, so far as this view is concerned, no reason for concluding that the mental faculties are derived from the bodily organs, but only that their exercise depends on those organs. But how stands the fact? It is a matter of daily experience, that intense reflection, excessive grief or joy, the excitement of vehement anger, and other passions, affect the bodily frame in various ways and degrees, promote or impede the circulation of the blood, assist or obstruct the digestive organs, as every dyspeptic can attest, provoke the action of particular glands, produce relaxation or tension in the nerves, and materially change the general state of the health. A sudden affec-

tion of the mind often produces a temporary suspension of all the active powers of the body, and has been known to destroy life itself.

The following statement well illustrates the powerful influence of the mind upon the bodily organs. A letter, containing afflicting intelligence, is brought to a man. He casts his eye over the contents, and drops down without sense or motion. What is the cause of this sudden affection? It may be said the vessels have collapsed, that the brain is consequently disordered, and that loss of sense is the consequence. But let us take one step backward, and inquire what caused the disorder, the effects of which are thus visible. It is produced by a piece of white paper, with a few black lines marked upon it. But no one would be absurd enough to suppose that it was the effect of the paper alone, or of the characters inscribed upon it, unless they conveyed some meaning to the understanding. It is thought, then, which so suddenly agitates and disturbs the brain, and causes its vessels to collapse. From this circumstance alone we discover the amazing influence of thought upon the external organs—of that thought which we can neither see, nor hear, nor touch, but which yet produces effects equal to a blow, pressure, or other injury. Now this very action of thought upon the brain clearly shows that the *brain does not produce it*; while the mutual influence which they possess over each other as clearly shows that there is a strong connection between them.

But, says the materialist, "The faculties of the mind decay with the organic structure; they are enfeebled together in old age, and perish together in death." But how does he know the truth of the last affirmation? Instances are familiar to every one in which the exercise of some or all the mental functions is suspended even in this life, but not destroyed. Thus in a swoon or sleep, more especially in catalepsy, a total suspension of some or all the faculties takes place for a time, yet the exercise of them is as active as ever; thus, too, paralysis of some particular organ, as of vision or hearing, suspends the use of such faculty of the mind; but let the organ be restored, and the mental exercise immediately returns. But we deny that the faculties of the mind and body decay always together. Generally,

no doubt, a decaying body brings on, not a decaying mind, but an enfeebled exercise of the mind, enfeebled because of the state of the instrument of its action. Exceptions, however, continually occur to this law, of so strong a character as wholly to defeat the inference drawn from it by the materialist. In many instances, the mind decays before the body; the latter is strong and vigorous, while the former loses more or less of the exercise of its faculties. In many other cases, the mind remains clear and vigorous in the most decayed and failing state of the body, and on the very verge of its dissolution. The lines of an old poet are founded on actual observation and experience:—

"The soul's frail cottage, shatter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new light through chinks that time has made."

Many physiologists of the school of materialism have endeavored to show that the brain in man is larger in proportion to the bulk of the body than in any of the brute creation; and that the mental powers of animals—among which they class man, as far as we can see—are proportional to their organization.

Neither of these assertions is true. The following are some of the proportions between the weight of the brain and of the whole body, as given by Haller and Cuvier, physiologists of the very highest authority. In a child six years old the brain is the $\frac{1}{25}$ part of the whole body, its actual weight being two pounds twenty-eight and a half drams. In an adult, the brain is $\frac{1}{35}$ of the body. In the ourang-outang, the proportion is the same as in man; in the sepanjou, or American monkey, with prensile tail, $\frac{1}{25}$ and $\frac{1}{35}$. In the great baboon, $\frac{1}{104}$; the mole, $\frac{1}{35}$; the fox, $\frac{1}{65}$; the field-mouse, $\frac{1}{31}$; the beaver, $\frac{1}{55}$; the elephant, $\frac{1}{55}$; the ox, $\frac{1}{55}$; the horse, $\frac{1}{75}$; the ass, $\frac{1}{44}$; the goose, $\frac{1}{65}$; the cock, $\frac{1}{25}$; the duck, $\frac{1}{27}$; the sparrow, $\frac{1}{15}$; the canary bird, $\frac{1}{14}$; the tortoise, $\frac{1}{24}$. The most transient glance at these proportions shows that nothing can be deduced from them. Some of the animals, whose sagacity and powers of instinct are well known to be of a very superior kind, as the elephant, the horse, the beaver, rank among the lowest in the scale; while others of an inferior class in point of sagacity, as the canary bird, mouse, &c., rise very high. Man, according to this measure, is about equal in rea-

soning powers to the ourang-outang and the mole, but far inferior to the cock, the field-mouse, the American monkey, and many others. To crown the whole, a child of six years old has higher intellectual powers than the adult man. I would here add the opinion of Sir Richard Phillips, founded on an extensive anatomical examination of the brain, that the brain in all the human species attains its full development, size, and vigor, at seven years of age. And yet the mind is then feeble—is so far from having attained its complete vigor at that age, that it is continually enlarging its powers for many years after.

A great variety of cases are on record in which it has been found that every part of the structure of the brain has been deeply injured, if not destroyed, without impeding or obstructing any part of the process of thought. Haller mentions a case in which half a pound of pus was in the ventricles of the brain, yet the faculties were unimpaired until death. Sir John Pringle found an abscess in the right hemisphere of the brain as large as an egg in a patient who had never been delirious, nor altogether insensible. A woman under Diemerbraech's own care, whose skull was fractured, lost a quantity of brain equal in size to a man's fist, yet she lived thirty-six days without alienation of mind. Peyronie tells us of a boy, six years old, who received a pistol-shot in the head; a suppuration followed, during which he lost a great quantity of brain at every dressing; at the end of eighteen days he died, having retained his faculties to the end. When the head was opened, the portion of brain remaining in the skull did not exceed the size of a small egg.

Nor has the destruction of the superior or lateral parts of the brain destroyed the powers of thought; they have survived the injury, and even the destruction of the cerebellum and of the basis of the brain. Haller mentions several instances of scirrhus affecting the cerebellum and producing death *without* previously injuring the faculties of the mind. Morgagni gives a particular account of a fatal scirrhus of the cerebellum, slow in its progress, not affecting the patient's mind until the last, and then only at intervals. Dr. Brunner records the case of a blacksmith, sixty-four years of age, a hard drinker, but an industrious workman, who expired in a fit of apoplexy, having passed the morning

in apparently good health. On dissection the whole brain, even the base of it, was found in the most diseased state; yet his faculties had never been impaired, and he was remarkably acute in his judgment. A case came under my own observation in which a young man received a pistol-ball under the eye, which passed through the head, and shattered and completely separated the *medulla oblongata* from the base of the brain. An entire bodily paralysis ensued immediately. The sufferer became insensible to any bodily impression, yet his mind was clear and intelligent until death, a space of ten or fifteen hours. Bossuet, in a patient who died after an illness of twelve years, *without suffering any alienation of mind*, found the whole substance of the brain watery, and so soft as hardly to bear the knife. The pineal gland, which some materialists have made the thinking part of the brain, has so often been found suppurated, or petrified, or destroyed, without any previous affection of the mental faculties, that it has been given up by general consent as *unnecessary* to thought. The celebrated Dr. Ferriar addressed a learned paper to Dr. Cooper, containing a great number of cases of the injury and destruction of every part of the brain without any disturbance of the mind.

Strong, however, as are these facts to disprove the identity of material organization and mind, the moral and metaphysical arguments are still stronger. The singular capacity of the mind to recall the past and anticipate the future—movements so utterly unlike any known mere organic action—peculiarly shows the independence of mind on the material organ. Matter is moved only by a force from without; that is, in actual and present contact. But by this faculty the mind can go back beyond any present moving force, or move forward to scenes in which it never actually existed, or from which its organic structure never conceived an impression.

The arguments for the immateriality and immortality of the soul or spirit of man, drawn from his capacity for continual improvement, are beautifully stated by Addison in the third number of the *Spectator*. "How," says he, "can it enter into the thought of man that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing al-

most as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made to no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection he can never pass. In a few years he has all the endowments of which he is capable; and were he to live for ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. But a man can never take in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reason? Would he give us talents that are never to be exerted—capacities which are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines in all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the generations of rational creatures which rise up and disappear in such quick succession are to receive only their first rudimenta here, and afterward are to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish forever."

The effects of material philosophy have always been the same on individual and national character. Ancient and modern times bear testimony coincident and alike on this subject. Polybius, the most accurate and philosophical observer of the ancient historians, observes that the prevalence of the material philosophy of Epicurus, in Greece and Rome, changed the character of the people of those countries. It made the polished Greeks universally selfish and perfidious, and the stern Romans universally ferocious.

It was not until the principles of Epicurus prevailed that the term "*Græca Fides*" became a by-word for fraud and deception, and that the awful massacres and slaughters of the Syllan and Marian factions were known in Rome. Every one knows that the Encyclopedists and other writers of France, who prepared its people to laugh to scorn all religious and moral ties and belief, unceasingly spread the ideas that man is nothing more than organized matter; that he is the creature of circumstances during life, and wholly and forever perishes at death. What, then, was the characteristic feature of the first French Revolution? Ferocious barbarity, and unpitiful destruction of human

life. Language cannot describe, and history has not been able, therefore, adequately to record, the horrors and atrocities of that reign of terror. What but the iron arm of military rule now keeps down the infidel and material socialism of France? That the spirit and character of its principles are the same which formerly produced so much misery and carnage in that country, is acknowledged by all. Let one project suffice to prove it. The ancient Church of St. Geneviève was, in the first revolution, changed into a Pantheon, and decorated after the heathen manner of ancient Athens. In its vaults were placed the bodies of Voltaire and Rousseau, and also of Mirabeau and Marat—fit relics for its dark abodes! After the restoration it was reconverted to a Roman Catholic Church. It was then proposed to convert it again into a Pantheon! The following is an account of the design. An artist named Cheravard was intrusted with the execution by Ledru Rollin. The plan of the artist is fully stated in the published account, from which we take the following:—"Men of all nations and ages may enter that temple—the Pantheon—and find there the object of their worship:—The Chaldean his Star; the Egyptian his Isis and Osiris; the Hindoo his Brahma, with all his Avatars; the Hebrew, Jehovah; the Persian his Ormuzd and Athisman; the Greek and Roman, Olympus, with a full complement of gods; the Christian his Christ, eighteen times glorified; the Northern Barbarian his gods, shivering beneath polar snows; the Mohammedan, who hates images, his prophet with his face veiled by a flame; the Druse his Calif Hakem, with his azure eye and his lion mask."

The chief idol in this Pantheonic temple is thus described:—"In the center the Brahmin Cow is resting with her full face turned upon you, her knees drawn in under her dewlaps, ruminating on some thought of cosmogony. On the right, the Persian Griffin, with long claws and shaking wing, seems to guard a treasure; while on the left, the Chaldean Sphinx makes a mock of Eternity by her granite dreams. On the back of these three beasts, soldered together, rests the Egyptian Sphynx, the mystical Bari, which ferries the souls across. The ship carries the Ark of the Covenant, which is itself surrounded by a Ciborium, containing the Host amid glistening rays. This symbol,

executed in red granite, was to be replaced at the farther end of the temple, and to stand in the place of an altar, under a dome of twelve columns, supporting a frieze with twelve compartments, where the Olympian gods will be sculptured in *bass-relief*. By this monument, compounded of the symbols of all the modes of worship fused together, Cheravard wished to denote that all religions are but different forms of one and the same idea, and that, *seen from a certain elevation*, their forms must be indifferent. It is the Word, the Great Pan, that humanity adores under a multitude of pseudonymous characters. All the names of the deities are but epithets of the litany of that one universal and eternal God, the Word floating in light; that is, the supreme ruling intelligence, of which every animate creature contains a portion, and which man alone bears consciously in his mind and heart. Thus has he made an idol, that is, a plastic image, which everybody may worship, for it contains the worship of each, with its genealogy. Such it behooves the high altar of a Pantheistic temple to be; for the mission of Pantheism is to absorb in its vast bosom all ideas and forms. It excludes no religion, but assimilates them all." What mind of common sense but must treat this jargon with scorn and contempt.

Such, then, are the doctrines and tendencies of materialism on the character of individuals and nations. They confound the truths of science and of morals; they deteriorate individual and national character; they lower the aims and repress the aspirations of men; they lessen the value of the present by throwing clouds and darkness on the future; they rob man of his most effectual consolations in seasons of misfortunes and sorrows by interrupting the light which Christianity sheds on the gloom of the grave; they bring down man to the end and value of the brutes, by degrading his nature to their level, and terminating his existence with theirs.

But are such the fortunes of our race? No, no. Not all of man shall perish like the flowers of the field, nor wither forever as the sear and yellow leaf of autumn. It is no less truth than poetry, that although

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky,
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die!"

JUST DOWN THE ROAD.

AUNT MARY and I lived all alone in our little cottage. It was the quaintest old house, with green blinds and gray gables, the wild vine toiling up its sides, with the scarlet berries flashing like red stars among the dark-green leaves. Then there were two chestnut-trees that stood all summer before the front-door, like tall friars with green stoles folded over their bosoms; and on either side of the gravel-walks, harebells and daffodils made a ruffling of gold and purple down to the little wicket. O, it was a happy home to me! I sit here and close my eyes, and, looking down into the far land of my memory, I see the quaint gables, the great trees, and the golden ruffling, shining clear through the light and the darkness of the years that lie between it and the present.

"Just down the road"—I could see it from my chamber window—was a red frame-house, with the moss of half a century growing thick on its sloping roof. The building was considerably dilapidated; still, it had a *cosy*, old-fashioned look of a summer's morning, when the sunshine used to gild the eaves, and plate with gold the great weather-stained front-door.

Mrs. Willard and Harry lived in the red house: he was her only son, and she was a widow. They were very poor—all the village knew this; but Mrs. Willard managed to obtain a somewhat precarious livelihood for herself and child by taking in plain sewing; and as she sometimes fitted Aunt Mary's dresses and mine, and Harry always came for and returned these, I became acquainted with him.

Henry Willard was a strange boy. He did not laugh and play as other boys of his age do. He was only two years older than I; and there was an air of mingled pride and timidity in his manner, a shadow on his young face, and a melancholy earnestness in his large dark eyes, which arrested my attention, and awakened my sympathy the first time that I saw him.

We were both naturally shy, and so Harry came and went many times with the little bundles; and I sat in a chair by Aunt Mary's side, getting surreptitious glances of the pale mournful face, and wondering greatly why it was not like that of other boys, before the least overtures for acquaintance were made on either side. But Aunt Mary, whose heart seemed al-

ways overflowing with kindness and sympathy for every human being, had taken a great fancy to Harry Willard; and one day just as he was leaving, after having discharged the commission on which his mother had sent him, she suddenly said to me, "Alice, you had better go out with Harry, and make a bouquet for Mrs. Willard. Do'n't you like flowers, Harry?"

"Yes, ma'am, very much, thank you," replied the boy; and then his eyes were full of a strange, beautiful light, as he placed them full on Aunt Mary.

So we went into the garden together, and there we talked for the first time, while I gathered mignonnette and roses; and Harry held the flowers when I tied the blue ribbon round the stems. After this our reserve wore gradually away, and Harry became a frequent, always a welcome, visitor at our house. We would sit for hours under the great restless shadows of the chestnut-trees, while he would talk to me in his strange dreamy way of the stars, that seemed to him like golden stairs on which the angels came down to earth; of the strange music his heart could hear in the wind—music that rose in the spring-time into a mighty jubilee; and it flowed over the fields, and they grew green; and the violets opened their eyes, and made purple seams in the grass. In the summer, Harry said this music grew into a glorious psalm, filling the forest and the woods; and when the autumn came, it swelled into a grand stream, that went rolling up the hills, and along the valleys; and there was nothing like it but the moan of the great organ, floating through the aisles of the village church when the choir sang the doxology. And Harry's brown eyes would grow so large, and kindle with such a strange light as he talked of these things! and then he would stop suddenly, and the old shadow and sadness would come into them, and he would tell me how he loved to read books, and how there was a strange hungry feeling at his heart for knowledge; and how the hunger sometimes grew into a fire there, which he could not describe; and he would say, in a tone of such touching, mournful pathos, that it always brought the tears into my eyes to hear him—"But, Alice, you see, we are very poor, and I cannot go to school: and nobody knows how I feel; and nobody cares for me but mamma!" And then I would draw up close to Harry,

and say, "Don't talk so, please, Harry, for it makes me feel bad: besides, it is n't true, for Aunt Mary loves you, and so do I; and I know you'll grow up to be a great man, and have as many books as you want, and study everything, too!"

Then Harry would lift his face to mine, and there would be such a glow all over it! And his lip would quiver when he said, "Ally, your words always make me feel happy. God bless you!" And my heart always beat lighter when he said those words.

But one day, when Aunt Mary was "picking over" some gooseberries for supper, and I sat by her side, hemming an apron for my new doll, I told her all that Harry had said to me. I noticed she seemed very thoughtful after this; and at last I looked up, and saw she was running her fingers in an absent manner through the pan of gooseberries; and I said, "Aunt Mary, you're thinking about something."

She smiled—her own sweet loving smile, and bending down, kissed my up-turned forehead, and said, "You have guessed rightly, Ally. I was trying to devise some method by which I could send Harry Willard to school; but this is not so easy a matter as I see, by the sparkling of those blue eyes, that you think it is. Harry Willard's mother was not always poor, as she is now: and she is very proud too; and unless I could represent his going in the light of a favor done to me, I do not think I could obtain her consent to this matter."

"But you can think of some way; I know you can, Aunt Mary: Harry so longs to go!" I eagerly answered; for I placed the most unbounded faith in Aunt Mary's diplomatic resources.

"Well, Ally, I had just thought of a plan when you spoke to me, which, upon reflection, appears the best calculated of any to succeed. I have felt for some time that my darling ought to commence some higher studies than those she is learning of me; but it is a long way to the village-school, and—"

"And you intend Harry should go too, to take care of me! O, I'm so glad, Aunt Mary!" I interrupted, springing up and clapping my hands—an involuntary ebullition of my excited feelings.

Aunt Mary's smile verified my remarks; and at sunset, on that very day, she went down to the red house, and had a long

talk with Mrs. Willard. The star was just coming over the great hill at the side of our home, a single golden drop in that sea of blue, when Aunt Mary returned, and informed me that her mission had been a successful one, and that Harry and I were to enter the village-school on the ensuing week. O, that Monday morning's sunlight shone not on two happier hearts than Harry's and mine, when we shut the white wicket of our cottage-home, and, hand in hand, took the road leading to the village-school, pausing every few rods to send a smile or a kiss to Aunt Mary, who stood in the front-door, watching us with her loving eyes until we were out of sight. Very happy were we, too, for the next six months: very tender and watchful was Harry's care for me; and very wonderful was Harry's progress in his studies, distancing all his class-mates, and greatly surprising the teacher, while the light beamed more brightly, and the shadow went more and more from his face, which he would turn to me sometimes, and say, in his sudden, abrupt manner, "O, Ally, I'm very happy now!" But, at the expiration of six months, there came the darkness of the shadow of death over all this brightness.

It was evening: Aunt Mary sat in her old seat by the window, and I stood by her side, watching the round moon as she came slowly up the blue bridge, on either side of which lay the silver-looped and gray-fringed clouds, when Harry Willard burst into the room; and every muscle of his white face seemed working with terrible suffering, as he sprang to Aunt Mary's side, saying wildly, "O, please go to her; please go to her quick, for my mother is dying!"

With a half-suppressed exclamation, Aunt Mary seized a shawl, and hurried after Harry, who had rushed out of the house.

I was all alone, with the white moon looking in at the window, and plating with silver the backs of the chairs; and in the half-darkness a great fear came over me. I could not endure the stillness and the ghostly moonlight; so I seized my bonnet, and followed Aunt Mary as rapidly as my trembling limbs would permit.

I shall never cease to remember the scene which presented itself as I entered the red house. Mrs. Willard was sitting in a chair in one corner of the long, old-

fashioned parlor, her head resting on Aunt Mary's bosom, who was striving to wipe away the current of blood which issued from her white lips. Harry's words were but too true: his mother was dying of sudden hemorrhage at the lungs! But once the dim eyes unclosed, and the cold fingers moved convulsively. "Harry!" gasped the dying woman, as the boy buried his head, with a heart-breaking sob, in her lap, "I am going home. O God, forget not thy covenant with the fatherless!" Again the cold fingers moved convulsively amid his brown curls; there was a faint sigh; the head leaned more heavily on Aunt Mary—Harry Willard was motherless!

Two days later they buried Mrs. Willard. It was a pleasant autumn day, and the winds sighed through the tangled grass of the church-yard, and the sunbeams glistened brightly along the marble, where Harry's mother was laid down to that slumber which no sunlight could ever waken. Poor Harry! He did not weep then; but he stood there, his whole frame quivering like a wind-broken bough, when the clods rattled on the coffin.

There was a corner in that same church-yard to which Aunt Mary and I glanced often through our tears; for there, under those drooping willows, with their white hands folded calmly over their hearts, my father and mother were sleeping that sleep which knows no earthly waking.

We could not dissuade Harry from sleeping at the house "just down the road;" but he passed at our cottage most of the week subsequent to his mother's death. He grew calmer every day; but none who looked in the boy's sad eyes could doubt of the great "heartache" beneath them. One morning he came over as usual, and told my aunt that he had resolved to leave the village, now that he had no relatives (how his voice trembled!) to keep him there.

It was all useless trying to dissuade him from this, for the boy's heart was set on going; and he said he had lain awake, in the loneliness and darkness of the red house, thinking how he would carve out his own fortune. So at last Aunt Mary ceased her verbal opposition, and set herself about preparing the boy's wardrobe for his journey, and disposed to the best advantage of his mother's simple furniture.

It was an October morning. The great

fruit-laden branches were dipping downward, almost within our reach, when Harry Willard and I stood under them for the last time. "You will not quite forget me, Harry," I said, swallowing down the sob that was in my throat, "when you are so far away; and you will think sometimes of the village school, and the garden, and the old trees where you used to sit—won't you?"

"Forget you, Ally!" and his arm was drawn around my waist, and the brown eyes looked earnestly, almost reproachfully, into mine—"you, whom I love better than anybody in the world, now mamma is gone! O, Ally, I shall be lying under the grass, as deep and as still as she is this pleasant morning, before I can forget you, and Aunt Mary, and all your kindness to me, a poor little, fatherless, friendless boy! Ally, I have passed the happiest hours of my life with you; and now, won't you give me one of those long curls that has lain for years against your cheek? And I will place it on my heart; and it will keep it always warm for you. Do n't cry, Ally, dear!" for the tears were dripping down my cheeks as I took Aunt Mary's garden-scissors, which she had inadvertently left on a rustic bench under the tree, and severed the tress. "I'll come back to you when I've grown to be somebody you'll be proud of;" and his form dilated. "But hark! there comes the stage, and Aunt Mary is calling;" and the tears trickled on his heavy lashes as he ran toward the house. "Good-by, Ally!"

"Good-by, Harry!"

We stood under the small vine-wrapped portico, and he kissed me twice, and then ran hastily toward the gate, for the driver was late and cross. I heard the rumbling of wheels, and saw through my tears the floating of a handkerchief; and Harry Willard was gone, and the red house "down the road" was desolate.

Eight years had passed since that morning when Harry Willard and I murmured our tearful farewells under the vine-wrapped portico. They had not been all bright years to me: there was a great shadow trailing through the later ones, until this was lost, swallowed up in darkness, the darkness of death!

Our home, our darling cottage-home went first. The former owner of the

...the most intimate friend, ... upon him for next Tuesday ... to refuse several other ... to accept ours. How ... was worshiped everywhere!

... Mr. Lee, who ... his most intimate friend, ... upon him for next Tuesday ... to refuse several other ... to accept ours. How ... was worshiped everywhere!

... I shall be grateful to Mr. Lee ... I'm resolved that ... the most brilliant of ... distinguished a guest certainly ... extra effort on our part. ... quite forgotten you!" ... the glance which accompanied his remark were ample evidence that the remainder was anything ... my cousin. "Of course, ... entering the park ... evening. The society ... will be so very unlike anything to which you have been accustomed in that ... world village that you would find yourself sadly out of place. There ... a young and very distinguished orator to be present, about whom the fashionable world is just now in perfect ecstasies; and you could n't, of course, expect us to present you to him. But you can make yourself useful in some way. I can say. The servants will be very busy and after the company have all arrived, you can go into the dressing-room, arrange the cloaks and hats, so that the owners need not have so much difficulty in identifying them as they did at our party. I always look forward with ... to that finale of confusion!"

... I bowed my head, and left the room. ... the tears were coming, and I wook as that they should see them. "O, Aunt Mary! Aunt Mary! if you could see your little Alice now!" I groaned in the agony of my heart, as I laid my throbbing head on the arms I wrapped together on the table. And then I resolved I would return again to my village home, though all the light had gone out of it. Now my health, which I had not gained when I came to my aunt's, was restored, I thought I could establish an infant-school in my old home, and for Aunt Mary's sake the inhabitants would aid me in this matter.

... the and family with whom I had resided since my aunt's death were not ... and so, after many prophetic ... I resolved to accept the home which had been offered me. I came to the city, reader, a lonely orphan girl, with a friend beside the little village which ... make my heart to leave. But the good man whose tall stone front looked down on my and sternly upon me when I ascended the broad steps, and glanced up at it for the first time, was no home to me. I soon perceived that my aunt and her two fair, haughty daughters, regarded me as an unwelcome dependent upon their bounty, whom it would in no wise avail their interest to recognize; and sometimes I wished that I was lying under the willows, close, O, so very close, to Aunt Mary! May God forgive me! for I was very wretched.

... It was evening. All alone in my little chamber, at one corner of the mansion, I could hear the hurrying to and fro of many feet, and the rumbling of the carriage-wheels as they drew up before the door. Below me, I knew, the chandeliers were pouring their tides of silvery light

... "Then, Julia, you are sure we may depend upon his honoring our *soirée* with his presence?"

... It was evening. All alone in my little chamber, at one corner of the mansion, I could hear the hurrying to and fro of many feet, and the rumbling of the carriage-wheels as they drew up before the door. Below me, I knew, the chandeliers were pouring their tides of silvery light

through the magnificent drawing-rooms, and flowing over fair young brows, and winding through the ringlets that drooped around them. I thought of the light-hearted girls there of my own age; and I envied them not their happiness, not their riches, but the love that was denied to me; and sometimes, when a swell of rich laughter would come rippling up the winding stairs to my chamber, I would bury my face in my hands and weep. And sometimes I thought of him for whom all this beauty and chivalry were assembled; and then I would wonder if, amid all that homage and adulation, his heart would not grow mournful a moment, were he to know that, under that very same roof, a broken-hearted orphan girl was sitting, with no companions but her memories and her tears!

At last I grew very uneasy, and sitting there with my head leaning on my hands, I fell asleep, and dreamed I was sitting with Aunt Mary by our old cottage-window once more. It must have been very late when I awoke, for I could hear the tide of company slowly setting up from the dining-hall into the parlors; and, remembering the task which my cousin had assigned me, I seized a light, and hurried down the back stairs into the dressing-room. It presented to me a scene of almost hopeless confusion; but I had at last succeeded in arranging the garments so that they would readily be recognized by the owners, when I heard footsteps hastily approaching the door, and vainly looked round to find some mode of egress.

"You did well, Lee, to smuggle me out of the room as you did; but necessity knows not the law of conventionalisms, and I must hurry off without taking leave of my hostess and her daughters. Here are our hats; lucky we've found them!"

I stood in one corner with the light in my hand, so the gentlemen did not observe me; and I was internally congratulating myself on this, when the younger of the men, who had previously spoken, turned again, saying, "Wait a moment; I put my cane in this corner, and had well-nigh forgotten it. Madam!" He paused suddenly, for he had discovered me.

I lifted my eyes and the light fell full on his features, and we stood there face to face. One glance—yet another, intense, breathless, into those brown deep eyes, that were fastened eagerly, wonder-

ingly on mine—and then I knew him. Time had molded the contour of the pale boy-face into that of early manhood, and softened and deepened the light of those wondrous eyes; but I knew they were Harry Willard's.

"Alice!"

"Harry!"

The words came involuntarily to the lips of both; and then, with that voice, the memories of other days rushed darkly over my heart, and the tears I *could* not restrain brimmed over my eyes. He made a sign to Mr. Lee, who stood staring from one to another, to leave us, saying, "I will join you soon." And then he came close to me, and putting away the curls from my forehead just as he had done in the olden time, he said, "Alice, my sweet child-angel, what has brought you here? Look up, darling, and tell me."

But I did not look up, and could not have seen him if I had, for my blinding tears; but I laid my head on his arm, while he drew the other around me, and I said, "Harry, our old home is gone, and Aunt Mary is dead, and I am here alone, friendless, and very wretched."

"But friendless no longer, Alice," he answered, in his deep, thrilling tones. "Did you think I could forget you—you whose memory has dwelt as constant in my heart as the dark brown curl you gave me has risen and fallen with its every pulsation since? Hark! they have discovered my absence, and I must leave you. Alice, say nothing to any one of this meeting; I will come to you again. When shall you be alone?"

"To-morrow evening," I said, recollecting that my aunt and cousins were engaged at that time. "After eight I shall be alone."

"Farewell till then."

He bent down his lips to my forehead, and the next moment I was alone—alone, but no longer wretched.

It was evening again; there was a deep hush in the stately parlors, and a single lamp poured its soft dim light over the massive furniture and among the gorgeous flowers of the carpet, as I stole softly into them, and awaited, with heart throbs that almost alarmed me, the coming of Harry Willard.

I did not keep a long watch that night. In a little while we were seated together in one of the dim alcoves of the great

room; my hand was lying in his, and I was telling him the story of the years since we parted. It was a mournful history, and the tears often choked it, and sobs closed many a paragraph. At last I concluded it with the relation of the previous night's sufferings, of the unkind words my cousin had spoken, and of my wondering if even the great orator, whose name I did not know, would not have felt a momentary pang for my sorrows.

There was a long silence after I had said this, but at last Harry broke it. "Alice," he said, and there was a look in the eyes he bent on me that brought the lids over mine—"while the world has been dealing thus hardly with you, it has been very kind to me, after a year or two of hard struggling, which it matters not now to talk of. Alice, have you forgotten the words that I said to you under the old pear-tree the morning that we parted? 'I love you better than any other in the world.' And the heart of the man echoes to-night the words of the boy. Alice, my beautiful, loved with a true, changeless love, my first, and my last, during all the long years of our separation, will you take this love, will you be *my wife*?"

I could not make him answer for my tears; but I laid both my hands in his, and he was satisfied.

"They have sent for you to come down to the parlor, Miss, in a great hurry," said a servant, putting her head into my room the next morning, while I sat there dreaming of Harry.

Wondering greatly what my aunt and cousins could want, I descended to the parlor; but I heard my aunt say, as I entered, "I am confident, Mr. Willard, you will not find this person the one of whom you are in quest; and the mistake in your information will probably be owing to their similarity of names."

My aunt and her daughters, Mr. Lee, and Harry were all there. As soon as the latter saw me, he rose, took my hand, and, leading me up to them, said, "Permit me, madam, and young ladies, to present to you Alice Mernin, my affianced bride!"

Never shall I forget the look of mingled surprise and consternation which settled over my aunt's and cousins' features as they heard this declaration.

"Why did n't you tell us, Alice? Why did n't you tell us?" they simultaneously

ejaculated; and then a light began gradually to dawn on my mind. I looked at Harry, and the mischievous light that filled his eyes corroborated my suspicions. *He* was the "distinguished orator" in whose honor my cousins' *soirée* had been given. O, I shed proud and happy tears before them all when I knew it!

My haughty relatives never recovered from the mortification which Harry's revelation gave them; but the prestige of my relationship was discovered too late, though I was overlaid with attention and caressed for the remaining few days of my sojourn with them. Harry and I were married the next week at his friend's, Mr. Lee. Where his old home once stood, a fine Grecian villa now rises: the columbine wraps its balconies, and the honeysuckle its portico, and at nightfall Harry and I wander through the long garden-aisles, and the stars look down upon us with the same smile that they wore in our childhood, and Harry's eyes are filled with their old light as I lean on his arm, and we talk about the old days, and the old red house "just down the road."

THE PRESENT.

Do not crouch to-day, and worship

The old Past, whose life is fled.
Hush your voice to tender reverence;
Crown'd he lies, but cold and dead:
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours;
Honor her, for she is mighty!
Honor her, for she is ours!

See the shadows of his heroes
Girt around her cloudy throne;
And each day the ranks are strengthen'd
By great hearts to him unknown;
Noble things the great Past promised,
Holy dreams, both strange and new;
But the Present shall fulfill them,
What he promised she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her
Is the luster of his name;
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands;
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvests in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer
If we thus her glory dim?
Let us fight for her as nobly
As our fathers fought for him.
God, who crowns the dying ages,
Bids her rule, and us obey—
Bids us cast our lives before her,
With our loving hearts, to-day!

[For the National Magazine.]

ENGLISH AND FRENCH POLITENESS.

BY A FRENCHMAN.

ENGLISH politeness has some solid and valuable qualities, although it is only exercised within a narrow circle, and its outward appearance is not brilliant. To insure its discovery and appreciation it must be studied closely and at the domestic hearth. It is extolled by those who have been admitted to the retirement of English life; while its existence is absolutely denied by strangers who have only had a brief and slight acquaintance with the English, such as takes place in traveling through the country, or during a short visit to the streets and monuments of London.

French politeness, on the other hand, is universal. Everywhere and with everybody, it is smiling, active, eager. A Frenchman is polite even in the presence of those whom he does not know, whom he has never before seen, whom he meets by chance, and whom he will, perhaps, never meet again. He does not wait to be asked for those light services which, mutually exchanged, impart so much of the affable and charming to social relations: he anticipates the wish, he offers the support of his arm; he gives up his place to an old man, to a poor woman, to a child. If he sees them in any embarrassment, his first movement is to place himself at their disposal, without any preliminary thoughts as to their rank, their fortune, their nationality, and without regard to the trouble which it will prove to himself. It is a natural kindness which prompts him; it is an instinct. Even in matters apparently the most insignificant, he practices without effort, and almost without thinking of it, that noble and beautiful maxim of Menander: "I am a man, and all that interests man touches my heart."

An Englishman (but let it be well understood that we provide for large exceptions in both countries) does not appear even to comprehend this incessant expansion of French politeness; he considers it thoughtless, overdone, indiscreet. He regards it as a lack of dignity, of self-respect, to throw himself, with all this sudden ardor, into the service of everybody without being asked to do so.

We recollect having seen, in a certain caricature, a gentleman looking with a tranquil air upon a man who was drowning, and excusing himself for not giving assistance by this reflection: "I am not acquainted with him—he never has been introduced to me." It is a wicked joke. An honest Englishman will never hesitate to render a considerable service in a serious affair—he will expose his life and even his purse; but generally you need not expect him to take one step out of his road, to yield one inch of his seat, to stand aside, to offer his hand, or to sacrifice any of his ease for persons who are unknown to him, though they may be his fellow-countrymen. "Each one for himself" is his maxim in all that does not concern deeper interests than those of merely appearing civil, complaisant, and amiable; and the usage of his country approves of his not imposing on himself any trouble in behalf of those who have not been "introduced" to him. "To be introduced," then, is a matter of some importance in England. It is an essential formality which gives a right to both respect and service at the same time; it is subject to certain rules which must not be transgressed; and it must be acknowledged that some of these rules are quite reasonable. For example: one person should never be introduced to another without the previous assurance that this introduction will be agreeable to both. We do not regard it so carefully in France, because this ceremony imposes on us no obligation. We are only expected to lift the hat to a person who in a saloon or on a promenade has been named to us, and with whom we have once exchanged a salutation. It is not so in England; and he who has been presented to you according to the rules, has a right to be offended if you afterward appear not to recognize him, or even if you refuse one of those light services which we render to those whom we term "acquaintances."

Among the English there must needs be a veritable introduction. A conversation which may be held with a stranger in a public place, or even with a common friend, however long, familiar, or sympathetic it may be, is never equivalent to an introduction. A gentleman whom you may accost to-day, because yesterday he chatted with you for an hour upon the deck of a boat, or in a restaurant, will

look upon you with a surprised, chilling air, and turn his back upon you ; he does not know you ; " you have not been introduced to him."

Besides, it is very rare that an Englishman addresses his conversation to a stranger in the coffee-house, on a promenade, or even in a public conveyance. If you make advances to him he will show you a withering mistrust ; you will read in his looks that he suspects you of some secretly-interested motive, and that he is afraid of becoming your dupe.

In France, under analogous circumstances, people conduct themselves on a nearly opposite principle. We sincerely believe that the greater part of our fellow-beings are worthy of our sympathy and esteem. It is with regret that we show coldness and yield ourselves to suspicion ; improbity, moral worthlessness, interested motives, malevolence, or perfidy, do not come into our thoughts ; and are they not very truly the exceptions ? Why, then, suspect their presence without cause ? Why, by an exaggerated respect for ourselves, by an injurious mistrust of others which nothing authorizes, should we deprive ourselves of that free and agreeable exchange of thought and sentiment which provokes reflection, extends acquaintances, multiplies our views of experience, and puts in communication minds that have been destined to live in the same age on this earth, where there are already too many almost insurmountable obstacles to their approach and to their union ?

A conversation, besides, is not a compact, and politeness teaches us the means of arresting or of changing, to as great a degree as may be necessary, a conversation that ceases to interest us. This means is simply a redoubling of politeness, so much the more significant as it becomes more ceremonious. Every intelligent person comprehends this language, and withdraws.

A common mistake in France is the multiplying letters of introduction. An inevitable result of this abuse is, that they have lost nearly all their value. They are too often considered as merely a means of delivering one's self from importunities which he dares not repel. Certain artifices of style, or counter letters, warn the friends to whom they have been addressed that there need not be any notice taken of these recommendations ; and the bearer,

after having obtained an audience, and a few obliging words, finds himself in reality shuffled off. In England a letter of introduction is not given carelessly, and its reception is usually followed by an invitation to dine, and a sincere offer of services.

In England a stranger, who comes with a letter of introduction from a person in good faith, and who has good reasons for writing it, is assured of a reception as kind and warm-hearted as he would have a right to expect from one of his near relatives, or one of his best friends. They receive him as a guest, they attach themselves to him, they hasten to anticipate all his wants. In the morning they come to make out with him the programme of the day ; they accompany him to all those places which he wishes to visit, without permitting him to share in any expense ; they never allow him to open his purse. In vain the stranger excuses himself, entreats, and refuses so many civilities. They take no notice of it ; and it seems as if, during his stay, they had suspended all business, all personal interest, for the sake of devoting themselves to him exclusively. To honor him, they invite to their residence all the distinguished personages of their acquaintance, and by a thousand little attentions show him that he is really the hero of all these festivities. The visitor thus, in spite of himself, contracts obligations to his English host which it will be almost impossible for him ever to discharge.

Now there is no one in Paris, that is not absolutely idle, who would know how to find the necessary time to accompany a stranger for several days, and to become his cicerone to all the monuments and all the promenades of the capital. He would suppose that he had discharged all his duty toward his guest when he had received him at his table and conducted him to a place of amusement, although he would not have relieved the hundredth part of his wants. Truly we must admire these hospitable customs of the English, which have resisted all the changes of civilization ; and we cannot, without injustice, ignore their superiority to us in this respect.

In France, on taking a new residence, either in the town or country, when it is desirable to make acquaintances with the neighbors it is customary to make them a visit. In England they follow a very dif-

ferent rule : it is the neighbors who, if it suits them, make the first visits ; they must be waited for. If they do not come, it is all told ; the strangers have nobody to visit—they remain alone. The English assert that this custom is more polite than ours. It is more refined, they say, to anticipate the newly arrived, and they should not be placed under the necessity of appearing to solicit tokens of sympathy. We could reply that they deprive them of the liberty of choosing their acquaintances ; and if, for example, there should be any prejudice against them, it makes it very difficult for them to overcome it.

On the Englishman's wedding-day the friendships and personal connections of the husband are considered to cease. His friends are not allowed to present themselves, unless invited by the sending of a card, or by letter. There are three reasons given for this custom : the first, which does no great honor to young Englishmen, is that a bachelor rarely shows himself very scrupulous in the choice of his friends ; the second, more weighty, is that a person who is pleasing to the husband may very possibly not please the wife ; the third, very economical, is that it is to the interest of the young couple to restrict the circle of friends that each had before marriage.

Table etiquette is nearly the same everywhere, but in no country is it more rigorously observed than in England. It amounts to nothing less than a failure in the knowledge of the first principles of happiness. For example, to arrive a half hour before dinner. The dinner-hour should not be anticipated by more than a few minutes. It is very difficult to animate and sustain the conversation of guests whose stomachs begin to be clamorous ; besides, the mistress of the house is preoccupied, even to the very moment of taking seats at the table, with a thousand little cares which do not leave her any freedom of mind.

They would consider a man ill-bred if at a ceremonious dinner he should allow himself to be helped to soup or fish twice ; whoever should wish to satisfy his taste or appetite with these would be obliged some of the time to eat much faster than the others, which is not an agreeable sight, or become liable to hinder the second service. They would be shocked to hear a mouth make the least noise in taking soup,

or in masticating a hard morsel ; in seeing a hand convey toward the lips a knife or a tooth-pick ; in seeing the skin taken from an apple or pear for a lady without the fruit being held at the extremity of a fork, &c. The forgetfulness of a single one of these little usages would be extremely annoying, and as the conversation is rarely very animated, as a natural result people watch each other with so much the greater attention.

It is considered impolite to call by name the person whom you address—nothing need be added to the words *Madam*, *Miss*, *Sir*.

The English call a noisy laugh a *horse-laugh*, and it is hardly becoming to permit one's self to be carried away beyond a smile.

Visits of ceremony to ladies, according to English etiquette, should only be made between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. Before three o'clock it is uncertain whether their toilet is made, and at five o'clock the promenades commence.

There is a complete code for visiting-cards. On arriving at London from a journey or from the country, cards are sent to all acquaintances to inform them of the fact. The names of misses who have entered society are written on their mothers' cards. On the occasion of a wedding, it has for some time been the custom to link together the cards of the bride and groom with a silken or silver thread ; but it does not appear that this practice is universal. After the ordinary lapse of the honeymoon, the young married couple send cards in exchange for all those that have come during their absence, except to such as may have been only a response to the wedding-cards. A lady does not add her maiden name upon her card to that which she has from her husband, unless, being of the nobility, there may be other ladies who bear the same title and conjugal name as her own.

The English reproach the French with that vivacity in conversation which makes them frequently interrupt and forestall each other. It appears to them very laughable to see ladies take advantage in all haste of a conversation engaged in between two men in order to whisper and prattle, at first in a low voice, and then louder, so that the dining-hall or parlor soon resounds only with confused noises. The French, in turn, complain of having sometimes

attended a dinner, or a *soirée*, without the English ladies having talked enough to give an idea of their minds or their characters. Ordinarily these reciprocal accusations only rest upon exceptions and superficial observations.

They have one custom quite contrary to our notions of politeness. If a gentleman meets a lady in the street whom he knows, and to whom in a parlor he would not fail to bow, he may not salute her; relationship or intimate friendship alone authorize a public greeting. We have heard much ridicule thrown upon this singular custom, which they explain in the following manner:—In saluting a lady you oblige her to return your salutation, and thus acknowledge your acquaintance; you should leave her free to grant or to withhold this favor.

It is well known that in England it is impolite to offer to shake hands with a gentleman or lady without having taken off the glove. If, however, it be evident that it is not convenient to expose the hand, it is better to retain the glove, making the ordinary apology, "Excuse my glove."

The word *esquire*, according to English usage, should be added to the superscription of a letter addressed to a person who has no title.

For a long time this has been a common title which has no precise signification, and which cannot be refused to any but the lowest classes. In France, and especially in the country, when a person does not know what title to give his correspondent, he sometimes adds *propriétaire*, although he may have no more real estate than the English *esquire* has nobility.

A person should never seat himself on the arm-chair or rocker commonly occupied by the mistress of the house; nor should any one offer the chair which he has just occupied to a visitor, unless there is no other in the room.

If the host or hostess cannot accompany their departing visitors to the street-door, they should ring for a domestic to go with them; it is very inconvenient for them to go alone through the rooms and halls, and open the street-door themselves.

As to other things, in England as in France, polite people never exempt themselves from any social duty by a too ready resort to the expressions "Excuse me," "Permit me," or, "I do not put myself to

any trouble for you." We must not "excuse ourselves," nor "permit ourselves;" and we must actually "trouble ourselves" if we pretend to be polite. We should entirely shun all application of that coarse and egotistical maxim, "where there is trouble there is no pleasure." It is the pleasure of refined persons to trouble themselves much for others, to place others at their ease, to feel that they are of some importance to the happiness and the well-being of others. Thus we may rest assured that, with a few sufficiently rare exceptions, the rules of politeness are essentially the same in all countries. They all alike have for their principles personal sacrifice, benevolence, and a desire to please.

FRIENDSHIP.

IF you would have a friend you must first find him; and as this is an important point to gain, too much care cannot be bestowed upon your search. Be very cautious in your selection—as it is not every man who calls himself, or even appears to be your friend who really is such. Before you venture to entertain the friendship of any man, or offer him yours, be perfectly assured that he is worthy of it; do not rashly lose sight of this precaution, as on its proper observance depends the comfort, nay, even safety, of your choice. Never believe that real friendship can exist without respect; therefore, if you observe in the character, habits, or disposition of any of your acquaintances aught that tends to lessen your esteem for him as an individual or a Christian, do not think to make that man your friend. When you have found a friend, your next care must be to keep him. This will depend almost entirely upon yourself. Solomon says, "A friend loveth at all times;" but do not presume too much, nor ever take advantage of your position, by making it the plea for a careless and neglectful manner. The baneful influence of such behavior is too often seen in family relationships, and be assured it is most detrimental in diminishing that respect which is indispensable to true friendship. Finally, you will do well to remember the proverb of the wise man above quoted—"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

[For the National Magazine.]

THE PINE-TREE AND ITS USES.

A LARGE portion of the two Carolinas, as well as of Georgia, Alabama, and several of the neighboring states, is still occupied by an almost interminable wilderness of pines. The unbroken acres which they monopolize may be numbered by tens, and even hundreds of thousands. Their occupancy has been complete, and their right of possession, thus far, undisputed. Tall and majestic, straight and slender as arrows, they rear their "lofty heads," clothed in that peculiar dignity with which Nature ever delights to invest the "sturdy sons" of the forest. Thus, far above man and all his puny works, they tower in solemn grandeur and in mysterious silence, except when, catching inspiration from every breeze of heaven, they address, in ominous *whisperings*, "winged words" to the objects they overshadow. Like a race of invincible giants, the representatives of an age primeval, glorying in their native strength, they stand unmoved, as if defying alike the "wrath of man" and the fury of the tempest.

The first questions a *Yankee* stranger would naturally propose on his introduction to these wilds would be, "Why are these huge forests permitted to remain year after year encumbering the ground, sapping the soil, and exhausting its productive energies? Why are they not turned to some profitable account, in the way of building-timber, lumber, cordwood, or fence-rails, thus laying open these vast tracts to the fertilizing influences of the sun, assisted by those powerful auxiliaries, the plow, the harrow, and the manure heap?" The Southerner would reply that the destruction of these immense forests would involve a speedy sacrifice of a vast source of revenue, for which all possible profit arising from the cultivation of the soil would, for the present, yield only a sorry return. It is a singular circumstance that the most luxuriant growth of pines may usually be found upon comparatively worthless soil. Nothing short of the most patient toil and bounteous enriching, for years, can raise the loose, dry, white sand, and its rock-like substratum of red clay, to a remunerative degree of fertility. With almost as much hope of success might the attempt be

made to transform Sahara into fruitful meadows and fields. The extreme poverty of the *piniferous* tracts will be readily understood from the fact, that, unassisted by manure, an average of two barrels of corn per acre cannot be produced. The farmer at the North feels disappointed and poorly paid for his labor if his yields fall below forty or fifty bushels. Agriculture, in the lower portions of North Carolina, has heretofore possessed a merely nominal existence, the almost exclusive employment having been the manufacture of turpentine; and this brings me to a very interesting subject, and one which presents a considerable variety of curious details.

There are several kinds of pine; the one valued chiefly for its resinous properties is distinguished by the remarkable length of its leaf, which frequently exceeds ten or twelve inches. The trees upon a heavy growth often attain an immense size, stand very thickly together, and, for the distance of twenty-five to fifty feet from the ground, are entirely destitute of branches. Of course, it is a leading object with the proprietors of these "broad acres" to produce from each tree the richest yield of raw turpentine. For this purpose the most thrifty pines are selected, and in early spring the first process, called "boxing," is commenced, which consists in cutting with a long narrow-bladed axe a small opening into the trunk near the earth, and then carefully scooping out the lower side into a kind of trough, three inches deep, and capable of holding a quart or more. This "box" is designed to receive the exudations of turpentine which slowly ooze from every incision into the tree. Next in order is the "chipping," which commences at the approach of warm weather, and is effected by removing from the tree, just above the box, a small portion of the bark, together with a thin paring of the subjacent wood. This is repeated every week, and requires an instrument called the "hacker," with a sharp edge, and a handle about three feet in length. Upon the butt of this is fixed a ball of iron, or wood, of two or three pounds weight, which increases the momentum, and renders more easy and effective each stroke of the instrument. The cutting part may be accurately imitated by bending a narrow strip of tin into the shape of the letter

U, and fastening its ends transversely to opposite sides of a common hoe-handle at its extremity. The hacker is applied to the tree, and with a sudden jerk drawn diagonally across the surface from left to right, and then from right to left, the "chip" passing through the blade of the instrument very much as a "jack-plane" will rid itself of shavings. This operation, it will be seen, leaves a series of shallow furrows which incline downward, and meet at an obtuse angle in a perpendicular line above the box, forming a regular succession of converging channels which collect the sluggish liquid, and convey it safely to its place. In three or four years the hacker is exchanged for the "round-shave," a similar instrument, but requiring a longer handle as the work progresses. Only one box is ever cut upon the same side of the tree. But I have often counted three or four upon a single pine, with only a small strip of bark between to prevent "girdling;" and, with all this mangling, this unsparing draught upon its very *life-blood*, it lives on to a really surprising age.

There are three varieties of turpentine: the "Yellow Dip," the "Hard," (or the "Scrape,") and the "Virgin;" of which the first (in a semi-liquid form) is deposited in the boxes, as described; and the second consists of that portion which, as its name imports, hardens upon exposure to the atmosphere, and remains in thick yellow flakes upon the surface. The "Virgin" differs from the second variety only in being the first year's accumulation, and may be readily distinguished by its beautiful creamy complexion. It is a crowning novelty to a stranger to see ten thousand giant-pines with their smoothly-chipped faces, of which perhaps not one differs six inches in height from any other, and all loaded with the rich yellow treasure. By a moderate stretch of the fancy, one might easily imagine that ten thousand streams of nectar, falling in as many mimic cataracts, had suddenly been transformed into shining gold at the touch of Midas. Occasionally some clever practitioner in the school of incendiarism sharpens his own wits, and *illustrates* the dignity of his profession, by applying a torch to this most inflammable substance. The fire, thus kindled, rapidly spreads, leaping from tree to tree with the quickness of thought, roaring and raging in the most

appalling manner, and rolling up clouds of thick black smoke that transform the brightness of noonday into the shadowy gloom of midnight. Roads, rivers, and fields offer no obstruction to its progress, and the only hope of checking its fury is in kindling "back fires" from a highway or a clearing, thus burning over a belt of forest sufficiently wide to meet and stop the general conflagration.

When the boxes have become filled with turpentine, which occurs about three times during each season, the contents are carefully scooped out with an iron "dipper," and deposited in thick, strong barrels, each of which is capable of holding two hundred and eighty pounds. In the fall and winter the "Hard" is removed from the faces with a long-handled "scraper," and barreled like the first. The "Virgin" is treated in a similar manner; and the three varieties are then separately distilled, producing the well-known rosin and spirits of turpentine of commerce. In the "Dip" the spirits largely preponderate; the "Hard" yields less of the spirits, and a greater quantity of rosin. The "Virgin" is valued above the rest chiefly for the greater purity and transparency of its distilled product.

The "still" is a somewhat rude contrivance, though sufficiently convenient and effective to answer every purpose. It consists of a strong copper boiler of several barrels' capacity, a "cap" and a "worm." The boiler is securely fixed into a furnace of solid brick-work; the cap, also of copper, is shaped like the retort of the chemist, and serves the purpose of a connecting joint between the boiler and the worm, (which may be removed at pleasure;) while the worm is a long spiral tube of the same material, about three inches in diameter. A small proportion of water is poured with the raw turpentine into the boiler to assist in disengaging the spirits. When the contents become thoroughly heated, the combined vapor of the spirits and water is forced through the cap into the coils of the worm, which is constantly submerged in cold water to hasten the condensation; and having for some thirteen times in its dark and tortuous descent described the circumference of the condensing cistern, it pours in a small stream into a cask beneath. The spirits instantly rise to the surface of the water, and are carefully

dipped into stout oaken barrels, whose inner surface has been thickly coated with glue. The latter precaution is necessary, as otherwise the penetrating fluid would quickly find its way through the thickest staves. Should any portion of the water be carelessly transferred to the barrel, it is removed by a very ingenious and philosophical device. A small tin tube, called the "thief," is introduced, with its upper end closed with the thumb until it touches the bottom of the barrel; and, when un-stopped, the water instantly rises within the tube to the common level of the spirits without. The aperture is then re-closed, the instrument withdrawn, and the water emptied. When the spirits are as completely disengaged as possible from the turpentine, the fire is slackened, and a large plug removed from the side of the boiler. It is now prudent for all by-standers to keep at a respectful distance, for, at this instant, a huge jet of hot rosin leaps out to the distance of many feet, and pours, furiously boiling and foaming, into a large vat beneath. The poor fellow who should unluckily tumble into the scalding mass would, I have no doubt, readily conclude that the system of medicated hot baths might, without due circumspection, be carried to at least a highly uncomfortable extreme.

When the pine has been chipped and bled until it refuses any further yield of turpentine, it is felled and wrought into fence-rails or "steamboat-wood;" and even the leaves, or "straw," as the foliage is here called, are raked together to swell the manure heap, so that no part of the tree is lost, but every fragment may be turned to some profit.

Immense quantities of tar are also made wherever the long-leaved pine exists. Old stumps, roots, broken rails, or whatever else contains resinous secretions, (here called "fat pine," or lightwood,) are collected, and carefully packed into a circular pile around a center-post, in the same manner as corn-stalks are stacked at the North, except that the center is kept considerably below the plane of the circumference. This pile, or "kiln," is then thickly overlaid with pine-boughs and covered with earth, after which a fire is kindled at the top, the subdued heat of which slowly forces out the resinous matter without consuming it, and causes it to flow toward the center of the kiln, where it is received

into a duct underneath, and conveyed into a large pit previously dug for the purpose. A good kiln often produces one or two hundred barrels.

But the pine region in the eastern portion of North Carolina is fast losing its value. The turpentine interest is declining. The trees are becoming so worn that the deposits are far less abundant than formerly. The people are already bestowing more attention upon agriculture. The banks of the rivers and creeks possess exhaustless fertility, and rich "bottom-lands" lie scattered about the interior. These invite cultivation, and promise a rich return. There is also an increase of effort to improve the barren wastes where the pines have disappeared. It almost excites a pang of regret to think that these grand, princely old forests, which have so long and so freely yielded up their rich treasures, should be rewarded with so ignoble a fate. When, too, the winds sweep mournfully through their attenuated foliage, it seems as though they were endowed with a presentiment of their own brief existence; and, having assembled for a solemn farewell, were breathing out their expiring whispers in one deep, prolonged, and powerful sigh of agony.

IMMORTELLÉS!

BY ELIZA C. GREEN.

I LAID ye down on the green hill's breast,
In that hallowed Garden of Peace to rest,
Where a glory shines from the crimson West
O'er your slumbers, children mine!—
My gallant Boy, with his golden hair,
His frolic laugh and his dauntless air;
And my bashful Girl, with her ringlets fair,
And eyes of azure shine!

Back to the world and its cares I came,
And the current of Life flowed on the same,
Though LOVE for me was a buried name,
A joy no more to be!
Others have left me, through change and time,
In woman's beauty and manhood's prime,
But the Flowers I gave to the Angel-clime
Still bloom unchanged to me!

When my heart grows weary of strife and
wrong,
And I sit apart from the heedless throng,
Then comes to mine ear a spirit-song,
And my spring-time children say:—
"Come, come to us on the green hill's crest,
Where a glory shines from the crimson West,
And fold us soft to thy loving breast
For ever and for aye!"

VESTED INTERESTS—PARISIAN CHIFFONIERS.

EVERYBODY knows by reputation, if he does not know him personally, the Parisian chiffonier. Covered with rags, a basket full of filth on his shoulder, a lantern by his side, he walks in the early night through the streets, striking the hook of the peculiar stick he carries into every morsel of dirty paper lying on the heaps of mud, and depositing it in his basket as if it were a treasure. That he should carefully turn over the heaps of mud and refuse in search of spoil is intelligible; but the dirty piece of paper—what can it be worth, even to a chiffonier!

But what everybody does not know is—the chiffonier has a vested interest in these same heaps of mud, of which the police, powerful as it is at Paris, dares not deprive him. The attempt was once made, and its remembrance dwells yet in the mind of this civic nomad. He will talk to you as long as you like of the civil war which he once waged successfully over his heaps of cabbages. Those who have known Paris under the old régime, may yet remember the huge dung-carts which, at four o'clock in the morning, were wont to rumble over the hollow streets of the capital—stopping up the narrow ways sometimes for hours together—emitting the most fearful stench—and always overfull, strewing the way with the abundant droppings of their horrid contents.

The approach of the cholera in 1832 frightened all the world. The most palpable evil, and that most easily removed, were these dung-carts, and the mud-heaps which formed every evening were allowed to spread pestilence during the night. The municipality, therefore, resolved to substitute small and light dung-carts for the aforesaid heavy machines, and to make an evening round, carrying off the accumulations of the day.

But the municipality reckoned without its chiffonier. To remove the mud-heaps was to deprive the chiffonier of his existence. There were, even then, eighteen hundred of these people in Paris, almost all with families. The whole property recovered, by means of the chiffoniers, and applied to their own uses, exceeded one million francs. This property the municipality, in real fact, proposed to con-

fiscate; for it formed a most serious consideration in the contract of the parties to whom the cleansing of the city was to be confided on the new plan. The contractor could not hope to emulate the industry of the chiffonier, but he reckoned upon a good twenty thousand francs per annum from this source of profit.

The cleansing of the city on the old plan had cost about £60,000 yearly. The new contractors engaged to do the business effectually for about one-half the amount. Thus there was a saving to the public purse; health for the inhabitants; comfort for the visitor; a bad reputation removed from the city: society was the gainer on all sides, and the chiffonier alone the loser. The chiffonier was forced either to fight society, to work honestly, or to perish. Of these three alternatives he chose the first.

On the 31st of March the new dung-carts were set in motion. All the chiffoniers of Paris were ready to receive them. They followed the vehicles, shouting, singing, dancing—their wild rags fluttering in the breeze of a spring evening, and their bodies contorted with the gesticulations only possible to a Frenchman. They were principally congregated at the corners of the great streets, where the refuse of the large restaurants was swept up every evening. Here, of course, they were in the way of swelling their numbers by all the vagabonds of the metropolis. The women joined them in crowds. The motley assemblage—hooting at a dung-cart—formed a scene at least original. As usual, from hootings they proceeded to action. All the carts circulating along the line of the quays were jostled into the river; in other places they were broken, and the conductors seriously injured.

The authorities, for a night or two, treated the matter as a joke. At last it became serious. The malcontent chiffoniers were joined by a new set of interested parties. These were the proprietors of the large dung-carts, now discarded; they had been in the habit of letting them out at so much per journey, generally fifteen francs, and the value of the manure. If the chiffoniers had a vested interest in the mud-heaps, the cart-proprietors had a vested interest in crowding and infesting the streets with their mud-carts. The new allies brought, of course, their quota of friends and adherents; the tumult be-

came serious; the dirt was nightly scattered about the streets; the cholera was at hand; and the police prepared for a final demonstration.

But the chiffoniers had other resources beyond that of brute force. They spread the report that the police and their friends had imported the cholera by poisoning the city. The world actually believed them in the year of grace 1832! Although the cholera had been slowly and steadily advancing; had been on the move for three years; had reached Russia, Germany, and, finally, England, its approach to France was not to be reconciled with natural causes. Without doubt, Paris was poisoned by the enemies of the people and of the chiffoniers. These last were not content with mere reports; men were seen about the city furtively pouring something from a phial into the fountain, yet taking care that they should be observed. One of these phials was seized—it contained liquorice-water. Others beckoned children down the by-streets, and gave them sweetmeats: others threw dust into the pits, and then made off mysteriously. People declared that they had seen two *sergens de ville* in the act of poisoning a little girl. Pellets of bread and little white balls were scattered about the streets—the last were of earthenware. Little morsels of meat were thrown under the gates of the hotels; colored sugar-plums were scattered about; men dashed wildly in different directions, pouring wine or vinegar on the road; red powder, found afterward to be shaving-powder, was put upon wine-bottles—and the bottles of course discovered; small parcels of tobacco, mixed with a black powder, were thrown here and there. One or two persons, bolder than the rest, threw themselves into horrible convulsions, as if suffering under the worst effects of poison.

Meanwhile some of the newspapers took up the matter; it was an opportunity too good to be lost. A man had been seen to enter a wine-shop. He sent the master to the cellar on some excuse, and then poured powder into the wine. The people saw him, and fell upon him. The police instantly interfered, and carried him off with the utmost care and respect. These, and a hundred other such stories, were famous reading for a Parisian mob. Those only who have seen the readers to these strange assemblies, can form an idea of the ecstatic interest with which they

would thunder forth the contents of the paper.

All this came to the assistance of the bands following, as usual, the obnoxious mud-carts. The general cry of poisoning was raised on all sides. Men with naked arms, women with their hair about their ears, aided the chiffoniers in vociferations against a murderous police. If these ever had possessed any definite aim, the consequences would have been truly serious. They could break up the mud-carts, small vehicles of little value, and which were sure to be replaced on the morrow. This done, they had no definite point toward which to carry their indignation. Hence, beyond a few isolated instances of pillage, the disturbances did little real damage.

Meantime the newspapers—even those above forging wild stories of poisoned wine—took up the quarrel upon popular grounds. What was to be done with the chiffoniers if they were deprived of their daily bread? It was a ministerial job, perpetrated at the expense of a laborious and unhappy class. Did the ministry think that they could with impunity rob the people of their livelihood? Where was the compensation to the chiffonier for the loss of what he had been taught to look upon as his property?

The people, it was added, had their right in the produce of the earth, and woe to those who deprived them of it! Cabbage-leaves, without question, were part of the produce of the earth. To all this were added popular proclamations, in the usual style, posted about the walls.

A revolt at St. Pelagie, excited by the confusion, came in time to assist the tumult. The prisoners—many of them political—were on the point of obtaining their freedom. Meanwhile the report of poisoning, raised for a momentary purpose, reached a terrible climax. The populace thought proper to suspect certain individuals—no one could tell why. At Vaugirard, two men were pursued and killed in the very office of the commissary of police. A notary's clerk was killed in the Rue St. Denis. The quays, the halles, the populous streets of the Rue St. Martin and the Faubourg St. Antoine, were filled with an infuriated mob. The terrors of the scene were, as usual in Paris, mixed with the ludicrous. Two men were pursued in the Faubourg St. Antoine for giving a poisoned slice of bread and butter to

a child ; the men were caught, surrounded by the mob, who flourished over them with fury the terrible slice. As they were on the point of proceeding to extreme measures, one of the commissaries of police, who happened fortunately to be in the way, offered to eat the bread and butter with his own official mouth. This he did amid the laughter of the mob, who enjoyed the joke, but did not abate a jot of their suspicions.

Those were not the days for police triumphs. The government and the municipality could act against individuals with sufficient vigor, but they could not manage a mob. It was evident that the popular cry could not be put down without loss of life, and the consequences might be too serious to risk for a mere matter of health and decency. The contest ended by the proprietors of the new dung-carts promising to give up the evening round—for which they had no compensation—getting as much for the sixty mud-carts destroyed in the affray. Thus the matter has rested ever since. The chiffoniers yet remain, to perpetuate a wild tribe in the midst of civilization, and a picturesque existence when all else that is picturesque is lost amid elegance and comfort. For whatever reason, the population of Paris, of whatever class, has a liking for the chiffoniers, made up of pity, habit, and the general interest it feels in the sight of these strange figures in the great patchwork of society. It is to this odd kind of sympathy that the chiffonier—as he owed to it his victory in the serious struggle for existence which he once maintained against society—will probably owe the continuance of his class for many years to come.

It should not be omitted that the highest official authorities solemnly declared that the intention of a large body of the disaffected part of the populace was to begin poisoning in earnest—when they found that their shams failed to create a disturbance sufficient to shake the government. The plot was regularly formed. These men bound themselves to scatter poison in the shops of the bakers and confectioners if they were not detected. The discovery of positive cases of poison could not fail, they imagined, to affect the public mind, in its excited state, until it was worked up to the commission of any enormity. If the offender were discovered, it was

arranged that he should be set upon by members of their own party, who should raise the cry that he was a police agent, letting him escape in the disturbance, and fixing at the same time the intended stigma on the police. This plot required too much finesse and contrivance to be carried out by so large a body of men as were necessary to its accomplishment ; but that it existed, the most decided testimony is at this moment in existence.

THE MANAGEMENT OF BOYS.

IT has been observed that parents and preceptors err greatly in mistaking the tricks, maneuvers, and practical experiments of boys for mere idleness and wanton mischief. A little kindly investigation on the part of their seniors would often save them much pain and unnecessary obloquy, would confirm or refute doubts existing in their minds, and tend to the more safe and speedy development of the latent talent many boys possess. When the aunt of James Watt reproved the boy for his idleness, and desired him to sit down quietly and read a book, and not be meddling about with the lid of the tea-kettle—lifting it off, and putting it on again, and holding first a cup, and next a silver spoon, over the steam, as it poured forth from the spout—she little imagined that he was investigating a problem that was eventually to lead to the greatest of human inventions, the steam-engine !

It has been said that we are indebted for the important invention in the steam-engine termed *hand-gear*, by which its valves are worked by the machine itself, to an *idle* boy of the name of Humphrey Potter, who, being employed to stop and open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at the proper times, in consequence of the general movement. If this anecdote be true, what does it prove ? That Humphrey Potter might be very *idle*, but that he was at the same time very *ingenious*. It was a contrivance not the result of mere accident, but of some observation and successful experiments.

The father of Eli Whitney, on his return from a journey which necessarily compelled him to absent himself from home for several days, inquired, as was

his usual custom, into the occupations of his sons during his absence. He received a good account of all of them except Eli, who, the housekeeper reluctantly confessed, had been engaged in making a fiddle. "Alas!" said the father, with a sigh and ominous shake of the head, "I fear that Eli will have some day to take his portion out in fiddles." To have anything to do with a fiddle betokened, the father thought, a tendency to engage in mere trifles. How little aware was the father that this simple occupation, far from being altogether a mere fiddle-faddle, was the dawning forth of an inventive genius to be ranked among the most effective and useful in respect to arts and manufactures!

It is related of Chantry, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy, he was observed by a gentleman at Sheffield very attentively engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing. "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this the gentleman asked to see what he had done, pronounced it excellent, and presented the youth with sixpence. How many would have at once characterized the occupation of the boy as a mischievous or idle one, losing sight, for the time, of that lesson which every parent should remember—"never despise small beginnings."

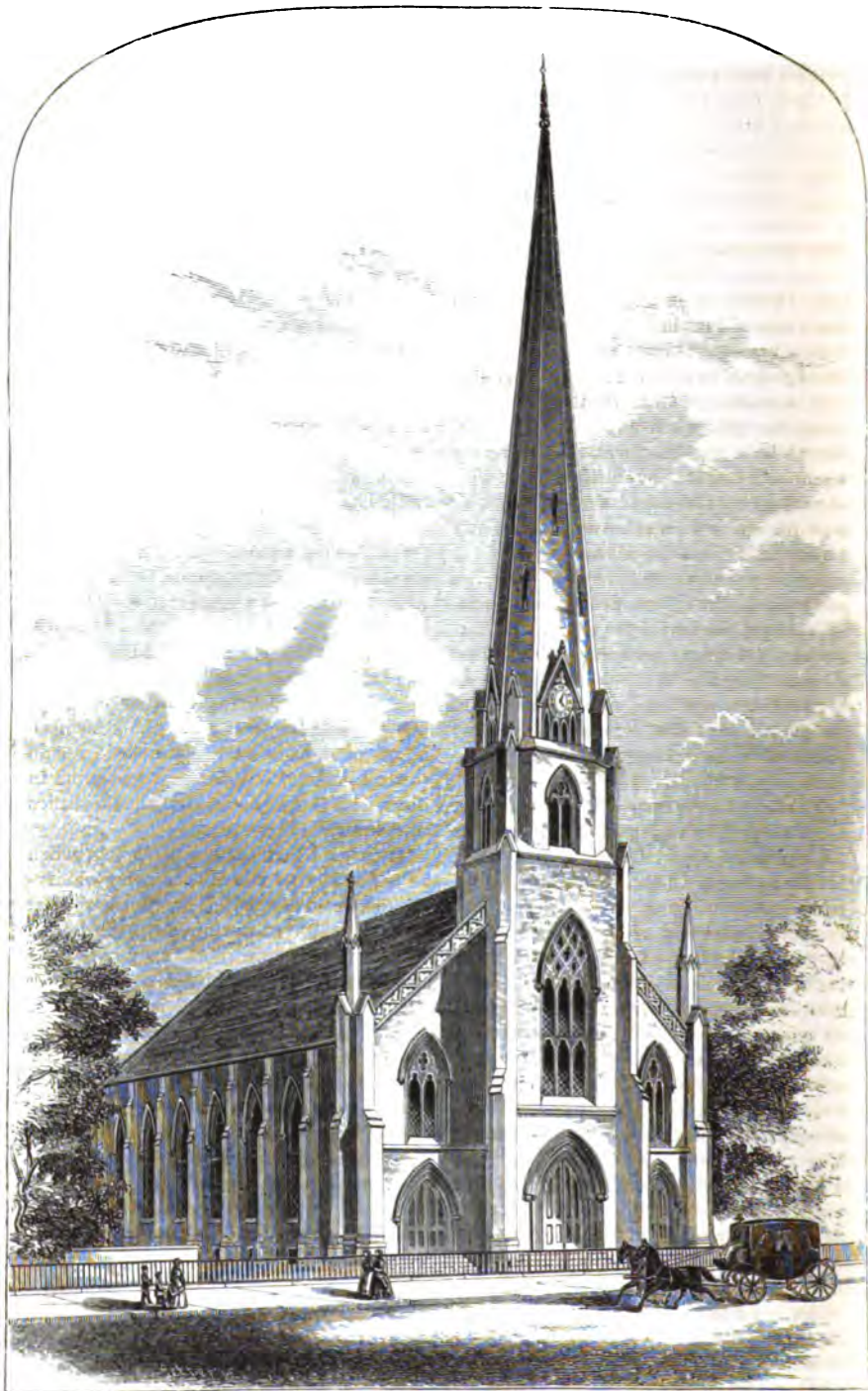
The first panels on which the late Wm. Etty, the celebrated painter, drew, were the boards of his father's *shop floor*; and his first crayon a lump of *white chalk*—a substance considered now-a-days almost invariably ominous of mischief-doing in the hands of a boy, especially on the opening day of the month of April. Now, what does the mother of "little Willie" do on discovering the nicely swept floor *disfigured* with chalk lines? Of course she scolds, and calls him a mischievous little fellow? No; this is not the course the sensible mother pursues. In an autobiographical letter addressed to a relative, Etty, speaking of this circumstance in his youthful life, says—"My pleasure amounted to ecstasy when my mother promised me next morning, if I were a good boy, I should use some colors, mixed with gum-water. I was so pleased I could scarcely sleep."

When young West, the great American painter, first began to display skill in drawing, and learned from the roaming Indians

the method of preparing colors, he was at a loss to conceive how to lay these colors skillfully on his canvas. A neighbor informed him that this was done with brushes formed of camel's hair. There were no camels in America, and he had recourse to the cat, whose back and tail supplied his wants. The cat was a favorite, and the altered condition of her fur was imputed to disease, till the boy's confession explained the cause, much to the amusement of his father, who rebuked him not *rashly*, but as becometh a wise parent, more in *affection* than in anger. To rebuke such an act wisely, required on the part of the parent a discrimination sufficiently clear to discern that *mischief-doing* had nothing to do with the affair. It was of no small importance that the correction employed should be adapted to the circumstance of the case.

Of Edward Malbone, another American painter, it is said the "intervals of his school hours were filled by indefatigable industry in making experiments, and endeavoring to make discoveries. One of his greatest delights was found in *blowing bubbles*, for the pleasure of admiring the fine colors they displayed." Thus, it appears, that even the blowing of soap-bubbles, idle as most of us think such an amusement, may have not a little to do toward leading the young artistic mind to discriminate nicely between delicate shades of color.

It is said that the artist Copley, when seven or eight years old, on being observed to absent himself from the family for several hours at a time, was at length traced to a lonely room, on whose bare walls he had drawn, in *charcoal*, a group of martial figures engaged in some nameless adventure. The artistic tendency, in such a case, needs a treatment far different from that which would attribute it to the love of mere sportive trick-practicing. The maneuvers of a boy should be thoroughly studied to their real motive before recourse is had to correction. Rashness on the part of parent or teacher is never excusable. It should be remembered that, in the plays and pursuits of the boy, the future man is sometimes seen; and, therefore, it becomes of importance to know how the amusements and games of children may be improved for directing their inclination to employments in which they may hereafter excel.



TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEW-YORK.

[For the National Magazine.]

METHODIST CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

UNEXPECTED delays in the procuring of drawings from different parts of the country make it necessary, if we continue our articles at all in the present number, to introduce thus early to our readers a view of

TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
NEW-YORK.

THIS church is situated upon Thirty-fourth-street, between the Seventh and Eighth Avenues, in the city of New-York. Thirty-fourth-street is one hundred feet wide, extending east and west directly across the city, from the Hudson to the East River. It is one of the finest cross-streets in the city. The Eighth Avenue, near which it is located, is a fine avenue, mostly devoted to retail stores, and running parallel with the Hudson, about six blocks from its shore. We are consequently pretty well "up town," and near the western border of the city. We are thus particular that the friends of "Trinity" may know where to find her when they visit the city, and may thus return the "New Year's call" now made through the pages of the NATIONAL.

The site of this church and parsonage is ninety-six feet front by ninety-nine in depth, and cost fourteen thousand dollars. It is upon the south side of the street, (so that the church fronts to the north), and is far enough from the Eighth Avenue to be beyond the noise of the horse-cars, that run Sundays and week-days. Moreover, it is in a growing part of the city—in the midst of a good English, or rather American population—and is surrounded by first-class dwelling-houses. S. P. Townsend's "palace" is a little to the east of us, upon the same street. Indeed, it is not only "beautiful for situation," but we think it will be agreed on all hands that no other Methodist church in the city is quite as well located. And we know not where a better location could be selected between King's Bridge and the Battery.

The building is sixty-five by ninety-nine feet, with a basement under the whole, and a gallery on three sides. It is built mainly of superior blue building stone, obtained upon New-York Island.

The corbels, hood-moldings, and sills for the doors and windows, as also the base course, moldings under the gutters, offsets and hoods to buttresses, turrets, &c., are of Connecticut freestone. And the same stone is used with the blue, in alternate courses, in the construction of the buttresses. This is one of the most pleasant combinations of color in the whole exterior of the edifice.

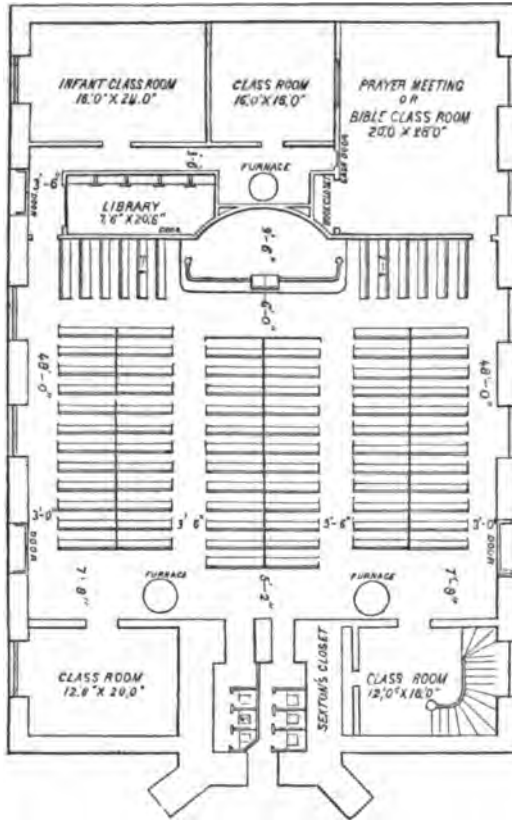
The tower is ninety feet high from the water-table, and the spire one hundred and ten feet higher to the top of the finial, making two hundred feet in all. The spire is to be of wood, and covered with slate. In the midst of five-story dwellings it would scarcely be ranked among the "tall steeples."

The blue stone of the walls is rough-tooled, and laid up in rubble work, (i. e., not in regular courses,) and being pointed up and the joints painted white, the effect is exceedingly fine.

The sides and front are alike, and being surrounded by high buildings with brown stone fronts, the appearance of the church is every way becoming. There is an air of *durability* and *honesty* about the structure that at once prepossesses the beholder in its favor; and at the same time it is sufficiently ornate to satisfy the demands of a genuine good taste. At least so thinks one man, most decidedly; and he has not yet seen or heard of the first person who dissented from his opinion.

Now look at the engraving. You cannot see the brown stone in the buttresses, nor the beautiful rich blue of the walls, nor the distinct and clearly-penciled joints, nor the base course. All these are necessarily confounded in the engraving. Indeed, the original is far more comely in all respects than the picture. The writer imagines he can almost see all these, especially the rich blue slate of the roof; but the reader may not be blessed with so keen a vision.

Not being able to procure ground in the rear for a lecture-room and class-rooms under the same roof, and preferring not to enter the main audience-room by flights of stairs, the only alternative was to build a depressed basement. To prevent dampness, and allow a free circulation of light and air, the earth is dug away on each side, and a strong wall built about six feet from the basement walls, like Grace Church, Buffalo. These areas are flagged,



PLAN OF BASEMENT.

and between each buttress a grated opening is left, into a kind of cellar under the basement floor, to admit of a free circulation of air, and keep the basement floor dry.

The basement is entered by stone steps on each side leading to the areas, and from thence by three doors, one on the right and two on the left. The first two doors lead directly into the lecture-room; and the third, which is on the left, near the rear, opens into a hall leading into the infant-class room, a class-room, and a large Bible-class room. The latter is also entered from the right-hand-wall aisle. The outside doors are all sash-doors, to admit as much light as possible, and the door into the library is also a sash-door for the same reason. Large windows are also placed on each side of the class-room in the center, to admit light from the outside windows opposite, and also for purposes

of ventilation. Each small room has at least two flues, carried up in the wall; one for a stove or heater of some sort, and the other for ventilation. The lecture-room has flues on each side in every buttress. The plastering in the basement is all furred off from the wall, to prevent the possibility of dampness.

The windows of the basement have mullions in the center, and are finished with Gothic tops. They are glazed with good plate-glass.

The seats are cushioned uniformly, every alternate one having a "rail-road back," for the convenience of the Sabbath school. The arrangement of the aisles, and desk, and altar, will be readily understood by the plan, except that the desk is shown beyond the altar railing, whereas it is within, and is movable.

The lecture-room is forty-eight by sixty feet, and seats four hundred and twenty persons. In height it is eleven feet in the clear.

The main *audience-room* is sixty feet wide by seventy-eight long. The aisles are

arranged as in the basement, except that they run the whole length of the room, and the seats come much nearer to the vestibule wall than in the basement. The pews are to be upholstered uniformly, and furnished with doors. The aisles are depressed about three inches below the floor of the pews, for the better security of the ends of the pews, for convenience in sweeping, and to allow the pew-doors to swing clear. The main floor will seat about eight hundred persons.

The *gallery* extends around three sides, and has four rows of seats. These are to be finished precisely like those in the body of the house. The fronts of the side galleries rest on iron columns only eleven feet in height, and the ascent is rapid back to the walls. Every person in the house will thus be brought into full view from a pulpit platform four feet high.

The recesses over the vestibule are cut

off from the gallery by a brick wall, forming two beautiful class-rooms, like those each side of the tower in the basement. The gallery is entered by flights of stairs from the vestibule next to the side walls, and landing on the sides of the gallery. The front of the gallery is trussed up, so as to require no columns; and the space to be occupied by the choir is level, and to be supplied with chairs instead of stationary seats.

The *organ* is to occupy the space in the tower. A Gothic arch, answering to the main front window, will be mostly filled by the organ case, though the top of the window will be visible over the top of the organ. The other two front windows and two of the side windows are invisible from the audience-room, being cut off by the vestibule below and the two class-rooms above. The organ is to be built by Mr. GEORGE JARDIN, of New-York, under the direction of Dr. LOWELL MASON, and is to cost \$3,500.

The ceiling is forty feet high on the sides by fifty in the center. A half circle is thrown in on the sides, and large ribs, rising from corbels, run up and intersect at the center. The other details of finish are to be in keeping with the style of architecture and the exterior finish of the building.

The windows are to be of light stained glass, of a quality and style to correspond with the general design.

The audience-room is *lighted* by gas fixtures upon the walls and gallery front, and ventilated by revolving sash in the bottom and tops of the windows, and by registers in the peak of the ceiling, opening into the garret, from which the vitiated air passes into the tower. There are also registers on the sides, near the ceiling, opening into the flues in the buttresses.

The church is *warmed* mainly by two of Harvey & Co.'s No. 5 furnaces, in the basement, placed against the wall, near where the circular heaters are shown in the plan, and well bricked in. A portable furnace is placed in the hall, back of the basement pulpit, and discharges its heated air in the two middle aisles in front of the pulpit above. Pure cold air is brought in from without to supply all these heaters. The class-rooms, infant-class, and Bible-class rooms are warmed by small wood stoves.

The tower has no bell, as it was thought

to be unnecessary and undesirable in the neighborhood. But a superior *clock* is to be placed in the tower, with three faces at least, and connections with a dial and hands on the front of the gallery. This is to cost some \$500, and will be located but little above the organ, if not in the rear of it, in the tower, with tractors running up to the dials above, and out to the gallery front. The clock will thus be in a warm and steady place, easy of access, and can be made perfectly reliable.

The *pews* are to be sold (excepting, perhaps, the gallery) at an estimated valuation sufficient to cover the entire cost of the site, church edifice, parsonage, and fixtures. The church and furniture will cost \$45,000, and the parsonage \$6,000 more, which, together with \$14,000 for the site, will carry the entire cost to \$65,000. A large portion of the pews are already subscribed for, and indeed mostly paid for, and are expected to sell for from \$100 to \$800 each. They are to be subject to an annual assessment on the valuation sufficient to pay all current expenses. The main room and gallery will seat twelve hundred persons.

Let us now sum up the whole: a good stone church, slate roof, and fire-proof; a dry, light, and spacious basement; an ample lecture-room; a large Bible-class room and an infant-class room; three class-rooms below and two above, and a good library-room; a fine audience-room, well lighted, warmed, and ventilated; a good pulpit, organ, and clock; and all plain, substantial, and yet tasteful, like the preceding engraving.

FORGIVENESS.—The pardon of sin has been justly called "the life-blood of religion." It is this which runs through all parts of the Scripture, like the blood in our veins, and is the foremost object in the glorious Gospel. No man is happy in religion till he has reason to conclude that his sins are pardoned. Gratitude for this blessing is the grand incentive to holy obedience, and triumph on account of it forms a principal part of the bliss of glorified saints. How worthy, then, is this subject of our most serious regard! How unspeakably desirable to be able to say, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

—*Dr. Kitto.*

THE DEATH OF A MURDERER.

MR. GIBSON, in his recently-published volume, (see our book notices for the present month,) gives a remarkable account of the last hours of Wongso, a native soldier of the Bughis race of Ceylon. He had committed murder in cold blood, and was sentenced to be hung. Mr. Gibson visited him in his prison, and, as he tells us, read to him the Scriptures. Wongso begged him to read again and again. I had come (says the writer) with some enthusiasm to rouse up a dull, barbarian mind, an apathetic, semi-pagan, Mohammedan soul; but the savage showed an ardor, an eagerness to find a something to satisfy his soul, in launching into the future, that shamed my weariness. He wanted to hear more, more; and all about Christ, that called bad men to come unto him with broken hearts. The sergeant who read became roused up; he wept; he wished the good dominie he had so often listened to when a boy were here; he proposed that we should do what he had often done before he became a soldier—that we should pray; and the soldier and the two prisoners knelt down, and the soldier raised up his voice, appealing to a throne of grace for mercy upon his own sinfulness, and praying that the man whom he was guarding unto his death in this world might be raised up unto eternal life in another and a better one.

Wongso wept, as the sergeant wept; he continued to weep; he thought not of his soon being raised on a gallows for his crimes, but of One who had been raised up ignominiously for what such as he had done. It was a terrible scene, the agitation, the weeping of that murderer. But he was becoming calmer; was his animal nerve giving way? was this a reaction of mental excitement? perhaps so; but Wongso said that he believed in Christ; not the "prophet Jesus," but Him who died for sinners; and now Wongso was not afraid to die.

It was now nearly daybreak; at six o'clock the sun rose; and at seven the guard would come for the prisoner. I left the Testament with the sergeant; Wongso wished to hear something read to the last. I said some parting words; he wept again, but seemed to possess a joy that I did not understand. All that I had done was to help to ease the mind of an unfor-

lunate man. He had given some directions, that were to be communicated to the judge advocate, that all the little property he possessed should be given to the family of the man he had murdered; he gave eleven rupees to the sergeant to buy two Testaments in the Malay language, the same as the one from which I had read, to be given to two of his comrades in prison who could read. He begged of me to go and talk to them. The time came to part; I asked him to raise up his right hand to heaven the moment before they pinioned him under the gallows, as a sign that his heart felt strong to the last; and with profound emotion I parted with Wongso.

A solemn roll of the drum, and harsh voices of command, roused up the prison at sunrise. A guard entered the court; the sergeants delivered up their charge, and I saw one wipe his eyes with his sleeve as he turned away from the man whose moments were counted. The turnkey afforded me an opportunity to see through the grating that overlooked the field of death. Long lines of troops were formed into a hollow square, the bayonets glistened in the sun, the horses of a commanding officer and his staff pranced about the field, loud voices resounded, and there was great stir and pride of warlike array.

In the center of all this was the gloomy gallows. A man in a dark robe, the judge advocate, stood with a roll, the death warrant, in his hand; he read it to Wongso, who stood near him; then a man in uniform, a military sheriff, took the regimental coat and cap from off Wongso; he was degraded as a soldier upon earth, and was given up to the hangman; then Wongso mounted steps, and before the cords were passed around him he made the sign; he raised up his right hand toward heaven, affirming, at his last moments on earth, that he was a steadfast soldier of the cross.

I saw no more; I could not look upon the horrible mode of Dutch hanging. I cannot give the details, but look into their laws upon death; a man to be hung is so foully bound that ere his neck is broken his bowels are torn. I heard a signal-tap, a solemn roll of the drum—a man had gone to the land of souls; and then the band struck up a lively tune as the troops marched back to their quarters.

The National Magazine.

JANUARY, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.—Tendering the compliments of the season and our best wishes for the health and happiness of all our readers, the NATIONAL enters buoyantly, and with renewed vigor, upon a new volume.

The pages of the present number must speak for themselves, the NATIONAL priding herself upon having too high an opinion of the taste and good judgment of her readers to suppose it necessary to puff herself, or to call special attention to her literary gems or artistic embellishments. So also with regard to the future. We might fill all the space allotted to this department with promises, with expectations from writers of high repute, and with descriptions of engravings, prepared and in preparation. We prefer to let the future develop itself, and to be judged by our works rather than by our professions.

As it has been in the past, so it will be, probably, in the future. Every reader of the NATIONAL will not be pleased with every thing found in its columns; but, claiming the right to speak our sentiments without dictation from any quarter, we are quite willing that all others should have the same privilege. Editors who may deem it a duty to denounce anything found in our pages, playful or serious, or private individuals who have no better employment than to take offense, and print it, when none was intended, shall always have the privilege of the last word. It will be impossible to provoke us into a controversy upon any subject. We have neither the room for it nor the inclination.

But will not the NATIONAL take advice? Most assuredly, from any quarter, and of any quality; and take it not only without a wry face, but with thankfulness. And what then? Why, after taking it, and digesting it, she will follow the dictates of her own judgment, bearing as she best may her own responsibility, and aiming always, in the future as in the past, to elevate the literary taste of her readers, and to furnish them with rational amusement and instruction profitable alike for this world and for that which is to come; where, when we shall all have spent our last HAPPY NEW YEAR, may we enter upon the bliss which is

“Unmeasured by the flight of years.”

THE DOUBLE MEANING.—It has long been disputed among Biblical critics whether the prophetic writings of the Old Testament were intended to be taken in a double sense. We enter not upon a discussion of that question, and advert to it merely as introductory to one of a similar character. When the committee appointed by the General Conference of 1848 were engaged in the selection of *Hymns* for the new collection, these beautiful verses of Montgomery's (hymn 229) were under consideration, and one of the committee was specially anxious for their insertion mainly on account of the stanza—

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“Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South—Give up thy charge!
And,—keep not back, O North!”

“It has a beautiful double meaning” said our friend. “It is a request to the SOUTH no longer to charge their brethren with dishonesty in the division of the funds, and an entreaty to the NORTH no longer to keep back a fair proportion of the Book Room profits from their Southern brethren.” We rejoice that the prediction in this sense, at least, has been fulfilled.

While on this subject we may advert to a note from a correspondent, in which he says:—“Not long since a minister, of many years standing, commenced the public service on the morning of the holy Sabbath, in a large, intelligent, and pious congregation, by announcing the beautiful evening hymn, composed by Edmeston, (609 Methodist Collection),

‘Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.’

But for the word *evening* used in a hymn for morning worship, we might find a double meaning in the reverend brother's use of these lines preparatory to a soporific discourse.

‘Ere repose our spirits seal’

seems to portend something drowsy; but the selection of such a hymn for public congregational use indicated anything but good taste, or a familiar acquaintance with the Hymn Book.”

CLERGYMEN IN CITIES.—The *Banner of the Cross* estimates the number of clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, including what the editor calls “amateurs,” in the city of New-York, at eighty; Brooklyn, twenty-eight; Philadelphia, sixty-six; Baltimore, twenty-four; Boston, twenty-two; Charleston, twenty-one. The editor adds, “that we should thus have two hundred and forty-one clergymen in six of our Atlantic cities, and only about eighteen hundred in the whole United States, suggests some serious reflections which we have not time at present to pursue. We hope others will do it for us.”

MEMBERSHIP IN THE PRESBYTERIAN (N. S.) CHURCHES.—From an abstract of the statistics of the General Assembly, we learn that of 1,610 churches, the whole number reported, there are, having less than 25 members, 345 churches; 25 and less than 100 members, 821 churches; 100 and less than 200 members, 279 churches; 200 and less than 300 members, 94 churches; 300 and less than 400 members, 38 churches; 400 and less than 500 members, 21 churches; 500 and less than 600 members, 3 churches; 600 and less than 700 members, 2 churches; 700 and less than 1,200 members, 7 churches.

THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH at its last General Synod in this city, by an almost unanimous vote, requested the Classis of North Carolina to withdraw its application for admission into that body—a very courteous method of declining Christian fellowship with slave-holders, without arrogating the right to denounce slavery as sin under all circumstances. The

following are the resolutions adopted on the occasion:—

Whereas, It is evident, from opinions expressed upon the floor, that the Synod cannot unite cordially in receiving the Classis of North Carolina within the limits of our Church; and *whereas*, the Synod desires to treat the Classis of North Carolina with the courtesy and kindness due to respected Christian brethren—therefore,

Resolved, That the Commissioner from the Classis of North Carolina be requested to withdraw his papers.

Resolved, also, That a certified copy of the above preamble and resolution, with the action of the Synod, as recorded in page five hundred and eighty-one of the Minutes, be sent to the Classis of North Carolina with our Christian salutations.

SEEKING EMPLOYMENT.—We copy the following from the *Christian Witness*. We see not how the evil complained of can be avoided under a system that renders it necessary for ministers to seek for themselves situations where they may be likely to effect the most good and obtain the most pay for their services:—

"We think all invitations to clergymen to preach as candidates should be avoided. It is cruel to the persons thus preaching, and productive of nothing but evil to the parishioners. A clergyman's character—the reputation which he sustains among his brethren—the fruit of his labors where he is settled, should be relied upon much more than a single service in a strange pulpit, and under embarrassing circumstances. We said it is cruel to the clergyman, and so it is. It exposes him to unnecessary temptations—temptations before which many a good man has fallen. It exposes him also to deep mortification. If he is not called, it cannot fail to injure him. There is no surer way of destroying a clergyman's standing than to have him preach in a few parishes as a candidate and be rejected. There is a pride among parishes which disinclines them to take up with persons who have been rejected in other places. We repeat, therefore, our vestries should avoid this thing.

"But it injures the parishes. If the people feel that they can hear as many persons as they please, and then make a choice from them, it will awaken a critical, fastidious, and exacting spirit—a spirit wholly inconsistent with the Gospel which they would have preached to them. A case illustrating this has come to our knowledge. A small church in one of our cities became vacant. Very soon the attention of the vestry was directed to a person every way qualified for the post. They were disposed to call him, but before the time for action came other names were brought before them, and then it was thought best to have candidates occupy the pulpit. One and another presented himself; indeed, every person who preached was considered as a candidate. A friend of the parish, meeting one of the vestry, said to him, "When are you going to call a rector?" "O, I do not know," replied the vestryman; "we have now ten candidates, and it is a hard matter to make a choice." For aught we know this parish is still vacant, and very likely it will be more and more difficult to make a choice. What could be more unwise than such a course? What tends more directly to distract and divide the parish? For the sake of the parishes, their vestries should avoid having candidates fill their pulpits."

SECTARIAN BITTERNESS.—How true, and how everywhere made manifest, the sentiment of Henry Brougham, the great compeer of the last generation, and sworn enemy of intolerance, while defending Williams, who was prosecuted for libel by the clergy of Durham: "It is one of the laws which govern theological controversy almost as regularly as gravitation governs the universe, that the mutual rancor of conflicting parties is inversely as their distance from each other; and with such hatred do they regard those who are separated by the slightest shade of opinion, that your true intolerant priest abhors a sectary far more devoutly than a blasphemer or an atheist."

GAZING AT THE CLOUDS.—An esteemed correspondent furnishes us with the following amusing adventure:—A short time since I jumped into a city omnibus near the Crystal Palace. There were in the vehicle at the time four other persons. One of them was a tall, handsome, elegantly-dressed man, rather stout, with large black mustaches, and a dark, piercing eye. There was a sternness in his look which made it appear disagreeable, and I was puzzled to find out why he gazed so intently upon me. He did not, however, leave me long to think on the subject; for presently, in the most respectful manner, he bade me "Good morning," left the seat he occupied, and took one beside me. This maneuver I could not account for, but thought he had mistaken me for some acquaintance. For a few seconds he seemed absorbed in meditating upon some weighty matter, and, as if studying the weather, looked up at the clouds, and then, turning round to me, remarked, "We are going to have bad weather, sir; very bad indeed. The atmosphere is heavy—it is oppressive—it is intolerable—it is regular suicidal weather, sir." I replied that the weather certainly was bad, but that I did not think, though I might probably be mistaken, it was as bad as he represented it to be. This did not satisfy him, and, viewing me steadily for a moment, he said—"Not so bad—indeed! I am astonished, sir, to hear you speak thus. It is a favorite study of mine. Gaze up at you cloud! Look, sir, look—look at that awful cloud! that is surcharged, sir, with typhus fever; and that, sir, (pointing to the heavens,) that one you see there in the eastern horizon is crammed with cholera, yellow fever, and other terrible maladies! Look, sir," (and he caught me firmly by the arm,) "look at that tremendous pestilential cloud, how rapidly it moves above us. O, this sinful city will surely meet its long-threatened fate!" I now became tolerably well satisfied that I was in the company of a lunatic, and heartily wished to be rid of him; but he was not to be so easily shaken off. I moved a few inches from him, and he immediately followed me, remarking that he would be happy to give me suitable instructions on his "favorite study," if I had no objection, on another occasion, and, catching me once more by the arm, theatrically exclaimed—"Up with your eyes, sir! up! up! I must flee from the threatening danger. The density of the atmosphere—beware of it. Remember my words. Good morning, sir!" He got out of the stage at Fourteenth-street, and feeling somewhat relieved at his departure, I addressed my fellow-passengers thus:—"Poor fellow! What calamity can have deprived him of his senses. It is mournful to see so noble looking a man thus afflicted." Those who were in the stage coincided with me, and we continued to converse on his antics for about ten minutes, when I had occasion to put my hand into my pocket for my pocket-book. I searched for it for some time, but lo! it had vanished. He whom I believed to be a lunatic was a dexterous thief—had actually cut my pocket with some instrument, and carried off my pocket-book! My literary pocket-book, too, good reader! But never was a thief more deceived. It contained one twenty-five cent piece! neither more nor less; about fifty small

paragraphs, gleaned from time to time—some were grave, some humorous, but all were moral, which I hope will be a benefit to him; several flattering editorial notices of THE NATIONAL, from sundry periodicals, which I probably would have presented as a New-Year's gift to the editor; a few lines from an esteemed friend now traveling in Europe, and the private addresses of about two dozen acquaintances, none of whom, I hope, the handsome, well-dressed man with the black mustaches will visit, and in my name introduce himself to their pockets. A more cool piece of impudence and hypocrisy I never before witnessed. Reader, my adventure is not without a moral—Never judge from appearances!

A ROMANCE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—The following rather romantic story is translated from the *Independence Belge*:—The day on which the Queen of England visited the Exposition for the second time, a considerable number of ladies were, by special favor, seated upon the divans which surround the central fountain in the great nave. Gentlemen had been banished from this privileged spot. They were compelled to resign themselves to the pain of sitting alone within the inclosure along which the imperial and royal cortège had to pass; thus they were isolated from wives, sisters, mothers, daughters, aunts, and friends; and, in some cases, from those whom they loved more than all together. By this means an elderly English lady, of noble and aristocratic appearance, found herself side by side with a charming young French lady, whose simplicity was most beautiful and elegant. The arrival of the august visitors was anxiously expected. A thousand observations occurred to the two neighbors, and some incident soon arose which led to one of those interesting conversations which in many cases only commence with some commonplace about the weather. Soon, however, they passed to other topics, on which they discoursed with a sympathy that speedily became reciprocal. The old English lady learned from the talk of her fair companion that the young Frenchwoman had not long been married, that her husband was somewhere in the crowd, and that he had compelled her to accept the place she then occupied, though it had been given to himself by the Viscount de Ronville, Director of the Industrial Palace. The manner in which the young lady told these and other things so won the esteem of the old dowager that they soon gained each other's confidence. The cortège passed, and a perfect tide of feathers, lace, ribbons, flowers, and silks filled up, as it were, their Majesties' track. Carried away by this sea, majestied a little by curiosity, and moved, perhaps, by the excitement which usually carries ladies away in such circumstances of pomp and grandeur, the old English lady and her new friend got mixed up with the suite; and as it was impossible for them to separate, they took each other's arms among the wives and daughters of the high state functionaries who formed the escort of the Queen of England and of Her Majesty's imperial host into the superior galleries. Hitherto neither of the two ladies knew the name or the rank of the other, but in this way they passed two full hours together,

protecting one another from the pressure of the crowd, mutually offering each the best places they could obtain, and conversing quite intimately upon a thousand little things arising out of the circumstances of this rather unexpected promenade. "What a charming woman!" said Lady V—— to herself. "I wonder who she is: I shall certainly not leave her until I have inquired her name!" The promenade at last was brought to a close, and the queen left the Exposition. A great crowd again collected at her departure. "How shall I ever find Edward in such a multitude?" exclaimed the young French lady. "Ah," replied the English peeress, "is your husband's name Edward?" "Oui, ma chère Madame." The old dowager for a moment had a misgiving about her own son, who bore that name, and whom she had refused to see for more than a year because he ran away from England, where she had with infinite care arranged a great match for him, and married a French girl, whom nobody knew, without a shilling. She would never allow the girl's name to be mentioned in her presence. "Ah! there he is," suddenly cried the young lady, as they arrived at the foot of the great staircase; "what a lucky chance that we have met!" "What, Pauline," rejoined the young lord, "in company with my mother? What has happened?" The peeress, in agony, uttered a shriek of surprise, and then fainted. She had been overcome with emotion, and had to be rested upon a chair in the midst of the crowd which still encumbered the sortie. "O, Edward!" she exclaimed, when she came to herself, "is this the girl you have married against my wish?" "Oui, ma chère mère," the young man replied; "and you seem to get on very well together." "Let us go; let us go immediately," she replied, and the carriage was called. "The whole three of us, mother?" inquired the young man. "Yes; all three," was the answer. And then, taking the hand of Pauline, she proceeded—"Yes; come, dear girl; he who would have said this morning with whom I should visit the Exhibition, and whom I should afterward take home, would have astonished me much more than all Europe is to see the Queen of England visiting a tomb removed from St. Helena to the vaults of the Invalides."

THE LITTLE NAPOLEON.—It is not in the power of language to paint more hideously and more contemptuously than *Victor Hugo*, in his portrait of *Napoléon le Petit*, now the illustrious ally of Great Britain, whose kiss upon the cheek of their fair queen is chronicled by the English editors with such gusto:—

"Ho is a little of a brigand, and very much of a knave. We see always in him the poor prince of industry, who lived by his wits in England; his actual prosperity, his triumph, his glory, and his success, go for nothing here; that mantle of purple is dragged under the mire of his boots. *Napoléon le Petit*, nothing more, nothing less: the title of our book is good. The baseness of his vices detracts from the grandeur of his crimes. What would you have? Peter the Cruel massacred, but did not rob. Henry III. assassinated, but did not swindle. Timour trampled little children under the feet of his horses, just as M. Bonaparte exterminated women and old men on the Boulevards; but he did not lie. Listen to the Arabian historian: 'Timour Beg, Sahib Keraan,—ruler of the world and of his age, ruler of the planetary conjunctions,—was born at Kesh, 1364. He strangled a hun-

dred thousand captives. When he besieged Sitwas, the inhabitants, to appease him, sent out to him a thousand little children, each bearing a Koran upon his head, and shouting, *Allah! Allah!* He caused the sacred books to be removed with respect, and the children to be crushed under the feet of horses. He employed seventy thousand human heads, with cement, stones, and bricks, in building towers at Hérat, at Sebzar, at Tékrit, at Aleppo, at Bagdad. *He despised lying:* when he had given his word he always kept it." M. Bonaparte is not of that stature. He has not that dignity which the great despots of the East and of the West mingled with their ferocity. The Casarean grandeur is wanting to him. To keep a good countenance, and maintain a proper air among all those illustrious executioners who have tortured humanity these four thousand years, one must not hesitate in his mind between a general of division and a beater of the big drum on the Champs Elysées; one must not have been policeman at London; one must not have endured, with eyes cast down, in full assembly of the peers, the haughty contempt of M. Magnan; one must not have been called pickpocket by the English journals; one must not have been threatened with Cléchy; one must not represent, in a word, all that there is in man of the knave."

JESUITS.—It appears from the "Jesuits' Almanac" that their whole number is 5,510, of whom 1,515, with their general, reside in Italy, 1,697 in France, 463 in Belgium, 364 in Spain, only 177 in Austria, while 1,294 are scattered over England and America. In the year 1717 the number of Jesuits was 19,876, or nearly four times their present number.

WHAT IS BUT?—Thackeray, in one of his tales, thus discourses on this most expressive and perpetually-intruding little monosyllable:—

"But will come in spite of us. *But* is reflection. *But* is the skeptic's familiar, with whom he has made a compact; and if he forgets it, and indulges in happy day-dreams, or building of air-castles, or listens to sweet music, let us say, or to the bells ringing to church, *But* taps at the door, and says, 'Master, I am here.' You are my master, but I am yours! Go where you will, you can't travel without me. I will whisper to you when you are on your knees at church; I will be at your marriage pillow. I will sit down at your table with your children. I will be behind your death-bed curtain. That is what *But* is," Pen said.

"Pen, you frighten me!" cried Laura.

THE ALLIES.—John Bull does not seem to be exceedingly well pleased with his imperial associate, who carries off the lion's share of glory in the Crimea. The ironical remarks of the French press do not sit well on the English stomach; and a leading British journal seems apprehensive that Napoleon may yet turn his arms against "perfidious Albion":—

"We have alluded to the French comments on the services of the English during the recent campaign. The dispatches of General Pelissier and the articles of the 'Moniteur' are equally honorable to the good feeling, happy taste, and true courtesy of our Allies; but it has struck us that there is a tone of quiet irony in some of the remarks that have appeared in the latter journal. We are complimented, for instance, for the 'taking' (!) of Bomarsund; for the number of our vessels of war; and especially for the circumstance that 40,000 French troops have been taken to the Crimea in English government vessels! These may be excellent indications of the good understanding and friendly feeling existing between the allied governments; but what do they say for the skillfulness of our tactics, or the ability of our generals? If, however, it be meant by such remarks that our successes are owing more to wood, iron, and gunpowder, than to any moral virtues that we, as a nation, may possess, in that case it would be but becoming for us to adopt the man Friday's philosophy, and at once recognize the superiority of metal to man all the world over.

We are constrained to say—what more public journalists have for obvious reasons left unsaid, but doubtless not unthought—that we deeply regret to see the acknowledgment that the principle of revenge is at the bottom of the Emperor Napoleon's course in relation to the present contest. He is reported by more than one French journalist to have recently remarked, in speaking of the plan of the campaign, that 'it is draining Enssia of men, and will, therefore, revenge Moscow.' It is impossible not to recollect, on reading this sentence, that on this principle there is another field to be 'revenged,' and to ask whether he has in contemplation the time when the manes of Waterloo will be appeased? Perhaps it is prudent to say but little on such a subject at present, but it is one which it were well to keep constantly in remembrance. There is an old and trite proverb about 'forewarned' and 'forearmed,' which may not be inapplicable to future events."

CAN any one say why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt-sleeves, while it is considered correct for ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all?

MATRIMONY.—A lively female, who found the cords of Hymen not quite so silky as she expected, gives vent to her feelings *poetice*. We have room for but two of her stanzas. The penultimate line is expressive:—

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble;
Had clothes and pocket-money too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, A-LASS! was courted—

Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairy woman, and scrub generally, doing the work of six,

For the sake of being supported!

DESPOTISM IN FRANCE.—Dr. Baird, in his account of a public dinner given to the members of the Evangelical Alliance, in Paris, says:—

"There was no public speaking. Do you wish to know why? The Chief of the Police had required, as a condition of granting *permission* (think of that!) to hold this public dinner, that there should be nothing said about religion or politics! Fortunately there was no particular desire on the part of those who were present to make public speeches on any subject, for neither the place nor the occasion favored any such thing. Everything passed off, I will not say *quietly*, but I will affirm that no evil consequences ensued. *Order reigns in Warsaw!* The order and quiet of despotism reign in Paris and in all France at the present time. It is the reign of the cannon and the bayonet. I would not have believed without seeing that such a change from comparative freedom to what is little better than despotism, could have taken place in the space of four or five years. But all despotic government is founded on the fears of men, and therefore cannot dispense with the military force. Accordingly one sees in Paris, and in every other large city in France, a great number of soldiers, as well as a large staff of policemen."

MILTON.—In allusion to his loss of sight, the following passage may be found in Milton's Second Defense of the People of England:—

"Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, so long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit, as long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped the light of Divine Presence more clearly shines. Then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. O that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity! And indeed in my blindness I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the favor of the Deity, who regards me with more tender-

ness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but himself. Alas for him who insults me, who maligns, and merits public execration! For the divine law not only absolves me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack, not indeed so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings which seem to have occasioned this obscurity, and which, when occasioned, he is wont to illuminate with an interior light more precious and more pure."

In the last English edition of Milton, published at Oxford, the following beautiful lines may be found, with the remark that they were among the late effusions of that master of English song. They are the property of an American writer, Elizabeth Lloyd, a Quakeress of Philadelphia. Their affinity with the above train of thought will easily account for the error of the compiler, while it does not in any measure lessen the compliment paid the poet in ranking her composition among the productions of Milton!

I am old and blind!
Men point to me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind—
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong,—
I murmur not that I no longer see,—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee!

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I bear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear!
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand,
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been;
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies!

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

BLUE BEARD.—The original Blue Beard was Giles de Lavel, Lord of Raiz, who was made Marshal of France in 1429, and, in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII., distinguished himself by his courage against the English when they invaded France. The services that he rendered his country might have immortalized his name, had he not forever blotted his glory by murders, impieties, and debaucheries. Mezeray says

that he encouraged and maintained sorcerers to discover hidden treasures, and corrupted young persons of both sexes, that he might attach them to him, and afterward killed them for the sake of their blood for charms and incantations. At length, for some state crimes against the Duke of Brittany, he was sentenced to be burned alive in a field at Nantes, in 1443. Holinshed notices another Blue Beard, in the reign of Henry VI., in 1450. Speaking of the committal of the Duke of Suffolk to the Tower, he says: "This doing so much displeased the people, that if politike provision had not been made, great mischief had immediately ensued. For the Commons, in sundry places of the realm, assembled together in great quantities, and chose to them a captain, whom they called Blue Beard; but ere they had any enterprise, their leaders were apprehended, and so the matter pacified without any hurt committed."

VERY DEFINITE.—A writer in *Bentley's Miscellany*, reviewing Mr. Chambers's "Things in America," has occasion to advert to an affair of some little importance that transpired during the writer's peregrination through "the States." "It occurred," says the erudite critic, "somewhere between Ohio and Cincinnati."

AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.—Captain Chamier introduces a narrative of his travels through France, Switzerland, and Italy, by describing his companions in travel. Thus of his wife he says: "She was a pretty-faced woman enough, with large dark eyes. Sentimental humbugs would compare them to those of the wild gazelle or roe; they were nothing but eyes, large, black, and clear; her nose had a devotional inclination to heaven; her mouth was small and pretty, and her feet and hands gave the boot-maker and glover such trouble to fit her, that they charged her more than a woman with a mud-crushing foot or a scullery-maid's hands. As for my daughter, she was fair and comely enough, with a horror of a freckle, and who covered her face with veils and uglies, until the most piercing eye could never have ascertained if she were twenty or sixty . . . She had the curse of sentimentalism and poetry: everything in her imagination was magnified into loveliness and ecstasy: the commonest donkey was promoted to the mule, and a high trotting-horse was a fit charger for Marmion."

FLOWERS AMONG RUINS.—An illustrated octavo volume, entitled "The Flora of the Colosseum," is in course of publication in London. The author, Dr. Deakin, tells us that four hundred and twenty plants are found growing spontaneously on the ruins of the Colosseum, and the object of the author in the present volume is to invite the attention of the lover of the works of creation to this most curious and remarkable fact. To the botanist, residing even temporarily on the spot, the knowledge of these floral productions, flourishing in triumph upon the ruins of a single building, must prove alike instructive and interesting; and even to those not yet acquainted with the glories of Ancient Rome, the simple history of Nature's children luxuriating in beauty amid the decay of man's vast ambition may not be without its charm.

SPOILED TUNES.—The Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham, writing on Church Music in the *Christian Examiner*, says:—"Sometimes an attempt is made to alter a secular air by changing the cadence to a religious form. We have recently heard tunes of this character, from some new collection of sacred music, popular Irish and negro melodies, being cut off in the last measure, and a chord of the sub-dominant introduced, as it were, to sanctify them. The result is, that the tunes are spoiled for whistling on a week-day, without being rendered fit to sing on Sunday."

TRUE POETRY.—In these namby-pamby days it is refreshing to meet, occasionally, with a poetic stanza that has soul in it, and—meaning. Such are the following lines, from the pen of Mrs. Judson, (Fanny Forrester,) written in the first days of her widowhood. We found them in the *Home Journal*.

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone;
While, wildly through the midnight sky,
Black, hurrying clouds are blown;
And thickly in my tangled path,
The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far;
And ever, through the rifted clouds,
Shines out one steady star.—
*For when my guide went up, he left
The pearly gates ajar.*

HEXAMETERS.—We take the following macaronic verses from a late English periodical. They will remind the reader of the classic quotation, "In swampum et non comeatum," &c.

"Patres conscripti took a boat and went to Phillippi;
Boatum est upeptum, magno cum grandine venti.
Omnes drownderunt qui swim away non potuerunt.
Trumpeter unus erat, qui costam scarlet habebat;
Et magnum perwig, tied about with the tail of a dead pig."

RELIGIOUS PROSPECTS OF TURKEY.—The Dutch ambassador at Constantinople says:—

"There is not, probably, a realm (*empire*) in the world so well *disposed*, humanly speaking, as Turkey, at the present moment, for receiving the Gospel. The Armenian Church is already, as you know, in great agitation; and as the Koran loses each day its prestige and authority in the eyes of the people, all souls in the least serious will have to make the choice between Protestantism and Catholicism, since (*desant*) strong and traditional antipathies separate (*clotgnat*) them from the Greek Church. This, then, is the moment for making known, as much as possible, the true nature of the Gospel which we profess, and of multiplying publications which may make it known, and, above all, by the circulation of the Bible."

Many well-authenticated instances of conversion we find in various letters to the several missionary journals. The Turkish Missions Aid Society reports that more Mohammedans have purchased Scriptures during the last year than during all the previous years of the existence of the missions. The war, as a recent writer remarks, "appears to have made known one great fact to the Mohammedans, even that there is a Bible," and they have begun to manifest a remarkable desire to know what it contains. In support of this statement the following, from a letter from Constantinople to the editor of the *Rock* newspaper, may be quoted:—

"The other day I was crossing the bridge over the Golden Horn, which connects Galata with Constantinople proper, and I noticed, on one side, a number of open volumes spread out for sale. I soon found that they were Scriptures in the different languages used here, and that the seller was an Armenian Protestant young man, who, some time since, was driven by persecution from Rodosta, his native place, and had come to Constantinople to secure the protection of the Porte against his persecutors. Not wishing to wait here in idleness, he had taken these books from the Bible depot, and day after day did he come to this crowded thoroughfare to find purchasers. Nor did he come in vain. At the end of a week he had sold *twenty-four* copies of the Turkish New Testament, and *eleven* copies of the Turkish Psalms, besides several other books in other languages! It is marvelous with what new desire the Mohammedans are now seeking for the *Inglil* (Gospel). Such a thing was never known before. We can as yet call it only curiosity, in most cases, to see what the New Testament of the Christian contains, but even this did not exist before the war; and may we not hope that it is the precursor of a work of God's Spirit on many hearts? One of their own number has lately opened a book-stall in the center of the city for the sale of Turkish and Arabic Bibles alone—a thing which, if it had been told us ten years ago, we should have said is utterly impossible.

"I have a short but instructive sequel to my story about the bridge-peddler. I asked him if any of the Mohammedans, in passing by, had made any opposition to his work. He said that, up to that time, the only person out of all the crowds of every nation and faith that had crossed the bridge who had expressed any displeasure, or made use of any abusive language, was a *Roman Catholic priest*! Thus Rome is everywhere the same, and always true to her principles of unmitigated hostility to the word of God!"

PROTESTANT HUNGARIANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—In Constantinople there is a large Protestant Church composed of exiled Hungarians, mostly converts from the Roman Catholic faith. Having been banished from their native land, they have found an asylum, with liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, in the dominions of the Sultan. The Rev. Mr. Dundas, the pastor of the Protestant congregation in Constantinople, is now in this country soliciting aid to enable his flock to build a chapel where they may worship God, and a school-house where their children may receive a Christian education. Mr. Dundas is himself a native of Hungary, and was formerly a Romish priest; but, seeking refuge from oppression in the United States, he here became acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus, and returned to preach the gospel to his countrymen. He comes among us with most satisfactory testimonials, and we trust his mission will be eminently successful.

SPIRITUALISM.—Dr. Robert Hare, of Philadelphia, recently lectured upon this subject at the tabernacle, in this city, giving the results of his own experience. He is quite confident that the spirits of the departed do communicate with mortals by rapping, tipping over tables, &c. The doctor is a well-known and accomplished votary of the Natural Sciences, now past the age of threescore and ten. So confident is he in the truth of the supernatural theory on this subject, and of so much importance does he deem it, that on the occasion referred to he declared his willingness to put his neck under the guillotine if thereby he could bring the world over to his own faith in this monstrous absurdity.

Notices.

ness and... beheld another... For the divine... but almost... overtake... to have... condition... right more...

In the last English edition... published at (xford, in 1812... may be found... were among the late editions... American writer, Elizabeth Lloyd... of Philadelphia. Their efficacy... train of thought will easily... error of the compiler, while it does not... less the compliment paid... ranking her composition among the... of Milton.

I am old and blind! My eyes are dim... I cannot see... I am not cast down... I am weak, but strong... I am not ashamed, if the more bold... Fatherhood to Thee!

... doubt, Reuben Hub... at Marblehead, and... New-England Confer... transferred to the... stationed in Brook... days business ap... with more sim... than have prevailed... were in the habit... same as other members... read on one occasion (in... moved that the doors... In 1808, "Voted, on... that the Committee... in their examination of... Bishop Asbury, it was voted... Lower Canada be annexed... Bishop Coke was... offering resolutions; but... of these venerable men the... to have ceased, and the duties... were confined to the chair while... was in session. So late, how... bishops were occasionally ap... of committees. Thus, at the... May 21, of that year, "Bishop Rob... Emory, and T. L. Douglass" were... by the chair (M'Kendree) to take... deration the subject of the Book Con... 1804 an extract from the will of... was read, in which a legacy of... thousand dollars was left to Methodist... which, on motion of Bishop Asbury, ... into the Chartered Fund. At the same... it was resolved, by a majority of ten, ... the book business be removed from Phila... and on the question, Where shall the... business be conducted? it was decided... Baltimore and in favor of New-York by... majority of only two votes. The salary of... book-steward was fixed at six hundred dol... that of the assistant at the same sum.

In 1808 it was "moved from the chair whether or not the Book Concern be continued in New-York. Voted to continue it in New-York." At the same session Ezekiel Cooper stated, in resigning his office as book-steward, that when he "engaged in this Concern in 1799 the whole amount of clear capital stock was not worth more than \$4,000, and I had not a single dollar of cash in hand, and there were demands against the Concern to the amount of near \$3,000." The slavery question from the beginning appears to have been a source of unceasing trouble. In 1808 we find this record: "Moved from the chair that there be one thousand forms of Discipline prepared for the use of the South Carolina Conference, in which the section and rule on slavery be left out. Carried." In 1812 the spirit of garrulity seems so to have prevailed that it was voted, "that a person be appointed to keep an account of the persons that speak, and the time of their speaking." In the same year there were sundry propositions from the West to carry on a branch of the book business there, but it was not deemed that it would be of sufficient advantage to the Book Concern to render such a measure expedient. Another unsuccessful effort was made at this session to remove the Book Concern from New-York to Baltimore. In 1816 the salary of the book agent was fixed at \$1,000, and that of the assistant at \$500. On the 24th of May of this year (1816) it was found on the calling of the roll that there was not a quorum, and the conference of necessity adjourned; many of the members, probably, having done as is briefly recorded on a previous day with reference to one of the delegates: "Brother Askin went away." The first notice we find of the Missionary Society is in 1820, when it was "moved by Brother Bangs, and seconded by Brother Merwin, that the constitution and report of the Missionary and Bible Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church be committed to the Committee on Missions to consider and report thereon. Carried." At this session it appears that a proposition had been made by individuals to take charge of the printing for the Concern, and the following was adopted: "Resolved, That the request of the Messrs. Harper for the privilege of printing for the Book Concern be referred to the agents, to be granted or refused as they may judge expedient." But we must forbear. The volumes are full of interesting reminiscences, and present a continuous history of the rapid growth of a Church which now ranks first in numerical strength in these United States. The indexes are not so full as they might have been, and there has been less attention to typographical accuracy than we had a right to expect. Thus we find our venerated father in the gospel, Samuel Merwin, occasionally called T. Merwin; and the name of Thomas Lyell, so well known in after days as a devoted clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is utterly ignored in the list of members of the General Conference for 1804. He is called Thomas Syll; and

in the proceedings of that year, in which he took a prominent part, "Brother Syell" and "Brother Lyell" occur with about equal frequency, as if they were different persons.

God revealed in the Process of Creation and by the Manifestation of Jesus Christ, including an Examination of the Development Theory contained in the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." By James B. Walker, author of the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation." 12mo., pp. 273. (Boston: Gould & Lincoln.) Our author's former volume was published anonymously in 1845, and ably reviewed by the Rev. James Porter in the Methodist Quarterly for April, 1847. Notwithstanding several defects it was well received, and soon reprinted in England, and translated into the languages of continental Europe. The present work is intended as a companion to the former, extending and strengthening the argument, which is done skillfully, and the book cannot fail to benefit the candid inquirer, however skeptical. Our author, we judge, has been reading German, and has coined several new compounds which neither beautify nor strengthen his style. "Pseudo-thesis," of which he is very fond, may pass, perhaps; but then we have also "compirates," "race-feeling," "life-action," and, what grates most harshly, the "love-death of Jesus." But there are spots in the sun.

Professor Hackett, of Newton Theological Institute, made a journey to Egypt and Palestine in the spring and summer of 1852. He has given us a condensation of facts which came to his knowledge during his tour, entitled *Illustrations of Scripture, suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land*. 12mo.; pp. 340. (Boston: Heath & Graves.) The book corresponds to the title, is a plain statement of facts, all bearing more or less directly upon allusions and occurrences found in the Bible, and well deserves the attention and will repay the study of biblical inquirers. It has a carefully-prepared index, and is neatly printed. With reference to the Mount of Transfiguration our author says:—

"In sermons and popular works Tabor is often represented as the undoubted scene of the Saviour's Transfiguration. It may be well to correct that misapprehension. It is susceptible of proof from history that a fortress or town existed on Tabor from very early times down to 50 or 53 B. C.; and as Josephus says that he strengthened the fortifications of a city there about 60 A. D., it is morally certain that Tabor must have been inhabited during the intervening period, that is, in the days of Christ. This, therefore, could not have been the Mount of Transfiguration; for when it is said that Jesus took his disciples up into a high mountain apart and was transfigured before them, we must understand that he brought them to a secluded, solitary place, where they were alone by themselves. It is impossible to say certainly where this wonderful event was transacted. It may have been, judging from some obscure intimations in the New Testament, a little further north, in the vicinity of Mount Hermon."

Church Music, with Selections for the Ordinary Occasions of Public and Social Worship. (Rochester: Darrow & Brother.) A selection of familiar tunes for the use of a Presbyterian congregation, and designed to promote that most desirable object that all the people, and not a select choir merely, should unite in this most important part of public worship. The selec-

tion appears to have been made with good judgment, and the work will be useful to other denominations than that for which it was more especially prepared.

Professor Longfellow's new poem, *The Song of Hiawatha*, will add nothing to his reputation. The scene is laid among the Ojibway Indians, to which tribe the hero belongs, and he sings this song, or preaches this sermon, to his red-skinned brethren, dilating rapidly on the arts of peace and its blessings. The story, what there is of it, appears to have been taken from Schoolcraft. We give the opening lines, written in what may be called the rail-road meter, without rhyme:—

"Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-showers and the snow-storm,
And the gushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries—
Listen to those wild traditions,
To this song of Hiawatha!

"Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of the people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken—
Listen to this Indian legend,
To this song of Hiawatha.

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened—
Listen to this simple story,
To this song of Hiawatha.

"Ye who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected grave-yard
For a while to muse and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope, and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this song of Hiawatha."

Our esteemed friend and valued contributor, Dr. Whedon, was not less happy in the selection of his theme for an *Address before the Literary Societies of Dickinson College* than for his manner of treating it.

"Allow me," he says, after a few introductory remarks, "without being supposed to interfere with the prerogatives of your professors' chairs, to select a topic from your college course. Permit me to present for your contemplation the illustrious bard of antiquity—the laureate of the classic ages—the poet Homer.

"But who is this Homer? Here all erudition, ancient and modern, pauses. It interrogates history—but history is then in her childhood, and she prattles innocent incredulities about him. It opens his own wondrous works; but he is too wrapt with his own entrancing themes to tell one fact about himself. Plagued with the tantalizing problem of this great authorship—a problem before which the question, *Who was Junius?* is not fit to be asked—the ancient Greek epigrammatist resolved that Homer was Jove himself;

for none inferior could have produced those immortal works. If all other great creations, traceable back to an origin of mystery, were reverently attributed to Jove supreme, why not those mighty creations, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*? Were they not two miraculous worlds—a twin pair of universes in themselves? Not quite satisfied with this solution, modern erudition, German and skeptical, takes up her microscope; and, under its solving gaze, the solid person of Homer evaporates—*guesses into a myth!* The mythic gas then evolves and convolves, and soon, under the incantations of the German magician, it begins to condense, solidify; and lo! instead of one, twenty Homers stand in goodly phalanx before us. But, verily, this is liberal. Who would cry for one Homer lost, when he is compensated by a brace of Homers restored? These mighty master-pieces, then, were not produced by Homer merely, but by *Homer & Co.* It is altogether a company concern—the joint stock in trade of a corporation. And, then, the wonder of greatness and genius is entirely solved, by ingeniously distributing it among a number of proprietors, with each his fractional dividend. On such a theory I should be unscrupulous in using ridicule, since argument is almost out of place. One Homer seems to me quite enough to admit in all the rolling centuries; but our Toulonians demand my faith in a score. They reduce the miracle by multiplication. Twenty Homers, all in one age, and all at work upon one job! O the omnivorous faith of skepticism—the credulity of unbelief—the superstition of infidelity! The human race never furnished twenty Homers. There is not sparkle enough in the current of human vitality to generate them. The rolling river of human blood has not fire enough. Besides, the *Iliad* is one—grandly one! One with all its free varieties: varieties of event—varieties of spirit. It is one with all its discrepancies and forgetfulness of itself. Its very varieties prove its oneness, since they speak for themselves as the varied unfoldings of one same boundless creativeness."

We have been greatly pleased with a very attractively-printed volume entitled, *A Grammar of Composition; or, Gradual Exercises in Writing the English Language*, by D. B. Tower and B. F. Tweed, from the press of *Burgess & Co.*, New-York. It is an attempt, which deserves to be successful, to teach the art of writing the English language on a plan very different from the usual stereotyped method of giving lessons in parsing, and burdening the youthful memory with definitions less easily comprehended than the things professedly defined. We could wish its general adoption in academies and common schools, and more especially is it admirably calculated for private and domestic instruction.

Carlton & Phillips have just published, for the Sunday-School Union, *A String of Pearls, embracing a Scripture Verse and a Pious Reflection for every Day in the Year*. The "pious reflections" are selected with good judgment from various authors,—the late Dr. Olin, Dr. Cumming, Dr. Cheever, Trench, Kitto, Southey, Watts, Charles Wesley, and others. The book is beautifully printed, and was prepared by the lady to whom we are indebted for a similar volume published some time ago entitled "Words of the Wise."

The same publishers have also recently added to their collection for Sunday-School libraries three original volumes: *Summer Memories*, a pleasing and instructive narrative, from the graceful pen of the author of "Little Ella;" *The Herbert Family*, descriptive of various characters in a series of imaginary letters; and *The Contrast*, a soul-harrowing account of a young man who went into the eternal world with the consciousness of being lost, relieved by the course pursued by one of his companions, who became a minister of the Gospel.

Our Country's Mission in History is the title of an address, delivered at the anniversary of the Philomathean Society of Pennsylvania College, by W. H. Allen, LL. D., President of the Girard College. It is a masterly production, creditable alike to the author's patriotism and classical taste.

Christian Theism; the Testimony of Reason and Revelation to the Existence and Character of the Supreme Being, by Robert Achor Thompson, M. A. (*Harper & Brothers, New-York.*) We noticed some time ago the essay of Dr. Tulloch, to which was awarded the second Burnet prize. The volume here named received, on the same occasion, the first premium. The general opinion seems to be that, somehow, the adjudicators made a mistake, many of the critics contending that neither volume was worthy of the award, and others that the second ought to have been first. It is certain that Mr. Tulloch's is written with greater accuracy and carefulness as to style, and Mr. Thompson's is lacking in that first requisite for a work of the kind—perspicuity. We concur with the remark of a writer in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, that such a prize "should have called forth something immensely superior." Both works will in all probability quietly glide into oblivion.

Similar in object and plan to the volume of Professor Hackett, above noticed, is *Bible Light from Bible Lands*, by the Rev. Joseph Anderson, of Scotland; reprinted from the British edition by *Carter & Brothers*. (12mo., pp. 344.) The author made the Bible his guide-book in all his wanderings in the East; and shows us, from his own experience, the verification of Bible predictions, and the explanation of many biblical allusions and descriptions. On the subject of the Mount of Transfiguration he confirms Mr. Hackett's statement:—

"Tradition says it (Tabor) was the 'high mountain apart' which was the scene of the transfiguration. Could this tradition be shown to be well founded, a glory would rest on Tabor that does not circle the brow of any other of the Bible mountains. *But it rests on no good authority.*"

Some popishly-inclined priest, or Jesuit in disguise, perhaps, like one of the predecessors of Dr. Tyng, in the rectorship of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, in this city, took the liberty of expurgating an edition of *Seymour's Evenings with the Romanists*. One-third of the book, being that part which more especially relates to the distinguishing doctrines of Protestantism as opposed to Popery, was cut out, and thus the volume was given, by a publishing house in Philadelphia, to the American public. We are glad that the *Messrs. Carter*, of this city, have issued in its integrity this admirable volume. It abounds in strong arguments and striking illustrations, and opens wider than we had dared to hope the prospect for the renovation and conversion of priest-ridden Ireland. In a conversation with a learned priest, surrounded by several inquiring Irish Roman Catholics, our author thus treats the sacraments of matrimony and extreme unction:—

"The Church of Rome holds that celibacy is a state more holy than matrimony—that unmarried people, as such, are more holy than married people as such. Now all this may seem to me to be very absurd, or very unscriptural, or very wrong, but still it is very

intelligible. I can fully understand it. But contrary to this is another doctrine which teaches that the sacraments confer more grace, giving an increase of grace; so that after receiving a sacrament we have more holiness than before. Now, among these sacraments, which thus confer an increase of grace, is matrimony; and therefore the sacrament of matrimony confers a larger amount of the grace of holiness than before. Here, then, is the contradiction. Celibacy is held to be a state more holy than matrimony. And yet matrimony, as a living sacrament, confers more holy grace on the married; though all the while it is a state less holy than celibacy;—this contradiction, I said, has never yet been explained to my satisfaction.

"Some of those present seemed greatly amused at this contradiction; and though I passed for an explanation, my opponent had nothing to offer. I therefore said that I would direct attention to a curious contradiction involved in the supposed sacrament of extreme unction. When we ask of what value it is, and what special work does it accomplish on the believer, they reply that it takes away the 'relics or remainders' of sins, which had not been taken away by the previous sacraments. Now this language implies an impeachment of the efficiency of the preceding absolution, whether in the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or in the sacrament of penance; for if that absolution was complete, valid, and effective, it must have absolved all the sins; and yet it is now said that extreme unction takes away the 'relics or remainders' of sins! Either the absolution was effective, and then the extreme unction is useless, or the extreme unction was effective, and then the absolution is worthless. And so again there seems a contradiction between extreme unction and Purgatory; for if extreme unction took away all the 'relics or remainders' of sins, then there can be nothing remaining for Purgatory to purge away. And if there be anything for Purgatory to remove, it plainly implies that neither the absolution has taken away all the sins, nor extreme unction all the 'relics or remainders,' or there certainly could have been nothing at least of the guilt for Purgatory to remove. All this seemed plain enough, and yet on asking my opponent to resolve the apparent contradiction, he evidently was embarrassed. He said, in reference to Purgatory, that it purged away the suffering or penance—the temporal punishment due for the sins, and not the guilt of the sin. This, he said, was removed by the sacraments. As to the other part of the difficulty, however, he was perfectly silent. A shrewd man, who was present, asked him whether the absolution given by the priest did not take away all the guilt, and whether, when the sick man had received the communion, in a fit state of mind—that is, confessed and contrite—all the guilt of his sins was not removed? He said he much wished for an answer to that question.

"Our friend was sadly perplexed at this, especially when thus put to him by one of his co-religionists, but he continued silent; so the question was repeated, and all present watched for an explanation, but it never came. They were evidently disappointed."

The ceremony of *Canting a Corpse*, as it is called, is almost too ludicrous for belief, yet it is very common:—

"The custom was this:—The funeral stopped, on its way to the place of burial, at every cross-road, and the coffin was placed in the center of the road. The professed object of this was the holy association of ideas connected with a cross, but the apparent object seemed to be that it was in such places they were sure to meet the largest number of passers. The coffin being placed on the ground, the priest, or any acting for him, took a hat in his hand and stood beside it, and asked of all the friends of the deceased for their 'offerings' for the soul of the dead. These 'offerings' are sums of money collected for the priest, as payment to him to engage him to 'offer' such masses as shall relieve the soul of the departed in Purgatory. It was usual for the priest himself to collect this money, sometimes on a plate, sometimes in his hat. The coffin was placed on the cross-roads, and as each person gave his 'offering,' the priest called out the amount in a loud voice. The effect of this was exceedingly dull, for as one person gave his sixpence the priest pronounced his name and the amount: 'Paddy Bryan, sixpence; Paddy Bryan, sixpence;' so continuing, like an auctioneer at a sale, till another 'offering' was made, and then it was 'James Riley, one shilling; James Riley, one shilling;' so repeating till another offering was given, and then

he cried 'Billy O'Connor, one penny; Billy O'Connor, only one penny!' He thus continued varying the tone of his voice as to flatter the pride of all who gave largely, and so as to shame the faces of those who gave negligently. The appearance of the whole scene reminded one of an auction, which in that country was called a cant, and this gave rise to the designation the custom received; it was called *CANTING THE CORPSE*. The manner and voice of the priest, whose object it was to collect the largest offerings—the faces of the friends who were obliged to show their regard to the dead by the amount of these 'offerings'—the angry looks of some whose moderate donations were put to shame, by the contemptuous tone of the priest as he named them—the laughing faces of a laughter-loving people, at the way in which so many were shamed unwillingly out of their money—all formed a scene of the broadest comedy. It was impossible not to be amused, even though it took place over a coffin, that contained the last relics of the dead. A gentle compassion for the poor people had been a more suitable feeling."

Carlton & Phillips have exceeded themselves in the beautiful typography and original embellishments of *Harry Budd, the History of an Orphan*. It is a story well-calculated to allure the youthful reader into the path of rectitude and piety, and is told in a style that so fascinated one young gentleman of our acquaintance as to render him heedless of the call of hunger at supper-time until he had finished its pages. The story is, if not a record of things that actually occurred, a narrative of events in every-day life all of which may have happened. We remember very well the camp-meeting so graphically described; and, if we mistake not, were on board the same sloop with Harry and his little cousin Tom on that perilous voyage:—

"Going to a camp-meeting was a very different thing in those days from what it is now. There were then no rail-roads, and the idea of chartering a steambest seems not to have been thought of. For the accommodation of the residents of the city two sloops had been engaged. For passage to the ground and back, and for tent-room while there, tickets had to be procured. This was the errand of the cousins early on the morning of the day before the one appointed for starting.

"Which sloop shall we go in?" asked Harry, "the Lion, or the Traveler?"

"O, the Lion!" said Tom, "she'll beat the Traveler."

"But we are not in any hurry to get there. I like the idea of having a good long sail."

"So do I," said Tom, "but I don't want to be beat."

"But are you sure the Lion is the fastest vessel?"

"Well, I don't know for certain," said Tom, "but I think so. You know the Lion beat the Unicorn."

"Did she?" said Harry; "I never heard of that before."

"O yes!" said Tom. "Do n't you remember,

"The Lion and the Unicorn fighting for the crown,
The Lion beat the Unicorn all about the town."

"This made Harry laugh heartily. Accordingly tickets were bought for the Lion; and, on the day appointed, among the first passengers on board were the two cousins. They had with them their great-coats, although it was a hot morning in August, and a basket containing provisions. The basket was well filled, and contained an ample supply—enough to last twice as long as the meeting would continue.

"Both sloops were well filled with passengers; among them were many ladies, and some very small children. They got under weigh, after a season of much bustle and confusion, about eight o'clock. The wind was favorable, and the prospect fair for reaching Croton before night.

"On board the Lion, when things became a little settled, the passengers were invited to hear a sermon on the quarter-deck. The preacher stood upon a box in the center of the crowd, who gathered around him. Some were seated on trunks, others on camp-stools, and yet others on the sides of the vessel; but the greater portion stood up during the entire service.

"The discourse, which was a very appropriate one, was on the subject of faith in Christ, as illustrated by

Peter when, for a little while, he walked upon the sea to meet Jesus. Harry listened to it with great interest, and Tommy seemed to attend with great seriousness, especially when the preacher described the furious storm upon the lake, and the timid disciple beginning to sink, when his eye was turned upon the boldest waves rather than upon Christ.

"At the close of the sermon it was dinner-time. Harry went to the basket to get some crackers and ham for himself and Tom. He had some difficulty in getting at it, the basket having been stowed away among a number of others. In the mean time, seeing his way clear, Tommy had wandered to the bows of the vessel, where he entered into a conversation with one of the sailors.

"He was a good-natured man, and answered the boy's questions cheerfully. He told him about the main-sail, and the jib, and the flying-jib; about the anchor and the cable, the jolly-boat and the painter.

"The painter?" said Tom; "what makes you call a rope a painter?"

"That's more than I know," said the sailor, "only that's its name. What do you call that thing on your head?" he continued.

"This?" said Tom; "this is my cap."

"Well," said Jack, (for that, as Tommy had already found out, was the man's name), "what makes you call it a cap?"

"Because it is a cap."

"Yes," said the sailor, "and that rope is a painter." "This had to satisfy the youthful inquirer. He paused a moment, and then asked,—

"Where do you think the Traveler is?"

"What traveler? O! Ulrick's craft you mean."

"No," said Tom, "the other sloop that's going to the camp-meeting."

"Well, that's Ulrick's craft—the Traveler, he calls her."

"Who is Ulrick?" inquired he.

"O! he's the commander-in-chief of that specimen of naval architecture; or, to speak more properly, the skipper."

"The skipper!" said Tom; "that's a queer name. Where do you think the skipper is?"

"I should think about this time he's down below stowing away duff."

"The man meant that the captain of the Traveler was probably in his cabin at dinner; but Tom did not understand him, and did not like to ask an explanation.

"I should like to see the Traveler," he said.

"Well, there she is," replied the man, "right astern."

"Tommy looked in the direction indicated, and away behind, like a little speck on the water, he saw what the sailor persisted in calling Ulrick's craft."

"Good!" cried Tom, in high glee:—

"The Lion and the Traveler running on a race,
The Lion beat the Traveler, and left him in disgrace."

"The sailor laughed, and entering into the spirit which actuated the boy, who did not intend that his poetry should be heard, he said, 'That's good:—

"The Lion and the Traveler going to camp-meeting,
The Lion gave the Traveler a most decided beating."

"At this moment Harry made his appearance. He had been looking for his cousin in all parts of the sloop, and was very uneasy about him.

"Why, Tom," said he, "how you frightened me! I was afraid you had fallen overboard."

"O! he has been taking lessons in navigation," said the sailor.

"Sit down here," said Tom; "this is a nice place for us to eat our dinner. You needn't be afraid about me. I'm not the fellow to get lost."

"I thought you was lost," replied Harry, seating himself on a coil of rope by his side. By Tom's invitation his friend Jack partook of some of their dinner, and the three soon became friendly and talkative.

"How long before we shall reach Croton?" inquired Harry.

"With this wind," said the sailor, "we should be there in a few hours; but it is dying away, and we shall soon have a calm."

"What do you do in a calm?" inquired Tom.

"For the most part," replied Jack, "we do n't do anything; but sometimes, when we are very impatient, we whistle."

"Whistle!" said Tom.

"Yes, whistle for a wind."

"But does the wind come when you whistle for it?"

"Always," replied the sailor, "if you whistle long enough."

"In a little while, as Jack had predicted, the wind died away. It was what sailors call a dead calm. The sails flapped sluggishly against the mast, and the sloop lay like a log upon the river. There was preaching again in the afternoon, and a very lively prayer-meeting.

"During these exercises there was a heavy shower of rain, with thunder and lightning. All who could sought shelter in the little cabin, and umbrellas were in great demand.

"But the shower was not of long continuance. It was succeeded by a high wind, which was directly ahead, and the Lion was obliged to reef her mainsail, and tack back and forth across the river.

"The prospect now was that Croton would not be reached that night, and preparations were made for sleep. The cabin was given up to the women and little children, while the boys and men had to take their chance upon the deck.

"I wish I could find a bed for you, Tom," said Harry. "I think you're little enough to be allowed to go in the cabin with the children."

"I am not so very little," replied he, putting on his great-coat. "I'm past eight. Besides, I never staid up all night, and I should like to try it once."

"Poor fellow! he found staying up was not so pleasant as he thought it would be; and before ten o'clock he fell fast asleep by the side of his cousin, who was listening to an interesting conversation between several of the ministers on the quarter-deck."

But we are exceeding our limits. We predict for *Harry Budd* an extensive demand, and congratulate our young readers on the treat that is in store for them.

The Child's Preacher, a Series of Addresses to the Young, founded on Scripture Texts. (New-York, Carlton & Phillips.) It is, confessedly on all hands, a difficult task to preach to children, and this collection is a verification of that truth. The greater portion of the sermons are from the pen of Dr. Fletcher, of London. They are on abstruse subjects: God's Wisdom, God's Love, God's Truth, God's Holiness, &c.; and were it not that they are plentifully interlarded with the phrases—"My children," "Dear children," "Little children," "My young friends," &c., they might pass for the very ordinary efforts of an ordinary pastor. The discourses by Rev. L. A. Eddy, of Cazenovia, of which there are eight, are far more appropriate, and we were disappointed in finding none from the pen of Dr. Kidder, so well known for his labors in the juvenile department.

Roe Lockwood & Son, of this city, have deservedly a high reputation for their numerous books of instruction for the use of schools, academies, and private tuition. They publish not only in English, but in French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. A very neat edition of *Berquin's Conversational French Reader* has just reached us from their press. It is admirably calculated for the use of schools, and for persons seeking an acquaintance with the rudiments of the French tongue.

The Prison of Welleweden; and a Glance at the East Indian Archipelago, by Walter M. Gibson. (12mo., pp. 495.) In a vessel of his own, he tells us, fitted up with great care, Mr. Gibson made a voyage to the Malay Archipelago, visiting many places but little known in the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans. In the island of Java he was arrested, and imprisoned for fifteen months, and finally made his escape with the loss of his schooner. In this volume he gives, in the guise of narratives to the pas

sengers on board the ship which brought him home, an account of his voyages, descriptions of men and manners, religious ceremonies, laws, customs, and social habits of the people among whom he sojourned. With little of the craft of authorship our adventurer has made an exceedingly interesting book, which is illustrated with numerous well-executed engravings from original designs, and in its entire appearance is exceedingly creditable to the publisher. (*J. C. Riker, New-York.*)

Table Traits, with something on them, by Dr. Doran, (reprinted from the English edition, by Redfield,) is a merry, mirth-provoking volume; displaying, moreover, great research and extensive reading. Take a specimen almost at random. It shall be about cabbages, asparagus, and other good vegetables:—

"The cabbage has had a singular destiny,—in one country an object of worship; in another, of contempt. The Egyptians made of it a god; and it was the first dish they touched at their repasts. The Greeks and Romans took it as a remedy for the languor following intemperance. Cato said that in the cabbage was a panacea for the ills of man. Erasistratus recommended it as a specific in paralysis; Hippocrates accounted it a sovereign remedy, boiled with salt, for the colic; and Athenian medical men prescribed it to young nursing mothers, who wished to see lusty babies lying in their arms. Diphilus preferred the beet to the cabbage, both as food and as medicine,—in the latter case, as a vermifuge. The same physician extols mallows, not for fomentation, but as a good edible vegetable, appeasing hunger and curing the sore-throat at the same time. The asparagus, as we are accustomed to see it, has derogated from its ancient magnificence. The original "grass" was from twelve to twenty feet high; and a dish of them could only have been served to the Brobdignagians. Under the Romans, stems of asparagus were raised of three pounds' weight,—heavy enough to knock down a slave in waiting with. The Greeks ate them of more moderate dimensions, or would have eat them, but that the publishing doctors of their day denounced asparagus as injurious to the sight. But then it was also said, that a slice or two of boiled pumpkin would reinvigorate the sight which had been deteriorated by asparagus. 'Do that as quickly as you should, asparagus!' is a proverb descended to us from Augustus, and illustrative of the mode in which the vegetable was prepared for the table.

"A still more favorite dish, at Athens, was turnips, from Thebes. Carrots, too, formed a distinguished dish at Greek and Roman tables. Purslain was rather honored as a cure against poisons, whether in the blood by wounds, or in the stomach from beverage. I have heard it asserted in France, that if you briskly rub a glass with fingers which have been previously rubbed with purslain, or parsley, the glass will certainly break. I have tried the experiment, but only to find that the glass resisted the pretended charm.

"Broccoli was the favorite vegetable food of Drusus. He ate greedily thereof; and as his father, Tiberius, was as fond of it as he, the master of the Roman world and his illustrious heir were constantly quarreling, like two clowns, when a dish of broccoli stood between them. Artichokes grew less rapidly into aristocratic favor; the *dictum* of Galen was against them; and, for a long time, they were only used by drinkers, against head-ache, and by singers to strengthen their voice. Pliny pronounced artichokes excellent food for poor people and donkeys! For nobler stomachs he preferred the cucumber,—the Nemesis of vegetables. But people were at issue touching the merits of the cucumber. Not so regarding the lettuce, which has been universally honored. It was the most highly-esteemed dish of the beautiful Adonia. It was prescribed as provocative to sleep; and it cured Augustus of the malady which sits so heavily on the soul of Leopold of Belgium,—*Apophondriasis*. Science and rank enulogized the lettuce, and philosophy sanctioned the eulogy in the person of Aristoxenus, who not only grew lettuces as the pride of his garden, but irrigated them with wine, in order to increase their flavor.

"But we must not place too much trust in the stores either of sages or apothecaries. These pagans re-

commended the seductive, but indigestible, endive, as good against the headache, and young onions and honey as admirable preservers of health, when taken fasting; but this was a prescription for rustic swains and nymphs,—the higher classes, in town or country, would hardly venture on it. And yet the mother of Apollo ate raw leeks, and loved them of gigantic dimensions. For this reason, perhaps, was the leek accounted, not only as salubrious, but as a beautifier. The love for melons was derived, in similar fashion, probably, from Tiberius, who cared for them even more than he did for broccoli. The German Cæsars inherited the taste of their Roman predecessor, carrying it, indeed, to excess; for more than one of them submitted to die after eating melons, rather than live by renouncing them.

"I have spoken of gigantic asparagus: the Jews had radishes that could vie with them, if it be true that a fox and cubs could burrow in the hollow of one, and that it was not uncommon to grow them of a hundred pounds in weight. It must have been such radishes as these that were employed by seditious mobs of old, as weapons, in insurrections. In such case, a rebellious people were always well victualled, and had peculiar facilities, not only to beat their adversaries, but to eat their own arms. The horse-radish is, probably, a descendant of this gigantic ancestor. It had, at one period, a gigantic reputation. Dipped in poison, it rendered the draught innocuous, and, rubbed on the hands, it made an encounter with venomous serpents mere play. In short, it was celebrated as being a cure for every evil in life,—the only exception being, that it destroyed the teeth. There was far more difference of opinion touching garlic, than there was touching the radish. The Egyptians deified it, as they did the leek and the cabbage; the Greeks devoted it to Gehenna,—and to soldiers, sailors, and cocks that were not "game." Medicinally, it was held to be useful in many diseases, if the root used were originally sown when the moon was below the horizon. No one who had eaten of it, however, could presume to enter the Temple of Cybele. Alphonso of Castile was as particular as this goddess; and a knight of Castile, detected as being guilty of garlic, suffered banishment from the royal presence during an entire month."

The doctor intersperses very agreeably choice scraps of literature with his other epicurean morsels. "I recollect," he says, "once seeing the dulllest of evenings made suddenly bright by an apt query modestly put by one who needed not to inquire, but who quietly asked if any one present could name the author of the line.—

"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."

Many a wide guess was fired off prior to the successful naming. The general opinion was in favor of Pope, and Pope has indeed written a line very like it:—

"Fine by defect, and delicately weak."

The falling upon such coincidences are the very explosives of after-supper discussions: thus, the very familiar line—

"Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm,"

may be the text for a pretty dispute. It occurs in Addison's "Campaign," and also in Pope's "Dunciad." The latter poet too has said—

"Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays;"

but Milton, before him, had written—

"At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads."

We all know who tells us that

"Gospel light first beam'd from Boleyn's eyes;"

and Horace Walpole harped on the same tune when he said—

"From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed."

Gray and Moss, too, afford instances of like coincidences of sound or sentiment, or both. The first, in his 'Elegy,' has—

"And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

The second, in his 'Beggars' Petition,' sings to the same air—

"And left the world to wretchedness and me."

I have noticed how Gray's line of

"Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,"

must necessarily remind one of Shakspeare's words, in the mouth of Brutus—

"Dear as the drops that visit this sad heart."

Demosthenes has truly said—

Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχίσεται,

so that Sir John Minnes is not even the original author of the Hudibrastically sounding assertion—

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

The lines in Hudibras are as the perfecting and comment on the above, remarking as they do—

"For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

These coincidences are, no doubt, unintentional. For my own part, I do not believe that Shakspeare, when he spoke in Hamlet of

"The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns,"

necessarily had in his mind the

*Qui nunc it per iter tenebrososum
Illic unde negant redire quamquam*

of Catullus; although the latter lines were quoted by Seneca the philosopher, and were as familiar as household words among the verse-loving ancients."

Nellie of Truro, by the author of *Vara*, is an original tale, evidently designed to inculcate good morality. The characters are well drawn, and the interest of the story well sustained. Mr. Hill, the florist, falls, we notice, into a botanical blunder rather worse than that of his daughter:

"Letitia," said Mr. Hill, "why do you call pelargoniums geraniums?"

"Every body does, father."

"Every body has not the same opportunity of learning the difference," answered her father with evident vanity."

All right. Pelargoniums are not, botanically, geraniums, and the florist who knew that knew also, if the author had inquired of him, that *japonica* is but the specific name of a genus of green-house plants known as the *camellia*. A florist would never have fallen into the absurdity of talking about "a tall japonica-tree," or "a beautiful japonica." The volume is beautifully printed, and may be unhesitatingly commended. *Carter & Brothers*.

Henry W. Herbert is the well-known name of the author of several works of fiction. The latest is entitled *Wager of Battle; a Tale of Saxon Slavery in Sherwood Forest*. It is a skillfully-contrived and well-written story, delineating the customs and habits of our Saxon ancestors in the days of serfdom. The author assures us, in his pref-

ace, that his "work contains no reference to the peculiar institution (what can he mean?) of any portion of this country; nor conceals any oblique insinuation against, or covert attack upon, any part of the inhabitants of the continent, or any interest guaranteed to them by the Constitution." A perfectly safe book, therefore, from which no danger to the Union need be apprehended. 12mo., pp. 336. (*Mason & Brothers, New-York*.)

Hill-side Flowers, a beautifully-illustrated volume of original and selected poetry, designed as a Gift-Book for the holidays, has just been issued from the press of *Carlton & Phillips*. The profits arising from its publication are "devoted to a temple of God, which stands in a lovely rural district near the banks of the Hudson." We hope the largest expectations of the ladies engaged in this laudable undertaking may be more than realized.

Kate Kibborn; or, Sowing and Reaping, by the author of *Jeanie Morrison*, (*Carter & Brothers*), is an attempt to blend lessons of Christianity with improbable romance. The characters are highly overdrawn, and Kate is rather worse in all respects than females to be met with in every-day life. She becomes a Christian, however, before the close of the volume.

W. Gilmore Sims is well known by his numerous tales relative to the romantic incidents of the American Revolution. We have now from his pen *The Forayers*, (a word of his own coining, by the way,) or *the Raid of the Dog-days*, in one duodecimo volume of five hundred and sixty pages. The scene is laid in South Carolina, and the story is told with the author's usual skill. (*Redfield, New-York*.)

Appleton & Co. have reprinted, in good style, from the English edition, and with several illustrations, *Mortimer's College Life*, by *E. J. May*. It is a well-told tale, moral in its tendency, and well calculated to interest and instruct the better-educated classes of young men. It is episcopal, but anti-Puseyistic, and evangelical in its teachings.

The Old Homestead, by *Mrs. Ann S. Stephens*, is a novel of our own times, the scene being mainly in this city, and the characters our every-day acquaintances—policemen, politicians, paupers, and one very rascally mayor, with a wife a little the vilest and most malicious woman whose character was ever gibbeted. (*Bunce & Brother*.)

Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover, by *Dr. Doran*. In two volumes, 12mo. (*Redfield, New-York*.) Our gossiping, lively doctor has none of the qualifications requisite for a biographer. The title of his work is a misnomer. Instead of being "Lives," &c., it is a choice collection of scandal and court gossip. Indeed, the author calls himself merely "a story-teller;" and those who take pleasure in wading through scenes of profligacy and moral turpitude, and have time to spare for the study of the follies and intrigues of faithless husbands, and women no better than they should be, will find entertainment suited to their taste in these sketches of the wives of the four royal Georges, and their male and female associates.

Literary Record.

The Rev. J. J. Matthias, of the New-York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is preparing for publication a history of the benevolent and charitable institutions of this city, designed to include those supported by the munificence of the state and those sustained by private benevolence. Such a work is much needed, and Mr. Matthias, who is now chaplain of the Seamen's Retreat on Staten Island, has peculiar facilities for its preparation.

Anti-Maud is the title of a poem recently published in London, of which the critics speak favorably. Beginning as a parody, it wars into real argumentative versification, and, in opposition to the laureate, celebrates the blessings of peace.

The largest reading-room in the world is now nearly completed in the British Museum. It is circular, one hundred and forty feet in diameter, and one hundred in height. The tables will accommodate nearly four hundred readers. The wrought iron book-cases will contain one hundred and two thousand volumes. The cost of the room will be about \$500,000.

The London Quarterly Review, of which the ninth number was issued in October, contains the usual amount of literary articles, and displays more than the average ability of similar publications. It is under the control, editorially and financially, of the Wesleyan Methodists, and is commended to the public in an advertisement signed by Jabez Bunting, John Hannah, Thomas Jackson, John Beecham, and others. It already has, we are glad to learn, quite an extended circulation. Our readers must be careful not to confound it with *The Quarterly Review*, to which the American publishers have, for their own convenience, prefixed the word *London*.

Mrs. Palmer's Way of Holiness.—We see advertised in the London papers the thirty-fourth thousand of this little volume by our gifted country-woman.

Dickens has in course of publication a new serial novel entitled "Little Dorrit." It will doubtless be reprinted in this country as soon as possible. The great fault of this most amusing story-teller is the covert way in which he apparently delights to ridicule evangelical religion, its teachers and professors, rendering his stories hardly safe to put into the hands of the young and inexperienced. On this point we copy from a late number of *Blackwood's Magazine*:—

"We have another quarrel with Mr. Dickens,—one of long standing, dating back to the period of his first work. 'The Shepherd' of Mr. Weller's widow, the 'little Bethel' of Mrs. Nubbles, have offencosed in 'Bleak House' into a detestable Mr. Chadband, an oft-repeated libel on the preachers of the poor. This is a very vulgar and common piece of slander, quite unworthy of a true artist. Are we really to believe, then, that only those who are moderately religious are true in their profession? that it is good to be in earnest in every occupation but one, the most important of all as it happens? What a miserable assumption is this! Mr. Dickens's tender charity does not disdain to embrace a good many equivocal people,—why then so

persevering an aim at a class which offends few and harms no man? Not very long since we ourselves, who are no great admirers of English dissent, happened to go into a very humble meeting-house,—perhaps a Bethel,—where the preacher at his beginning, we are ashamed to say, tempted our unaccustomed faculties almost to laughter. Here was quite an opportunity of finding a Chadband, for the little man was round and ruddy, and had a shining face; his grammar was not perfect, moreover, and having occasion to mention a certain Scripture town, he called it Canar of Galilee; but when we had listened for half an hour, we had no longer the slightest inclination to laugh at the humble preacher. This unpretending man reached to the heart of his subject in less time than we have taken to tell of it: gave a bright, clear, individual view of the doctrine he was considering, and urged it upon his hearers with homely arguments which were as little ridiculous as can be supposed. Will Mr. Dickens permit us to advise him, when he next would draw a 'shepherd,' to study his figure from life? Let him choose the last little chapel on his way, and take his chance for a successful sitting. We grant him he may find a Chadband, but we promise him he has at least an equal chance of finding an apostle instead."

The author of "La France Mystique," M. Erdan, who was lately prosecuted for publishing the work, was let off with a rather light sentence, which by no means pleased the Procureur Général, and who, in his zeal for the Imperial Government, thought proper to enter an appeal to a higher court for a heavier sentence. This court, seeing that M. Erdan has not expressed contrition for his work, and that he has ventured to express opinions on the justice of the mild sentence passed upon him, has extended the term of his imprisonment from eight days to one year, and the fine to one thousand francs. The reader is left to imagine the feelings with which this vengeance upon an enemy, no longer powerful, is viewed by the literary world of Paris. It has created a profound sensation; and being coupled with the late proceedings in the matter of "Paris," has probably disheartened many men who were anticipating a speedy release from the bondage of the last four years. Erdan lies in prison to warn them.

Professor Pfeiffer, of Stuttgart, one of the most learned and industrious among the younger members of the school of Jacob Grimm, is about to publish (commencing with this month) a review entitled "Germania: Vierteljahrsschrift für deutsche Alterthumskunde." It is to embrace all branches of German archæology, including language, literature, law, life and manners, folk-lore, and art.

The first Russian translation of Schiller's complete poems, edited by MM. Gerbel and Michailov, has recently been published at Moscow.

A paper on the private libraries of Boston and its vicinity was read at the last meeting of the New-England Historic-Genealogical Society by the Reverend Luther Farnham. According to Mr. Farnham, there are within ten miles of the State House three hundred thousand volumes in private libraries, said libraries being of one thousand volumes and upward. Ten of these libraries contain ninety-two thousand, giving an average of nine thousand two hundred each;

and twelve contain one hundred thousand, being an average of eight thousand three hundred and thirty-four each. The paper was full of interesting facts, and will be published, a vote of the society to that effect having passed.

The University of the city of New-York has recently received the following very valuable additions to its library: From the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, England—the Greenwich Astronomical Observations, in quarto volumes, from 1836 to 1850; Reductions of Lunar and Planetary Observations; Magnetic and Meteorological Observations, in seven volumes, with various pamphlets on astronomical science. From the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford—their Observations from 1840 to 1853.

The following are the rules which have been adopted by the Directors of the *Smithsonian Institution* for the distribution of its publications:—

"1. They are to be presented to all learned societies which publish transactions, and give copies of those in exchange to the Institution. 2. To all foreign libraries of the first class, provided they give in exchange their catalogues or other publications, or an equivalent in their duplicate volumes. 3. To all colleges in actual operation in the United States, provided they furnish in return meteorological observations, catalogues of their libraries, and all other publications issued by them relative to their organization and history. 4. To all states and territories, provided there be given in return copies of all documents published under their authority. 5. To all incorporated public libraries in the United States, not included in any of the foregoing classes, now containing more than 7,000 volumes; and to smaller libraries, where a whole state or large district would be otherwise unsupplied. 6. Separate memoirs are sometimes presented to minor institutions."

A new Biographical Dictionary.—The Rev. J. L. Blake, D. D., of New-Jersey, and for many years rector of St. Matthew's Church, South Boston, has been engaged for several years in preparing for publication a new edition of his biographical dictionary, which will, we understand, be enriched with notices of several thousand prominent Americans of the past and present, in all the diversified walks of life. Of persons who died in the year 1855, the biographical accounts amount to sixty. The author professes to have paid particular attention to gathering up the names of those who have distinguished themselves as members "of the business and producing classes; those who

cause national wealth and give perpetuity to our public institutions." Dr. Blake's work has been received with much favor, having passed through ten editions, and the additions now made must considerably increase its value.

A College in California.—It is proposed to establish, on a liberal foundation, a college at Oakland, eastward from San Francisco, on the opposite side of the bay. A charter has been obtained, and a board of trustees appointed. A school has been already opened, which, it is expected, will grow up into a college for the state. An application has been made to the Society for Promoting Collegiate and Theological Education at the West, and that society has appropriated \$500 to the object. The institution is under the control of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists.

The imperial library of the court of Vienna contains more than sixteen thousand manuscripts in the Greek, Hebrew, Chinese, Arabic, &c., languages on parchment, and nearly twelve thousand in the European languages upon paper, twelve thousand incunabula, nearly two hundred and eighty thousand modern books, more than six thousand volumes of music, and eight thousand eight hundred autographs of distinguished persons. There are besides in Vienna seventeen libraries, among which the private imperial library and that of the university are the most considerable.

The Works of Noah Webster.—It is supposed that, with the exception of the Bible, the lexicographic works of Noah Webster have the largest circulation of any books in the English language. Nearly twelve hundred thousand copies of Webster's Spelling-book were sold by one firm in this city last year, and it is estimated that more than ten times as many are sold of Webster's Dictionaries as of any other series in this country. Four-fifths of all the school-books published in the United States are said to own Webster as their standard. The State of New-York has placed ten thousand copies of Webster's Unabridged in as many of her public schools. Massachusetts has, in like manner, supplied three thousand two hundred and forty-eight of her schools; and Wisconsin and New-Jersey have provided for all their schools.

Arts and Sciences.

Baron Marochetti has presented to the Sardinian government a model, on a small scale, of the monument to be erected to the memory of the late King Charles Albert. The monarch is on horseback, sword in hand, in the attitude of a man who appeals to it as the only means of emancipating Italy from foreign rule.

The descendants of *General Israel Putnam*, the revolutionary hero, are moving energetically to secure the erection of a monument to his memory. Some liberal subscriptions have been made, and as soon as \$3,000 have been contribut-

ed, the Government of the State of Connecticut promises to give as much more, which will enable the committee having the matter in charge to build a suitable monument.

Messieurs *Fremy* and *Oloex*, French chemists, have extracted and isolated the blue coloring-matter of flowers—a highly delicate operation. It is not indigo, as was supposed; they call it cyanine. It is turned red by acid vegetable juices; and they find it in certain roses, peonies, and dahlias. Viale and Latini, of the University at Rome, have, as they believe, con-

firmed the supposition that the odor of plants and flowers is due to ammonia—the odor being good or bad according to the proportions in which the ammonia is combined. From this it is shown that plants are doubly beneficial—by absorbing ammonia, as well as exhaling oxygen. Some chemists dispute the accuracy of these conclusions.

Professor Alexander states, in regard to the origin of the asteroids, that by the skillful use of delicate circumstantial evidence he has arrived at the absolute conclusion that the asteroids between Mars and Jupiter were once not a globe, but a disc, seventy thousand miles wide and eight miles in thickness, revolving in about three and a half days. He says it met such a fate as might have been anticipated from so thin a body whirling so rapidly, and burst, as grindstones sometimes do.

The Glasgow *Practical Mechanics' Magazine* says that *Bennet Woodcroft, Esq.*, has commenced a portrait-gallery of inventors in the London Patent Office. He has already collected quite a number of portraits of distinguished inventors of all nations, among which figures one of old Roger Bacon, the reputed inventor of the air-pump and the camera-obscura.

Quassia Tonic Cups.—These interesting articles, in extensive demand for their tonic properties, imparted with surprising quickness to water or wine, are now imported into this city from the island of Jamaica; and if we are not misinformed, many of those sold for imported are of Yankee manufacture. *Wood & Bache's United States Dispensatory* thus describes the medical properties and uses of the Quassia:

"Quassia has, in the highest degree, all the properties of the simple bitters. It is purely tonic, invigorating the digestive organs, with little excitement of the circulation, or increase of animal heat. This medicine is useful in all cases in which a simple tonic impression is desirable. It is particularly adapted to dyspepsia, and to that debilitated state of the digestive organs which sometimes succeeds acute disease. It may also be given with advantage in the remission of certain fevers in which tonics are demanded. It is said to be largely employed in England by the brewers, to impart bitterness to their liquors."

Professor Hall, of this city, has invented an electric machine, which, with suitable battery, is stated to be five or six horse-power, and occupies a horizontal space not over two feet square. In this engine there are thirty-two electro-magnets, secured on the rim of a brass wheel about one foot in diameter, their poles outward; and there is a corresponding number arranged around it on a brass frame, with their poles inward, so that the poles of all the magnets on the wheel pass near those on the frame. The poles of the magnets on the wheel are changed, as they pass those on the frame, by a small wheel, or poll-changer, on the axis of the large wheel.

An emblematical statue of *Law* has just been erected, after twenty-five years' delay, in the *Place du Palais Législatif* at Paris. Justice may be shortly expected since *Law* has reappeared, say the *blouses*.

Professor Mitchell, of Cincinnati, has invented a plan by which he measures time to a hundredth part of a second, while all the instru-

ments previously in use fail to detect possible errors of more than a tenth of a second. It is by means of connecting an ordinary clock with a revolving disc. Professor M. produces a series of dots, from which he is able to distinguish the divisions of time with such remarkable exactness. He says that this infinitesimal measuring of time is the most difficult problem he ever undertook to solve.

Mr. Joel Webster, of Brooklyn, has invented a mode of silvering the common kind of looking-glasses, which, on account of their unevenness of surface, will not bear pressure upon a hard, flat table, such as is employed in the silvering of plate-glass. The apparatus consists of two tables with elastic faces, one to receive the silvering preparation and the glass, and the other to receive and transmit the necessary pressure to the glass. These tables are connected in such a manner as greatly to facilitate the operation, and render it secure.

The inside of the Cathedral of *Bâle* (built, from 1010 to 1019, by Emperor Henry the Second) is being restored on a large scale. The expenses are met by voluntary subscriptions, which, we learn, are tendered with the magnificence befitting the patriotic republicans of one of the wealthiest towns in Switzerland. *Herr Merian-Burkhardt* alone has given a sum of 10,000 francs.

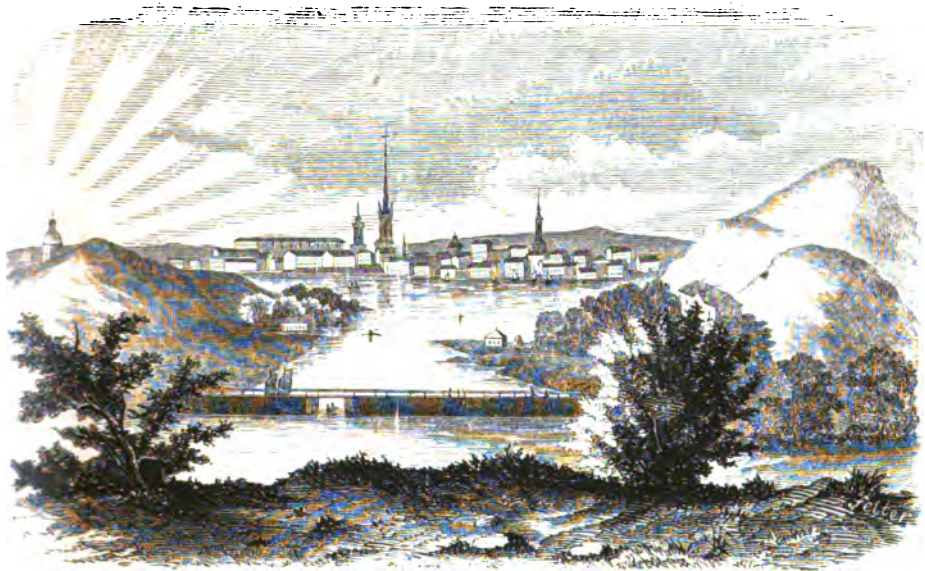
Dr. Peters, an eminent Danish astronomer, has computed eight hundred and thirteen heliographic places of two hundred and eighty-eight spots on the surface of the sun; the spots not being invariably attached to the sun's surface, but having motions of their own, in some instances at the rate of three or four hundred miles an hour. Dr. P. explains this by the assumption of volcanoes sending up gaseous matter which parts the luminous covering—the sun being supposed to have at least two atmospheres, the one next its surface, dark, but supporting another which is luminous, and which sends forth light and heat. The distinguished astronomer goes into a learned comparison between the moon as a country of extinct volcanoes, and the sun, where belts of volcanoes are in a state of prodigious activity.

It is proposed to erect in Manchester, England, in front of the Infirmary, a bronze statue of *Watt*.

The *Royal Academy of Sciences* of Belgium, at a late sitting, determined the subjects for the Prize Essays in the class of Fine Arts, to be awarded in the Session of 1856. The subjects are—1. The Origin and History of Engraving in the Low Countries in the Fifteenth Century. 2. The Influence of Municipal Corporations on the State of the Pictorial Art in the Middle Ages. 3. The Style of Architecture best adapted for Barracks, Hospitals, Schools, and Prisons. 4. The Cause of the excellent Preservation of the Works of Painters of certain Schools, and of the Decay of others; with an inquiry into the composition of Colors, Oils, and Varnishes. The prize for each of these subjects is a gold medal of the value of six hundred francs. The essays are to be written in Latin, French, or Flemish, and to be sent in by the 1st of June, 1856.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1856.



STOCKHOLM FROM THE MALAR.

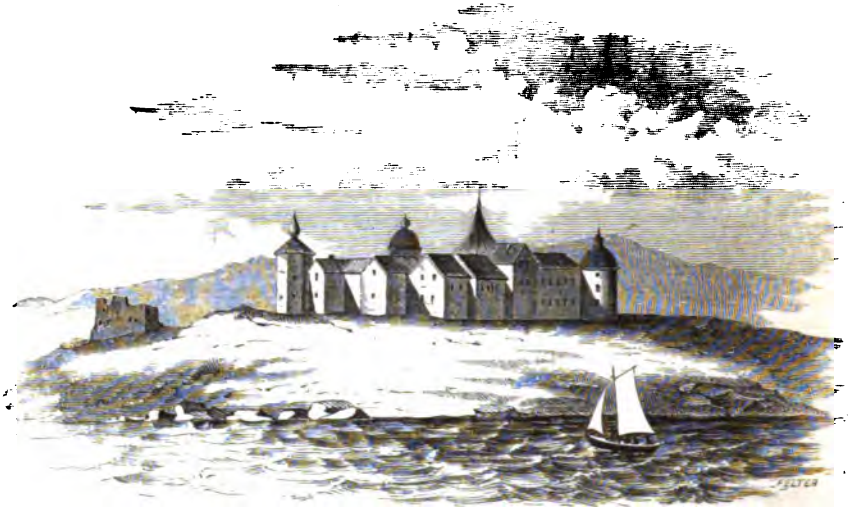
SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.

No. I.—STOCKHOLM AND ITS ENVIRONS.

A DESIRE to visit the Scandinavian countries had developed itself early in life. I had grasped with avidity every legend of "its frozen or raging seas, its shattered granite rocks, and its dark and howling green-wood forests." The comparatively remote and isolated position of these countries, the charm with which the very uncertainty of our knowledge clothed them, rendered them to my early imagination almost a *terra incognita*. Ida Pfeifer had not then enlightened us upon Iceland, nor did we find as now upon every table translations of Miss Bremer's works, which describes so faithfully inte-

rior life in Sweden. The names of Gustavus Wasa, Gustavus Adolphus, and of Charles XII. had only the effect to excite an ardent desire to know more of a nation from whence such men had sprung, and of countries then apparently so remote. Who cannot call to mind the peculiar interest thrown about some childish tales of domestic life in Iceland—the intellectual delights of its long winter nights making one almost envious of these remote islanders, in their simple and patriarchal life? Again the tales which may be called those of the Northern Heroic Age—the hordes of the Northmen descending unawares, not only upon the neighboring coasts of England, France, and Germany, but even extending their expeditions to the shores of

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Carlton & Phillips, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.



KALMAR CASTLE.

the Mediterranean—now sailing up the Guadalquivir and attacking Seville, or at another time appearing before Constantinople in numbers formidable enough to levy contributions upon the Byzantine emperors.

At a still later period we find this same daring and adventurous spirit of the Northmen leading them to people Iceland, to establish colonies in Greenland, and even to explore some portions of our own coast five centuries before the discoveries of Columbus. The early settlement of Iceland becomes a matter of peculiar interest as the birth-place and early home of Northern history; and when we remember that it is only through the chronicles of the early Icelandic writers that the northern nations are enabled to trace their own history, we shall not place a light value upon the importance of this early spirit of colonization.

Mixed up in my mind with the exploits of the hardy Vikings and adventurers of the North, and inseparably connected with their life of daring and hardihood, is the influence of that Northern mythology, which taught that only those who died valiantly sword in hand could count with certainty upon the joys of the Walhalla. As the social life of the gods, according to the views of the Grecian heroes, was a life of physical rather than of intellectual enjoyment, such seems to have been the the Northern heroes. But

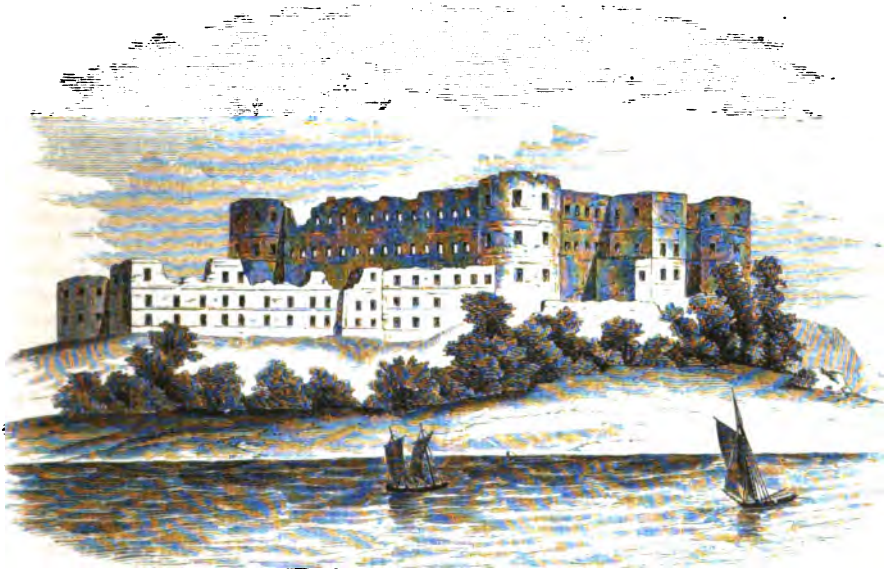
when we consider the boisterous character of the joys to which they looked forward in the future state of existence, however absurd it may at first strike us, yet it is in reality by no means strange that a warlike people, as were the early Scandinavians, should have incorporated in their ideas of the Walhalla, or palace of Odin, such strange views of enjoyment. And when we look again at the only means which Odin had guaranteed to his followers of securing these pleasures, it is by no means strange that the Northern heroes should have expected the principal joys of Walhalla to consist in going out every morning and cutting each other in pieces, and then returning restored perfectly whole, to feast, and drink beer and mead, in the palace of Odin, doubtless with a good appetite for dinner after such violent exercise.

The passage from Stettin to Stockholm occupies usually thirty-six hours. We left Stettin about twelve o'clock, and the first eighteen hours presented nothing of special interest. At the expiration of this time we found ourselves, at six o'clock in the morning, upon the coast of Sweden, with the town and castle of Kalmar upon our left, and the long flat island of Oland stretching away upon the right. The light of a beautiful morning was shining upon the old castle, giving a cheerful look to the venerable pile, which does not strike the eye as a formidable fort-

ress, and yet was long considered as one of the keys of Sweden. The name of Kalmar occupies a most important place in the history of Scandinavia. It was within the walls of its castle that Queen Margaret, known as the Semiramis of the North, convoked a general assembly of the states, and concluded that celebrated treaty known under the name of the treaty of Kalmar, which united the three kingdoms of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark under one scepter—a connection which continued on the part of Denmark and Norway until the early part of the present century, more than four hundred years. Sweden, however, broke the pro-

visions of this compact, and established an independent kingdom under her glorious liberator Gustavus Vasa.

Leaving Kalmar, the steamer continued her course between the island of Oland and the main land, passing almost under the towering and once formidable fortress of Borgholm. This ruin, vast and impressive in its decay, is not only the most remarkable of the North, but for extent and picturesqueness of effect compares favorably with Heidelberg, Visegrad, (on the Danube,) or in fact with any one of the more celebrated ruins to be found in different parts of the continent—yet the imagination of the poet and the novelist



BORGHOLM CASTLE.

has failed to throw that web of interest about it with which so many inconsiderable ruins of the continent are clothed. I was unable even to pick up any legend connected with it, and shall not attempt to invent one, but satisfy myself by presenting the reader with a sketch of this really gigantic and noble ruin, which, solitary and almost unobserved, is hastening to decay and oblivion.

The most remarkable feature in the coast of the Scandinavian peninsula, is the almost continuous belt of islands which incloses it. In fact the passage from the North Cape around the whole peninsula,

and extending as far north as Tornea, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, may be made, with the exception of a comparatively small distance, under the shelter of these numerous islands. Leaving Kalmar and Oland, we soon found ourselves threading our course amid islands, now thickly wooded with the dark evergreens of the North, again presenting an appearance as desolate as the sterile islands of the frigid zone. The maze through which we passed as we approached the fortress of Waxholm remind me of the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence. About twelve miles below the city the fortress of Wax-

holm displays its batteries. This fortification is the principal protection of Stockholm, and is considered by the Swedes perfectly impregnable. The channel through which all vessels are here compelled to pass is so narrow that they must of necessity come immediately under the guns of the castle. Below the fortress lay two ships of the allied fleet, the neutrality of Sweden not permitting them to pass above this point. The strong voice of a sentinel here gave us the customary challenge, which was promptly responded to by the chief officer of the good steamer Nagler, and, hoisting the Prussian flag, we were permitted to enter the interdicted water above the fortress. Soon after passing this point the scenery becomes more bold and picturesque, the shores enlivened with occasional villas, and upon the islands the oak mingles with the fir and the pine.

But I am describing the details of the scenery as if it were by day-light that we passed through it, when it was in reality one o'clock at night that we were set down upon the noble and substantial pier of Stockholm. Yet the night differed materially from what we call night in more southern latitudes—so calm, so bright, and beautiful is a summer's night in these northern countries, so distinctly discerned is every object. It is not night, it is not day, and again it has not the gloomy dimness of twilight. It reminds one somewhat of the peculiar effect of an eclipse of the sun—every object is distinct about you, while yet a veil seems cast over all, producing a slightly dim and dreamy effect. As we approached Stockholm the obscurity was not so great as to interfere materially with our view; the city, its picturesque outlines and abrupt hill-sides, and even the detail of the buildings, could be distinctly traced. The far-famed Venice of the North lay before us, with her bridges, her islands, and, high above all, the bold outline of her stupendous palace.

The increasing glow of light in the east, which betokened the speedy appearance of the sun, although it was not yet two o'clock, was so enticing that I was induced to join in a walk with a young Swedish officer, a fellow-passenger, who was returning home after an absence of two years in the Mediterranean. Acting as my guide, he first took me upon the bridge

to look at the palace, upon the side of the Lion's Staircase; then to the House of Nobles, and the bronze statue of Gustavus Wasa. We then extended our walk to the height of Moebacke; here we paused for some time, watching the novel effect of the early sunlight upon the still sleeping city. But there were other points which my companion was desirous to see, and we continued our ramble until we had visited most of the striking points about the city, all of which had evidently dwelt much upon the mind of the young Swede, even amid those scenes of beauty and of classic interest in which he had wandered for the last two years. I could readily imagine what might be the feelings of a native of the country returning home after a long absence, and viewing his native city under such an enchanting effect of light. The enthusiasm of my friend seemed to know no bounds, and the impressions which he seemed to have treasured of more southern climes, of Italian skies, of Naples, and of Constantinople, all were secondary, on that occasion at least, to the charms of a summer's night in his native city.

The sun had been long up, when my friend accompanied me to a hotel to seek for rooms; he was not contented to leave me here, but insisted upon making all necessary arrangements for me, and even stipulating as to prices in all things. I have ever found an uncommon spirit of kindness to strangers in the North—the people seem universally anxious to be of some real service to the traveler.

SITUATION OF STOCKHOLM—A RAMBLE ABOUT THE CITY.

It is no easy task to convey with pen and ink a correct impression of scenery in general, and to give the reader a very clear impression of Stockholm and its peculiar features. I must confess that the complexity of the task looks rather formidable. I must, therefore, refer my reader to the illustrations which I am able to furnish, and which will, I believe, afford a more clear impression of the subject than many pages which I might write.

All travelers agree in granting Stockholm a high rank among European cities for beauty of situation, for the picturesque grouping of its buildings, for its varied and beautiful water views, as well as for

environs replete in natural beauty, and combining striking contrasts of the soft and beautiful with the stern and wild in nature. Some writers have boldly given this city, in point of beauty and situation, the third rank in Europe, estimating Constantinople as the first, and Naples the second. Others claim that to Lisbon belongs, in justice, the third place, and to Stockholm the fourth. Again, travelers have often given to this city the appellation of "the Northern Venice."

It is very certain that few, if any, European cities present a more imposing appearance than Stockholm, as seen from the Baltic. Upon the opposite side, as approached from Lake Malar, it is less imposing, but perhaps even more beautiful. The general view of the city which I present is taken from the height of Mosebacke, which is generally considered the finest point from which to view the position of the city and its general features: upon the right are the waters of the Baltic; upon the left, those of Lake Malar. It will be remembered that the city is built upon three islands, formed by the waters of the sea and of an inland lake, occupying the precise point of the junction of Lake Malar with the Baltic.

Upon the first page is a view of the city, sketched from a little bay of Lake Malar, presenting the general appearance of the city as approached from this side.

The growth of the Swedish capital, from its foundation, does not seem to have been very rapid. After the lapse of six and a half centuries, the city cannot be said to contain one hundred thousand inhabitants. In fact, I have heard its present population variously estimated at from eighty to ninety thousand. It is an interesting fact, that the annual number of births does not equal the number of deaths in the city. One statement, which I have seen, estimates the number of deaths to exceed that of the births by one thousand two hundred and twenty-six. Thus the population of the city is only held good by immigration, which the same writer estimates at one thousand six hundred and thirty-two, who, on the average, remove hither yearly.

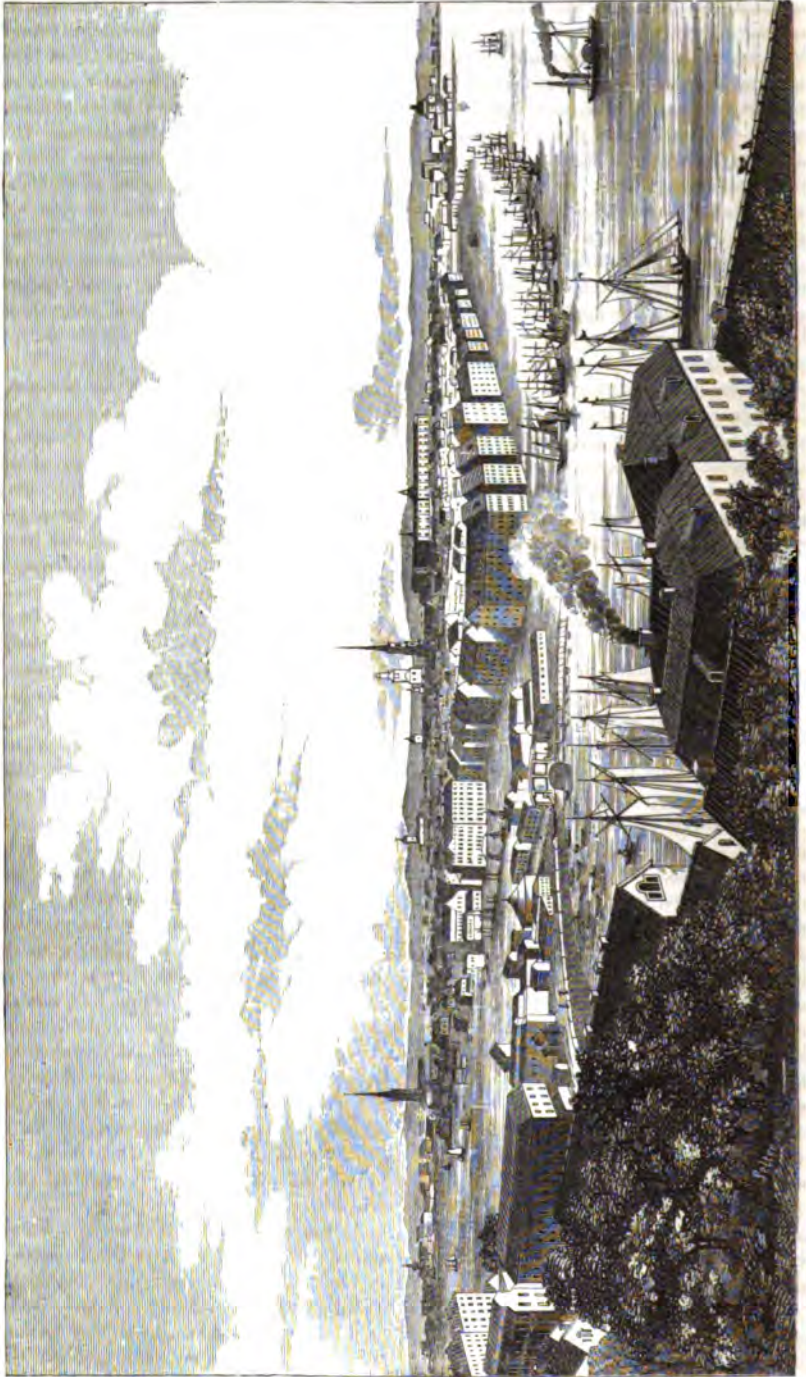
In taking a ramble round the city, we will start from my hotel, (Hotel de Frankfurt,)—a small affair you will observe, but commanding from its upper floors an extensive view of the harbor and its beautiful

shores. We are now upon the Skepebron, looking in the direction of the water. The scene which here meets the eye is one of great activity. The numerous vessels drawn up along the pier, as well as those anchored in the stream, are of various nations. Here we observe ships returned from long voyages to the Indies, fruit vessels from the Mediterranean, and the solid and grotesque galiots of Holland. Look beyond all these to that fine ship anchored in the stream—she is not a man-of-war, as you would at first imagine from her build and her fine tapering spars. There comes her flag, and your heart bounds within you as you see the stripes and stars!

Fronting upon the Skepebron are some of the most substantial edifices of the city. The pier, which extends around the whole of this portion of the city, is unsurpassed in Europe, and is certainly one of the most striking features which arrest the attention of the traveler on his arrival here. You will observe the immense expense at which it seems to have been constructed; it is composed entirely of large blocks of hewn granite, with broad flights of steps descending here and there to the water's edge, where a boat is just landing its passengers. It is of curious construction, propelled by paddle-wheels, which are worked by hand; but we will inspect one of these singular craft more closely at some future time.

Let us walk onward in the direction of the fashionable quarter. The first object which here attracts our attention is that stupendous pile designed by Tessin, Sweden's royal palace. Immediately in the rear, or rather upon one side of this edifice, the eye rests upon an obelisk, and the picturesque outline of a church, which groups well with the bold and regular outline of the palace. This is the Church of St. Nicholas, the most ancient of the capital, having been founded by Birjèø Jarl, which, however, as we have started for a walk, we will not enter until some future time.

At our right you will observe a bronze statue; let us pause here for a moment. It has a high elevation upon blocks of Swedish porphyry, highly polished. There is, for a street-statue, as it may perhaps strike you at first, something of the theatrical in the figure. The attitude is copied from one of the finest remains of



GENERAL VIEW OF STOCKHOLM.

classic art—the Apollo Belvidere. The face is that of the unfortunate Gustavus III., who was assassinated in the Opera-house yonder; and this statue was erected in his honor upon the spot where the king landed on his return from the conquest of Finland in 1791. The figure holds in its right hand a branch of olive, a symbol of peace; the left hand rests upon the rudder of a ship. This work is by Sergel, a Swedish sculptor of great ability; and although we remarked at the first glance that there was something rather theatrical in its effect, yet, after all, it is in keeping with the character of this sovereign, one of the most handsome and accomplished men of his time. He devoted himself to the introduction of refined and elegant tastes among his people. Artists found in him a munificent patron. The Opera-house, which I just pointed out yonder, was a work of his reign.

Leaving this statue, and passing still along the substantial pier, we turn to the most imposing front of the palace. The magnificent staircase, ornamented with two colossal sleeping lions, from which it derives its name, is the striking feature upon this side of the edifice. Turning to the right, we find ourselves upon a noble stone bridge, which extends in a direct line from the Lion's Staircase. Upon the left are handsome shops, occupied by book and printsellers, &c.; still further on, upon the bridge, is the *Café de la Croix*, one of the most fashionable lounging-places of the city. A broad flight of granite steps, with handsome parapets of stone, will conduct us down upon a little gem of an island. Here we find a charming summer lounging-place; and as the day is warm, we will stop here for a few minutes, and avail ourselves of these inviting seats to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the shade, the beauty of the flowers, and the enchanting water view. Meantime having ordered an ice, let us listen for a few moments to the soothing hum of the waters of the Malar, as they roll past us to lose themselves in the Baltic. There are numerous groups about us, and all seem to be enjoying the quiet repose of this charming little nook—families and friends are grouped together; the ladies have some of them brought their knitting-work, and some of the younger ones their embroidery. Other parties seem to find sufficient occupation in conversation, while,

occasionally, a solitary person is absorbed in his book. You will observe there are many people seated under the different clumps of trees. The merry shout of childhood strikes the ear, and the joyous faces of the little ones contrast strikingly with the venerable aspect and tottering step of old age; but summer has dawned once more upon a northern people, and all go forth alike to enjoy its charms. The spot is quiet now; but at evening, should we chance to pass this way, we should find almost every yard of ground occupied by the concourse of people which the music of a really fine band has drawn together.

Having rested for a time in this little elysium, let us walk onward; a few steps bring us again to the throng upon the bridge. As we rejoin the crowd, our attention is arrested by a perpetual swinging or waving of hats upon all sides. You listen for the cheers which might be expected to accompany such a demonstration; but no, all is quiet; not a word seems to be spoken, and still the hats wave on, and you soon arrive at the conclusion that, in Stockholm, people not only uncover the head to their acquaintance, but actually swing their hats at them as they pass. Meantime a striking medley of flaxen and raven locks meet your eye—the flaxen predominating, with an occasional sprinkling of silver gray. But here comes a man with long, thin hair, which has been carefully brushed up to cover a bald spot, or perhaps one whose head is as completely destitute of that ornament as was that of poor Uncle Ned's, "on de spot where de wool ought to grow,"—he meets a friend, off goes his hat, and down drops his hair. One thing more is wanting to complete the picture, and that is a cloud of dust, which to-day as usual is blowing upon the bridge, and contributing a plentiful shower of powder to the head of the *luckless wight* who may be so unfortunate as to meet a friend.

The people upon the bridge, you will observe, are not only well dressed, but there is with many of them a certain style which brings the Boulevards to mind. We are now upon the most fashionable thoroughfare of the city; many pretty faces look out from under bonnets of the very latest Parisian style. You will observe that the Swedish ladies are many of them exceedingly pretty; and the gentlemen

are some of them fine specimens of the other sex, and would, I think, compare favorably with those you would meet in a ramble up Broadway, Miss Bremer to the contrary, notwithstanding. The costume is evidently of the latest Parisian style, even to the closely-fitting boot, so inappropriate here, as we shall soon see after we have passed the bridge, and arrived in the Drottning-gatan, and find ourselves actually committed to the merciless and absolutely villanous *pavé* of the city.

Having passed the bridge, we find ourselves in a small square. The handsome structure on the right is the Opera-house, the scene of Jenny Lind's early triumphs. It is respectable in appearance, both for size and architecture. The equestrian statue which occupies the center of this square is that of Gustavus Adolphus, a work in no way worthy of Sweden's capital, or the name of the great man in whose honor it was erected.

A short turn to the right from this place, proceeding along the quay, brings us to the Place Charles XIII., the largest square in Stockholm. The colossal statue in bronze, which occupies the center, is that of Charles XIII. Four colossal lions ornament the corners of the substructure. You will observe here a sentinel stationed to guard it, the only one required for a similar duty in the city.

Retracing our steps, and crossing the square which we have before visited, we soon find ourselves in the Drottning-gatan, the Broadway of Stockholm. But before this we shall have found our feet growing tender under the wrenching effects of the cobble-stone pavements—here it is a little better; but the walks are very narrow, and we shall be compelled often to turn out into the street in passing others. Yet here all the gay world of the Swedish capital are supposed to promenade on a fine day. You will observe the street is of great length and narrow, the buildings high, and with few claims to architectural beauty. And as for side-walks, one accustomed to the luxurious pavements of our own cities would hardly be disposed to dignify by that name these wretched *apologies*. So narrow are they, and illy paved, that the foot-passenger who has not provided himself with iron-shod soles, or at all events those that are very heavy, will find the walk is absolutely one of torture. Yet he will perceive that most of

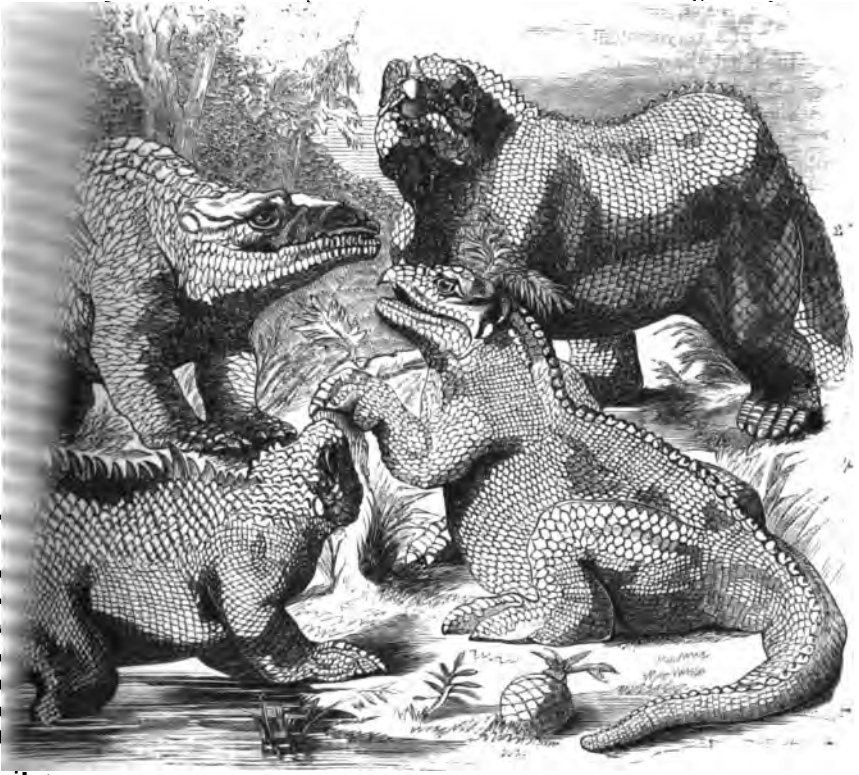
the people whom he meets upon the street are only provided with such as a stroll upon the Boulevards or Broadway might require. In fact, what we observed upon the bridge is equally true here—all is Parisian. Drottning-gatan presents few handsome shops when compared with most of the capitals of the continent. The windows are for the most part small, and present little, if anything, that is attractive to the passer-by. There are, whoever, some few creditable exceptions to this rule.

Upon this street are many, and in fact most of the so-called hotels of Stockholm. Here is the *Hotel de Suède*; further on, the Phœnix. But you must not mistake these names, and imagine that we should find in any one of these Swedish hotels what we usually expect to find in an establishment of this character at home. Here is no St. Nicholas or Metropolitan. The two to which I have just called your attention furnish only dinners. There are other establishments, designated hotels, which furnish only rooms. In fact, it is a matter quite impossible to find a combination of lodging-house and restaurant here, as the custom is to sleep in one hotel, dine at another, and breakfast at a *café*.

The equipages upon the bridge and along the Drottning-gatan are numerous, and some of them very complete; but far more, I think, strike one as overdone in the gaudiness of their liveries and lavish display of plate, to say nothing of the immense buttons which the servants wear. These, if not actually large enough to be mistaken for tin-pans, at all events strike the eye as far too exaggerated for good taste. But we must remember that very few, comparatively, keep carriages of their own; and as display upon a small capital seems a matter of the utmost consideration here, this may account, in some degree, for the unusual size of the crests which it is deemed necessary for the servants to mount.

As we proceed upon the Drottning-gatan, we find some of the most aristocratic residences of the capital. These, you will observe, are built in the French style, a carriage-drive extending under the house, and a porter's lodge opening upon this passage. The custom of living upon flats here is as universal as in most cities of the continent.

classic art-
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1 AND 3, IGUANODONS.

2, MEGALOSAURUS, AND 4, HELIOSAURUS.

EXTINCT REPTILES.

AMONG the achievements of science, there is no one thing which more deservedly excites our admiration than the restoration of extinct animals. Various writers, who may be said to have discovered the science of geology, had shown that the strata of the earth were laid on, one upon another, in a certain and regular succession, and that each class of rock—to use the geological phrase—had its own peculiar suit of exuvæ; but this had not supplied us with the true key with which we unlock the cabinet of nature, and call out from her secret treasury those strange creatures which were produced during the earth's childhood. Cuvier, however, has supplied what was wanting in this respect, and, by a rigid application of comparative anatomy, has enabled us to perfect our natural history by introducing scores of

animals of whose existence our fathers knew nothing.

The various strata of the earth are, like the leaves of a book, written all over with instructive lessons, and it is the business of the student to observe these signs, and give their true significance. In some instances the bones of an animal are found imbedded almost entire; at other times, whole beds of shells are found perfectly preserved; and where this is not the case, it often happens that traces of the former inhabitants are discovered. On a thin bed of fine clay, occurring between beds of sandstone, this evidence is frequently preserved. The ripple-mark, the worm-track, the scratching of a crab on the sand, and even the impression of a rain-drop, so distinct as to indicate the direction of the wind at the time of the shower—these,

*

and the foot-prints of the bird and reptile, are all stereotyped, and offer an evidence which no argument can gainsay, no prejudice resist, concerning the natural history of a very ancient period of the earth's life; but the wave that made that ripple-mark has long since ceased to wash those shores. For ages has the surface, then exposed, been concealed under a great thickness of strata; the worm and the crab have left no solid fragment to speak of their form or structure; the bird has left no bone that has yet been discovered; the fragments of the reptile are small, imperfect, and extremely rare; still enough is known to determine the fact, and that fact is all the more interesting and valuable from the very circumstances under which it is presented. (Ansted.)

But the reconstruction of an animal, when only a small portion of the skeleton is discovered, is a matter of great difficulty, and requires much scientific knowledge. This, however, may be done; and in some cases a single bone is enough to indicate the size and structure of the animal to which it originally belonged. Suppose, for instance, that the jaw-bone of an unknown species of animal were found, it is surprising how much may be learned from it. The teeth will show whether the animal was carnivorous or herbivorous; then, if the teeth were made for tearing flesh, so the claws must be made to lay hold of it; then again, the paws require strong muscles in the forearm, and a corresponding structure of the shoulder; and in this way the general structure of the creature may be determined. We may also descend to some minutæ; for the digestive organs must have a similar relation to the parts before mentioned, and may therefore be inferred from the jaw-bone.

In the older strata, however, of the earth, there are no bones. The rocks are divided into two classes—the Igneous or Plutonic, and the Aqueous or Sedimentary. As the igneous rocks owe their origin to fire, it is impossible that they should contain the traces of animal life; we must, therefore, look to the sedimentary rocks for those precious treasures. These rocks are again divided into what we call the Primary and Secondary series. The primary are all stratified, that is, laid one upon another in regular order, but are destitute of organic remains; the second-

ary series are, however, rich in those treasures which have enabled men of science to recall the past world to their imagination, and people it with the plants and animals which it once contained.

There are, as may naturally be expected, certain localities in which the remains of animals and vegetables are found in great abundance. Our coal-fields are rich in vegetables; nor is there a piece of coal that is consumed in our grate, or that sets the steam-engine in motion, which was not once a vegetable. The remains of an old forest were left, perhaps, like the wreck of a stranded bark, upon the banks of some old lake or river; in process of time it was covered over by a layer of mud; that mud hardened into rock, and was covered by other deposits; and now, when the wood is dug up again, it has been converted into coal, and has become an important element in our civilization. So great is the care which our heavenly Father exercises over all his children, that not an atom is lost which can add either to their instruction or comfort.

To illustrate what we have been saying, it is only necessary that we select some one geological period—say the oolite. Professor Ansted has enabled us to recall this period with great precision; for England was then a fine country, although there were no men in it. Let us suppose ourselves, then, upon the south coast, not far from the Isle of Wight, and we shall find ourselves upon a promontory stretching into the sea. Behind us there is a country covered with brushwood, and the distant hills are clothed with lofty pines. The interior of the country is decked with a forest of magnificent trees, and the most beautiful flowers bloom on thousands of shrubs. Added to this, the whole place teems with life. Looking out into the sea, we shall perceive a huge monster lift his head out of the water to breathe the air. It is the most fearful and terrible of all the inhabitants of the deep; its jaws are twenty feet long, and as it opens its mouth, it is appalling to think what an engine of destruction it must be, and what a number of living creatures must be devoured daily to support a carcass nearly one hundred feet long, and equal in bulk to more than two hundred fat oxen! He is armed with two large fins, with powerful claws at the ends of them, and will grasp the enormous sharks which abound

in the sea, and devour them instantly. Such was the cetiosaurus, the largest marine reptile with which we are acquainted.

There are, however, other monsters of great size and strange forms sporting in the water; among these, the plesiosaurus has a neck longer than that of any other creature that we are acquainted with, and he swims along with his neck contracted and his head almost hidden in the sea, until an unfortunate bird passes over him within a few feet of the water, when, suddenly darting up his head, he catches his prey; or else, perhaps some poor fish comes within eight or ten feet of him, and is in like manner a victim.

But, fierce and destructive as this creature is, his companion, the ichthyosaurus, is much more so. This was an air-breathing reptile, upward of thirty feet long. It was covered, like the whale, with a smooth naked skin, thickly folded under the belly for the purpose of protection. The form of the head, as well as that of the jaws and teeth, was like the crocodile. Its eyes were very large, being eighteen inches across, and adapted to all lights; night and day, deep and shallow water, were all the same, and the open air and deep ocean were alike transparent to it. It moved with difficulty on land, but swam with ease and swiftness in the water; while its large and vertical tail made it a strange mixture of the fish, reptile, and whale.

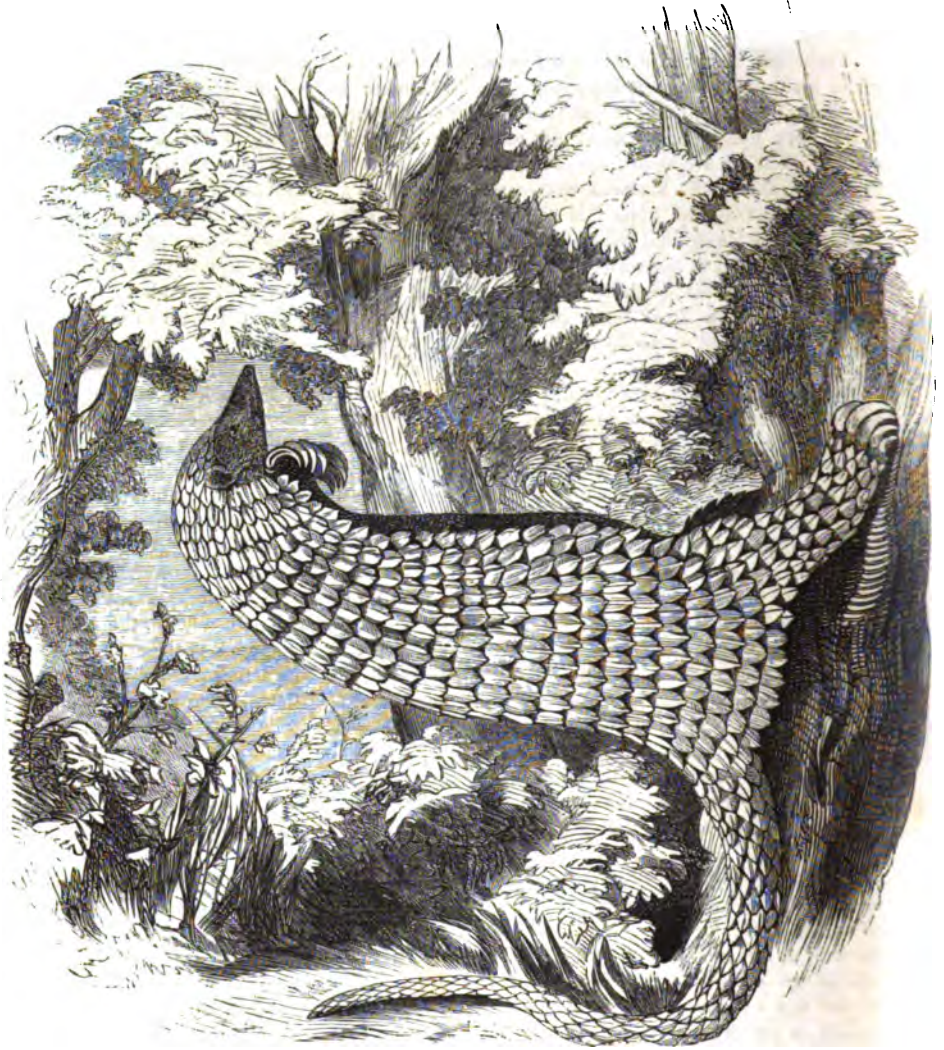
But while looking upon the sea, we must not forget the animals that are around on the land; for there are monsters on the land as strange and fearful as any that inhabit the deep. Indeed, this seems to be the age of monsters; and there are around us reptiles as terrible as the famous dragon of fable, who was slain by our noble St. George.

First and foremost among these is a large vegetable-eating reptile, called the iguanodon. The bodies of two of the largest elephants would not make up that enormous carcass. The legs are ten feet high from the foot to the point of the shoulder; it is between sixty and seventy feet long, and — *per parenthesis* — the specimen restored at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, is sufficiently large to admit of twenty gentlemen dining in the inside of it. It is difficult to give a plain and popular idea of this enormous creature;

and a glance at a good picture will do more to give a correct idea of it than a whole page of printed matter would convey. But there are other creatures associated with it, scarcely inferior in size, and more rugged in their form. The megalasaurus, or great sauroid, is among the most remarkable of this group; but there are others which are of less size, though of more monstrous shapes. The labyrinthodon, a frog-like reptile, was perhaps the most grotesque creature that ever breathed; but the pterodactylus was, of all creatures, the most singular.

Still retaining the old coast in our imagination, we may behold the pterodactylus sitting on the ground, or standing like a swan, with the long neck resting upon the back to support with ease the heavy head, which is like that of the crocodile. Approach it, and it will rise into the air and fly like a bird, or cling against the cliff like a bat. While you watch it, it will perhaps leave the rock, and, taking to the sea, commence fishing. You will thus perceive that this creature possesses, in the organization of one animal, the head of the crocodile, the neck of the swan, the wings of the bat, a rude resemblance to the hand of a man, and legs and feet which enabled it to swim and walk. In all points of bony structure, from the teeth to the extremity of the nails, it was a reptile, covered with scaly armor, and having a true reptilian heart and circulating organs. But it was at the same time provided in a very admirable way with the means of flying. Its wings, when not in use, were folded back like those of a bird, and it could suspend itself with claws attached to the fingers from the branches of a tree. Its usual position, when not in motion, or suspended, was standing on its hind feet, with its neck set up and curved backward, lest the weight of the enormous head should disturb the equilibrium of the animal. With the huge monsters already described crawling over the land, and tens of thousands of these flying reptiles hovering round the rocks, or darkening the air with their wings, England must have been a strange place in the times of the iguanodon.

It will thus be seen how much may be learned from a few bones. A poor workman, in breaking a stone in Tilgate quarry, found the tooth of an iguanodon imbedded in it. He sold it for a pot of beer to a



THE MANY-SCALED PANGOLIN IN THE ACT OF CLIMBING.

man of science, who soon perceived that it could not have belonged to any known animal. On further search being made, other bones were discovered, and the whole structure of the animal was then known. Near it were found the bones of other creatures who had lived along with it; and gradually, as the light enters a dark room, the whole country thus came back to us peopled with its former inhabitants.

The feet of the pangolins are modeled on the same principle as those of the anteater. The toes, four or five in number

on the fore-feet, are distinguishable only by the huge hooked claws, the remainder of the foot being concealed beneath the scaly skin. These claws, when the animal walks along, are folded down upon a thick, coarse cushion, which forms a sort of sole, and thus the foot has a club-like appearance. The hinder feet are also armed with five thick hooked claws, the only indications of toes; they are not, however, folded down, but, from the thickness of the coarse granulated sole, scarcely touch the ground.



WANSTEAD, IN ESSEX.

THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

THE sense of RIGHT must indeed have been of surpassing strength in the nature of WILLIAM PENN. In an age fertile of slander against every act of virtue, and of calumny as regarded all good men, the marvel is, how his reputation has descended to us so unscathed. Living, as he did, with those who make us blush for England, and often in contact with the low-minded and the false, who were ever on the watch to do him wrong, still the evil imputed to him is little, if it be any, more than tradition; while his goodness is to this day as a beacon, casting its clear light over the waves of the Atlantic, and his name a watchword of honor, and a synonym for probity and philanthropy.

It is a joy and a comfort to turn over the pages of this great man's life; to view him as a statesman, acting upon Christian principles in direct opposition to the ordinary policy of the world; and it was to us a source of high enjoyment to reflect upon his eventful career, while spending some sunny days wandering amid scenes in Buckinghamshire, England, in places which bear his honored name. In Penn Wood there are trees yet in the vigor of a green old age, beneath the shadow of which the peaceful lawgiver of Pennsylvania might have pondered on the true and rational liberty he would have gladly died to establish.

The family of William Penn were of Buckinghamshire, and from them sprang the Penns of Penn's Lodge, on the edge of Bradon Forest. From the Penns of Penn's Lodge our William Penn came in direct descent. His father was, by profession, far other than a man of peace. He was one of England's rough bulwarks, braving

"The battle and the breeze;"

obtained professional distinction while almost a boy; commanded (in 1665) the fleet which Cromwell sent against Hispaniola; and, after the Restoration, behaved so gallantly in a sea-fight against the Dutch that he was knighted, and "received," runs the chronicle, "with all the marks of private friendship at court." Admiral Sir William Penn married Margaret, the daughter of John Jasper, of Rotterdam, and in due time the fair Dutchwoman's son became the "PROPRIETOR" of Pennsylvania. William was born in the parish of St. Catherine's, Tower Hill, on the 14th day of October, 1644; doubtless his mother left her home at Wanstead, in Essex, to be confined in London, although the neighborhood of the Tower could not have been a very quiet retreat.

In due time the mother and child returned to Wanstead; and the Archbishop of York having a little time previously

founded a grammar-school at Chigwell, the embryo lawgiver was sent there at a very early age, where he was sufficiently near the family residence to give his mother the opportunity of frequently seeing her beloved son.

The localities thus connected with the early life of Penn are on the borders of Epping Forest, and although but a few miles from London, lie in a district but little visited. Wanstead is a picturesque spot, and the village green with its thickly planted over-arching trees, and large red-brick houses, give it even now an air of old-fashioned dignity. We were pleased with the aspect of the place, and left it with regret to journey on to Chigwell.

The temperament of William Penn was

sensitive and enthusiastic, and must have caused his parents much anxiety. It is certain, that while at Chigwell, his mind became seriously impressed on the great subject of religion. The admiral, we may suppose, if he knew of this impression, would not have regarded it favorably; and if it were known to him, it made him hasten his son's departure from Chigwell, for the following year we find him at school near his birth-place on Tower Hill, and most likely at a *day* school, for his father, to augment his scholarship, kept a private tutor for him at his own home. Sir William had high hopes for this darling child. His talents were of a lofty order, his accomplishments were many, and he won all hearts by his captivating manners. When



EXTERIOR OF CHIGWELL SCHOOL.

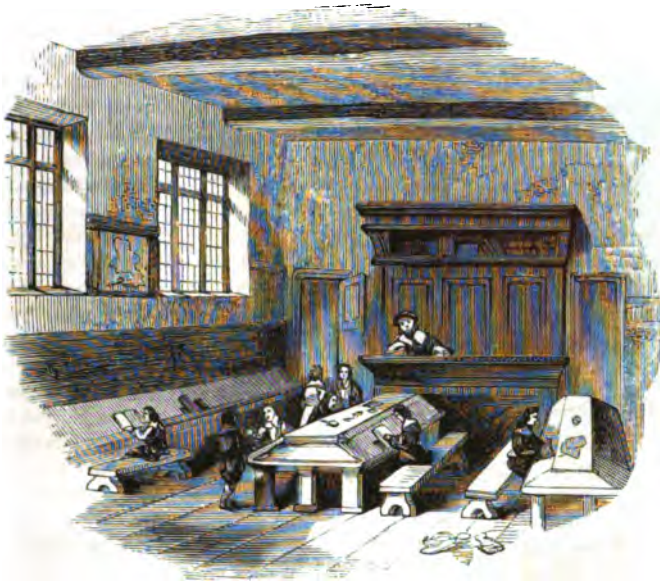
fifteen he entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. There, without neglecting his studies, he took great delight in manly sports and in the society of his companions, numbering among his friends Robert Spenser and John Locke; but though the seed may remain long in the earth and give no sign of life, if the soil be but favorable it will spring up as surely as it has been sown—"to bring forth fruit in due season."

In time young Penn joined a company of Quakers. Admiral Penn was so annoyed at William's conduct that he turned him out of doors, well-beloved as he was. There is no record of William Penn's conduct at this time; probably he had not been sufficiently schooled into forbearance

to endure patiently; and yet when his father's wrath subsided, his mother's tears and entreaties prevailed: overcome by his own affectionate nature on the one hand, and her expostulations on the other, the father forgave the son, who was again sheltered beneath his roof, but not long destined to remain there.

In 1662 and 1663 we find him residing with a Protestant minister of Calvinistic faith, the very learned M. Amyrault, of Saumur, France, whose character and works recommended him to the notice of Cardinal Richelieu, who imparted to him his design of uniting the two Churches.

On his return the admiral, fertile in expedients, turned over to him the management of his Irish estates in the county of



INTERIOR OF CHIGWELL SCHOOL.

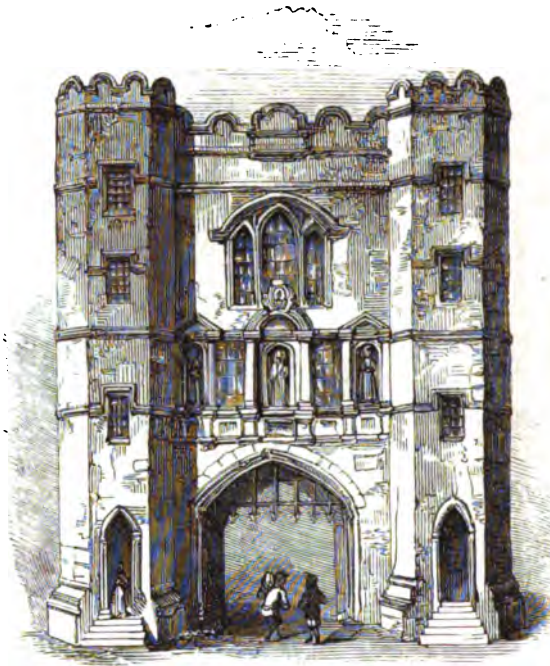
Cork. The task was after his son's own heart, and he performed it to admiration. This occupation most likely sowed the seed of his wisdom in territorial management, and, as there were no gayeties to annoy or perplex him, he might have continued long to delight his father in this capacity, but for the accident of his hearing WILLIAM LOK, the layman of Oxford, preach at a Quakers' meeting in Cork. This convinced him of the necessity for religious vitality; and at length he was, according to the custom of those "rare old times," apprehended at a Quakers' meeting in Cork, and thereupon committed to prison; but, thanks to Lord Orrery, his term in "the dark prison-house" was not long. His nature was strengthened in his new faith, as all noble natures are by the invigorating power of persecution; for

"—who would force the soul, tilts with a straw
Against a champion cased in adamant."

From this time all wavering and indecision passed away, and he was considered a confirmed Quaker. Sir William, refusing to believe that every means he had taken to dispel, had but established, his son's faith, commanded his return. It would seem that at first William Penn desired to meet his father's wishes, were it possible to do so. His adherence to

what was called the ceremony of the "hat," and his communion only with those of the same faith, convinced the admiral that he embraced the "heresy" more fondly than ever. The stormy and sorely-tried father used every means in his power to induce his son even to appear to the world what he was not. The great point of dispute, the wearing or not wearing the *hat* in the presence of royalty, may seem to us a light matter; but it was not so to the "Friends," and is not so to this day. And so the father again turned the son from beneath the shelter of his roof, a homeless and moneyless wanderer. His situation would have been most pitiable, but for his mother's watchful tenderness and affection.

The young Quaker now put forth his faith in printed books, and was not slow in disputation; evincing, occasionally, rather more of the fiery zeal of Peter than the discretion of Paul; combating the attacks of certain Presbyterians with marvelous intrepidity, and attacking in his turn, which attacks ended in his being committed to the Tower. His imprisonment was rigid, but he wrote continuously; and in one tract, "Innocency with her open Face," explained away the anti-Christian charges made against his faith. After seven months' incarceration he was liber-



OLD NEWGATE PRISON.

ated; it is believed by the intercession of the Duke of York, to whom, from this or some other cause, he was personally attached. Certainly in nothing did his purpose waver, for he left the gloom of the prison to attend the death-bed of Thomas Loe, his friend and guide. And then the heart of his father yearned toward him; the admiral could not but respect his son's earnestness and consistency of purpose; the chords of both were the same, but they were tuned in different keys, and for different ends. He relented gradually, giving permission to the *mother* again to receive her son, and sanctioning his resuming the management of his Irish property.

He performed to admiration the duties with which he was intrusted, and on his return to England was received with open arms by a father no longer stern or unforgiving: his mother had the joy of seeing them once more united. Nor does it appear that his son's after disputations, or preachings, or imprisonments, caused any new breach between them, though we find the young "friend" preaching in Grace-church-street, and expressing his opinions so freely upon various matters—especially

the famous Conventicle Act passed in 1670, prohibiting dissenters from worshipping God in their own way—that he was, with another of the society, one William Mead, seized upon by rude constables and conveyed at once to Newgate, where they were left until the following session, and then had the good fortune to be tried by one of the most steadfast and honest juries ever impanneled even in England.* The indignities endured both by prisoners and jury can hardly be credited; but ultimately the Quakers were set at liberty upon the payment of a fine, which was privately discharged by Sir William Penn.

When William Penn was freed from the Tower, he had passed

from its walls to the death-bed of his spiritual father, William Loe, and he hastened from the cells of Newgate to the death-bed of his earthly father, whose career was terminating at an age when men calculate on length of days to enjoy the repose which

* The trial of Penn is an extraordinary picture of the legal tyranny of the times. It took place at the Old Bailey in September, 1670. The indictment was for preaching in Grace-church-street. Penn's conduct was most heroic. He argued manfully and well against the persecution to which he and others were subjected, and appealed to the jury so powerfully, exhorting them to preserve their integrity of action uninfluenced by the lawyers, that they would only bring in their verdict "Guilty of speaking in Grace-church-street." And, although sent back to reconsider this verdict frequently, "until," as the recorder told them, "they brought such a one as the court would accept," they continued firm for two days and nights. The court indulged in brutal language toward them, and the infamous recorder lamented the want of the Inquisition in England, declaring England "would never be well" till something equal in "policy and prudence" to it was established. When finally pressed to deliver a verdict,—guilty, or not guilty,—they, to a man, returned an answer in the negative; for which they were each fined forty marks and sent to Newgate, as also were Penn and Mead for refusing to pay the fines.



THE MONUMENT TO ADMIRAL PENN.

is so needful as the evening of life approaches. At the age of forty-nine, his warring but chastened spirit passed to the God who gave both peace and Christian wisdom to his latter days. It throws, however, a good deal of light on the "king-loving" habit which was made a cruel reproach to William Penn's after course, by those who could not separate the *man* from the monarch—to remember that in his last illness, indeed, toward its termination, Admiral Penn, foreseeing that, while the existing laws of the country remained, his son would have many trials and much suffering to undergo, sent one of his friends to the Duke of York to entreat him, as a death-bed request, that he would endeavor to protect his son as far as he consistently could, and to ask the king to do the same in case of future persecution. The answer was such as the admiral deserved, and for once the *Stuart*-promise was faithfully kept.

Now that he was his own master, with a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year, it would be impossible, within our limits, to trace his career abroad and at home; remarkable as it was for spiritual zeal, activity of body and mind, close penmanship in his closet, and so many perils and imprisonments, that he might compete

with holy Paul in the eloquent list of perils and trials. At one time, he publishes "The People's Ancient and Just Liberties Asserted;" then he disputes with Jeremy Ives touching Baptist matters, at Wycomb; then he lets fly a barbed arrow against Popery: is again taken up, and sent first to the Tower, and then to Newgate, for preaching; yet imprisonment no way damped his zeal, but seemed only to give him time for letters, essays, pamphlets, addresses. He was never more fluent—never more industrious than when in bonds; his spirit of endurance, his hope, his enterprise, were astonishing. He no sooner quitted Newgate than he traveled into Germany and Holland, seeking and making converts. Returning, when in the twenty-eighth year of his age, he sought and found a loving and lovely wife, Gulielma Maria Springett, daughter of Sir William Springett, of Darling, in Sussex. For a brief time he enjoyed the quiet of domestic happiness at Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire; but he would not, perhaps could not, give up for domestic tranquility the life of excitement wherein he had cast his lot; and in those days there was always something fresh to stir up the spirit of an independent mind. Charles II. had issued a declaration of indulgence to tender consciences in matters of religion, in consequence of which five hundred Quakers were released from prison; but William Penn again went forth on a self-imposed mission, accompanied by his lovely wife, and behold, amid the rant and turmoil of Bristol fair, they encountered George Fox, the great authority of Quakerism, who had just then landed in Bristol, after a sojourn in America. Though subsequently much engaged in very stormy controversy, there can be little doubt that this meeting determined William Penn to investigate human nature in the New World. We may diverge a little from our subject to introduce two engravings, interesting as associated with this period of the history of William Penn. With Fox he traveled much, and in the *Journal* of that celebrated man he is frequently referred to. They visited each other's houses; and while we know that Fox resided at Worminghurst, we have the traditional certainty of his visiting Fox, at his house, Swarthmoor Hall, on the borders of Lancashire. This mansion was his by marriage with the widow of Judge



SWARTHMOOR HALL.

Fell; and in the memoirs of Margaret Fox, she records his first visit there in her husband's lifetime, in 1652, who, from being opposed to Quakerism, became a convert on hearing Fox.

In 1676 Penn became "manager of property concerns" in New Jersey; invited settlers, sent them out in three vessels, and occupied himself in the formation of a constitution, consisting of terms of agreement and concession. Perfect religious liberty was of course established, and William Penn left on record that "he hoped he had laid the foundation for those in after ages of their liberty both as men and Christians, and by an adherence to which they could never be brought into bondage but by their own consent."

At length one of his great objects was attained: the Charter, granting him the tract of land which he himself had marked out, bears date the 4th of March, 1681.

The grand feature—the climax—the crowning of the capital—is PENN at PENNSYLVANIA; the just, the brave man, rising above all temptations.

Let quibbles be raised, and old rumors revived,—the fact of Penn's legislation proves the greatness of his mind and the purity of his intentions. He had the strong feelings, passions, and thoughts inseparable from a large brain; and the wonder of all who look upon him dispassionately must be, not that some evil has been asserted of one who accomplished what he desired, and commanded the respect of the voluptuous, as well as the affection of the good, but that so little has been found or written to his discredit.

Gathering "a favored people" together from wherever he had preached "the word," we find that at a very early period he freighted two ships with Irish Quakers.

The "conditions," as it pleased him to call his code of laws,—laws made as much for the advantage of a people given carelessly into his hand by a power which evidently thought little of the "peltries" or "hunting-ground," of the Red-men, as for the good of those who sought a home in an unknown land, in full reliance upon their leader,—the "conditions" are all stated in Clarkson's Life of Penn.

Two of the good ships—well ordered, well appointed, well provisioned—sailed from London; another from Bristol. How



SWARTHMOOR MEETING-HOUSE.



PENN'S TREATY GROUND.

different from those wretched hulks which are now sent staggering across the seas, to convey a diseased, half-naked, and enfeebled multitude to the promised land!

Penn's letter to the Indians, transmitted by one of the earlier ships, is a masterpiece of what worldlings call policy, but which is simply justice and right feeling. This letter preceded his visit, and was well calculated to excite the confidence and curiosity of the Red-men, who must have felt deeply anxious to see the "Pale-face" who addressed them, and was disposed to treat them as brethren.

He at length sailed for the new colony in the ship "Welcome," and was there greeted by his future subjects, consisting of English, Irish, Dutch, and Swedes, then in number about three thousand. He had people of many creeds and many lands to deal with, as well as an unseen and almost unknown nation; but he commenced with so noble an act of justice, in *paying* the Indians for the lands already *given* him in payment by the king of England, that "Pale-faces" and "Red-skins" were alike convinced of his certain honesty of purpose. With what an upright gait and open brow must William Penn have met the tribes at Coaquannoc—the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands—foremost of a handful of Quakers, without weapon, undefended, except by that true protector which the Almighty has stamped on every honest brow.

Here the peace-loving law-maker awaited the pouring out of the dusky tribes.

Amid the woods, as far as the eye could reach, dark masses of wild uncouth creatures, some with paint and feathers, and rude, but deadly weapons, advanced slowly and in good order; grave, stern chiefs, and strong-armed "braves" gathering to meet a few unarmed strangers, their future friends, not masters! There was neither spear nor pistol, sword nor rifle, scourge nor fetter, open or concealed, among these white men; the trysting-place was an elm-tree of prodigious growth at Shackamaxon, the present Kensington of Philadelphia. Toward this tree the leaders of both tribes drew near, approaching each other under its widely-spreading branches; front to front, eye to eye, neither having a dishonest or dishonorable thought toward his fellow-man—comprehending each other by means of that great interpreter—Truth! It must have been a sight of exceeding glory when Penn, whose only personal distinction was a netted sash of sky-blue silk, cast his eyes over the mighty and strange multitude, who observed him with an undefined interest, while his followers displayed to the tribes various articles of merchandise, and he advanced steadily toward the great *Sachem*, chief of them all, who, as Penn drew near, placed a horned chaplet on his head, which gave his people intimation that the sacredness of peace was over all.

With one consent the tribes threw down their bows and arrows, crouched around their chiefs, forming a huge half-moon on the ground, while their great chief told William Penn, by his interpreter, that the "nations were ready to hear him."

After arranging all matters as to the future city, well might William Penn write home,—“In fine, here is what Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would be well contented with and service enough for God, for the fields are here white with harvest. O how sweet is the quiet of these parts! freed from the anxious and troublesome perplexities of woeful Europe!”

But much as the lawgiver eulogized the “quiet” of his new colony, he was not content to remain there. His mind

was anxious; his affections were divided between the two hemispheres; his ardent, restless nature, longed to act wherever action was needed. If the English government had hoped to get rid of him when they sold him the land for an inheritance, they were mistaken; several of those he loved were in sorrow and imprisonment; the Stuarts gave liberty of conscience one day and withdrew it the next; he therefore returned to England. Charles II. was trembling on the verge of the grave, which soon closed over him, leaving nothing for immortality but the fame of weakness even in vice. William Penn records James telling him, soon after his accession, that now he meant to “go to mass above board:” upon which the Quaker



SLATE-ROOF HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

replied quaintly and promptly, “that he hoped his majesty would grant to others the liberty he so loved himself, and let all go where they pleased.” His renewed intimacy with James strengthened the old reproach of “time-serving” and “trimming,” and William Penn was frequently called Jesuitical. Those who so reproached him had forgotten the long friendship which had subsisted between the king and himself, and the fact that never had his influence in high places been used except for right and righteous purposes.

Penn outlived evil report and persecution. After a lapse of seventeen years he again sailed with his family to Pennsylvania; again was received by “white and red” as their father and friend; dispelled many differences, healed many sores, saw

the city he had planned rising rapidly on every side. These seventeen years seemed to have done the work of seventy, and the prosperity of Pennsylvania was secured. He had still abundant vexations to endure. His circumstances had become embarrassed. He returned with his family to England, an aged man, though more aged by the unceasing anxiety and activity of his life than by years.

There are traditions of his dwelling at Kensington and Knightsbridge; but it is known that he possessed himself of a handsome mansion at Rushcombe, near Twyford, in Berkshire. Here a stroke of apoplexy numbed his active brain, and rendered him unfit for business. That such “strokes” were repeated, until he finally sank beneath them, is also certain;



THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

but those who visited him between the periods of their infliction, bore testimony to his faith, and hope, and trust in the Lord, and of his unfailling loving-kindness and gentleness to those around him. Thus, through much faintness and weakness, he had but little actual suffering, though there was a gradual pacing toward eternity during six years; and on the 30th day of July, 1718, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he put off the mortal coil which he had worn, even to the wearing out, and joined in heaven those he had loved on earth. There was an immediate and mighty gathering of his friends and admirers, who attended his remains to the burying-ground of Jordans. It must have been a thrilling sight; the silent and solemn people wending their way through the embowered lanes leading from Rushcombe into Buckinghamshire, that hallowed land of Hampden, consecrated by so many memories, of which Penn, if not chiefest, is now among the chief!

The sun had begun to make long shadows on the grass, and the bright stems of the birch threw up, as it were, the foliage of heavier trees, before we came in sight of the quaint solitary place of silence and of graves. The narrow road leading to the Quakers' meeting-house was not often disturbed by the echo of carriage-wheels, and before we alighted an aged woman had looked out with a perplexed yet kindly

countenance, and then gone back and sent forth her little grand-daughter, who met us with a self-possessed and quiet air, which showed that if not "a Friend," she had dwelt among Friends.

The burying-ground might be termed a little meadow, for the long green grass waved over, while it in a great degree concealed, the several undulations which showed where many sleep; but when observed more closely, checkered though it was by increasing shadows, the very undulations gave an appearance of green waves to the verdure as it swept above the slightly-raised mounds. The young girl knew the "lawgiver's" grave. She pointed it out, between the graves of his two wives. Some pilgrim to the shrine had planted a little branch, a mere twig, which had sprouted and sent forth leaves, just at the head of the mound of earth,—an effort at distinction that seemed somewhat to displeas the old woman, who had come forth looking well satisfied at what she called the "quiet place" being so noticed. "All who came," she said, "knew the grave of William Penn; there was no need of any distinction; *there it was*, every one knew it; yes, many came,—especially Americans. Ladies now and then plucked a little root of the grass, and took it away as a treasure; and no wonder, every one said he was a man of peace,—a GOOD MAN!"



MERRITT CLARK.

MMERRITT CLARK was born in Middletown, Vermont, February 11, 1803, and is therefore now in his fifty-second year. In looking for the agencies which form and develop the character of the son, the father always stands prominent. General Jonas Clark, who, in his day, was one of the first lawyers in Rutland county, if not in the state, belonged to the class denominated self-made men. A mechanic until after he had attained his majority, he brought to the study of his profession a vigorous constitution, and a clear, calm, strong, and common-sense mind. The result was that the well-bred gentleman soon became the accomplished lawyer. Being remarkable himself for doing everything he undertook, and doing it thoroughly and well, he seems early to have stamped this trait upon his son—so much so that he may, with truth, be said to know no other way. His practice was to make his son, almost from earliest boyhood, a confidential adviser. This could

not fail to inspire the son with respect for the father, and confidence in himself, and make him acquainted with subjects which generally come to the knowledge of boys at a somewhat later period. This, of course, was a great advantage to him, as the reader will soon learn. We respectfully submit this system to the consideration of parents.

Merritt pursued his studies preparatory to college mostly at Granville, N. Y., under the instruction of the venerable Salem Town, and graduated at Middlebury College in 1824.

Mr. Clark is next found a student at law in the office of his father. Here again he came under the influence of one who, preparing a mirror in which himself was to be reflected and perpetuated, had every reason for polishing it well. After pursuing the study of law two years, failing health obliged him to abandon it, and, turning his attention to mercantile pursuits, he continued in trade until 1841.

In this department he exhibited that clear-sighted and far-seeing sagacity which secured success, and indicated the future distinction which he attained. He rose rapidly in the esteem of the community, as a man of great business capacity and reliable integrity. He was therefore elected cashier of the Bank of Poughkeepsie, which office he continues to fill with great ability.

Foreknowledge absolute is an attribute of God only; and yet, in the economy of both nature and providence, like causes produce like results; and that man who has carefully noted events, past and present, and, in the midst of active forces, has so discriminated as to ascertain those essential ones of which these events are the resultant, can cast his mind forward, and with a good degree of probability at least, predict the revealings of the future. The mass of men live on none the wiser, at the close of each succeeding day, for all they have seen and suffered. Past occurrences have all about the same prominence in the landscape of their memory, and they look upon them very much as they look upon a distant forest, where all the trees appear of the same height and dimensions. They may walk upon the yielding crust of a volcano, and be unconscious of the fires that rage beneath them; and events for which they ought to have been prepared, startle them like a peal of thunder in a cloudless sky. Not so the subject of this sketch. His close and careful observation, attended by a nice discrimination of the real from the fictitious, the essential from the contingent, has developed his prescience to such an extent as to render it one of his marked characteristics.

The critical is not always the accurate, neither is the accurate always the critical. The critical implies a nicety and scrutiny in the examination of individual features of a subject. Accuracy implies a keen perception of agreement or disagreement between individual subjects, or features of the same subject when brought together in comparison. Hence, although the mind may be critical in its scrutiny of particulars, the judgment will not necessarily be accurate without a power of comparison, and a keen perception of likeness and unlikeness; hence, also, the judgment may be generally accurate by virtue of a so-called intuitive perception without ever

entering at all into a critical scrutiny of particulars. With Mr. Clark, no item of his complex and expanded business seems too minute for his scrutiny, and no combination too far-reaching for his perception, or too intricate for his analysis. Consequently his judgments have been so generally verified by subsequent facts, that wherever he is known, his opinion is received with almost the respect due to an oracle.

By the relation of cause and effect, subjects are extensively connected, some more and some less intimately. Ordinary minds comprehend only a few of these relations, and these few are the most obvious. To them events appear for the most part isolated and independent; or if related at all, it is only to their immediate antecedents and consequents. The ability to take a stand-point, and therefrom tracing all the relations and bearings of a subject without having the mental vision distorted at all, or wholly absorbed by a few, to the neglect of all the rest, and then to change the point of observation so as to get a distinct perception of all the phases which the subject can present, is characteristic of a great mind. Whether financiering for a banking corporation or a railroad; whether calculating for the fluctuations in trade, or arranging his own domestic affairs, Mr. Clark has always evinced this comprehensiveness of view and accuracy of detail.

Rashness and timidity, each characteristic of inferior minds, and each alike abortive of great and good ends, though not equally innocent of evil doing, are opposite extremes, toward one or the other of which most men are constantly tending. One class never see danger even when danger threatens most, and, making no prudent calculation for obstacles that must unavoidably be encountered, reap the reward of their rashness in frequent disaster and disappointment; the other always see a "lion in the way," difficulties arising where there are none, and those that do exist fearfully magnified, and having, perhaps, a head to conceive but no heart to dare, imagine that either God or destiny has designed somebody else for all great achievements. Therefore they merely vegetate for a season, and then go—

"Down to the vile dust from whence they sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Mr. Clark belongs to neither of these classes, but falls into that smaller one, midway between the two, who are neither blind to dangers and obstacles, nor discouraged and diverted from a purpose when they appear, but who, with a just estimate of themselves, as well as of existing and threatening antagonisms, labor on with a courageous heart and a high resolve, until they achieve results which honor themselves and bless the world. His uniform success as a merchant, cashier, and president of a railroad corporation, corroborates the proverb, "Caution is the parent of safety."

He is alike removed from two other equally pernicious extremes, fickleness and stubbornness, in consequence of one or the other of which the energies of most men are expended in vain. Those characterized by the former, disheartened by the first impediment, frightened by the first danger, or allured by the first voice promising greater gain in another direction, abandon their purpose and never prosecute any enterprise to its consummation. The character ascribed by the patriarch to his son Reuben, and the prediction consequent—"unstable as water, thou shalt not excel"—may be affirmed of this whole class.

Those characterized by stubbornness, pursuing the impracticable as zealously as the practicable, and growing none the wiser by their repeated failures, find a fit representative in the valiant knight of *La Mancha* battling with wind-mills, sheep, and wine-sacks. However those traits are to be deprecated, there is a true inflexibility of purpose in the pursuit of a high and practicable end, which is an element of greatness, and without which nothing either truly great or truly good can be achieved. It keeps the mind fixed upon the end sought, nerves the soul against dangers, annihilating obstacles, makes a way often where there is none, and ultimately demonstrates the poet's maxim,—

"Great things have been and are ; but greater still
Ask little of us mortals but the will."

The most interesting attribute of Mr. Clark's character remains to be analyzed. A clear, far-reaching, comprehensive, vigorous intellect, and a bold, decisive, tenacious will may command our respect, but

the qualities of the heart only can secure our love. The highest tribute is justly due to his sensibilities. It is occasionally our blessing to meet a man with a *soul*—a soul that extends its influence out so far as to light up the eye with kindness, imprint on the face a cheering smile, and give significance to the friendly and warm-hearted grasp. One of such men is Mr. Clark.

As might be expected, he has repeatedly received tokens of the confidence of his fellow-men. For four years he was chosen to represent his native town in the state legislature. In 1850 he was the democratic candidate for Congress from the district in which he resides. He was a delegate to the Democratic Convention, at Baltimore, for nominating a President and Vice-President in 1852, and in the same year was chosen one of the electors from Vermont. He has once or twice received the nomination for Governor—his party, as is well known, being in the minority in that state—but political strife has never been congenial to his tastes. He has been the cashier of the Bank of Poughkeepsie, from its establishment in 1841 until the present time. He was the president of the Rutland and Washington Railroad Company, from its organization in 1847 until the completion of the road to Albany, during which time he performed almost unparalleled labors, and, with the firm coöperation of his indefatigable brother, triumphed over the most formidable difficulties.

The success of his mercantile enterprises, the prosperity of the Bank of Poughkeepsie, and the triumphant success of all his plans for getting a railroad from Rutland to Albany, are the very best exponent of his financial skill and managing ability.

In his own town he is a noble citizen. There is no enterprise of public spirit demanded by the interests of the community in which he is not ready to take an active part. He has entirely identified himself with the Troy Conference Academy, an important scientific and literary institution in West Poughkeepsie. He has made large subscriptions for its relief, and by his financial skill greatly assisted in its perpetuation and efficiency.

In a cheerful and happy old age may he reap the rewards of useful and virtuous living!

[For the National Magazine.]

METHODIST CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

THIRD ARTICLE.

IN 1846 the Wesleyan Conference in England appointed a committee to consider the requirements of Methodism in its chapel-building department, and to obtain plans and estimates from competent architects, such as might, with confidence, be recommended as models for general use. This committee, called "The Model Plan Committee," was composed of ministers and laymen in the neighborhood of Manchester. After thoroughly considering the peculiar wants of Methodism in the arrangements of buildings for social and public worship, and laying down certain general principles by which they wished each competitor to be governed, the committee offered two prizes of fifty guineas each, to be awarded for two model plans, one Gothic, and the other Grecian or Roman. A small sum was given to each architect, and prizes were offered in addition to those who produced the best models, so that all the designs might be used as far as practicable for the benefit of Methodism. Each architect was requested to send in two designs of a chapel that should accommodate at least seven hundred and fifty persons, one of the Gothic style, and the other Grecian or Roman.

Both the prizes were taken by James Wilson, Esq., architect, of London; and, contrary to the expectations of the committee, the fact appeared, on an examination of the several estimates of the architects, that the *Gothic style of architecture is decidedly the least expensive*. This has since been fully demonstrated in England by the erection of Gothic chapels in London and other parts of the kingdom.

Subsequently to the awarding of these prizes a chapel was built after the Gothic prize model, of which the accompanying engraving is a representation. It is of the decorated style of Gothic, built of stone from the neighborhood; is 78 feet long, 48 feet wide within, and 42 feet high in the sidewalls. The entire height, from the ground to the finish of the gable, is 70 feet.

The front is divided into three compartments by bold projecting buttresses, which are finished with short angular turrets, capped with moldings and battle-

ments. The chaste and pleasing appearance of these angular turrets cannot be fully appreciated from the engraving.

Between the front buttresses there is a large central window divided into four lights, which is twelve feet high from the sill to the springing, and having a large painted head filled with graceful flowing tracery. Over this is seen a small window for ventilating the roof, to relieve the space of wall between the window-head and the point of the gable. All other details of external finish will be sufficiently understood by the cut.

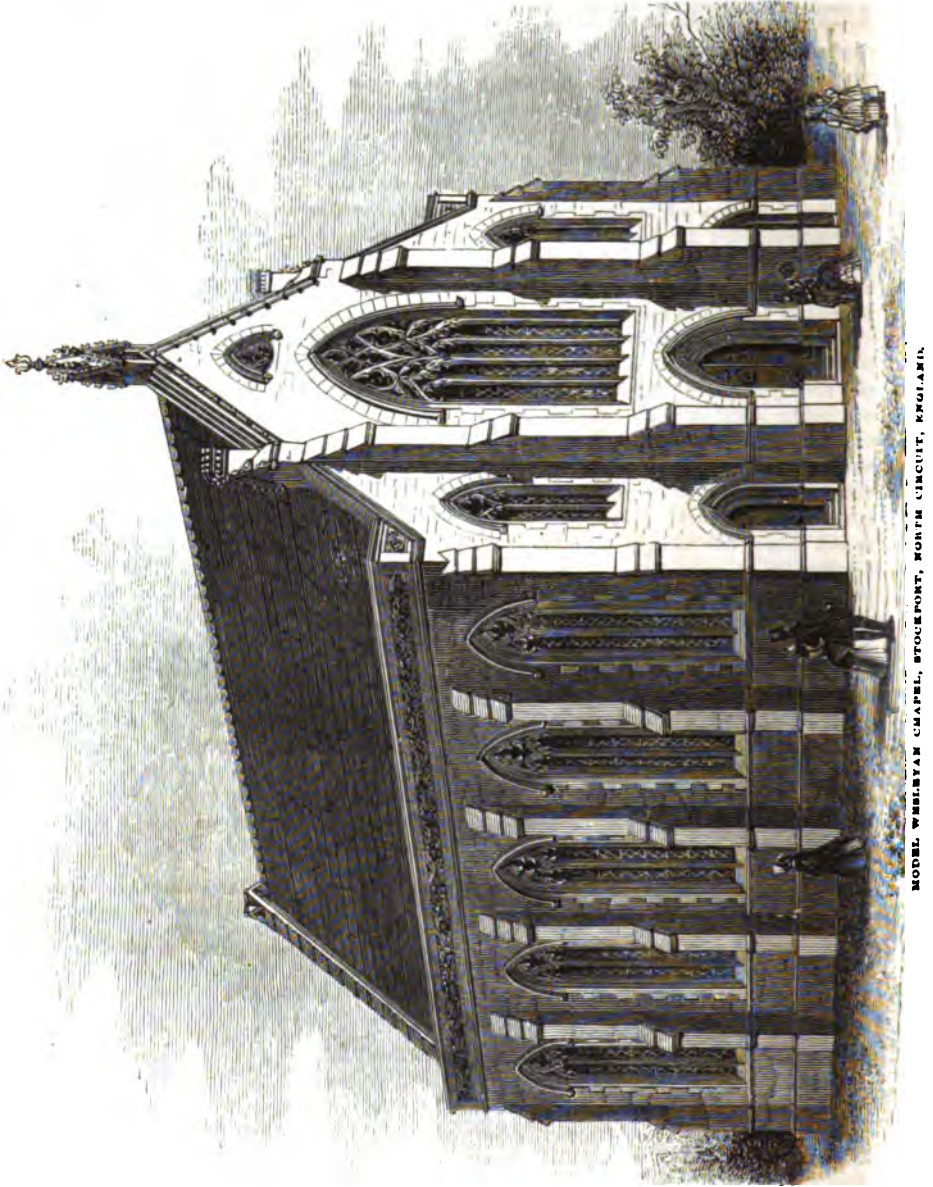
This church has but two aisles, and galleries on three sides. It is heated with *hot water*. The original contract for building was £2,400, but it cost something more than that sum. It seats about one thousand persons, and is certainly a fine model of a Gothic church without spire or turrets, though it will, no doubt, be regarded as rather "high-church" to be taken as a model in this country. But we are quite sure that the more it is studied the better it will be appreciated.

Several of the designs obtained by the Model Plan Committee were first published in the Watchman newspaper, and afterward in book form. Through the politeness of Mr. JOHN WELSH, architect, of Newark, N. J., we have obtained a copy of this work, with permission to copy such of the engravings as we might select. The following is the title of the work:—

"Chapel and School Architecture as appropriate to the buildings of Nonconformists, particularly to those of the Wesleyan Methodists: with practical directions for the erection of Chapels and School-Houses. By the Rev. F. J. JOSSON. London, 1850.

This is an octavo volume of 191 pages, dedicated to Rev. JABEZ BUNTING, D. D., and illustrated by some twenty engravings. Though not aware of the existence of such a work till after our last article was written, we are happy to be favored with its perusal even now, as it not only shows that our transatlantic brethren have felt the need of such a work, and are giving increased attention to the style and convenience of their "chapels;" but it contains remarks and ideas with which we can enrich our articles, and of which we shall give our readers the full benefit hereafter.

The work is divided into two parts. Part I is devoted to "Chapels," and Part



MODEL BY HENRY CHAPPEL, STOCKPORT, NORTH CIRCUIT, ENGLAND.

II to "School-houses." Of course we have only to do with the former.

The first chapter is an argument upon "the duty of man to consecrate his best works to the service of God." Under this head the writer holds the following appropriate language in regard to the beautiful as an element of refinement, if not of moral elevation :—

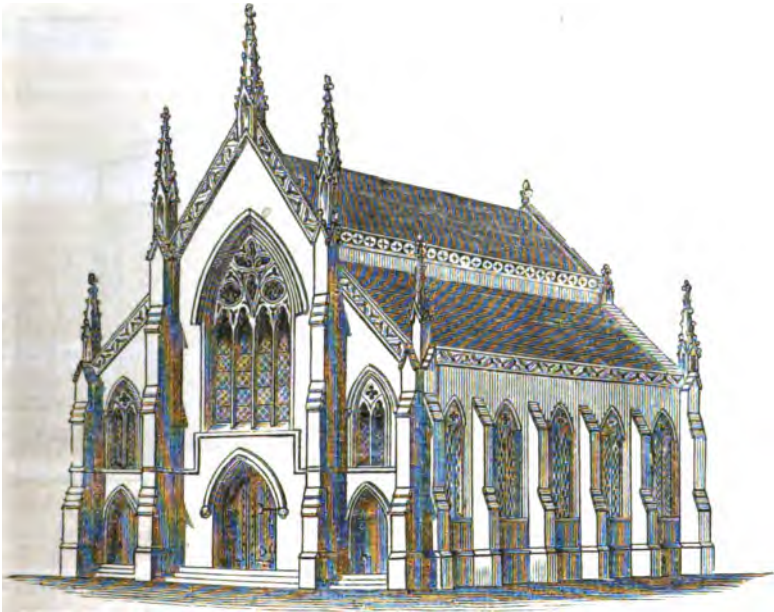
"But however plainly constructed, our chapels should be of suitable forms and in good proportions ; these will not increase their cost. Simplicity, rather than profuse elaboration, is the characteristic of beauty. Deformity shocks the universal taste of civilized man. How symmetrical, how simple and pleasing in their forms, are all the works of God ! Were not the architecture of the heavens, and the furniture of the earth, together with their various and important purposes, intended to educate

the mind of man, and to refine his taste? It is impossible to tell the full amount of the beneficial refining influence suffusing man amid the forms of beauty and grandeur—the works of the divine hand—with which he is perpetually surrounded. . . . Every grand and beautiful and graceful form in the Creator's realm of nature has its purpose; and not the least is the softening and subduing of man's heart, and the molding it to gentleness and reflection. . . . Deep spirituality is not weakened, but strengthened by attention to the outward works of the Creator."

Chapter second is devoted to the proposition that the Gothic style of architecture is most appropriate to a building

erected for the object of Christian worship. Tracing the rise and progress of architecture—the *Egyptian*, *Grecian*, *Roman*, and *Gothic* styles—it is shown that the first three sprang out of Paganism, and that the latter only arose out of, and has always been associated with Christianity. But while this is doubtless true, it is by no means the strongest argument in favor of Gothic church architecture.

From the general subject, Mr. Jobson proceeds in the third chapter to treat particularly of the *Gothic* style of architecture. From the *Norman*, we are fur-



A MODEL GOTHIC CHURCH.

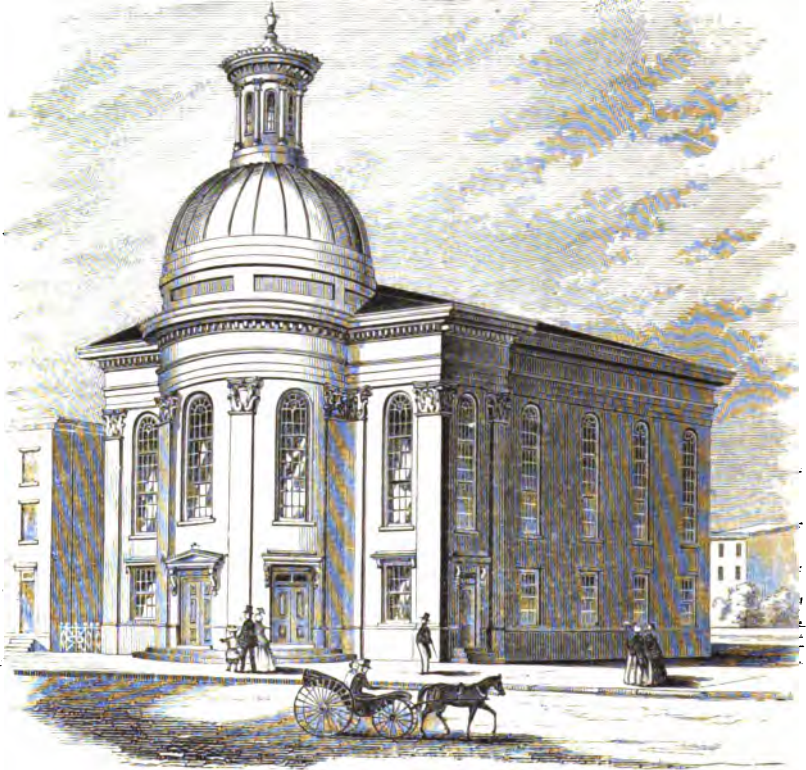
nished with descriptions and pictorial illustrations of the *Early English*, *Decorated Gothic*, and *Perpendicular Gothic*, with historical notices of each, and references to existing specimens in various parts of England.

Our author next proceeds to consider the propriety and economy of Gothic architecture, as applied to chapel building, under which head he accounts for much of the existing prejudice against good churches, and especially Gothic churches.

But Mr. Jobson would not restrict the esthetic element in religion to architecture merely—he would extend it to music and painting, and even to sculpture. Speak-

ing of the hostility of John Knox to organs and ornamental buildings, and of the effect which the opposition of the Protestant Nonconforming Churches to Popery had in debasing the fine arts, he says:—

"For a time Music has taken refuge in concert-halls and opera-houses; Sculpture has employed her chisel and mallet on carving, on Italian marble, figures of licentious gods and goddesses; and Painting has defiled her pencil in portraying scenes of revelry and drunkenness, or has debased it in representing to the life pampered puppy-dogs and favorite race-horses. But shall art, in Christian England, never be rescued from this degrading position? Shall it never employ its marvelous and elevating power for religion? Every reflecting Christian will give an affirmative answer in his own mind."



TABERNACLE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

At the risk of being accused of departing from the ancient landmarks, we must endorse the general idea here brought out. A religion that renounces the beautiful, and true, and tasteful in nature or art is either mere affectation, or will one day drive its votaries to the hermit's cell or the monastery. True religion, instead of making war upon art and science, is destined to promote and sanctify both, and make them tributary to her own advancement and the glory of God. Science and art are not to melt away and disappear as Christianity advances in the earth, but, on the contrary, will progress as she prevails over ignorance and sin—will reach their acme amid the latter-day glory, and will shine forth as witnesses of the elevating and ennobling tendency of the Gos-

pel of Christ when he shall come to "restore all things," and swallow up death in victory.

In another part of Mr. Jobson's work we find the design of a Gothic church still more beautiful, to our taste, than the prize model by Mr. Wilson. (See second engraving, preceding page.) Though their principal features are much the same, we prefer the latter as the more cheerful and ornamental of the two, and at the same time probably the least expensive. But the reader will not be pleased with either of them unless he is decidedly partial to the Gothic.

The "TABERNACLE M. E. CHURCH," represented in the opposite cut, is situated upon Eleventh-street, above Jefferson. It stands upon a lot eighty by one hundred

and seventy-three feet, which cost \$8,000. The church, which is inclosed and in process of completion, is sixty feet wide by one hundred and one feet in length, including the circular vestibule. The style, as will be seen, is what is termed the *Roman Corinthian*. The material is brick, "rough cast," with brown stone trimmings, the dome and lantern being of wood and tin. The brick are painted outside, in imitation of brown stone, and the roof is of tin. The Corinthian capitals are of terra cotta.

The *basement* is entirely above ground, its floor being two feet above the pavement. It is twelve feet between floors, and is divided into a vestibule, a lecture-room thirty-five feet by fifty-seven, two class-rooms fourteen feet by twenty-four, and four others twelve feet by fourteen each.

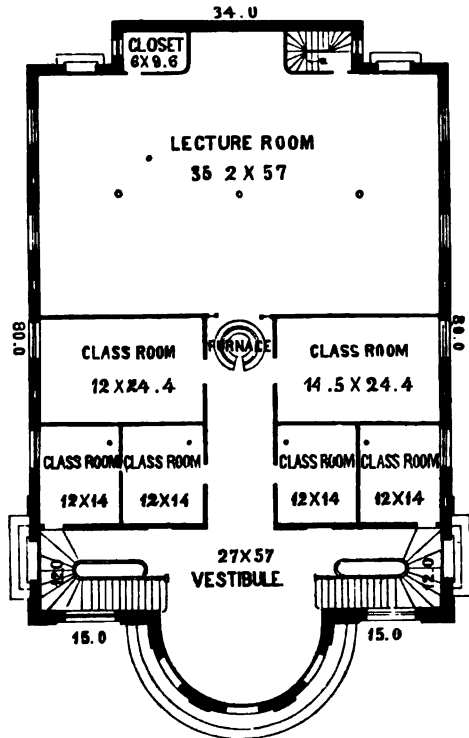
The arrangement of the class-rooms, &c., will be fully understood by the accompanying diagram, and it strikes us as exceedingly convenient and tasteful. Half the seats in the lecture-room have revolving backs, to accommodate the Sabbath-school. There is a cellar under the whole building for furnaces and coal.

The outside entrances are shown in the engravings. The *main audience-room*, which is fifty-seven feet by sixty-four, is entered by flights of stairs from the vestibule, and a small stairway in the rear near the pulpit. It has three aisles and one hundred and ten pews, and will seat five hundred and fifty persons.

The *gallery*, which extends around three sides, and is four pews deep, has some sixty pews more, including the seats for the choir, and will seat from three to four hundred more.

The building has ventilators in the ceiling and side-walls, and is warmed by furnaces in the cellar. It is painted white inside and glazed with flint glass.

The side-walls are forty-four feet high, and the ceiling of the main room thirty. We regret that our limited space forbids the insertion of the beautiful plans of the gallery and main audience-room, furnished us by the gentlemanly building committee.



BASEMENT PLAN.

If we are not greatly mistaken, this is the first Methodist church with a dome or spire in the great city of Philadelphia; and though, to a person fond of spires and partial to the Gothic style, this church will look rather academic, it gives promise, nevertheless, of being a fine church, and an honor to the enterprising brethren who have reared it.

The interior arrangement is very fine, and few churches of its size will accommodate as many hearers. It is to have no organ or bell, (except in the pulpit,) and the pews are all to be free. It is a kind of mission church, and has risen up in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the Papists in the vicinity to prevent it. Long may it stand and flourish, a terror to the man of sin! a blessing to the neighborhood in which it stands, and the future birth-place of thousands who shall glorify God on earth, and praise him forever beyond the grave.

The estimated cost of the building and site is about \$30,000. S. D. BUTTON, architect, RUSH & BINDER, contractors.

THE ORIENTAL YAM.

ATTENTION, as all men know, has of late years been anxiously turned toward the discovery of a plant capable, in whole or in part, of forming a substitute for the precarious potato-crop. Many have been suggested. The tuberous oxalis, the arracacha, the lesser celandine, and many more, have from time to time been brought into notice; but each in turn, when weighed in the balance of practical agriculture, has been found wanting.

The star of hope to which the eye of hungry Europe is now directed is an Oriental yam, which the combined labors of the "Allies" have suddenly brought forth from its inglorious obscurity. Like the East and West Indian yams already known, it belongs to the genus *dioscorea*; but is very different from these in its specific characters. M. Decaisne's experiments lead to the conclusion that it would speedily become a plant of real agricultural importance in France.

The plant has large perennial rhizomes or roots, the top-ends of which are as thick as the fist, and which taper downward to the thickness of the finger, descending perpendicularly to the depth of a yard, if the soil is loose enough to allow them. The haulm is annual, as thick as a goose-quill, cylindrical, entwining from right to left, two yards in height, of a violet color, with small whitish specks; and when not artificially supported, it trails on the ground, rooting freely at the joints. In China, this plant has long been in extensive cultivation, under the name of *Sain-In*; and M. Montigny, through whom it was introduced from Shang-hae to Paris, reports it to be highly productive, and consumed as largely by the Chinese as the potato is by Europeans.

The French horticulturists, who have been at much pains to inquire into its merits, have arrived at the following conclusions:—1. That in point of flavor and nutritive properties it is equal to the potato, and, in the opinion of Professor Decaisne, superior. 2. That the yield is greater, while its freedom from disease renders the crop more certain. 3. That it will grow upon sandy, and what are usually considered barren soils; and thus affords an excellent means of turning waste-land to profit. 4. That it can be propagated with facility. 5. That it may

remain in the ground several years without degenerating, but, on the contrary, it increases in size, weight, and nutriment, "furnishing at all seasons of the year an aliment within the reach of every one." 6. That when harvested, it may be preserved in cellars or sheds, without vegetating, for many months after the potato has become useless for food. 7. It requires a shorter time in cooking than the potato; ten minutes' boiling being sufficient.

M. Decaisne, in detailing his experiments, observes: "If a new plant is to have a chance of becoming useful in rural economy, it must fulfill certain conditions, in the absence of which its cultivation cannot be profitable. . . . Now, the Chinese yam satisfies every one of these conditions. It has been domesticated from time immemorial; it is perfectly hardy in the climate of France; its root is bulky, rich in nutritive matter, eatable when raw, easily cooked either by boiling or roasting, and then having no other taste than that of flour (*feculé*). It is as much a ready-made bread as the potato, and is better than the *batatas* or sweet potato."

The system of cultivation recommended is the following, namely: For propagation, the smallest roots are set apart, and pitted to keep them from frost. In the spring, they are taken out and planted in furrows, pretty near each other, in well-prepared ground. They soon sprout and form prostrate stems, which are made into cuttings as soon as they are six feet long. As soon as the cuttings are ready, a field is worked into ridges, along each of which is formed a small furrow, in which the pieces of the stem are laid down and covered with a little earth, the leaves being left bare. If rainy weather follows, the cuttings strike immediately; if dry, they must be watered until they do strike. In fifteen or twenty days the roots begin to form, and at the same time lateral branches appear, which are carefully removed from time to time, to facilitate the swelling of the roots. In general, one plant produces two or three tubers, (rhizomes,) which are of a coffee-color externally, but consist internally of a white, opaline, very friable, slightly milky, cellular mass, filled with flour, which softens in cooking till it acquires the taste and quality of a potato, "for which it might be mistaken"—possibly in taste, certainly not in appearance.

THE VALUE OF A WORM.

AMONG the works of God there is nothing contemptible, nothing even insignificant: that which seems so is only in consequence of our limited faculties: the more inquisitively we look at nature the more occasion shall we have to exclaim with Wordsworth:—

“Pride,
How'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; and he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used.”

We have no better illustration of the importance of apparently insignificant things than in the worm. Whoever beholds the creature delving and winding through the mold probably has thought how useless a place it occupies in the scale of creation; and yet, what will our readers who are unacquainted with the fact think when we assure them that the common earth-worm is at once shovel, plow, harrow, and manure? Of all that soil which is the richest and most adapted for the gardener's purpose there is scarcely any which has not passed through the intestines of the worm, and the earthy casts which are seen lying about after its burrowings are little patches of rich mold which have derived an extraordinary nutrition from the cause we have mentioned.

It is only recently that science has devoted much attention to this interesting subject; but the fact to which we have alluded was placed beyond dispute some years ago by Charles Darwin, Esq., in a paper on the formation of mold, read before the Geological Society of London. The work performed by each individual worm may seem so insignificant as to place almost in doubt the possibility of an achievement so considerable; but this idea is refuted by the immense number of earth-worms constantly plowing their way, and especially when driven by dry weather to a considerable depth below the surface. It is satisfactorily ascertained that no plow could reach so deep as the worm in many instances; and Mr. Darwin remarks that it would sometimes be much more consistent to speak of animal mold rather than vegetable. It is both amusing and beautiful to contemplate how, by the agency of this little creature, nature buries stones, pebbles, and the rough earth which was too near the surface.

Many of these, covered by the castings of worms, lie waiting for the disintegration and separation into finer particles, which in the course of some few seasons they may undergo, then in their turn to pass through the bowels of the worm and return to the surface as useful soil. Thus nature constantly operates around us without our being aware of it. How many persons have ungratefully supposed that these little creatures were to be regarded as a pest and a nuisance. The farmer, the grazier, and the gardener have beheld them without suspecting that they were an important fellow-workman; the farmer and grazier especially deriving benefit from them, since they work in fields where the spade cannot penetrate.

The Reverend William Kirby slightly alludes to them in his *Bridgewater Treatise on the "Wisdom of God in the Creation of Animals;"* but since this volume was written the earth-worm, as well as the whole class of worms to which it belongs, namely, the Annelida, has undergone a very lengthy and popular examination by Dr. Williams, who has published the result of his observations in a paper of some hundred and twenty pages in the report of the British Association for 1851. That paper unfolds in a remarkable degree the exquisite contrivance of nature in her most unobserved works, or, rather let us say, the wonderful wisdom of God in the most unobserved of his creatures. The very name by which this class is distinguished by naturalists, the Annelida, is given to it from an early perception of the marvelous contrivance of its rings; for if the reader observes it, which he may very easily do either by watching its movements in the mold, or placing it before his eyes on the table, he will see that its coil of blood-red rings are marked very plainly, and he will further notice, too, how all these assist it in the act of moving. The grace of the snake and the serpent has often been referred to; the proud beauty of that creature, so shunned by man, has been repeatedly made a subject of comment; but the beauty of the worm, to an eye capable of perceiving it, is no less remarkable; and although we would not place the serpent or the snake beyond the circle of the useful purposes of creation, yet the impression made upon the mind by the worm in this particular is much more interesting. We have watched

st, industrious little peasant! hard-working little plowman! as it has moved on, swiftly shooting its way through the soil, and we have wondered that it has not been a theme for poets. Its movements surely illustrate the poetry of motion; and, indeed, one of our later poets, Walter Savage Landor, has made the worm the subject of his song. The following lines are as just as they are beautiful in homage of the subject of our paper:—

"First-born of all creation yet unsung,
I call thee not to listen to my lay;
For well I know thou turnest a deaf ear,
Indifferent to the sweetest of complaints,
Sweetest and most importunate. The voice
Which would awaken, and which almost can
The sleeping dead, thou rearest up against,
And no more heedest thou the wreck below;
Yet art thou gentle, and for due reward,
Because thou art so humble in thy ways,
Thou hast survived the giants of waste worlds,
Giants whom chaos left unborn behind,
And earth with fierce abhorrence at first sight
Shook from her bosom, some on burning sands,
Others on icy mountains far apart;
Mammoth and mammoth's archetype, and coil
Of serpent cable long, and ponderous mail
Of lizard, to whom crocodile was dwarf.
Wrong, too, hath oft been done thee. I have
watch'd

The nightingale, that most inquisitive
Of plumed powers, send forth a sidelong glance
From the low hazel on the smooth footpath,
Attracted by a glimmering tortuous thread
Of silver left there when the dew had dried,
And dart on one of thine, that one of hers
Might play with it. Alas! the young will play
Reckless of leaving pain and death behind.
I, too, (but early from such sin forebore,
Have fasten'd on my hook beside the stream
Of shady Arrow, or the broad mill-pond,
Thy writhing race. Thou wilt more patiently
Await my hour—more quietly pursue
Thy destined prey legitimate.

FIRST-BORN

I call'd thee at the opening of my song;
Last of creation I will call thee now.
What fiery meteorq have we seen transcend
Our firmament, and mighty was their power
To leave a solitude and stench behind.
The vulture may have revel'd upon men;
Upon the vulture's self thou revelest.
Princes may hold high festivals; for thee
Chiefly they hold it. Every dish removed,
Thou comest in the silence of the night,
Takest thy place, thy train insinuatest
Into the breast, lappet that wrinkled heart
Stone-cold within, and with fresh appetite
Again art ready for a like carouse."

There is another remarkable fact concerning the worm. No organs of sense have been discovered, and yet it is all sensation; it sees without eyes, hears without ears, as truly as it walks without

feet: it is a constant marvel. Like the human hand, it unites in itself the most opposite and various faculties: by the sense of touch it seems to supersede the necessity for other faculties. In all the contrivances connected with its formation, it seems evident enough that nothing has been omitted conducive to its happiness; it bounds to and fro with a merriment of motion which assures us that it is capable of enjoyment in its little circle of sensation and small world of action. Those who have anatomized it, speak of the exquisiteness of its mechanism; with rapture they laud the muscular feats of the Annelida as wonderfully distinguished by their complexity and harmony; and yet it is allowed to pass long without a chronicler and a historian, though no single creature in the whole compass of creation more illustrates the marvelous excellency of divine arrangement, or the dependency of man for his happiness upon the meanest of God's creatures.

Such were some of our reflections the other day while wielding the spade in our garden; and then we very naturally turned from the worm to other characters in the scale of moral creation, slighted like the worm, fulfilling a round of lowly duties unnoticed and unperceived. How many there are in society, the delvers, the diggers, and plowmen, nay, even the unseen philosophers, who work silently and obscurely in the dark beneath the mold, but who have the same value attaching to them which, as we have seen, attaches to the worm—preparing the soil in which others are to place the seed—exploring the dark and the unsightly, and bringing it out into the light, that others may cause beauty and bloom to hang their brightness over it. Let us, in moral conditions, recur to the often uttered but never sufficiently felt truth, that nothing useful is mean or contemptible. How much soever the employment seems to stamp with contempt, let us constantly remember that not employment, but motive and object, are the foundations of real dignity; nay, that sometimes workers may be engaged in really dignified employment, important in itself and its results, although they may be entirely ignorant of the magnificence of the foundation they are preparing. The humblest action, it is pleasing to remember, is dignified, if done to the glory of God.

[For the National Magazine.]

REVIEWS EXTRAORDINARY.

BY ONE OF OUR STATED CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. III.—STRENGTHENING THE LANGUAGE.

AS on former occasions, so now, in making my third quarterly appearance, I must be indulged in a few personal reflections. If the editor deems them deficient in gravity they need not be printed; or, if printed, the reader who has nothing in view but food of the most substantial quality may skip over to the next page, where I promise him he will find mental aliment that will tax his profoundest digestive organs, even though he may have, to speak metaphorically, the gizzard of an ostrich.

And first, to those who object to my use of a **DAGGER** as the distinguishing signature of these papers, I have only to say that I was well aware that Archbishop Hughes has already appropriated that expressive symbol. But I do not admit his right to monopolize it. I am not sure that there is any of the blood of the Puritans flowing through my veins, yet I stand up for the right of private judgment. If Protestant Christians choose to abandon the expressive figure of the cross because Roman Catholics use it, that is their business and not mine. And if it seem good unto them, the Protestants aforesaid, in deference to the papal power, to put weather-cocks upon their own church-steeple, I am willing to leave them in the full enjoyment of all the happiness arising from such fickleness. It is certainly no good reason why I should give up my **DAGGER**. I repel with scorn the unmanly insinuation that I use it for the purpose of inveigling any of the archbishop's sheep into my pasture. If that had been my object, two tobacco-pipes crossed diagonally, or the picture of a punch-bowl with a ladle in it, or even a black bottle, would have been more efficacious. At least so I think, judging from that portion of his reverence's flock which I saw hanging round the purlieus of Saint Patrick's Cathedral last Sunday morning.

Those readers of the **NATIONAL** who expected to hear from me last month, or even the month previous, need to be informed, it seems, that the idea of a **REVIEW** is essentially **QUARTERLY**. It was so from

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the beginning, and so it shall be, so far as I am concerned, *in secula seculorum*. I deal in no kickshaws nor syllabubs. Three months is little time enough for the healthy inward digestion of a review worthy of the name. The victims of mental dyspepsia, occasioned by indigestion, are sufficiently numerous without my incurring the fearful hazard of adding to the number by crowding upon the public such solid food with too great rapidity.

I must be permitted to say, too, that while I can stand a little flattery, provided it be laid on smoothly, yet my modesty revolts at it when it requires explanations. Hence I demur to the sentiment, kindly as it was meant, that my talents are too great, my erudition too profound, or my attainments too vast, for this species of literature. It may, or may not be true that some men are too full of ministerial talent to be spared for the episcopal bench. I shall not pretend to decide that question, although I have patiently weighed the arguments on both sides, and have my own opinion. I have no hesitation in saying, however, that a compliment which not only exalts my qualifications at the expense of my elder brethren of the reviewing craft, but by implication seems to derogate from the dignity of this highest style of literature, is not exactly in accordance with my views of propriety and good taste. If it be your candid opinion that I am the greatest review-writer the world has ever seen, why, say so. I can hear it without wincing. But if you love me I beg of you not to deal in any hyperbolic assertions which, unexplained, will be supposed by common readers merely to mean that you think me too big for my inexpressibles, or, in other words, too long for my continuations.

I have but one more preliminary remark. In my first article, the review of the **NEW-YORK DIRECTORY**, I pursued the *analytic* method; and in my second, the **PILGRIMAGE OF PILGRARIQUE**, I devoted my powers to what may be called the *exhaustive* style. In each, my object was to give an adequate idea of the volumes reviewed; and with reference to the latter, I venture the assertion that the patient reader knew as much about it when he had finished the article as I did myself.

There is a third variety of this species of literature, upon which I now propose to

enter. It is far deeper, loftier, and more redolent of profundity than the others. It owes its origin to a well-known practice of the pulpit, of which, as I cannot say any thing in its favor, I will say nothing. The printer may select, at his discretion, half a dozen volumes, and place their titles in italics at the head of this review. It is a matter of no consequence what the books may be, as I shall pay no sort of attention to them, treating them with that supreme contempt with which the clergy, in their higher efforts, treat texts of Scripture. It will be well perhaps to select, if the printer can find them readily, the titles of volumes bearing some remote allusion to the subject, which is, (and this print in capitals,)

STRENGTHENING THE LANGUAGE.

1. *A new Dictionary of the English Language.* By Charles Richardson. 2 vols. quarto. London: 1837.
2. *The American Debater; being a Plain Exposition of the Principles and Practice of Public Debate.* By James N. McElligott, LL. D. New-York: 1855.
3. *English, Past and Present.* By Richard Owenicz Trench, B. D. London and New-York: 1855.
4. *English Roots and the Derivation of Words, from the Ancient Anglo-Saxon.* By Edward Newenham Hoare, Dean of Waterford, and Chaplain to his Excellency, the Lord-Lieutenant. Dublin: 1855.
5. *The First Lines of English Grammar, being a brief Abstract of the Author's larger Work.* By Gould Brown. New-York: 1851.
6. *Horn's Tooke's Diversions of Purley.* (As I cannot find a copy of this book I am unable to give the title in full.—ΠΑΡΑΤΗΡ.)

The ancient Greek was a wonderful language. It waxed stronger and stronger with the lapse of years. Indeed, it was sometimes too strong for ordinary use, and, like old Scotch whisky, required to be diluted. *Aristophanes*, in his celebrated *RANÆ*, beautifully alludes to this, when he speaks of the Muse as having been bloated into unwieldy bulk by the strong diet of preceding generations. We transcribe for the benefit of the unlearned, should such by chance stumble upon our pages, a free translation of the verses alluded to. It is from the pen of *Frere*, the friend of Coleridge:—

When I received the Muse from you,
I found her puff'd and pamper'd
With pompous sentences and terms,
A cumbrous, huge virago.

My first attention was applied
To make her look genteely,
And bring her to a moderate bulk
By dint of lighter diet.
I fed her with plain household phrase,
And cool familiar salad;
With water-gruel episode,
With sentimental jelly,
With moral mince-meat, till at length
I brought her within compass.

It is very different with our own vernacular. As everybody knows, the English language is every year becoming more and more feeble. Our mother tongue is evidently very much debilitated. The old lady appears to be affected with something like a sciatica in her hip-joints, and her feebleness seems to increase. Can anything be done for her? That is the great question.

One of those plasters, of which we see pictures in druggists' windows, and by means of which the patient is represented as being able to bear up the great globe itself upon his shoulders, might be applied if we could find one large enough, and knew exactly where to place it. There is no reason to doubt that it would have as good an effect upon the language as it does upon the man in the picture; but the difficulty just suggested appears to be insuperable.

We should lose caste in these Main-liquor-law days did we suggest such a thing as alcoholic stimulants; and yet we are not sure that this is not one of the cases of "extreme necessity" for which an exception is very properly made. *If nothing else can be done*, would you object to giving the language an occasional sherry-cobbler, or a brandy-smash without sugar?

We shall be told that this remedy has been tried without effect, and, therefore, it is useless to repeat it. We admit the fact with proper qualifications. *LORD BYRON* did make use of gin; and *POPE* tried, faithfully, every come-at-able variety of fire-water. Unfortunately for the argument, these great poets were like the groom whose master's horse had a fit of the colic. A bottle of brandy was prescribed for the poor brute, but he was not cured, and some people were uncharitable enough to attribute the steed's death to the manner in which the groom applied the remedy. It seems he poured the brandy down his own throat, and diligently polished his patient's hide with the empty bottle.

Without puzzling our brains to find out another hypothesis, we may possibly account in the same way for the little success of the poets above-named in their efforts to strengthen the language.

A more practical remedy has been suggested, and has been tried; but we are bound in honor to say, without effecting in any great degree the desired result. We allude to the *reiterating process*, first suggested, if our critical acumen be not at fault, by TOM MOORE, the poet of Erin. The reiterating process in literature is just the reverse of what is known as the *Cesarean operation* in surgery. It aims to strengthen the language by repetition, as in this verse of the well-known song:—

“My love is like the red, red rose!”

How the repetition of the adjective intensifies the idea, beautifies the language, and converts into poetry what would otherwise have all the flavor and the toughness of prose! Besides, to say

My love is like the red rose

is not only prosaic, but does not impart that sanguineous idea which was evidently intended. A red rose may mean one of the common cabbage-province variety; but a red-red rose is evidently something of a deeper tint,—a brilliant crimson or bright scarlet. We have nothing to say in favor of the poet's choice, supposing the red red to apply to his love's hair, or eyes, or even nose. In fact, any part of her except her lips we should rather not have *red red*; but then tastes differ, and we are not disposed to be quarrelsome.

Another verse, from a very soft and amatory poet, elucidates with still greater dulcifying power the forceful nature of the repeating process. We are personally acquainted with the author, and tender him the thanks of the community, hoping he may be as successful in storming the citadel of his beloved's heart as he has been in strengthening our debilitated English:—

O my love! she has blue, blue eyes;
She is known by her small, small feet;
Does she hear, does she hear my sighs?
Does she know that she is sweet, sweet, sweet?

That is, of course, does she know that she is, in the estimation of her admirer, exceedingly sweet—the sweetest of all the damsels of his acquaintance? Forceful

language—very! But the beauties of the verse are too apparent to need analyzing. Let us proceed.

What an expressive title was that given to a recent publication, “The Wide, Wide World!” How the iteration expands the mental vision, and adds strength, solidity, grandeur to the language. That second “wide” is powerfully tonic, and fully equivalent to an ordinary-sized Burgundy-pitch plaster in its strengthening qualities. No wonder the book found purchasers. Such a title could not fail to draw.

But it is our friend LOWEFELLOW who has done most for the strengthening of the language by iterations. In that beautiful poem of his entitled “MY LOST YOUTH,” he concludes each successive stanza with the lines,

“A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

Are they not beautiful lines, simple, melodious, and expressive? Yes, you say; but then—what do they mean? We have a large number of prosaic, matter-of-fact readers who are perpetually indulging in questions of this kind. They seem to think that poets ought to be intelligible, and are unwilling to see anything beautiful in what is beyond their finite comprehension. Not because such people have any right to expect it at our hands; but because we are in an excellent good-humor to-day, we proceed, as the old divines say, to open the sense of this passage.

And first, “a boy's will is the wind's will.” Now you know the wind is sometimes boisterous, sometimes piercingly cold, as when it comes, for instance, from an iceberg; sometimes hot, as in the dreadful sirocco; and sometimes sluggish, stagnant, and laden with miasma. So the poet tells us is a boy's will. Do you not begin to see the beauty of the sentiment? Then, again, the wind is proverbially fickle and changeable, sometimes veering to all points of the compass in a few hours. So is a boy's will; as, for instance, when he gets up in the morning he says he'll go a fishing, then he says he won't; then he'll go to school, then he'll play truant. Do you not see, more and more clearly, the exquisite felicity of the poet's imagination, and how very different a boy's will

is from the will of a girl or a hobble-de-hoy. "How the wind blows," was an observation made by one friend to another. "Did you ever know it do anything else?" was the uncourteous reply. "Why, yes," was the answer; "sometimes it whistles." Now as a general thing girls do not whistle, but boys do. Therefore our poet says, truthfully as well as poetically, a *boy's* will is the wind's will; or as he might and doubtless would have expressed the sentiment had he been writing prose, the wind is of the masculine gender.

But it is the second of the above-quoted lines which more especially demands our attention, as illustrating the reduplicating theory of strengthening the language. Let us look at it, first, without the iteration.

The thoughts of youth are long thoughts.

Very intelligible that! Long thoughts are thoughts that extend far onward. To think of a journey to the moon, or a fishing-line, or one of Dr. Drowsy's sermons, or your grandmother's nose, is a long thought. The youth of this generation have no short thoughts. They never meditate upon pie-crust, nor a mean half-holiday, nor a round-about jacket, when Simmons, because his mother is soft, struts about in his long-tailed blue. Of course we take the poet's word for this. It was not so in *our* youthful days. Our thoughts, as we well remember, were of all meters, long, short, common, and particular. But, as you perceive, there is no poetry in the line—

The thoughts of youth are long thoughts.

Indeed, it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more prosaic. But reduplicate the adjective, and it becomes at once poetry of that kind in which the professor so hugely excels:—

The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

This appeared to the poet so exceedingly sweet, and so strengthened the language, that, as we said above, he lugs it in at the close of every stanza. It would not have been so poetic, although, so far as we can see, it would have expressed the idea quite as well to have said

The thoughts of youth are lengthy thoughts; or, as we shall show by-and-by, the language would have been as much strengthened had he written—

The thoughts of youth are longitudinal thoughts.

But this by the way. The point we have now in hand is the wonderful effect produced by simple iteration. Any body can make poetry, and make it out of the baldest prose by a little attention to this trick, a trick unknown to Pope or Shakspeare. In illustration:—We propose, for instance, to take a short jaunt into the country, and when informing you of our intention, we add the hope that to-morrow will be a beautiful day. Very simple that, and very common-place. But now reiterate the adjective, à la Longfellow, and it becomes

We hope that to-morrow will be
A beautiful, beautiful day!

Or take a still more common-place illustration:—Our help in the kitchen is all from the Emerald Isle,—a bald truism, with no more poetry in it than there is in a potato. But reduplicate "Emerald" and the couplet will pass for one of Longfellow's:—

Our help in the kitchen is all
From the Emerald, Emerald Isle.

And there, now, listen to Bridget talking to her mistress: "Sure then, ma'am, for cleaning French windows I think there's nothing like soft soap." Can you make poetry of that? Nothing easier.

For cleaning French windows I think
There's nothing like soft, soft soap!

Nearly akin to this reduplicating method of strengthening the language is another process, which may properly be denominated the *synonymical*. It is becoming exceedingly popular. It is applicable to prose as well as poetry. Lawyers use it, and clergymen. It is practiced by orators in the national and state legislatures. In biography, history, and travels it is making its appearance, and prevailing more and more extensively. We can illustrate its beauty and its power by an extract from a recent autobiography. Let the reader ponder well the following, and make it his study, if he is actuated by any desire to write nervous English:—

"My life, that is, my biography, thus far, is barren of incidents and void of adventures. In publishing it, and making it known to the world, I study brevity and aim at conciseness. I shall be succinct and compendious, not dwelling on matters of little importance, or spending time on events in themselves immaterial.

"In my youth and early days I was occa-

stonally hasty and impetuous, sometimes rash and heedless, and not infrequently precipitate and incautious. By these means and on account of these traits I fell into many errors, committed numerous faults, and frequently went astray. In truth, and with a strict regard to veracity, I may say, and give it as my opinion, and declare it as my sentiment, that these peculiarities, and this idiosyncrasy, or, in other words, my peculiar mental temperament, or the constitution of my mind, was the cause and the occasion of much that I now regret, and lament, and am sorry for.

"I sought for happiness where it could not be found. I looked for felicity where it was not to be discovered. I inquired after bliss in those places, situations, and circumstances which neither bliss, nor felicity, nor happiness ever visited. Thus it remained with little change, and continued without much alteration, all through the days of my youth, the years of my juvenility, and the period of my adolescence.

"But when I did not expect it, sorrow visited me. I was not looking for misfortune, but it came. Grief overtook me, an unexpected guest, and calamities, troubles, and afflictions weighed heavily upon me, bowed me down to the earth, and pressed ponderously upon my body, soul, and spirit. Then was I taught the vanity of sublunary things. Then did I learn the emptiness of earthly objects. Then was impressed indelibly upon my soul, and in characters never to be effaced or obliterated or blotted out, the insubstantiality, the vanity, and the evanescence of all things worldly, mundane, and terrestrial."

The style synonymical, as applied to poetry, differs slightly from the prosaic. We have before us a poem by an author, as yet unknown to fame, a few of the opening stanzas of which we are permitted to copy. They will illustrate the subject under consideration, and show how an ingenious student of the language may revolve round an idea and bask in the glories of nibility. We presume the reader never saw anything like this before. It is entitled

THE SONG OF PELEG BIGLOW.

Listen, men of Massachusetts,
Of Vermont and of New-Hampshire,
And the rest of fair New-England,
List awhile to me. O listen!
You will not be losers by it:
It will pay you for your trouble
If you listen to the story,
Told in most impressive meter
By the poet, Peleg Biglow.

Ye who love the modern Athens,—
As we call the town of Boston,—
Love its civic institutions,
Love its solid men and women,
And regard it first and foremost
In its literary grandeur,
In its arts and manufactures,

And what else makes up a city
Of the very highest pattern,
Give attention to this poem,
To this song of Peleg Biglow.

Ye who think that Daniel Webster
Was the brightest star that ever
Shone upon this happy country,—
Brighter than his brother Zekiel,
Brighter than his namesake, Noah,
Who compiled the Dictionary,—
Listen to New England's poet,—
To the melody and rhythm
Of the song of Peleg Biglow.

Ye who wander from your birth-place,
From Cape Cod, or old Point Judith,
And in distant parts make money
By your guesses, your conjectures,—
By your patents and improvements;
But remember still the codfish
And the treacle—the molasses,
And the pumpkins and the ing-ins
And the squashes at thanksgivings,
List awhile; I pray you listen
To this song of Peleg Biglow.

We said above that probably the reader never saw anything like this before. That assertion must be understood not in an absolute, but in a diluted sense. In the last number of the NATIONAL, in the Editorial Notes and Gleanings, may be found something very much like it in rhythm, and in the immensity of the convolutions of the wrappers around infinitesimal ideas. But in solemn grandeur, and in the felicitous adaptation which comes home directly to men's bosoms and stomachs, we give it as our decided opinion that the *strain of Hiawatha* is not to be named on the same day with the sows of PELEG BIGLOW. What is a miserable red-skinned savage, with a tomahawk in his hand, in comparison with a live Yankee, whittling with his jack-knife as he chants his heartfelt melody, and his brethren in all parts of the boundless continent prick up their ears and listen, having been assured that

"It will pay them for their trouble!"

Thus much for the poetical elucidation of the synonymical theory. We proceed now to adumbrate its importance homiletically and hermeneutically. We do this with profound deference, well aware that the clergy, take them as a body, understand the matter quite as well as we do, or as is beneficial to their congregations; but there may be some young theologians whom we may hope, not vainly we trust, to benefit by our lucubrations. Let us premise here that if any of them

choose to copy our pattern, it will only be in accordance with that morality which a minister of the Gospel is generally suspected to possess—that due credit be given. It will not be safe—we say it not so much on our own account as by way of caution—in these days when so many laymen are in the habit of reading as well as hearing, and there are one or more subscribers to the NATIONAL in almost every intelligent congregation—it will not be safe to steal our thunder. You would feel flat, would n't you, to have some deacon or class-leader pat you on the shoulder, as you come out of the pulpit, and with one of those provoking grins, between a chuckle and a horse-laugh, accost you in the hearing of several good brothers and sisters, and your timid wife too, who has been amazed all through the discourse at your apparent profundity,—you would feel flat—there is no more expressive word—to hear him say, "So you have been studying the DAGGER CORRESPONDENT, have you?"

But we must not stop to moralize. After what we have said, if any clergyman falls into this deplorable pickle he must bear his own smart. We have no salve for him, and no emollient ointment.

OUTLINES OF A SYNONYMICAL SERMON.

THE TEXT. — *The dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice.* Gen. xli, 32.

Introduction.—The erudite and learned Dr. Adam Clarke insists on the utility and usefulness of all wisdom and knowledge. You cannot have, in his expressive and forceful sentiment, you cannot have too many irons in the fire,—poker, shovel, tongs, and all. So also we are told by Calvin, whose sentiments and opinions we most cordially approve and heartily endorse, (or reprobate and repudiate, as the case may be,) that no information on any subject is to be withheld from the people, and that all our hearers have a claim upon, and a right to, all our attainments in all kinds of knowledge and science and literature. (If Scripturally inclined quote also Paul, who says "ALL Scripture is profitable," and Solomon's sentiment about intermeddling with all wisdom. [See Prov. xviii. 1.] These ideas may be revolved, as on a pivot, fifteen minutes, which is perhaps long enough for an ordinary introduction, and then proceed thus.) Profoundly impressed with the veracity of these sentiments, deeply sensible of their correctness, and heartily persuaded, and assured, and convinced of their consonance with truth, I announce as the doctrine of the sacred writer in my text, which doctrine I couch in simple and plain and intelligible language, and language easily understood withal, this fundamental and momentous and important proposition :—

TWICE TWO ARE FOUR.

Such, we say, is the doctrine before us. *The dream was doubled twice.* The question arises—How much does that make? In defiance of all opponents, in the very teeth of those who differ from us, and in opposition to all gain-sayers, we answer FOUR; or generalized, as before stated, under all circumstances, and with reference to all categories, celestial, terrestrial, and infernal—

TWICE TWO ARE FOUR.

I. THE TEXTURE OF THE DOCTRINE PROVED AND ESTABLISHED.

1. Scripturally.

- (1.) By the Old Testament.
- (2.) By the Apocrypha.
- (3.) By the New Testament.

2. Arithmetically.

- (1.) By Addition and Subtraction.
- (2.) By Casting out the Nines.
- (3.) By Reversing the Process.

3. Logically.

- (1.) By an *ignoratio elenchi*.
- (2.) By the force syllogistic.
- (3.) By a *syncategorema*.

II. THE IMPORTANCE OF THE DOCTRINE SHOWN AND MADE APPARENT.

1. By its Fruits, and these considered—

- (1.) In their unripe state.
- (2.) At full maturity.
 - First*—Juicy and luscious.
 - Second*—Dry, mealy, and insipid.
 - (3.) In a state of absolute rottenness.

2. By its Results, with reference—

- (1.) To a state of celibacy.
- (2.) To a state matrimonial.
- (3.) To a family circle. This considered—
 - First*—As to a numerous progeny.
 - Second*—As to a circle of medium diameter.
 - Third*—As to an only child, which may be
 - (A.) A son.
 - (B.) A daughter.

3. By its Effects.

- (1.) As seen mathematically—
 - First*—In the extraction of the cube root.
 - Second*—In the number of verses in the Bible.
- (2.) As witnessed geologically—
 - First*—Confirming the statements of Moses.
 - Second*—Contradicting said statements.
 - Third*—Ignoring them altogether.
- (3.) As beheld fiducially—
 - First*—From the top of Pisgah.
 - Second*—From the summit of Nebo.
 - Third*—From the lofty Ararat.
 - (A.) An *antediluvian view*.
 - (B.) *At the time of the deluge*.
 - (C.) *Any time last year*.

III. THE UTILITY OF THE DOCTRINE CONSIDERED.

1. In its bearing on the interests of mankind.

- (1.) Their physical necessities.
- (2.) Their conversational privileges.
- (3.) Their pecuniary calculations—
 - First*—With regard to the legal rate of interest.
 - Second*—As respects the high price of flour.
 - Third*—All other commodities that are dear.

2. *With reference to benevolent contributions.*

- (1.) Ordinary plate, or basket collections.
- (2.) The circulation of cards.
- (3.) The bantering system. These applied, severally—
First—To the application from Ireland. Her state considered—
 (A.) *Physically and stomachically.*
 (B.) *Pretalically and Methodistically.*
Second—To our own foreign and domestic missions.
Third—To quarterage and table expenses.
 (A.) *Why reckoned separately.*
 (B.) *Why not included in one sum.*
 (C.) *Why kept apart in the steward's pocket.*

3. *In its development in the realms of space.*

- (1.) As respects the number of the fixed stars.
- (2.) As regards the doctrine of gravitation.
- (3.) As to the number of the finally saved.
First—Adults in Christendom.
Second—Adults in heathen lands.
Third—Infants and little children—
 (A.) *Baptised.*
 (B.) *Baptised and signed with the cross.*
 (C.) *Unbaptised.*

IV. OBJECTIONS TO THE DOCTRINE CALMLY CONSIDERED.

1. *That there is no rule without an exception.*

- (1.) Admitted in its fullest extent. But—
First—Not applicable to truths of pure revelation; nor,
Second—To the deductions of pure mathematics.
- (2.) The objection denied in toto; and—
First—The burden of proof thrown upon the objector.
Second—Impossibility of proving a universal negative.

2. *But suppose the word four represented seven, or some other number?*

- (1.) If it did, then by the same reasoning the word two would represent three and a half, or "some other number."
- (2.) The objection is an absurdity. This shown—
First—Hypothetically.
Second—Chrestomathically.
Third—Categorically.

3. *The terrible consequences of the doctrine.*

- (1.) They are not terrible to the good man.
- (2.) They ought to be terrible to the wicked.
- (3.) We are not responsible for consequences—
First—Because we cannot avoid them.
Second—Because we cannot control them.
Third—Because we have nothing to do with them.

V. THE APPLICATION OF THE DOCTRINE.

1. *To the laboring classes generally as enforcing*

- (1.) Strict and undeviating honesty.
 - (2.) The necessity of a good name.
 - (3.) Regular attendance at church.
2. *To female operatives in particular, enjoining—*
- (1.) Punctuality at the hour of commencing work.
 - (2.) Economy and frugality—
First—In dress.
Second—In diet.
Third—In frivolous amusements.
 - (3.) Contentment with the emoluments of labor.

3. *To respectable heads of families of both sexes.*

- (1.) Properly to instruct their children—
First—In the value of pennies.
Second—In the value of time.
Third—In the respect due to the ministerial office.
- (2.) To be liberal in their offerings—
First—To all good objects in general.
Second—To sustain our own Church in particular.
- (3.) To be prompt in the collection of outstanding debts—
First—Because it is easier now than it will be by and by.
Second—It is therefore a favor to your debtor.
Third—It will enable you to give more liberally; and, finally—
Fourth—Because *twice two are four.*

Here recapitulate the entire argument, concluding with the language of the text (and four thumps on the pulpit cushion)—"The dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice!"

Few remarks are necessary in closing this intensely-interesting skeleton. As our readers will perceive, it carries out the most approved models to an extent of which probably none of them had any idea that the language was capable. The immense importance of the subject discussed—a doctrine so startling, and capable of such vast and far-reaching consequences—deserved, if anything ever did, an outline so ingenious, and an argumentation so varied, pellucid, and iterationous. It is hardly possible to conceive that any person with a well-balanced mind could listen attentively to such a discourse, if delivered with due emphasis and discretion, and go home to his Sunday dinner without an internal conviction of the truth of the doctrine discussed.

As to the question, How many such sermons must be preached before the world is converted? we have only to say that is a question to be pondered and answered by those, if they have the arithmetical skill, who are in the habit of feeding their hungry sheep with such solid food. Nor is it for us to settle the question with what frequency should discourses of this elaborate and stately character be prepared for the public congregation. One thing is clear: every minister is solemnly bound to do the best he possibly can every time he enters the pulpit; and if he has no other object in view, it is not an exceedingly difficult thing in these days, when skeletons are as plentiful and as dry as were the bones in the valley of Ezeziel,—it is not exceedingly difficult, we say, to impress upon the masses an idea of vast profundity, and to gain an undeserved

reputation for literary research and elegant scholarship.

On the general subject—that of strengthening the language by endless iterations—we may be permitted to say that we have succeeded to some extent in developing its capabilities. So far as our limited space would permit, we have illustrated its power in poetry and in prose. Even those among our readers, if there be any so stolid, who are not perfectly satisfied, must of necessity admit that if we have done nothing else, we have at least conclusively established the falsity of the old Latin adage *ex nihilo nihil fit*. We brand that sentiment which has so long passed current as an arrant falsehood, a counterfeit, and a sham. We nail it to the counter and clinch it on the other side.

There remains now for discussion and elucidation a far grander and more impressive mode of strengthening the language than either of those to which we have adverted, one indeed that casts all others into the shade. It is known as the HIGH-FALUTIN, and we could wish, though we know the wish is vain, that the inexorable laws of this journal might be so far relaxed as to allow sufficient room for a thorough investigation of its origin, its capabilities, and its beauty. We must do the best we can, however, in the brief space still at our disposal.

First, by way of illustration, What is the *High-Falutin*? In answer we give a specimen, taken from a quarterly publication now lying before us, the Lord's Prayer, translated from the weak and simple English of our ancestors into the strong and nervous dialect so vastly admired at the present day. A single petition will explain to the uninitiated what the High-Falutin is, and transparently elucidate the subject. "*Give us this day our daily bread.*" How tame, simple, weak, and wishy-washy that language is. Listen now to the same sentiment high-falutinized. CONFERR UPON US DURING THIS MUNDANE SPHERE'S AXILLARY REVOLUTION OUR DIURNAL SUSTENANCE! What sonorous rotundity! what sesquipedalian felicity of expression! And the meaning you perceive is precisely the same. The Greek of the original is as faithfully rendered in the one as in the other; but the beauty, the strength, the majesty—in a word, the ear-tickling power of the new,

as contrasted with the old version—why it is

"Hyperion to a satyr."

Let us analyze this precious *morceau*. Instead of "*Give us*," we have the expression "Confer upon us." Elegant, certainly; but it has occurred to us whether it would not have been still better to have said, "Donate unto us," this latter verb being a great favorite with writers of the High-Falutin school. Thus lots of land are "donated" for church-building purposes, and a clergyman was recently heard requesting a lay brother to donate unto him a *chaw* of tobacco. But this is merely a suggestion. *This day* is a very common-place expression. How beautifully, and with what astronomical propriety, is it converted into the phrase, "During this mundane sphere's axillary revolution." We submit the opinion that this cannot be improved. If any of our readers think otherwise we shall be glad to see the suggested alteration, and extremely gratified with the privilege of making it known to the public. *Our daily bread* is feeble—very. It is a phrase that a beggar might use. Besides, we want something more than bread, and "our diurnal sustenance" is a genteel phrase more befitting the lips of the polite and the well-educated, suggesting gracefully not only bread, but beef, pork, potatoes, and all other agreeable concomitants.

A word or two now as to the capabilities of the language in this respect. After much patient study, we incline to the opinion that they are scarcely less than infinite. They permeate its entire body,—percolating its interstices, and excluding everything like diapedesis. We may find illustrations in every-day life and in the most common transactions. Thus an ordinary clam-seller becomes a vender of magnificent bivalves; a school-master is a preceptor, or the principal of an educational institute; a cobbler is a son of Crispin; printers are practitioners of the typographical art; a meeting-house is a temple or a sanctuary; a house is a mansion, or an establishment; stables and pig-styes are converted into quadrupedal edifices and swinish tenements.

To the clergy mainly may we look for the general dissemination of the style high-falutin. They have opportunities which no other class of men enjoy for

promulgating this as well as every other variety of the *modus operandi* in strengthening the language; and it is due to candor and truth to add that ministerial efforts in this direction have been hearty, well directed, and to a very considerable extent successful. Gradually, the masses are learning properly to appreciate the beauty and the power of the high-falutinizing process. They know that *preaching* is obsolescent, and make their appearance in the sanctuary that they may listen to the *delivery of a discourse*. When they are told that "the desk will be occupied by a distinguished stranger," as a general thing they expect a local preacher will hold forth. They know what is meant by *an address to the throne of grace*, and have been requested so frequently to "assume a devotional posture" that almost any regular attendant will show you what in his opinion *that* means, either by kneeling, or leaning his head upon the book-board in front of him.

A state of *lachrymation arising from spiritual solicitude and penitential pathogenomy* would not, perhaps, as yet, be an intelligible expression in an ordinary congregation. To speak of the *vitiosity of post-prandial somnolency* would, with multitudes, require a dictionary for explanation. And why? Not because the words are not good English and strong English; but simply because the phraseology is unusual, and public speakers to an almost incredible extent have allowed themselves to bask in the common-place platitudes of old fashioned Saxon-English. But the spirit of arousalment has gone forth. The language is to be strengthened. It can be done. Endless repetitions, synonymical sentences, and both blended with High-Falutinism, will do the work. We call upon the clergy of every name to keep an eye in this direction, and to keep it wide open. They will find difficulties in the way, and obstacles of no common magnitude; but it is generally thought that if the clergy cannot overcome difficulties they can at least look them steadily in the face. Will they do it? Will they all remember that it is within the compass of their power to render dictionaries and lexicons essentially necessary to that class of their hearers who are not satisfied with sweet sounds,—who with old-fashioned vulgarity, with mouth and ears wide open, gape after intelligibility. There are yet

those who talk of bullocks, and who persist in calling a spade a spade. Now the grave question is, Shall the pulpit descend to their level? In this age of the world is it to be tolerated that public speakers are to make it their paramount object to be understood? From ten thousand voices we seem to hear the responsive negative. The general cry is, Whatever else we do, or leave undone, let us strengthen the language. Let the broad banner of High-Falutinism wave over the length and breadth of the land. Let it be reverberated from the Nadir to the Zenith, and from one extremity of the earth's axis to the other, that the weak and feeble language of our ancestors is to be rejuvenated, invigorated, and made puissant

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.

And as for those who persist in their purpose to fathom the meaning of what they hear, why let them grope in the Cimmerian bog, or at their leisure thrum over the pages of Webster. That will be a recuperatory digitation that will delectate and desiderate.

Of course we have nothing to hope, and, certainly, nothing to fear from those who have no higher ambition than to speak intelligibly. Simple-minded men! When they have nothing to say, they say nothing; and we have been informed, on good authority, that there are those who stop when they are done; who do not understand the iteratious or the synonymical method, and to whom even High-Falutinism with all its witchery is an unstudied art. It has been said too, but we do not vouch for its truth, that there are to be found, even in the pulpits of our own land, men who have no loftier idea of language than to suppose it a mere vehicle of thought, and who regard it as they do a beautiful woman—

When unadorned adorned the most.

From such, we say, nothing in the way of strengthening the language is to be expected. We leave them to their own enjoyments. If they are satisfied with being intelligible, and are so poor in spirit as not to desire popularity for its own sake, consoling themselves with the idea that there is something better, we have nothing to say. There are quite enough to carry on the High-Falutinizing process without their aid.

†

IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVEL IN FRANCE.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

IN our last article on France we referred to the success of her learned men in the severer studies, notwithstanding the supposed frivolity and superficiality of the national mind. She takes the lead, unquestionably, in the practical sciences. If she deals not so thoroughly in classical knowledge as the Germans, she leaves them in the rear in respect to all modern knowledge and inquiries. There is not one department of the latter in which she has not her devotees and adepts. In even American aboriginal questions our countryman, Mr. Squiers, finds in a private library at Paris the best collection of authorities, and in a retired, comparatively obscure old savant, the best living guide. By such assistance he is now here, solving the most difficult questions of our Aztec history and archæology.

The reason of this success is that the French make a "speciality," as they say, of every important subject. You find men here who have spent a half-century trudging along in a single and a straight line of intellectual research; their intelligence and almost everything else has been gathered incidentally, and is not extensive. The French individual mind is not "many-sided," like the Germans; the national mind becomes multiform by the variety of individual pursuits; but France has more learned men who are without general intelligence than perhaps any other country. You will find men here who are buried "over head and ears" in Chinese literature or Sanscrit manuscripts, old French chronicles or "organic remains," minerals and chemicals, astronomical calculations or foreign vocabularies, and who know no diversion from their studies except by the sessions of the academies or the clamors of the "revolutions." The best scholars in Oriental languages and literature, for example, are to be found not in the East, but in Paris. There are Parisians who have never been out of France, but who can teach learned Chinese or Brahmins more thoroughly their own languages. We have a friend here, one of the most amiable men in France by the way, who is growing gray in the study of the languages and literature of the Hindoos. He wears the badge of the Legion of Honor, and is a member of the Institute.

Englishmen destined to the civil or military service of the East Indies, missionaries—Catholic or Protestant—going thither, find it the best course they can pursue to come to Paris and attend his instructions. We have seen a published letter addressed to him from an East Indian prince, Mir Jafar Ali Bahadur, of Surate, in which he speaks of the Frenchman's Hindoostan letters as "the dainties of the feast that follows the fast of the Ramazan." The prince avows that he has acquired "in perfection" the Hindoostanee language, and seems utterly astonished to find him using it with an elegant and brilliant diction "without having gone into India," without having had a teacher, and without having had the company of Hindoo visitors, but "solely by the study of books."*

When the French give themselves to varied studies, and especially to varied literature, they do not succeed as well as the Germans or even the English. Their language is so characteristic, and their national idiosyncracies so peculiar, that they seem not capable of appreciating foreign literature any more than foreign manners. Literature is the expression of a people's characteristic spirit and manners. The French are too thoroughly national, too thoroughly egotistical, to comprehend others, though their national *politesse* forbids them to be obstreperously critical against them. A Frenchman does not know what to make of Shakspeare. He is not vexed, (that would be anti-French,) but he is puzzled and quite "dumb-founded" at the applause of the English and the German world to the untutored bard of Avon. He shrugs his shoulders and raises his eye-brows in reading Shakspeare's finest passages. We have heard a member of the "Institute" who read and spoke English descant on the "bombast" of Shakspeare—using the word critically, not scornfully. Göthe introduced Shakspeare as the model for German dramatic literature; Voltaire set all Frenchmen of his day laughing at him.† Voltaire treated Milton in like manner.

* Some translations from this eminent savant, De Tassey, on the East Indian poetry and Hindoo Female Poets, have been presented to our readers.

† In some lately-published letters to Horace Walpole, Voltaire, qualifies much his original opinions on Shakspeare.

In one of his "Contes" he caricatures "Paradise Lost" in a style of ridicule which must shake even an Englishman's sides with laughter. He was equally incapable of appreciating the great Italian bards.

Chateaubriand has attempted a work on English literature; it is not worth opening. In fine, criticism is not yet a science; it is not precise enough for a Frenchman to make it a "speciality." Thorough "reviewing," in the English sense of that word, is uncommon here. There are "Reviews" enough—the "*Reveu de Paris*," the "*Reveu Cotemporaine*," and even the "*Reveu des Deux Mondes*," besides an endless list of scientific and special works of the kind; but the most commanding of these publications are largely filled with fictions (not usually of the most moral) and original poems. The critical review in France is of about the same comparative rank as the newspaper press—the newspapers must all have their "Feuilleton," and are half filled with long-winded fictions. Neither of them approximate the rank of the English or American press in these departments.

We have heretofore spoken at length of the French character. It is subject to two powerful, and as yet pernicious influences—the national literature, and the national passion for military glory. Perhaps the greatest moral disaster of France is its literature. The French are generally a reading people—much more so than is usually supposed. One fact has existed among them for hundreds of years, and which has been, meanwhile, comparatively unknown among other people—a national system of voluntary literary colportage. A government functionary has lately published two stout volumes on the subject, giving a list of the staples of this singular book-trade. We think the masses in France rank next to the Americans in their reading habits; they certainly do not fall behind the English in this respect. You see the huckster women in the market places, the tired laborer who stops to rest in the streets, the shop-keepers, reading the great French authors in cheap forms just as you see similar classes do in America. And the great authors are all published in very cheap forms, in mere pamphlets, with paper covers, but often illustrated by the first artists on almost

every page. The great misfortune is, that nearly all the popular authors of France are demoralizing. There are some high religious names in her authorship, but they are not numerous. Fenelon's "Telemachus" is his only production that passes into the popular hands. Bossuet is limited to religious readers. Chateaubriand is the only great author who may be called at once religious and popular. But what is his religion? What but Popery decked out with the charms of poetry and sentimentalism? His "Martyrs," so charming in its style and so genial in its spirit, could hardly have been written with a good conscience. Its most lavish eloquence is wasted on the miserable dotage and disgusting superstitions of the old monkey of the Thebaid. His "Attila" and "René" are beautiful examples of poetic painting, but they, too, are only Catholic idyls. His "Genius of Christianity" is the genius of Popery etherealized. In fine, his works can have little other influence on France than to perpetuate her Catholic sympathies.

Bernardin Saint Pierre's "Paul and Virginia" is the only one of his works which circulates among the people; its influence is altogether good. With a few exceptions like these the sway of French popular literature may be pronounced almost entirely evil. Madame de Staël is herself not an exception; her popular productions, "Corinne" and "Delphine," if safe in doctrine (which we do not admit) are morbid in sentiment. Marmontel wrote "Moral Tales" which demoralize the people. The "great dramatists," Racine and Corneille, are almost religiously moral. We have in English literature no dramatic writers of equal moral dignity; but they are classics for the intellectual *élite*; they cannot, like Shakespeare, be "popular" reading. They would suit the old Greeks much better than the modern French. The genius of Rachel alone seems to give them any national life. The French comedy, old and recent, is as bad as our own elder comedy—and a worse thing could not be said of it.

Voltaire and Rousseau—what can be said of their national influence? They are still the hierarchs of French literature, and, what is most disastrous, are popular writers. They wrote poems, dramas, and novels, as well as philosophical works.

Voltaire's stories are the very distillation of his irreligion and grossness. Rousseau's fictions and personal memoirs poison, at this day, half the reading mind of western Europe. He teaches his philosophical opinions more fully and more effectively in these popular books than in any other works, and the religious sentiments of the learned mind of France, Germany, and Switzerland are derived from him as from an oracle. He is reproduced in much of the recent and actual literature of France, and, it is said, by no writer more completely than George Sand. We gave in these columns some time ago a review, *in extenso*, of this famous woman's books from the pen of Thackeray. Arago pronounced her, in the Senate of France, "the greatest narrateur" of the language. Her writings have exerted a powerful sway, but they are considered by good judges to be thoroughly demoralizing by both their doctrines and their rabid spirit. And then add to these the long list of late and of living writers—Balzac, Eugène Sue, Paul de Kock, &c.—whose names have become commonplace in our reviews, as the representatives of the "diabolical" school, and infer what must be the pestiferous sway of a literature at once so rife with corruption and so rife with popularity.

The better class of French families have been compelled to seek relief from the plague in the purer fictions of English literature, and translations of Walter Scott and our own Cooper are seen in every book-window and on every book-stall in cheap as well as elegant editions. The latter is much more read in France than in America, and his numerous volumes may be found with almost as many engravings as pages; for the extent to which the French carry their book decorations is incredible to a foreigner.

Lamartine is the only living writer of much note whose influence may be considered very salutary. He, however, writes too much, and is losing his popular power.

The *military spirit* of France is her next great disaster. Napoleon I. is chiefly responsible for it. "Gloire"—there is no other word so magical to a Frenchman's ear. The present tyranny is sustained only by its enchantment. The French are committed in the hazards of the Russian war. They cannot risk their "gloire"

in the contest by any changes at home. They bow, therefore, abjectly to despotism, which would not have been endured by their fathers from Louis XIV. himself. There is, indeed, no longer any other enthusiasm in the national temperament; the old national vivacity is apparently gone, except when the trumpet is heard. France has half a million of men under arms.

There are signs of improvement, however, in even this respect. The growing sobriety of the national temper is affecting its "chivalry." Every Frenchman knows how dearly the "gloire" of the first Napoleon cost the country, and, while no one likes to admit that this "gloire" is an illusion, many a one begins to think that, as the country has already so much of it, there would be no great harm in turning its ambition into some other direction; so many men and so much money might be better expended. And then there are no great generals just now to secure the "gloire." Sebastopol has fallen, to be sure, but its downfall came too much in the course of events, and in rather a slow course, too, to give much "gloire" to the arms of the conquerors. It was due too much to military science to allow much éclât to military heroism.

But, above all, the French are passing through an immense industrial development which promises to modify the old military spirit. Manufactures, agriculture and commerce are extending right and left. How labor works out the vapors from a nation's brains! What a school-house, what a sanctuary rather, is the work-shop! If the music of its din could be set ringing all over Southern Europe—Spain, Portugal, Italy—how it would rouse up their idle, beggared millions into manhood and enterprise! God could not trust unfallen humanity even in Paradise without the task of tilling the earth. The first revolution in France, by abolishing the right of primogeniture, (as shown in our preceding article,) has cut up the soil into small estates, and the people becoming land-holders, have learned new habits of industry and economy. Thence flows, in every direction, the new spirit of the country—enterprise in manufactures, commerce, everything!

The lowest class of young men only enter the army. The conscription, of

course, includes all classes, but substitutes are sought with unusual urgency, and their price is a commanding article of stock. It was never higher in the history of France. Young men of intelligence, or of any capacity for business, look now to the opportunities which are increasing so rapidly around them. This fact explains the utterly inferior aspect of the French regular troops. A more forlorn looking mass of heads and physiognomies than those which a French regiment of the line presents never confounded a craniologist or physiognomist. They look imbruted, not with the passions which vigorous but wicked natures may possess, but with imbecility and stupidity. They fight hard, but so will dogs and chickens, "for 'tis their nature to," as said good Isaac Watts. They are the last men from whom to expect genuine heroes. When they appear on public occasions by the side of the "citizen soldiery"—the National Guards of Paris—you cannot but be struck with the contrast. They seem to be composed almost entirely of such "witless" young men of the provinces as have not natural capacity enough to "make headway" in the simple industrial pursuits of their fathers, and, therefore, take up the opportunities of "replacement" which the conscription affords.

Every man that wishes well not only to France, but to Europe and the world, will rejoice at any abatement in the French military enthusiasm. France may have good soldiers, and she may always need to have them; but it is not this enthusiasm that gives them to her. They would probably be better as soldiers even without it. The sobriety and practical business-like character of the English and Americans will not admit of such a barbaric national passion, and yet, in time of necessity, what lands have better fighters? Waterloo, the Alma, and a hundred other fields, show that the serious-minded Scotchman is perhaps the best soldier on the earth. If war is an essential institution of government, (which may God forbid!) evidently it should be subordinate to every other necessary enterprise. In almost all nations, alas! but in France preëminently, it has taken precedence of all others. The change that seems to be setting in here is the best promise of her history, and it is a pledge of good to all Europe.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE GREAT CAMP-MEETING.

IN the latter part of a hot summer, far back toward the commencement of the present century, a camp-meeting was held in one of the upper counties of the eastern shore of Maryland. It began on Wednesday. At an early hour in the morning, the carts and wagons of the substantial yeomanry were in motion along the various roads leading to the consecrated spot. These vehicles were all heavily loaded with camp-furniture, such as tents, poles, tables, chairs, bedsteads, beds, straw; and boxes filled with juicy hams, dried beef, bread in large loaves, Maryland biscuit, crackers, cheese, &c., enough for a week's sojourn in the woods, with a liberal allowance for the demands of hospitality. In those days boarding-tents were unknown, as the stranger was welcome to the abundant provision on the same terms as he received the generous Gospel of Methodism—without money and without price.

As the day advanced the trains lengthened along the roads. A negro-servant rode one of the horses attached to each wagon. The farmer and his wife occupied a seat in front of the motley pile. The children frolicked on the beds, while aunt Patty, the cook, sat inside of the tail-board, and now and then ordered the youngsters, in a style of good-humored authority, to be more serious, as they were all *gwine* to camp. As they moved on the journey was cheered by the divine songs of Wesley and Watts, sung in that peculiar spirit and to those richly mellow tunes which have always found the way to men's hearts. Sometimes the negroes would have it all to themselves. Their clear strong voices rolled over the fields and through the neighboring woods; now in melancholy tones, and again in liveliest measure, making the whole country vocal with sacred music. The farm-dogs barked as the procession went by. Slaves, at work in the adjoining fields, caught the inspiring strains, and leaning on their hoes, with heads inclined to the hearing posture, listened with an eagerness that plainly showed the susceptibility of the African's soul to the concord of sweet religious sounds. At length, as the day wore away, one by one the wagons all came in. The noise of hammers and saws now be-

came incessant. Tent after tent went up until three complete circles were formed. Seats for the congregation, and a pulpit for the preachers, had been arranged some days before. The whole was roughly done, but the arrangement had evidently been made under the superintendence of a practiced eye. The pulpit stood on the lowest part of a gently-sloping ground, commanding a clear view of vast rows of unplanned boards, enough to seat at least two thousand worshippers. As the shades of night deepened through the encampment, four large fires, made of pine knots, blazed on high platforms covered with earth, and supported by poles at an elevation of ten feet. These altar-flames illuminated every part of the ground inclosed by the tents, and shed a soft light on the foliage of many an old oak of the surrounding forest.

And now began the first religious service. The people were called together by the blast of a horn. When they had assembled, to the number of a thousand or so, three or four preachers came from a tent, erected for the special accommodation of the ministering brethren. They took their seats in the rough pulpit, and presently one of the number arose and announced a hymn. It was not a piece of luscious poetry in which "grand old woods," or "purling streams," or "glowing stars," had anything to do, but a perfect battle-cry, summoning the militant host to an immediate onset. It began with the line—

"Hark how the watchmen cry."

The congregation sang it to a simple recitative, bold and animated as the hymn itself. Then followed the prayer, which gradually rose in feeling and earnestness, accompanied by the loud "Amens" of the people to its close. Another hymn, and then the sermon. It was addressed exclusively to the worshippers. They were reminded of the purpose which brought them there, the benefit that each might receive, and the good that all might do in the week to come. It was a calm, serious discourse, intended more for effect on the future exercises than for present excitement and impulse. It was more the quiet work of loading, priming, and aiming the piece, than letting it off for immediate execution. When the sermon was finished, the people, wearied by the toils of

the day, retired to their tents to refresh themselves for the spiritual fight on the morrow. The lamps that hung from the pulpit-front were blown out. The fires burned dimly on the high platforms, until at last the flames flickered for a moment and then expired. The lights in the tents were gradually extinguished, and the sounds of the camp became less and less. Here and there a voice was heard singing some favorite air, or uttering the last prayer for the night. Now some mischievous maiden, excited to merriment by the sight of her novel sleeping apartment, burst into a clear laugh that rang quite through the woods. But at length these noises all died away, and the camp was perfectly still, excepting the cricket that chirped on the ground, the frogs that sang in the forks of the trees, and that curious tribe of insects that kept up a perpetual contradiction through the night on the long-disputed question as to what Katy did or Katy did n't. The stars darted sweet rays through the branches of the old forest oaks, and the night was calm and holy. It seemed the fulfillment of prophecy,—“My people shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.”

Before the sun rose the negro servants were out preparing the morning meal. Numerous fires blazed beyond the circle of the tents. Tea-kettles were suspended from horizontal poles nailed to upright stakes; and while the work went on the sable cooks kept up a brisk conversation, and sang and laughed in merriest mood. At five o'clock two men marched round the ground, passing the door of every tent, winding their horns as they walked to rouse the sleepers within. In another hour the voice of prayer and praise was heard from three hundred canvas dwellings. Fifty different meters were sung at the same time, making a discord that might rival the burlesque music of any training day. Yet nothing was further from the thoughts of the devout worshippers, for it was the time for family devotion, which was regularly observed notwithstanding the whole business of the meeting was worship. Then came the breakfast—a cheerful meal, eaten by some under the tents, by others from rough tables spread beneath the trees. After breakfast the whole encampment wore a most social aspect. Gray-haired men sat with their wives at the rear opening of the tents.

each enjoying the sedative influence of a pipe. The children ran from tent to tent, making each others' acquaintance with the rapidity with which children only can do it. Here might be seen a small company talking with kindled hearts of the good old days when the sword of the Lord gleamed two-edged from the mouths of Boardman, and Rankin, and Shadford. There was a clump of men and boys listening to a debate which began spontaneously between a fellow who had somewhere picked up a copy of Paine's *Age of Reason*, and a zealous brother who was as unskillful in answering infidel objections as the first was in stating them. The preachers sat in their tent discussing some crabbed point in divinity, while he who was appointed to preach the first sermon of the day was on his knees in a corner, with an open Bible, devoutly preparing for his work.

And now the horns again sounded—a signal for a general gathering in front of the pulpit for the morning prayer-meeting. After one or two hymns and prayers the great work seemed fairly begun. Within a square inclosure which bore the very dissimilar names of an “*altar*” and a “*pen*,” several women and one man kneeled and prayed for mercy in a style of earnestness that went to all hearts. Faithful men of good reputation, and pious women explained to them the gate of life and the way of entering therein, while the rest by turns sang and prayed. As the service became more animated, the mourning ones seemed to go from depth to depth of distress, until a mere philosopher, who might otherwise view the scene with indifference or contempt, would be moved to pity by the sight of such an intense sorrow. But it was not of long continuance. The youngest of the women, beautiful at any time, but doubly handsome in her grief, soon became exhausted, and fell back with upturned face in the lap of a middle-aged matron. Her prayer, to all outward appearance, entirely ceased. Her large dark eyes expanded as she gazed upward. It seemed like the beginning of a celestial trance. For a few moments not a limb nor a muscle of her face moved. At length the red flush of agony passed from her countenance, and she grew pale as a corpse. A very young physician who stood outside of the inclosure watching the scene became alarmed, and said she was dying.

His opinion soon circulated through the crowd, and the fear became general. Even the mothers in Israel who had often witnessed such exercises began to be uneasy. Their fears, however, were soon relieved; for presently a gleam of light animated her pale countenance, and then another and another. At last her entire face was steadily illuminated. A dead silence fell upon the crowd as they gazed upon those fixed eyes, that seemed to penetrate far, far into the bliss of the eternal heavens. Then her eyelids began to move, and then her lips; and then with a soft silvery voice, that brought tears from the eyes of every spectator, she slowly said—

“T is Love! ’t is Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art.”

A shout from scores of voices told the general joy inspired by the scene. Instantly the whole assembly began to sing, in a manner that science might scorn, but the influence of which few could resist—

“My God is reconciled;
His pard’ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.”

While the congregation sang this divine hymn of Charles Wesley over the redeemed spirit of this fair girl, her aged father came and kneeled by her side, and wept as he never wept before. She was the last of his children, and the last to experience that mysterious change at which the gay, the skeptical, and the profane may scoff, but which is as real as any fact of the solid world. His presence and affecting manner by the side of his happy child gave an almost insupportable interest to the occasion. Tears that fell in drops before now ran from all eyes in streams; and as if by sacred sympathy, or a more direct power from on high, the mourning of all the rest was turned into joy. It was the very “*oil of joy*”—joy’s finest, purest extract. The careless as they looked on grew thoughtful, and pious purposes began to throb in many a heart that had never felt the force of the religious sentiment before. The prayer-meeting was brought to an irregular close, and hearty congratulations were heard through-

out the camp that the great work was so happily begun.

By this time, besides the regulars on the ground, an immense number had come from a circle of twenty miles round to hear the morning sermon. Numerous vehicles of every style were crowded together in the woods outside of the tents. Horses stamped and neighed as they stood hitched to the branches and trunks of trees. Spaniels threaded their lithe forms through the promenading masses, while occasionally the interest of the scene would vary by a sudden set-to between surly terriers, whose fighting growl bore a most striking resemblance to the squeezed curses of angry men. At ten o'clock the horns were blown, and in a few minutes every seat was filled. A tall young man, of pale, thin features, yet serious and dignified in manner, rose and read the hymn in a devout sort of monotone, but with a voice that faltered with excitement. He was evidently frightened by the sea of faces before him, and would gladly have given place to one of larger experience and firmer nerves. His prayer was trembling, but fervent and well expressed. The congregation sympathized with his ill-concealed fear. Some were seized with a fit of coughing. Others prayed so loud that he could hardly be heard, and others again responded to his petitions sometimes in and sometimes awkwardly out of place. An animated hymn followed the prayer, after which the youthful preacher rose and read his text,—“*The exceeding riches of His grace.*” It was evident that his trembling had passed away, and that the equilibrium of his mind was restored. As he proceeded to disclose the treasures of the divine mercy, attention soon became fixed, first in and around the “*altar,*” then it gradually deepened far out in the audience, until finally those who occupied the most remote seats were seen with necks unconsciously lengthened, and hands behind their ears to catch each winged word. It was that quiet, earnest hearing that never fails to react on the passion of the speaker. He had passed all danger of failure, and was conscious of it. Tears glistened in his eyes, and answering drops began to fall on every part of the ground. But when he described the scene of the great sacrifice—the deep death-pains of the mighty sufferer—the supernatural dark-

ness—the rent rocks—the astonishment of the solitary priest who saw the temple’s veil torn asunder without a visible hand; and, last of all, stern Justice shaking hands with pitying Mercy directly over the fallen head of the Saviour, the people saw and felt that “*Jesus Christ had been evidently set forth and crucified among them.*” There was no tinsel in his words—no mere glittering sentences. It was the simple eloquence of a soul in sympathy with the subject, and the effect beggared all description. Many sobbed aloud. Women wept with soft, subdued voices, as if the crucifixion had been actually reproduced, and a thousand Marys were there to witness it. Gentlemanly-looking men, unused to tears, buried their faces in white handkerchiefs. The contagion became general, and at last the stern hearts of great athletic fellows gave way, and they stood and wept as I have seen men weep in their dotage. In the height of the excitement the young preacher, overcome by the spirit he had raised, lost all power of self-support, and as he fell was caught in the arms of a venerable minister, who wept over him with more than the tenderness of a father’s love. The service closed, and the people retired with burning hearts. Some threw themselves on beds and wept alone. Others assembled in the largest tents, and sang and prayed, forgetful of the midday meal; while in such places where the coarse work of dining was attended to, the sermon was the only topic of conversation. Old men said they never heard anything to compare with it—an opinion they had given of at least a hundred forgotten discourses. Mothers in Israel thought the days of Pedicord and Gill were surely come again; and pious young ladies, whose love of the preacher was a mixed affection, partly spiritual and partly girlish, thought him everything to be desired. The negroes behind the pulpit with one voice declared that they never knew a man who was better “*rough-shod wid de preparation of de Gospel;*” and old Sampson, the black patriarch, summed up the general opinion by saying that “*he was a mighty man of God, set for de rise of thousands in Israel.*”

At three o'clock the horns sounded again for the assembling of the people. After the usual devotional exercises, a preacher of fair reputation for talent rose

and read a text. It was feared, however, by those who had some knowledge of our emotional nature, that the effort would fail. Two intense excitements of the same kind are hardly possible within the compass of a few hours. The strained bow needs relaxing to gather strength for a new trial. The preacher himself felt the discouraging effect of the morning discourse, for the tide of feeling had reached its highest mark, and was now only at half-ebb. He saw that it was vain to attempt to roll it backward, so he threw himself on the retiring flood, and quietly went down with it. His sermon was as dull as the first was animated; and if things material may be compared with things spiritual, it was the lumbering roll of a heavy wagon after the express-train had gone by. Before it was half through many yawned, more slept; the negroes snored, and the brethren in the pulpit worried through the hour by listless gazing, and ineffectual efforts to shake off the spirit of slumber. "Come, brederin," said old Sampson to his flock, "wake up, wake up; here is de patience of de saints, and let patience have her perfect work."

In this way the meeting went on; at one time glowing with fervor, and at another so flat and spiritless, that some were tempted to think that former raptures had left them rather justly exposed to the ridicule of the profane.

At last Saturday evening came, and the negroes, released from the toils of the field, came to swell the number of their more favored brethren who had come with their masters on the first day. It has been intimated before that they were separated from the whites, the latter worshipping in front of the pulpit, and their colored brethren occupying a space immediately in the rear. The only inconvenience of their position was, that they could not well see the preacher; and, therefore, though they generally were at no loss to hear, yet they missed the sparkling face and animated gestures of the speaker. At the close of the evening discourse, the whites held a prayer-meeting in and around the "altar." A hundred penitents of both sexes there wept and prayed under the open sky. The presiding elder, with calm earnestness, moved among the crowd, and was seen at short intervals cutting notches in a stick. No one seemed to understand this mysterious

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use of the penknife, until, at a late hour of the night, he announced that seventy souls had been turned from darkness to light during that single meeting! In the meantime the blacks kept their position behind the stand. Here they sang, and once in a great while kneeled and prayed; but singing seemed the favorite exercise. And such singing! Reader, have you ever heard a thousand negroes sing "The old ship Zion," or, "Angels shout the harvest home," or, "I want to die in the army of the Lord?" If you have, then are sounds still lingering in your memory that will never die away until oblivion covers all you have ever known or heard. Talk praisingly of amateur singers, at a thousand a-year, leading the devotions, or rather *performing* for the gratification of a fashionable church! Why, the choir of St. Peter's never surpassed the melody, ay, and harmony too, of these children of Ham on that Saturday night. A single voice gave the key-note, and led on the ravishing sounds. Now it was heaven, with its gates of pearl and streets of gold—the happy meeting of friends on the celestial pavements—the song of triumph over sorrow, pain, and death. Now again old Sampson stood on a chair, and gave out in a mournful, half-singing tone, like sounds from the sepulcher, the terrible words of Watts:—

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead," &c.

Instantly some doleful tune caught up the lines, and they were sung with a funeral-like solemnity that seemed to befit the obsequies of a lost spirit. Another followed this, which, if it was not purely extemporaneous, certainly never came from poet's pen. And yet there was a gloomy grandeur in the tune, giving an irresistible terror to the words. As Lamartine said of the Marseillaise, "It was like the noise of a flapping flag recently dipped in blood." It began—

"O, poor sinner! you can't stand the fire,
You can't stand the fire of that great day!"

As this song of the world's doom hurried on like a storm of wind and flame on the prairies, white men grew pale,—masters trembled for once under the power of slave voices; and some, unable to endure the warning notes of that dreadful music, took to their heels and ran away. As it drew to a close, it suddenly turned to a

tone of triumph, and in still deeper notes they sang,—

"O, my Saviour! when the world's on fire,
We'll rise o'er the flames in that great day."

In this bounding strain the song ended, but not the excitement. Some leaped into the air; others rolled on the ground. Coarse frocks were torn to tatters, and the sudden jerks of ebony necks seemed violent enough to throw heads from shoulders with the force of a catapult. The services continued until a late hour, and it was near two in the morning before the sounds of sorrow and joy were so far subdued that the myriad insect choir reassumed the music of night in the woods.

At ten the next day the horns sounded for preaching. It was a clear, calm, sultry Sabbath. The intense heat everywhere quivered on the air. Each road leading to the camp-ground was filled with carriages of all kinds, from the flashing silver-mounted coach of the country nabob, to the rickety creaking cart of the free negro. The dust rose in clouds, and powdered the trees, fences, corn-blades, and grass, as if the dry heavens had rained down the ashes of a burned world. Notwithstanding the dust, the concourse swelled until within the circle of the tents stood a packed mass of sweating humanity. It was a meeting of every class of society that the country could send out. The village idlers, who usually kept the Sabbath in tavern bar-rooms; village lawyers, doctors, and students; military men, some of whom had seen service, and numerous colonels and majors who had seen the enemy at a safe distance; gay ladies and gentlemen of ease from town and farm, and worthless fellows of every sort, were there. But decidedly the most noted of that vast assembly were the two rival candidates for a seat in the next Congress. One of them was a high-Churchman, who, when asked by a Methodist of opposite politics what brought *him* there, swore he was not so hide-bound but he could worship with true Christians any where. The other was a regular gambler, of genteel appearance and winning manners. He spent part of the time beyond the tents begging for votes. At other times he would be seen listening with serious attention to the pious exhortations of good men, who really began to hope that he would be among the converts before sundown!

The great interest of the morning was the expected discourse from the presiding elder, a man in those days of little less consequence than a bishop. Indeed, he was regarded as a kind of cross between a bishop and an ordinary presbyter, having all the dignity of the latter, and sharing the authority of the former. The great official who ruled at this meeting was one of the first of his class. His opinions on all questions in divinity and Church government were respected by the people, not, indeed, as infallible, but certainly never in the wrong. Even in politics, it was generally thought safest to let him alone, for he had read the "Federalist," and it was keenly suspected by many that he had read the Constitution too. Indeed, he sometimes talked so gravely about the *spirit* of the Constitution, that the boys of the family were afraid to go to bed without a candle. But, reader, if your soul has anything like a faculty for appreciating the magnificent, you should have seen him in the chair of a quarterly-meeting conference, and witnessed the sublimest manner of enforcing parliamentary rules, and putting the roll of regular questions. Many an humble applicant for preaching orders was scared outright by the rotund style in which he asked, Are there any applications for license to preach? But when he put the question, with a rumbling emphasis on each "r" of the sentence, Are there any recommendations to travel? the shivering candidate for a circuit wished himself about as far off as travel could take him.

The presiding elder preached the morning sermon. His text was an insignificant circumstance of no consequence whatever. The Five Points of Calvinism were the main subjects, and these were filed off with a rasp coarse enough to complete an operation in horse-shoeing. The props were knocked from under the Saybrook platform with the power of a battering-ram. Calvin was hung in effigy for the particular gratification of a number of Presbyterians who had come to the service. The Baptists were treated to a ducking, which would have made the feeder on locusts and wild honey protest against such a drowning immersion. Next came the high-Churchman's turn—and verily he was not spared. His dignified arrogance was rebuked by a series of compliments which cannot here be named.

His "*venerable liturgy*" was degraded to a very useful book for—lighting pipes! And the apostolic succession was compared to a putrid stream, into which no decent duck would dare to venture. In this animated style he went on for two hours, dealing dole to all heresies and heresiarchs, and finally closed with an account of the forces of Methodism. Statistics are usually dry; but in this instance the detailed numbers of bishops, traveling preachers, local preachers, and members, roused the denominational feeling, which broke forth in a shout, when he added in triumph that the time was near when the globe itself would be divided into conferences, presiding-elders' districts, circuits, and stations.

The sermon ended, and then followed the Sunday dinner—a cold repast, as cooking was strictly forbidden. But there was no lack of generous fare, and no lack of company to devour it. At the tables the discourse, as usual, was the topic of conversation. No one pretended to deny that the preacher had cried *aloud*, and *spared not*. Calvinism was thought by all, excepting the Calvinists themselves, to be quite crushed out. The high-Church candidate for Congress took aside an influential local preacher, and desired him to present his thanks to the old gentleman for his eloquent sermon, which he thought could not be beaten, even by the most learned of the reverend clergy.

The sermon of the afternoon differed widely from the rambling discourse of the morning. The preacher was a plain, unpretending man; fluent in speech, and full of zeal. He was simple enough to regard the Gospel as placed in his hands for no other purpose than saving souls; and he went to his work with the earnestness with which a fireman rescues a family from a burning house. His first remark, however, was of such an extraordinary character as to unsettle the gravity of every face: "I shall not get far into my discourse," said he, "before you grammarians will see that I know nothing about grammar; but if I don't preach a new grammar to your souls before I have done with you, then there's no devil in London." Whatever may have been the spirit of this singular exordium, its style was certainly not quite apostolic. But it served its purpose. It was a rough example of what is recommended by writers on hom-

iletics—a striking remark at the beginning to secure the ears of the audience. This was the only quaint saying of the whole discourse, and accordingly educated men soon began to feel the imperfections of the speaker's language; but it was not long before they felt far deeper the divinely electric force of Gospel truth. The great uncultivated mass saw nothing but their sins, their doom, and, before he was done, the great door of escape. Trembling seized on some. Many turned pale, like men who feel the first throes of an earthquake. Others fell like men in battle, and not a few hastened away from the scene, struggling with the triple emotions of anger, remorse, and fear. It was an hour never to be forgotten. Years afterward, men of unblamable life rose in many a love-feast, far and near, to tell how on that hot Sunday, and driven by that terrible warning, they had renounced their wicked habits, and betaken themselves to the ways of piety. And since then, a score of dying scenes have been illuminated with the hope of immortality, which, but for that unlettered discourse, had perhaps been darkened with the gloom and despair of unpardoned sin.

I shall detain the reader but a moment longer, to tell him how the meeting closed. Early on Tuesday the trumpets were blown for the last time. The dwellers in every tent came forth for praise, and prayer, and the sad farewell. The presiding elder rose and read the hymn,—

"Bless'd be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love," &c.

It was sung with sorrowful tenderness. After prayer, the old gentleman stood up and delivered the last address. He exhorted aged Christians to run the remainder of their race with accelerated speed, and reminded them of the Olympic racers, who, as they approached the goal, ran the faster for the prize. Middle-aged professors, strong to labor, were bidden to go with fresh zeal to the vineyard work. The young were guarded against the seductive influence of the world; and to impress the warning, he told them the story of the Syrens, with a little too much minuteness, and exhorted them, like Ulysses, to stop their ears against the ravishing sounds; or, like Orpheus, to overcome the enchantment by the countercharm of heavenly music. The new converts, of whatever

age, were urged to go on to perfection, as the best means of securing what they had received. And, last of all, an appeal was made which sent a pang to the hearts of those poor fellows who had hung round the camp for days without yielding to the celestial influence which they knew had been all but irresistible. To say the truth, excepting a little harmless pedantry, this closing address was good and well-timed. At the close of it, the preachers formed themselves into line, two abreast, and began to march round the space inclosed by the tents. The congregation followed in the same order. As they moved on, the presiding elder gave out, two lines at a time, the hymn commencing,

"And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair," &c.

It was sung with a sorrowing joy; for the pain of parting, and the hope of meeting one day in far other groves, throbbled in every heart. After twice walking the circuit of the ground, the preachers halted in front of the pulpit, and stood in a line to shake hands with the people as they passed. This was the climax of interest. The procession was a long time going by, as many lingered for the pleasure of holding the hand of their favorite minister, while they promised to meet him on the banks of the crystal river. One young lady, of about fifteen years, took both hands of the preacher, whose sermon had awakened her to a new life, and most dolefully cried, "O my father! my father!" The incident unsealed the fountains of all eyes, and especially his to whose ministry she was a seal, a joy, and a crown. Presently the negroes came on, singing as they passed,—

"I'll meet you over Jordan, •
Where pleasure never dies."

The parting scene was at an end. In a short time the tents were taken down, and the crowd were on their way home, leaving behind them the relics of a deserted camp, here and there a solitary tent-pole, the platforms where the fires had gone out for the last time, and numerous heaps of trodden straw to mark the spot where battles had been fought and won, such as the Alexanders, Tamerlanes, and Napoleons of the earth never dreamed of, but the monuments of which shall endure when glories merely human shall be renounced, despised, and forgotten.

[For the National Magazine.]

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

BY ALICE CARY.

WITH a thin strip of woods on one side dividing it from a dusty lane, and with almost interminable fields and orchards on the other, stood, as many years ago as I can remember, the big substantial brick house of John Fisher. It was situated a mile or more from the main road, and the main road was neither turnpike nor railroad, but simply a clay road that wound its crooked way from one town to another, and where strangers were seldom seen to pass. Sometimes a small speculator, whistling between two stout horses and some fifty wooden clocks, traveled the road, and left a clock at each house, warranted to keep time for six months, during which time it was to serve gratis. Great was the delight among the children on such occasions, and it seemed that they would never have done listening to the striking, and gazing at the brightly-painted pictures of Louis Philippe or Josephine, as the case might be. I am not sure that these peddlers were not public benefactors, as the passing of one of them through such obscure neighborhoods was something like the drifting of a green branch in the path of Columbus, speaking of a world they knew nothing about.

From the day the clock began to shine and count out the hours from the mantel-piece, or the top of the bureau, the mechanical genius of the boys received an impetus, and water-wheels began to work along the brooks, and weather-cocks to veer to the winds on the gables of smoke-house and barn. The young women accomplished more in a given time, and tasks of spinning and knitting and sewing were measured off by the hour; and not unfrequently they made the dress and hair of Josephine models for their own fashions. The farmer and his wife would even sleep by the clock, which was in fact the promoter of general order and precision in all things. The very style of harness worn by the clock peddler's horses was oftentimes happily suggestive, and his snug little wagon, gave birth to thought of other little wagons, that took form and color in the course of time. O, they have been too much abused—those Yankee clock-peddlers!

Once in a long time some one of these men instinctively found out the house of John Fisher, and with a fine specimen of his wares beneath his arm knocked at the door; but Mrs. Fisher would never suffer a clock to be placed between the two iron candlesticks that ornamented her mantel-piece—not she. She would not suffer her eyes to dwell on the green dress and the graceful plumes of the painted lady which lent the chief glory to the clock—it was not worth while—John had a good silver watch, and that was enough. Sometimes Sally Fisher would stop her wheel when she heard the sound of the peddler's wagon coming up to the dusty gate, for strange wheels made strange, welcome noises to her ears, so seldom was it a visitor came. She would stop, and, with heart beating thick, listen to what her mother said, hoping the peddler's eloquence might not all be lost, and that their own big room might be ornamented with a clock as well as the best rooms of the other well-to-do people of the neighborhood. She never dared to speak from the window where she listened, and ask what use to them was father's silver watch when he had it always in his pocket. Sally was obedient and reverential, and never questioned the procedure of her parents—never at least out of her own heart.

There were two or three parlors in the neighborhood the windows and tables of which were ornamented with printed muslin curtains and covers; but when the same peddler of whom they were bought came to John Fisher's house he found no sale for his goods. Mrs. Fisher could buy cheaper in town, and so perhaps she could, thought Sally, but she never will; and Sally was right, she never did, and year after year the big room had no ornaments but its myrtle pots, and the green boughs which in summer Sally placed on the hearth.

By these things you will see the severe frugality of the Fishers, and understand the narrow and hard circuit in which Sally trod and trod. Few enough were her holidays, few enough her pleasures, and yet she had a heart that a small thing would fill to overflowing. Once or twice in the year she went with her pocket-handkerchief tied on her head to visit some neighbor, and once in long while she walked with her father to the meeting in the log school-house at the cross-roads. But for the most part Sally staid at home,

working hard and saying little. The Fishers were not people who talked much—it interfered with the great object of their lives—work. Circumstances, however, nor education, nor nothing else could keep Sally from thinking for herself, and in spite of her father's strict supervision she often exchanged sly glances with the young men who occupied the benches opposite the women's side of the school-house. Never one of them dared to walk home with her, however much they admired her at a distance. Once, indeed, she was permitted to go to the circuit preaching alone, with the consent, but not with the hearty good-will of her parents. She would come as straight home as she could come, she said, as she raised her faded green parasol at the door, and under it smiled herself away, carefully holding up her white frock.

Happy enough for a time she felt, and much less frequently she made exploring expeditions with her free glances than she was used to do when they were so carefully restricted: very modest and pretty was her behavior, and no one could see the need of the guardianship usually exercised over her. She poured all her full soul out in the hymn, and at the close of the service shook hands with two or three young women she knew, and cordially pressed them to come and visit her. She would not have done this if her father had been with her; but it was her nature to be generous and cordial, and she deemed not that she did any wrong.

A week was not gone since she gave the invitation, when two of the young women she met at the meeting came to visit her. "A pretty pass things have come to," said Mrs. Fisher, "if our Sally is to gad about as she pleases, and have young men that nobody knows, and good-for-nothing girls flocking here all the time, hindering us all to no profit!" Little pleasure had Sally in seeing her friends as she was permitted to see them. There was no ceasing from her work—no laughing that was not under breath, and no extra dishes for the supper—all was hard and dry; and when the visitors found themselves walking down the dusty lane away from the house that was so empty and cold they felt relieved. And Sally was relieved too. In silence she thought of the pretty dresses they wore, and felt how much she would like to have a new

one even half as expensive, but she dared not breathe her thought.

She had been indulged in extravagance enough for one while, her parents thought, in being allowed to go to meeting alone, and to fill the house with visitors at her pleasure.

And the brothers of Sally went from setting wheels to work in the brooks, and weathercocks to fluttering on the gable of the barn, out into the world to set more complicated wheels running, and sometimes to flutter and shift like weathercocks themselves. The days were longer now, and the nights wearier than they used to be, and the heart of Sally was sobered somewhat, though her nature was not changed—only subdued. She dreamed—as all women must dream—it would be a pleasant thing to go to meeting every Sunday, to have a clock in her own home, and more than all, to have some one there to love her, some one to make her happy.

Her parents forgot that they had ever wanted the same things, and that they had obtained the greatest of all in each other, and they thought it strange that Sally should not be satisfied with their satisfaction, and that she should have a nature of her own to care for. Themselves had loved and married, but for Sally to do, or even to think of the same thing, would be outrageous.

She was twenty-five years old when she sat by the fire one night knitting, and listening to the wind as it drove through the leafless trees, and the snow as it sifted against the windows. Her hair was growing thin and faded, and the brightness of her early smile had worn down into patience, and the restlessness of her early hopes was subdued to quiet. The faded green parasol she carried to meeting five years before was laid carefully among dried rose-leaves in the drawer. The white dress was there too, and there was not much besides to be seen there—a piece of ribbon, a cambric collar, a ruffle or two, and that was all.

Her eyes were fixed on her work, and perhaps her thoughts too, for they wandered less than they used, and dreamily she heard the wind and the snow. There was a creaking at the gate, a step up the pathway, a rapping at the door, and a tall handsome stranger stood before the little silent and astonished household. A shining gun was slung over one shoulder,

and at his heels came a large dog that stopped as he stopped, and sat upright and panting at his feet.

To make the story short, we will say simply the stranger was a poor, but generous and impulsive young man, shooting game as he traveled about the country in search of his fortune.

Idle days and adventures of one sort and another had brought him to the two last shillings that were in the bottom of his purse, and he was now in search of work and a home. Anything he was willing to do, and at any price Mr. Fisher might be pleased to pay.

As the reader will guess there was plenty of hard work to do on the farm of John Fisher at any time of the year, after a good deal of consultation and hesitancy on the part of the elder Fisher the young man, whose name was Thomas Battershall, was employed for a limited period.

When he worked, the young man gave farmer Fisher great satisfaction; and when Sunday, or evening, or any other idle time came, he was to his employer equally unsatisfactory; for whatever he did he did with all his might, and swung himself on a grapevine as heartily as he swung the scythe. He did nothing by halves, nothing grudgingly; when he laughed he laughed in earnest, and when he played he played in earnest. In the times I write of it was customary for laboring men to carry with them to the field or the barn, or wherever their work was, a jug of whisky, and to drink from it as often as inclination required. Thomas Battershall had his jug as well as the rest.

"Tom is not worth the whisky he drinks," said Mr. John Fisher one day, "and when the term of his engagement expires I shall turn him off."

"I never saw him the worse of drink I am sure," replied Sally, trembling, and turning her blushing face away from her father.

"It appears to me, Sally," said the father angrily, "you always have something to say in favor of every drunken scamp that comes in your way." He was silent a moment, and then added, "He will have to do better than he has done if he don't get sent adrift—that is all."

Tom was now heard whistling to his dog. "Hear the fool!" continued Mr. Fisher; "I wish that dog was dead!"

"It's a pity if Tom can't have even a

dog to comfort him," said Sally, and she went angrily away.

That night, when Tom said he had done a big day's work at chopping, Mr. Fisher asked him if he had not also done a big day's work at drinking; and without further notice he produced his leather bag, counted out twenty dollars, and placing them before Tom told him he might go as soon as he liked.

It was a wild March night, the lights and shadows were fighting each other among the clouds, and neither quite getting the mastery, when at the door of the front room, where the dry myrtle-pots set on the hearth, there came a timid rap, and a moment after, his gun in his hand, and his dog at his heels, Thomas Battershall went softly in.

It was not the first time by any means he had talked there with Sally; but let the other times pass. We have only to do with this.

"O Thomas!" sobbed the girl, coming forward and taking the young man's hand, "what will become of you? what will become of you?"

"I do n't care what becomes of me," replied Thomas with tenderest emotion, and folding the head of the weeping girl close to his bosom as he spoke.

"But where will you go?" she said directly.

"If away from you, Sally," he answered, "it do n't matter where—one place will be the same as another."

"What shall I do? what shall I do?" said the poor girl; "home was so desolate before you came, and now I shall die!"

"Dear Sally," said the young man, kissing the forehead that was upturned beneath his lips, "it is a very cruel fate that forces me out alone into this great world, away from all that is dear to me, all I care to live for—away from you, Sally."

"O you must not go, dear Thomas!" whispered Sally; "I cannot stay here when you are gone."

"If I were not the poor wanderer I am, if I had a home, had even a roof to shelter me," said Thomas, folding the poor girl closer and closer, "I would ask you to share it with me; but I have nothing—nothing, dearest, but poverty and my love."

"Do you love me, then?" exclaimed Sally; "tell me so again."

He did tell her so again and again.

"Then," said she, "I have all I want,

and to the end of the world I will go with you."

Half an hour passed, and the silence of the old parlor was not disturbed by even a whisper. The following day it was found that Sally was gone, green parasol, white dress, and all.

Twenty dollars was not much to begin life with, and our runaways began it very humbly, of course. They scorned to go far; they would show the old folks that they were not ashamed—that they had done nothing wrong, and could earn a living for themselves. A small patch of ground, and a poor little cabin were hired half a mile or so from the cross-roads and the log school-house, and for a time there was no happier pair than they in the world.

The very dog barked at the moon as if he were as good as she, and stretched himself at the door-stone as if he had sunless treasures within to guard. But a sad truth must be told—alas for the prospective happiness of our young housekeepers!—the last sixpence of the twenty dollars was spent for whisky.

It was against Sally's better knowledge; but poor Tom must have something to comfort him, she said, and she was sure he had little enough.

March came again, wild and stormy, and Sally lay all day on her sick bed, and night came; and with no light but the fire-light to see the bright little round baby that was come to bless her, she lay in quiet happiness.

"There is not a tea-spoon full of tea in the house, madam," said the nurse, querulously lifting the steaming kettle from the coals; and she went on, turning her frowning face toward Sally, "it is too bad of your husband to go off and leave you so, and without so much as a tea-spoonful of tea in the house. He deserves to be despised of everybody."

Sally had not groaned for herself, but she groaned aloud now for poor Tom, saying pleadingly, "Don't! O don't! he can't get everything, my dear friend."

"No, but he could get a little tea for his sick wife if he deserved to be called a man; and I'll be bound the whisky-jug is not empty. The wretch, I wish he might fall down and break the old jug to pieces the first time he goes to get it filled."

For a good while after the baby was born the whisky-jug stood empty, partly

because of the new happiness that came to the father, and, it must be confessed, partly because the jug could nowhere be found. For her own private satisfaction, and not that she desired or expected to reform the villainous husband, the nurse-empres had hidden it, whispering the deed only in the ear of *her* baby, to whom, by the way, she communicated many other important matters, much past his little ability to comprehend.

How happy they were in their new happiness!—the sweet, sweet pleasure may not be written nor told. The pretty quarrel, which was no quarrel at all, about the baby's name was settled at last; and the mother relinquished her fond desire to name him Thomas to the preference of his father, whose choice it was to call their boy Cyrus. It was a great day to them both, a great day to all the neighborhood, when the baby was carried to the log school-house and christened. What a world of little fine stitches there were in the white dress that was made out of the mother's old one, and how carefully and proudly the father held the old green parasol between the sunshine and the soft cheeks and winking eyes of the darling whom he was sure nobody could see and not love. In the shadow of every tree he paused as they went along to ask the young mother if she thought there ever was so bright and promising a boy as theirs.

"If he does as well as he looks," she would say, "I shall be, O, so thankful!"

And then for a little way Thomas Battershall would walk very fast—perhaps resolving within himself that his pretty boy should have a good example. He knew not his own weakness—poor Thomas Battershall.

Much they wondered, as they went along, whether or not their offended parents would be at the meeting, and yet they were sure they would be there; how could they stay away when their sweet little baby was to be christened. They would be there, father and mother both; and they would come and kiss the child, and bless them by saying they forgave them, as they never had said; and then, thought Sally, we will need nothing more to perfect our joy.

And the sermon was preached, and the hymn sung by as many as could get into the house; and little Cyrus was baptized

with water, and afterward by the kisses of nearly all the congregation. But John Fisher and his wife were not there; they refused even to look upon the face of their unwelcome grandchild.

But the baby grew none the less for dearth of their kisses, mistaken and hard old folks that they were; and his mother was *almost* perfectly happy as she sat with him on her knee, and in his wide-open, wondering eyes read the promise of great things to be.

When a year old he could toddle about the room and say "papa," O, so prettily and so plainly. But often and often there were tears in the mother's eyes when he called thus confidingly, for often and often it happened that no father was there. The lost jug had been found and filled many and many a time, and many and many a time there had been no tea-spoonful of tea in the house since the nurse-empres went away. And Sally would tell her boy that father would come directly, knowing all the time that he would not; and if he grew impatient she would softly smooth his curls, as he pillowed his head on her bosom, and, smiling in his baby beauty, fall asleep.

Sometimes on the grass at the door, and sometimes in the hearth-light, the old dog would play with little Cyrus for an hour, and this was all the playmate he had. Plenty of little children there were in the neighborhood, but their parents would not allow them to play with a drunkard's child. When he was old enough to go to school, his beauty and quick parts made him friends, and for a while he had playfellows enough. But by-and-by came envy and jealousy—for there is no log school-house so low that these bad spirits will not go into it; and so it came about that little Cyrus often sat alone in the shade, and thought of his ragged coat, when all the other children were at play. The games were easily made up without Cyrus; there was no place for him, poor boy.

One day a bluff, bad boy told him outright they did not want him in the play.

"Why don't you want me?" asked the child, piteously; "I havn't done anything, have I?"

"You have got a drunken father, and your grandpap won't own you," answered the boy in his coarse vulgarity; "so you may play with whom you can."

Cyrus hung down his head and went away, and never afterward asked the boys why he could not play.

Poor Sally cried more bitterly for her boy than she ever had for herself when he told her what had been said to him, and asked what a drunkard was, and why his grandfather would not own him.

On the whole, this selfish conduct on the part of his mates was a help to Cyrus; and the less he played, the more he studied and thought, so that when he was twelve years old his master said he was the best scholar in school.

About this time the hope Sally had always cherished, that her parents would yet be reconciled to her marriage, and perhaps help poor Thomas to a few acres of ground, died, and was buried in despair with the rest of her hopes.

They not only refused all their daughter's overtures, but cut off all prospective peace, by adopting, as their own, a pretty orphan girl, about the age of her own Cyrus.

Jenette Miller was the name of the black-eyed beauty and heiress; for it was no secret in the neighborhood that her foster-parents designed to settle upon her the bulk of their property, cutting Sally off without a farthing, and giving very little to the sons, whose wheels had worked well in the world, and made fortunes for their owners. Sally tried to hope that Thomas would strive more earnestly for himself when he knew that, outside of himself, there was no hope. It was not to be expected, however; and, if anything, Thomas did worse than before.

He did not care a straw, he said, whether the old folks gave him a cent or not; and so he filled his whisky-jug anew, and drank with his thoughtless companions, and laughed boisterously at the little littleness of old John Fisher.

Sometimes Sally thought, or tried to think, if her father would only give Thomas a few hundred dollars it would strengthen his hands and soften his heart, and make another man of him—his nature needed encouragement, she said, and one good word said for him would do more than a thousand against him. And whether or not Sally was right, nobody agreed with her.

Whether to press the truth of things upon the heart of Sally more painfully, or for what cause we cannot tell, but Mr. and Mrs. Fisher took evident pleasure in

giving the pretty Jenette every expensive article of dress or ear-rings, hat or ribbon, her childish fancy coveted.

The first morning she went to school, it was with a heart overflowing with curiosity to see Cyrus Battershall—her parents had told her she must never speak to him, nor look at him, as long as she lived, and, of course, she had said she would not. He must be very wicked, she thought, and doubtless she should know him at once by a black face, a crooked mouth, or some other deformity.

She could not read her book till the noon came, so much did she wonder if Cyrus were there, and why she could not pick him out if he were. When the playing was begun, after the bread and butter had been dispatched, every group began pulling at Jenette; for all thought it would be a distinguishing honor to play with Jenette Miller.

But Jenette said, No; she must not play that day. The truth was, she feared coming in contact with Cyrus.

All the morning she had felt her heart drawn toward one little boy more than all the rest; and when she saw him sitting alone in the shadow of a tree with his books, she skipped up to him, and asked him if he would tell her which of the boys was Cyrus Battershall?

"Why?" said Cyrus, his eyes filling with tearful wonder.

"Because," answered Jenette, "my father and mother told me I must not play with him."

Cyrus wiped away the tears with his hands; and, as soon as he could speak at all, told the little girl that he was Cyrus Battershall, and why it was that nobody would play with him.

"O, I just said that for fun!" exclaimed Jenette, not knowing what else to say; and kneeling down on the grass beside the poor boy, she wiped his tears with her handkerchief, and after that told him she would love him if no one else did. The Fishers might have trembled if they had seen how their little daughter practiced upon their teaching.

From the day Jenette came to school, Cyrus was not lonesome any more—they made a grape-vine swing, where they swung together, and found out a deep shadow where they read fairy stories together; and in the time of nuts or berries, they went in search of them together. And

thus they continued till Cyrus was fifteen years old, when he took home all his books, and told Jenette he could not come to school any more—that he was going to stay at home and work.

Jenette answered that he would learn more out of school than she in; and when they reached the gate, she told him she would steal away from school sometimes, and come and see him; and that as long as she lived she would never forget him, and never like anybody else half so well. Faithfully she kept her promise—many and many a time Sally's humble cabin was brightened with her blush an hour before the school was dismissed.

When Cyrus was twenty-one years old there was no worthier and no handsomer young man in all the neighborhood. Jenette said she thought so, and she did not care who knew it.

And while Cyrus was growing fine and handsome, the neighborhood was not standing still. Where the clay-road used to be, there was a wide and smooth turnpike; and where the log school-house once stood, there was a beautiful stone meeting-house; and even the old red house of John Fisher had turned white, and showed prettily between the rows of green trees that stood on either side of the lane leading down to the main road. There were nice curtains to all the windows, and a clock that cost two hundred dollars ticked on the mantel of the best room.

When the old people saw how handsome Cyrus was grown, and heard how much Jenette praised him, they disliked him more than ever; and finally, when her liking became very apparent, they agreed to settle upon her everything they had, if she would promise never to marry the young man; for they had learned to love their adopted child most sincerely.

Jenette declared that she would take formal possession of her estate, and invite all the neighbors to hear and witness her promise, and afterward to make merry as long as they would.

The proposal was acceded to, for there was nothing they could deny Jenette; and when the guests were assembled, she told them of the promise she had made never to marry Cyrus Battershall, and that, even if she were disposed, it was quite impossible she should break the promise, as she had already been the wife of the young man for two years. At first the old folks

were dumb with amazement; but when Jenette told them that they must forgive poor Sally, and receive her back beneath the roof which was wide enough to shelter them all before she would relinquish her lawful right to their estate, they saw nothing better to be done, and the end of all was reconciliation, and such happiness as they had never known in their lives.

Sally was not wrong. When it was told Thomas that the old folks had sent for him and his wife to come home, he broke his jug in delight, and from that day drank no more whisky. When Cyrus bowed his handsome head before his grandparents, they said Jenette was correct, and that in love, as in war, stratagem was right.

There was some playful quarreling as to who should have the room where the clock was; but Jenette had her way, and it was finally settled that the clock-room should be Sally's. Beautiful as it was, it failed to give her the pleasure which the commonest one would have afforded twenty years earlier—a crust to the starving is better than a feast to the dead.

MOTHER, POOR MOTHER!

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

Mother, poor mother!
 She has no other
 Child; I'm the last of the souls she bore;
 I hear her praying,
 And gently saying,
 "I have not lost them, they're gone before;
 Sorrow to save them,
 Jesus forgave them
 Life's pilgrimage, as they touched its shore."

Mother, poor Mother!
 She has no other
 Child; it seems hardest from me to part;
 My father left her,
 And death bereft her.
 She's an empty home and aching heart;
 So she fondly folds me,
 And warmly holds me,
 Unto her bosom to still the smart.

Mother, poor Mother!
 She has no other
 Child; and I'm dying and passing fast;
 My life is going,
 My soul is flowing,
 Back to the ocean of God at last.
 Her grief detains me,
 Her love enchains me,
 Yet from my spirit the dust I cast:
 And now, poor Mother!
 Thou hast another
 Child, who awaits thee when death is past.

A COUSIN IN NEED.

ON a dreary autumn day, more than a hundred years ago, a heavy traveling-carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within it was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the traveling; but, leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers contained in a small portfolio, and making notes in a pocket-book. Since he was dressed in a plain dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to which grade of it nobody could determine, as all tokens of rank had been avoided. A dreary November evening was closing in; and, though the rain had for a time ceased, yet dark masses of clouds, flying through the sky, gave warning that a "weeping darkness" was at hand. The road grew heavier and heavier—at least so it should have seemed to a foot-traveler who was plowing his way through its mire; and so, doubtless, it did seem to the carriage-horses, who at last floundered along so slowly that the pedestrian whom they had overtaken kept easily by the side of the coach—though at a respectful distance, certainly, after the first bucketful of mud that it splashed over him. The gentleman inside the coach, when he could see no longer, shut up his portfolio, and returned the pocket-book to its place in the breast lining of his coat. He then roused himself to look out of the window, and judge, from the mud and darkness, how far it might be to Berlin. For the first time, he perceived that a muddy young man was walking at a little distance from his horses. Though more than reasonably travel-stained, he trudged on as if his limbs were strong and his heart light. Through the drizzle and the darkness, all that could be seen of his face was sensible and good-tempered. He had just finished a pipe as he attracted the traveler's attention, and was in the act of shaking out the ashes and replacing the pipe in a wallet slung over his back, when he heard himself addressed in the manner following, and in rather an authoritative tone of voice:—

"Halloo! young man, whither are you bound this stormy-looking night?"

"That is more than I can tell you, not being at home in this part of the world.

My wish is to reach Berlin; but if I find a resting place before I get there—to that I am bound, for I am a-weary."

"I should think you must have a two-hour's walk before you," was the unsatisfactory remark that followed.

The young man made no reply, and after a short pause the stranger said:—

"If it pleases you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few minutes, you are welcome so to do, Herr What's-your-name."

"My name is Heinrich Meyer," replied the young man; "one of those who wisely never refuse the small benefit because the larger one is not to be obtained." He thankfully accepted the not very clean place allotted to him.

From inside the window the next question put to Heinrich was:—

"What are you going to Berlin for?"

"To hunt for some cousins," was the answer.

"And pray who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have not an idea who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed, it is more than doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation."

The questioner—who should have been an American colonel—looked amused and astonished as he suggested—

"Surely there must be some other motive for your going to Berlin, or what could have put this idea into your head?"

"Why," replied Heinrich, "I have just become a clergyman, without the smallest chance of getting anything to do in my own neighborhood; I have no relative to help me, and not quite money enough to find me in necessaries."

"But," said the Prussian, "what on earth has this to do with cousins in Berlin?"

"Well, now, who knows? Many of my fellow-students have got good appointments, and whenever I asked them to let me know how it was done, the answer always was—'A cousin gave it to me,' or, 'I got it through the interest of a cousin, who lives at Berlin.' Now, as I find none of these useful cousins live in the country, I must go without their help, or else hunt for them in Berlin."

This was all said in a comical, dry way, so that his listener could not refrain from

laughing, but he made no comment. However, he pulled out a piece of paper, and began to write upon it. When he had finished, he turned round to Heinrich, saying that he observed he had been smoking, and that he felt inclined to do the same, but had forgotten to bring tinder with him. Could Herr Meyer oblige him with a light?

"Certainly, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply; and Heinrich, taking a tinder-box out of his wallet, immediately began to strike a light. Now, it has been said that the evening was damp,—it was so damp that there seemed little enough prospect of the tinder's lighting; moreover, the wind blew the sparks out almost before they fell.

"Well, if your cousins are not more easily to be got at than your light is, I pity you, young sir," was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended, as he watched Heinrich's laborious endeavors.

"Nil desperandum is my motto," answered the young man; and when the words were scarcely uttered, the light had been struck. In his delight at succeeding, Heinrich jumped up on the carriage-step, and, leaning through the window, thrust the tinder eagerly in the direction of the gentleman's face. "Hurra, sir, puff away!"

After a short pause, during which time the stranger had been puffing at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth, and addressed Heinrich in this way:—

"I have been thinking over what you have been telling me; and perhaps, in a humble way, I might be able to assist you, and thus act the part of the cousin you are seeking. At all events, when you get to Berlin; take this note," handing him the slip of paper on which he had been writing—"take this note to Marshal Grumbkow, who is somewhat of a friend of mine, and who will, I think, be glad to oblige me. But mind! do exactly as he bids you, and abide strictly by his advice. If he says he will help you, rely upon it he will keep his word; but he is rather eccentric, and the way he sets about doing a kindness may perhaps seem strange to you. And now," he continued, "as the road is improved, I must hurry on the horses, and so bid you good evening, hoping you will prosper in your new career."

As Heinrich began to express his thanks for the good wishes of his unknown friend, the signal was given to increase the speed of the horses, and, before he had time to make any acknowledgments, he found himself alone again. The young man was no little astonished at what had taken place; and as he gazed on the slip of paper, could not help wondering whether any good would come of it. These were the only words written on it:—

"DEAR MARSHAL.—If you can forward the views of the bearer, Heinrich Meyer, you will oblige your friend,
F.
"Let me know the result of your interview with him."

"Time will prove this, as it does all other things," thought Heinrich, as he proceeded on his way. Somehow or other the road appeared less wearisome, and he felt less tired and footsore since receiving the mysterious bit of paper. Hope was stronger within him than she had been for many a day; and on her wings he was carried pleasantly along, so that he reached Berlin by nightfall.

The noise and bustle of the capital was new to him; and he found some little difficulty in making his way to the Gasthaus, to which he had been recommended by the pastor of his parish. The pastor having been once in Berlin, was considered, in his part of the world, an oracle in all matters connected with town-life.

The inn was, however, found at last, and after a frugal supper and a good night's rest our friend arose, ready to hope and believe everything from the mysterious note, which he started forth to deliver immediately after breakfast.

Obliged to ask his way to Marshal Grumbkow's, he was amused and surprised at the astonishment depicted on the countenances of those persons of whom he made the inquiry; as if they would say, "What business can you have with the Marshal Grumbkow?"

The house was, however, at last gained, and having delivered his missive to a servant, Heinrich awaited the result in the hall. In a few minutes the servant returned, and requested him, in the most respectful manner, to follow him to the marshal's presence. Arrived there, he was received most courteously; and the marshal made many inquiries as to his past life and future prospects; requested to be told the name of the village or town

in which he had been last residing; the school in which he had been educated; at what inn he was living in Berlin; and so forth. But still, no allusion was made either to the note or the writer of it. The interview lasted about twenty minutes, at the end of which time the marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call again that day fortnight.

Heinrich employed the interval in visiting the lions of the town. There was a grand review of the troops on the king's birth-day; and, like a loyal subject, our friend went to have a reverent stare at his majesty, whom he had never seen. At one point of the review the king stopped almost opposite to Heinrich; and then was suggested to him, as the reader probably suspects, that, after all, he must have seen that face somewhere before. Was it the friend who hailed him in the muddy road? Impossible! How should a king be traveling at that time of the day? At any rate, it vexed him to think that he had not treated the gentleman in the coach in a very ceremonious manner. He had thrust tinder at his nose, and cried to him "Puff away!"

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the marshal arrived. His reception was again most favorable. The marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer, and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth, one by one, if he knew in whose handwriting the various superscriptions were?

Heinrich answered, that to the best of his belief one was that of Herr Mudel, his former schoolmaster; another, that of Doctor Von Hummer, the principal of such a college, and so on.

"Quite right," remarked the marshal, "and perhaps it may not surprise you to hear that I have written to these different gentlemen to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark." As he said these words the marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich to see what effect they had, but the young man's countenance was unabashed: he evidently feared no evil report. "I feel bound," continued the marshal, "to tell you that all that they say of you is most favorable, and I am equally bound to believe and act upon their

opinions. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house."

The marshal descended a private staircase leading to the court-yard, crossing which he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side-street, down which he conducted Heinrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Heinrich began to get exceedingly nervous; the conviction that his idea was not a mere trick of the imagination became stronger and stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Heinrich Meyer would at that moment have been forty miles from Berlin. As last as he found himself following Grumbkow even into the palace, he could not refrain from exclaiming, "Indeed, Herr Marshal, there must be some mistake!"

No answer was vouchsafed, as the marshal continued to lead him through various galleries and apartments until at last they reached the door of one situated in a corner of a wing of the palace, where the marshal's knock was answered by a short "come in." As the door opened, one glance sufficed to convince Heinrich that his friend in the mud, and his king, were one and the same person. The poor cousin-seeker, greatly confused, knelt before Frederick William, and began faltering out contrite apologies.

"Rise, young man," said the king, "you have not committed treason. How on earth could you guess who I was? I should not travel quietly if I meant to be everywhere recognized."

After reassuring Heinrich, the king told him that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen. "But first," he said, "I must hear how you preach. On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me; but mind I shall choose the text. You may retire."

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached his own room in the inn, he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was to preach to the king. The fact was only too clear, and all he could do was to set about his sermon as soon as he should have been furnished with the text. For the remainder of that day he never stirred out; every step on the stair was to his ears that of the bearer of the text.

Nevertheless, evening and night passed, and the next day was far advanced, but still no text.

What was to be done? There were only two days before Sunday! He must go and consult the marshal; but the latter could give him no further information—all he could do was to promise that if the king sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utmost dispatch.

That day and the next passed, and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either king or marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the following Sunday at the chapel royal.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew himself to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could even extemporize in case of emergency, he would have certainly run away from Berlin and abjured his discovered cousin. As it was, he abided the course of events, and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour. Sunday morning arrived, but no text!

Heinrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted to the seat always set apart for the preacher of the day. The king, with the royal family, occupied their accustomed places.

The service commenced, but no text!—the prayers were ended, and while the organ pealed forth its solemn sounds, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness, but at his being an utter stranger.

The pulpit-steps were gained, and the thought flashed across Heinrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk.

But, as he was on the point of mounting the stairs, an officer of the royal household delivered to him a folded piece of paper, saying, "His majesty sends you the text."

After having recited the preliminary prayers, the preacher opened the paper, and lo!—it was blank—not a word was written on it. What was to be done? Heinrich deliberately examined the white sheet, and, after a short pause, held it up before the congregation, saying, "His majesty has furnished the text for my sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon this sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world;' I shall, therefore, take the creation for the subject of my discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision, the

preacher went through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis in a masterly way, his style being forcible and clear, and his fluency of language remarkable. His audience, accustomed to the king's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher had extricated himself from the difficulty, than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last the sermon was ended, the congregation dismissed, and Heinrich found himself in the sacristy receiving the congratulations of several dignitaries of the church, who all prophesied for him a brilliant future.

Heinrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular proceeding of the king, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the provinces, if he did not know that such vagaries were quite common to his majesty. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made upon the king, the cousin-seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich had scarcely crossed the threshold of the king's room when his majesty jumped up, and thrust a roll of paper into the young preacher's hand, exclaiming, "Hurrah, sir!—puff away!—take this for the light you gave me!"

Then, throwing himself back in a chair, he laughed heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what reply to make or what to do, but just as he had got as far as "Your majesty—" the king interrupted him, saying, "Make no fine speeches; go home quietly, and examine the contents of the paper. You came to Berlin to seek a cousin; you have found one, who, if you go on steadily, will not neglect you."

It is hardly necessary to add, that the roll of paper contained a good appointment at the University of Berlin, and made Heinrich Meyer one of the royal preachers.

THE HEARTH is childhood's seminary. It is here the important duties of life are learned. The dreariest cot in all the land has its sacred hearth. The maxims here inculcated become woven with the wool and web of after life, and give it color, texture, and form.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

IF we look down from some lofty eminence upon a town, we are struck by the regularity of such of its details as meet our eye. There seems everywhere to be an instinctive striving after some general plan; and more especially in its modern quarters, "street nods at street, each alley has its brother," and the new suburbs look like a rectangular network stretching out into the country. The country itself is measured by rule. It is laid out in square or oblong fields and gardens, in which the mathematical beds, trim walks, and parallel furrows are the chief features that arrest our attention. Even if we did not know the name or nature of the beings who were congregated in these abodes, we should pronounce them to be actuated by a strong constitutional principle or instinct of order and imitation.

This idea would be confirmed by a view of the interior of the town, and the forms of its society. A colony of beavers is a curious and instructive sight from the regularity of its industrial and political operations; but the harmony of a congregation of men—all differing in tastes and powers, in capacities and will—presents a much more extraordinary spectacle. We do not allude to the government, or the public laws, or the municipal regulations, for all these might seem nothing more than so many self-imposed restrictions on a consciously evil or erratic disposition, and might therefore indicate not a tendency toward order, but a conviction of its necessity. What we mean is the Unwritten Law which binds society together, which regulates the actions and observances, and traditionally even the thoughts and feelings of men; which extends its authority even to the minutest incidents of life, and which is not unwillingly submitted to like a burden, but implicitly obeyed like an instinct.

This law, so far from having anything to do either with the law of the land or the law of revealed religion, is in many cases opposed to both. It throws its shield, for instance, over the duelist, whom the one dooms to the death of a felon, and the other to a still more terrible fate: it apologizes for the smuggler, who is condemned by both; affirming—but without giving any reason for the faith that is in it—that a fraud is not exactly a

crime when committed against the public collectively; it is lenient even to jocoseness in its treatment of other delinquencies to which both the Bible and the statute-book give a very unpolite name. In short, it does not lean for support upon any of the recognized rules of right: it stands alone and independent, and is as mystical in its morals as it is tyrannical in its sway. This law is to a certain extent local and temporary. It changes with times and seasons, and is modified by climate and temperature. In one age and in one country it recognizes what in another age and another country it disowns. It may be seen in Spain applauding the marriage of an uncle with his niece, of an aunt with her nephew; while in England it turns away with loathing and horror from the idea of the unholy union. Even in the same country its inconsistency is as glaring; for in England it looks on without remark at the nuptials of a man with his uncle's daughter and his father's niece; while it shakes its head with something more than doubt if a widower choose rather for his partner the sister of his deceased wife, who is only akin to him through our common ancestor, Adam.

All these, however, refer to the more important operations of the Unwritten Law, which are comparatively few in number; but in a general view, the thing most worthy of remark is the myriad of minute threads with which it binds us hand and foot, as Gulliver was chained to the earth by the individual hairs of his head. The law of the land answers to the innate law of the beavers, or the traditional law of human beings in a savage state, directing and controlling them in the ordinary operations of life; but *this* law is a system of universal surveillance, occasionally coinciding in judgment with the other, but sometimes opposing or eluding it, and always seizing upon a thousand minutiae which escape its coarser meshes. Why should a whole people follow implicitly certain rules, proceeding they know not whence, to which they are bound by no penalty, and which are often opposed to their convenience or inclination? This rule is not written down, it presents no authority for reference, it is inconsistent in itself, and it is subject to perpetual change. Yet its revolutions are felt and accepted by the entire country, over which

they roll like an immense wave, visiting soon or late its remotest recesses.

The Unwritten Law is sometimes called Conventionalism or Conventionalism—meaning something tacitly agreed to, something done by universal consent; but this gives us no assistance in tracing its nature. Whence comes the consent? Why should I follow the lead of my neighbors, or my neighbors mine? What does it signify to Mr. Brown, who is always ravenously hungry at two o'clock, that Mr. Black, and all the other colors in the same class of society, think fit to dine at four? Why should not everybody, whose means and leisure afford it, do as he likes? Where is the necessity for each of the various grades into which we are divided taking the word, it knows not from whom or what, and going through its facings like one man? Why should we be ashamed of turning the reverse way if we want to do so? Where is the drill-sergeant we stand in awe of? Is conventionalism anything more than a *bête noir* for frightening grown children? and would it not be worthy of an enlightened age to throw off the shackles of so empty and absurd a superstition?

We have had the honor to be entreated to lead a crusade against this law. Its object is to abrogate the use of the razor; to put down the pestilent race of barbers, and allow the lower part of the human face divine to exult, without fear of the sickle, in a crop of curly hair. We were, in short, to agitate for beards; to use our "powerful influence" against the abomination of shaving chins; and, in spite of a base conventionalism, to place our fellow-subjects upon a footing of manly and Oriental dignity. In this case our petitioners failed to perceive that it was not conventionalism they sought to overturn, but merely the barber; the one they acknowledged as their rightful sovereign, whom they were willing to serve with every hair of their beards, if it would only allow them beards to serve with; while the other was a dirty little jackanapes of a minister, who fleeced its subjects against his master's interest and their own. The timidity of these anti-barberites, who were not satisfied with treating their chins according to their own fancies, unless kept in countenance by the rest of the nation, may be considered ludicrous; but it is a very remarkable homage, notwithstanding, to

the power and universality of the Unwritten Law.

It would swell this speculation to an inconvenient length were we even to catalogue the other crusades against what people suppose to be conventionalism. If a man feels uneasy when subjected to the public ordeal at a grand dinner, and thinks to himself, like honest Sancho, that he would rather eat a crust behind the door, he blames conventionalism for its irrational splendor and stuck-up formality. If he has any favorite vice, such as smoking a cigar, which he would like to indulge in the drawing-room at a long dull soirée, he anathematizes conventionalism for its weakness and impertinence. If he has any besetting sin which he would be happy to see patronized in public, he raves against conventionalism for setting its face against it. All these struggles only demonstrate the power of the Unwritten Law, and show that the principle of order and imitation in society is an *instinct*. Peter the Great shaved a few of his hairy boyards by main force, and then turned them loose; and straightway the chins of the whole body of Russian gentry became as smooth as the palm of your hand.

The farther a people are advanced in civilization, the more powerful, the more widely spread, and the more nice and delicate in its shades will be the Unwritten Law. What could we do without it? We complain of the excess of national legislation, but how meager that would be as the sole machinery of social government! Fancy every man following, so far as he could do so without impinging upon the laws, his own whims and his own propensities, and what a chaos would be the result! But no such condition could exist for a week. The gregarious nature of men would be lost; society would fall in pieces; and its component parts would betake themselves to the woods like wild beasts.

But while believing conventionalism to depend upon an instinct, do we, therefore, believe its dictates to be infallible? God forbid! All our instincts are intended to be controlled and intellectualized by our reason, and when conventionalism is opposed to the law or the Gospel, or to the dictates of common sense, the truly wise and respectable will rebel against its power. But by common-sense we do not mean an abstract quality, the same in its

rules in the desert and in the city, in the cot and the palace. Refined life has its common-sense as well as savage life; and the *soi-disant* philosophers who affect to despise the "conventionalities" of the one, deserve to suffer the inconveniences of the other. It is true the Unwritten Law of what is called good society is a little troublesome in its provisions, a little minute in its details; but so far as our observation has gone, it is not so burdensome in the upper classes as in those that are striving to be thought the upper classes. The history of the expedients fallen upon to distinguish one rank from another is the history of civilization. In dress, ever since the abolition of sumptuary laws, the English gentry have been chased from point to point, till the toe of the peasant has galled the kibe of the courtier. Gentlemen have now thrown aside every kind of adornment; and in France, the paradise of fashion, a high-bred lady is distinguished only by the exquisite simplicity of her attire.

What other distinction can fashion resort to? The path to wealth is open to all classes; no legislative restriction is imposed upon dress; silk, cotton, and other materials are marvelously cheap; and the milliners work for money without asking questions about rank. A mechanic's wife may easily obtain a fac-simile of the dress of a "fine lady;" but if the dress is very simple, she leaves it alone, because it will not pass for fine in her own degree. If she does wear it, she is still a mechanic's wife, and worse dressed than her neighbors. This simplicity is a grand expedient, and worthy of a refined and intellectual age; but it should be carried into the other departments of conventionalism. A great dinner is no longer a distinction; we find the same implements, the same meats, the same cookery, the same attendance almost everywhere; and the servants who wait at table are, from long habit, better acquainted with its social forms than most of the guests. A great dinner, in short, will not pass any longer; and the instinct of conventionalism should have recognized the fact before now, and tried its hand at simplicity.

Upon the whole, the Unwritten Law we would affirm to be based upon the instinct of order which binds society together, and is an essential agent in the progress of civilization. It is nearly as worthy of

respect as the law of the land, although in both we may detect abuses and contradictions, and try to reform and reconcile them. Notwithstanding all its indiscretions, its general aims are good, and its aspirations lofty and generous. It may have its besetting foibles, and even its favorite vices, but they are becoming fewer and fewer every day; and if society goes on at its present rate of progress, we may look forward to the time when it will be one in sentiment with the other canons of life, and when all that is base as well as all that is vulgar will be transgressions of the Unwritten Law.

THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

ACTS XII.

THE apostle sleeps,—a light shines in the prison,—

An angel touch'd his side;
"Arise," he said, and quickly he hath risen,
His fetter'd arms untied.

The watchmen saw no light at midnight gleaming,—

They heard no sound of feet;
The gates fly open, and the saint, still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
In Nature's parting strife,
A friendly angel stands where he reposes
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
The spirit from its clay;
From sin's temptations, and from life's distresses,
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion
It takes its silent flight;
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly,—

It is now far from them,
For it has reached the city of the saintly,
The New Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeem'd are keeping
A festival above.

The mourners through the ways, and from the steeple

The funeral-bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro;

And saying as they meet, "Rejoice! another
Long waited for is come;
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother
Hath reach'd the Father's home!"

J. D. BURRA.

IDOLATRY—ITS ORIGIN AND EFFECTS.

WE cannot say with certainty that idolatry existed before the flood; but if so, it probably assumed the form of Sabianism only. At all events, it appears very likely that the enormous sum of iniquity, which could only be swept away by the general deluge, was increased by the addition of this terrible crime in some, at least, of its Proteus forms. The earliest postdiluvian image-worship has been fixed by some during the time of Eber; but the more general opinion places it no higher than the time of Serug.* Terah, the father of Abraham, was an idolater: "Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in old time, Terah the father of Abraham, and the father of Nachor: and they served other gods." Josh. xxiv, 2. The earliest positive reference that we find to images is in the account of the departure of Rachel with Jacob, (Gen. xxxi, 19;) but there can be little doubt that at this date idolatry had already become prevalent, though holy writ is silent as to its early progress. The passage in Job (xxxi, 26-28) sheds important illustration on the subject of our inquiry. From an examination of that text the following conclusions may be gathered:—

1. It was a secret crime, performed in silence and in privacy; a crime abhorred by the generality of men as being, in fact, an absolute denial of the sovereignty of Him who is, emphatically, "THE GOD THAT IS ABOVE."

2. It was cognizable and punishable by the civil power; "an iniquity to be punished by the judge." There is a remarkable passage in Isaiah (chap. xli, 6, 7) which strengthens this view, and appears to indicate almost overwhelming fear on the part of idol-makers, lest their illicit doings should be discovered, and visited with due punishment. "They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheneth with the hammer him that smote the anvil, saying, It is ready for the soldering: and he fas-

tened it with nails that it should not be moved." This mutual encouraging appears to have been a far more significant matter than the mere cheering up of a tired laborer's flagging spirits. It refers (may we not say?) to a daring of some stringent and terrible enactment. There can be no doubt that attempts were made, in the first instance, to repress idolatry by the exercise of the arm of the law. But this state of things did not long exist.

The aptitude of man for every kind of sin, and the temptations of the devil, induced a gradual and general deterioration. Idolatry soon became a great fact, an acknowledged entity, a powerful system. A sensuous creed, a facile adaptation to the desires and vices of man, a seeming requirement of an only partial subjection of the heart, and a willingness to dispense indulgences for crime, and to make the atonement entirely vicarious or formal, aided its spread. At length judicial blindness overtook those who had voluntarily shut their eyes to the light of God. As the evil was more and more widely diffused, its fatality became more intense; and, in the madness and intoxication which it produced, man drank more greedily of the poison which was corrupting the springs of his temporal and everlasting happiness. In cases of abandonment to the power of Satan, the progress of degeneracy increases in rapidity and hopelessness. As the knowledge of God disappeared in the deepening night of superstition, the poor Pagan clung with more desperate tenacity, and a still tightening grasp, to those hopes and doctrines which were fraught with his endless ruin. He had lost "the armor of light," and when he opened his arms to embrace a messenger or revelation that professed to be divine, he only laid his heart the more fearfully open to the home-thrust of an implacable destroyer.

But the question is, How did idolatry claim and obtain that essentially political power which we find it wielding from east to west? This was principally, if not entirely, the work of the priests. When they had become a distinct class, their mode of life, superior education, and peculiar calling soon raised them much above the people. Having gained their position, either by superior intellect or by audacity, they found means so to cultivate their mental faculties as far to surpass those whose circumstances were less ad-

* Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary, article *Idolatry*. It has been conceived by some that Terah was by trade a maker of idols, and that the "teraphim" derived their name from him as their inventor and manufacturer. But this cannot be supported.

vantageous, and whose desires were less ambitious, than their own. They were, therefore, manifestly the most competent advisers of statesmen and kings. In addition to this, the claim of a high and sacred character impressed upon their decrees an importance and virtue which could be gained from no other source. Rulers discovered that by calling in the aid of the priesthood they could almost insure the observance of statutes which they pronounced; and it was no slight advantage to gain over to the interest of the state a power which was thus exclusively enjoyed. However unruly their subjects, they could be made to tremble under the influence of superstitious fear. This may be illustrated by the example of the second king of Rome. His rude and semi-barbarous subjects could not be restrained at first from committing depredations on each other which threatened to overturn all notions of property; but he succeeded in removing the difficulty at once by instituting the worship of Terminus, the god and protector of boundaries. The importance of this line of policy will be appreciated, if we remember that the influence of unreasoning and fanatical terror is precisely in proportion to the barbarity of a tumultuous people.

Nor was this all. The priests were also supposed to possess prophetic and miraculous powers. More sagacious than others, in consequence of superior intellectual advantages, and professing a superhuman knowledge which made the ultimatum of other men's wisdom the mere threshold of *their* sublime contemplations, they were armed at all points, and ready to prove themselves immensely valuable as auxiliaries, or terrible as foes. If the prince felt himself in doubt as to the most common affairs of life, it was the priest whose ready ingenuity could guide him aright; and if he required information which human knowledge could not supply, who but the minister of the gods could reveal it to him? When men had become accustomed to the exercise of this power, it was no longer optional with the ruler to seek or neglect the revelation which they professed to give. If he meditated any serious enterprise, (as, for example, a costly and doubtful war,) he must in the first place elicit from his deity a promise of success, or his superstitious people would refuse to assist in his design; and even

if *they* did not enforce this consultation, the priests could lay upon him the ban of the gods and the curse of heaven if he dared to proceed without their sanction. While these difficulties menaced him if he opposed himself to the priesthood, the advantages to be gained by the opposite course were no less striking. A favorable reply from the oracle was not only the revelation of a future event, but a divine sanction of the enterprise; which thus became flushed, from its outset, with the glory of anticipated triumph. The soldier entered into the battle not as a combatant, but as already a victor. He fought the more courageously from the belief that he was working out the designs of Providence; and that, if he fell in the arms of conquest, his courage and piety would be rewarded in another and a brighter sphere.

So the priests became not merely valuable, but necessary, to rulers. The spiritual power and the temporal were placed on an equality. In process of time the balance inclined more and more toward the former. The men whom kings had invoked to their assistance soon overpowered their masters, and, in place of a partial sway, usurped the entire dominion. They established the doctrine of their own irresponsibility to any earthly jurisdiction, and professed to render their account to one higher than any human prince, and holier than any mortal judge. Thus the *Pontifices* at Rome were not subject to any court of law, or liable to punishment; and, in fact, all priestly offices (*sacerdotia*) were held for life without any acknowledgment of the judicial authority of civil magistrate, senate, or people. Conscious of their own strength, and fearless of interference from without, they would naturally sell their valuable aid at the price of a still greater extension of their privileges; and thus, by a skillful use of the superior opportunities they enjoyed, they rendered themselves indispensable, and succeeded in establishing themselves in all situations of emolument and power. The guidance of states and empires thus came completely into their hands; and the temporal and spiritual rule, mutually assisting each other, became virtually incorporated. The advantage of the monarch was the ladder by which the priest climbed to power; but, having attained it, he discarded all care for the interest of his rulers; and the work

history can show no picture in which helplessness, cowardice, and servitude, on the one side, and pride, avarice, and tyranny, on the other, have been so glaringly displayed as in the many encounters between priest-ridden kings and their arrogant tormentors.

In order to mitigate this evil, some monarchs had recourse to the expedient of adopting the sacerdotal office with the hope of thus meeting their rivals on more advantageous terms.* This device, however, though temporarily successful, in the end aggravated the evil it was designed to repress. This was the only thing wanting to enhance the prestige and dignity of the class, which thenceforward became no less aristocratic than powerful.

At this point we discover its climax. We have marked the surreptitious rise of idolatry, at first trembling with well-founded dread of judicial punishment, then assuming the disguise of zeal for the cultivation of religion, then gradually intruding upon the world, and daily displaying more and more clearly its horror and crime. We have seen how our infatuated race became fascinated in spite of their reason, and in defiance of their God; how the disguise slowly dropped away, disclosing in its true colors, as the work of Satan, a compound of all the worst vices and most baleful evils that can debase or afflict mankind; how the dark and enormous heresy still advanced till nations were subjugated to its sway, and, no longer restrained by the arm of the law, philosophers, nobles, and kings enrolled themselves among its votaries, and rejoiced to deck themselves in the emblems of their degradation, unconscious that the robes of such vassalage were far more fatal than the treacherous gift of Medea, and steeped in a poison more agonizing than the blood of Nessus. Let those who advocate the omnipotence of human reason and intellect point to the disinterred palaces and temples of Nimrodic kings, or to the pyramids—so impressive as memorials of the “wisdom of the Egyptians,” or to the pages of Greek philosophers and Roman poets: let them think, and think reverently, of the massive intellects of

* This was the case at Rome for a considerable period; but from the time of Theodosius the emperors no longer appeared in the dignity of pontiff. At last the title was assumed by the Christian bishop of Rome.

bygone ages. But let them also try to explain on any hypothesis but that which forms the basis of the Christian's humble gratitude and joy, how it came to pass that men who were our equals, if not our superiors, in all but the light of Revelation, were in regard to religion so deeply debased, so hopelessly wretched. “The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.”

Let us notice now the NATURAL, NECESSARY, AND UNIVERSAL EFFECTS OF IDOLATRY.

Examples must substantiate a theory; but we need not satisfy ourselves with collecting facts to prove that polytheism everywhere degrades mankind. Illustrative anecdotes may be had in profusion from every book of history, every record of travel, and every missionary report. But an objector might reply that myriads of these do not amount to the proof of a *universal* consequence. We must, then, have recourse to a plan more conclusive, as well as more concise; that, namely, of showing that, in the nature of things, the effects of idolatry must be evil, only evil, and that continually.

First, then, as to the effects, considered merely in a temporal and worldly view. Idolatry renders man unhappy by closing many sources of comfort and pleasure. All that is grand and noble fades before this moral pestilence. Losing sight of love to God, and love to humanity for God's sake, man degenerates necessarily into a selfish and designing creature. Murder, rapine, revenge, anarchy, and lust flourish unrestrained. There is another most remarkable phenomenon: If it be for the present gain of the speaker to deceive, a lie will be preferred to the truth, until at length, by an awful perversion, the misguided heathen will of set purpose utter falsehood, even when truth would better answer his design.* Where idolatry has not assumed its most outrageous and repulsive forms, the effect is nevertheless discernible. Highly intelligent travelers of our own day observe, that wherever Popery is prevalent, the

* This is actually the case in India. A predilection for falsehood prevails so as seriously to interfere with judicial investigations; and the mere absence of motive, or even the personal advantage to be derived by a witness from telling the truth, is insufficient to counterbalance this monstrous passion.

appearance of comfort and well-being among the people is on the wane.

But, again: The spread of idolatry checks the progress of civilization and science. Light cannot dwell with darkness, a proposition we may see confirmed by the tardy progress to knowledge of the Celestial Empire. No thoughtful observer can fail to note that, though the Chinese had the elements of knowledge long before the western nations, they have remained in a state of stagnation for centuries; while the principal discoveries and improvements in science and art have invariably been made among those nations in which the Gospel has been most widely disseminated and most profoundly believed.

But this accursed system absolutely thrives on wretchedness and blood. It prescribes rites and ceremonies which go to embitter or to shorten the lives of its victims. For proof, it may suffice to refer to the tortures and human sacrifices of heathenism. The latter may be viewed as an amplification and extension of the former. Like many other parts of heathenism, this was borrowed and perverted from truth. Sacrifices were instituted in the earliest times, and were offered by the family of Adam. Not now to argue the necessity of this element, in some form, wherever there is a religion, true or false, let us trace its degeneracy among idolaters. In order to this we must bear in mind the reasons on which it was founded. It was offered to beneficent deities in acknowledgment of sin, and as an expiation; to malignant deities, with a view to avert their wrath and the apprehended consequences. It is not improbable that the first human immolation wore the garb of justice. Every criminal violates the law of both God and man. Satisfaction, as far as man is concerned, is achieved by a public execution. By ascribing to such a death the character of a religious sacrifice, it came to be regarded as expiatory of the offense toward God. It was probably the extension of this doctrine, rather than the spirit of revenge, that led in the first instance to the slaughtering of enemies taken in war. Every country being sacred to some deity, its invader offered, by the very act, an insult to that deity; and the victors avenged the outrage by offering on his altars those who had trampled upon his right and dignity.

There was, however, a more general

reason. The necessity of oblation being admitted, it was not unnatural to imagine that the more costly the offering the more sincere the devotion, and consequently the more pleasing and acceptable. A rich man would be anxious to consecrate to his god the most precious thing he possessed. A very little thought would suggest the value of human life, and his slaves would speedily feel the result of his theological investigations.

Thus we can trace the judicial sacrifice of criminals and the vicarious sacrifice of slaves by their masters; but another step was yet to follow. Men of deeper views could not satisfy their consciences with this mode of atoning for their sins by proxy; and the notion obtained that the mortification of the flesh was to be a personal matter, and a means of deserving and gaining salvation. The more ardent the zeal, the more severe were the self-inflicted lacerations and torments. The pain of the body was augmented in proportion to the felt necessity of the soul.* All was felt as yet unavailing to bring peace to the mind, and a darker expedient was tried. In hope of consummating their happiness by consummating their sacrifice, or in despair at their want of success, or with the determination to escape from so much doubt and wretchedness, the fatal step was taken. By violent hands men occasionally rid themselves of trials in this world in the search after happiness in the next; preferring the uncertainty of

* This gradation in the value of a sacrifice is remarkably elucidated in the following description of the modes of appeasing the goddess Kali:—"If a devotee should scorch some member of his body, by the application of a burning lamp, the act would prove very acceptable to the goddess. If he should draw some blood from himself, and present it, the libation would be still more delectable. If he should cut off a portion of his own flesh, and present it as a burnt-sacrifice, the offering would be most grateful of all. If the devotee should present *whole* burnt-offerings upon the altar, these will prove acceptable in proportion to the supposed importance of the animated beings sacrificed. By the blood drawn from fishes and tortoises, the goddess is pleased one month; a crocodile's blood will please her three; that of certain wild animals, nine; that of a bull or gnu, a year; an antelope's or wild boar's, twelve years; a buffalo's, rhinoceros's, or tiger's, a hundred; a lion's, a reindeer's, or a man's, (mark the combination,) a thousand. But, by the blood of three men slain in sacrifice, she is pleased a hundred thousand years."—Duff's India, p. 265.

the untried future to the certainty of present anguish.

The practice, once established, increased with fearful rapidity, and to an overwhelming extent. Human sacrifices, either voluntary or compulsory, became a recognized and necessary part of divine service. Even in civilized Greece, the Bacchic festivals were at an early period celebrated with this frightful addition; and among less cultivated nations it is no hyperbole to say hecatombs of men were offered with as little remorse as less worthy victims. It should be observed that the *Suttees* or *Satis* of Hindoostan are imitations of a supposed divine model. Sati, the daughter of Brahma, and wife of Shiva, sacrificed herself "on the altar of domestic affection" in consequence of an insult offered to her husband; and, stimulated by her example, thousands of poor widows have immolated themselves on the funeral piles of their husbands.

If the sacrifice were offered to some malignant deity in order to avert his hatred, an analogous line of thought would induce the same result. Another dismal idea would be subsidiary; namely, that the more fearful the suffering inflicted the greater would be the gratification of the terrible being who was supposed to gloat over the agony of mankind. A human sacrifice, enhanced by all conceivable aggravations of cruelty, would be the most appropriate gift to so ghastly a power!

Involved in this dark chapter there are horrors, abominations, and refinements of cruelty which defy all description. Children are murdered by their parents; parents abandoned to death by their children. Wives are seen burning for their husbands; husbands buried with their wives. Some men sentence themselves to the most exquisite tortures; others riot, unappalled, over a bloody feast on mangled victims. But enough as to the fatal influence of idolatry on the temporal happiness of our race.

In regard to higher and immortal interests, the subject cannot but awaken our profoundest solicitude. Idolatry, being the invention of the evil one, is contradictory, in all respects, to that beneficent system of religion which has emanated from the God of truth and love. Advert but for a moment to the consequence of an erroneous conception regarding the nature and attributes of the Most High.

For instance, if His *omniscience* is not a settled article of our creed, the temptation to sin in the hope of eluding discovery is almost irresistible. There is another divine attribute, the mention of which will call up a conclusive and painfully interesting argument from the undoubted records of paganism. If the heathen discredits the *unity* of God he is not only tempted, but absolutely compelled, to sin. Do what he will, he cannot obey and serve his Maker. His deities vary in character, and they are frequently in opposition one to another. Vulcan is jealous of Mars, Juno detests Venus, and so on. He therefore reasons thus: "If these gods and goddesses are thus at variance among themselves, and if their wills are diametrically opposed, I cannot serve and please both. I must, therefore, make a selection. But all are equally divine; and that which would lead me to despise *one* will apply also in the case of the *rest*. The consequence is obvious. In this dilemma, why may I not be allowed to accommodate matters by serving none?" This is no fanciful case. In Plato ("Euthyphron," sec 8) we find a remarkable conversation between Socrates and Euthyphron, who are represented as discoursing upon the subject of holiness. The argument proceeds in the following strain:—

"A thing that is pleasing to the gods, and a man who is pleasing to the gods, are holy; but a thing that is hateful to the gods, and a man that is hateful to the gods, are impious. And the gods quarrel, and are at variance with each other. Then, different gods think different things just, and beautiful, and base, and good, and evil; and the same things some consider to be just, and others unjust. The same things, therefore, are both hated and loved by the gods. From this reasoning the same things must be holy and unholy."

Nor is this argument applicable to minor matters only. The subject of discussion was a prosecution for *murder*; and when Euthyphron (sec. 11) endeavored to escape from the dilemma, by advancing "that the holy is that which all the gods love, and the contrary, the impious, that which all the gods hate," Socrates succeeded in throwing the question back to its previous state, and the debate ended without eliciting a definition in what holiness consists. Here we see the effect of polytheistic doctrines on one of the choicest and most enlightened intellects of an-

tiquity. It would be hard to describe the uncertainty which must have tyrannized over less sagacious minds. When, by means of this exceedingly natural course of argument, the soul is overwhelmed with doubt and perplexity, a total carelessness as to all religion must soon supervene.

From the *excesses*, as well as the *defects* of polytheism, the like evils flow. This giant-heresy, or combination of heresies, is the invention either of man, or of Satan, or both. As far as it is of man, it reflects his fallen nature in both of these extremes.

Religion is designed for our protection and elevation. Man is not, of himself, sufficiently strong to resist the influences that oppress him, and he flies to idols for assistance. But these are his own invention and manufacture, and the thing made cannot be greater than the maker; that which is formed cannot be even equal to the former: therefore, man is applying to a weaker than himself for a power which he knows he does not himself possess. The notion of protection is evidently absurd. If we turn to the other view of religion, it is equally plain that it seeks to elevate the worshiper by assimilation to the object of his homage. By close and hallowing communion with the Deity man is to become more and more like him. This implies, of course, superiority in the standard of excellence set up. But, in the case supposed, the standard, being the creation of man's own soul, cannot be superior to it. That which has been imaged and conceived by the mind must be within the mastery of the mind. Thus, when we have reached the ultimatum of our endeavors, we have only attained what we possessed before the anxious toil commenced. It is working round in a circle, as every one must see. If, then, idolatry is in any degree the invention of man, the objects of worship and religion are clearly unattainable. He cannot find protection in a weaker than himself; he can gain no elevation by striving after a point already within his grasp.

But the enormous evil is not solely the invention of man. An invisible power is at work. The question arises, therefore, What can man obtain from any scheme of Satan's? When he runs for help to his dire adversary, and rushes from earth to hell, it must be in the spirit of enmity

against God. And, if the standard of his aim is to be fixed by Satan, every step, instead of raising us above ourselves, will degrade us below ourselves. In any and every case all the purposes of a religion and worship are not only unanswered, but absolutely and directly violated. The effect is, necessarily, to deepen existing depravity.

All that fallen man does is corrupt and unholy. He invents gods, and clothes them with certain attributes. They must then be unholy, because derived from an unholy source. These wretched objects of worship he would fain look upon as perfect, because divine; and, as the result, he strives to imitate them. Crimes, which he before committed with an uneasy conscience, are now sacred in his eyes. He strives, with all the fervor of religious fanaticism, to become as unholy as the beings his depraved mind has already invested with the attributes of holiness. On the mind of the imitating worshiper, therefore, there is an exact reflection of the previous acting of that same mind on the invented god. The soul, meanwhile, can find no comfort. The capriciousness of his deities renders the worshiper unhappy, and their injustice drives him to recklessness. At any rate, he adopts the Chinese maxim, "Do your duty, and keep the gods at a distance." The full evil of so fearful a curse will be more abundantly manifested when we come to investigate the exclusive institutions—what may be called the ecclesiastical provisions—of idolatry.

THE PARROT AND THE ARTIST.—In Simpson's "Paris after Waterloo," we are told of a somewhat pedantic technicalist, whose favorite terms, in criticising old pictures, in which the color had run into knots, were *crisp bits* and *buttery-touches*. An eminent artist, who was much amused by these terms, and who resolved in a good-humored way to break him of the habit, taught them to his parrot, and practised Poll to apply them at breakfast when the toast and the butter were touched. One morning his friend breakfasted with him, and, as the bird had been taught always to add his familiar name to these technicalities, it was ready when he put forth his hand to the toast rack or butter-dish, with, "Crisp bits, Davie! Buttery-touches!"

THE MONARCH OF MOUNTAINS.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago.—BRONN.

THE first person who is known to have encouraged attempts to ascend Mont Blanc was Horace Benedict de Saussure, who was born at Geneva on the 17th of February, 1740. Soon after he became of age, this gentleman was appointed professor of natural philosophy in the college of his native city. He had a passion for mountains from his earliest years, and before he was eighteen had ascended every mountain of importance in the vicinity of Geneva. At length, in 1760, alone and on foot, he visited the glacier of Chamouni. At that time there was not a decent inn in the valley; and around the Priory, where about two thousand inhabitants are now residing, there were only a few miserable dwellings.

During his earliest visits to Chamouni, De Saussure cast longing eyes toward the summit of Mont Blanc. Then was born a desire which was destined to remain ungratified for many years afterward. For a while he felt convinced that the summit of the great mountain was inaccessible; yet he made it generally known that he would handsomely reward any one who would discover a practicable route to that lofty point.

The guide of Professor De Saussure, Pierre Simac, tried the ascent twice—once by the Tacal, passing up the glacier, and once by the Glacier des Bossons—but he returned, despairing of success. Notwithstanding this disappointment, in 1775 four Chamouni peasants started with the intention of trying to reach the summit by the mountain of La Côte, the ridge which divides the Glacier des Bossons from that of Taconnay. These got on tolerably well for a short distance; but, on entering a vast valley of snow, which seemed near the summit, they suffered so acutely from a feeling of heat and suffocation, coupled with general nausea and utter exhaustion, that they were compelled to return.

The want of success did not check the spirit of adventure. In 1783 Jean Marie Coutel, Lombard Menier, and Joseph Carrier attempted the ascent. They passed the night on the summit of La Côte. The next day they had attained a great elevation, when the hardest man

of the party was seized with a drowsiness, and the others were compelled to return with him.

About this time a friend of De Saussure, named M. Bourrit, of Geneva, attempted the ascent of Mont Blanc; but a sudden storm drove him back. He was not deterred, however, from renewing the effort. Two chamois hunters informed him of a new route. He engaged them as guides, and started up the mountain; but he was soon exhausted. One of the hunters went on, and, upon his return, reported that he had been as far as the foot of the dome of Mont Blanc. De Saussure determined to try this new route, and M. Bourrit accompanied him in the ascent—autumn, 1785. The party passed the night on a sheltered ledge at the foot of the Aiguille du Gouté. The next day they climbed the mountain for about five hours, when one of the guides (Pierre Balmat) reported that the snow was in such a treacherous state that it would not be advisable to proceed. The attempt was abandoned; but De Saussure improved the occasion to make some valuable barometrical observations.

The true route to the summit of Mont Blanc was not discovered until the summer of 1786. The indomitable De Saussure determined to follow up his enterprise by the route of the Aiguille du Gouté; he therefore engaged Pierre Balmat to build a stone cabin on one of the shelves of the Aiguille. In the execution of this service Pierre Balmat, Marie Coutel, and another guide climbed the Aiguille on the 8th of June, 1786, and, with much difficulty and suffering, reached the top of the Dome du Gouté. Here they met François Paccard and three other guides, who had ascended by La Côte. Of the two routes the preference was given, without hesitation, to La Côte. The parties united and continued the ascent. After traversing a large plain of snow, and gaining a huge ridge which connected the top of Mont Blanc with the Dome du Gouté, they found it impossible to proceed, and therefore turned their steps downward.

The discoverer of the true route was with the party, but not of it; he had followed them against their will. When they turned to descend they did not deign to tell poor Jacques Balmat of their intention. While searching for some crys-

tals he lost sight of them just as the snow fell and obliterated their traces. The storm increased in fury, and Jacques resolved, in preference to a dark and solitary descent, to spend the night where he had been left—fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. He had no food, and was poorly clad. He got under the lee of a rock, and contrived to heap against it sufficient snow to form a kind of niche, into which he crept, and blocked himself from the storm. There he passed that awful night. When morning dawned the storm had cleared away. Balmat found that his feet were frost-bitten; but he could move them without pain. As soon as the sun arose, the brave fellow determined to devote the day to efforts to discover a practicable route to the summit of the mountain. His daring was rewarded. He found that if the crevices that border the Grand Plateau were once crossed, the path to the top of Mont Blanc was clear; and he then traced out the route which has, with some slight variations, been pursued ever since, and which is undoubtedly the only practicable one. Balmat returned to Chamouni the same evening, thoroughly exhausted. He took to his bed, and did not leave it for some weeks.

The gallant discoverer kept his secret close until, nerved with gratitude to Dr. Paccard, the village physician, for his kind attentions, the line of the route was revealed. On the 7th of August Dr. Paccard and Jacques Balmat, now perfectly recovered, started for the summit of Mont Blanc. They pursued the route by La Côte, and slept on the summit of that ridge. Before daybreak the next morning they were on the march again. Paccard suffered severely from cold and fatigue; but Balmat contrived to sustain the doctor's courage. After surmounting terrible difficulties they arrived at the summit about sunset. There they remained half an hour in full view of a number of Chamouniards, who had climbed the Breola to watch their progress. Returning, they reached their night bivouac by midnight. On the following morning they reached Chamouni in safety, but completely exhausted.

De Saussure, being informed of this bold achievement, resolved to make another attempt to accomplish that which had become a chief object of his ambition.

The next July Balmat, with two other guides, reached the summit in safety; and, on the 3d of August, 1787, De Saussure, accompanied by his servant and eighteen guides, succeeded in standing upon the top of Mont Blanc.

During 1788, M. Bourrit, Colonel Beaufoy, Mr. Woodley, an Englishman, and Mr. Camper, a native of Holland, attempted to reach the summit of Mont Blanc. They attained a great elevation; but the cold disabled some of them, and compelled the whole party to return. Fourteen years then elapsed before another ascent was achieved. On the 10th of August, 1802, M. Forneret, of Lausanne, and Baron Doorhesea, a German, reached the summit, after suffering dreadfully from the rarefaction of the air. In 1809, Maria Pavodis, wife of a guide, ascended to the top of Mont Blanc in company with Victor Tairraz. She was the first female who accomplished the astonishing feat. In 1812, M. Rodatz, of Hamburg, gained the summit. In 1818, Count Mateyski succeeded; and, in the following year, two Americans, Dr. Russell and Mr. Howard, and one Englishman, Captain Underhill, were triumphant over the difficulties of the ascent.

In 1820, a frightful accident occurred to a party upon Mont Blanc. Dr. Hamel, an Englishman in the employ of the Emperor of Russia, determined to ascend the great mountain for the purpose of making some philosophical observations. Two other Englishmen and twelve guides formed the party. They reached the Grand Mulets in safety: there they were detained by bad weather a night and a day. Continuing their journey, they reached the Grand Plateau, and were about to cross a long slope which led to Mont Maudit, when the snow gave way. At the foot of the slope was a crevasse of immense depth. Three of the guides—Pierre Carrier, Pierre Balmat, and Auguste Tairraz—were carried into this chasm, and buried beyond all recovery. The rest of the party made an extremely narrow escape. This catastrophe was sufficient to check the expedition, and Dr. Hamel and his sorrowful comrades returned to Chamouni.

One of the most observant and intelligent of recent adventurers upon Mont Blanc was Mr. Albert Smith, a gentleman of considerable reputation in the literary world. His narrative of his visit to the

valley of Chamouni is very entertaining, and his account of the ascent of the great mountain is the most vivid we have yet seen. He visited the glaciers named from the villages near which they terminate, Taconnay, Gris, Bossons, Bois, Tour, and Argentière. The glacier Du Bois is by far the most considerable of these, the upper part forming the celebrated Mer de Glace, said to resemble a frozen sea furrowed with waves. Among the celebrated spots which Mr. Smith and most other tourists to Mont Blanc have visited, is the "Jardin," a small verdant patch in the center of the Glacier du Taléfol, amid the perpetual snow, and eight thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The journey to this curious spot should only be undertaken by persons of steady nerve, as imminent dangers abound upon the path. In crossing the broad glaciers, the greatest caution is necessary, as the footing is treacherous, and a single false step may prove fatal. The "Jardin" is a favorite resort of the chamois hunters, in consequence of being the nearest pasturage for the game during the autumnal season. Mr. Smith informs us that the excursion to this point "abounds with novel and stupendous effects." From it a glorious view of the Mer de Glace and other grand features of scenery may be obtained, while the singularity of so verdant a place existing high up in the midst of a wilderness of snow and ice adds to the charm.

Mr. Albert Smith ascended Mont Blanc in August, 1851. He underwent no training for the tremendous adventure, but started a few days after leaving his toil at the desk, and after having experienced a short illness. The party consisted of Mr. Smith, three young gentlemen, and the following guides: Jean Tairraz, elder, Jean Tairraz, Jean Carrier, Gedeon, Balmat, Michael Couffel, Frederick Tairraz, Pierre Cachat, Michael Couffel, François Cachat, Joseph Tairraz, Joseph Tissay, Edward Carrier, Michael Devonassond, Auguste Devonassond, François Favret, and one other guide whose name is not recorded. They were well provided in every respect, and porters accompanied them a considerable distance, to carry the provisions.

The first two hours of the ascent presented no remarkable features either of difficulty or prospect. The steep path ran

upward through a stunted copse of pines and shrubs. Proceeding in single file, the party at length reached the last habitation on the mountain, called the Chalet de la Pava. From this point the vegetation gradually became more scanty. At an enormous block of granite, called the Pierre Pointue, the party rested, and the knapsacks were re-adjusted, to prepare for the more perilous part of the ascent. They had now to climb along one of the ridges that hem in the glaciers, in order to gain the ice. This part of the journey is said to require a strong head. The path is narrow, and upon one side is a precipice, down which few dare to look. The party descended into a ravine, and after a toilsome scramble among some loose boulders, gained the second station of the journey, a huge rock called Pierre à l'Echelle, under which a ladder is left from one year's end to the other, and is carried on by the guides, to assist them in passing the crevices on the glacier.

The Glacier des Bossons is described as presenting more of the wild and awful in its upper portion than even the famous Mer de Glace. The alternate action of the nightly frost and the afternoon sun produces the most astonishing effects. Huge bergs, treacherous ridges, and awful crevices are frequent. The fissure that can be easily crossed one day becomes the next a yawning crevice of tremendous depth. The most experienced guide can have no fixed route over this terrible plain of ice.

Mr. Smith's party made slow progress. The guides astonished the strangers by their daring leaps and sure-footedness, which the latter did not see proper to imitate. Where the crevice was small, all jumped over it; but where it was three or four feet in breadth, a bridge was made of the ladder, and they walked over on the rounds. One scramble is described as rather frightful. There was a valley of ice, very narrow, but of unknown depth. Along the middle of this there ran a cliff, also of ice, very narrow at the top, and ending suddenly, the surface of which was fifteen feet lower than the top of the valley on either side. The feet of the ladder were set firmly on the neck of the cliff, and the other end leaned against the wall of ice. Even then the top-round was seven or eight feet below the top of the wall. One of the young guides went first with

his ax, and contrived to get safely to the top. If he had fallen, he would have pulled the whole party down to destruction, as all were tied together. Over safe, he helped his comrades to ascend. Mr. Smith cut his wrist while being drawn up: this was the only accident that befell him during the journey. At this formidable crevice the porters refused to proceed any further, and set off on their way back to Chamouni. The party of adventurers was now on the ridge which divides the Glacier de Bossons from that of Tacconnay. They proceeded with difficulty; but in the middle of the afternoon they reached the famous place for a night bivouac—the lofty, conical rocks called the Grand Mulets. Here, according to Mr. Smith, they not only recruited their strength, but kept “high festival,” eating, drinking, singing, and racing bottles down the glaciers. Sunset and night, as seen from this lofty station on Mont Blanc, are described by the enthusiastic adventurer who headed the party as beautiful beyond all the visions evoked by opium or *haschish*.

A little before midnight the guides began preparations for a renewal of the ascent. The bulk of the provisions was left upon the Grand Mulets. The moon being low, lanterns were brought into use. The march from the great rocks to the foot of the Grand Plateau is described as the heaviest part of the journey. About half-past three in the morning the party stood safely upon the plateau. Two or three miles of nearly level walking succeeded, during which our adventurers had much difficulty in keeping themselves tolerably warm. Although physically the easiest, this was the most treacherous part of the ascent. A flake of snow, or a chip of ice, whirled from the summit, and increasing in size as it rolled down the mountain, might, at any moment, have swept the whole party into the same awful crevice in which Dr. Hamel's guides perished.

At length Mr. Smith and his friends arrived under the shelter of the Rochers Rouges, and then they were in comparative safety. Here, however, one of the party gave up, being seized with vomiting and bleeding at the nose. A guide was left to take the sufferer back to the Grand Mulets, and the remainder of the party continued the ascent. From the foot of

the Rochers Rouges there runs a huge and slanting buttress of ice, round which the party had to climb from the northeast to the east. Above, it terminated in a mighty cliff; below, it terminated suddenly in an edge which was believed to be the border of a great crevice. Every step of the way had to be hewn out with an ax. After a half-hour's work the adventurers reached an undulating field of ice, looking straight down the Glacier du Tacoul toward the upper part of the Mer de Glace. At this point, Mr. Smith was strangely affected with a sensation of drowsiness and the wildest phantasies. He proceeded on, however, until the party arrived at the foot of the terrible Mur de la Côte, where he sat down, and said the others might go on without him if they chose. Of course they would not consent. The guides, being used to such cases, set him on his legs again, and aided him in what was really the most difficult part of the ascent.

The Mur de la Côte is described as an almost perpendicular wall of ice four or five hundred feet high. At one point it can be reached from the snow; but immediately after you begin to ascend it obliquely, there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice more frightful than anything yet passed in the ascent. A single slip of the foot, and there is no chance for life. Every footstep had to be cut. Even the guides crept over the glistening ice with extreme caution. At length the foot of the *calotte*, or cap of Mont Blanc, was reached. The danger was over, but not the labor, for this dome of ice was difficult to climb. Mr. Smith was almost overcome with drowsiness during this, the last part of the ascent; he has but an indistinct recollection of its incidents. Soon afterward the batons were stuck in the ground. The party stood upon the top of Mount Blanc!

Mr. Smith informs us that the rarefaction of the air was nothing in comparison with what he had anticipated. The guides could drink champagne, and smoke their pipes very comfortably; and they experienced no difficulty in breathing. Their faces, however, had a singular dark appearance, the result of congestion. The height greatly takes away from the interest of the view from the summit of this great mountain. All the great points in the neighborhood of Chamouni—the Buet, the

Aiguille Verte, the Col du Bonhomme, and even the Bernese Alps, stand forth clear enough, but the other second-class mountains seem like mere ridges. The lofty Brevent can scarcely be distinguished, and many of the Aiguilles are weak or merged in the landscape. The entire length of the Lake of Geneva, with the Jura beyond, is clearly defined, and beyond these may be seen the faint blue hills of Burgundy. On the southeast you may look down on the Jardin, along the same glacier by which the visitor to the Couvercle lets his eye travel to the summit of Mount Blanc. Away over the Col de Géant may be seen the plains of Lombardy. Of the entire *coup-d'œil*, however, no descriptive power can convey even a faint conception.

The descent of Mr. Smith's party was attended with much amusement. They occupied about three hours and a half in reaching the Grand Mulets, making their progress by sliding, tumbling, and short cuts. After refreshing themselves at the Grand Mulets they continued the descent. Upon the Glacier des Bossons they encountered the greatest danger of the whole journey. The surface had melted into a perfect sludge. Every minute the bridges over the crevices were falling in, and the adventurers sank almost to their waists at every step they took. The guides insisted on tying the party together. All proceeded with extreme toil and difficulty. At length they reached the granite rock of Pierre à l'Echelle, and from that point the descent was mere play. The party was received at Chamouni with every manifestation of joy at the success of the expedition, and, for the time, Mr. Smith and his friends were the lions of the place. The expenses of the journey were summed up at 2,338 francs and 75 centimes, which was a small amount, considering the number of the party and the character of their equipment.

The number of visitors to Mont Blanc increases in proportion to the improvement of the facilities of travel. Every season the hotels at Chamouni entertain persons from all parts of Europe and some portions of America. The number of those who attempt the ascent is surprisingly few; but the wonders of the valley, which are far beyond everything of the kind to be seen in Europe, are attractions sufficient to render it a favorite resort for

the admirers of the grand and beautiful in nature. To those who dare not attempt to stand upon the crown of Mont Blanc, the Brevent, the Mer de Glace, the numerous Aiguilles, and the beautiful banks of the Arve, offer charms which few persons of sensibility can resist. Let all who can visit the valley of Chamouni, and render homage to a greater than Olympus—Mont Blanc, "the monarch of mountains."

BRIDAL PRESENTS.

"ANNA!" screamed Mrs. Locke. We are sorry to accept so undignified a word for the tone of voice used by that most fascinating of belles; but Mrs. Locke was stationed behind the curtain of the second story front room window, and her sister was dressing her hair at the very back of the house.

"Well?" inquired Miss Paine, half turning from the mirror to listen.

"Another present for the bride. That's twenty-three parcels I've counted," said Mrs. Locke. "I expect she will have very handsome presents, for the porter from the silversmith's has been several times to-day, besides messengers from other tradespeople."

"Doubtless some of the parcels must have contained her dresses and things," said Miss Paine, advancing from the adjoining room; "but she ought to have handsome presents—all her relations are rich."

"They are lighting the gas in the back parlor already," said Mrs. Locke. "I should not wonder if they are going to have a rehearsal to-night."

"I dare say," replied Miss Paine: "here comes the groom; if it was I, I should n't thank him to be so early every evening. So all that horseback-riding turned out just as you said it would."

Entirely unconscious of this neighborly observation, Harold Welsh hurried along in the early twilight, thinking only, as he turned the corner, that it was for the last time. To-morrow his probation ended, and when they returned to the city he should have a right to come and go just as he pleased; the right of a husband and son, in the house that held his promised bride. With all sweet dreams and fancies, far more unselfish and earnest than young men of four-and-twenty are apt to entertain, he sprang up the steps, and rang

a quick summons to the servant who had received the "twenty-three parcels," and who remarked to the cook, as he turned loungingly toward the door, "That bell seems hung on wires—and the person may wait till his hurry is over."

The threat was not fulfilled, however, for the bride herself, watching by the parlor window, had saved John the trouble on this occasion.

No wonder that at this proof of her interest and eagerness for his coming the happy Harold scarcely waited to place the door between them and Mrs. Locke, still watching over the way, before he had given her such a kiss and embrace as you can imagine under the circumstances.

He could not help a feeling of disappointment though, when his lady-love's first half-smothered ejaculation was, "O! it's you, is it, Harold?" while she resettled her discomposed collar and under-sleeves.

"Who else did you suppose it was?" inquired the slightly piqued, but still devoted lover.

"O, do n't get cross—there 's a darling! But I thought it might be Cousin James. Seriously, you know he has n't been here for a week, and it's so strange! Nothing whatever has come from him; not so much as a note, or anything. O, Harold, I've had so many lovely things come to-day!—all sorts of baskets and boxes, and ornaments and silver; all my uncles and aunts have sent something in silver, and everything matches so beautifully. Is n't it strange about Cousin James?—so rich, and my guardian, too, and always so fond of me! It must be something elegant when it does come. We've been talking it over; and every time the bell rang, you know, we thought it must be he or his present. I told the girls I was sure it was this time, so I ran to the door myself."

It was not particularly gratifying to know that his bride had been watching for a trinket instead of himself; but Harold was too happy to let that damp the delight he felt in being near his "little wife—almost," as he whispered in the hall, after a separation of so many hours. He was sorry to hear voices in the back parlor, so he kept her talking away while he made a great parade of unbuttoning his overcoat, and drawing off his gloves.

"You must not mind how I look tonight," she ran on, giving her apron a lit-

tle stroke; "people never do look like anything, or pretend to dress, the week before they are married, so Albertina says; and she has been bride-maid ever so many times. She was astonished when she found I was about to make a difference, and advised me to keep on my morning dress. She thinks Cousin James intends to send a whole tea-service, or a very elegant set of ornaments; she says she should n't be surprised if he gave diamonds. But I forgot you had n't seen the things; they are all set out on the sofa-table in the back parlor, except your mother's present; there was n't room for that, so it's on the piano; and by-and-by we are going to arrange them in the dressing-room up stairs."

"I'm glad you told me what it all means," said Harold, as he bowed to Miss Albertina Willis, the first bride-maid, and Ellen Ward the third—the intervening damsel had not yet arrived. "I should say that you were getting up a fancy fair, or something of that kind, if I did not know. Needle-books and Cologne bottles—what a collection!"

"O, do n't!" called out the bride, recuing an embroidered white satin *sachet* from his careless handling; "there is n't a needle-book in the whole, you provoking man! And that pair of Colognes are real Bohemian—they have n't been in the house ten minutes; they're Mrs. Jacob's present, and they must have cost immensely, Albertina says; and she has priced these things so often."

"So they are to be ranged according to market value," said Harold. "The regard of the giver has nothing to do with the transaction, only the length of purse they imply. This is rather pretty," he said, alluding to a taper-stand, one of those trifling affairs one sees on every *étagère*. "Mrs. Grimes," he read on the card attached. "You ought to put the price down under each, or mark it on the bottom of the article, as they do in the china-shops."

"O, you're joking now," said the bride. "I know you think just as I do, that it's very mean in Mrs. Grimes, when I made Agnes such a lovely present last year. I do n't think she would like to see the price put down; I expected something elegant from her. Is n't this lace-set beautiful? That's from Aunt Jane."

"Rather," replied Harold. It was plain

to see he did not know one present from another, as he carelessly ruffled the Alencon chemisette the young ladies had been in ecstasies over. "How many pounds' worth of affection, Jenny?"

"O, it must have been—but I've no idea—immense!" said the future Mrs. Welsh, in all good faith.

"Here 's the silver all by itself," said Ellen Ward. "See, what a lovely pair of sets!"

"And what are these? Muffin rings? One, two, three, four; why, there must be nine or ten. O! napkin rings, are they? Well, how many napkins are we to use at once? How tidy we shall have to be to display them all! And what is that trowel there?"

"A pie-knife!" exclaimed the third bride-maid, wondering if Mr. Welsh was really as ignorant as he pretended, but not knowing him well enough to ask.

"Why, there are two of them," said Harold. "Then I can always ask for two pieces of pie. How fortunate!"

"O, that's nothing!" interposed Albertina. "Why, Alice Lawton had eight pair of butter-knives, I recollect, all marked with her name in full, so it was impossible to change them. To be sure it would be nicer if one of these was a crumb-scraper."

"How long is it since silver crumb-brushes came?" inquired Harold.

"Not brushes; a knife something like this, or this more," and Albertina held up a massive fish-knife, elaborately engraved with dolphins, while the fork was in the form of a trident. "See, how heavy this is! Mrs. Frank Welsh has really been very kind."

"O, that's my relation!" said Harold. "Why, is everybody expected to shell out on these occasions?"

"Shell out! What an expression, Harold!" said the bride elect, poutingly. She thought he was not half so much pleased as he should have been. For her part she had been in such a state of excitement all day over her new possessions that she could scarcely wait for evening to come, that he might share her raptures. The very wrapping-paper, and twine, and packing-boxes had a charm for her.

"Mrs. Egbert Welsh sent that pair of preserve-spoons," said the matter-of-fact Ellen Ward, on whom the business of this display would principally fall, and who

was losing no time in getting the catalogue for her wares by heart—we believe it is a part of regular bridal etiquette for the third bride-maid to undertake "the fancy-table." "Mrs. Jones, the salt-spoons lined with gold, you see, and gold mustard-spoon. Miss Grant, the tea-strainer. Mrs. Pyne, the ice-cream knife. Hannah Richards, the ladle—no, she sent the oyster-ladle—this is marked Mrs. Tom Barker, and belongs to the family-set here. A dozen teaspoons, dessert and table-spoons in this case, Mr. and Mrs. John Barker. Two dozen forks, breakfast and tea, Mrs. Edward. Sugar, Mrs. Henry. Cream, Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins Barker."

"See, how heavy they are!" added the bride, who, running to the window—another ring having announced the arrival of a disappointment in the shape of the baker's boy with fresh buns for tea—had returned in time to take pride in the display of liberality on the part of her own family.

"Very," said Harold, gravely balancing a fork which he had taken from the velvet-lined purple morocco-case. "Your Uncle Edward loves you so many ounces, 'warranted genuine.' Your Uncle and Aunt John so many more. Well, I have heard of 'weighing affection,' but I always considered it a figure of speech till now."

"O, you may say what you please, Harold; it's very kind of them; and mamma says every young couple ought to have their silver in readiness."

"Particularly after her stipulation that you should always live with her," replied Harold; "and she has everything in this line already."

"But how shall I manage if Cousin James should send a whole tea-service," said the bride, "so as not to offend Uncle Henry and Uncle Tompkins? I wish Cousin James may choose something else—something entirely useful."

"He will, you may depend upon it," said Albertina Willis. "There was Georgia Berrian's uncle, just like your Cousin James, only he was a very old gentleman; her uncle instead of her father's cousin; but he was her guardian, I mean. He did not come to the wedding, but two weeks before the most enormous packing-box arrived. Well, all rushed to see it opened; and what do you think it turned out to be? A dressing-bureau! It was rosewood, to be sure, and elegantly carved;

but only think of a dressing-bureau for a bridal present!"

"Look out for a wash-stand from Cousin James," said Harold, highly amused at the story, with its marked emphasis; "a wash-stand, and towel-horse to match."

"Nonsense!" returned the bride, to whom the story was tolerably familiar, this being the fourth repetition. "Hear the rest of it, Harold."

"Well," continued Albertina, "after a while we thought we might as well have the bureau set up, as plenty of drawers were wanted, you may be sure, with ten bride-maids, and seven of us staying in the house! I remember there was n't a nail that would have held another thing! And what do you think? When we came to open the first drawer, there was a set of linen cambric handkerchiefs,—it, was a small side drawer,—and half-a-dozen French collars, and a whole piece of Valenciennes lace, and I know not what besides! You should have seen us tearing out the things after that; the most elegant dresses, and a white watered mantilla—I recollect it was the year they first came out—a crape shawl, an elegant fan, and even a sun-shade; a whole wardrobe complete that he had sent. You never saw such a looking room as it was when we got through. Every chair, and table, and the floor piled up with things!"

"Dear Jenny, I hope your cousin James won't copy that remarkable fashion," said Harold.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because the house certainly would not hold any more dresses, and bonnets, and things," replied Harold. "Only recollect how many times I've escorted you to Miss Wharton's. And it must be three months at least that I've walked over that unfortunate seamstress in the bent bonnet, who is always going home just as I come."

"O, one can't have too much!" said Albertina, emphatically. "If I was going to be married, I should make it a point to have a different dress and lace-set for every party, and a bonnet for every walking-dress. I can't see the least use in being married without having plenty of new things."

"I dare say," said the bridegroom. "Where's your mother, Jenny?"

"I've hardly had a glimpse of her all day," she replied; "she's so busy about the collation. That reminds me that she

wanted to see you, when you came in, about the wine. I think you'll find her in the dining-room."

"Suppose you go with me, to show me the way."

"Why, if Cousin James should come, or send—for you see, I am sure, being my guardian, it will be something superb—I should n't like to be out of the way."

"Yes," said Albertina, "after, watching ever since one o'clock."

"But," suggested Ellen Ward, "we could bring it up to you, you know."

"Pray do n't trouble yourself," said Harold. He was only mortal man, and could not help being a little vexed. "I can find your mother, I dare say."

"O, don't be disagreeable, Harold!" And a lover's quarrel would certainly have ensued, if the bride had not thought better of it, and followed him into the hall. "You're not angry with me?" she said.

"No, darling;" and he smoothed the half frown away from his face as she nestled close in his arm going up the broad staircase. "But these pomps and vanities seem so unsuited to all I have been thinking and feeling to-day. I suppose I have not got over my disappointment of not finding you alone to-night."

"But you will have me all to yourself after to-morrow."

"True, my little bride," and his heart gave a great bound at the thought.

"And you see," she continued, "if we do not have at least one rehearsal—most people have three or four—there might be some disagreeable mistake, and that would spoil all."

"All?" exclaimed Harold.

"The wedding, I mean," she added.

But it was a very irksome evening notwithstanding. The groomsmen would not understand the precise order of *entrées*—Harold persisted in calling it "learning the figure"—and the second bride-maid had a cold, and was obliged to stay at home and nurse herself for the next day. Her place was supplied by Mrs. Barker, the mother of the bride, who, being constitutionally nervous, and especially flurried when so many things still remained to be looked after, went wrong continually, and was called off as soon as she began to enter into the spirit of the thing.

Albertina, mistress of ceremonies, by virtue of her long experience, was "in despair" every five minutes; and it was

wonderful how she managed to survive at all. The door-bell rang continually, and the bride as often broke away from "her partner," and flew to the hall, to receive the head waiter engaged for the next day, or some bandbox, or parcel, or message from the milliner or dressmaker; but no parcel from the delinquent guardian, who was so strangely forgetful, considering that he had heartily approved of the engagement at the first, and was the wealthiest of all Miss Jenny Barker's well-to-do relatives.

"I would n't mind so much, at any rate, only every one will talk so," she said to Harold, who felt himself compelled to leave without having seen her alone ten minutes; yet when he came it seemed as if he could not say half that was in his heart for a month at least. It was so full of bright hopes and the new duties he was to take upon himself, and fears lest he should fail in making that dear girl as happy as she should be.

"What should we care for any one, Jenny, when we have each other," said Harold. "And really, I don't see what more a woman's heart could wish than such a shower of beautiful things. I was only teasing. I think your presents very handsome, dear, and it's very kind in your friends."

Just then, at the very latest possible hour, the messenger so watched for was heard ascending the steps.

"I sha n't turn my head this time," said the bride, despondingly. "I know it's too late for Cousin James now."

Very likely it was, for he was a middle-aged gentleman of very regular habits, who had dispatched his office-boy with the parcel and note now delivered early in the evening. Why they had just arrived was best known to the messenger himself, who did not wait for explanations.

It seemed as if that string would never come untied. Harold took pity on the impatient little fingers, and finally cut it with his knife. One, two, three wrappers!

"And it's so heavy. What can it be?" said the bride, eagerly.

Then a strong pasteboard packing-box, edged with blue. Harold began to comprehend the mystery; but nothing was further from the young girl's excited imagination than the plain, substantially-bound "Family Bible," which presented itself when the cover was raised.

Tears of disappointment and mortification sprang to her eyes as she looked up at Harold.

"Read the note, Jenny," he said, soothingly, as he would have done to a grieved, disappointed child, putting it into her hand.

She gave it back to him open, for she could not make it out through her tears. They were alone now; so he drew her head down on his shoulder, and read in his grave, manly voice:—

"I send you an unusual gift, dear child, for you have always been as dear to me as my own could have been; yet I can think of no other so suitable, coming from me, at this time. A Family Bible is not what it used to be in my young days—not held in such loving reverence, or consulted with the faith and trust of the old time. Still, knowing Harold as I do, and how readily you are won to the right way when it is set before you, I hope that in your household it will never be neglected and unused, as it is in so many homes.

"I do not approve of bridal presents in the light they have come to be considered. They are too often only vehicles of ostentatious display, oftentime ill-afforded, and given grudgingly in secret; and the truest friends are wounded by seeing their modest offerings, placed in glittering contrast with what has cost far less thought and care, overlooked or alighted by the recipient for some useless bauble. Envy and heart-burning, every kind of ill-feeling, seems to me to grow out of this much-abused custom. I had made up my mind to discontinue it in future before I knew that I was so soon to be called on to give you away. Harold could not ask anything more precious at my hands; and tell him, from me, that if at any time my counsel, credit, or more tangible proof of the entire confidence I have in him will be of any service, he must not hesitate to call on me as if I were his own father.

"For yourself, my dear child, accept all I can offer of heartfelt good wishes and earnest prayers for your future happiness. I doubt not other friends have lavished more costly gifts. None have thought of you as I have this day in selecting mine, save, indeed, your mother and your future husband. God's blessing be on you both!"

The reader's eyes grew misty as he concluded, while a smile of sudden satisfaction and pleasure flushed his bride's upraised face. It was so kindly said, that, in spite of her expectations, she could not be vexed at her guardian, and the disappointment began to lose its keenest edge.

"What more could we ask, darling?" said Harold, kissing her forehead softly; and at that moment, free from all external worldly influences, she was ready to answer, "Nothing."

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER TO BISHOP SIMPSON.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS AGAIN—OPPORTUNITIES FOR LITERARY YOUNG MEN—METHODIST LITERATURE—EXEGESIS—DOGMATIC THEOLOGY—WESLEY AND FLETCHER—WATSON—AMERICAN WRITERS—HISTORICAL WORKS—BIOGRAPHIES—MISCELLANEOUS WORKS—WHAT IS THEIR CHARACTER GENERALLY?

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—In my last letter I proposed to discuss the present literary *status* of Methodism, including its educational institutions. The letter was treated at some length in that letter. I offer in the present some further thoughts on these institutions, and also on our denominational literature, with reference, particularly, to the advantages which the denomination offers for literary labor and success.

In few other respects does the Church present a more extensive and more inviting prospect. Next to the demand for able preachers, its present most urgent call is unquestionably for *educators*, from the university president down to the village school-tutor. Many of the incumbents of such offices among us have been without regular and thorough education, whatever may have been their merits otherwise. As stated in my last, I can recollect well the time when there were but two collegiate graduates in the American Methodist ministry besides Dr. Coke; the first men who took charge of our collegiate education,—Ruter, Durbin, Bascom, Tomlinson, &c.,—were all self-educated. This fact was no detraction from them personally—quite otherwise—but it was a serious one officially. Self-instruction may form an original mind better than the aid of tutors; but it cannot be so successful in training men in the art of *instructing others*. Men of genius always take precedence of men of mere scholarship; but the latter are always the best educators—the former, generally, the very worst.

It has come then to be a settled fact among us that the instructors in our literary institutions must be instructed men—*graduates*, in fine—and very few will be the future exceptions to this rule, whatever examples of talent or self-education may be alleged against it. I state the fact merely, without pronouncing on its justness. Scholarship, therefore—literary or scientific eminence in it—should be the aspiration of young men in our learned institutions. A large class of such is now demanded; our educational provisions are actually suffering for want of them. Presidents and professors for our universities and colleges, principals and teachers for our academies and female seminaries are more in demand than in any other denomination in the country. Our institutions are often perplexed and crippled for want of the right supply.

This fact arises from two circumstances—the comparative recency of our literary institutions, and the rapid growth of our communion—ren-

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dering the demand both sudden and large. Though some quite early attempts were made to provide such institutions in the Church, yet our denominational zeal has taken that direction within a comparatively short period. Now, however, that it has received the salutary impulse, it is sure to retain it. There is danger even, as I have shown, that it will become too energetic. Look again at our educational statistics. We have some twelve^o colleges and universities and fifty-seven academies under the patronage of the Northern section of the Church alone. Add to these the similar institutions of the South, and we have an aggregate of almost one hundred. Nearly all of them have been founded within the last twenty years. And they are but the beginning of the *educational movement* of the denomination. As the latter extends into the new regions of the continent it will, I doubt not, be more active than ever in such provisions for the intellectual elevation of its people, and meanwhile it must for years be invigorating and enlarging its existing institutions.

These multiplying opportunities for educated men "in the Church" will be specially augmented in one respect quite soon, viz., by the more general introduction of theological education among us. The tendency of the public sentiment in this direction is too obvious to be questioned. Wrong or right, we have received the impulse; we are on the track of other sects in this respect, and it is hardly possible in the nature of things that we shall turn back. The English experiment and still more our own have determined the question. Theological schools, or theological departments in our existing institutions, will soon be demanded throughout the connection; for when once organized in a portion of the Church, its other sections must adopt them in self-defense.

This change will open a large field for educators among us. I venture to predict that in less than twenty-five years from now the demand for professors in such institutions will be equal to half our whole present demand for collegiate instructors. If the Wesleyan ministry finds two such schools necessary, our own wide-spread and growing Church will not be content with a less proportionate supply. The time is manifestly quite at hand when the regard which our people have for their ministry and the avidity with which they now demand pulpit talent will lead them to devise most liberal things in respect to educational institutions. The large pecuniary means with which God is now blessing us are accompanied by a growing generosity among our people; only a magnanimous appeal to them, accompanied with schemes worthily great, is needed to enlist their energies for any good work. And, as I have before affirmed, in proportion as our schemes are really great and commanding will hereafter be the generous interest of our people for them.

Such then is a glance, and a mere glance, on the advantages which Methodism presents in this respect to its educated young men. In no other American Church are such opportunities more

^o Including Troy and Chicago, and the two Biblical Institutes, the number is fourteen.

abundant—in none is their prospect more flattering. The era of our educational movements has, I repeat, just set in; and it promises to be the date of one of the most splendid chapters in our denominational history. Let our studious youth prepare themselves hopefully for their rare opportunities; good scholarship, good talents cannot fail of patronage under such circumstances. Let them not be content with hasty and superficial preparations. The Church is fast approaching a point where talents in these departments will be valued in proportion as they are intrinsic. The sterling coin will soon be the demanded currency.

Let such men be not afraid of a high ambition. The Church needs not merely good instructors, men of tact in tutorship—it needs presiding minds for its institutions. This is now felt to be one of its great wants. Men who would aspire to such positions “desire a good thing;” but let them first aspire to the necessary qualifications—sterling scholarship; comprehensive capacities; vigorous, dignified, and sanctified virtues. Such qualifications are not always, not usually native. Like most other excellences they are the result of application and consecration. They may not be the first to attract the public eye, for garish superficiality is always first to succeed as also to fail; but they will inevitably be recognized in good time. It is impossible that men of such claims can be long neglected under the urgent circumstances of our cause.

While we can say thus much, and much more, of the literary opportunities of the Church, we may repeat also in respect to our educational establishments what we have affirmed respecting the pecuniary support of the ministry. The salaries of our literary institutions are fast improving; they are now generally in advance of the support received by the ministry. They will compare well with the salaries of institutions of similar condition in other Churches, and the resources and enterprise of the Church justify the hope that they will soon be fully up to the best standard.

I have been the more particular in these remarks, because I think *the time has come in which we should encourage the preparation of an order of men for the educational wants of the Church, men who shall prepare themselves expressly for such opportunities, who shall get ready for them as for a profession, and not enter them, as is usually the case, by accident or a diversion from what is usually called “professional life.”* Let them, when they enter college, not look forward to medicine, the law, and divinity, as the only professions, but to collegiate professorships as fast becoming equally advantageous.

But let us turn to another aspect of the subject. Our denominational literature presents an open and an ample field for our educated men. I propose to survey rapidly this department of our interests, and to do so with frankness. If my remarks lack the wonted tone of our denominational self-adulation they can be excused after the distinctness with which I have thus far spoken of what really admits of self-gratulation; and they shall have, what I trust will be a better recommendation to the best portion of my readers, thorough honesty.

What then is our denominational literature,

and what present and prospective advantages does the Church offer to literary laborers in this respect? We have a numerous catalogue of denominational books; their number and importance is really beyond what could have been expected so early in our history; and yet it can hardly be said that we have much that is entitled to be called a denominational literature.

In *Biblical Exposition* we are perhaps most complete. Wesley, Clarke, Benson, and Watson in part, have furnished us good commentaries.* But they can hardly any longer take rank among the ablest standards of Scriptural exegesis, except Wesley's Notes, which is a more admirable work for its designed use than is usually supposed.† Biblical criticism has advanced so much within the last quarter of a century that these writers now all need revision, and very extensive revision. This department of our literature is, in fine, wide open for new laborers; and the men of whom we spoke in our last article—the future incumbents of our academic, collegiate, and biblical institutions—can devote themselves to the new and rich fields of Biblical learning with the certain prospect that their acquisitions will be found available to the wants of the Church. The Arminian theology of the age needs scholars like Stuart and Robinson; and such men will soon, if they should not now, meet with as hearty a welcome and patronage from our own communion, as they have received from the Calvinistic sects. Mr. Strong's “Harmony” is an effort in the right direction, and Dr. Whedon, I learn, is preparing a Biblical work for the Methodist public.

In *Dogmatic Theology* we are more deficient. Wesley's Works form a standard among us; but excepting his sermons and one or two treatises, they have had their day. We would not place them, as Isaac Taylor does, on the library shelf, to repose in dust beside the Institutes of Calvin. They will be always needed; but their popular currency is about over. They will hereafter be printed almost exclusively in their collected and expensive form, and be found chiefly in the libraries of clerical men. Wesley, though never in “a hurry,” as he says, was always “in haste.” He adapted himself to the wants of his times. Few of his works are suited for permanent use; they were not designed for such use. He accomplished his design, and was thus far a wise man; but his vast amount of book manufactures will no longer be applicable to the wants of his people.

Fletcher's Checks were once considered the impregnable rampart of Methodist theology; but they, too, are falling into desuetude—too rapidly, we fear, yet inevitably. They are a series of pamphlets, and no such publications can be of permanent currency, however intrinsic their merit. In time their original and temporary adaptations become actual detractions from them. The public taste now demands that what in Fletcher's pamphlets was really of permanent value, should be put into a more congruous and permanent form.

* We designedly omit Coke from the enumeration. The reader will find our reason in Clarke's Introduction to his Commentary.

† The greatest standards of our literature are still its psalmody by Charles Wesley, and John Wesley's Notes and Sermons.

Fletcher did not attempt the highest generalization of his subjects. But if he did not attempt comprehensively to examine the great Calvinistic controversy, yet his skill in the tactics of logic was unrivaled. He has given the best popular refutation of the Augustinian opinions, and in the very best spirit. His "Checks" will, however, hereafter seldom be read by the people, and hardly engage the attention of critical scholars. Laborers in the defence of the Arminian doctrine will therefore still be needed,—learned, logical, comprehensive thinkers,—who, if they should be able to take rank with Arminius, Episcopius, and Grotius, should also be able to adapt themselves to the modern spirit of inquiry.

Bledsoe's Theodicy is somewhat of this character. He is not, however, a Methodist, and his views are not satisfactory to many of our best thinkers.

Our only other dogmatic writer of any note is Richard Watson. He is unquestionably the most vigorous, the astutest mind that has yet appeared in our Church literature. And yet what writer among us is more unreadable? Writing must have been an onerous, a formidable work to Watson. Sound and discriminating in judgment, he knew what was relevant to his subject; equally just in his taste, he could appreciate what was appropriate or elegant in style; but in both his logic and his rhetoric he labors with a desperate and most tiresome effort. He was self-educated, and lacked that facility which thorough early discipline gives, and which consists alike with elegance and profoundness. The natural alertness of mind which, in some men, supplies this advantage of early classic training, was wanting in him. His Institutes will long live as a standard of theology for clergymen and students; but they are unreadable to all others, and scarcely readable to them. They are quite largely a compilation; their selections, however, are the best gold of the best Anglican theologians.

In fine, besides Wesley, we have but one great dogmatic writer, and his most important contribution to our literature is a text-book, and to a great extent a compiled one.

Our other works in dogmatic theology,—Professor Kingsley's, Merritt's, Fisk's, Hodgson's, Mattison's, Foster's, &c.,—were produced to meet some cotemporary exigency, and were hardly designed or adapted for a permanent place in the literature of the Church, notwithstanding their marked ability. I can now recall no exceptions to this remark, unless they be a couple of volumes by Dr. Peck,* one by Rev. Mr. Hibbard, and the well known work of Dr. Elliott on Popery, which, as a great body of authorities, thoroughly arranged, thoroughly verified, in detail and yet comprehensive, almost exhausts the subject, and cannot soon be superseded. Some of these last-named authors have not shown the power of the others just mentioned, but their works are more complete and standard. Professor Kingsley's volume on the Resurrection, Mattison's on the Trinity,

Hodgson's and Foster's on Calvinism, are masterly in their way. They show what such men might do if, dropping local or temporary purposes, they should apply themselves to general and comprehensive works.

Our *Historical Literature* also presents an open and a rich field. The great movement of English Methodism, a movement which by common consent is now allowed to be the most important development of Christianity since the Reformation, is yet without anything approaching an adequate historical record. Jackson's Centenary volume was but a historical glance at the field—a temporary work for a temporary purpose. The trans-Atlantic history of Methodism is yet to be found only in its biographies, and these are but partially satisfactory. Whitehead's *Life of Wesley* is obsolete, and deserves to be. Coke and Moore's has shared the same fate. Moore's separate and diffuse work is out of print, and will hardly reappear, in this country at least. Watson's small volume cannot be called a standard. It is designedly brief to suit it for popular use, and yet the almost absolute deficiency of his otherwise noble intellect in the power to adapt itself to the popular mind, has measurably defeated the design. Watson's "Observations" are a fine critique on Southey, but are not otherwise of historical importance. Isaac Taylor's late work on "Methodism" is a sort of generalized estimate of the character and results of the movement—unsatisfactory, one-sided, vexatiously involved, and of not much positive historical value. In fact, the most thorough as well as the most entertaining historical survey of Methodism is still to be found in the fallacious pages of a writer whom we are accustomed, and with some appearance of justice, to consider its enemy—Robert Southey. We Methodists cannot put this work into the hands of our children, guarded even as it is by the labors of Dr. Curry; but we are compelled to resort to it ourselves for the most comprehensive and the most interesting views of our history.

We need yet two important works of the kind—a well-studied and thorough life of Wesley, embodying the early history of Methodism, and written with comprehensive views of his relations to his own and to our times—a standard work, not so overweening to our denominational fancies as to be repulsive to impartial men of other sects; nor so concessive to other sects as to compromise the claims of Methodism—in other words, not a denominational, but an independent and appreciative biography of Wesley. This on the one hand; on the other we need a popular life of the great founder—one which without being voluminous shall nevertheless aim more at entertainment than brevity, and shall present the salient points, the dramatic interest of his career with as much of that vivacity and coincidence and *dénoûment*, which distinguish D'Aubigné, as will consist with perfect historical veracity. Scarcely any personage of modern history, since Luther, is a finer character for such a work; the intensely evangelical and popular course of his long and varied career is full of striking data. What a market would such a work find among the almost world-wide population of Methodism!

Our other biographical works are somewhat

* Dr. Peck's volumes on the "Rule of Faith" and "Christian Perfection" are thorough and substantial productions, and yet, I regret to say, almost entirely neglected among us. They deserve a better fate.

numerous; but I believe that intelligent Methodists will generally concur in an opinion expressed to me by the late President Olin, that with two or three exceptions they need to be thoroughly revised or to be superseded by better works. They abound in ideas and marvels which the better intelligence, if not better piety, of later times requires to be rectified. Many of them have had a powerful influence, and still are very precious for their devout tendency; but how much more elevating would their tendency be were it exempt from the objections referred to?

If we look at the historical works of our own section of Methodism we find a scarcely less inviting opportunity for the literary laborer. Lee's History of Methodism was absolutely without merit except as a repository of dates, and these are quite meager. It will never be reprinted. Dr. Bangs has preserved all that was important in Lee, and compiled a considerable body of materials from the records of the General Conference, the obituary of the Minutes, the Methodist Magazine, and also furnished some valuable original data from his own long acquaintance with the Church and from other private sources. So far as the collection and serial arrangement of facts is concerned, he has done a great service to our literature. I know not indeed that he could have done better, for what important resources beyond those mentioned were at his command? Personally I have had occasion to consult his works as much perhaps as any other individual, and I feel thankful to him for them; yet such were the few materials at his command that with his utmost endeavor he was able to make his volumes but *collectanea* toward our history. The time had not come for such a history; it even now has not arrived. Those special and local works which are the chief materials of the historian are still few among us. Sectional researches, rescuing the special incidents and romance of our history, must yet be made. They have been attempted, and feebly, in but one section. They have yet to be made in Canada, the Middle States, the North, the South, the South-West. There are rich materials scattered over these sections. They must be gathered speedily if ever, and the Conferences should exert themselves before it is too late to rescue these means of guaranteeing to themselves a right position in the future history of the Church.

In the preparation of such local records as well as more general ones hereafter, there is entertaining and remunerative work for many hands. I would urge the suggestion. There are men reading these lines who are fully competent for the task, and who would find it a delightful service. Let them determine to attempt it; let them sketch out their plans, look about them for resources, and enter upon the grateful, filial duty.

The rest of our denominational publications may be classed together as *miscellaneous*, and they are quite thoroughly so both as a class and in their individual composition. Their chief excellence is their devout temper, and in this respect they are happily characteristic of the genius of Methodism. As works of literature or intellect but few can be mentioned which are expected to command permanent influence.

Like most of our more important publications they are virtually compilations. The volumes of Messrs. Mercein, Haven, Porter, Clark, Wise, Townley, and Smith² are among the best exceptions to these remarks, and the beginning, it is hoped, of a new development in this department of our literature.

Our Sunday-school literature, so abundant and so rich, is not particularly denominational, and ought not to be. It is largely imported. My remarks do not apply to it, nor to that increasing class of practical guide books or "Manuals," which, from their adaptation to changing wants, cannot be a permanent staple of our literature.

I have thus endeavored to measure somewhat this important field of our denominational interests, not by general remarks, but with some particularity. I have spoken in the usual style of critics—unfavorably—of defects rather than excellencies; but from the necessity of the case, rather than any critical predispositions. My estimates will not receive the concurrence of all; of course not; but they are honest, and I think the best judges will say, nearly accurate. Our Church has done well in its literature—better than could at all have been expected. In its literature, as in everything else, it has directed its strength to the want of the hour, and met it vigorously, but by this very fact has it left other times to meet their own wants in this as in other respects. I do not disparage it.

I know not that a parallel can be found in any other sect, taking all things into the account. The design of my remarks has been not to detract from its real merit in this respect, but to show what remains to be done—what opportunities it still presents to literary laborers.

Here, then, is an immense market—including hundreds of thousands, spread all over the nation, and spreading all over the world, quickening everywhere with the aspirations of intelligence and taste, and aroused to general efforts for education. And the whole work of supplying these wants is open to revision or original attempts. Let our educated men, and especially our studious youth, look at the striking fact, the inviting field. Let them apply themselves to its noble labors. What usefulness can compare with that of a good and durable book? And where are there better opportunities for such usefulness than within the pale of Methodism?

I take my leave of the subject, for the present, fully aware of the opportunity I have offered for counter criticism. There are men who can best show their orthodoxy or fidelity to a Church by the use of the superlatives of denominational egotism. I, of course, cannot deny their right to enter the arena; but I hope that while they kick up a dust upon it to their heart's content, they will also admit my right to leave it and to jog tranquilly along toward the topics that yet remain before me.

As ever, yours, &c., A. STEVENS.

² Smith's Sacred Annals are elaborate, and would be standard works in the religious market generally, if they could be properly made known to the general public.

Editorial Notes and Gleanings.

A JESUIT IN AN AMERICAN PROTESTANT PULPIT.

—The respected correspondent who asks our authority for asserting that one of the predecessors of Dr. Tyng, in the rectorship of Saint George's, was a Jesuit in disguise, is referred to the life of the Rev. Dr. Milnor, by Rev. John S. Stone, published by the American Tract Society in 1848. At page 316 of that volume is an extract from Dr. Milnor's Journal while in England, of which the following is a copy :—

"In the course of our conversation a curious fact was developed in relation to Dr. Kewley, my predecessor in Saint George's. Mr. Mayer said that he had seen him in Italy, and was well acquainted with him. He passes there by the name of Father Kewley; but Mr. Mayer says he knows his true name to be Lawson. He has no doubt that Dr. Kewley was a Jesuit during the whole time of his residence in America."

So much the worse for the facts, was the reply of an ingenious Frenchman when told that his favorite theory was contradicted by well-known facts. We were reminded of this sentiment by an article in a recent number of the *Christian Advocate*, in which the writer argues the undue power of Methodist bishops, from the fact that they appoint presiding elders; and that presiding elders are almost universally elected delegates to the General Conference. The fact is, with regard to one annual conference at least, (the New-York East,) that of the eight delegates elected, but one was a presiding elder, and he had held the office but a single year.

Exhibitions of Christian Charity are always refreshing to weary pilgrims journeying to a land where bigotry has no place. The *Congregationalist*, a religious periodical published at Boston, is eminent for its illustrations of this prime Christian grace. It is edited by three "pastors of Congregational Churches in active service," and has among its special contributors no less than eight "active and honored pastors of Congregational Churches." These eleven reverend gentlemen, all "honored" men, whose names are published every week, make a very decent paper; and in their issue of December 7, they have apparently combined to pay their united respects to a sister Church. They take for their text a book called the *Second Part of Cooke's Centurion*, in which they tell us that the author "maintains, by historic evidence, that the Methodist religious organizations are not Churches in any proper sense;" "that these organizations are radically hostile to republican principles; that there are no checks over the bishops; that the under clergy are tyrannized over, and the working clergy starved;" and worse than even that, in Mr. Cooke's book "it is shown from the statistics of the denomination that more than nine-tenths" (italics as here) "of Methodist converts have been lost by backsliding in the last eleven years." We have never seen Mr. Cooke's "Second Part," nor the first, if there is one, but take for granted, on the credit of these eleven honored pastors, that he really does all these things. What a grief it must have been to his righteous soul when the love of Christ con-

strained him to make these things public, and to prove them. Deeply grieved, too, were these honored pastors when the book fell into their hands, for they assure the world that they "have read this volume with great care;" and not only so, but they read it "with the hope that our brother would fail in his logic." But, alas! that was not a good hope. "We have failed," say they, "to find the flaw." "The book is convincing." Thus overwhelmed with grief for the "more than nine-tenths who have been lost," there remains for them only the Christian consolation, that, after all, there may be "some good Christians among the Methodists." And they have a doubt too—but only one: "Our only doubt is, whether a sufficiently wide generalization of facts has been made to warrant the conclusion, which strikes a death-blow at a whole denomination." How charitable that doubt! Could Christianity ask anything more at the hands of these eleven honored pastors, who are not "starved," seeing they eke out a support editorially! Certainly not. And yet these eleven honored pastors—blessings on their heads!—do go a step further, and "advise all to read, carefully, Dr. Cooke's volumes;" for they "have no doubt that this little breeze will result in benefit to the general cause." How strong must be their faith in an overruling Providence! "A death-blow at a whole denomination" is only "a little breeze," and they "have no doubt it will result in benefit to the general cause." Well, we hope so; and in the mean time shake hands in our heart with these honored pastors, all of whom we hope to meet in heaven. It will be soon enough to have a personal acquaintance with men of such enlarged Christian charity there.

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ALL SORTS OF MINDS.—There is a strong disposition, says Sidney Smith, in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong, common-sense view of the subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches! Wit gives to life one of its best flavors, common-sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtility seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitation for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all have their duties and uses; all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.

HYMNOLOGY.—We adverted last month to some specimens of double-meaning found in the hymns used for public worship. Our readers may remember the good deacon, who broke down three times in the middle of the first line of the hymn :—

"I loos to steal awhile away," &c.

In a weekly paper now before us, the compiler of a recent collection is replying to some animadversions upon his work by a cotemporary. The critic finds fault with the omission of the hymn beginning,

*"How helpless nature lies
Unconscious of her load," &c.*

The compiler acknowledges his error. The hymn, he says, ought to have been retained, and for the benefit of just such critics, with a special emphasis on the last word of the first line.

This reminds us of the couplet suggested as a motto to be inscribed over the entrance to a cemetery well furnished with beautiful monuments :—

*"Here lie the dead,
And here the living lie!"*

Wigs.—"All personal disguise," says Tertullian, "is adultery before God. All perukes, paint, and powder, are such disguises and inventions of the devil," *ergo*, &c. This zealous individual appeals to personal as often as to religious feeling. "If you will not fling away your false hair," says he, "as hateful to heaven, cannot I make it hateful to yourselves, by reminding you that the false hair you wear may have come not only from a criminal, but from a very dirty head, perhaps from the head of one already damned?"

This was a very hard hit indeed; but it was not nearly so clever a stroke at wigs as that dealt by Clemens of Alexandria. The latter informed the astounded wig-wearers that, when they knelt at church to receive the blessing, they must be good enough to recollect that the benediction remained on the wig, and did not pass through to the wearer! This was a stumbling-block to the people; many of whom, however, retained the peruke, and took their chance as to the percolating through it of the benediction.

On similarly obstinate people Tertullian railed with a hasty charge of ill-prepared logic. "You were not born with wigs," said he; "God did not give them to you. God not giving them, you must necessarily have received them from the devil." It was manifest that so rickety a syllogism was incapable of shaking the slightest *scratch* from a reasoning Christian's skull.

MARSHAL PELISSIER.—It is a fact, says a well-informed gentleman, writing from Paris, of the authenticity of which there is no doubt, that at the moment when the order was given by Marshal Pelissier to attack the Malakoff, (that attack which decided the fall of Sebastopol,) he had already had in his pocket, for twelve hours, an order from Paris not to make the attack. This order was the precursor of his recall, which was then on the way, and

which was a condemnation of his previous ill success against the Malakoff, or of his slow progress, which had produced discouragement here. The marshal foresaw the blow which threatened him. Absolved by victory, he has changed the degradation which awaited him into promotion to the dignity of marshal.

The leaves of the coffee-tree are used as a substitute for tea in the Eastern Archipelago, and more especially in Sumatra, where we are told by Mr. Ward, who has resided there for many years, that the natives have a prejudice against the use of water as a beverage, asserting that it does not quench thirst, or afford the strength and support the coffee-leaf does. He says :—

"With a little boiled rice and infusion of the coffee-leaf, a man will support the labors of the field in rice-planting for days and weeks successively up to the knees in mud, under a burning sun or drenching rain, which he could not do by the use of simple water, or by the aid of spirituous or fermented liquors. I have had the opportunity of observing for twenty years the comparative use of the coffee-leaf in one class of natives, and of spirituous liquors in another—the native Sumatrans using the former, and the natives of British India, settled here, the latter; and I find that, while the former expose themselves with impunity to every degree of heat, cold, and wet, the latter can endure neither wet nor cold for even a short period without danger to their health.

"Engaged myself in agriculture, and being in consequence much exposed to the weather, I was induced several years ago, from an occasional use of the coffee-leaf, to adopt it as a daily beverage, and my constant practice has been to take two cups of a strong infusion, with milk, in the evening, as a restorative after the business of the day. I find from it immediate relief from hunger and fatigue. The bodily strength is increased, and the mind left for the evening clear and in full possession of its faculties. On its first use, and when the leaf has not been sufficiently roasted, it is said to produce *epilepsy*; but I am inclined to think that, where this is the case, it is rather by adding strength and activity to the mental faculties, than by inducing nervous excitement. I do not recollect this effect on myself except once, and that was when the leaf was insufficiently roasted.

"As a beverage, the natives universally prefer the leaf to the berry, giving as a reason that it contains more of the bitter principle, and is more nutritious. In the lowlands, coffee is not planted for the berry, not being sufficiently productive; but for the leaf, the people plant it round their houses for their own use. It is an undoubted fact, that everywhere they prefer the leaf to the berry."

SERMONIZING.—The *London Quarterly Review*, in a late number, says :—

"The length of the modern sermon is a great disadvantage and a growing evil; but it is not the main cause of listlessness in the hearer: for it is not the last portion which tires us; we are tired before we get that relief; and there are long sermons which never appear long. The fault is both in the matter and the style. The topics are too generally stale, and extremely limited in their range; the public mind wants variety and freshness. The mass of the truths uttered from the pulpit need no proof; it is an idle waste of patience and skill to offer it. If all vain repetitions of thought were excluded, and the best of the remainder were alone retained, sermons would not be unreasonably long. And generally the style is too verbose; it is not close, compact, nervous. The rule *might* be, to see how much space the gold can be made to cover; the practice is, not to be perspicuous, convincing, brief. The word-painter fails to exhibit his own thought, probably because it is not clearly conceived by himself; for he who thinks clearly and vigorously will express himself with sufficient perspicuity: thought shapes the style. The one radical error, not universal, but general, is excessive verbiage—"the seven grains are hid under a bushel of chaff." We are of opinion that it is the sin of the age; and indiscreet persons freely bestow their praises upon young ministers—especially if they have plenty of bold figures."

—in proportion to their being unable to remember anything that is said. The 'cloud-land' style is, in our judgment, the most offensive; an accumulation of what are no better than cant terms, compound epithets, and words without definite significations; and these are often accumulated into an incongruous mass of unintelligible jargon; yet, with many, this constitutes fine writing and speaking. Ask a young man what he means, and he tells you plainly enough, and in the very terms that he ought to have first used. It is this want of business style that we complain of; that, whereas each part of the sermon ought to clear off something as discussed and settled, no ground is cleared, no business is done."

DEARTH OF GREAT MEN.—The London *Times*, in a recent leading editorial article, thus seems to ignore the claims of British generals, historians, poets, clergymen, and even mechanics:—

"The great British nation is beginning at last to be conscious not only of some natural deficiencies, but even of a temporary obscuration of its powers. We have some good painters, though even they are finding their matches abroad; but for the rest—let us see! We want a Heaven-sent general. We want a poet. We want a good historian—not a brilliant essayist, but a man who can write a compendious and classical history of England, or any other history. We want some endurable sermons. If the pulpit just now has no luminaries to mention, on the other hand the stage is not in its palmyest state. There died lately in great distress a man who could compose some original airs; but at this moment it cannot be pretended that we have a single composer of extraordinary genius. Going lower, into those homely regions where Prince Albert loves to succor and elevate the soul of British art—in furniture, paper-hanging, ironwork, china, and almost everything that contributes to the decoration of our houses—we are still beaten by foreigners. *Propos* of Birmingham, within these few years two splendid mansions have been built in Piccadilly by millionaires, both with costly iron-railings—the one, however, from abroad, the other evidently from some home foundry. The foreign railing is a work of art, the other is an iron-railing, and no more."

THE SERMON TRADE.—In a late English paper we find the following advertisement:—

"ORIGINAL MS. SERMONS.—The Widow of a Clergyman is willing to dispose of the remainder of her husband's Discourses, which are sound and practical, and adapted to any class of hearers.

"Address 'Clericus, Bleehingly, Belgate, Surrey.'"

STRICT CONSTRUCTION.—An agricultural day-laborer in England was imprisoned by some local magistrates for reaping his little patch of corn on the seventh day. The conviction took place under a statute of Charles II., forbidding a man from following his "ordinary occupation" on the Sabbath. The people and the London press took up the cause of the man Williams, and the Home Secretary wrote to the magistrate signifying his disapproval of their course, and remitting the man's punishment, on the ground that as his "ordinary occupation" was that of a laborer-for-hire, engaged in reaping another man's corn, he was not pursuing his "ordinary occupation" on the Sabbath in reaping his own corn.

THE MORMONS, according to an official statement published in the *Dreeret News*, have ninety-five missionaries in Europe, and an equal number in Asia, Africa, and the Pacific Islands, besides a considerable number scattered through the United States and British America. They have also a weekly paper in Salt Lake city that issues forty thousand copies per week; another in Liverpool, issuing twenty-two thousand; and others in South Wales, Copenhagen, Australia,

India, and Switzerland. The Mormon Bible, it is said, has been translated and published in the Welsh, Danish, French, German and Italian languages, and has made considerable progress in Sweden and Norway. It is claimed that four hundred and eighty thousand members are scattered over the world.

SELF-IMMOLATION.—The Irish Court of Queen's Bench have decided that a clergyman may marry himself. The question arose as to the legitimacy of the children of a marriage thus performed. The Rev. S. S. Beamish was duly ordained a clergyman of the United Churches of England and Ireland, and it appeared that on the 27th of November, 1831, being then in holy orders, he went to the house of Anne Lyons, in the city of Cork, and there performed a ceremony of marriage between himself and Isabella Fraser. The special verdict described the manner in which the ceremony took place, and the general form of solemnization that was set out in the book of Common Prayer of the United Churches of England and Ireland, Mr. Beamish then declaring that he took the said Isabella Fraser to be his wedded wife, she taking him to be her wedded husband. The wedding ring was then placed upon her finger, and the blessing was pronounced. Judge Crampton delivered judgment in favor of the validity of the marriage.

A TALE OF THE POST-OFFICE.—The following is from a late English paper:—

"A family of respectability has resided for some time at one of our fashionable watering-places. The youngest and fairest of this family—we will call her Ida—has long felt a peculiar interest in a gallant fellow on board the—No! we will betray no secret—on board a ship lying in the harbor of Belaklava. Little have passers-by thought, when observing the listless gaze of two dark eyes, shaded by "an ugly," that three thousand miles of ocean were being traversed in a barquo built by fancy and freighted by love. Yet so it has been until the gentle heart of Ida swelled within her bosom, and could find relief only by unpacking itself in words, addressed in the neatest calligraphy to the loved and absent sailor. One of these precious missives, filled with confessions that the tongue never could have uttered, was lately dispatched to the far East. It was signed simply, but touchingly, "Your Ida," and many a wakeful hour did the fair writer spend in recalling what she had there set down of hope and love, confident that he who was to receive those avowals would esteem them beyond all that was ever written by sage or poet. Three weeks had passed when for three successive mornings the postman had called, but left no letter for Ida or her friends—strange!

"On the fourth day she thought she heard a name mentioned by the government functionary which made her heart beat quicker than it had done for many a weary month past. Again! She could not be mistaken: he *did* ask for Mrs. Arthur Trevor—the name of the one she loved. To rush to the door was the impulse of a moment; and then she saw in the hands of her respected landlady a letter addressed to Mrs. Arthur Trevor. Yes! Mistress! Her brain reeled (I believe that is the phrase). Was he false? Had he deceived her? Could he have married and she not know it? The suspense was too terrible. She tore open the envelope, and discovered—her own letter! What was the explanation of this mystery? She had used three Queen's heads instead of four, and the inexorable postmaster-general had returned her letter, which, being signed "Your Ida" only, the passionless post-office clerk had concluded the church-rites had been observed, and that "Your Ida" was the wedded wife of Arthur Trevor, to whom the letter was addressed. Remember, fond hearts at home, remember, that a letter from London to the Crimea requires three stamps only, but that from every other part of the kingdom you must attach four."

ODD TITLES OF BOOKS IN FORMER TIMES.—In 1886 a pamphlet was published in London, entitled *A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nose-gay for God's Saints to Smell at*. About the year 1649 there was published a work entitled *A Pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry*, and another called *The Snuffers of Divine Love*. Cromwell's time was particularly famous for title-pages. The author of a work on charity entitles his book *Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches*. Another, who professed a wish to exalt poor human nature, calls his labors *High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness*. And another, *Crumbs of Comfort for the Children of the Covenant*. A Quaker, whose outward man the powers that were thought proper to imprison, published *A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an earthly Vessel known among Men by the name of Samuel Fish*. About the same time there was also published, *The Spiritual Mustard-pot to Make the Soul sneeze with Devotion; Salvation's Vantage Ground, or a Louping Sand for Heavy Believers*. Another, *A Shot aimed at the Devil's Head-Quarters through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant*. This is an author who speaks plain language, which the most illiterate reprobate cannot fail to understand. Another, *A Reaping-hook well Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the coming Crop; or, Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation*. To another we have the following copious description of its contents:—

"Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or, the Seven Penitential Psalms of the princely Prophet David; whereunto are also added, William Humilus's Handful of Honeysuckles, and divers Godly and Pithy Ditties now newly augmented."

ENGLISH BOOKS ABOUT AMERICA.—A writer in a late number of the *Westminster Review* thus characterizes the publications of British tourists who seek to enlighten their countrymen upon the subject of America:—

"English books about America are always opened by us with mingling. They contain usually either impertinence about American manners, or equally impertinent lectures on their institutions; and are in consequence in the last degree mischievous and foolish. Each fresh evidence that the public continue to tolerate such books, is a fresh occasion for regret."

A LAUDANUM DRINKER.—The *Elmira* (N. Y.) *Advertiser* says:—

"We have in this village one of the most singular human beings (all things considered) to be found in this corner of the world. He is a dwarf, about eighteen years of age, quite small and deformed, and not exactly an opium-eater, but a laudanum-drinker. He has been a victim of the habit for years, and all attempts to prevent his indulgence in the stupefying drug have been in vain. The desire for more and more has steadily gained on him, until at the present time he actually drinks two ounces of laudanum every day; and, what is still more remarkable, *all at one time!* This enormous portion is swallowed at a regular hour in the afternoon of each day; a pipe and tobacco then follow, and smoking is in order till midnight, unless indeed the subject—which is sometimes the case—falls asleep, when he is helped to bed. The only object for which this strange creature seems to live is this deadly narcotic, and his only care and ambition are centered in procuring the little means required to buy the two-ounce draught. As it has been found impossible to place any effectual barrier between the drug and the drugged, the attempt has been

abandoned, and it has been thought best hereafter to interpose no obstacles in the way of free indulgence. In accordance with this determination, we understand that the victim—whose yellow and haggard visage gives fearful evidence of the presence of the coiled serpent which alternately writhes and slumbers in his bosom—has made a contract for the daily supply at reduced prices with one of our drug stores, from which he draws the "living death"—whose influences have been likened to shadowy glimpses of heaven followed by the realities of hell—with the most punctilious punctuality."

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—The Archbishop of Paris seems to have thrown off entirely his allegiance to the Vatican. He appeals, he says, from "the profane novelties" of the late Bull of Pio Nono to a general council to be called hereafter. His opinion of the religious state of the Roman people is expressed in strong language. The archbishop says:—

"The truth is that the Roman people were very different to the new faith which has been announced. Such of the laity as had received instruction, did not regard it with any gratification. The people, properly so called—the masses—did not understand even what was to be done. It must be known that in Rome the people, so far as religion is concerned, are in such ignorance the like of which is nowhere seen. I have been myself informed in Rome by well-informed persons, that this ignorance amounts even to brutishness.

"The great bulk of Roman ecclesiastics of all orders and of all ranks continue, in Rome itself, in proportion as ignorant as the people. Can we wonder, then, that it should be easy to make them receive the Immaculate Conception as of faith? I have, however, positively learned that among the priests, and the religious who have any information, one cannot fail to find some who entertain regarding the new dogma the same difficulties as myself. One person of exalted dignity assured me that the Dominicans of the *Minerva* have always held the doctrine of St. Thomas, and even engaged me to see them. But in Rome none has any liberty to think, nor liberty to speak, nor liberty to write according to the purity of the Gospel and the spirit of the fathers; in Rome there is the Inquisition to strangle the truth. Father Perrone and Father Passaglia have liberty to write everything; but true and sincere men—nothing."

LITERARY LONGEVITY.—Mrs. L. Sigourney, treating on literary longevity in her "Past Meridian," says:—

"Premature death and mental declension are confined to no profession or condition of life. Too early or undue stress laid on the organs of the brain is doubtless fraught with disastrous consequences. Still, their constant, and even severe exercise, may comport both with physical welfare and longevity.

"It is indeed true that Swift 'expired a driver and a show,' but not until he had passed seven years beyond the span allotted to human life; and the amiable author of the 'Task' closed his pilgrimage in a rayless cloud at sixty-six; and Walter Scott sank at sixty-one, under toils too ambitiously pursued for the safe union of flesh with spirit; and Southey, whose reckless industry precluded needful rest, subsided ere sixty-eight into syncope and the shadow of darkness; and Henry Kirke White faded at twenty-one, in the fresh blossom of his young renown; and Byron at thirty-six rent the fiery armor of genius and of passion, and fled from the conflict of life.

"Yet Göthe, unimpaired by the strong excitements of imagination, saw his eighty-second winter; and the sententious architect of the 'Night Thoughts' reached fourscore-and-four; and Voltaire, at the same period, was still in love with the volta of fame; and Cornelle continued to enjoy his laurels till seventy-eight; and Crabbe, at an equal age, resigned the pen which had sketched with dagger-point minuteness the passing scene. Joseph Wharton, until his seventy-ninth year, made his mental riches and cheerful plenty sources of delight to all around him; Charles Wesley, on the verge of eighty, called his wife to his dying pillow, and, with an inexpressible smile, dictated his last metrical effusion; and Klopstock, the bard of the 'Messiah,' continued until the same period to cheer and

delight his friends. Isaac Watts laid down his consecrated harp at seventy-four; and Trumbull, the author of 'McFingal,' preserved till eighty-two the bright, clear intellect, whose strains had animated both the camp and the cottage. The illustrious Metastasio detained the admiring ear of Italy until eighty-four; and Milton, at sixty-six, opened his long-eclipsed eyes on 'cloudless light serene,' leaving to the world the mournful memories of 'Paradise Lost,' with living strains of heroic and sublime counsel. Mason was seventy-two ere the 'holy earth,' where his dead Maria slumbered, admitted him to share her repose; and the tender Petrarch, and the brave old John Dryden, told out fully their seventy years.

"Those masters of the Grecian lyre, Anacreon, the sweet Sappho, and the fiery-souled Pindar, felt no frost of intellect, but were transplanted as evergreens in the winter of fourscore; at the same advanced period, Wordsworth, in our own times, continued to mingle the music of his lay with the murmur of Rydal's falling water; and Joanna Baillie, to fold around her the robe of tragic power, enjoying until her ninetieth year the friendship of the good, and the fruits of a fair renown; Montgomery, the religious poet, so long a cherished guest amid the romantic scenery of Sheffield, has just departed at the age of eighty-two; and Rogers, who gave us in early life the 'Pleasures of Memory,' now the most venerable poet in Europe, and probably in the world, is cheered at ninety-three with the love of all who ever came within the sphere of his amiable virtue."

ELOQUENCE OF LADIES.—A strong-minded female who had been invited to give a public lecture declines gracefully the invitation, and thus expresses herself on the general subject of female public speaking:—

"The ordinary voice of woman in public speaking reminds us of the inquisitorial punishment of 'a drop of water upon the head, falling steadily, and at regular intervals.' The first fifteen minutes it is very pleasant; the second it becomes wearisome; the third it is annoying; the fourth it is distressing; and before we could get through the second hour, we should feel almost irresistibly impelled to shriek out, if we were so fixed that we could not stop our ears occasionally to break the monotony. The best female speakers we have yet heard had no more variation in their tones than the fall at the end of a sentence, and rise at the close of a question. From the beginning to the end of an address or sermon, no matter how long or how short, every succeeding sentence was spoken exactly like its predecessor; and, with the pause between, came upon our brain drop, drop, drop, until the braying of a speaking trumpet, the boom of a cannon, or squeal of a mouse, would have been a great relief."

In the same article she thus talks on the subject of Woman's Rights:—

"The idea is altogether a mistaken one, that 'equal rights' for woman implies that she has a right to do anything that men do, and *vice versa*. Every man has not a right to do or be what every other man does or is; for this would destroy society and bring the world to chaos and an end. Every man and woman has a right to do that which he or she is best fitted to perform, as his or her share of the world's work, and be protected in his or her person, and in the enjoyment of the proceeds of his or her labor, whatever that may be. This labor should be accredited at its proper value, according to its importance in the general economy; and when woman's own proper work is paid for according to its value, it will be esteemed as honorable as any other, and there will be no women to spare as rivals in the men's department of labor."

APOCRYPHA.—There is a great deal more apocrypha mixed up with history than most persons are aware. Truth is a great destroyer of romance, and assures us that many immortal sentiments were never uttered. Who has not read, asks a writer in Chambers's Journal, in the appalling history of the execution of Louis XVI., the beautiful sentence put in the mouth of the Abbé Edgeworth when the unfortunate monarch was on the point of receiving the deadly blow of the guillotine: "Son of St.

Louis, ascend to heaven!" Have we not all, on hearing these pious and exalted words, been touched to the heart; and did one of us ever doubt the accuracy of the record? The priest *must* have said so, is the common notion. Not only did all the important historians of the French Revolution, M. Thiers included, vouch for the accuracy of that scene, but, whether in the hut or the palace, in the home of the republican or of the royalist, everybody takes the words of the Abbé Edgeworth for a granted truth. And, nevertheless, the worthy clergyman declared publicly in writing, more than thirty years ago, that the words were a mere invention: he never uttered them on the scaffold of the Place de la Révolution.

It would be an easy task to demonstrate that the greater number of the words put in the mouth of Napoleon Bonaparte are nothing but popular fiction. But go to the farm and the workshop, there the cry of the sentry—"And if you are the *Petit Caporal*, you shall not pass"—and other familiar discourses between the mighty emperor and his affectionate soldiers are more readily believed than the address at the foot of the Pyramids or the adieu of Fontainebleau. There exist thick volumes full of apocryphal Napoleon anecdotes: in this respect he is inferior to none, not even to Frederick the Great of Prussia.

There is also a word commonly attributed to the celebrated General Kleber, who succeeded Bonaparte in Egypt as commander-in-chief, and who is said, by nearly all the historians, to have flattered the future dictator by exclaiming, "You are as great as the world." The truth is, that the simple and heroic Kleber never uttered these words; for he, like his republican colleagues, Dessaix and Alexandre Dumas, foresaw and feared the ambitious designs of the talented Corsican.

Every history of the two French restorations of 1814 and 1815 relates that the Duc d'Artois, afterward King Charles X., in making his *entrée* into Paris pronounced the words, "Nothing is changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more." Happy words in the mouth of a prince returning from exile, and happy the Bourbons if they had always kept these words in mind! But, here again, we must declare that this promising sentence was never uttered. The famous Talleyrand, of cunning memory, had in the evening of that eventful day a rather select party assembled at his hôtel, and asked the company, as a matter of course, "What did the prince say?" The general answer was, "Nothing at all." "But," exclaimed the sly diplomatist, "he *must* have said something;" and addressing a well-known political writer, he continued, "B——, you are a wit; go into my closet and make a *mot*." B—— went, and came back three times; his wit was at fault, and his ideas did not satisfy the company. At last he returned a fourth time, and pronounced with triumphant emphasis the above-mentioned patriotic words: "Nothing is changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more." Talleyrand applauded: the Duc d'Artois had found his *mot*; and the next day the papers made it known to the world, and, as an old French author says, "In this manner history is written."

Book Notices.

The Minutes of the Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1855 are published by Carlton & Phillips in a pamphlet of one hundred and seventy-eight pages. The increase in the membership for the year is given as sixteen thousand and seventy-three. In the year previous the increase was thirty thousand seven hundred and thirty-two. Fourteen of the thirty-nine conferences report a decrease during the year. The largest increase was in Iowa, three thousand three hundred and seventy; Michigan, two thousand four hundred; New-York, two thousand two hundred and ninety-nine; Wisconsin, two thousand and twenty-six; Illinois, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-one; Baltimore, one thousand three hundred and twenty; Rock River, one thousand two hundred and ninety-nine. The total number of traveling preachers in the connection is set down at five thousand four hundred and eight. Last year it was five thousand four hundred and eighty-three, being a decrease of seventy-five. The deaths during the year amounted to fifty-three, more than half of them being less than forty-five years of age. The locations were ninety-five. Of preachers in the effective ranks, about one hundred are engaged in education as presidents and professors in colleges, and principals and teachers in academies. Thirty are employed as agents for schools and colleges. Forty are agents for the Tract Society, the Sunday-School Union, the American Bible Society, and the colonization cause. The amount raised for missions is said to be \$197,973, being thirty-one thousand and seventy-six less than during the year 1854. The average for each member was, in 1854, twenty-nine cents and two mills; in 1855 it is twenty-five cents and a half. The highest average was from the New-England Conference, being fifty-nine cents and seven mills; the Cincinnati, fifty-one cents and four mills; the New-York East, forty-five cents; the Providence, forty cents and a half. Then follow, being less than forty cents each, the New-York, the Philadelphia, the North Ohio, the Baltimore, and the New-Jersey.

Protestant Episcopal Church.—The Journal of the last annual convention of the diocese of New-York makes a volume of nearly three hundred pages. The number of churches in the diocese is two hundred and sixty-four; of clergymen, three hundred and four. Thirteen churches have been consecrated during the year, and the total number of communicants, twenty thousand three hundred and fifty-seven. The canonical and other collections amounted to two hundred and eight thousand dollars. There were no reports from forty-eight parishes.

Memoir of Mrs. Lucy T. Lord, of the Chinese Baptist Mission, is a simple narrative of the short life of a self-denying woman who gave herself to the work of missionary toils and sacrifices in a foreign land. It is issued in grand style by the Baptist Publication Society, with some suitable introductory remarks from the pen of Dr. Dean, in which, after enumerat-

ing the names of many female missionaries who have been called away by death, after, but a brief service, he says:—

"As we pause and shed a tear over their memory, we may ask THE CAUSE OF THEIR EARLY DEPARTURE.

"Surely this was not because their associates in labor and companions for life, living in pagan lands, needed less their society than if dwelling in their native country, nor that their own sex in heathenism needed less their influence and instruction than would their sisters in Christian lands.

"Neither can we find the cause of their early death in the climate of China, which presents all the varieties of temperature found in our own country. There are there, as well as here, certain localities which are hostile to health; but if there should be found in China a New-Orleans climate in a New-Orleans latitude, then might there also be found a New-York climate in a New-York latitude, and places that are no more sickly than places here at the same distance from the equator. The eighteen provinces of China, situated between twenty degrees and forty degrees north latitude, and furnishing a home for a healthy and numerous population, are diversified with hills and valleys, lakes and rivers, and may reasonably furnish about as various and salubrious a climate as those United States. China, instead of the deadly winds of Africa, the rainy seasons of India, or the jungle fevers of Burmah, enjoys the regular seasons of spring and summer, autumn and winter, which prevail in the like latitudes in this country; and it presents similar geological formations, and the corresponding botanical productions of the United States of America.

"Nor can we find the cause of this mortality in the diet and dwellings of missionaries. It is true that in many places the market does not furnish in kind all the varieties of food found in this country; but in most places we may find either the article, or a substitute for nearly all kinds of food to which we have been accustomed. A missionary's income may not allow him to avail himself of the luxuries which are procurable at his station; still with his moderate salary he may generally obtain what is necessary for health. As to his dwelling, though it may not afford all the comforts of a home habitation, it still may be adapted to the climate and the customs of the country, and afford him a necessary and healthful shelter.

"We must, therefore, look to some other cause for the premature death of so many women connected with the mission to the Chinese.

"The true cause is found, I think, in THE CHARACTER AND EXTENT OF THE WORK EXPECTED OF THEM.

"Such is the state of public sentiment on this subject that in too many instances they go forth to attempt what is called a missionary's work, instead of attending to the duties of a missionary's wife. Thus attempting to do what they cannot perform, they sacrifice health and life in the vain endeavor, and, what is more, neglect the duties of their sacred calling and domestic relations.

"In this country, where the people are by no means disposed to make too moderate demands on the time and strength of the pastor's wife, they would not so violate their own humane sense of propriety as to expect the pastor's wife to attend to the care of her husband, the nurture of her children, and the duties of her household—the hospitalities to strangers, kindness to the poor, and visitations to the sick—the watch-care of the sisterhood, with the management of the societies for charity, and meetings for devotion—after all this, demand that she should also act as the matron of an orphan asylum, or teach a country school. Still, in our thoughtlessness, we seem to think that the same women, subject to the same frailties of humanity, can go abroad to a strange country—to an untrod climate—and there do all this; and superadd to it the work of making books, and giving tracts, and preaching the Gospel—and what is still more, that they must do this through the medium of a difficult language, which must first be learned.

"This stolid sentiment in the Churches has fostered a similar feeling in those who are candidates for foreign service; and they have come to think that to leave the high and romantic sphere in which they had thought to move, and come down to the common du-

ties of the wife, was lowering the dignity of her calling, and that these domestic services would not be called 'missionary work.'

"Should any urge that a sensible Christian woman need not be careful about the influence of public sentiment, we have only to reply, that the sensibility of a sensible woman cannot easily rise above the influence of public sentiment: but though her judgment may pronounce it unjust, she will strive to meet it, though it may cost her life; and it is the secret thought that she is not accomplishing what the public expect, though that expectation may be unreasonable, which is the worm at the root of her joys, and which withers her happiness and her health.

"This sentiment is productive of mischiefs multi-form and mortal. It robs the missionary of the solace of domestic life, and the sympathy he needs in his public work; it leaves his children exposed to all the deadly influences of heathenism without maternal care and cultivation, and ends in the wasted health of the mother and the wife; who, instead of affording him support, becomes the object of his sympathy, and either draws him from the missionary field, or leaves him there to mourn his early bereavement with the sole care of his motherless children.

"There may be women, who form an exception to the general rule, whose domestic cares are so light as to leave them time and strength for teaching; but others who do nothing of this, but who labor to render their home a heaven, and their husband happy by lightening his cares, training his children, soothing his sorrows, sympathizing in his success, and lending their counsel and coöperation in his duties, may be said, in the highest sense, to perform the missionary work of a missionary's wife."

There is nothing which has more need of reform than church music. Congregations of religious worshippers too generally appear to regard the praises of the Most High as a thing to be done by proxy, by a chorister who is paid for his services, and by a few young persons who are known as the choir. *Mr. Richard Storrs Willis*, well known for his devotion to music, scientific and practical, has just published an interesting and timely little volume upon the subject, entitled, *Our Church Music; a book for Pastors and People*. He regards singing not as a mere entertainment, but as an integral and most delightful part of religious worship, points out with great force many of the objectionable features of the church music of the present day, and makes many important suggestions for its improvement. *Mr. Willis* also discusses with ability, although we should perhaps dissent from some of his conclusions, the subject of hymnology, the themes suitable for hymns, and the adaptation of tunes. We commend the volume to all who take an interest in the subject.

History of the Reign of Philip the Second, by William H. Prescott. (Boston: Philips, Sampson & Co.) The first and second volumes of this long-expected work have made their appearance. It includes the stirring events of European history, from the abdication of Charles V. to the death of Queen Isabella. Among the more prominent of these incidents may be mentioned Philip's marriage with bloody Queen Mary, the Spanish war against the Protestant religion and the triumph of Romanism, the siege of Malta, the romantic history of Don Carlo and Elizabeth of France, his step-mother. As a historian, *Mr. Prescott* is always faithful and pains-taking, and at times impressively eloquent. His style is remarkably clear, and his language for the most part pure and simple. He has no affectation, and his pages are utterly void of everything like egotism. We append a few extracts. The following is his portrait of

Charles V., at the time he ceded to his son the sovereignty of Flanders:—

"Charles was, at this time, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His form was slightly bent—but it was by disease more than by time—and on his countenance might be traced the marks of anxiety and rough exposure. Yet it still wore that majesty of expression so conspicuous in his portraits by the inimitable pencil of Titian. His hair, once of a light color, approaching to yellow, had begun to turn gray. He was fierce, and, as well as his beard, was now heavy. His forehead was broad and expansive, his nose aquiline. His blue eyes and fair complexion intimated his Teutonic descent. The only feature in his countenance decidedly bad was his lower jaw, protruding with its thick, heavy lip, so characteristic of the physiognomies of the Austrian dynasty.

"In stature he was about the middle height. His limbs were strongly knit, and once well-formed, though now the extremities were sadly distorted by disease. The emperor leaned for support on a staff with one hand, while with the other he rested on the arm of William of Orange, who, then young, was destined at a later day to become the most formidable enemy of his house. The grave demeanor of Charles was rendered still more impressive by his dress, for he was in mourning for his mother; and the sable hue of his attire was relieved only by a single ornament, the superb collar of the golden fleece, which hung from his neck."

At the marriage of Philip and Mary no provision had been made for the important offices of giving away the bride. The historian says:—

"After a brief conference, it was removed by the Marquis of Winchester and the Earls of Pembroke and Dorby, who took it on themselves to give her away in the name of the whole realm; at which the multitude raised a shout that made the old walls of the cathedral ring again. The marriage service was then concluded by the Bishop of Winchester. Philip and Mary resumed their seats, and mass was performed, when the bridegroom, rising, gave his consort the 'kiss of peace,' according to the custom of the time. The whole ceremony occupied nearly four hours. At the close of it, Philip, taking Mary by the hand, led her from the church. The royal couple were followed by the long train of prelates and nobles, and were preceded by the Earls of Pembroke and Derby, each bearing aloft a naked sword, the symbol of sovereignty. The effect of the spectacle was heightened by the various costumes of the two nations—the richly tinted and picturesque dresses of the Spaniards, and the solid magnificence of the English and Flemings, mingling together in gay confusion. The glittering procession moved slowly on to the hilth sounds of festal music, while the air was rent with the loyal acclamations of the populace, delighted, as usual, with the splendor of the pageant.

"In the great hall of the episcopal palace, a sumptuous banquet was prepared for the whole company. At one end of the apartment was a dais, on which, under a superb canopy, a table was set for the king and queen; and a third seat was added for Bishop Gardiner, the only one of the great lords who was admitted to the distinction of dining with royalty.

"Below the dais, the tables were set on either side through the whole length of the hall for the English and Spanish nobles, all arranged—a perilous point of etiquette—with due regard to their relative rank. The royal table was covered with dishes of gold. A spacious banquet, rising to the height of eight stages, or shelves, and filled with a profusion of gold and silver vessels, somewhat ostentatiously displayed the magnificence of the prelate, or of his sovereign. Yet this ostentation was rather Spanish than English, and was one of the forms in which the Castilian grandee loved to display his opulence.

"At the bottom of the hall was an orchestra, occupied by a band of excellent performers, who enlivened the repast by their music. But the most interesting part of the show was that of the Winchester boys, some of whom were permitted to enter the presence, and recite in Latin their epithalamiums in honor of the royal nuptials, for which they received a handsome guerdon from the queen."

The battle of Gravelines is thus graphically related:—

"Termes saw that no time was to be lost. He caused himself to be removed from his sick bed to a litter, and began his retreat at once. On leaving Dunkirk he fired the town, where the houses were all that

remained to the wretched inhabitants of their property. His march was impeded by his artillery, by his baggage, and especially by the booty which he was conveying back from the plundered provinces. He, however, succeeded in crossing the Aa at low water, and gained the sands on the opposite side. But the enemy was there before him.

"Egmont, on getting tidings of the marshal's movements, had crossed the river higher up where the stream was narrower. Disencumbering himself of artillery, and even of baggage, in order to move the lighter, he made a rapid march to the sea-side, and reached it in time to intercept the enemy. There was no choice left for Termes but to fight his way through the Spaniards or surrender.

"Ill as he was, the marshal mounted his horse and addressed a few words to his troops. Pointing in the direction of the blazing ruins of Dunkirk, he told them that they could not return there. Then turning toward Calais, 'There is your home,' he said, 'and you must beat the enemy before you can gain it.' He determined, however, not to begin the action, but to secure his position as strongly as he could, and wait the assault of the Spaniards.

"He placed his infantry in the center, and flanked it on either side by his cavalry. In the front he established his artillery, consisting of six or seven falconets—field-pieces of smaller size. He threw a considerable body of Gascon pikemen in the rear to act as a reserve wherever their presence should be required. The river Aa, which flowed behind his troops, formed also a good protection in that quarter. His left wing he covered by a barricade made of the baggage and artillery wagons. His right, which rested on the ocean, seemed secure from any annoyance on that side.

"Count Egmont, seeing the French thus preparing to give battle, quickly made his own dispositions. He formed his cavalry into three divisions. The center he proposed to lead in person. It was made up chiefly of the heavy man-at-arms and some Flemish horse. On the right he placed his light cavalry, and on the left wing rode the Spanish. His infantry he drew up in such a manner as to support the several divisions of horse. Having completed his arrangements, he gave orders to the center and the right wing to charge, and rode at full gallop against the enemy.

"Though somewhat annoyed by the heavy guns in their advance, the battalions came on in good order, and fell with such fury on the French left and center that horse and foot were borne down by the violence of the shock. But the French gentlemen who formed the cavalry were of the same high mettle as those who fought at St. Quentin. Though borne down for a moment, they were not overpowered, and after a desperate struggle they succeeded in rallying and in driving back the assailants. Egmont returned to the charge, but was forced back with greater loss than before. The French, following up their advantage, compelled the assailants to retreat on their own lines. The guns at the same time opening on the exposed flank of the retreating troopers, did them considerable mischief. Egmont's horse was killed under him, and he had nearly been run over by his own followers. In the meanwhile the Gascon reserve, armed with their long spears, pushed on to the support of the cavalry, and filled the air with their shouts of 'victory!'

"The field seemed to be already lost; when the left wing of the Spanish horse, which had not yet come into action, seeing the disorderly state of the French as they were pressing on, charged them briskly on the flank. This had the effect to check the tide of pursuit and give the fugitives time to rally. Egmont meanwhile was mounted on a fresh horse, and, throwing himself into the midst of his followers, endeavored to reanimate their courage and re-form their disordered ranks. Then, cheering them on by his voice and example, he cried out, 'We are conquerors! Those who love glory and their fatherland follow me!' and spurred furiously against the enemy.

"The French, hard pressed both on front and on flank, fell back in their turn, and continued to retreat till they had gained their former position. At the same time the *lanakenichts* in Egmont's service marched up, in defiance of the fire of the artillery, and got possession of the guns, running the men who had charge of them through with their lances. The fight now became general; and as the combatants were brought into close quarters, they fought as men fight where numbers are nearly balanced, and each one seems to feel that his own arm may turn the scale of victory. The result was brought about by an event which neither party could control and neither have foreseen.

"An English squadron of ten or twelve vessels lay at some distance, but out of sight of the combatants. Attracted by the noise of the firing, its commander drew near the scene of action, and, ranging along shore, opened his fire on the right wing of the French, nearest the sea. The shot, probably from the distance of the ships, did no great execution, and is even said to have killed some of the Spaniards. But it spread a panic among the French, as they found themselves assailed by a new enemy, who seemed to have risen from the depths of the ocean. In their eagerness to extricate themselves from the fire, the cavalry on the right threw themselves on the center, trampling down their own comrades, until all discipline was lost, and horse and foot became mingled together in wild disorder. Egmont profited by the opportunity to renew his charge; and at length, completely broken and disrouted, the enemy gave way in all directions. The stout body of Gascons who formed the reserve alone held their ground for a time, until, vigorously charged by the phalanx of Spanish spearmen, they broke, and were scattered like the rest.

"The rout was now general, and the victorious cavalry rode over the field, trampling and cutting down the fugitives on all sides. Many who did not fall under their swords perished in the waters of the Aa, now swollen by the rising tide. Others were drowned in the ocean. No less than one thousand five hundred of those who escaped from the field are said to have been killed by the peasantry, who occupied the pannes, and thus took bloody revenge for the injuries inflicted on their country. Two thousand French are stated to have fallen on the field, and not more than five hundred Spaniards, or rather Flemings, who composed the bulk of the army. The loss fell most severely on the French cavalry; severely indeed, if, according to some accounts, not very creditable, they were cut to pieces almost to a man. The number of prisoners was three thousand. Among them was Marshal Termes himself, who had been disabled by a wound in the head. All the baggage, the ammunition, and the rich spoil gleaned by the foray into Flanders, became the prize of the victors. Although not so important for the amount of forces engaged, the victory of Gravelines was as complete as that of St. Quentin."

Atrocious Judges.—Lord Campbell's volume with this title, being lives of judges infamous as tools of tyranny and instruments of oppression, has been recently published, with an appendix containing the case of Pásmore Williamson. It is edited, with an introduction and notes, by Richard Hildreth, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the truthfulness of its statements and the soundness of its logic. It ought to be widely circulated and studied, that from the clearly-drawn record of what judges have done the people may see what, if unchecked, judges may still do. There is nothing like public opinion in its power to check abuses. Judge Kane will hardly venture to perform another act like that which has placed his name in the catalogue before us.

Modern Pilgrims; showing the improvements in Travel, and the newest method of reaching the Celestial City, by George Wood. Two vols. 12mo. (Boston and New-York: J. C. Derby.) The only tolerable imitation of Bunyan's allegory we have ever seen was a short article, published some years ago, entitled *The Celestial Rail-Road*, from the pen of Hawthorne. From that exceedingly well-written allegory Mr. Wood derived the hint which has resulted in these ponderous and tedious volumes. The wit, what there is of it, is exceedingly diluted, and the satirical touches often misplaced and unjust. The names of his principal personages betray an abortive attempt to imitate the quaintness of the Bedfordshire tinker, and cause a smile at the far-fetched attempts of the author to be keen and pointed. Thus he gives us *Lady Dis of a Rose; Lady Last in Flesh; Right Reverend Bishop High and Dry;*

Family of the Turn-up Noose; Brother Skow and Tonge; Brother Rouse-all, the Presiding &c. That such a farrago should find readers only less surprising than that a man with talent of the author could waste his time writing it, and be so utterly destitute of means as to be permitted to give it publicity.

W. Gilmore Simms is a romance-writer of great fertility, and his tales have had a wide circulation. *Redfield*, of this city, has in course of publication new and revised editions of his "Order Romances of the South," with illustrations by Darley; and we have before us the third of the series, being *Border Beagles; a Tale of the Mississippi*. It is in the best style of the author, and is an exciting story.

We have already adverted to the project of embellishing the "little folks" of the celebrated Dickens, in separate volumes, for children. The work of selecting and arranging, so as to keep up the symmetry of the narratives, has been happily executed. In the language of the compiler, these famous stories are "brought down from the library to the nursery, the parlor-table to the child's hands." The series consists of "Little Nell," "Oliver and the Jew Magin," "Little Paul," "Florence Dombey," "Smike," and "The Child-Wife." (*Redfield, New-York.*)

Cyclopadia of American Literature; embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, and selections from their Writings, from the earliest period to the present day; with Portraits, Autographs, and other Illustrations, by Evert A. Duyckinck and G. L. Duyckinck. In two volumes. (New-York: Charles Scribner.) We have received the first volume of this work, an elegantly printed royal octavo of 676 pages, in double columns. In its arrangement the work is chronological; and, beginning with George Sandys, author of the first literary production penned in America of any merit, and published in 1626, it comes down to Pinkney, whose *Travels in France* were issued in quarto from a London press in 1809. So far as we have examined it, although some names are omitted that we expected to find, and there are a few whose right to a place is questionable, the work has been performed with fidelity, and evinces great industry on the part of the authors. The "selections" are judiciously made, and the autographs and portraits with which the volume is profusely embellished greatly enhance its value. The second volume will be looked for with great interest.

Rose Clark is the title of the last story, in a duodecimo of some four hundred pages, from the very prolific pen of *Fanny Fern*. It is marked by the peculiarities of her style, and will be read with interest by those who take pleasure in this class of novelettes. (*New-York: Mason & Brothers.*)

Of the same general character is *Amy Lee*, by the author of "Our Parish," from the press of *Brown, Basin & Co., Boston*. Judging from the number of similar tales recently published, they must suit the popular taste and remunerate both authors and publishers. *Amy Lee* is quite equal to the average in the interest of the story and in the delineation of character.

Aunt Edith, a reprint from the English edition, is a story rather tediously spun out, but inculcating lessons of sound morality and practical Christianity. (*Carter & Brothers, New-York.*)

The new *Quarto Bible* from the press of *Carlton & Phillips* is a model of typography and artistic beauty. The plates, twenty-five in number, are beautiful steel engravings, and the exceedingly low price at which the volume is sold will insure a large number of purchasers. For the pulpit and for the use of families it is all that can be desired.

The Methodist Quarterly Review for January, 1856, is more than usually denominational. The first article, entitled "The Tract Movement," from the pen of Rev. J. T. Crane, is highly eulogistic of our own incipient efforts in this direction, and pays a well-deserved compliment to our laborious and efficient corresponding secretary, who is, and must be in fact, its principal executive officer. Jackson's *Life of Newton* is ably reviewed, and some of the biographer's mistakes are pointed out by the Rev. W. C. Hoyt, who does not use his pen as frequently as we could wish. Professor Nadal reviews Dr. Schaff's book on America, and ably exposes that bigoted theologian's "flippant abuse and self-complacent slander" of a sister Church with rather more minuteness than the miserable twaddle deserved. Dr. Perry furnishes an exceedingly well-written paper on "the Eastern War," which he traces to its originating causes, and the events of which to the present time he briefly narrates. It is the reviewer's opinion that "the true-hearted friends of humanity everywhere, and especially every American, must sympathize with England and France in the conflict." The article on the *Remains of Latin Tragedy*, founded on Ribbeck's "Tragicorum Latinorum Reliquiæ" betrays the hand of a scholar, and will be interesting to literary students generally; while the *Memoire of Dupin*, the celebrated but venal French advocate and judge, are touched up with that sprightly vivacity which is always attractive to the general reader. There is also an interesting letter from Paris, devoted mainly to a recent French publication on sleep-dreams, somnambulism, and mesmerism; and a letter from Germany, with brief notices, from the pen of the editor, of forty-six recent American publications. The most determined stickler for the discussion of practical subjects can certainly find no fault with this number.

Plain Talk and Friendly Advice to Domestic; with Counsel on Home Matters. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.) A well-meaning attempt to improve the character and condition of servants, which cannot fail to be useful in those places where employers are not at the mercy of Roman Catholics, as is the case, almost without exception, in this city. Here, the favor seems to be conferred by those who seek "situations;" and their ignorance, and fear of the "heretics" with whom they live, will prevent the reading of the volume, or the derivation of any benefit from its pages. That class, however, who are chiefly addressed by our fair, but unknown author, "country domestics," cannot fail to be benefited by advice given in such a friendly spirit, and so manifest an anxiety for

their welfare. There are many hints and suggestions also scattered through the volume, which will be of value to employers, and especially to young housekeepers.

Beautiful in its mechanical execution, and one of the best stories for boys that we have seen this season, is entitled *All Aboard; or, Life on the Lake*, by Oliver Optic, from the press of Brown, Bazin & Co., Boston. It has our hearty commendation.

Hampton Heights; or, the Spinster's Ward, by Caleb Starbuck. (New-York: Mason, Brothers.) The Spinster's Ward was a forsaken, motherless child, beautiful of course, but wild, ignorant, and vicious as the renowned Topsey, after whom she seems to have been modeled. She has many adventures among the lowest class of paupers, and finds at length a home with a rich and wonderfully kind-hearted old maid, by whom she is cared for, educated in metaphysics and the Bible in the original, with the design of being transmuted into a strong-minded woman. She has a loving, tender heart, however, and is married mainly to oblige her protectress, and sorely against her own will, to a rich man, old

enough to be her father, with whom her sorrows, though of a different kind, were scarcely more endurable than those caused by poverty and privation. The story is well told, and will, perhaps, secure the main object of the author in writing it—which, as he frankly tells us, is to "arn" money.

Napoleon at St. Helena; or, Interesting Anecdotes and Remarkable Conversations of the Emperor during five and a half years of his Captivity. Collected from the Memorials of Las Casas, O'Meara, Montholon, Antomarchi, and others; by John S. C. Abbott. It was a shrewd idea of Mr. Abbott to collect the egotistical and absurd statements made for the public ear by the god of his idolatry during the years of his captivity. This record, we are told, tends to confirm the view of Mr. Abbott, as presented in his *Life of Napoleon*; and so it does most certainly, just as the sayings of a convicted felon confirm the special pleadings of his counsel, by whom he was held up to the jury not only as innocent, but as a model of integrity and honesty. Napoleon the first was unquestionably a great soldier, but as certainly he was not a man of truth. (*Harper & Brothers.*)

LITERARY RECORD.

The Prize Essays on Systematic Beneficence. By the Committee of Adjudication of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the sum of six hundred dollars has been awarded to the writers of three essays, in sums of three hundred, two hundred, and one hundred dollars respectively. The successful competitors are Rev. Abel Stevens, Rev. Lorenzo White, and Rev. Benjamin St. J. Fry.

Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia, have in press, "A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, from the earliest accounts to the middle of the nineteenth century, containing thirty thousand biographies and literary notices. By S. Austin Allibone. Royal 8vo., pp. 1460, in double columns." The author has been engaged on this great work for many years; and, if completed in the style proposed, it will be a work of invaluable importance to authors, editors, publishers, and literary men generally.

Mr. Valentine, the Clerk of the Board of Aldermen of this city, has in preparation his "Manual of the Common Council for the year 1856." We are informed that it will make its appearance at an early day, and will contain many new historical subjects relative to the city. The embellishments will be numerous, and illustrative of incidents which have never been published.

Lord Brougham is about to publish, in his "Works," his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. His Lordship, with that manliness of nature so characteristic of his career, will include in the series the far-famed review of the "Hours of Idleness"—the review which occa-

sioned the famous satire of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The prevalent feeling seems to be that Brougham only spoke the truth about the volume. In the "Hours of Idleness" it is impossible to recognize a true poet. There is no promise in it of "Childe Harold," or of the satire itself.

The library of the *Marquis di Campana*, of Rome, has just acquired a copy of a rare engraving, in illustration of the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, executed in 1484, at Venice, by Ottavio Scotto, of Monza, having on the margin various illustrative passages extracted from the works of Dante, written by the hand of Galileo.

Dr. Lappenberg, of Hamburg, the historian, is about to publish a collection of hitherto unprinted letters of Klopstock.

A valuable reservoir of antiquities has lately been opened in Kingston, Ulster county, N. Y. Within the attic of a farmer, whose name we do not learn, has been long stowed away an old hair trunk, in which was crowded a mass of papers that were probably considered of no use to anybody. Accidentally the old trunk and its contents came to the notice of a gentleman, who soon found it to be a mine such as an antiquarian would consider worth more than all the precious deposits of the Sierra Nevada and the Mokelumna. Among the papers embraced in this collection are:—Journal of the Senate of New-York from 1777 to 1781, unbroken; and from 1784 to 1791, covering 800 pages foolscap—240 messages from Governor Clinton and the Council of Revision—100 engrossed acts of the Legislature, 1777-'90—279 drafts of bills,

1778-'87—54 miscellaneous election returns, 1777-'91—121 letters on public topics—71 memorials, narratives, &c.—24 petitions—60 war certificates—sundry resolutions—record of proceedings of a Convention held in 1780 for the States of Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Connecticut, and New-York, for the purpose of prosecuting the war—descriptive roll of Colonel Willet's New-York Regiment—Indian petitions, of the Oneidas, Mohawks, and Oriskanyes—three letters of a lunatic, addressed to the Legislature—court-martial documents—papers relating to the controversy between New-York and Vermont, to Clinton's embargo, the Quakers, &c. The New-York Historical Society has appointed a committee to examine the papers.

The twelfth volume of *M. Thiers's* "History of the Consulate and the Empire" has been published in Paris, and the two concluding ones will shortly appear. The volume just produced resumes the history of the Empire in April, 1810, and brings it down to May, 1811, and the principal topics dwelt on are the continental blockade; the squabbles between Napoleon and the Pope; the secret and fruitless negotiations with England; the affairs of Holland; the annexation of that kingdom to France; the war in Spain, and the situation and affairs of that country; the proceedings in Portugal; the union of the Hanse towns and part of Hanover to the French empire; the disensions with Russia, and preparations for war with her; the siege of Badajoz; and the disgrace of Massena. All these subjects, and many others dependent on them, are treated by *M. Thiers* with all his wonted lucidity and fascinating gracefulness of style.

The recent sale at auction of the library of the late *Henry A. Brady, Esq.*, who was lost in the Arctic, has given renewed evidence of the strong and increasing demand for whatever relates to the early history of this country. This fact is gratifying, indicating, as it does, that the future historian will find well preserved such matter as he may need to perfect his labors.

A work of the Venetian historian, *Marino Sanudo Torvello*, written in 1328, and referring to the history of the French and Venetian supremacy in Greece during the thirteenth century, has been discovered in the library of San Marco at Venice by *Dr. Karl Hopf*, of the University of Bonn. The work, it is asserted by the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, contains the most interesting details about Mediæval Greece, and is likely to be published in the "Collection de Documents Inédits," *Dr. Hopf* having entered for that purpose into negotiations with the French Ministry for Public Instruction.

German Literature.—Despite the war, a considerable activity prevails in Germany in the republic of letters. In the first part of the present year 3,879 works appeared in that country. As usual, Leipzig is the chief place of publication; but Berlin comes close upon its heels. At Leipzig, we find 598 works given out in the six months; in Berlin, 571. The contest between these cities for the honor and profit of being received as literary capital of Germany is therefore severe. Stuttgart follows next, with its 197 works. Then come Ham-

burgh, 96; Munich, 93; and so on downward in the scale. Prussia, as a state, stands at the head of the book-producing powers of Germany. Of the total mass of works, 3,879, produced in the several centers of publication, Prussia claims 1,242; Saxony, 724; Austria, 715; Bavaria, 397; Württemberg, 270; Hanover, 109. To complete these lists, we should add the fact that 235 works were printed in foreign countries, in the German language, during the six months:—namely, 155 in Switzerland; 31 in Russia; 16 in Hungary; 12 in France; 10 in Belgium; 6 in Denmark; 3 in Holland; and 1 in England.

Libraries at Washington.—A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, noticing the fact that the Peabody Institute in Danvers, with a library of only five thousand volumes, has over one thousand four hundred regular subscribers, says:—

"The Washington Library has been in existence probably thirty years, and contains over ten thousand volumes, many of them standard historical and scientific works, with all the publications made by the Government and the Smithsonian Institution presented to the library, yet, with a population of near sixty thousand inhabitants, this valuable library has near *fifty subscribers!*"

In the *Town Library of Trieste* there are seven hundred and seventy-two editions of "Petrarch's Poems," and one hundred and twenty-three of the works of Pope Pius the Second, (*Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini*;) and it would need a separate building to hold all the editions of Shakespeare or Bunyan, along with the various literature which their works have called into existence. Within the last ten or twelve months a copy of Matthews's Bible, 1537, has sold for £150; Cranmer's, 1539, for £121; Coverdale's, 1535, for £365. First editions of Shakespeare have repeatedly sold for sums varying from £160 to £250.

A new volume, containing letters of Göthe, his wife, (*Mdlle. Vulpius*), and his son August, to the late *Dr. Nicolaus Meyer*, of Minden, (formerly of Weimar,) has been added to the always increasing Göthe Correspondence. The letters, which appear now for the first time in print, yield a picture of Göthe's house and family, and contain, besides, a poem of Göthe never published before.

The German edition of *Dr. Barth's* "Travels in Africa" will be published by *Herr Justus Perthes*, of Gotha. *Dr. Barth* has repaired to Gotha, in order to superintend in person the publication of his work.

Tischendorf has added a new work to his other compilations, "Anecdota Sacra et Profana," collected in the East and West, or Notices of Greek, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, and Hebrew codices, in a quarto volume of 216 pages.

M. Arsène Loix, keeper of the Records in the city of Mons, has discovered in the office intrusted to his care a considerable number of documents respecting the Inquisition in the Netherlands during the reigns of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second. These documents will be printed in the Bulletin of the Historical Class of the Royal Belgian Academy.

Arts and Sciences.

Camels.—A Washington paper publishes an interesting letter from Major Wayne, the officer in charge of the expedition of this government to procure camels to be brought hither, with the view of experimenting for their future employment in United States military transportation, especially on our great Western deserts. We append a few extracts:—

"We found in the Crimea both the Bactrian two-humped camel, and the Arabian, or one-humped; but the latter alone seemed to be used for the purposes of military transportation. The former were found in the Crimea at the commencement of the war; the latter were carried there since from Asia Minor. The former were but little thought of, the latter were highly esteemed; the only objections to them we heard of being the room they occupied in the narrow streets, and their frightening the horses. The two are very distinct species of the same genus; differing from each other as much, I should say, as the buffalo of our Western prairies does from the common ox. Doubly humped, the Bactrian is a strongly built, powerful animal, standing not quite so high as the Arabian, of coarser and more shaggy coat, slower in motion, but capable of carrying immense burdens. From the formation of its back (its two humps) there is a difficulty in adjusting to it a pack-saddle, and without one there is always more or less perplexity in loading and securing the load.

"This, I rather think, is the principal source of objection to its use, though I believe the opinion advanced to us to be correct that it is not as serviceable an animal as the Arabian. Its use in the Crimea before the war, we understand, to be chiefly for draught, and on one occasion we saw two yoked to a Tartar wagon, as oxen are, but guided by rope reins. The result of our examination determined us not to procure one, as it would only complicate our experiment without producing such results as we anticipate from the Arabian stock."

Through the liberality of *Jared Sparks*, the management of Bowdoin College has been enabled to fill out one of the panels on the interior walls of the chapel. Artists are busily engaged upon a design from Raphael's Cartoon of "St. Paul at Athens."

Lewis W. Tappan, Esq., has presented the Mercantile Library Association, Boston, with an admirable portrait of Americus Vesputius, copied from the original in the Royal Gallery at Naples. It is a two-third figure of life-size. The picture will be placed in the new rooms of the Association.

The Albany Observatory.—Dr. B. A. Gould, who has been appointed astronomer of this new observatory, has concluded a contract for the construction of a new meridian circle for it, and a transit instrument for the use of the United States Coast Survey. The telescope is to be ten feet in length—in short, the entire instrument is to be as large as the largest in the world—the one at Greenwich—and is to have all the most recent improvements, with additional improvements suggested by Dr. Gould's own experience as an observer.

David Leavitt, Esq., has lately erected a house in the village of Great Barrington, Mass., in which is a very fine picture-gallery, well-stocked with pictures. Among the paintings are three by Leutze, one of which is the "Battle of Monmouth," occupying the entire wall at one end of the room, the others being "The Battle of Lexington," and "Sir Walter Raleigh parting

from his Wife." The balance of the pictures are mainly "old masters." The gallery has already become one of the principal attractions of Berkshire county, as all persons are permitted to visit it every day in the week.

There are more than fifty *Art-Unions* in Germany, some of which are connected among themselves, so as to form distinct provinces or districts. In the course of last year, fifteen hundred and forty-nine pictures, realizing a total amount of one hundred and ninety-five thousand four hundred and four thalers, have been sold by the combined means of these Unions, including the sales of the Berlin Academic Exhibition.

A Massachusetts mechanic has invented a *self-acting signal*, which gives sufficient and un-failing notice to rail-road brakemen of the proximity of a covered bridge, or other place of danger, where such a safeguard may be needed. It is a signal to be placed eighty or a hundred rods from any bridge, and consists of a bell, suspended by a crane directly over the track some ten feet higher than the top of a car. An iron rod, with an elbow, at the top of the crane-post, connects this bell with a shaft, running from the foot of the post under the rail, the end of this shaft being flattened into a pedal, raised just enough to be pressed upon by the flange of the car-wheel, so that the bell is rung directly over the head of the brakeman by every wheel passing over the pedal.

A picture by *Herr Moritz Rugendas*, "Columbus Landing in the New World," draws at present the attention of the art-loving public of Munich. It is said to excel, not only as an historical composition, but also by the glow and characteristic truth of the tropical landscape, and has been painted by special command of the king, who intrusted Herr Rugendas with this task on account of his having spent a great part of his life in West India and South America.

The English are making experiments for *purifying rivers*, and the process, which promises success, is thus described: A large tank on one side of the river is filled with lime and water. From this tank an iron pipe, with holes about an inch in diameter, is carried across the river. The lime-water running along this pipe drops into the water, and precipitates the impurities mixed with it to the bottom. The river is converted into a kind of reservoir at this point by means of a weir. The water is carried off from this reservoir after purification, and evidently gives proof that an important cleansing process has been undergone.

A colossal military monument, from a design by *Signor Marocchetti*, is about to be set up on the point at Scutari, in the burial ground purchased there by the British government. The situation is superb, and the design is described as simple, pathetic, and imposing, with a cross as its prominent object—strange symbol to crown the headland which commands the Mosque of St. Sophia!

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DALECARLIAN BOAT.

SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.—N^o II.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

CERTAINLY the most striking character which arrests the attention of the traveler in his first rambles about Stockholm is the Dalecarlian boat-woman. Let him walk in whatever direction he may, if his path leads him to cross any of the numerous arms of the sea or of the Malar, he is sure to find his boat *manned* by peasant women, with stalwart frames

and brawny, muscular arms, and faces more remarkable for good-nature than for beauty, looking out from a close-fitting cap of peculiar form, which may be white, or at times of some bright-colored material. So strongly formed are these women that they seem more calculated to afford protection, than to stand in need of it from the sex ordinarily acknowledged to be the lords of creation. I know not as yet what may be the appearance of the masculine portion of the people of this province; but

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Carlton & Phillips, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

if the hand of the Creator has not endowed them with truly Herculean frames, I think they must stand a poor chance with their Amazonian *better halves*.

The costume to which the Dalecarlians adhere most rigidly is of a style dating back some centuries; and although at first it may strike one as partaking somewhat of the ludicrous, yet he will find upon more close examination that it is at all events a sensible, comfortable, and durable dress. Their heavily-clouted shoes I should consider an exception to the above remark, however durable they may be, as I can conceive no good reason for the heel to come in the center of the shoe, unless with particular reference to "de hollow ob de foot making a hole in de ground."

All the articles which they wear seem selected with especial view to durability, although fancy seems to come in for a share of influence, if one might judge from the variety of colors, and the glaring contrasts of red, green, yellow, and white which distinguish them. However, the *lout ensemble* is picturesque, particularly upon Sunday, when they always appear in holiday costume; but no holiday does the day of rest bring them, unless additional labor, with corresponding increase of profits, may be accounted as such.

These peasants represent the poorer classes of the province of Dalecarlia, an interior portion of Sweden. They are the people of the hills and dales, as the name indicates. Honest, trustworthy, high-minded, and proud, they not only believe themselves of a race superior to the other Swedes, but seem determined to make others acknowledge it by uncommon honesty, industry, and integrity of character. They do not forget that their remote mountain-home has ever been the nursery of freedom to their native land. It is with a just and honest pride that they call to mind the names of Engelbertson and of Gustavus Vasa, and remember that the great liberator of his country found a refuge and protection amid their hills and dales, and that the strong arm and manly spirit of their ancestors helped to secure the liberation of down-trodden Sweden from the yoke which the infamous Christian II. had fastened upon her. Surely no one can object to a pride which springs from such a source.

It is in the spring-time that these people emigrate to the capital as soon as the

ice breaks up, and by their industrious, frugal, and laborious habits, they are enabled to realize sufficient during the summer months for their support during the long winter, when they return to their mountain-homes, and oftentimes to the aged and infirm friends whom they have left behind. Perhaps they may have accumulated a nice little sum, which will not be looked upon with indifference by some *faithful swain* whom they have left to till their native valleys.

The situation of Stockholm upon the islands formed by the Malar Lake on the one side, and an arm of the Baltic upon the other furnishes a very great demand for boats in almost every direction. Not only many points within the city are most conveniently approached by water, but also most of the places of public resort in its environs, so that the Dalecarlian boat-women find an ample field for their labors. If you would go to the *Djurgard*, (Deerpark,) you seat yourself in one of these *northern gondolas*, propelled by means of paddle-wheels, each worked by four Dalecarlian women. You take your seat, fold your arms, look with *nonchalance* upon some twenty or thirty persons seated at equal ease about you, while the wheels are constantly turning. You stop for a moment at the little bridge about half way from the palace to the *Djurgard*, and in about ten minutes after having passed the military and naval buildings, situated upon a little island to the right, and the new granite museum in progress of erection at the left, you find yourself set down at the *Djurgard*, for which you pay into a little box which one of the female *boatmen* hands you the sum of two cents.

The Swedish capital is rich in numerous places of resort for the people; but among them all, perhaps none present collectively the same amount of attraction as the *Djurgard*. The ease by which it is approached either by land or water, but more especially by the latter, added to the trifling expense of the excursion, renders it an every-day resort during the summer. Its beautiful carriage-drives, secluded walks, and wild rocky scenery, interspersed with sylvan shades, with occasional patches of park scenery, present in themselves sufficient attractions. But, in addition to these charms, one finds here lovely water-views, pretty villas, as well as some of the best *cafés* and restaurants about

the city ; to these may be added Tivoli gardens, concert-rooms, &c. Indeed, there seems no limit to the attractions. Whatever may be one's taste, he is sure of finding something here to amuse him. Thus it is by no means strange that a people whose summer is short, and yet so beautiful, and who give themselves up so completely to its enjoyment, should find here sufficient attractions to render it the great place of resort of the capital.

There is a something in the joyousness of the Swedes at this season of the year, and in their constant habits of out-door life, which seems to say with the Greeks, "Make the most of life, for soon comes the dreary haes." Summer, with all its northern charms, occupies so small a portion of the year, that it is not surprising that a Northern people should give themselves up completely to its enjoyment, when they remember its shortness, and the suddenness with which "the dreary haes" of winter must succeed it.

One of the most attractive spots about the Djurgard is the little villa of Rosendal. This was a favorite residence of the late king, (Bernadotte,) and was erected by him. The villa itself is not upon an extensive scale, but is very beautifully situated ; and, doubtless, one of its greatest attractions to the old general was the view which it commands, through an opening in the woods, of the review ground upon the opposite side of the *fiord*. Here a camp is formed during the summer, and military spectacles carried on upon a grand scale ; so that here in his declining years the old king could divert himself by the view of this camp, and, in the military maneuvers, "fight his battles o'er again."

Upon the north side of the villa, occupying an elevated position, is the celebrated porphyry vase. It is highly polished, formed of only two blocks, and measures twelve feet in diameter by nine feet high. It stands upon a block of unpolished granite, three feet high. The form of the vase is graceful and strictly classical. It is a copy of a celebrated antique which adorns the Belvidere of the Vatican. This work is entirely a Swedish production, and is from the royal manufactory of Elfdal, in Dalecarlia. The Swedish porphyry is becoming justly celebrated. There are several different colors now worked at Elfdal. Some of the varieties approach very closely to the famous porphyry of Egypt.

A SUMMER'S EVENING—RAPID GROWTH OF VEGETATION.

Nothing can exceed the charms of a summer's night in these northern latitudes. There is something so novel and striking in the scene that it cannot readily fade from memory. In fact, upon one's first arrival here, so magical is its effect upon the mind, that it becomes the all-absorbing object of one's thoughts. It might seem, perhaps, an exaggeration to assert that the Scandinavian sunset skies are the most brilliant and gorgeous in Europe, not even excepting those of Italy ; yet I am disposed to believe that such is the fact. I remember not long since having heard a painting criticised in one of the continental galleries for its want of truthfulness : it was claimed that the picture presented a brilliancy and gorgeousness of coloring unknown in nature. I have witnessed in the far North, beyond the Arctic circle, sunset effects by no means less gorgeous than the artist had here represented, and I found, by reference to the catalogue, that it was a Norwegian scene. Language, indeed, fails to convey a correct estimate of the scene which here occasionally meets the eye. The sun has but a short time since sought his repose amid clouds of brilliant hues. These are now ruddy with crimson or rose-color, again changing to a delicate purple. These tints are not only suffused over the arch of heaven, but are also thrown upon the whole landscape, so that mountain, tree, rock, and water all seem to have caught the same universal hue. The sun, meantime, just below the line of the horizon, still reflects its light upon the landscape, and continues to do so during the short period which is called night ; and the sunset so imperceptibly loses itself in the increasing light of morning that it is quite impossible to determine when the sunset ends and the sunrise commences.

If the people of the North have the enjoyment of but a short summer, that period is not like ours of more southern latitudes. Although the reign of the summer's sun here is short, it is indeed a glorious one, and the people seem determined to make the most of it. There is no hour of the night in which the streets do not present a scene of life and animation. People are to be seen in various groups, strolling in different directions ; many are returning



PORPHYRY VASE.

from the country laden with flowers, the first gifts of the season. It is said of strangers in the North that they are quite sure to turn day into night, and night into day. I must confess that so great are the attractions of night here at this season that I have adopted sun-rise as my usual hour of retiring. However, that is not quite so late as one might imagine, as the sun now rises at about two o'clock.

It is perfectly wonderful to watch here the rapidity with which the verdure develops itself after the commencement of summer. The snows of the long winter having disappeared, the earth is speedily warmed by the almost continuous rays of the sun. Then comes, as if by magic, the rapid bursting forth of the verdure in all its beauty and freshness; it seems, indeed, that while one is gazing he almost sees the growth of the foliage and the opening of the flowers. It reminds me much of a beautiful ballet I have seen produced, in which the queen of the flowers waves her magic wand amid all nature in a state of chaos, when plants and trees suddenly lift themselves from the desolate landscape, leaves unfold themselves to view, tiny buds appear here and there, suddenly expanding themselves into a multitude of flowers of various hues.

"O, 't is the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of northern land!
It warms not there by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse the uncertain breeze;

But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light,
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground."

EVENING AT A VILLA ON LAKE MALAR.

A CHARMING little spot is my friend's villa of R—, situated upon the lake, about two miles distant from the city. It is, in fact, one of the few places about Stockholm which present anything like park scenery, if we except the royal domains, which are numerous, and seem to occupy almost every acre of really arable land about the capital. Still, Lake Malar, with its elevated and bold shores, furnishes many beautiful sites for country-houses; but few of them are occupied, and these can boast of little, if any, pretensions to architectural elegance. Indeed, they are for the most part lamentably bare, and far from picturesque in effect.

It was about eight o'clock of a fine evening when I arrived at R—. The sun was shining brightly, and my friend's children were playing among the flowers in the garden when the nurse came to take them to bed. I could not avoid a feeling of sympathy for the little ones in being taken away from a scene of so much beauty: but when I looked at my watch and found it was nearly nine o'clock, the demand seemed more reasonable.

There is oftentimes to the traveler a peculiar charm in the country. In the town he is ever more or less reminded



VILLA OF ROSENDAL.

that the scenes about him are strange, and distant from his own land. The voices which constantly fall upon the ear are in a tongue which seems strange and foreign. But in the country nature is the same to him. Indeed, her every tone seems familiar. The trees, rocks, flowers, wood, and water might be the productions of his native country, and, surrounded by such scenes, he is likely to forget that thousands of miles separate him from his home.

The evening receptions at the villas in the environs of Stockholm present a delightful feature in society. It seems quite a general custom for those persons having country-houses in the vicinity of the city, to extend a general invitation to their friends for every evening. These little reunions are delightful. I have rarely seen any refreshments served, with the exception of tea, cakes, &c. I was surprised to learn from the lady of my friend that during the long winter nights, which commence here soon after two o'clock in mid-winter, that everything becomes more formal, the evening receptions are dropped, and visiting, as with us, is confined to formal calls or particular invitations.

In conversation one evening with an acquaintance, I was somewhat surprised to learn that a very general coldness toward Jenny Lind existed at Stockholm. The Swedes seem to forget that "the nightingale," who has gone forth to distant lands, bearing the name of Sweden, has reflected any luster upon her native land. I learn

that she has not visited Sweden since her return from America, and that she furthermore expressed great indifference at the time of her last visit here to ever again returning to her native country. Strange that the "Swedish nightingale," the delight of all the world, should have become indifferent to scenes where first in childhood she warbled those notes which have since held thousands in breathless wonder and delight. One must usually have a very good reason for becoming indifferent to the scenes of childhood; and to the children of the North there is so much that is peculiar and characteristic, that it would seem the very sterile rocks about would be dearer to the heart than the most luxuriant spots in other lands, its "wastes more rich than other climes' fertility." Indeed, I cannot readily conceive how a Norwegian or Swede can ever become wholly indifferent to the scenes of early youth. The bright glow of a summer's sunset, the dreamy and soothing beauty of the hours which succeed it, must come up occasionally from the depths of memory with no common strength.

My friend's grounds, he informed me, were entirely left to the charge of Dalecarlian female laborers; yet all seemed in the best possible order, and the gardens to promise an abundant yield. I observed two of them upon the grounds when I arrived, looking even more formidable than the specimens of Dalecarlian boat-women



“TO A WHIP-POOR-WILL.

“ Why whip poor Will? what sin of mine
Deserves so harsh a word?
How impudent! I half incline
To quarrel with the bird.

“ Close to my chamber-window, love,
That creature, every night,
Comes perching on the boughs above—
An ill-commission’d sprite.

“ And in that cool, sarcastic style
To pity me pretends:
Calls me ‘poor William,’ yet the while
A whipping recommends.

“ Poor Will! Poor Will! yet ‘whip poor Will!’
Thou contradictory thing;
What’s my offense, and wherefore still
So cross a carol sing?

“ Thus at my chamber-window, love,
Hid in that elm-tree shade,
From heaven’s reproachful eyes above,
He screams my serenade.

“ Till, in the stillness of the hour,
Beneath those solemn stars,
He chant with a mysterious power
My midnight slumber mar.

“ My little monitor! I own
That, in the hush of night,
Thy cry comes o’er me like the tone
Of conscience—thou art right.

“ Since, though for knowledge incomplete
Some pity I deserve,
Full oft with weak and willing feet
From duty’s path I swerve.

“ And pity must be mingled still
With chastisement—I know it—
Or else my native bent for ill
Might spoil both man and poet.”

Nearly allied to this family are the *Goat-Suckers*, so called from an absurd story that they suck the teats of goats; and the various tribes of *martins* and *swallows*, upon which it is not necessary to dwell. The *King-Fishers*, of which we give an engraving, (figure 12,) are found in their various varieties in all parts of the world. The one from which our drawing is made (the common kingfisher) has a beautifully variegated plumage of greenish and azure blue, buff, and

bright orange. It is an exceedingly voracious bird, and is remarkable for the wonderful rapidity of its flight. It builds on the banks of streams, sometimes taking possession of a rat's hole in which to lay its eggs. Of the belted American variety, Wilson says: "Like the love-lorn swains of whom poets tell us, he delights in murmuring streams and falling waters; not, however, merely that he may soothe his ear, but for a gratification somewhat more substantial. Amid the roar of the cataract, or over the foam of a torrent, he sits perched upon an overhanging bough, glancing his piercing eye in every direction for his scaly prey, which, with a sudden plunge, he sweeps from his native element and swallows in an instant." His

voice resembles the sound of a watchman's rattle, and is loud and harsh. By the ancient Greeks the king-fisher was called Alcyone, from the daughter of Æolus, who, it is said, threw herself into the sea, and was metamorphosed into one of these birds. There have been, indeed, many superstitious stories with reference to the king-fisher, and even to this day he is regarded with a kind of awe by the South Sea islanders.

Our next illustration (13) is that very curious bird, the *Bee-Eater*. It is found in Eastern Europe, and in some parts of Africa. The head is of a yellowish white, merging into a bluish green; the other parts of the body are of a rich chestnut-color, and the throat of a bright yellow. Its



principal food is butterflies, grasshoppers, and more especially, as the name indicates, honey-bees. It is known in Egypt by a designation signifying the bees' enemy. Its fondness for this last-named insect is alluded to by Virgil:—

"Place the rich hives where, deck'd with painted mail,

Nor lizards lurk, nor birds can yet assail.

The swift bee-eater, and among the rest

The swallow, Procné, with her blood-stain'd breast;

Devourers fell, with cruel bill they seize,

While fitting past, the honey-searching bees;

Then to their greedy nestlings bear away,

As a sweet morsel, the expected prey."

Next in order we have the very extensive family of the *Shrike*, with its numerous varieties. They are found in all parts of the world, living for the most part on

fruit and berries, but some of them prey also on insects. The *Butcher-Bird*, a variety of the *Shrike*, is very common on the continent of Europe, and is found, not unfrequently, in Great Britain. It derives its name from its habit of seizing and impaling its prey on sharp thorns, leaving it there to be destroyed at leisure, or when hunger calls for it. There is a larger variety in Southern Africa, of which Le Valliant says, that when it sees a locust, or a small bird, it springs upon it, and immediately impales it by passing a thorn through the head of its victim. The Hotentots assured the traveler that the bird does not love fresh food, and therefore leaves its prey on the gibbet until it becomes putrescent. Mr. Wilson mentions an instance of the *Great American Shrike*,



which pursued a snow-bird into an open cage, and before any one could come to its assistance it had already strangled and scalped it, although it lost its own liberty by the exploit.

Another striking variety of the Shrike is a native of Australia, and is known as the *New-Holland Butcher-Bird*. Mr. Martin describes one of these in captivity, which, when a small bird or mouse was exhibited in its presence, would dart with the utmost eagerness about its cage, and evince the most intense eagerness. If the mouse were placed within its reach, it seized it in a moment, and strangled it with apparent triumph. The *Shrikes* are all more or less musical, and the imitative powers of the New Holland butcher-bird are wonderful. It copies, according to the author above named, with great precision, the notes of other animals, the voices of parrots, and even the musical notes of the human voice. He assures us, too, that he heard one in a cage perform with great spirit and melody the well-known tune, "Over the water to Charlie."

We give a representation (figure 14) of the *Collared Shrike*, with its victim impaled upon a thorn. It is somewhat smaller than the other varieties to which we have alluded, but gives a good idea of the general appearance of them all. It is a native of the Cape of Good Hope; its plumage black and white variegated.

Next in order we have the very curious

family of the *Fly-Catchers*, birds of a wild and solitary character, generally of a somber appearance, shy and distrustful. Varieties are found in all quarters of the globe, and more especially in the warmer latitudes. They live, as their name indicates, on flies and other insects, which they seize in mid-air. It is well observed by Buffon, the distinguished French naturalist, that without the assistance of birds of this character we should be unable to destroy the innumerable swarms of insects by which we are surrounded. Innumerable in quantity and rapid in generation, they would invade our dominions and devastate the earth but for the destruction caused by these winged tyrants. "How happens it," he asks, "that we are more tormented by flies in the commencement of autumn than in the middle of summer? Why, in the fine days of October, do we see the air filled with myriads of gnats? Because all the insectivorous birds have then deserted us. This short lapse of time, during which they have too prematurely abandoned our climate, is sufficient to cause us to be more incommoded with the multitude of insects than at any other season." "And what," he asks, with the true feelings of a naturalist,— "what must be the consequence if from the moment of their arrival; if during the entire summer; if, in short, for the whole time of their sojourn among us, we continue to make their destruction a source of amusement?"



We give engravings of two varieties of this interesting family. The one represented by figure 15 is the most common; that by figure 16 is the most remarkable of the fly-catching tribe. It is known as the *Todus-Regius*, so called from the regal appearance of its red crest, beautifully edged with black. The upper parts of the body are of a deep brown, the under parts red, and the throat white, as are also the beak and feet.

The well-known *Red-Breast*, the universal favorite of man and the theme of so much poetry, is next in order. It is too well known to need description. It has little instinctive fear of man, is the

laborer's and gardener's companion, attends him at his work, hops around his feet, and almost under his spade, and collects with confiding trust the insects he turns up. Addison, in the *Spectator*, attributes much of the respect paid to the robin in England to the old ballad of the Children in the Wood; and Isaac Walton calls it "The honest robin, that loves mankind both dead and alive." It is beautifully introduced in the dirge in *Cymbeline*:—

"The red-breast oft, in evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid."





Indeed, almost every English poet has something to say in praise of this universal feathered favorite. Thus Dr. Jenner,—and we quote him because his lines are less familiar than many others:—

“Come, sweetest of the feather’d throng!
 And soothe me with thy plaintive song:
 Come to my cot devoid of fear,
 No danger shall await thee here:
 No prowling cat, with whisker’d face,
 Approaches this sequester’d place:
 No school-boy with his willow-bow
 Shall aim at thee a murderous blow:
 No wily limed-twig ere molest
 Thy olive wing or crimson breast.
 Thy cup, sweet bird, I’ll daily fill
 At yonder cressy bubbling rill;
 Thy board shall plenteously be spread
 With crumbllets of the nicest bread;
 And when rude winter comes, and shows
 His icicles and shivering snows,
 Hop o’er my cheering hearth, and be
 One of my peaceful family:
 Then soothe me with thy plaintive song,
 Thou sweetest of the feather’d throng!”

The *Nightingale* (17) is universally regarded as the most celebrated of all the British warblers, “possessing,” says Casel, “beyond any other those requisites of volume, quality, and execution of voice, which combine to make a songster.” His principal food is caterpillars, worms, and the larvæ of insects. He seems to have an instinctive impulse to sing, and is seldom weary, save when in attendance upon his young, when his musical notes are exchanged for a discordant croak. The Abbé de la Pluche, in describing the notes of the nightingale, says, “He passes from grave to gay; from a simple song to a warble the most varied; and from the softest trillings and swells to languishing and lamentable sighs, which he as quickly abandons to return to his natural sprightliness.” According to Bechstein, who made the nightingale a subject of study, he is capable of forming strong attach-

ments. When he becomes acquainted with the person who takes care of him, he knows his step before seeing him, and welcomes him by a joyful note. When he loses his benefactor, he sometimes pines to death. If he survive, it is long before he is accustomed to another. He is peculiarly an English bird, and seldom, if ever, wanders so far north as Scotland. Hence Leyden, the poet, exclaims,—

“Sweet bird! how long shall Teviot’s maids deplore
Thy song, unheard along her woodland shore!”

Sir John Sinclair endeavored to introduce the bird into the groves of Scotia by exchanging the eggs of robins for those of the nightingale. They were hatched and carefully tended by their foster-parents, but migrated in the autumn and never returned. Coleridge thus expresses his estimate of this favored songster:—

“’Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast, thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all its music.

“And oft a moment’s space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps!”

The family of *Thrushes* is very large. Varieties are found in all quarters of the globe, and they are universal songsters. The common English variety (18) is, in the power and clearness of its notes, superior even to the nightingale, although it is not equal to it in variety. The *wood-thrush* of America, or wood-robin, as it is sometimes called, is shy and timid, and “with the modesty of true merit charms you with his song, but is content, and even solicitous, to be himself concealed.” Those who have paid much attention to the notes of birds profess to be able to distinguish one from another as readily as human beings are distinguished by the voice. Wilson tells us that he discriminated the voice of one wood-thrush from all others, and that he became gradually and perfectly familiar with its peculiarities. The top of a large white oak was the favorite pinnacle whence he poured forth the

sweetest melody. But alas! as the poet says,—

“One morn I missed him on the accustom’d hill,
Along the vale and on his favorite tree—
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the glen, nor in the wood was he;”

and the fragments of the wings and broken feathers of a wood-thrush among the rocks, which had been killed by a hawk, and which the naturalist contemplated with unfeigned regret, assured him that he had lost his favorite by a violent death.

The nest of the thrush is thus poetically described by Clare:—

“Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a mole-hill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, while I drank the
sound

With joy: and often an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day,
How true she warp’d the moss to form her nest,
And modeled it within with wood and clay.
And by-and-by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as
flowers,

Ink-spotted—over shells of green and blue,
And there I witnessed in the summer hours
A brood of nature’s minstrels chirp and fly
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.”

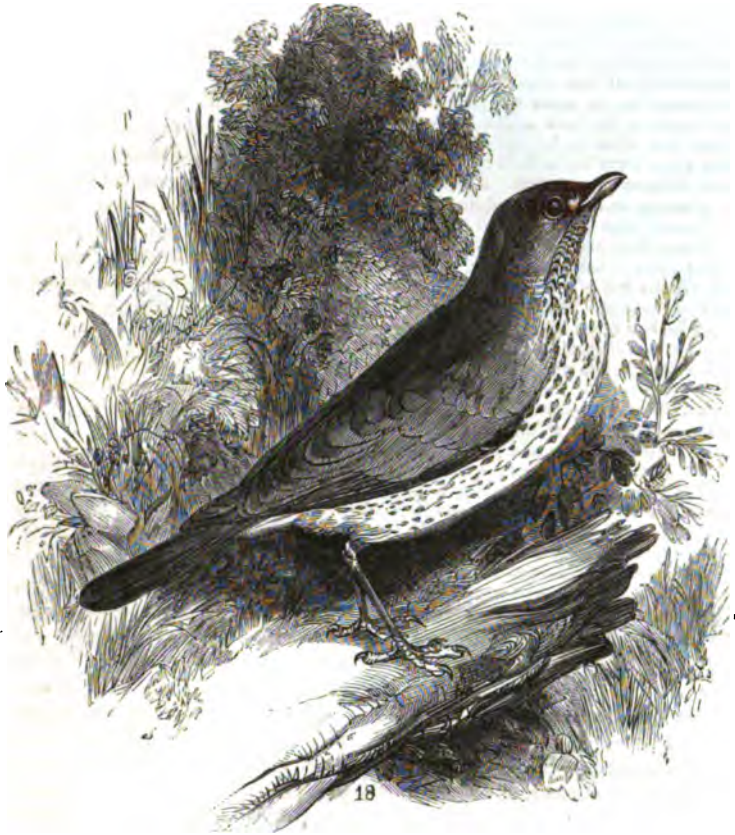
Of the *Ferruginous-Thrush*, whose food consists of worms and caterpillars, with an occasional grain of Indian corn, Wilson expresses his confident belief that for every grain of maize he may steal he destroys five hundred insects, and that in particular he devours large numbers of a large grub which is more pernicious to the crop than nine-tenths of the whole feathered tribe. The same enthusiastic naturalist, speaking of this sweet songster, says:—

“We listen to its notes with a kind of devotional ecstasy as a hymn to the great and adorable Creator. The human being who, amid such scenes, and in such seasons of rural serenity and delight, can pass them with cold indifference I sincerely pity; for abject must that heart be, and callous those feelings, and depraved that taste, which neither the charms of nature, nor the melody of innocence, nor the voice of gratitude can reach.”

Nearly allied to the thrush family is the celebrated *Mocking-Bird*, peculiar to this continent, of whom Southey speaks as

“That cheerful one, who knoweth all
The songs of all the winged chorists;
And in one sequence of melodious sounds
Pours all its music.”

Wilson’s description is graphic and accurate:—



"This celebrated and very extraordinary bird, in extent and variety of vocal powers, stands unrivaled by the whole feathered songsters of this or perhaps any other country. Its plumage, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and had he nothing else to recommend him would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals; in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves his admirable song rises preëminent over every competitor. Neither is his strain altogether imitative. His own notes are bold, and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill,

each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman and sends him in search of birds that are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates; even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their notes, or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk."

Audubon is eloquently graphic in his description of this universal favorite:—

"Listen to the love-song of the mocking-bird. See how he flies round his mate with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and again alighting approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upward, opens his bill and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest he has made.

"They are not the soft sounds of the flute or the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of nature's own music. The mellowness

of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution are unrivaled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from nature's self.

"No sooner has he again alighted and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of nature, are over, he dances through the air full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he begins anew, and imitates all the notes which nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

"For a while each long day and pleasant night are thus spent; but at a peculiar note from the female he ceases his song and attends to her wishes. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear-tree of the garden are inspected; the thick brier patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well does the bird know that man is not his most dangerous enemy, that instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window."

The mocking-bird not only shows great judgment in selecting a place for its nest, but great skill in its preparation. Its eggs are four or five in number, of a bluish tint, with patches of brown. During the period of incubation neither man nor animal can approach the nest without being attacked, and cats are soon made to seek refuge in a speedy retreat. But its special vengeance is directed against the black snake, whose approach is no sooner discovered than the male darts upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, and, dexterously eluding its bite, strikes it incessantly and violently on the head. The snake soon becomes sensible of its danger and seeks to escape; but the mocking-bird is only encouraged to redouble its exertions, and unless its antagonist be of great size it succeeds in destroying it. The female is so tenacious of her eggs as to suffer herself to be taken with the nest. The young, in its first plumage, is of a dusky yellowish-gray tint above, each feather having the central part grayish-brown; the lower parts are yellowish-white, each feather having a central brown line: the wings and tail are brown, as in the adult. The male is

easily distinguished from the female by its lighter color.

Vastly different in habits and mode of life, yet, from peculiarity of form and structure, the *Water Ouzel* is placed by naturalists in the same family as the mocking-bird. It is a native of Great Britain, and is remarkable for its russet plumage and snow-white breast, but more so for its peculiar fondness for playing in the water. In this element, indeed, the ouzel appears to be perfectly at home; and even the young, it is said, before they are able to fly are capable of diving with great address, and, according to Selby, "when disturbed they take to the water instantly, although but half-fledged, and dive with perfect ease." "One of their nests was discovered," says Cassell, "in a steep bank which projected over a rivulet, and was so ingeniously concealed among the moss by which it was surrounded that nothing but the old bird flying in with a fish would have led to the discovery. The young ones were nearly feathered, but unable to fly, and the moment the nest was disturbed they fluttered out, and, dropping into the water, instantly vanished; but in a short time reappeared at some distance down the stream, and it was with difficulty that two out of the five were secured." It has a very sweet and variable song, and is heard in the night as well as in the day-time all through the spring and summer, and until quite late in the autumn. The poet thus delineates some of the peculiar habits of this charming bird:—

"The bird
Is here—the solitary bird that makes
The rock his sole companion. Leafy vale,
Green bow, and hedge-row fair, and garden
rich
With bud and bloom, delight him not;—he
bends
No spray, nor roams the wilderness of boughs,
Where love and song detain a million wings
Through all the summer morn—the summer
eve;—
He has no fellowship with waving woods;—
He joins not in their merry minstrelsy,
But sits from ledge to ledge, and through the
day
Sings to the highland waterfall, that speaks
To him in strains he loves, and lists
Forever."

The *Golden Oriole* (19) is one of the most beautiful of the feathered tribe. It must be carefully distinguished from another species in which are included the



Baltimore and orchard orioles, natives of the United States. The bird of which we give a figure is European, and is found plentifully in France and Italy, and occasionally in England. Its plumage is of a rich golden yellow, the wings and tail are black, the latter tipped also with yellow. Its favorite abode is the lonely grove; it is exceedingly shy, and difficult to approach. It is a sweet songster, and in captivity learns tunes very readily. Bechstein saw two of these birds reared from the nest, one of which, besides pouring forth its natural song, whistled a minuet, while the other imitated a flourish of trumpets. He alludes also to two other birds of this species, kept at Berlin, both of which whistled different airs. It builds a purse-like nest of fibers and grasses, artfully woven together and suspended from a twig of one of the highest branches of a tree. The eggs are five in number, of a pure white, with a few dark-brown spots.

As is the case with all migratory birds, the golden oriole is exceedingly difficult to keep alive in a state of captivity. The French naturalist above quoted says that, in spite of the utmost care, none that he ever knew survived more than three or four months.

The *Black Cap* is a name given to a sweet songster rivaling the *nightingale* in its sprightly strains. It is a native of the island of Madeira, and derives its name from a curious black hood with which it is provided. Bechstein reared in a hot-house a young male which was remarkable not less for the beauty of its strains than for its sagacity. It was accustomed to receive its food from his hands. When he entered the hot-house the black cap perched upon the jar in which his food was kept. If his owner pretended not to notice him he would take flight, and, "passing close under my nose, resume his post; and this he repeated, sometimes even striking me



with his wing. I satisfied his wishes
 and he flew. The young birds, before
 they nest, have little or no distinctive
 difference of coloring, but the male and
 female in complete plumage are decidedly
 different. "In the male," says Cassell,
 "the whole of the top of the head is black,
 the neck and breast gray, tinged with oil-
 green. The female, which is rather larger

than the male, has the top of the head
 reddish-brown; the general tints of the
 upper surface are of a more decided olive
 hue. The plumage is remarkable for the
 delicacy of its texture. The black cap
 sings not only by day, but also by night.
 Even in captivity its song, except during
 the molting season, is continued through-
 out the year. The female bird can war-

ble, too, but her tone is lower, and she has far less compass of voice."

We close this chapter with one of the most remarkable of the feathered tribe—the *Lyre-Bird*—of which we give (figure 20) a striking picture. Indeed, the reader, we think, will agree with us in awarding to our artist great praise for the life-like accuracy of all his bird-delineations. This bird is a native of New-South Wales, resembling, in some respects, a pheasant. Its wings are short, concave, and rounded; the quill feathers lax and feeble; the general plumage is full, deep, soft, and downy. The tail is its distinguishing peculiarity, being a beautiful long plume-like ornament, resembling, when erect and expanded, the figure of a lyre—hence the name. This ornament, according to Cassell, to whom we are indebted for our description, is restricted to the male bird. It consists of sixteen feathers, the inner ones of an amber-brown color, the two outer ones gray, tipped with black. It is an exceedingly shy bird, and Mr. Gould remarks:—

"While among the bushes I have been surrounded by these birds, pouring forth their loud and liquid calls for days together without being able to get a sight of them; and it was only by the most determined perseverance and extreme caution that I was enabled to effect this desirable object, which was rendered the more difficult by their often frequenting the most inaccessible and precipitous sides of gullies and ravines, covered with tangled masses of creepers and umbrageous trees. The cracking of a stick, the rolling down of a small stone, or any other noise, however slight, is sufficient to alarm them."

The inhabitants sometimes succeed in capturing this timid creature by wearing the tail of a full-plumaged male in the hat, keeping it constantly in motion, and concealing the person among the bushes, when, the attention of the bird being arrested by the apparent intrusion of another of its own sex, it is attracted within range of the gun.

The lyre-birds build in the hollow trunks of trees, or in the holes of rocks. The nest is formed of dried grass or leaves. The female lays from twelve to sixteen eggs of a white color, spotted with blue. They have a not unpleasant natural note, and, like the mocking-bird of our own country, very soon learn to imitate the song of others.

The perching birds will necessarily require another chapter, which may be expected in our next number.

VOL. VIII.—15

THE GRAVE OF LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

WE have walked more than once up and down the north side of Bloomsbury Square, where Southampton House once stood, and where Lady Rachel Russell and her husband resided, and felt half inclined to quarrel with this noble lady's grandson, Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, for changing its name to Bedford House; and still more grieved that Francis, Duke of Bedford, should have caused it to be taken down. Such buildings should be considered sacred; they are monuments which no hands should touch to desecrate or to injure.

We can now but contemplate the site of the dwelling where Lord William Russell lived with one in all respects so worthy of him;* yet it is some satisfaction to know that the Duke of York, his malignant foe, and the pusillanimous enemy of all civil and religious liberty, did not achieve his wicked will that this most injured nobleman should have been executed there—at his own threshold. But it is not upon "houses built with hands" that the memory of Lord William and Lady Rachel Russell depends; their names have imperishable renown in their country's history—watchwords they are of liberty, of truth, of uprightness, of dignity, of all and everything that can add luster to human nature!

Lady Rachel Russell, who in every situation of life is so eminent an example of what a woman can be, and ought to be, was the child of an illustrious father—Thomas Wriothesley, the Lord Southampton, who, during the first dispute between Charles and his parliament, kept so honestly aloof from court that he was considered as one of the peers most attached to the people—yet was so struck by seeing the course of justice perverted on the trial of Lord Strafford, (whom, be it remembered, he had never favored,) that he felt himself impelled by his desire for the peace of England to attach himself to the Royalists. Lord Southampton had

* On Lady Russell's death, in 1723, it descended to her grandson, Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, and received the name of Bedford House. It was pulled down by Francis, Duke of Bedford, in 1800. Our view is copied from an old print in the illustrated Pennant, now in the British Museum.



SOUTHAMPTON HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY.

married before these troubles a Huguenot lady, Rachel de Ruigny, who soon died, leaving two infant daughters, of whom Lady Rachel was the youngest. There is to be found in Lady Rachel's character the exalted and enduring piety which so eminently belonged to the Huguenots of those days, blended with the tolerant spirit of universal charity which distinguished her father. It seems also to us that though the crude, imperfect style of her early letters proves that her mere education, so called, was not strictly attended to, yet, during her father's retirement at Tichfield in Hampshire, her mind and heart were both strengthened and refreshed.

Nothing does this so effectually with women as early intercourse with high-minded and right-thinking men; the piety and purity, the unflinching integrity of the father, were unconsciously imbibed by the child—healthful and invigorating to her soul as was the fresh country air to her constitution.

She was betrothed, according to the custom of the times, in childhood, to Lord Vaughan, whom she married, but soon became a widow; and then, richly dowered, young and lovely, she chose wisely, in choosing from among her suitors, a younger brother of the noble house of Russell. During their lives these two were seldom separated; and when we first turned over all that is published of her few letters to her husband, we were sen-

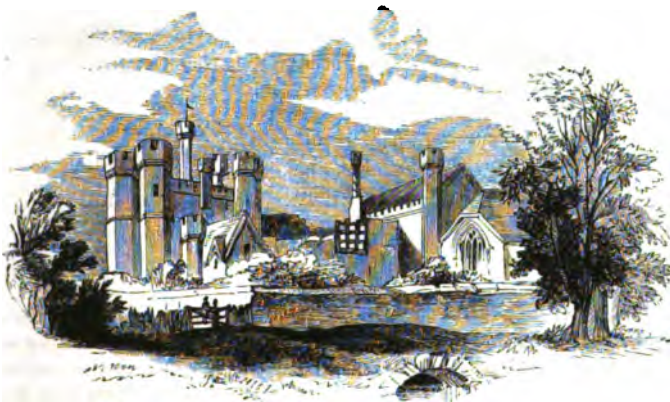
sibly struck by their *home-heartedness*; their appreciation of happiness born of rational as well as passionate affection; bearing the fruitage of cheerfulness and joy, yet prepared—as people seldom are—alike to bask in the sunshine, or meet the storms of life. Lady Rachel's tender and almost prophetic exhortations both to her husband and herself, to merit the continuance of God's goodness, as much as we can be said to merit anything, assure us how perfectly she understood the great principle of the *balance of life*, which is exemplified as much in the peasant's cottage as in the prince's palace; while his entire and absolute confidence in her character was only equaled by his affection and attachment to her society. Thus were they *united* in the holiest and highest sense of the word; united in principle, in intellect, in views, and in all noble dispositions; pursuing, according to the different means appropriate to their sex and situation, one common end—sustaining and strengthening each other; no harshness, no tyranny, no depreciation on the one hand, no affectation, no small arts, no deceit, no struggling for unwomanly power on the other—each finding a candid and a brave judge in the understanding, and a warm and devoted advocate in the heart, of a dear companion.

It has been justly remarked, that there is as great a variety in the powers and compass of human hearts as of human intellects. Some are found hardly equal to

the modified selfishness which produces attachment to their most immediate connections; some have naturally strong feelings concentrated on a few objects, but which diffuse no warmth out of their own narrow focus; while others again appear endowed with an almost boundless capacity for every virtuous affection, which contracts undiminished to all the minute duties of social life, and expands unexhausted to all the great interests of humanity. Such was the heart, the large, full heart of Lady Rachel Russell, in which her husband, her three children, her family, especially her sister, (whom she so exquisitely terms "a *delicious* friend,") her friends, her country, and above all, her religion, all found space.

How delightful it is to read the manner in which she requites the "tender kindness" of her husband; how her letters are

filled with words of love and most delicate fondness! Yet with all a woman's care for the small domestic things, of a *right* woman's carefulness, are ever to be seen the brave energy and thoughtfulness of her nature—the indelible marks of an animated interest in her lord's pursuits, a mind open to all great public objects. Dear as was his society to her, there was no pitiful, vexatious whining after it when his duties called him away, but every effort was used to strengthen him in his strength. Her account of the debate in the House of Commons on the king's message, in April, 1667, is clear and well given—a proof of the improvement of her style; wherein are to be found passages intimating her minute acquaintance with political affairs, and with Lord Russell's participation in them. Above all others, she was impressed with the most perfect



RUINS OF TICHFIELD HOUSE.

trust in the goodness of God, bringing her faith into daily exercise—her sweet faith; for surely faith sweetened all her cups of bitterness from first to last.

The one thing generally known and universally appreciated is Lady Rachel's conduct on her husband's trial, for a pretended connection with the Rye House Plot.* Of the events which preceded and

followed this most disgusting mockery of justice, she herself has left no record. Her confidence in her husband's purity of intention and action, of course, could not be shaken; and her mind, instead of being overwhelmed, expanded into more than human majesty. The dastardly policy of the court would have rejoiced if Lord Russell had fled; it would have been a relief from the degradation of his death.

* This conspiracy, which appears to have originated among some disaffected London tradesmen, was to have been carried out at the house of one of them, Rumbold, a maltster, who was to lodge the conspirators in his house called "The Rye," near Hoddesden, in Hertfordshire. The Rye House is an old brick building situated in a picturesque spot on the river Lea, and has upon its exterior some ornamental features, which show it to have been

once a building of some importance. All that now remains is but a fragment of the original building, and the interior has been so entirely altered to suit it to the exigences of the parish workhouse as to leave no feature of interest remaining. It was afterward an inn and fishing-house. The foundations are insecure, and the house is rapidly crumbling away.



THE RYE HOUSE.

They could have vilified his character with show of reason, and this would have led to the more easily disposing of others, whose greater activity, as well as fewer scruples, made them, in fact, more dangerous enemies. It is on record that Lady Rachel was even sent to, to consult with Lord William's friends whether or not he should "withdraw himself." But no: she loved his honor better than his life—loved that which *must* live better than that which *must* die. No fears for the safety of her life of lives led this heroic woman to counsel what she did not consider would be consonant with her husband's innocence and honor. History, blushing at the perversion of justice, details what followed. During the fortnight—the bare fortnight which elapsed between Lord Russell's commitment to the Tower and this base mockery of jury-trial—Lady Rachel was unceasingly occupied in procuring information as to what was likely to be urged against him, and

in adopting every means of precaution. She found it difficult to believe with her lord, that, once within the poisoned coil of his enemies, his doom was fixed. A thrill of anguish ran through the court when, in reply to the Chief Justice's intimation that Lord William might employ any of his servants to assist in writing anything he pleased, he simply said, "My wife is here to do it." And she, pure, holy, and strengthened for such a task by the direct power and grace of God, that "sweet saint" arose from her lord's side, and seated herself with most wonderful calmness and self-possession, to take notes of the proceedings that were to issue in his life or death. No heroism ever surpassed this. How many there present must have recalled her father's services, her husband's unsuspected patriotism, the excellence of their lives, their domestic happiness. It shook the hearts of their bitter persecutors, for even the "atrocious judge" assumed a milder tone, and said,

"If my lady will give herself the trouble." How she could have supported herself—how she could have controlled her feelings—during the feeble and most iniquitous mass of compounded nothings that were urged against her noble lord, especially by the pitiful Lord Howard, we know not. She had also to bear up against the news of the suicide, in the Tower, of Lord Essex—her relation and friend. She heard this in the midst of the trial, tolling through the court like a death-knell, yet did she give no voice to the torture of her heart, nor distracted her husband's attention by a single murmur. Day and night did she labor, after his condemnation, for a mitigation of his sentence; but the unforgiving James gaped for blood; the facile Charles laughed at mercy; the venal Duchess of Portsmouth feared to risk her power over the king even for the mighty bribe which Lord William's father, Lord Bedford, offered her; every plan was tried, save a desertion from those high principles which formed Lord William's sole crime in the eyes of his relentless enemy, the Duke of York. Now mark how she strengthened her husband's noble nature. While offering to accompany him into exile, never did she propose that he should purchase his life by a base compliance, or the abjuration of those glorious truths for which he endured persecution. How deeply he felt this, is proved by his mention of her in his interviews with Burnet, who tells us that Lord Russell expressed, even in his last hours, "great joy" in her magnanimity. "At eleven o'clock on Friday night," he says, "they parted; he kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself that she gave him no disturbance at their parting. 'There was,' he said, 'a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and a great kindness to him.' *But her carriage in this extremity went beyond all; and it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such hands.*" And truly can we believe it. Well might he trust HER upon whom in this world he should look no more; safely might he confide to her those dear pledges of unsurpassed love, who to the last moment, by a continuation of woman's sacrifice—a sacrifice of self-indulgence—a suppression of every selfish feeling, which nothing

but the deepest tenderness could dictate to the most exalted mind—parted from his last embrace—looked her last look upon the honored, the beloved, of her true heart, without permitting a single sob of anguish to disturb his serene composure. Away she went to the home which had known him for fourteen years but should know him no more. Away—away—to count the fleeting minutes that were to elapse before his children were fatherless and his wife a widow.

Her beloved sister, that "delicious friend," was dead—her infant children were incapable of thought or consolation—her half-sister, Lady Northumberland, was abroad—her cousin, Lady Shaftesbury, could only offer "pity and prayers"—her father-in-law—they could but gaze upon each other. In those cruel moments she was left "alone with God." This holy companionship enabled her to support her great agony, and feel, what many years after she avowed, that there was something so glorious in the object of her greater sorrow that in some degree prevented her from being overwhelmed.

She did not even for a moment, when all was over, sit down with sorrow, but, roused by a knowledge of her duties to the dead, as well as the living, defended the memory of her husband when his unsatiated enemies endeavored to deny the authenticity of the paper he had delivered to the sheriffs on the scaffold. This, and the summoning of Tillotson and Burnet before the king and the Duke of York, who were taxed as the advisers of the declaration, drew forth Lady Rachel's memorable letter to Charles—a brave letter it was, the fearless expression of duty and innocence resolved to repel falsehood and assert truth. We may wonder how the Duke of York felt when it was read; as for the vacillating Charles, he gave immediate permission that the mourning escutcheon for the murder he had been pleased to sanction should be placed over Lord Russell's house, and sent a kind word to Lady Russell, intimating that he did not mean to profit by the forfeiture of Lord William's personal property—poor fluttering shred of royal frippery! Is not *this* a great glory to woman? Is not *this* her genuine power, the power of superior virtue? Is not *this* her great, her mighty strength, the strength born of a purified nature? What woman's influence



CHERRIES.

could have holier exercise! Just consider the power she (long since dust and ashes) holds at this moment over every well-regulated female mind. Her name is as a talisman—the watchword of truth, and virtue, and vigilance—of domestic love, and lofty heroism. In her the *moral power* is most perfectly exemplified. She was not beautiful, nor “witty,” (for that her husband blessed God,) nor learned. Now-a-days she would hardly have been called *educated*. And yet, surely, we behold a **PERFECT WOMAN**. Would any wish more love, more gentleness, more truth, more trust, more virtue, more heroism, more religion—and all without assumption or pretense? Does not this show, that however ornamented may be the structure, there can be no true glory for woman unless there be a righteous foundation? One of her friends laments her “mighty grief;” how it has wasted her body, though she struggle with it “ever so hardly.” Bishop Burnet congratulates her on having resolved to employ so much of her time in the education of her children *that they should need no other governess*. It irks us to hear the excuses mothers sometimes make to rid themselves of their maternal duties, leaving their children to hired teachers and low-bred menials, gadding abroad after new friends, new pleasures, and new whims—their children will not bless them in their graves. How different was this from

Lady Rachel, training her two daughters, from whom she was never separated; and strengthening her own mind, that she might strengthen that of her son. We remember one passage where she says:—

“I am very solicitous, I confess, to do my duty in such a manner to the children of one I owe as much to as can be due to man, that if my son lives he may not justly say hereafter, that if he had a mother less ignorant or less negligent, he had not then been to seek for what, perhaps, he may then have a mind to have.”

Her son’s education was a matter of deep interest to her; and the skill with which she parried Lord Bedford’s (his grandfather’s) cares, lest she should put him to “learn in earnest” at too early an age, is, as everything else, a proof of how her judgment regulated her affections. Her eldest daughter’s marriage with Lord Cavendish drew her at last from her retirement, and her interest in all the world’s doings was kept painfully alive by the trial of the seven bishops, and the stirring events of the times. Time passed on; she received the assurance of profound respect from the Prince and Princess of Orange, and at last, when the revolution settled into a new monarchy, its first act was the reversal of Lord Russell’s attainder, his execution being termed a “murder” by a vote of the House of Commons! Lady Rachel lived to see it!

The honors we are justly proud of, the dress and ornaments of virtue, were showered upon the two noble houses she best loved : Devonshire and Bedford were elevated to dukedoms, and most worthy mention was made of Lord William Russell in the royal letters patent. Lady Rachel's dread of blindness, with which she had struggled for years, had been removed ; " she had seen the government which had oppressed, proscribed ; the power which she had found implacable, fallen in the dust ; the religion whose political predominance she dreaded, in circumstances to require that toleration it had been unwilling to allow ; the man whose vindictive spirit had inflicted the greatest misfortune of her life, himself an exile, after

having, with characteristic meanness, implored the assistance of him whom he had persecuted—the assistance of the father of the man he had murdered. She had seen the triumph of those principles for which her beloved lord had suffered, the blessed effects produced by a steady adherence to them, and his name forever coupled with the honor and freedom of his country."

A halo of glory encircles her name : every spot where she resided is to us consecrated. We have filled a large space with poor words concerning one of whom it seems to us we have said nothing. Lady Rachel Russell died October 5, 1723, at Southampton House, her age being eighty-six years ; and she was buried at



CHENIES CHURCH.

Chenies, Buckinghamshire, with her most dear lord.

Chenies, the once happy home and the last resting-place of Lady Rachel Russell and her martyred lord, is situated in a secluded corner of Buckinghamshire ; the little village is environed by trees, and the quiet dells and waving corn-fields give a favorable picture of the fertile spots of our country. The old mansion is nearly deserted ; a greater part is used as a stable, and pigeons find a home in the upper stories. It is now inhabited by farmers, and used as the farm-house. Yet externally it retains the features of its original beauties. To some of the gables are still appended the carved corbels, which speak

of the elaboration and beauty of the old house in its palmy days. The ivy-covered turrets and gables, and the lofty firs, complete a picture of much interest—even apart from the glorious history with which it is associated.

The church is immediately beside the house. It is a work of the sixteenth century, and the principal part is the large mausoleum and chapel, built by the first countess for the Bedford family. Within the church is much to interest ; the roof is of open timber-work, and very ornamental ; there are a beautifully-carved pulpit and an early circular Norman font. In front of the communion-table are some interesting brasses of the Cheyne family,



THE BEDFORD MAUSOLEUM.

the original possessors of the estate. In the chapel adjoining are many magnificent tombs to the members of the Russell family. The principal one is shown in our engraving, and may be considered as an historical memento of the principal members of the family. In the center are full-length figures of the first duke and duchess, leaning upon a column, supporting the ducal coronet. Above them is a medallion of Lord William Russell, the victim of Charles II.; at the sides are similar medallions of eight other members, male and female, of the family, whose names are inscribed around each head; above, cherubim are seen supporting the arms and crest of the house. This tomb is sumptuously executed in colored marbles. Immediately in front is the grated entrance to the vault, where nearly sixty of

the family lie. The Lady Rachel Russell has—strange and sad to say—no memento in this chapel; her monument is the history of her country. Yet surely in these days of testimonials to the dead and to the living, when statesmen and warriors are “perpetuated in stone,” it is scarcely too much to ask that one great and good woman may be thus commemorated, and so her example be extended and her influence more widely spread.

And behold what luster the exercise of “duties” bestows upon a woman! The celebrity of her character has been purchased by the “sacrifice of no feminine virtue, and her principles, conduct, and sentiments, equally well adapted to every condition of her sex, will in all be found the surest guides to peace, honor, and happiness.”



THE POET AND HIS PETS.

ABOVE is a charming view of rural scenery, illustrating the poet Cowper at work upon his "TASK." It is copied from an illustration made by *Birket Foster* for a volume of surpassing elegance, recently issued by the Messrs. Carter, of this city. In the foreground are the pet hares, which were a source of so much enjoyment to the meditative poet, and of which he gives an interesting account, at once illustrating the benevolent kindness of his own heart and some of the peculiar traits of these harmless little animals. I undertook, he says, the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived that their ordure would pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under

each received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the daytime they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. . . . He was always more happy in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humor and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had



a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlor after supper, when, the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party.

POETIC PICTURES.

THE RURAL WALK.

O may I live exempted (while I live
 Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)
 From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe
 Of libertine Excess! The sofa suits
 The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
 Though on a sofa, may I never feel:
 For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
 Of grassy earth, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep,
 And skirted thick with intertexture firm

*Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural walk
 O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,
 E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds
 To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames;
 And still remember, nor without regret,
 Of hours that sorrow since has much endear'd,
 How oft, my slice of pocket store consumed,
 Still hungering, penniless, and far from home,
 I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
 Or blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss
 The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
 Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite
 Disdains not; nor the palate, undepraved
 By culinary arts, unsavory deems.
 No sofa then awaited my return;
 Nor sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
 His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
 Incurring short fatigue; and though our years,
 As life declines, speed rapidly away,
 And not a year but pilfers as he goes
 Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep;
 A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees [sparing
 Their length and color from the locks they
 The elastic spring of an unwearied foot, [fence,
 That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the*



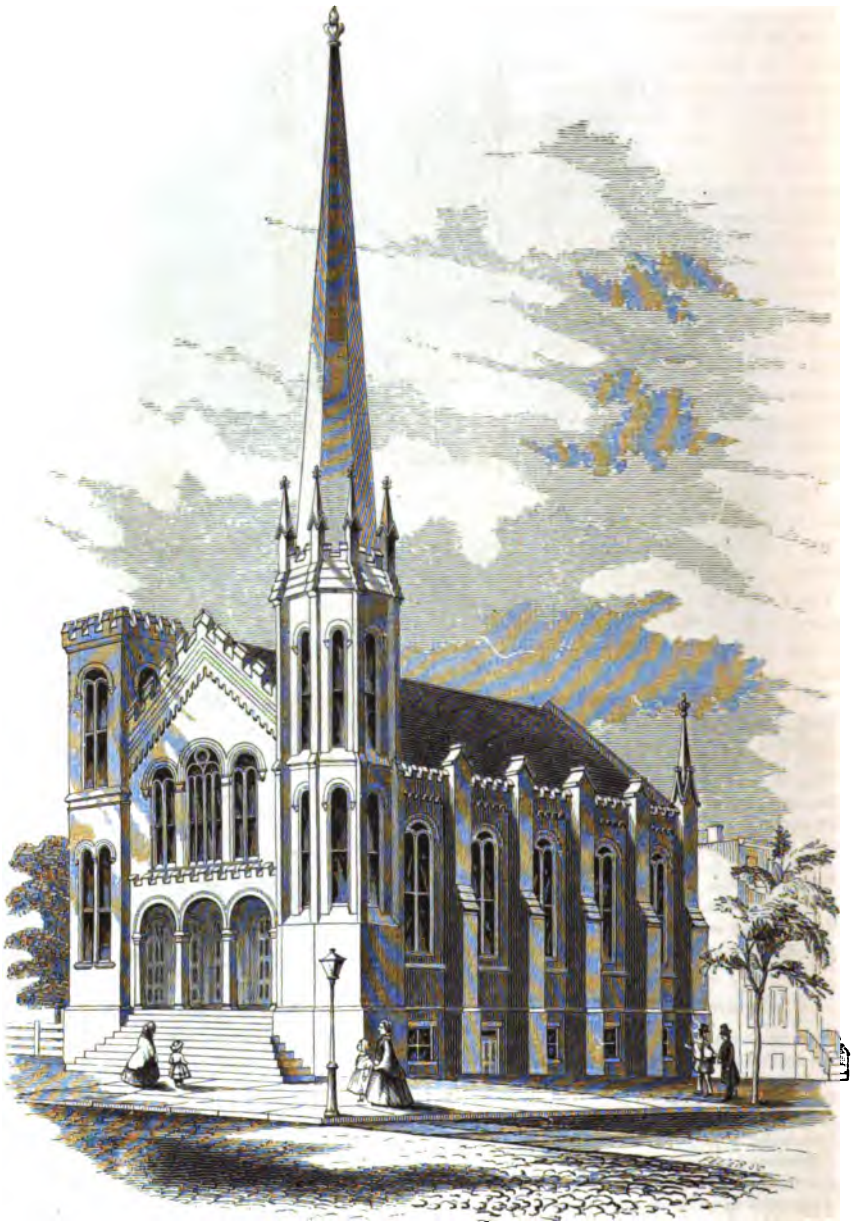
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
 Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
 Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
 Mine have not pilfer'd yet, nor yet impair'd
 My relish of fair prospect; scenes that soothed
 Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find
 Still soothing, and of power to charm me still.
 And witness, dear companion of my walks,
 Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
 Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
 Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth,
 And well-tried virtues could alone inspire—
 Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.

THE COT UPON THE HILL-TOP.

When winter soaks the fields, and female feet,
 Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
 Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,
 The task of new discoveries falls on me.
 At such a season, and with such a charge,
 Once went I forth; and found, till then un-
 known,

*A cottage, whither oft we since repair:
 'Tis perch'd upon the green hill-top, but close
 Environ'd with a ring of branching elms,
 That overhang the thatch, itself unseen
 Peeps at the vale below; so thick beset
 With foliage of such dark redundant growth,
 I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the peasant's nest.*
 And, hidden as it is, and far remote
 From such unpleasing sounds as haunt the ear
 In village or in town, the bay of curs
 Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
 And infants clamorous whether pleased or
 pain'd,
 Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine.

Here, I have said, at least I should possess
 The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge
 The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.
 Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat
 Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
 Its elevated site forbids the wretch
 To drink sweet waters of the crystal well;
 He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
 And, heavy laden, brings his beverage home,
 Far fetch'd and little worth; nor seldom waits,
 Dependent on the baker's punctual call,
 To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
 Angry and sad, and his last crust consumed.
 So farewell envy of the peasant's nest!
 If solitude make scant the means of life,
 Society for me!—thou seeming sweet,
 Be still a pleasing object in my view;
 My visit still, but never mine abode.



HICKS-STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

METHODIST CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

IN the last three numbers of the NATIONAL we have presented views and drawings of six different churches, four of which have just been built or are in progress in this country. Of these four, two have basements entirely above ground, and two depressed basements. But as yet we have no model of a church with a lecture-room in the rear, and we proceed to furnish such model in the present number.

HICKS-STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y., is a new church now in process of erection under the pastoral supervision of **REV. T. H. BIRCH**, of the New-York East Conference. It is to be of brick, with brown stone trimmings, and of the Romanesque order. Its size is seventy-five by fifty-three feet exclusive of the tower, with an arcade in front. The basement floor is but slightly depressed, and the whole interior arrangement is in good taste and very convenient. The walls are to be painted in imitation of brown stone, and the ceiling to be frescoed.

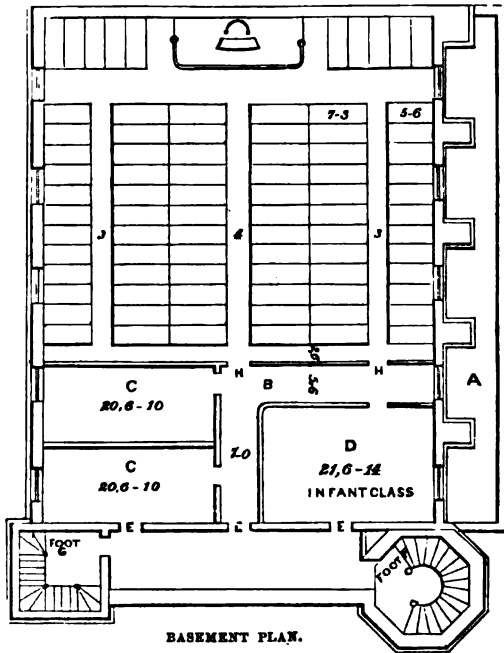
The exterior is to be finished in imitation of brown stone. The roof is of slate, the tower of brick, and the spire of wood. The spire is placed at the corner (as shown in the cut), and is one hundred and thirty-four feet high.

The arrangements of the basement are simple and convenient, as will be seen by the accompanying diagram; and the church, as a whole, is worthy of a place in the category of model Methodist churches.

It is a neat and tasteful structure, and a decided advance upon most of our church architecture—a good church for \$16,000. The site for church and parsonage cost \$7,400 more, making \$23,400. We are glad to see that arrangements are being made for *parsonages* in connection with most of our new churches.

The **BROAD-STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH** is situated on the corner of Broad and Marshall streets, in the city of Newark, New-Jersey. The lot cost \$13,000, and is large enough for the church and lecture-room, and a parsonage in front near the church. It is one of the most eligible sites for a church in the city, and the edifice is eminently worthy of the site.

The style of the building is the florid or perpendicular Gothic of the fifteenth century. It is built wholly of cut brown stone, and is, in our opinion, one of the



finest specimens of church architecture in the United States.

The extreme length of the building is one hundred and forty-five feet, and the width in the rear seventy-eight feet. The projecting center in front is forty feet wide by twenty deep, with turrets on the outward angles one hundred and ten feet high. The ends of the lecture-room project beyond the sides of the main building, as shown in the cut, and the roof is turned accordingly. The fine heavy buttresses add great strength and beauty to the entire structure.

The perspective view exhibits the relation of the parts to each other with tolerable effect. On the right may be seen the end of the lecture-room, with the outside entrances thereto, and the large Gothic window in front. The form of the six side windows is also apparent, and the open arcade and magnificent front window are seen on the left. The latter will be more distinctly exhibited in the accompanying front elevation, which we commend to architects as a "study," though some may think the drawing superfluous after the beautiful perspective view previously inserted. But as this is emphatically a "model church," we shall devote more



BROAD-STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.

space to its plans and drawings than we did to our favorite "Trinity."

The main audience-room, and also the lower floor of the lecture-room, are about three feet above the level of the ground. The front entrance is by an open arcade, from which three doors lead to a vestibule opening into the three aisles. The form of the altar, &c., may be seen by the plan.

The main windows are of light stained glass, mixed with ground flint in alternate diamonds. The effect is remarkably pleasant, and the room light and cheerful. The tracery of all the windows (which are of varied and beautiful designs) is of stone. The splendid front window, of which the arcade seems to form a part, is twenty-five feet wide by fifty in height, and is probably the largest Gothic window built of stone in the United States.

The Gothic style is maintained throughout the building, the roof being open timbered, with richly molded paneling in wood instead of plaster or frescoed imitations.

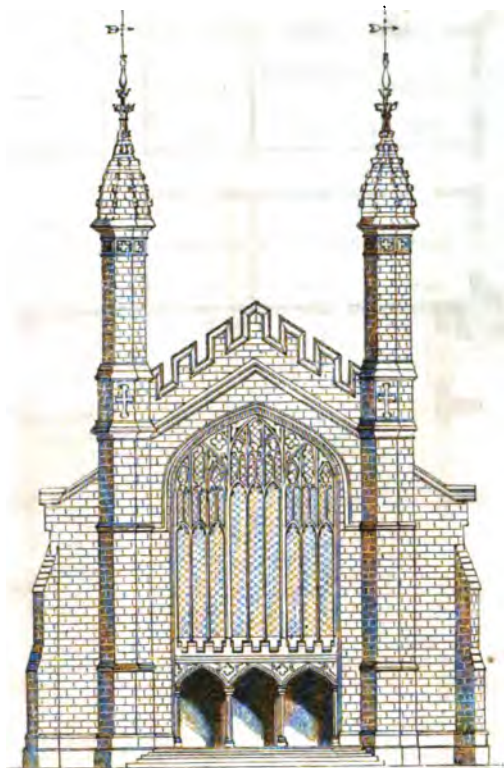
The roof is collar-braced, fifty-eight feet span, and is divided into six bays, each bay being subdivided into thirty-six panels with bold heavy moldings. The principal timbers are molded, and the whole is finished with polychrome decoration, in harmony with the rich stained glass of the windows. The traceried cornice and spandrels of the roof produce a very fine effect. The wall pieces and braces run down the sides of the windows, and terminate on massive stone corbels about eight feet from the gallery floor. An opening through the moldings of the ridge throughout the entire length of the audience-room leads into a ventilating

shaft above, which communicates with the turrets. The ventilation thus obtained is regulated by a trap-door with cords and pulleys conveniently located.

The gallery front is tastefully ornamented with long panels, filled with tracery, in which the Tudor rose is introduced; and on the top of the end gallery a running Tudor flower, terminating on each end by an elegant Gothic standard, skillfully protects the elevated floor of the choir. The gallery front, seats, and all the wood-work, excepting the roof, is grained oak, which, together with the deep color of the seat trimmings (port-wine damask) and of the carpets, adds much to the general effect, supporting the air of solidity and durability which characterizes the whole structure. The whole is then tastefully painted, which gives to the interior an elegant, chaste, and finished appearance.

The class-rooms (of which there are five) are all on the lower floor of the rear building, on a level with the main audience-room. They may be entered by two doors in front and one in the rear, and by two doors from the main audience-room, as shown in the plan. The largest of these rooms (No. 1) is used by the Bible class. This is ultimately to be converted into a library, we believe, following a suggestion of BISHOP JAMES.

The pastor's "study" will be seen in the most retired and quiet corner, and yet the most convenient of access from the rear of the parsonage. The private entrance may be seen near the "turret stairs," and a door into class-room No. 3 leads directly from the study to the pulpit. We can conceive of nothing more convenient than the arrangement of these class-rooms, and their relation to the main building, and that "study" is a wide, but happy departure from "the ancient landmarks." A Bible, Hymn-Book, and Discipline could be carried in the saddle-bags fifty years ago; but in these days a Meth-



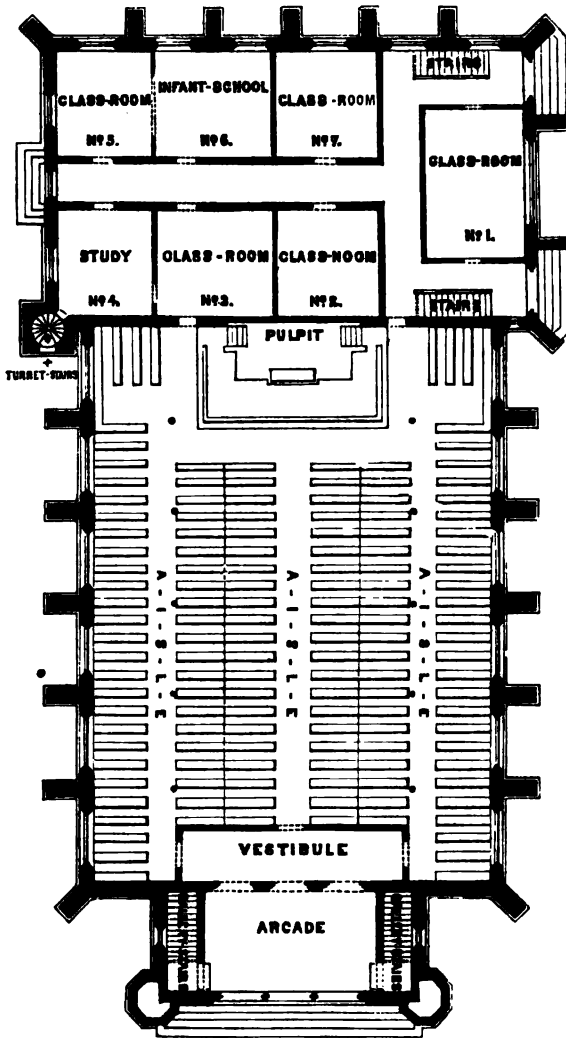
FRONT ELEVATION.

odist preacher must have other books, and study them too, or he will soon find his congregations leaving him, and his usefulness at an end. We like the idea of church libraries, or libraries for the church and congregation, and hope hereafter to see the experiment fairly tried in the city of Newark and elsewhere.

The gallery is entered in front by two doors opening out of the arcade, as shown in the plans, and by two other doors in the rear, opening out of the lecture-room.

The end gallery, commencing on the top of the inner vestibule, is continued back over the arcade through a large ornamental Tudor archway to the front window, and is appropriated to the organ and choir.

The plan of the lecture-room, and its relation to the gallery and the room below, will be readily understood by the engraving. The large four-light window in the end is thirty feet high, filled with rich stone tracery and stained glass. The



MAIN AUDIENCE-ROOM AND CLASS-ROOMS.

roof is of the same height as the main building, but of a steeper pitch. It is collar-braced, the main timbers being all molded, and the molded paneling continuing up to the ridge beam; so as to give forty-three feet clear height from the floor. The whole ceiling and timbers are grained in imitation of oak; and in the open gables suitable stained-glass windows are inserted, which serve for ventilation, and throw a pleasant light through the massive timber frame-work.

The lecture-room will seat about four hundred and sixty persons, and being

built first, has been used by the congregation during the erection of the main building. The organ for the lecture-room may be seen in the accompanying plan.

The perspective elevation, given on another page, though a very good one, gives but an imperfect idea of this magnificent structure. The side buttresses, projecting five feet from the walls, and counterbalancing the thrust of the roof, have a very massive appearance, and are in fine contrast with the delicate stone tracery of the windows. The elaborate window and arcade in front are well balanced by the turrets with their crocketed heads and the large blank space of wall adjoining them. The long, slender stone mullions throughout all the windows (there being no transoms except in the end window of the lecture-room) well sustain the vertical feature of Gothic architecture. There is a simplicity and majesty about the whole exterior that we much admire.

The cheerful and elegant interior, unobstructed by columns and abundantly lighted, is every way in keeping with the imposing exterior, and eminently adapted to the purposes for which the house has been reared—the enlightened and spiritual worship of the one true and everlasting God.

On the whole, though we have spoken strongly in favor of other churches brought to view in these articles, and some of them are very superior, we cannot resist the conviction that, taking everything into the account—size, material, architecture, arrangement, and workmanship—this is the best Methodist Church in America, if

not on the globe. It is an honor to our common Christianity, and highly creditable to the devoted and energetic brethren, both lay and clerical, by whose means and labors it has been reared.

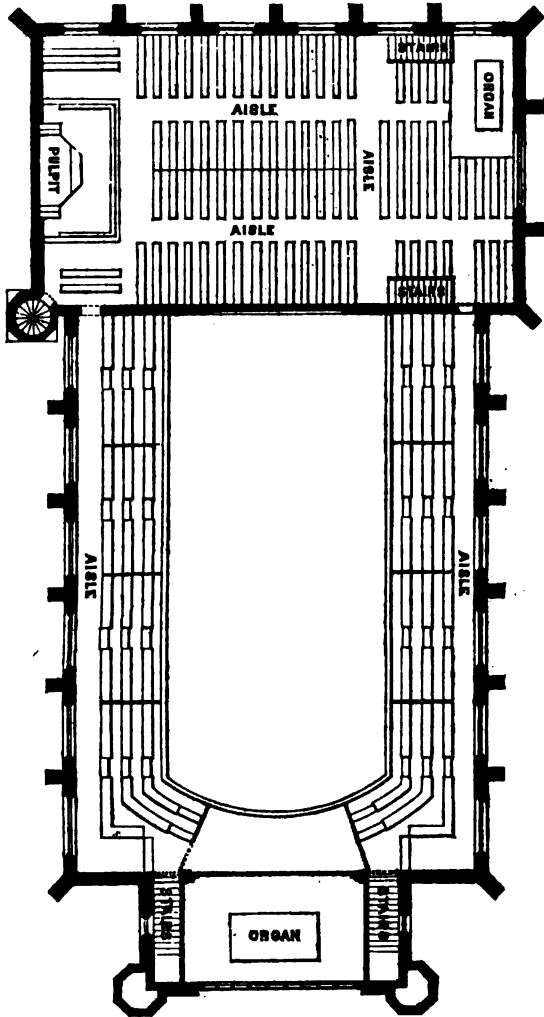
The cost of this church, including the organ, and exclusive of the site, is about \$45,000—a very low figure indeed for such a structure.

The seats are to be free, and the entire cost, we understand, is expected to be provided for on the day of dedication. The arrangement at the time of this writing (January 5) is to have it dedicated by Bishops JAMES and SIMPSON, February 20.

The whole building, with all its interior arrangements and decorations, has been designed and superintended by JOHN WELSH, Esq., of Newark, New-Jersey, a member of our Church, and one of the best architects in America. A blessing on its sacred walls, and pulpit, and altar, and upon all its worshippers! May it be the spiritual birth-place of thousands, in years and ages to come, who shall prove faithful unto death, and worship in a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens!

We have up to the present time given to the readers of *THE NATIONAL* views of seven churches, and have in most cases entered into a minute description of the various points of interest, with a direct view to the more general diffusion of knowledge on the subject of church architecture. In the case of every church, the drawings of which have been presented, the trustees we presume have expended hundreds of dollars for the "plans," and yet they are placed before those who shall engage hereafter in the noble enterprise of church building at the mere cost of *THE NATIONAL*. In cases where the

entire style of architecture of any one church is not adopted, the arrangement of Sunday-school rooms, class-rooms, &c., as well as the general plan of seating, may be followed. That more attention to the matter of church building is necessary, thousands of our people painfully realize when it is too late to remedy a mistake in some important arrangement for the comfort and convenience of the multitude—a mistake which, if by our humble endeavors we can in any manner prevent, will amply compensate us for any trouble on our part in procuring suitable "plans" for the readers of *THE NATIONAL*.



GALLERY AND LECTURE-ROOM.

[For the National Magazine.]

UNCLE JERRY'S GHOST.

IT has been said that all children are naturally credulous. I do not believe it. At least I am sure it was not so with me. From my infancy I have been inclined to skepticism, and have had a stronger propensity to doubt than to believe on almost every subject. I was especially incredulous with regard to ghosts, about whom, as I suppose is common with children, I heard many narratives, said to be well-authenticated. But I never put any faith in them, and as I grew up to manhood I was in the habit of treating the subject with ridicule. A friend of mine, whom I shall call Smith, that being a name by which his real cognomen may be most successfully concealed, was on the contrary, from his boyhood, credulous, and, I may say, almost superstitious, especially on the subject of visitors from the unseen world.

It is now more than a quarter of a century since Smith and I were fellow-students at a large boarding-school. We were inseparable friends, and slept in the same bed. He was a troublesome bed-fellow, and frequently disturbed my slumbers by starting up in his dreams, which were almost always about ghosts. I remember very distinctly many of the poor fellow's experiences, one of which I will relate for the reader's edification.

On one occasion our teacher gave us a tea-party, to which were invited most of the boys and girls in the neighborhood. Cakes and confectionary, almonds and raisins, oranges, kisses, mottoes, and other good things, were provided in abundance. The master seemed determined to make some amends for the short commons on which we had been kept, and, as I have thought since, to impress upon the villagers an enlarged idea of his liberality, and of the happiness of the young gentlemen and ladies who were so fortunate as to board at his bountiful table. The evening passed delightfully in eating and drinking, in romping, and in playing blind-man's buff, hunt the slipper, pillow and keys, and a variety of other games, in which the master condescended to assist; and even the mistress, a remarkably sharp-visaged lady, gave us instruction. O, it was a merry time, you may be sure! and no one enjoyed it more than my ghost-ridden chum.

I remember distinctly how he complied with the directions given to the owner of a jack-knife, when, to redeem that pawn, he was directed, being fine and not superfine, to bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one he loved best. Smith bowed to the madam, whereat we all set up a loud laugh; but he knew what he was about, and then knelt with a face of wonderful gravity—cunning Smith—to the madam's red-haired daughter Jerusha. At this too some of the village girls snickered, but we, members of the academy, knew better, and looked grave, as if we really agreed in the opinion that Jerusha was the belle of the evening. There was a momentary pause, and all were eagerly watching to see whom he would select as the one he loved best, for Smith was a fine-looking fellow, then almost fifteen, and his father was said to be rich. To the surprise of us all he selected for this special favor a little dumpty girl, whom almost everybody had neglected, and upon whose plump cheek he implanted a rousing kiss.

These details are perhaps of little interest to you, old fogey; but to us they were as momentous and important as you choose to deem the tom-fooleries of Congress in pretending to try to elect a speaker, and wasting day after day on a matter of about as much consequence. Like all good things in this lower sphere the party came to an end. It was about eleven o'clock, and as nobody came for Jemima, (so was the dumpty girl called,) Smith, with some little reluctance, agreed to see her home. I had no call for my services in this line, and immediately went to bed, where I soon fell into a dreamless sleep. How long I slept I know not. I was suddenly aroused by a violent shaking of the bed; and the first sounds that met my ear were groans and ejaculations from my chum, whom I found lying by my side, and bathed in a most profuse sweat.

"Why, Smith," said I, "what is the matter? are you sick?"

"No," said he; "but—O dear, O dear, such a night as I have had, and such a chase. There's been a ghost after me!"

"A ghost," said I; "nonsense. There is no such thing."

"Isn't there?" said he. "One chased me all through the grave-yard, and I think he's in the room now. Do you see anything?"

During this short colloquy Smith had his face buried under the quilt, and I found he had got into bed without undressing himself. I jumped up and succeeded in striking a light, which somewhat allayed my companion's trepidation. He sat up in the bed, and gazed wildly round the room.

"He is n't here," he said; "but do lock the door."

"That's of no use," said I, "for if it be really a ghost he can come through the key-hole." To please him, however, I turned the key, and in the course of the night, for neither of us fell asleep until the gray dawn of morning streamed through the window, he related in broken snatches his wonderful adventure.

It seems that after leaving Jemima at her home, and while passing the village grave-yard on his return, his attention was suddenly arrested by a tall figure arrayed in a white robe. It stood directly in front of him, apparently determined to hedge up his way. Smith crossed to the other side. The ghost did the same. Thus they continued, I know not how long, Smith thought more than an hour, he trembling and unable to say a word; the ghost calm and equally silent, having apparently no other object than to frighten the poor boy and prevent his passage.

"Why did you not speak to the unmannerly scamp?" said I. Speak to him, indeed! Poor Smith could not have uttered a word if his life had depended upon it. He blessed his stars for a lucky thought that at length occurred to him. This was to turn about and take to his heels. This he did; but the ghost was after him. Smith jumped over the fence into the grave-yard, and made, as he said, a circumbendibus. The sprite, or whatever it was, pursued him. Smith declared that it followed him into the house, up the stairs, and at the door of our bedroom had hold of him by the tail of his coat, and, as he verily believed, came into the room with him. How this may be I cannot tell. The ghost was certainly invisible after the candle was lighted.

I am bound by my regard for truth to add that my poor chum's coat—it was a bright blue with metal buttons—was actually torn, as he showed me in the morning, being to him a satisfactory assurance that the adventure could not have been merely imaginary.

Smith had many more visions which

were equally mysterious, but which it is unnecessary to relate. As for myself I must confess that I still continued incredulous. I never saw anything that could be deemed supernatural. I heard indeed strange noises at times, and once I did see at the window something white, which had terrified my chum, and roused him from sleep at midnight. It disappeared, however, before I had time to examine it, and though I was a little frightened I assumed a gay swagger and laughed.

Not to dwell upon these boyish days, let me come to more recent and infinitely stranger developments and more unaccountable adventures. The reader, as I relate my unvarnished tale, shall decide for himself whether or no I have cause to repent my juvenile incredulity.

After leaving the boarding-school, Smith and I, although we lived in the same city, saw each other only occasionally. Our pursuits have been different, but we were always friendly. I attended his wedding when he claimed Jemima for his own, and he was one of the guests when Eliza Jane made me happy. But I need not enter upon family matters.

Soon after the first developments made by the spirit-rappers, when as yet they were only able to communicate letter by letter, and no medium knew how to write, Smith paid me a friendly visit. My little ones had said their prayers and gone to bed. We sat talking of old times, my wife having also retired, not finding our conversation sufficiently soothing to allay a sick headache, to which she was subject. We chatted until midnight, and he was preparing to leave, when abruptly I asked, and, I confess it, with a kind of laugh—

"Well, Smith, how about ghosts? Do you ever see any now-a-days?"

The solemnity with which he heard and answered this question startled me.

"Believe in spirits?" he said; "why, they are all around us! I have frequent communications from the interior."

"From where?" said I, in breathless astonishment.

"From the interior; that is," he continued, "from the invisible world."

This, of course, awakened a deep interest, and, if I must confess it, excited what the reader may deem, perhaps, an unhallowed curiosity. He must remember, however, that I was still skeptical,

nor was my faith largely increased by the further statements which I succeeded in pumping out of my friend. They amounted, briefly, to the fact that he was in the habit of attending, weekly, a select circle. While in this circle he had been favored with revelations from his dead father, ditto mother-in-law, ditto his youngest ohild, who went into the interior, he told me, when only a month old. He had also had messages from General Washington, Red Jacket, Swedenborg, and, if I remember rightly, from Mary Queen of Scots; and also from Captain Riley, whose wonderful narrative was, in our young days, exceedingly popular. "It is hardly credible," said I, "that these illustrious people should want to talk to you."

"So I used to think," he replied; "but I know better now. I have had messages from them all. Captain Riley is as sociable as my own father, and his revelations have been equally explicit and candid. Do you remember," he continued, "the spirit who visited me when we were at the boarding-school?"

"I remember," said I, "the story you told me about a ghost chasing you through the grave-yard."

"Do n't say ghost," replied he, with great solemnity. "It was, as she herself has since informed me, the spirit of my Jemima's mother, who had then been in the fourth sphere several years, and who thus, ere the spiritual alphabet had been invented, sought to communicate with me."

"What upon earth," I asked, "did the old woman want? Was she even then bent upon making a match between you and Jemima?"

I saw, by Smith's countenance, that I had offended him by this ill-timed levity. I felt rebuked. I apologized, and begged his pardon.

"My dear fellow," he said, "why will you persist in your skepticism? If you had seen and heard what I have, you would not dare to ridicule such sacred realities."

I admitted that this was very likely; and after a little more serious conversation, during which, so far as I remember, I did not even smile, we parted with the understanding that on the night but one after, I—the skeptic, nay, the scoffer—should be admitted into the dread solemnities of my friend's circle.

How often I attended these meetings, and all that I saw and heard, are indelibly

imprinted on my memory. I have seen a table tilt over when, for the life of me, I could not tell who did it, nor why it was done. I have heard the raps, and have had special revelations to myself. The number of my father's children has been declared to me. My wife's maiden name was spelled out when, I am sure, no one in the circle knew it except myself and Smith, unless he told it to the medium, which of course I am not at liberty to suppose. The disease of which my youngest child died was pronounced croup, by rapping at the letters indicated in that word; and when I asked my grandfather how long he had been in the interior, there were heard twenty-seven distinct raps, a rap for a year, which, as well as I can remember, was not far out of the way. But all these things—must I own it?—had little salutary effect upon my inveterate and apparently incurable skepticism. Smith began to look coldly upon me, and the other members of the circle evidently regarded me as little better than an irreclaimable infidel.

"Smith," said I, "it is all humbug and imposition."

My friend groaned, but said nothing.

"It can be nothing else," I continued; "or why don't these pretended spirits tell us something worth knowing? What a miserable farce it is,"—so desperately skeptical was I,—"what a miserable farce, I say, to bore reasonable beings round a table night after night, and leave us no wiser than we were before."

These were bold words; and I refer to them, that the reader may be assured that no common-place exhibitions could by any possibility overcome my inveterate and long-cherished unbelief.

But I must hasten. The ever-memorable night, the twenty-first of November, was dark and dreary. The winds of heaven seemed to be holding a general carousal, and it was with difficulty I kept my hat on my head as I wandered, drawn apparently by an irresistible impulse, to the house where the circle held their weekly meetings. We sat around the table in solemn silence. The tempest without increased in violence, and now the rain poured down in floods. To our oft-repeated question, "Are there any spirits present?" there was no answer. I remember a joke I perpetrated at this juncture. Irreverent as it was, I record it as

a confession due to the truth, and as a warning to any of my readers who may chance to be in a similar situation. "Of course," said I, "there are no spirits here. They are all cutting up their shins in the air. We may as well go home." I tried to laugh at my own wit, but nobody seconded the motion; and I had hardly uttered the sentiment, when we were all startled by the most unearthly sound I ever heard. It was not a rap, nor a sigh, nor a maniac scream, but seemed to blend all three in one. It was thrice repeated, each time more dreadful than before. After a pause of perhaps half a minute, our medium, who, by the way, was a lady, inquired, "Does the spirit wish to communicate with any of the present company?" As I expected, an affirmative answer was received, and as my conscience had premonished me, I was designated as the favored individual.

The next question was, "Will the spirit please give us his name?" This was answered in the affirmative. Slowly and deliberately the alphabet was called over, and the result was, **u.n.c.l.e. j.e.r.r.y.**

This startled me. My mother's only brother, a rich old bachelor, was at this time at the south. His name was Jeremiah.

"Ask him," said I, "if he is dead." Our medium, however, knew better than that, and propounded this question: "When did you go into the interior?" As before, the answer came promptly and distinctly: **t.o.d.a.y. s.i.x. p.m.**

The medium then inquired, "Where?" The raps gave, in response, these letters: **w.e.t.u.m.p.k.a.** At this I laughed, saying there is no such place; but, sooth to say, there was not much jocularly in my laugh, and it was speedily checked by one of the party, who said, "Yes, there is. Ask him in what State." This was done, and the reply was **a.l.a.b.a.m.a.**

By a gazetteer lying on the piano, we ascertained that there is such a place, and proceeded with our questions. To our surprise our visitant seemed, all at once, either unwilling or unable to give us any more information. The knocks came in all sorts of confusion. I was not much disappointed, for such conduct was quite in keeping with my uncle's habits; and if he was now in the interior, as he asserted, it was not strange that he should delight in exciting our curiosity, and then

perplexing us. We were all unwilling to give the matter up. One after another proposed questions, pertinent and impertinent. The answers were unintelligible, and yet it was evident that the ghost, if it was a ghost, had more to say.

"Perhaps," at length said one of the circle, "he wants us to sing. I have known spirits who would only communicate after listening to solemn singing. Does the spirit want us to sing?" The words were scarcely uttered before a soul-harrowing negative was returned. "Shall we play a tune on the piano?" **n.o! n.o! n.o!** with the like decided emphasis. This, I thought, was rather in keeping, for Jerry never had an ear for music. It was suggested that perhaps the room was too light; for some spirits, it is well known, prefer darkness. Jerry, however, was not one of that kind; for when asked if we should turn off the gas, we received an unmistakable answer in the negative, with an intimation of displeasure.

An hour passed in these unfruitful cross-purposes. Question after question; knock upon knock; rap, rap, rap. At length it was suggested that Jerry wanted to *be alone with me*. I confess I had an inward tremor when this was proposed, but for the world I would not have owned it. The rest of the party accordingly left the room, and I pursued the investigation on my own account. I found Jerry exceedingly tractable, and received ready responses to all my inquiries.

It were tedious to relate them in detail. Suffice it to say, that he not only reiterated the time and place of his death, but gave me the astounding, and I must add, the gratifying intelligence, that he had left behind him twenty thousand dollars, and that by his will I was constituted his only heir. He assured me further, that in one month's time I should be put in possession of that noble sum.

Here was a development, such as in my indecent curiosity I had longed for. It was the revelation of a fact, if it was a fact, that mortal could not communicate. The death of an individual away in the interior of Alabama revealed in New-York, within, at most, three hours of his departure! Revealed by himself, too! and to me! I was perfectly astounded, terrified, overwhelmed. I took my hat and started homeward, hardly staying to bid the circle a decent good-night. Then,

too, the twenty thousand dollars! what should I do with such a sum? Buy a farm, or an elegant city mansion, or speculate in Erie Rail-road Stocks? My brain whirled, there was a perfect chaos in my poor head. What will Eliza Jane say? Shall I tell her, or keep dark until the news comes by mail? These last were troublesome questions. At the time of our marriage we had agreed that there should be no secrets between us. As I well knew she had kept her part of the compact inviolate to the letter, could I be so faithless as to keep from her this, the most terrible secret I ever had? Would she treat me so? I knew she would not. Then, too, she had a perfect right to know it. She was my partner in weal and in woe, true as steel, faithful always.

Strange as it may seem, however, I resolved to tell her nothing about it. I made up my mind deliberately. I will keep the secret. It will only be for a month, and then—the fact is, I felt like a villain, and stole up to bed, certainly rather to be pitied than envied.

Shall I own my weakness, and reveal the sophistry by which I was beguiled? I must. I began this narrative with a determination to tell the whole truth, and I will. Before I reached home on that eventful night, that twenty-first of November, my inveterate disease (I can call my skepticism by no more appropriate name) broke out afresh. Have I not been humbugged, said I, after all? What evidence have I that the whole affair was not a trick, a mean, contemptible trick? And then—will the reader believe it?—I asked myself, suppose Uncle Jerry should not be dead? Not dead? not dead? said I to myself, interrogatively, at least a hundred times, as I tossed upon my uneasy bed.

"Who is not dead, dear?" asked Eliza Jane in a gentle voice. Confusion! I had been thinking aloud. I made no answer, and pretended to be asleep. She did not repeat the question.

But, said I, mentally, how could there be any imposition in the case? Not one of the party knew that I had an Uncle Jerry. Smith knew it, to be sure, but then he was not present that evening. He had been detained at home by sickness. Might not he have told the medium all about it? Was it not, from beginning to end, a well-laid plot? Is it not easier to believe that Smith is a knave, and the

medium herself a deceiver, than to believe that Jerry's ghost traveled all that distance in that short space of time, on that terribly stormy night?

But then, the twenty thousand dollars! Ay, said I to myself, twenty thousand! twenty thousand! twenty thousand dollars!

"Twenty thousand fiddlesticks!" muttered my precious wife, apparently in a state of half-consciousness, as she turned over uneasily upon her pillow.

Thus the remaining hours of the night dragged slowly away, and before morning I had made up my mind to wait patiently for the expiration of the thirty days at which time I had been told I should come into the possession of Jerry's property. If Jerry really did go into the interior, that is, die, at six P. M., on the twenty-first of November, if he did leave a will making me his only heir, and if I do see and handle the hard cash, why then, said I, I will believe; nay, I will give a percentage of the money to aid in the promotion of spiritualism, and I will come out frankly and publish my experience to the world. How cunningly cautious I was!

A little incident that happened next morning, which at any other time would have been speedily forgotten, made a deep impression upon my mind. Angelica, my pet daughter, then about six years old, came into the room while I was shaving.

"Pa," said she, after I had held down to her my lips and received her matin kiss, "Pa, when is Uncle Jerry coming back?" I felt stunned for a moment, and answered abruptly, without taking time to think, "Uncle Jerry, my child, will never—"

"Will never what?" she asked quickly.

"Will never forget," said I,—and I blush to think that I could attempt to deceive the little cherub as her bright blue eye was fixed on mine,—“will never forget his pet Angelica.”

"I dreamed about him last night," said she.

The child was a great dreamer, and at any other time the relation of one of her night-visions would have been of little consequence; but now I stopped, having cut my chin, as I remember, and, half-shaved, sat down and took the child upon my knee.

"Tell me all about the dream," said I.

"O," she replied, "it was nothing much! Only I dreamed he came up into the bed-room and kissed me just as he did

last year when he came back from Canada."

Merciful heaven! Could it be that after visiting me at the circle, Jerry had, in spirit, visited the child, and sealed the truth of his actual presence by a kiss upon her cheek?

"What did he say?" I asked.

"I don't remember that he said anything," was the reply. "Only I know he gave me a beautiful doll,—a wax doll, with eyes that would open and shut, just like Mary Smith's. Won't you buy me such a one, pa?"

I put the child down and finished shaving. A stranger narrative awaited me at the breakfast-table. My wife had also had a dream. It was about Uncle Jerry. Of course it was. I knew that without asking. She dreamed that by some means she was transported to a wild region of country, apparently in some part of one of the southern states. There, rolling in wealth, with a large plantation and a hundred slaves, Jerry was living in great style, a bashaw kind of an old bachelor. Everything about him had the appearance of the most luxurious wealth.

"Did he say anything?" I asked, trying to conceal my agitation by scalding my lips with hot coffee.

"That was the strangest part of it," replied my wife. "He said, 'Come and live with me. I have plenty. Bring the whole family;' and in my dream I thought we did remove there and take possession of his large estate, while Jerry acted as overseer to the plantation."

"Pooh!" said I; "that was only a dream."

"Of course it was," she replied, "and a very foolish dream too."

My mind was, I confess, in quite as confused a state now as it was on quitting the mysterious circle the night previous. I had a terrible secret in my bosom, and I knew not what to do with it. On my way to my place of business I determined to call on Smith. I found him in bed, weak and feverish, but the doctor had pronounced him out of danger. He was exceedingly glad to see me, chatted pleasantly, and adverted to the storm of the last night, by which, as he supposed, the members of the circle were prevented from assembling. I did not undeceive him, but, after a pause in the conversation, I asked:—

"Smith, tell me candidly, what is your opinion of Mrs. ——?" naming the lady who was our medium. "Is she an honest woman?"

"Of course she is, and a member of an Evangelical Church."

"Did you ever,—now on your honor, Smith,—did you ever say anything to her about my Uncle Jerry?"

"To the best of my recollection," he replied, "never. But why do you ask such a question?"

I made no reply, when, to my unutterable horror, he added:—

"By the way, I had a strange dream about your Uncle Jerry last night."

"The deuce you had," said I, thrown off my guard for a moment.

"Yes," he replied; "I dreamed he was here, and that he had come away from beyond the Mississippi by telegraph."

"By telegraph?"

"Wasn't it a droll conceit?" said Smith, laughing. "I dreamed that he had invented a machine by which material bodies could be sent over the wires just as we now send verbal messages, and that he himself had thus come upon the wires to test the value of his invention."

Smith laughed at the strange conceit. Did I laugh?—Well, no matter.

"Yes," he continued, "and I dreamed that I examined the machinery by which he had effected this wonderful flight. He left the place of his departure—I forget the name, but it was in Alabama, I think—at six o'clock, and he was here a few minutes before eight."

"Indeed," said I, very slowly. "That was—funny. Would you remember the name of the place if you heard it?"

"I don't think I would," he replied. "Dreams are such strange and foolish things I seldom charge my memory with them."

"Was it Wetumpka?" I asked, with an air of indifference.

"Ay," said he, "that was it. A queer name; how came you to think of it?"

"Did Jerry say anything about me?" I asked, evading his question.

"Not a word. But now I remember he wanted to sell me a share in his invention. He said I should have it for—"

"For how much?" I asked eagerly.

"Twenty thousand dollars!"

(To be continued.)

[For the National Magazine.]

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

GUYOT, with an acuteness that places him in the first rank of philosophers, has pointed out those portions of the earth which, from their peculiar character and conformation, have had most influence upon the civilization and destiny of the human race. It would be of the greatest interest, though perhaps less important, to designate those other portions, which, lying for long periods between barbarism and civilization, have from time to time exchanged the light of the one for the darkness of the other. National energy cannot always rise above the force of circumstances, and it is certain that there are portions of Europe which owe their present condition and their past history more to their peculiar position than to the character of their inhabitants or the quality of their *terrain*. Of such portions none are so important, none are so intensely interesting, as those which border the great rivers of Europe, the Rhine and the Danube. The former of these rivers, rising among the Alps and flowing many hundred miles to the sea through the noblest portion of Europe, the German, in his admiration, calls the "father of rivers." Yet no traveler can wander among the walled towns and cities which line its banks without seeing how vastly inferior the Rhein-gau is to the central parts of France and Germany in everything but natural advantages. Those battered walls and crumbling towers have a wild story of their own. History tells of scenes of violence and deeds of war that have occurred there ever since the Ubii and Sicambri lived on opposite sides of the river; and Roman camps and colonies, planted among the rude nations of Germania, expanded into flourishing cities. The position of the Rhine Provinces, between belligerent powers, has counterbalanced all their natural advantages. At short intervals of peace their growth has been almost unparalleled. No part of Europe was so flourishing during the Hanseatic League: no part of Europe has suffered so much and so often from the incursions of French and German armies.

Whoever will examine a map of the lower Danube will find that its delta is surrounded by an immense basin formed by the Carpathian and Balkan ranges,

which, commencing at the Iron Gate, near the borders of Hungary, bend round in opposite directions toward the Black Sea. Most of this basin is occupied by the Moldau-Wallachian Principalities. With Bulgaria, which lies between the Danube and the Balkans, we are not at present concerned. At the north, the Carpathians, commencing near the borders of the Banat, sweep round so as to make an immense amphitheater. Rising to the height of six thousand feet, they form an almost uninterrupted chain to the westward until they are broken through by the Aluta. The latter, flowing from the lofty valley of Transylvania, breaks through the pass of the *Red Tower*, and in its course to the Danube divides Lesser from Greater Wallachia. Midway between the Aluta and the Pruth, the Carpathians deflect suddenly to the northward, and form the boundary between Moldavia and the land of the Seklers. Among the headwaters of the Bistritz some of their peaks, as Pion and Tschakleo, overreach the limits of the oak and pine, and extend up into the region of snow and ice and alpine plants. Several spurs from the Carpathians extend far down into Lesser Wallachia, among which are numerous lakes connected with the Danube, and among the fastnesses of which the Romouni have often taken shelter from their foes. Greater Wallachia as well as Moldavia is crossed by numerous rivers, as the Argish and the Sereth; but for the most part they are composed of vast level tracts, which are connected with the steppes of Bessarabia, and are open to the winds that sweep across the vast plains of Southern Russia.

Bucharest has the same latitude as the capital of Maine; and Jassy, the chief city of Moldavia, is farther north than Quebec. The climate is far less mild than in the western portions of Europe equally distant from the equator. The mountains of Northern Moldavia retain their snowy caps during the summer, and during the months of winter the lower Danube is usually covered with ice.

Moldavia is as large as Massachusetts and New-Hampshire together, and according to the best authorities contains more inhabitants than the State of Virginia. Wallachia is about twice the size of Maryland, and has a population equal to if not greater than Pennsylvania. Though

among the most thinly-settled portions of Europe, the population of the two Principalities is estimated at four millions of people. Compared with European states, Moldavia is almost as large as the kingdom of Greece, and contains a greater population; while Wallachia is considerably larger than Holland and Belgium together.

The Wallachians (from *Vlak*, the Slavish word for herdsman) inhabit both the Principalities, and from their Latin origin call themselves Romouni. They are not confined to Moldavia and Wallachia, but extend into Transylvania, Hungary, and the Banat. Bulkowina and Bessarabia, which now belong to Austria and Russia, but which were formerly parts of the Principalities, have also a strong admixture of the same race.

The Wallachian language contains almost as many Latin words as the Italian, and in point of age claims to be the eldest daughter of the Roman tongue. Besides having been greatly modified by the Slaves, it also contains numerous Illyrian and Dacian words. The gipsies are more numerous in the Principalities than in any other part of Europe. They appear to have emigrated hither in the year 1400 under Timour, from the East, and at present number one hundred thousand souls. They speak a dialect of the ancient Sanscrit, and have the same remarkable fondness for music that characterizes the gipsies of Bohemia and the west of Europe. The Jews also number one hundred thousand souls. They are industrious, and are the traders and artisans of the Principalities. The Armenians are usually farmers and in good circumstances. Socially, the people are divided into Boyards and Peasants; the relation of the two classes to each other being but little removed from that of master and slave. The boyards are the only persons in the Principalities possessed of political rights, and number scarcely more than two thousand. The boyards themselves are divided into three classes, from the first of which alone the highest officers of state can be elected. They are usually independent, and live in the chief towns, as Jassy, Bucharest, and Krajova. The peasantry for the most part live in the most wretched poverty, and are little if any superior to the serfs of Russia. This is to be attributed to their want of intelli-

gence rather than to an oppressive system of government, since they obtain land from the boyards to cultivate at an almost nominal price; and the soil is so rich that the labor of three weeks, distributed through the summer months, will supply them with an abundance of Turkish corn, more than which they scarcely need. The gipsies are in reality the slaves of the boyards, having no rights whatever. Were they treated like human beings they might become useful citizens, as is the case with many in Austria and other parts of Europe. Another division may be made; namely, that of taxable persons and those who contribute nothing to the support of the state. To the latter belong the boyards, clergy, and privileged families, with their servants. The former class includes the peasants, citizens, and artisans.

After these preliminary considerations we turn to the history of the Principalities, the meager annals of which are possessed of unusual interest.

Of all the causes which tend most to develop national character, and give it strength and perpetuity, none seems so potent as the possession of a literature. Just as mind is the measure of a man, the real power of a nation, and especially its claim upon the regard of posterity, lie in its living intellect or collected thought. It forms a magical center around which all the other elements of power arrange themselves. The vital distinction between the Greek and barbarian ever was that the former could boast of a Pericles and Homer; and the pride of being a Roman citizen rested not so much upon the conquests of the Roman legions as the belonging to a nation of great orators and poets. But though the Romouni descended from a noble race they have no literature. The mere description of the battles that have taken place on the Moldau-Wallachian soil would fill more volumes than the literature of the Romouni possesses. Hence, that part of their history which is not found in the works of cotemporaneous writers must be sought in monkish legends, or the observations of occasional travelers. Another advantage arising from the possession of literature, especially that of an historical nature, is the strength it gives to national character and national institutions. In fact, the knowledge of our history is the first great essential for pre-

servicing our rights. If we have no history, strangers are ever ready to deny our name and origin. Unless we can say, "This is the work of our fathers, and these rights are a sacred heritage," others will not fail to despise our vain assumptions, and attempt to deprive us of that of which we boast. If we can boast of none of the glory and strength which a historical literature confers, it will be well with us if we are not called upon to give up to others the soil upon which we dwell, and adopt any name that our enemies may see fit to impose upon us. All this, and even more, the Romouni have been called upon to do. Their origin has been denied them; their name has been changed; their rights trampled under foot; and all this not because they had within themselves none of the elements of strength, but for the reason that they could give no proof of their nationality, and had nothing upon which they could ground and defend their rights.

The history of Moldavia and Wallachia may be divided into three periods. The first of these periods commences with the Daciæ, the ancient possessors of the Principalities. It includes their conquest by the Romans, the peopling of the land with Roman colonies, and terminates with the founding of Moldavia and Wallachia, the former in 1350, the latter in 1290. The middle period, or the proper history of the Romouni, is by far the most interesting era. During a period of five centuries Moldavia and Wallachia were independent states. Dark and evil days, however, were in store for them. Since the conquest of the Romans, wave after wave of barbarism had rolled over them from the plains of Asia, each more destructive than the last, and flowing farther toward the west of Europe. There was one to come which no struggle on their part could withstand. In 1453 the Crescent was planted on the spire of St. Sophia, and nine years after the Cross was raised aloft at Moscow over the throne of Iran, who united the wild tribes of Russia into a single monarchy. For three hundred years the Romouni contended bravely against the Osmanlis, and at a time when the name of the latter was a terror throughout Europe, and the success of their arms caused even the Pope to tremble on his throne at the Vatican. The fall of the Principalities, however, was

as certain as it was gradual. In 1598 Wallachia became tributary to Bogatzet I. Moldavia had already been reduced to the same state by Soliman in 1513. Their fall, however, can hardly be considered complete until 1716. At this last point commences the third period of the Moldau-Wallachian history. It extends down to the present time, when evil days have again fallen upon them. During this interval we shall see that all their elements of nationality and patriotism have been lost, and that the ancient institutions of the Romouni have been totally subverted. We shall see that while the French Revolution proved advantageous to other European states, Wallachia and Moldavia were so situated as to derive no benefit therefrom. More than all else, we shall see how Russian policy has been gaining ground, and how she is now striving to bring within her sea-embracing arms a people who both suspect her charity and despise her mediation.

In the *orbis terrarum* of the ancients all that immense region which lies between the Don and the Danube was regarded as a part of Scythia, the rude tribes of which first became known after the campaign of Darius Hystapes. In the time of Philip of Macedon the Getæ, who had formerly occupied the present Bulgaria, crossed over to the left bank of the Danube and took possession of that part of Scythia which afterward became known as Dacia. Alexander, in pushing his conquest northward, met with a most obstinate resistance from the Dacian king, Sarmis. They were ultimately subdued, however, by the conqueror of the world; and after his death Dacia, together with Thrace, fell to the share of Lysimachus, one of his generals. To the latter the Daciæ were unwilling to submit, and in attempting to bring them under his authority Lysimachus himself was taken prisoner by Dromichontes, the successor of Sarmis. In the year 1545 several thousand pieces of gold coin were found near the boundary between Wallachia and Transylvania, bearing on one side the name of Lysimachus, and on the other that of an ancient Thracian city, where the pieces were probably coined.

It was supposed that they were found in the camp of Lysimachus, or were part of the ransom given to restore him to his kingdom. How the Daciæ and Getæ became united history does not inform us.

They seem to have originated from the nomadic tribes of central Asia. After their settlement in Europe they appear to have made considerable progress in civilization, since, according to the learned Neigebaur, Zamolxis, one of the disciples of Pythagoras, was their lawgiver. From the time of Alexander the history of the Daciæ is quite obscure, until we come down to 50 B. C., when, according to the author just named, they chose Barabestes for their leader, and under him carried their conquests to the sources of the Drave. The successes of the Dacian chieftain rendered it necessary to check his career, and Octavianus Augustus marched against him for that purpose 33 B. C. The latter, however, was wounded in Dalmatia, and the command of the legions was left to Stalilius Taurus. The Roman general seems to have made but little progress in conquering the Daciæ, since we read of their king soon after offering his services to Mark Antony. The Daciæ always manifested a supreme hatred of the Romans, and their king, in consequence of his offering to assist Antony, was murdered by his subjects. Crassus was afterward sent against another Dacian king. He penetrated into their country, but after destroying an unimportant town recrossed the Danube and returned to Rome. After the death of Barabestes the Daciæ had divided into several parties. Under Cotyso, however, they again became united, and at one time bade fair to overrun Rome itself. The skill of Crujus Lentulus saved the empire, and Cotyso himself fell while bravely contending against the Roman legions. The Dacian king whom we have just mentioned probably built the ancient city of Choitzyn or Choty, to which allusion is made by Ovid :—

“Regia progenies cui nobilitatis origo
Nomen in Eumolpi pervenit usque Coty
Fama loquax vestras si jam pervenit ad aures
Me tibi finitimi parte jacere soli.”

The poet for some offense was banished to those inhospitable regions, and in one of his epistolary odes, *ex Ponto*, complains of the barbarity of the people and the inhospitable character of the climate :—

“Cumque alii causa tibi sint graviore fugati
Uterior nulli quam mihi, terra data est
Longius hac nihil est nisi tantum frigus et
hostia,
Et maris adstricto quæ coit unda gelu.”

The climate of the Principalities is milder than it was in the time of Ovid. The same causes have operated as elsewhere in diminishing the excessive cold of eastern Europe from century to century. Vienna, on the upper Danube, occupies the site of the Roman camp of Julia Vindobona. We read that when the legions were encamped here under Marcus Aurelius, frozen wine was brought upon the table of the officers, a luxury which is not enjoyed by the modern Viennese. During the long period from the commencement of the reign of Augustus to that of Domitian we hear but little of the Daciæ, except that both Tiberius and Titius Cato made unsuccessful expeditions against them. During the reign of Domitian, Duras, the Dacian king, led his army across the Danube, and in a pitched battle, in which Appius Sabinus lost his life, overcame the Romans. Duras ultimately resigned his power in favor of Decebalus, who, in connection with the king of the Parthians and the Sarmatians, carried his arms so far into the Roman empire that Domitian was compelled to purchase peace by the payment of an annual tribute. The latter circumstance, however, did not prevent the emperor from enjoying a triumph. At the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus large numbers of the Jews fled from Palestine and took refuge among the Daciæ, at that time the strongest people against which the Romans had to contend. It is said that Decebalus gave them the city of Thalmun, not far from the pass of the Red Tower, for a dwelling-place.

Trajan was the conqueror of the Daciæ. He mounted the imperial throne in the year 83, and assumed the reins of government with an energy unknown to many of his predecessors, for in less than two years he was at the head of the legions to recover what Rome had already lost, and if possible free her forever afterward from the “barbarians of the North.” He was induced by danger as well as ambition to direct the campaign in person. The Daciæ were the first great swarm from the northern hive, and the imperial eagles in their course of conquest had encountered no other enemies so brave and obstinate. His march lay through Pannonia, and along the river Marosz to Transylvania, the chief city of which, Sarmifegethusa, was the stronghold of Decebalus. The

Even in this first invasion of the Ottoman territory they were accused of tampering with the Christian subjects of the Porte. The prayer of the Sultana Validé, that Achmet III. might make common cause with the Swedish hero, whom she called her lion, was then answered, and the Fetra of the Grand Mufti legitimized a holy war against the Russians. As soon, however, as Peter the Great reached the Pruth, the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia embraced his cause and assisted him against the Turks. The Czar was glad to escape from the Ottomans with a remnant of his army; and the treaty of Pruth, though far less advantageous for the Turks than it might have been, gave the Russians, as yet, no hold in the Principalities. Prince Brankovan was executed for his treachery, and Kantemir saved his life by taking refuge in the Russian camp. From that day the Hospodars were chosen from the Phanariot line. Though the plans of Peter the Great were thus early frustrated, he was by no means discouraged as to their future success. How far they have actually triumphed, and by what means, we propose to consider at a future time. It is not, however, too much to say, that as far as the Principalities are concerned, the efforts of Russian policy have been Herculean, but that hers has been the work of a Sisyphus. With the appointment of the Phanariot princes ends the second period of Moldau-Wallachian history.

[For the National Magazine.]

A SWIM FOR LIFE IN THE ATLANTIC.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A SHIP'S SURGEON.

ON the 16th of May last one of the large New-York packet ships was dashing along gallantly on her course toward Europe with all sail set and a fine breeze. The bright sun and cloudless sky overhead, together with the quietness which reigned over the ship's deck, (it being dinner-hour all the passengers were below,) made it a scene which the lover of nature would admire; and a feeling of safety and confidence in the good ship, as she scudded away before the wind, impressed itself on the mind of the beholder, when, alas for the uncertainty of human hopes! one of the sailors, who was at work on the extreme end of the main-

yard, in a lurch of the ship, lost his hold, and was precipitated from the dizzy height into the sea! A wild shriek, and a cry of "a man overboard!" ran like an electric shock fore and aft the ship. "Hard up the helm; let go the main tack; haul up the mainsail;" sung out our first officer, a brave and excellent seaman; at the same time running to the stern of the ship with the life-buoy in his hand, he cast it with all his might in the direction of the poor sailor, who was already far astern, but without effect, for the spray blinded the struggling man's sight and he never saw it. Others were now loosening the ropes connecting the quarter-boat to its iron supporters. The sailors (obstructed in their actions by the pressure of the passengers, who crowded around with terror depicted on their faces) clambered into the boat before the ropes were free, and, terrible to relate, they gave way, and the boat, with five men in it, fell into the sea; but, quick as thought, the hardy fellows recovered themselves, got into the boat again as she floated alongside the mighty hull of the ship, and with a cheer they started off to save their fellow-man. No sooner had they started than their boat began to fill with water, and they discovered, when nearly fifty yards off, that in the fall of the boat her side got stove, and made a wide breach for the sea to flow in. This fresh misfortune all on the poop of the ship perceived, and the fearful probability forced itself on us that all would perish, when, with the speaking-trumpet to his mouth, our first officer shouted, "Give way, my lads; 'tis a life-boat, she can't sink." "Hurrah! hurrah!" cried the gallant tars, and away they went in the direction pointed out by one of the officers in the mizzen rigging, who, with a telescope, from the first moment had kept his eye steadily fixed on the unfortunate man, who, appearing and disappearing with every roll of the billows, was battling with the crested Atlantic waves for his life. By this time the ship was hove to, and although every possible exertion was used, it was nearly fifteen minutes before the boat was under full way on her mission of rescue, and the sailor, fully four miles away, was now a mere speck on the vast ocean, visible only to those who had an elevated position on the ship's poop. Owing to the boat being so much nearer

the surface of the sea, those in her could not discern their object, and had to be guided for a long time by the direction pointed out by the officers on board the ship. With straining eyes and ears every soul on board watched the quick dash of the gallant life-boat as she foamed through the surges, although half full of water, and with fluttering hearts and anxious hopes we observed through the telescope that the poor sailor still held up; and now and again we heard, or fancied we heard, a faint "halloo" borne over the deep.

At last, after a space of twenty minutes of the most intense suspense, the united joyous cheer of the boat's crew assured us that he was rescued. With that cheer the pent-up feelings of the passengers broke loose, and the ladies cried aloud, so agitated had they been during that fearful struggle of the poor sailor for his life.

Soon afterward the poor fellow was got on board, utterly exhausted. We wrapped him up warmly, gave him a cordial draught, and after a sleep of an hour, during which he was continually making convulsive efforts with his hands and feet, he was sufficiently recovered to tell us, (but with difficulty, for his nervous system had evidently received a severe shock,) that after his fall, and when he rose to the surface, his first act was to throw off his great sea-boots, the weight of which alone was sufficient to sink him; then, not being a good swimmer, he merely kept himself afloat without trying to make any progress in the water, for as the ship was going at the rate of ten knots an hour, she seemed actually to fly away from him, until he saw her sails put aback, then he could discern us all on the poop; but the boat being lowered on the opposite side, where he could not see it, he feared *we* could not see *him*, and thought we did not lower a boat on that account. His feelings were dreadful; he gave himself up as lost, and every action of his life came before him as in a mirror. He must have swooned before the boat got to him, for his first feeling of consciousness was when he was caught by the boatswain and lifted into the boat, and he thanked the Lord for his providential deliverance. His rescuers were made the lions of the day, and the whole evening was taken up with wonderful stories of "accidents by flood and field."

VERY NICE PEOPLE, BUT NOT TO BE DEPENDED ON.

DON'T we all know numbers of nice people? Of course we do. Town, country, and watering-place abound with denizens of whom it would not be convenient to attempt any further description. *Nice* suits both sexes and every age. It will do for the maiden aunt, for the niece newly come out, for the new-made bride, for the consolable widow, for the young poet, for the old doctor, and for the stout gentleman of any profession. The English language has no phrase fit for so much service; no adjective is more fully employed; and among the many it designates, is there not a comfortable sprinkling of those trusty souls, to the consideration of whose virtues and talents the present paper is devoted?

"Very nice people, but not to be depended on." Who has not met with some of them in every grade of society? for the distinction is founded on character rather than station. Master and man, maid and mistress, may be found to merit it, and will prove their title as opportunity serves. They are all splendid promisers, however brief the time—only put twenty-four hours between them and performance, and they will surpass your utmost expectations. No matter what you want, it will be done without pains or payment. That work will be finished sooner than you require it. The appointment you seek will be waiting at your door like an engaged cab. Your house will be built, your entire family provided for, and all the rest of your days made easy, in less than a week. Nothing can be done just now—the whole stock of their help, friendship, or endeavors, lies in the future tense. Some lion stands in the way of the smallest immediate service, but if you wait till to-morrow afternoon they will make your fortune. The worst part of these dissolving views is, that people occasionally put faith in them. That want of experience in the world's ways, popularly called "greenness"—the natural tendency to believe what we wish, and, above all, a sufficiently slight acquaintance with the promising party—may induce an individual, sane on most other subjects, to imagine that something much wanted, and very desirable, will be done for him on the morning of Monday next, or Wednesday evening at

farthest. The process of discovering such a mistake is by no means a pleasant one. There is not only the final disappointment, but the loss of time, which generally makes matters worse, and perhaps also the loss of opportunity, which might have been caught, if one had only known, what we will never again forget, that Miss, Mrs., or Mr. — were very nice people, but not to be depended on.

The proverb touching birds of a feather seems peculiarly verified in this large and interesting class, for all their allies, whether nice or its contrary, partake of the independent character. It is matronly ladies of this order who recommend those consolations of cooks, found to entertain followers by the score; those treasures of maids, who break everything, and are otherwise beyond toleration; and those real blessings of nurses, who like something stronger than chocolate, and have a habit of letting babies fall. Elderly gentlemen of the kind pronounce glowing eulogiums on firms that appear in the next list of bankrupts, and advise safe investments in concerns on the verge of insolvency; and for young men and maidens, let the simple and single-hearted beware how they confide in them regarding any matter, from a pic-nic to a wedding. Were satisfaction to be had by bringing to the memory of those particular friends the promises unfulfilled, or the turning out of the recommended jewels, it would be some comfort to the spiteful part of one's nature, but their genius allows of no such compensation. "They never could have said so; it must have been a misunderstanding, or the fault of somebody else; and you cannot think how sorry they are for your difficulties." Courtesy forbids a refutation of this defense. The ultra-civil appear never to have been so fully persuaded of anything in all their lives. The less polite, or more disappointed, acquiesce with reservations; but, from either mind, the two main pillars of friendship, respect and confidence, are gone, and, however attractive in manner or agreeable in conversation their so-called friends may be, they are henceforth valued only as very nice people, but not to be depended on.

Few persons like to get into a fix, and we cannot recommend it as an experiment; but, except when very considerable, the cost or confusion is in some degree balanced by the practical understanding it

gives us of surrounding characters. Little fixes in this way have saved people from great ones, by showing them the brittle nature of the reeds on which they might have leaned more confidently in future time. The Spaniards have a story of a certain Don, who had much discretion, and many friends; and, by way of making out which of them would serve him most zealously in time of need, he sent every one intelligence of some evil or accident having befallen him. The messages began with the loss of his favorite falcon, and ascended through a graduated scale of misfortunes to the breaking of his neck; but the tale records, that the only one of all his trusty and well-beloved who came to the noble Don's assistance, was he to whom the latter news had been conveyed, from a hope of being remembered in his will. Fortunately everybody's fixes do not furnish similar results; but it is curious to note what changes take place in one's estimate of friends and acquaintances, after any of those small occurrences which make a man call up his available forces. Still more curious, if not admonishing, is it to observe how the discovery of such failures in memory or friendship brings into operation the old law of measure for measure. One does not just go and do likewise. Promising everything and doing nothing, are not natural to all mankind; but who will ever again rely on anything from the same quarter? Does anybody think of making an arrangement to be remembered or an appointment to be punctually kept with the gentleman that went into the country on the day of the canvass he was to conduct, or the lady that was found at a fashionable watering-place, while Mrs. Clarke waited for her all-but-sworn assistance at the sale? Not they, good readers. Time and patience are too scarce to be risked, and those who disappoint others easily must look to having their small plans upset.

Our subject has a more elevating moral. Trustworthiness, even in the little things of life, is noble; and, though punctuality has been classed as one of the small virtues, it is related to some of the largest. To hold the word as a bond, is becoming to the loftiest station, and dignifying to the lowest; and the world would certainly go on worse if all its affairs were managed by very nice people, but not to be depended on.

[For the National Magazine.]

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY MRS. E. C. GARDNER.

GOOD-NIGHT!

His thee to calm—

To slumber calm and deep.

The evening star has long since gone to rest
Behind the trees that fringe the dewy West;
And darkness broods upon the silent wood,
Where night now holds her cloistral solitude.

The lights that lately shone
So cheerily across the village street,
Have vanish'd one by one,
The weary households, wrapp'd in slumbers
sweet,

Forget the busy day;
The child forgets its play,
Or else it fashions, in its pleasant dreams,
New sports beside the flowing crystal streams
Where the wood-shadows dance,
And the clear day-beams glance;—
Where the frolicsome eddies that never are still
Go curling and whirling all over the rill.
Ah, beautiful dream!
To manhood it comes, as it comes to the child
And Fancy's creations, so strange and so wild,
Realities seem.

Thank God for the night!
Though laurels are gain'd, though a prize may
be won,
When the day's long wearisome labors are
done,—
When, at its bright close, we so gratefully come
To the spot ever dearest, the fireside of home,—
O then, o'er every sense
Steals night's sweet influence,
Soothing the throbbing heart and aching brow,
Lulling the cares that cloud our spirits now,
Breathing in voiceless words its lessons pure,
And strengthening us the future to endure.

Hark! 'tis the distant bell;
High in its massive tower
It notes the passing hour,—
A faithful sentinel.
Unnoticed all the day its deep tones fell;
But now, how solemnly its echoes swell,
As of another hour it tolls the funeral knell!

The sea, the restless sea,
The changeful, mighty sea,
Whose blue tides break
Along the shore so heavily,
Whose murmurs wake
The answering echoes of the distant hills,
Hath yet a tone subdued, whose music thrills
The ear of list'ning night
With ever new delight,
And all the air with deeper quiet fills.

The winds are all asleep;
The leaves hang motionless, and not a flower
Has stirred its petals since the twilight hour;
There's not a bird awake, in bush or bower,
To break the silence deep.
The gentle night has hush'd its very breath,
And over hill and mead
With noiseless hand hath spread
The stillness of repose—but not of death.

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Good-night!

Aurora fair,

E'en now, with light and rapid feet,
Is hastening with her odors sweet,
And colors rare,
To invade the tranquil realm of night,
And fill its courts with roseate light.
Haste thee to rest, while yet
The stars, so thickly set
Around night's coronal of jet,
Their peaceful vigils keep.
God's angels guard thy sleep,
And keep thee till the morrow's light
Shall waken thee
To greet again the morning bright,
And listen to its melody.
Good-night!

[For the National Magazine.]

THE NEWSPAPER.

THE influence of the *press* in the formation and regulation of public sentiment is obviously manifest and universally admitted. No product of human ingenuity and skill can compare with this for the measure of its force and for its undefined and illimitable extent. Its moral power may scarcely be overrated. The *possibility* of accomplishing its designs has ceased to be a dubious question—the *time* only is problematical. It is well called an *engine*; but who dares hazard an estimate of its capacity? The celebrated Archimedes challenged the admiration of the world when he put forth his bold hypothesis that with a lever of sufficient extent, properly adjusted, he could with his own right arm move this terrestrial globe from its foundations. But the pen of the journalist, without exacting unattainable Archimedean conditions, actually moves the moral, social, and political worlds. Of course I refer to the independent press, unfettered by governmental censorship or a despot's will.

How important it is, then, that the editorial corps should be composed of men of the right stamp—men of intelligent, discriminating minds—men of lofty and comprehensive thoughts—men of independent judgments and clear heads—men of kind feelings and scrupulous consciences—men of firm purpose, of unflagging zeal in defense of the right and in conflict with wrong—men that are neither bigoted partisans, fawning sycophants, prejudiced imbeciles, nor mercenary politicians! If such be, indeed, the requisites for an editor, how few there are who combine any considerable share of the proper qualifica-

tions! What wonder if sensible men shrink from the fearful responsibility! And still more, what wonder if of those who have the temerity to undertake it so very few succeed!

We cannot, indeed, expect, and most assuredly never do find, that rare combination of excellences in any one man which we would regard such a desideratum in an editor. It is fortunate, however, that where so vast an interest is at stake, the lack in the composition of individual character is greatly compensated by the diversity of gifts and adaptations found in the corps editorial *collectively*; so that the deficiencies of one, or the wrong biases and hurtful influences generated in certain quarters, are measurably thwarted and perhaps repaired by counter-acting influences from other directions.

To give practical exemplification of the foregoing reflections I have only to allude to the following ascertained statistics. To say nothing of the other daily papers of this city, these four, the *Sun*, the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, and the *Times*, have an aggregate circulation of at least one hundred and forty thousand. As these several papers are often read by the various members of the family and by clerks, &c., it is fair to presume that each copy has upon an average at least three readers, which will give an aggregate for these four papers of nearly half a million daily readers! And when we take into calculation the *weekly* and *semi-weekly* issues of these same journals, which I suppose may be set down at double the number of the dailies, we arrive at the astonishing total of one million five hundred thousand! One million five hundred thousand individuals who look to these four journals for their daily dish of news, and of reflections thereon as well as upon business and politics, morals and religion, and who from them receive impressions that give color to their sentiments and bias to their principles!

Do I overrate the influence of the editor? What other four men, be their position what it may, wield so potent a scepter as that which these four editors sway over the willing minds of their million and a half of readers?

"Like pastor like people" has passed into a current adage; but the sentiment is more truly verified in the relation of editor and readers—*more* truly, inasmuch as he addresses his readers not one day in

seven, but *every* day; and not through the medium of the auricular sense only, but also through the acuter and more impressive sense of sight. Surely, then, ought parents to look well to the character and merits of the newspaper introduced into their families; for it is not to be regarded in the light of a casual visitor, or even of a temporary sojourner, whose opinions may be tolerated or rejected; but rather as an accredited and oracular member of the family, whose introduction and commanding position are attributable to his acknowledged competency to judge, advise, and instruct.

Well may Christians, patriots, and philanthropists feel a special interest in the moral character and qualifications of the editors of our country, invoking for them the benign and illuminating influence of the all-wise One.

But the newspaper is not only a vehicle of intelligence, and an engine of mighty power in the body politic and social; it is exerting a vast influence in the development and training of the *intellect* of the land. And, unhappily, this view of the influence of the newspaper is not very gratifying. Its tendency is to enfeeble the mind, and disqualify it for solid reading and valuable acquisitions; superinducing a state quite congenial with the light, frippery, gossiping character of most of the conversation of society now-a-days, and preventing that deep reflection and commanding wisdom which brings from its accumulated stores that which should strengthen and enrich the national mind.

Whether the newspaper can be made greatly subservient to mental discipline, or even add very much to our stores of intellectual wealth, may, perhaps, be seriously questioned. Nevertheless, if its contents were properly and systematically classified, its yearly volume might prove a real pantology in science and general information, and would contribute not a little to augment the sum of human knowledge.

Perhaps nothing, however, has so efficient an influence in awakening the mind, and setting its various faculties into active exercise, as the newspaper; and probably no other one thing is half so efficient in its molding influence upon our national mind and national character as the universal habit of newspaper reading, and the fresh, active, independent spirit the ever present and living newspaper generates.

[For the National Magazine.]

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE NORTHMEN.

IT is less the purpose of this article to make an attempt at vindicating or refuting the claims set forth by the Northmen to an early discovery of this continent, than to give a brief review of those pretensions, and the degree of favor with which they have been received.

In the midst of the dark ages, or from the ninth to the twelfth centuries, the Scandinavians were preëminently the pioneers of ocean navigation. The tastes and public sentiment of the Baltic peninsular nations were maritime, and perhaps, as we might now term it, piratical, though then honorable. So far from its bearing any aspect of wrong to them, to have attacked successfully and plundered some foreign seaport was an honorable and unquestionable evidence of courage and valor.

This peculiar basis of national pride and glory led these Northmen to an acquaintance with, and attacks upon, all the Atlantic islands lying opposite their western coast. Hence Scotland, Ireland, and England were the frequent theaters of their marauding expeditions,—hence also their irruption into France, and the foundation of Normandy.

Iceland, first discovered by some of these maritime rovers driven far to sea by adverse winds, was colonized in the latter part of the ninth century. The first attempt at a settlement, made by Floki, from the severity of the season, brought no further result than the loss of the animals taken thither, discouragement and final abandonment of the enterprise; and, as Floki's parting blessing as he left, the name of Iceland, as well befitting a place uninhabitable for man or beast.

A more successful and the first permanent settlement was effected by Ingolf in 874. From this time onward the Icelanders appear to have met with a fair degree of prosperity, remaining an independent people for four centuries.

Not long after, the Icelanders having become aware of the uninhabited coast which lay skirting along their western and southwestern horizon, a colony was established there by Eirik (Eric), who gave to the place the name of Greenland, under

the impression "that a good name would induce people to settle there."

Eirik was a worshiper of Thor and Odin, the gods of the Scandinavians; but his son Leif, having made a voyage to Norway, and having received flattering attentions from its Christian king, was induced to embrace Christianity. Thus, on his return, was Christianity first introduced to this new country.

Greenland continued to flourish as well as could be expected of so frigid a climate, if indeed it did not in its most prosperous times pass quite beyond all expectations. The settled provinces were known under the name of East and West Bygds, or Districts, the latter containing at one period of their history ninety farms and four churches, the former nearly two hundred farms, two towns, eleven churches, and a cathedral—the first bishop being ordained in 1121.

It is important to observe, that though history furnishes a very full and satisfactory account of the settlement, growth, and condition of Greenland from its discovery to the latter part of the fourteenth century, here it suddenly becomes silent, and Greenland a blank for three centuries.

The accounts of ancient Greenland, found in early Icelandic writings, might well have been doubted, since, on the establishment of the present settlements there were no evidences of such a previous population, but that recent research has fully vindicated their truthfulness in the ruins of churches and other extensive structures, and particularly in certain monumental inscriptions bearing the date of the twelfth century.

To the question how, when, or from what causes Greenland perished, history offers no direct reply; though perhaps it may be said it appears incidentally that from the moment Iceland and Greenland became subject to European governments their decay commenced, and, chiefly by the commercial restrictions imposed on the necessities of life to replenish the royal treasuries of Sweden and Denmark, was hastened on to this calamitous and probably tragic termination.

If the Norwegians discovered Iceland at a distance of six hundred miles, and the Icelanders within a century discovered and planted a colony upon a land at a still greater distance, is it possible that

these same Northmen, residing on the American coast of Greenland, continually passing around Cape Farewell on their route to and from Iceland and Europe, should have remained four centuries within three hundred miles of the continent of America, and never have become aware of its existence, or never have visited it?

From the known and indisputable history of the discoveries of Iceland and Greenland we are not only prepared for such a discovery, but that they should have failed to make it, even in the absence of all corroborative testimony, is in the highest degree improbable.

The attention of moderns was first drawn to this early discovery by the Scandinavians in a work issued by the Dane, in 1705, purporting to be a translation of certain Icelandic writings. Those which related most particularly to the point in question were the *Sagas* (or narratives) of Eirik and of Thorfinn—documents which, whether we can rely upon the internal evidence that they were written in the twelfth century or not, were certainly transcribed upon the present parchment before the year 1400. This fact is worthy of particular note, as it precludes all insinuation of forgery after the existence of the continent was fully known, and redeems it at once from all affinity with those accounts which have since been put forth claiming the honor of a prior discovery. Thus we find in Hakluyt "that Madoc, Prince of Wales, sailed so far west and south that he came to some part of that country whereof the Spaniards affirm themselves to be the first finders. Whereupon it is evident that that country was discovered by Britains long before Columbus led any Spaniards thither."

The antiquity of the history being thus beyond cavil, the only remaining question was to determine whether the sagas were veritable histories or fictitious sketches. The ruins and inscriptions recently found so fully verify the accounts relating to Greenland as to give the strongest assurances of veracity in those relating to the continent.

Let us now turn to the documents themselves, extracting here and there at pleasure sufficient to indicate the most substantial points of proof:—

"Bjarni having on a voyage from Greenland to Norway descried a land to the southwest, Leif, son of Eirik, set out in the year 1000

with a crew of thirty-five men on a voyage to this land.

"The first land which he made was that which Bjarni had seen. Going on shore they found no herbage of any kind, but a bare, rugged plain of broad flat rocks, from which they gave it the name of Helluland, or Flat-rock-land. Continuing on, they arrived at a low, level coast with numerous white, sandy cliffs, and thickly covered with wood, from which circumstance they call it Markland, or Wood-land.

"Two days' sail with a northeast wind brought them to an island with a channel between it, and a point projecting northward from the main-land. Proceeding westward through the channel, along the shore of the main-land, they entered a river, passed up to a lake, and disembarked at a place which they call Leif's-booths. The climate was temperate, there being no severe cold during the winter, and the grass never losing its freshness. From the abundance of wild grapes the land was called Vine-land.

"Leif returning in the spring, gave so glowing an account of the country that Thorvald, his brother, made a voyage in 1002.

"On his return two years after Thorvald sailed eastward from Leif's-booths, and then northward past a remarkable headland which with an opposite headland inclosed a bay. Having been driven into shoal water by a violent wind he afterward sailed along the coast eastward, and coming to a pine-wooded headland, remarked, 'Here would I like to fix my dwelling.'

"Afterward, being attacked by the natives, Thorvald was wounded, and finding death approaching addressed his companions as follows: 'Bear me to the headland which I thought was most fitting for a dwelling-place. It may be that the word that fell from my lips about abiding there was prophetic. There shall ye bury me, and set up two crosses, one at my head and the other at my feet, and call the place Cape Cross.'

"In 1006 Thorfinn came from Iceland to Greenland, and passing the winter with Eirik, and hearing much said of Vine-land, resolved to plant a colony there.

"Having equipped three vessels he set sail in the spring, having on board one hundred and sixty persons, and a supply of live stock.

"They first sailed to the western district of Old Greenland and to Bjarney, thence for two days in a southerly direction to Helluland, where they found foxes and the large flat stones. Two days more brought them to Markland—thence southwest for some time, arriving at Cape Kul, where were trackless coasts, and white, sandy beaches. The coast afterward became more indented with bays and inlets, into one of which they entered. Continuing their course, they entered a bay off the mouth of which was an island so crowded with eider ducks that they could scarcely walk without treading on the eggs.

"A strong current ran past this island, and also further up the bay, from which they called it Stream Isle. Having spent the winter here, during which the wife of Thorfinn gave birth to a son, Snorri, (from whom the celebrated sculp-

tor Thorwaldsen was descended,) they proceeded southward to where a river flows through a lake on its way to the sea, the mouth of which was so beset with sand-bars as to be accessible only at high water. To this beautiful place, which abounded with wild grapes and corn, with forests and game, rivers and fish, which possessed so mild a climate that no snow fell, and the cattle remained at large during the winter, they gave the name Hop.

"Being continually troubled by the natives, and a battle having at length occurred, Thorfinn decided to return to Greenland. After having touched at Markland, one vessel was driven by winds westward into a sea so infested with worms as necessitated them to abandon it. Those that took the boat made their way to Dublin; the others were never more heard of. Thorfinn with his ship arrived safely at Greenland in 1011."

Such is the substance of these sagas of Eirek and Thorfinn. It remained for those who claimed for them the rank of faithful histories to verify so unequivocal accounts, by showing that the configuration of the continental coast would admit of such descriptions. To this task they have diligently applied themselves, and at the very fortunate transatlantic distance to their own complacency have succeeded admirably. That their expositions might strike a cisatlantic observer with a very different degree of favor would be natural from the diverse points of view as well as of interest. The general exposition put forth by the antiquarians at Copenhagen, and it is but just to say, accepted by Humboldt, and to quite an extent by the French and English *savans*, is nearly as follows:—

"Leaving Greenland and sailing southwesterly they struck Labrador, calling it Bjarney; thence onward, doubling Newfoundland, or Helluland, past Nova Scotia, or Markland; Cape Cod, or Cape Kul; Martha's Vineyard, or Stream Isle; and finally up Narragansett Bay to Leif's-booths, not far from Mount Hope."

While it would, perhaps, be indecorous for us to set aside such an array of authority, and while we may aver that we have no such desire, it may fall within the scope of propriety to advert to some of the difficulties with which this exposition meets.

So minute a description of three voyages along the same coast to the same destination, ought to leave little room for doubt as to the course taken and the places visited.

Thorfinn sailed first to Old Greenland and thence to Bjarney, which we may suppose was the land which Bjarni had seen to the southwest, that is, Labrador,—thence

for *two days* in a southerly direction to Helluland. Leif first, after leaving Greenland, touched at Helluland.

Their united descriptions of this place are, no herbage of any kind; a bare, rugged plain of broad flat stones, extending from the snow-clad mountains to the coast.

This description, to prove anything, must be sufficiently precise to distinguish one location from another. If it apply equally to various places, it is evidently valueless toward indicating any precise route. It is claimed that this Helluland is Newfoundland. Let us, then, compare these ancient with modern notes:—

"The east half is generally low, and diversified with trees of humble growth. The soil and climate are well adapted for pasturage, potatoes, and other crops. Vast herds of deer graze in the plains and woods of the interior."—*McCulloch*.

"Berry-bearing shrubs clothe every swamp and open tract. Loose rocks, scattered over the country, increase its general roughness. Its sea-cliffs are, for the most part, bold and lofty."—*Lippincott's Gazetteer*.

This is not such a coincidence in particulars as precludes all inclination to a further examination of these coasts. Of Labrador itself, which some may possibly be inclined to think Leif would have made first, and which it is quite as probable Thorfinn would have reached in two days' sail from Bjarney, we find the following descriptions:—

"The coast is bleak, rugged, and desolate in the extreme."

"One of the most dreary regions on the globe, exhibiting scarcely anything except rocks destitute of vegetation."

Were it not for the authority with which these translations are put forth, we should be inclined to say that, whatever other land these descriptions may identify as Helluland, they certainly fall very far short of identifying Newfoundland as the place.

In two days more Thorfinn made Markland—the time it took Leif is not stated. The distance passed over in these two days, allowing that the most direct course was taken to the nearest point of Nova Scotia,—an utter improbability,—was four hundred miles, or two hundred miles per day—a rate of speed of which, over an unknown sea, and along an unexplored coast, few modern craft can boast.

Nor is it altogether an unimportant

fact that, though both of the voyagers often mention their direction, neither of them in this instance speak as if there had been any change of course, certainly not as if the change had been as great as it must have been in doubling the corner of Newfoundland. They both speak of *continuing* the voyage.

Markland is described as having a low, level coast, with numerous white, sandy cliffs, covered with wood.

Compare this with that given above of Newfoundland, and it is obvious that, while this island quite decidedly rejects the appellation Helluland, it nearly as decidedly invites that of Markland, scarcely claimed by Nova Scotia in the following item from McCulloch:—

“The coast is fringed with rocks and islands.”

Two days more brought Leif to Nantucket—another marvelous voyage of some four hundred miles in two days, taking the most direct route.

Thorfinn continuing some time in a southwest direction, arrived at Cape Cod, of which the coast afterward became more indented with inlets and bays, into one of which they entered.

It will, doubtless, be an item of no small interest to the multitude who do business on the great waters off “the back of the Cape,” to learn that between Race and Malabar, where they have never been able to find a “snug retreat” save in one solitary instance, our sagacious European friends discovered that it is indented with inlets and bays.

The identity of Cape Cod and Nantucket is made out from the following notes: “They entered a channel between an island and a point of the main-land projecting northward.”

This description, which is, perhaps, regarded as one of the most unmistakable and corroborative of this exposition, so far from proving what one might gather from it at a glance, unfortunately for these theorists, seems to prove quite a different result.

Cape Cod can in no sense be said to be a point projecting northward from the main-land to an observer off Nantucket. If this description was given after diligent investigation of the coast, it must have been known that that part where it turns northward was not the main-land. If it be

said that it was given as the result of such observations as might have been made from the vessel, then, most assuredly, is the language unfortunate for these localities; for opposite Nantucket there is not only no appearance of any projection northward, but there is one of ten or twelve miles length extending southward. In fact, the channel or bay into which they entered is between an island and a point projecting southward.

But this is not all. The sentence “entered a channel between an island and a point projecting northward from the main-land,” can have but one meaning as to location—the island must be north of the main-land. To insist, therefore, on an application of the text to localities so completely reversed must lead one to regard the whole history with suspicion.

To the coasters who are familiar with both the land and water of that section, it can but be amusing to learn that that part of the ocean lying between Nantucket and the Cape, having a breadth of thirty miles, is regarded as a bay or inlet of a cape of some half dozen miles in width.

Continuing on, Thorfinn enters a bay,—Buzzards,—off which was an island crowded with eider ducks’ eggs. This island was Martha’s Vineyard, or Nauston. How fortunate for those present sea-girt denizens could those good olden times return again. The generous wish of the good-hearted Henry of France, “that every peasant might have a fowl in his pot,” might not then need to await Thanksgiving or Christmas for its accomplishment.

As for these ducks, it is well known that the eider is eminently a frigid water-fowl, seldom on the European coast lower than latitude sixty degrees, thermally fifty degrees on the American coast, or the vicinity of St. Lawrence Gulf. But what renders it more certain that Martha’s Vineyard could not have been the habitat mentioned is the season of the year when they were observed—not earlier than the first of June, and more probably the last. It is not improbable that the eider may sometimes winter in latitude as low as forty degrees, but those migratory birds leave again before the first of May, and never spend the summer in this latitude, as the eggs fully show these were doing.

Past this island, and further up the bay, ran a stream.

The extent to which men allow themselves to be led in vindication of some favorite theory, may well be observed in the following attempt of Mr. Blackwell, editor of a recent edition of "Mallet's Northern Antiquities," to explain these currents:—

"The Gulf stream will sufficiently account for the currents noted in the narrative. Lyell remarks, 'that it is the beach of Nantucket which turns the current of the Gulf stream at the depth of from two hundred to three hundred feet below the surface.'"

In the first place, allowing Mr. Lyell's remark to be true, the shoals which he speaks of as being two or three hundred feet below the surface are from twenty to fifty miles seaward of the coast of the island. In the next place, Lieut. Maury has shown theoretically that Nantucket beach has no connection with the Gulf stream; and the United States Coast Survey demonstrates by actual observation that for leagues at sea there is no current whatever except that of the tides.

But allowing, for the moment, that the Gulf stream washes the coast, as Mr. Blackwell asserts, we should be much indebted to this same Mr. Blackwell if he will initiate us into the mysteries of those mental processes and rules of logic by which he finds the currents in Buzzard's Bay accounted for in the fact that there is a current along the coast of Nantucket at a distance of nearly twenty leagues. The only current known in these waters is that of the tides; but so far from any reference to a tidal current, it is evident that attention is called to the movement of the waters because it was not occasioned by the tides.

We might continue to follow these astute antiquarians in their exceedingly rich and lucid expositions of these voyages as applicable to the New-England coast; but we forbear, merely observing that to them it is eminently natural that the Scandinavians should have taken the small, narrow channel on the east side of Newport island, and then have complained of shallow water, when with "half an eye" the broad open passage to the west could have been seen—that Leif should have found no severe weather, the grass never losing its freshness, and Thorfinn no snow, the cattle remaining out in the fields all winter, though the like of which has never been dreamed of by the inhabitants

of Mount Hope from the landing of the Pilgrims to the present—that the water below Mount Hope may be called Taunton River, and that above a lake—that Thorvald, by sailing eastward along the coast from the point of Cape Cod, should arrive at Hull, fifty miles to the westward—these and many similar circumstances, which, to those residing near the localities, may seem somewhat difficult of apprehension, but which are so marvelously lucid across the Atlantic, lead us quite to coincide with Campbell as to the effect that distance often lends.

It would appear a rational question, Why this pertinacity, amid so many difficulties, in assigning the localities to the southeast portion of the New-England coast? Why not look for the specifications elsewhere? The answer is not difficult. The veracity of the sagas hinges upon their application to this coast.

There is another incompatibility in the time allowed and the latitude reached. It is against all probability that in six days Nantucket should have been reached, and equally improbable that when there it should have furnished such a temperature as is represented.

What, then, is the conclusion? That the sagas are not to be relied upon. That they are mere fancy sketches. But it is no more acceptable to the mind that, during four centuries, the Greenland colony should never have become acquainted with, never have made a voyage to a land almost within their constant vision.

Amid these strong and conflicting probabilities, it is not a matter of surprise that national honor and pride should discern a satisfactory vindication of these writings; while those nearer the points of investigation, and with less personal interest, discerning the strength of the opposing elements, should be somewhat incredulous.

A mean between these two extreme views may, after all, be as near the truth as either version. The time allowed would have brought them to the vicinity of the Gulf of St. Lawrence or Nova Scotia, at which place the eider ducks, the currents, the islands and bays will find as ample room for verification as any place this side of Florida; while the most charitable conclusion upon the sagas as to climate may perhaps be, that to a Greenlander Nova-Scotia snows would pass for the flurry of an April day, and its wintery

blasts as but the balmy breath of early spring time.

Historians differ quite materially as to what position to assign these writings, being more inclined to credit them on the European than the American side of the Atlantic. Hinton remarks:—

"Of a far more probable character, though by no means uncontested, are the assertions of the Norwegian historians, who claim for their countrymen, confessedly the most adventurous navigators of the northern waters of the Atlantic in the earlier ages, the discovery of this vast continent in the year 1001."

Bancroft says:—

"The story of the colonization of America by Northmen rests on narratives mythological in form and obscure in meaning, ancient, yet not cotemporary. . . . The geographical details are too vague to sustain a conjecture; the accounts of a mild winter and a fertile soil are, on any modern hypothesis, fictitious or exaggerated.

"The nation of intrepid mariners, whose voyages extended beyond Iceland and Sicily, could have easily sailed from Greenland to Labrador. No clear historic evidence establishes the natural probability that they accomplished the passage."

Finally, Irving tells us that—

"Learned men are too prone to give substance to mere shadows when they assist some preconceived theory. Most of these accounts, when divested of the erudite comments of their editors, have proved little better than traditional fables. There is no great improbability, however, that such enterprising and roving voyagers as the Scandinavians may have wandered to the northern shores of America about the coast of Labrador or the shores of Newfoundland."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM.

JAMES O'LEARY was a schoolmaster of great learning and still greater repute; his school was the most crowded of any school within fifty miles of Killgubbin, yet he modestly designated it his "Small College," and his pupils "his thrife of boys." O'Leary never considered "the Vulgarians"—as he termed those who only learned English, writing, and arithmetic—worth counting. No boy, in his estimation, merited naming or notice until he entered Virgil; he began his school catalogue with "the Vargils;" but was so decidedly proud of "the Homarians," that he often regretted he had no opportunity of "taking the shine out of them ignorant chaps at Dublin College" by a display of his "*Gracians*"—five or

six clear-headed, intelligent boys, whose brogues were on their tongue, whose clothes hung upon them by a mystery; and yet, poor fellows! were as proud of their Greek, and as fond of capping Latin verses, as their master himself.

James O'Leary deserved his reputation to a certain extent, as all do who achieve one. In his boyhood he had been himself a poor scholar, and traveled the country for his learning; he had graduated at the best hedge-school in the kingdom of Kerry, and at one time had an idea of entering Maynooth; but fortunately or unfortunately, as it might be, he lost his vocation by falling in love and marrying Mary Byrne, to whom, despite a certain quantity of hardness and pedantry, he always made a kind husband, although Mary, docile and intelligent in every other respect, never could achieve her A, B, C; *this* he was fond of instancing as a proof of the inferiority of the fair sex. James looked with the greatest contempt at the system adopted by the national schools, declaring Latin to be the foundation of all intellectual education, and that the man who had no Latin was not worthy of being considered a man at all.

Donnybeg, the parish in which he resided, was a very remote, silent district—an isolated place, belonging chiefly to an apoplectic old gentleman, whose father, having granted long leases on remunerating terms, left him a certain income, sufficient for himself, and not distressing to others. The simple farmers had so long considered Master O'Leary a miracle, and he confirmed them in this opinion so frequently, by saying in various languages what they had not understood, if spoken in the vernacular, that when a national school was proposed in the parish by some officious person they offered to send up their schoolmaster, attended by his Latin and Greek scholars—tail fashion—to "bother the board." This threw James into such a state of excitement that he could hardly restrain himself; and indeed his wife does not hesitate to say that he has never been "right" since.

The old landlord was as decided an enemy to the national school system as James himself; and the matter dropped without O'Leary's having an opportunity of "flooring the board," which he bitterly regrets. James, for many years after his establishment at Donnybeg, was exceed-

ingly kind to the itinerant class, of whose merits he was so bright an example; for a long time his college was the refuge of every poor scholar, who received gratuitous instruction from "the master," and the attention and tenderness of a mother from "the mistress." This generosity on the part of James O'Leary increased his reputation, and won him a great many blessings from the poor, while pupils thronged to him from distant parts of the kingdom—not only the itinerant scholar, but the sons of snug farmers, who boarded in his neighborhood, and paid largely for the classics, and all accomplishments. This James found very profitable; in due time he slated his house, placing a round stone as a "pinnacle" on either gable, representing, the one the terrestrial, the other the celestial globe; he paved the little court-yard with the multiplication table in black and white stones; and constructed a summer-house, to use his own phrase, on "geometrical principles," whose interior was decorated with maps and triangles, and every species of information. If pupils came before, they "rained on him" after his "Tusculum" was finished; and he had its name painted on a Gothic arch above the gate, which, such was the inveteracy of old habits, always stood open for the want of a latch. But somehow, though James's fortunes improved, there was something about his heart that was not right; he began to consider learning only valuable as a means of wealth; he became civil to rich dunces, and continually snubbed a first-rate "Gracian," who was, it is true, only a poor scholar. This feeling, like all others at first merely tolerated, gained ground by degrees, until Master O'Leary began to put the question to himself—"Why he should do good, and bother himself so much, about those who did no good to him?" He had never ventured to say this out aloud to any one; but he had at last whispered it so often to himself that one evening, seeing Mary busily occupied turning round some preparation in a little iron pot, reserved for delicate stir-about, gruel, or "a sup of broth,"—which he knew on that particular occasion was intended for the "Gracian," who had been unwell for some days,—after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing and clasping his well-thumbed Homer, he said, "Mary, can't ye sit at the wheel now that the day's a'most done,

and nature becomes soporific?—which signifies an inclination to repose."

"In a minute, dear; it's for poor Aby—he's sick entirely, and has no one to look to him—the place where he lodges has no convayniance for a drop of whey—and if it had, they've nothing to turn it with, and nothing to make it of,—so I'll sit down at onct."

"Then why do n't you sit down at onct?"—(A corruption of "at once," and means, at this moment—it is the present tense—now—instantly.) "Why do you sit—wasting your time—to say nothing of the sweet milk—and the"—he was going to say "the sour," but was ashamed, and so added, "other things—for one who does no good to us?"

"No good to us?" repeated Mary, as she poured off the whey, keeping the curd carefully back with a horn spoon. "No good to us, dear?—why, it's for the Aby—the—What is it you call him—Aby Gradus? No; Aby the Gracian—your top-boy as used to be—he that his old grandmother—(God help us! he had no other kith or kin)—walked ten miles, just to see him stand at the head of his class, that she might die with an easy heart—it's for him, it is —"

"Well," replied the master, "I know that, I know it's for him—and I'll tell you what, Mary, we are growing—not to say ould, but advancing to the region of middle life—past its meridian, indeed—and we can't afford to be throwing away our substance on the like of Aby —"

"James!" exclaimed Mary.

"Ay, indeed, Mary, we must come to a period—a full stop, I mean—and"—he drew a deep breath, then added—"and take no more poor scholars!"

"O, James! don't say the likes o' that," said the gentle-hearted woman; "don't—a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door a'most opens itself to let them in."

"Still we must take care of ourselves, woman, dear," replied James, with a dogged look. Why the look should be called "dogged" I do not know, for dogs are anything but obstinate, or given to it; but he put on the sort of look so called; and Mary, not moved from her purpose, cov-

ered the mouth of the jug with a huge red apple potato, and, beckoning a neighbor's child who was hopping over the multiplication table in the little court-yard, desired her to run for her life with the jug, while it was hot, to the house where Aby stopped that week, and be sure to tell him he was to take it after he had said his prayers, and while it was screeching hot. She then drew her wheel opposite her husband, and began spinning.

"I thought, James," she said, "that Abel was a strong pet of yours, though you've cooled to him of late—I'm sure he got you a deal of credit."

"All I'll ever get by him."

"O, don't say that! sure, the blessing is a fine thing—and all the learning you give out, James, honey, doesn't lighten what you have in your head, which is a great wonder. If I only take the meal out of the losset handful by handful, it wastes away, but your brains hold out better than the meal: take ever so much away, and there's the same still."

"Mary, you're a fool, agra!" answered her husband—but he smiled. The schoolmaster was a man, and all men like flattery, even from their wives.

"And that's one reason, dear, why you can't be a loser by giving your learning to them that wants it," she continued; "it does them good, and it does you no harm."

The schoolmaster made no answer, and Mary continued. She was a true woman, getting her husband into a good-humor before she intimated her object.

"I've always thought a red head lucky, dear."

"The ancients valued the color highly," he answered.

"Think of that, now!—and a boy I saw to-day had just such another lucky mole as yourself under his left eye."

"What boy?" inquired the master.

"A poor fatherless and motherless craythur, with his Vosters and little books slung in a strap at his back, and a purty tidy second shute of clothes under his arm for Sunday. It put me in mind of the way you told me you set off poor scholaring yourself, darlin'!—all as one as that poor little boy, *barrin' the second suit of clothes.*"

"What did he want?" inquired O'Leary, resuming his bad temper, for Mary made a mistake in her second hit. She

judged of his character by her own. Prosperity had rendered her more thoughtful and anxious to dispense the blessings she enjoyed, but it had *hardened* her husband.

"Just six months of your teaching to make a man of him—that's all."

"Has he money to pay for it?"

"I'm sure I never asked him. The trifle collected for a poor scholar is little enough to give him a bit to eat, without paying anything to a *strong* (rich) man like yerself, James O'Leary;—only just the ase and contentment it brings to one's sleep by night, and one's work by day, to be after doing a kind turn to a fellow-Christian."

"Mary," replied O'Leary, in a slow and decided tone, "*that's all botheration.*"

Mary gave a start—she could hardly believe she heard correctly; but there sat James O'Leary looking as hard as if he had been turned from a man of flesh into a man of stone. Under the impression that he was bewitched, Mary crossed herself; but still he sat there looking, as she afterward declared, "like nothing."

"Father of Mercy!" she exclaimed; "spake again, man alive! and tell us is it yourself that's in it!"

James laughed; not joyously or humorously, but a little, dry, half-starved laugh, lean and hungry—a niggardly laugh; but before he had time to reply, the door opened slowly and timidly, and a shock of rusty red hair, surmounting a pale, acute face, entered, considerably in advance of the body to which it belonged.

"That's the boy I told you of," said Mary. "Come in, *ma bouchal*; the master himself's in it, now, and will talk to you, dear."

The boy advanced his slight, delicate form, bowed both by study and privation, and his keen, penetrating eyes looking out from beneath the projecting brows which overshadow them.

Mary told him to sit down; but he continued standing, his fingers twitching convulsively amid the leaves of a Latin book, in which he hoped to be examined.

"What's your name?—and stand up!" said the master, gruffly.

The boy told him his name was Edward Moore.

"What do you know?" He said, "He knew English and Voster (Voster's Arithmetic)—a trifle of Algaabra and Latin—

and the Greek letters—he hoped to be a priest in time—and should be,” he added confidently, “if his honor would give him the run of the school, an odd lesson now and agin, and let him pick up as much as he could.”

“And what,” inquired O’Leary, “will you give me in return?”

“I have but little, sir,” replied the boy, “for my mother has six of us, paying to one, whose face we never see, a heavy rent for the shed we starve under. My father’s in heaven, my eldest sister a cripple; and but for the kindness of the neighbors, and the goodness of one or two families at Christmas and Whitsuntide, and, above all, the blessing of God—which never laves us—we might turn out upon the road and beg.”

“But all that is nothing to me,” said O’Leary, very coldly.

“I know that, sir,” answered the boy, yet he looked as if he did *not* know it; “though your name’s up in the country for kindness, as well as learning; but I was coming to it—I have a trife of about eighteen shillings—besides five which the priest warned me to keep when I went for his blessing, as he said I might want it in case of sickness; and I was thinking, if yer honor would take ten out of the eighteen, for a quarter or so. I know I can’t pay yer honor as I ought, only just for the love of God; and if ye’d please to examine me in Latin, his reverence said I’d be no disgrace to you.”

“Just let me see what you’ve got,” said the schoolmaster. The boy drew forth from inside his waistcoat the remnant of a night-cap, and held it toward the schoolmaster’s extended hand; but Mary stood between her husband and the temptation.

“Put it up, child,” she said; “the masher does n’t want it, he only had a mind to see if it was safe.”—then aside to her husband—“Let fall yer hand, James, it’s the devil that’s under yer elbow keeping it out, nibbling as the fishes do at the hook; is it the thin shillings of a widow’s son you’d be afther taking? It’s not yerself that’s in it at all;”—then to the boy—“Put it up, dear, and come in the morning.” But the silver had shone in the master’s eyes through the worn-out knitting, the “*thin shillings*,” as Mary called them, and their chink aroused his avarice the more. So, standing up, he put aside his wife, as men often do good counsel,

with a strong arm, and declared that he would have all or none, and that without pay he would receive no pupil. The boy, thirsting for learning, almost without hesitation, agreed to give him all he possessed, only saying that “the Lord above would rise him up some friend who would give him a bit, a sup, and a lock of straw to sleep on.” Thus the bargain was struck, the penniless child turned from the door, knowing that, at least, for that night, he would receive shelter from some kind-hearted cotter, and perhaps give in exchange tuition to those who could not afford to go to the “great master;” while the dispenser of knowledge, chinking the “thin shillings,” strode toward a well-heaped hoard to add thereto the mite of a fatherless boy. Mary crouched over the cheerful fire, rocking herself backward and forward in real sorrow, and determined to consult the priest as to the change that had come over her husband, turning him out of himself into something “not right.”

This was O’Leary’s first attempt to work out his determination, and he was thoroughly ashamed of himself; he did not care to encounter Mary’s reproachful looks, so he brought over his blotted desk, and sat with his back to her, apparently intent on his books; but despite all he could do, his mind went wandering back to the time he was a poor scholar himself, and no matter whether he looked over problems, or turned the leaves of Homer, there was the pale face of the poor scholar, whom he had “fleece” to the uttermost.

“Mary,” he said, anxious to be reconciled to himself, “there never was one of them poor scholars that had not twice as much as they pertended.”

“Was that the way with yerself, avick?” she answered. James pushed back the desk, flung the ruler at the cat, bounced the door after him, and went to bed. He did not fall asleep very soon, nor when he did did he sleep very soundly; but tumbled and tossed about in a most undignified manner,—so much so that his poor wife left off rocking, and, taking out her beads, began praying for him as hard and fast as she could; and she believed her prayers took effect, for he soon became tranquil and slept soundly; but Mary went on praying; she was accounted what was called the steadiest *hand* at prayers in the country, but, on this particular night,

she prayed on without stopping until the gray cock, who always crowed at four, told her what the time was, and she thought she might as well sleep for a couple of hours; for Mary could not only pray when she liked, but sleep when she pleased, which is frequently the case with the innocent-hearted. As soon, however, as she hung the beads on the same nail that supported the holy water, cross, and cup, James gave a groan and a start, and called her—"Give me your hand," he said, "that I may know it's you that's in it." Mary did so, and affectionately bade God bless him.

"Mary, my own ould darling," he whispered, "I'm a grate sinner, and all my learning isn't—isn't worth a brass farthing." Mary was really astonished to hear him say this. "It's quite in airnest I am, dear, and here's the key of my little box, and go and bring out that poor scholar's night-cap, and take care of his money, and as soon as day breaks intirely, go find out where he's stopping, and tell him I'll never touch cross nor coin belonging to him, nor one of his class, and give him back his coins of silver and his coins of brass; and Mary, agra, if you've the power, turn every boy in the parish into a poor scholar, that I may have the satisfaction of teaching them, for I've had a DREAM, Mary, and I'll tell it to you, who knows better than myself how to be grateful for such a warning—there, praise the holy saints! is a streak of daylight; now listen, Mary, and do n't interrupt me.

"I suppose it's dead I was first, but anyhow, I thought I was floating about in a dark space—and every minute I wanted to fly up, but something kept me down—I could not rise—and as I grew used to the darkness, you see, I saw a great many things floating about like myself—mighty curious shapes—one of them, with wings like a bat, came close up to me, and, after all, what was it but a Homer; and I thought may be it would help me up, but when I made a grab at it it turned into smoke; then came a great white-faced owl, with red, bothered eyes, and out of one of them glared a Voster, and out of the other a Gough; and globes and ink-horns changed, Mary, in the sight of my two looking eyes into vivacious tadpoles, swimming here and there and making game of me as they passed. O, I thought the time was a thousand years, and everything

about me talking bad Latin and Greek that would bother a saint, and I without power to answer or get away. I'm thinking it was the schoolmaster's purgatory I was in."

"May be so," replied Mary, "particularly as they would n't let you correct the bad Latin, dear."

"But it changed, Mary, and I found myself, afther a thousand or two years, in the midst of a mist—there was a mistiness all around me, and in my head—but it was a clear, soft, downy-like vapor, and I had my full liberty in it, so I kept on going up—up for ever so many years, and by degrees it cleared away, drawing itself into a *bohreen* at either side, leading toward a great high hill of light, and I made straight for the hill; and having got over it, I looked up, and of all the brightnesses I ever saw, was the brightness above me the brightest; and the more I looked at it the brighter it grew, and yet there was no dazzle in my eyes, and something whispered me that that was heaven, and with that I fell down on my knees and asked how I was to get there; for mind ye, Mary, there was a gulf between me and the hill, or, to speak more to your understanding, a gap; the hill of light above me was in no way joined to the hill on which I stood. So I cried how was I to get there. Well, before you could say twice ten, there stood before me seven poor scholars, those seven, dear, that I taught, and that have taken the vestments since. I knew them all, and I knew them well. Many a hard day's work I had gone through with them, just for that holy, blessed pay, the love of God—there they stood, and Abel at their head."

"O yah mulla! think of that now, my poor Aby; did n't I know the good, pure drop was in him?" interrupted Mary.

"'The only way for you to get to that happy place, mather dear,' they said, 'is for you to make a ladder of us.'"

"Is it a ladder of the —"

"Whist, will ye," interrupted the mather. "'We are the stairs,' said they, 'that will lead you to that happy mansion—all your learning of which you were so proud—all your examinations—all your disquisitions and knowledge—your algebra and mathematics—your Greek—ay, or even your Hebrew, if you had that same, all are not worth a *traneen*. All the mighty fine doings, the greatness of man, or of

man's learning, are not the value of a single blessing here; but we, mather, jewel, WE ARE YOUR CHARITIES; seven of us poor boys through your means learned their duty—seven of us! and upon us you can walk up to the shining light, and be happy forever.'

"I was not a bit bothered at the idea of making a *step-ladder* of the seven holy creatures, who, though they had been poor scholars, were far before myself where we were now; but as they bent, I stepped, first, on Abel, then on Paddy Blake, then on Billy Murphy; but any how, when I got to the end of the seven I found there were five or six more wanting. I tried to make a spring, and only for Abel I'd have gone—I do n't know where—he held me fast. 'O the Lord be merciful! is this the way with me afther all,' I said. 'Boys—darlings! can ye get me no more than half way afther all?'

"'Sure there must be more of us to help you,' makes answer Paddy Blake. 'Sure ye lived many years in the world afther we left you,' says Abel, 'and, *unless you hardened your heart*, it is n't possible but you must have had a dale more of us to help you. Sure you were never content, having tasted the ever-increasing sweetness of seven good deeds, to stop short and lave your task unfinished? O, then, if you did, mather,' said the poor fellow, 'if you did, it's myself that's sorry for you.' Well, Mary, agra! I thought my heart would burst open when I remembered what came over me last night—and much more—arithmetical calculations—when I had full and plinty, of what the little you gave and I taught came to—and every niggard thought was like a sticking up dagger in my heart—and I looking at a glory I could never reach, because of my cramped heart, and just then I woke—I'm sure I must have had the prayers of some holy creature about me to cause such a warning."

Mary made no reply, but sank on her knees by the bed-side, weeping—tears of joy they were—she felt that her prayers had been heard and answered. "And now, Mary, let us up and be stirring, for life is but short for the doing of our duties. We'll have the poor scholars to breakfast—and darling, you'll look out for more of them. And, O! but my heart's as light as the down of a thistle, and all through my blessed dream."

THE AWAKENING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TERREMIK.

WIFE. Hast thou slept well?
Husband. As never before. Noteven in childhood did I experience such a deep, soft, refreshing slumber. My old father—thou rememberest him well—when he stepped into the room in the morning, where we were waiting for him, used to say, in answer to our inquiry how he had slept, "Like the blessed." Like the blessed, I might say, have I slept; or rather, like the blessed have I awakened. I feel myself new quickened; as if all weariness, and all need of sleep were gone forever. Such vigor is in my limbs, such elasticity in my movements, that I believe I could fly if I would.

W. And you are pleased with this place?

H. Indeed, I must say, we have been in many a beautiful place together; but this is wonderful and beautiful beyond description. What trees! actually heaven high! They bear blossoms and fruit together. Their branches, swaying to the morning wind, cause the tree-tops all to give forth melody, as if a host of feathered songsters dwelt in them. Behind the trees the mountains tower up. Their majestic forms rigidly defined in the pure air, and here and there glowing with all the hues of sunrise and sunset, stretch along their sides, or float over their summits. Upon the highest peak, out of a milk-white, translucent, shining mist, there spring as it were the gates, and towers, and palaces of a splendid city. From this peak nearest us there seems to gush a mighty water, which I may call a sea rather than a stream, and which, nevertheless, leaps down the numerous terraces of the mountain, not with fearful roaring, but with a melodious sound. Wide about us are sprinkled the drops which water the trees and flowers, and impart a delicious coolness to the air, making it ecstasy to breathe here. Look, too, at this bank whereon we stand! How luxuriant, and how thickly strown with wonderful flowers! We wander over it, and yet the spires of grass are not broken, nor are the flowers crushed by our footsteps. 'Tis a solitary place; yet on all sides vistas open to us, and the horizon tempts us ever further and further on.

W. Hast thou seen all this often be-

fore, or dost thou see it to-day for the first time?

H. Notwithstanding all is so homelike to me here, and though everything greets me as something long-beloved, yet when I think of it I must say No; I have never been here before.

W. And dost thou not wonder to see me again at thy side?

H. Indeed, and hast thou not somehow always been near me?

W. In a certain sense I have; but in another not so. 'Tis long since thine eyes have seen me. I disappeared from them once.

H. Ah! now there sweeps over my memory as it were a dark cloud—days of anxiety, and nights spent in weeping—only the painful thoughts and emotions which so recently absorbed me. Now they elude my grasp; I cannot distinctly comprehend them; they appear to me something mysterious.

W. Think on the fourteenth of February.

H. Now, now it is all clear to me. It was near noon. Four days hadst thou been sick. We had feared much for thee, but still had hope. Suddenly a faintness came over thee; thou didst lean thy head upon my breast, didst sink back with a deep sigh; thou diedst—yes, it is all over, thou art dead.

W. I am dead; and yet see, I live.

H. If thou art dead, and if I see thee, then do I really dream?

W. Thou dreamest not, for thou art awake.

H. Or, art thou sent down from heaven to earth that I should see thee again for a short time, and then anew through long years lament thy disappearance?

W. No; henceforth we shall never separate. I am indeed sent to thee, but not down upon the earth. Look around thee here; where upon earth hast thou seen such trees, such waters? Look at thyself; thou didst go about yonder, bowed beneath the weight of years. Now thou art young again. Thou dost not walk, thou floatest; thine eyes not only see, but see immeasurably far. Look inward upon thyself, has it always been with thy heart as now?

H. Within me is a deep, unfathomable, ever-swelling, and yet entirely still and peaceful sea. Yes, when I look about me here, and when I feel thy hand in mine,

then I must say I am blessed—I am in heaven.

W. Thou art.

H. And then must I be actually dead.

W. Thou art. Hast thou not lain sick in that very chamber where I died, and whither thou didst long to be brought? Has not thy son, day and night, without leaving thy side, sincerely and tenderly nursed thee? Hast thou not by day and by night found open the blue eye of thy daughter, in which she vainly strove to hold back the forth-welling tears? Was there not then a deep mist and utter darkness spread over the faces of thy children, and over everything around thee?

H. I AM DEAD! Lord of life and death, upon my knees I thank thee that thou hast fulfilled this so great a thing in me—that thou hast led me to such high happiness, to such great honor—*dead, and happy to be dead.* Thou knowest, O Lord, how often that moment stood before me; how often I have prayed that thou thyself, since I was not able to do it, wouldst prepare me for that hour; that thou wouldst send me a soft, blessed death. Now, O Lord, that thou hast heard this, as all my other prayers, thou hast in this, as in all things, eternally shown thyself gracious and pitiful. What stood before me is now over. Truly, though dead, I have not yet learned exactly what death is; but this much I know, death is sweet. As one bears a sleeping child out of a dark chamber into a bright spring garden, so hast thou borne me from earth to heaven. But now, loved one, hold me no longer back.

W. Whither wouldst thou go?

H. Canst thou ask? To whom else but to Him? All is beautiful and lovely here; these trees, these flowers, this down-streaming water, this coolness which breathes over flowers and trees and deep into my heart; thyself, thy presence, which after so long a separation, after so many fears, I enjoy again; but not even all this satisfies me. Himself I must see. Let him adorn his heaven as beautifully as he may, that cannot compensate for the loss of his presence. What was impossible, he has made possible: so long, so unweariedly, so faithfully has he worked in me, that I might be capable of bliss! Where is the little earth? Yonder it spins, how far from here? In what darkness it is veiled. I would not again return to it. He has condescended to go

down thither, has trod its dust with his sacred feet, has endured hunger and thirst, has died. Ah, he will quicken my vision, that I may pierce deeper than heretofore the abyss of his death-pains! There he won me for his own; and that I, his dearly-purchased one, should not again be lost to him, he has from my earliest years given me his ceaseless care. Much that he has done for me have I already learned upon earth; now I know more; and I shall know still more in the future, when together we recount the whole. But now I have no time for this. Emotion within me is too strong; my heart will burst; I must away to him, see him, thank him—if I am capable of thanking him—if in this overpowering bliss thanksgiving be not swallowed up.

W. Thou wilt see him, but not until he comes to thee. Until then be patient. I am sent to thee, to tell thee that such is his will.

H. Now I know for a certainty that I am in heaven, for my will yields itself implicitly to his without a struggle. I had thought it wholly insupportable not to see him here. Yet I not only bear it, but bear it cheerfully. He wills this, I will it also. Other than this seems now impossible to me. So readily could we not submit below. But if thou art sent to me from Him, then he must have spoken with thee. He has already spoken many words with thee?

W. Already many.

H. O thou truly blessed one! Canst thou tell how it was with thee when He for the first time spake with thee?

W. As it has been in my heart each following time. I am using an earthly language with thee, in which these things cannot be described.

H. As thou sawest Him for the first time didst thou instantly recognize him?

W. Instantly.

H. How? By that particular glory in which he outshines all angels?

W. He has no need to clothe himself in splendor; we know him without that.

H. Dost thou mean that I will immediately recognize Him without any one saying to me, that is He?

W. Thine own heart will tell thee.

H. How will he really seem to me, severe or gentle? Below, when I cried to Him out of the darkness of my earth-life, he often answered me with sternness.

W. There below He is constrained to do this with his best beloved. Here, it is no longer necessary; here there is no need that he should do violence to his own heart; He can give free expression to his love. This love is infinite; on earth we could not fathom it, as little can we do so here.

H. Do there exist among you here differences in glory and blessedness?

W. In endless degrees; but then the highest are even as the most lowly, so they stoop down to the humblest. And this does He require of them; for He who ranks above the highest is himself the humblest of all. So, then, these diversities become swallowed up, and we are all one in Him.

H. Lo, I have often thought me, if I only reach heaven, only dwell not with the enemies of the Lord, I shall be content to be the very least of all there. Thou, methought, wouldst soar in a much higher circle, and our children also when they left the earth. But then if only once in a thousand years I might be counted worthy to see the Lord—still methought it would be enough for me.

W. Be trustful. Whom He receives He receives to glory. Knowest thou not by what wonderful way He has called us in His word.

H. Well do I know all that, and I see with what glory and honor He has crowned thee. Between thine image in thy last sickness, and that which now stands revealed to me; between that perishable flower and the heavenly blossom—what a difference! No, this bloom upon thy cheek can never fade; this light in thine eyes can never be dimmed; thy form shall never bear the impress of age. Thus ever wilt thou wander about with me here, thou wilt show me the glory of these heavenly mansions, and also wilt lead me to those other blessed ones who are dear to me.

W. Thou wilt see them as soon as thou hast seen the Lord.

H. How delightful was it of old when we sought our aged father in his cot. Our carriage rolled up, all came running out before the house, and among the whole troop we sought first his dear, honored countenance. How much more delightful to see him here! He whom the smallest favor filled with thanks to the giver, he who could find beauty in a single spire of

grass, who smiled at a brighter sunbeam, he who went forth so joyfully under the starry heavens, and adored the Creator of these worlds—what must he experience here, where the wonders of Omnipotence lie all open and unveiled before him! He who in silent joy of his heart thanked the Lord for his beneficence, and for the least refreshing which was granted him on his weary earth-way—what thanks will he now pour forth to his Redeemer! "We shall meet again," he said to me in his last sickness, as he pressed my hand with all his remaining strength, "we shall meet again, and together thank God for his grace."

W. Thou wilt soon see him and thy mother.

H. My mother who loved me with such unspeakable tenderness, and whom I have never known! I was but three years old when I lost her. As she lay upon her death-bed, and I was playing in the garden before the house, "What will become of my poor child!" she cried. Good mother! all that a man can be thy son has become—an inhabitant of heaven. Through the grace of God has this been effected, and also by the help of thy prayers. Is it not so?

W. It is even so. I have often spoken of thee with thy father and mother.

H. Is X— here?

W. Yes.

H. I had not expected it. That, however, was wrong; *why am I here?* But the dear souls whom I left behind me on earth, I would have some tidings of them; or is the perception of them lost to us until the moment of reunion?

W. This question thou mayest speedily answer for thyself. Look thither.

H. I do so; but I see nothing.

W. Look longer in this direction and you will surely see. Dost thou see now?

H. Perfectly. The place is familiar to me. It is the church-yard where I placed thy mortal part which was given back to the earth. The place became dear to me; I often sought it, and kneeling upon the grave raised my eyes hitherward to heaven, where we both are now. Among beautiful trees and flowers shall her body rest here. So a flower-garden, and a wilderness of blossoms sprung up, and every beautiful thing which the anniversary brought with it adorned thy grave.

W. I knew it well. Look thitherward now. What seest thou?

H. Near thy grave another is open. The church-yard gate stands open, a corpse is borne forward, our children follow. Do ye weep, loved hearts, weep so bitterly? Could ye see us as we see you, ye would not weep, or at the most only for longing. The body—my body—is lowered; now they cast a handful of dust upon the coffin. The grave is closed, now rests my dust by thine. Go home now, ye loved ones, and may the foretaste of that heavenly peace which we enjoy glide to your souls! But return hitherward often and seek the grave of your old parents. When ye meet and pray there we will be near you, and bring you heavenly gifts from the Lord. Henceforth take his hand as ye go. He will guide you safely; your old parents have proved this! And one day he will bring us all together again.

W. Amen. Thus it will surely be.

H. Hear'st thou those sounds? What may it be? Strange and wonderful, like the mingled roaring of the sea, and sweetest flute notes, they come from that quarter and float through the wide heaven. Hark! now from the other side melody arises, a wholly different note, and yet just as strange and enrapturing. What may it be?

W. They are angel choirs, which from immeasurable distance answer one another.

H. What do they sing?

W. Ever of One who is the theme of eternal and ceaseless praise.

H. For some time already a form moves about there.

W. Observe it more closely, and then tell me why it attracts thee so.

H. I who have been so lately called from the earth, will give you an earthly, childish comparison. At the home where I was born, thou knowest it well, though at the time thou wast no longer upon earth, I had planted a garden. As the spring came, I devoted myself to its cultivation, and enjoyed myself over my plants, and their beautiful unfoldings. There were many trees there, much shrubbery and many flowers; yet I know every shoot; I had myself planted and watered it; each in its turn came under my inspection, and when it puts on its bright green, and blossomed beautifully and grew

found I a heart friend in it.
 me, that man to be the
 his heavenly garden. He
 and thither quietly, and in
 ce; but one can see that
 re is familiar to him. He
 in all besides a satisfied and
 , and appears to find joy in
 here. My heart! till this
 e felt within me only soft,
 tions; but now a tempest is
 breast, I am dizzy; heaven
 vanishes from my sight, I
 ce. Now pain again returns
 yet in this pain there lives a
 dness. My soul burns with
 pproach Him. Yes, He is
 known to me, though never
 face to face. Now He turns
 and looks upon us. He ap-
 pears over us. His eyes glisten
 of joy. I can no longer re-
 self, I must away to Him. I
 to Him, that I love Him, as I
 ought before. He raises his
 ow? in those hands a mark, and
 mark rays darting forth? Yes,
 the pierced, the bleeding hands.
 es us! Deep in my heart I feel
 sing. Now know I that I am in
 -now know I that this is He!
 \way, then, to Him.

PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE.

BY H. L. THORNTON.

THE past, ah! say, what is the past?
 Time's brief and fleeting hour;
 Visions too fair and bright to last;
 The sunshine, and the shower;
 A dubious, unconnected dream,
 To which we turn, and sigh,
 And pause, to snatch from Lethe's stream
 The spell of Memory.

The present—what is it to man?
 No sooner here, but gone;
 Neglected for some future plan,
 To which each thought we turn;
 Enjoy'd but when the heart is young,
 When life is in its spring,
 When all that o'er our path is flung,
 Unaltered pleasures bring.

The future, idol of the heart,
 Whence is thy magic spell,
 That bears, in every dream, the part,
 O'er which we love to dwell?
 The past, the present, fade away,
 With scarce a thought, or care;
 We prize alone thy distant ray,
 For Faith and Hope are there.

[For the National Magazine.]

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

THERE are two kinds of discussion. One seeks the development of truth, and is cool, consistent, and rational. The other looks to the conservation of opinions and doctrines, and is fierce, boisterous, and irrational. Applied to religion, each gives rise to its own peculiar train of results. From the one there follows religious progress. By it men gain new and useful ideas, and lose gold and rusty notions. It tends to make religion, in its bright points, brighter, and to purify it of its errors. This kind of discussion never causes alienation of affection, or unprofitable strife; for God made our world to be a great theater for the human soul upon which to act out glorious feats of discovery and improvement. Study, inquiry, analytic and synthetic thought, with the acquisition and spread of intelligence thereby, constitute the noblest occupations of man. Any supposition that denies this, or that would hinder free and calm discussion upon any subject, charges our Creator with the monstrous inconsistency of loading a creature with superior faculties of improvement, and placing it in circumstances adapted to call those faculties into action, all merely in the way of a superfluous arrangement.

But let us pass to consider, with special attention, the results of the other kind of discussion—that which has been distinguished as fierce, boisterous, and irrational.

The great cause of the troubles and misfortunes that occur in the religious world is controversial agitation in regard to matters of belief. It is this which accustoms the minds of men to fly from the level of moderation and to run rampant with blind zeal. It is this which performs the cutting part of the process hinted at in the term **SECTARY**. Men cannot long cling harmoniously together after they have become habituated to the heats of bitter contention. Fierce agitation, by a necessary law of development, leads to fierce antagonism. All men of truly enlarged mind are careful to avoid discussions which are apt to prove over-exciting to the passions. Such men know well their pernicious consequences; how they divert attention from the solid to the superficial; from great principles to insignificant distinctions; how they beget pet-

ulnace, and a vain love of victory; how they make reason captious and trifling, give undue reins to the imagination, and utterly disqualify the mind for all cool and philosophic researches. This was very eminently the case with the great Newton, as has been justly observed by Dugald Stewart. Quoting from one of the biographers of that illustrious philosopher, he gives us, in his "Active and Moral Powers," the following interesting account:—

"He was, indeed, of so meek and gentle a disposition, and so great a lover of peace, that he would have rather chosen to remain in obscurity than to have the calm of life ruffled by those storms and disputes which genius and learning always draw upon those who are most eminent for them. From his love of peace arose, no doubt, that unusual kind of horror which he felt for all disputes. Steady, unbroken attention, free from those frequent recollings incident to others, was his peculiar felicity. He knew it, and he knew the value of it. When some objections, hastily made to his discoveries concerning light and colors, induced him to lay aside the design he had taken of publishing his Optical Lectures, we find him reflecting upon that dispute, into which he had unavoidably been drawn, in these terms: 'I blamed my own improvidence for parting with so real a blessing as my quiet to run after a shadow.' In the same temper, after he had sent the manuscript to the Royal Society, with his consent to the printing of it, upon Hooke's injuriously insisting that he had himself solved Kepler's problem before our author, he determined, rather than be involved again in a controversy, to suppress the third book; and he was very hardly prevailed on to alter that resolution."

Such was the noble aversion this wonderful man felt to all kinds of antagonizing contention; and the same species of aversion cannot but be experienced in the mind of every truly elevated individual to sharp agitation upon religious questions. To a pure and well-cultivated intellect there is something indescribably burdensome and abhorrent in the selfish ravings of irritable opponents. Malevolent passion is a brutalizer. Its influence is out of harmony with all that is high and exalted in humanity. And especially is this the case with that form of malevolent passion which invariably accompanies fierce disputation. There is an evolution of angry feeling which is more or less temporary. The excitement attendant upon it is furious, but does not last long. The species of malevolent passion which thus manifests itself was no doubt given to man as a sort of protective ferocity to be vented only on certain occasions of intol-

erable insult and abuse; and when it is called forth under conditions of provocation that obviously require the assistance of just such a reserve-force, it cannot, of course, be said to possess any other than a purely instinctive character. But there is another kind of malevolent passion which, after it has once been fully roused, is characterized by a bitterness that never ceases to rankle. This is the malevolence that accompanies controversial agitation. Its victim is not brutalized merely for a moment or an hour, but for all time. Under its infernal influence life itself becomes a long phrensy-fit, in which the demoniacal breathings of revenge mingle with the satiric sneers of envy. Angry disputation is the fertile resource from which this passion draws its nourishment. Angry disputation it was that fed the passion under whose malicious promptings Socrates was condemned to drink the poisonous hemlock. Angry disputation it was that created the spirit in which the sectarian Jews stoned Stephen to death. Angry disputation it was that kindled the rage in which the same stiff-necked unbelievers crowned the pure Jesus with thorns, and scourged him, and buffeted him, and spit upon him, and nailed him, at last, to the ignominious cross. Angry disputation it was that fed the excitement, in the terrible fury of which that long age of papal domination was introduced, whose dense darkness was only relieved by martyr-fires. There is no form of malevolent feeling like that which angry disputation produces. When once inflamed, there is scarcely any influence or set of influences that can break it up or calm and soften its rough ragings. It admits of no cool moments of self-examination. When he that has felt its fierce fires turns blushing upon himself with tearful regrets and unsparing accusations, it is the nature of the passion begotten of controversial agitation to swallow up every impulse that would prompt to remorse and concession. The maxim according to which it makes men act is to see no blunders or deficiencies upon their own part, and hence to acknowledge none. It is hard to convince a stiff religionist that he has ever been unduly angry with an opponent. "How preposterous," he will say, "to suppose that so devout a man as I should be angry without just cause!" And if you persist in reasoning the point, he will speedily

give you a practical illustration of his wonted temper, and it will do little good to rebuke him, for he is always ready with a fierce retort.

But another result in the train issuing from the same great cause of evil is prejudice. When controversial agitation takes a religious character, the form of prejudice then resulting goes under the name of bigotry. Prejudice becomes then a wretched hag in the soul, playing the sorceress with all its progressive tendencies. By its incoherent rantings it affrights reason from her throne; by its weird whims it converts conscience into a tool for subserving the narrowest purposes; and by its breath of false devotion it freezes up the fountains of the heart, so that its currents of sympathy trickle beneath the ice of an arctic selfishness. All the graces of the spirit—modesty, patience, benevolence, moderation—take to themselves wings and fly far away at the approach of this old mother of superstition. Under its ruinous sway the soul becomes like a filthy den where some growling whelp nestles with her cubs. The invariable accompaniment of prejudice is ignorance—a sort of fixed, stationary, hopeless ignorance. This form of ignorance is quite peculiar. It is not exhibited under any other condition than that of a mind dwarfed and stultified by prejudice. When a soul ceases to grow, when it becomes determinedly stolid, refusing to think, and judge, and reason, and make wise choices with a view to realizing further progress, then you may know that an awful drouth has passed over it and left it barren. There is no sterility of mind like that which attends the heart-withering, purpose-contracting, life-narrowing reign of prejudices. Ignorance has other forms that are not so hideous and not so saddening. You do not look sadly upon an inexperienced child. You perceive it to be possessed of an expanding, improving nature. It has eyes that sparkle with the delight incident to new acquisitions of intelligence. It has ears alive to every new utterance of truth, and to the tones of every freshly-heard voice. It has feelings that thrill in answer to each new object or occasion of sympathetic solicitation. It has a reason that loves to hunt out truth and to root out error. It has a conscience that is ever open to the correcting and improving influences of intel-

lectual light. It has a power of volition which ever stands ready to fly into exercise at the bidding of honest conviction. It does not know all things; it is ignorant of very many important items and kinds of knowledge; but wherever it is, and in whatever it engages, there is the redeeming association constantly attending it that it is a susceptible, thinking, discriminating, appreciating, attentive, improving being. Within the whole circle of its bright existence there is scarcely anything that is not interesting. Its sports win your attention, and give you a dear pleasure. Its little sorrows, with the tears shed and showered over them from its dripping eyes, do but touch a congenial chord in your heart. And even when you see it sharing in stolen enjoyments with a truant's cunning and craft, you cannot but almost laugh while you half tremble at the roguery of the beautiful little culprit. Now all this delightful interest is borrowed from the simple fact that this youthful creature is a growing being. It is growing every day, growing in body and growing in mind. But let its growth in either of these directions cease, and just so far you cannot but look upon it with sadness and with pity. Hence we see now what a wide difference there is between fixed ignorance and improving ignorance. One is hopeless and hideous, the other promising and attractive. One is inconsistent and degraded, the other rational and aspiring.

The possibility and the fact of a continual enlargement of being is the glory of our humanity. There can be no manhood where there is mental stagnation. Ignorance, when it becomes fixed, is a positive evil, and never before. Angels and archangels are not dishonored by knowing less than God. But let an angel cease progressing in its rapturous march toward archangelhood, or an archangel cease growing into the likeness of Deity, and hell itself becomes the only fit place for the poor thing to flutter in. There is always more or less virtue where there is true progress, and there is no virtue where there is no true advancement. A soul whose windows are all blinded against the effulgence of truth—a soul that hates light and swears to a life-long groping in darkness—who can conceive of a greater monster in all the worlds of probation? Prejudice is what makes ignorance blind, and

stolid, and debased. Prejudice is what paralyzes the soul's powers of progress, and makes it like a stupid snail that only ventures out of its narrow shell to gather little additions to its slimy fatness.

I have seen a full-grown man who was living in the possession of all his faculties, and who expected to live on in the possession of them till death—a man around whom a family clung for that support which only a kind father can give; I have seen this individual stretched upon his couch, in the helplessness and inanity of a paralytic, so suddenly, that there was but the lapse of a few moments between the normal exercise of his entire mind, and an astonishing stultification of being in which he simpered and mewled like a wretched idiot. But what is a condition like this compared with that of a person who has a soul, but mocks at instruction, and exults in keeping it, so to speak, *hermetically* sealed in barrenness; who has eyes, but will not see; ears, but will not hear; hands, but will not move them; a reason, but will not exercise it; a memory, but will not add a single new gem of truth to its storehouse; a conscience, but holds it embow-ered in a selfish vision; a will, but keeps it cheated down into a narrow subserviency to the whims of a deluded imagination? Associate now all these circumstances, which are inseparable from prejudice in any form, with that form of it which is termed religious bigotry, and superadd the gloomy array of instances that may be gathered from history in which it has been made a means of oppression and persecution, on account of attempts nobly made to accelerate the march of human progress, and you will have a picture of most melancholy interest. The philanthropic and nervous O'Connell says of religious bigotry:—

"She has no head, and cannot think; no heart, and cannot feel! When she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruins; her prayers are curses; her God is a demon
• • • her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon a kindred rock, to whet her vulture-fang for a more sanguinary desolation."

It requires but a glance to see that the kind of agitation which leads to bigotry is entirely illegitimate. Rational controversy is no producer of estrangements and hatreds. Sectarian antipathies arise from an over-eager anxiety concerning

things of no real importance. Religionists are either too strenuous about the extra-trivial or the extra-mystic. There may be differences of interesting moment between doctrines, but there cannot be between tenets. Differences between doctrines lead to sects; differences between tenets lead to sectaries. Sects may be legitimate, but sectaries are never so. The one represent important distinctions in faith, the other are representative of mere selfish opinions. The division of the Protestants from the Romish Church at the time of the Reformation was legitimate, as have been many of the divisions that have taken place since among the Protestants. But along with these divisions, from the first, there has followed a series of illegitimate divisions—divisions made by the poisonous edge of sharp fanaticism. Secession may be just and necessary; but who will say that angry secession ever is? What need is there of prostituting discussion into fierce agitation? what need of setting reason aside to give play to malevolent passion? what need of letting prejudice come into the soul to hatch there her brood of blind impulses? If there must be disagreement between religious parties upon matters of belief, this is no reason why there should be mutual hatred, envy, and contempt. What was the example set by the holy Jesus in regard to controversial agitation? When and where did he turn aside from his great mission work for the mere sake of contending about whimsical predilections of belief? It is true the Scriptures tell us that, in his youth, he disputed with the Jewish doctors in the temple. But he did it by "both hearing them, and asking them questions;" not by forcing self into an overforward prominence—not by any exhibition of exasperating contempt, or infuriating condemnation of their erroneous notions. From the Gospel representation given of this beautiful little episode in our Saviour's history, we are led to the conclusion, that he intruded himself upon that company of Jewish dignitaries with a sweet modesty of behavior, and a conciliatory application of argument. In no other way can we explain how, at so early an age, he gained their careful attention to what he said, and how he made his reasoning tell so forcibly and impressively upon them, that, to repeat the words of Luke, "All that heard him

were astonished at his understanding and answers." And the same fidelity to his divine trust, the same moderation, patience, consistency, wisdom, and love, will be found to have marked his deportment in all the argumentations he held during the period of his stay upon the earth.

The celebrated dean of St. Patrick's, in his whimsical *Tale of a Tub*, gives a ludicrous, but too truthful account of the origin and nature of bigotry, as well as of its inevitable tendencies to a wild and wayward enthusiasm. Immoderation is what opens the way for it; its essence is a spiteful hatred, subordinating the whole soul to a stubborn purpose of revenge; and it leads to all the absurdities of a self-righteous and superstitious ignorance. Such has been the condition of the rise, and such the consequences of the reign of bigotry in every age of the world. Thanks to civilization, that this great obstacle to religious harmony does not appear with the same power to thwart and baffle righteous endeavor as it used to do! And yet let us be sad over the evil it occasions even in our day. The formative cause of bigotry is far too fertile in the Churches of these Christian times. Every denomination of religious professors is more or less injured by a blind immoderation. Where there should be an agreement to disagree between the members of different sects, there is rather a splenetic prurience for antagonizing and disuniting agitation. Men refuse to reason calmly about anything, because they cannot come to terms upon a few trifles. Why should there be this extreme of inconsistency? God designed men to reason and commune together. He dislikes contentions, and wranglings, and angry secessions. Rash excitement is not manly, much less heavenly. There are no tenets, and but few doctrines, that are worth the risk of quarreling and foaming over. Those that lead to provocations, and altercations, and recriminations, and desecrations, are, in nearly all cases, mere distinctions of opinion, unworthy to be dragged into a process of sober truth-seeking argumentation.

Look at the matter as you will, you will find that bigotry aims only at the conservation of mere doctrinal appurtenances, the after-inferences of Scriptural interpreters.

When our Saviour gave his apostles a new commandment he did not bid them to pay better heed to certain little tenets of belief; but the beautiful utterance that fell from his divinely eloquent lips was, *Love one another*. As if he had said, Be not divided in heart by any contentions about insignificant points of the holy faith I have commended to you; be not over-anxious concerning any obscure hints as to the special modes and forms of a religious life, which you may find scattered along the pages of the great instruction-Book I have given you; let alone all that is too mysterious for your finite understandings; let alone all that is not worth the dangerous hazard of sharp agitation, and cling to the large and life-expanding principle of love.

A religion of love must come to be the universally acknowledged religion of all Christian denominations, before the Gospel can accomplish that for which its infinite Author designed it. No other religion can be an honor to Him who conceived the glorious plan of human redemption, or to Him who, bearing the name of the Son of the blessed, executed that heaven-projected plan by an incomprehensible humiliation of himself among men and a sacrificial death upon the cross. Old creeds, hugged and quarreled over with porcupine pertinacity, are not the things which the Father Almighty sends his swift-pinioned angels to watch and bless here in our world. Love is the only religion professed around the throne above. And just in proportion as this same divine principle permeates through, and animates with harmonious activities the religion professed on the earth, just so far will it be heavenly, and true, and efficient for good.

DIVINE LOVE.—On one occasion the Rev. Rowland Hill was endeavoring to convey to his hearers, by a variety of illustrations, some idea of his conceptions of the divine love; but suddenly casting his eyes toward heaven, he exclaimed—"But I am unable to reach the lofty theme! yet I do not think that the smallest fish that swims in the boundless ocean ever complains of the immeasurable vastness of the deep. So it is with me; I can plunge, with my puny capacity, into a subject the immensity of which I shall never be able fully to comprehend!"

A TRIP TOWARD GRETNA GREEN.

FROM Dickens's last series of Christmas Stories, entitled the *Holly-Tree Inn*, we copy the following little tale, purporting to have been told by that respectable personage known at the inn as "the Boots." He was asked what was the strangest thing he had met with in his eventful history. He replies:—

What was the curiousest thing he had seen? Well! He did n't know. He could n't momentarily name what was the curiousest thing he had seen—unless it was a Unicorn—and he see *him* once, at a fair. But, supposing a young gentleman not eight years old was to run away with a fine young woman of seven, might I think *that* a queer start? Certainly! Then, that was a start as he himself had had his blessed eyes on—and he had cleaned the shoes they run away in—and they was so little that he could n't get his hand into 'em.

Master Harry Walmers's father, you see, he lived at the Elmsee, down away by Shooter's Hill, there, six or seven mile from Lunnon. He was a gentleman of spirit, and good-looking, and held his head up when he walked, and had what you may call fire about him. He wrote poetry, and he rode, and he ran, and he cricketed, and he danced, and he acted, and he done it all equally beautiful. He was uncommon proud of Master Harry as was his only child; but he did n't spoil him, neither. He was a gentleman that had a will of his own and a eye of his own, and that would be minded. Consequently, though he made quite a companion of the fine bright boy, and was delighted to see him so fond of reading his fairy books, and was never tired of hearing him say, My name is Norval, or hearing him sing his songs about Young May Moon is beaming love, and When he as adores thee has left but the name, and that: still he kept the command over the child, and the child *was* a child, and it's to be wished more of 'em was!

How did Boots happen to know all this? Why, through being under-gardener. Of course he could n't be under-gardener and be always about, in the summer-time, near the windows on the lawn, a mowing, and sweeping, and weeding, and pruning, and this and that, without getting acquainted with the ways of the

family. Even supposing Master Harry had n't come to him one morning early, and said, "Cobbs, how should you spell Norah, if you was asked?" and then began cutting it in print, all over the fence.

He could n't say he had taken particular notice of children before that; but really it was pretty to seem the two mites a going about the place together, deep in love. And the courage of the boy! Bless your soul, he'd have throwed off his little hat, and tucked up his little sleeves, and gone in at a lion, he would, if they had happened to meet one, and she had been frightened of him. One day he stops, along with her, where Boots was hoeing weeds in the gravel, and says—speaking up, "Cobbs," he says, "I like *you*." "Do you, sir? I'm proud to hear it." "Yes, I do, Cobbs. Why do I like you, do you think, Cobbs?" "Don't know, Master Harry, I am sure." "Because Norah likes you, Cobbs." "Indeed, sir? That's very gratifying." "Gratifying, Cobbs? It's better than millions of the brightest diamonds, to be liked by Norah." "Certainly, sir." "You're going away, ain't you, Cobbs?" "Yes, sir." "Would you like another situation, Cobbs?" "Well, sir, I should n't object, if it was a good 'un." "Then, Cobbs," says he, "you shall be our head gardener, when we are married." And he tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks away.

Boots could assure me that it was better than a picter, and equal to a play, to see them babies with their long bright curling hair, their sparkling eyes, and their beautiful, light tread, a rambling about the garden, deep in love. Boots was of opinion that the birds believed they was birds, and kept up with 'em, singing to please 'em. Sometimes they would creep under the tulip-tree, and would sit there with their arms round one another's necks, and their soft cheeks touching, a reading about the prince, and the dragon, and the good and bad enchanters, and the king's fair daughter. Sometimes he would hear them planning about having a house in a forest, keeping bees and a cow, and living entirely on milk and honey. Once he came upon them by the pond, and heard Master Harry say, "Adorable Norah, kiss me, and say you love me to distraction, or I'll jump in head foremost." And Boots made no question he would have done it,

if she had n't complied. On the whole, Boots said it had a tendency to make him feel as if he was in love himself—only he did n't exactly know who with.

"Cobbs," said Master Harry, one evening, when Cobbs was watering the flowers; "I am going on a visit, this present midsummer, to my grandmamma's at York."

"Are you indeed, sir? I hope you'll have a pleasant time. I am going into Yorkshire myself, when I leave here."

"Are you going to your grandmamma's, Cobbs?"

"No, sir. I hav n't got such a thing."

"Not as a grandmamma, Cobbs?"

"No, sir."

The boy looked on at the watering of the flowers for a little while, and then said, "I shall be very glad indeed to go, Cobbs—Norah's going."

"You'll be all right then, sir," says Cobbs, "with your beautiful sweetheart by your side."

"Cobbs," returned the boy, flushing, "I never let anybody joke about it, when I can prevent them."

"It was n't a joke, sir," says Cobbs with humility, "—was n't so meant."

"I am glad of that, Cobbs, because I like you, you know, and you're going to live with us, Cobbs!"

"Sir."

"What do you think my grandmamma gives me, when I go down there?"

"I could n't so much as make a guess, sir."

"A Bank of England five-pound note. Cobbs."

"Whew!" says Cobbs, "that's a spanking sum of money, Master Harry."

"A person could do a great deal with such a sum of money as that. Could n't a person, Cobbs?"

"I believe you, sir!"

"Cobbs," said the boy, "I'll tell you a secret. At Norah's house they have been joking her about me, and pretending to laugh at our being engaged. Pretending to make game of it, Cobbs!"

"Such, sir," says Cobbs, "is the depravity of human natur."

The boy, looking exactly like his father, stood for a few minutes with his glowing face toward the sunset, and then departed with "Good-night, Cobbs. I'm going in."

If I was to ask Boots how it happened that he was a going to leave that place

just at that present time, well, he could n't rightly answer me. He did suppose he might have stayed there till now, if he had been anyways inclined. But, you see, he was younger then, and he wanted change. That's what he wanted—change. Mr. Walmers, he said to him when he gave him notice of his intentions to leave, "Cobbs," he says, "have you anything to complain of? I make the inquiry, because if I find that any of my people really has anything to complain of, I wish to make it right if I can." "No, sir," says Cobbs; "thanking you, sir, I find myself as well sitiwated here as I could hope to be anywheres. The truth is, sir, that I'm a going to seek my fortun." "O, indeed, Cobbs?" he says; "I hope you may find it." And Boots could assure me—which he did, touching his hair with his boot-jack, as a salute in the way of his present calling—that he had n't found it yet.

Well, sir! Boots left the Elmses when his time was up, and Master Harry he went down to the old lady's at York, which old lady would have given that child the teeth out of her head, (if she had had any,) she was so wrapt up in him. What does that infant do—for infant you may call him and be within the mark—but cut away from that old lady's with his Norah, on an expedition to go to Gretas Green and be married!

Sir, Boots was at this identical Holly-Tree Inn, (having left it several times since to better himself, but always come back through one thing or another), when, one summer afternoon, the coach drives up, and out of the coach gets them two children. The Guard says to our Governor, "I do n't quite make out these little passengers, but the young gentleman's words was, that they was to be brought here." The young gentleman gets out; hands his lady out; gives the Guard something for himself; says to our Governor, "We're to stop here to-night, please. Sitting-room and two bed-rooms will be required. Chops and cherry-pudding for two!" and tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks into the house much bolder than Brass.

Boots leaves me to judge what the amazement of that establishment was, when those two tiny creatures all alone by themselves was marched into the Angel; much more so, when he, who had seen them without their seeing him, give

the Governor his views of the expedition they was upon. "Cobbs," says the Governor, "if this is so, I must set off myself to York and quiet their friends' minds. In which case you must keep your eye upon 'em, and humor 'em, till I come back. But, before I take these measures, Cobbs, I should wish you to find from themselves whether your opinions is correct." "Sir to you," says Cobbs, "that shall be done directly."

So, Boots goes up stairs to the Angel, and there he finds Master Harry on an enormous sofa—immense at any time, but looking like the Great Bed of Ware, compared with him—a drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket-hankcher. Their little legs was entirely off the ground, of course, and it really is not possible for Boots to express to me how small them children looked.

"It's Cobbs! It's Cobbs!" cries Master Harry, and comes running to him and catching hold of his hand. Miss Norah comes running to him on t'other side and catching hold of his t'other hand, and they both jump for joy.

"I see you a getting out, sir," says Cobbs. "I thought it was you. I thought I could n't be mistaken in your height and figure. What's the object of your journey, sir?—Matrimonial?"

"We are going to be married, Cobbs, at Greta Green," returned the boy. "We have run away on purpose. Norah has been in rather low spirits, Cobbs; but she'll be happy, now we have found you to be our friend."

"Thank you, sir, and thank you, miss," says Cobbs, "for your good opinion. *Did* you bring any luggage with you, sir?"

If I will believe Boots when he gives me his word and honor upon it, the lady had got a parasol, a smelling-bottle, a round and a half of cold buttered toast, eight peppermint drops, and a hair-brush—seemingly, a doll's. The gentleman had got about half a dozen yards of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-paper folded up surprising small, an orange, and a Chaney mug with his name upon it.

"What may be the exact natur of your plans, sir?" says Cobbs.

"To go on," replied the boy—which the courage of that boy was something wonderful!—"in the morning and be married to-morrow."

"Just so, sir," says Cobbs. "Would it meet your views, sir, if I was to accompany you?"

When Cobbs said this, they both jumped for joy again, and cried out, "O yes, yes, Cobbs! Yes!"

"Well, sir," says Cobbs, "if you will excuse my having the freedom to give an opinion, what I should recommend would be this. I'm acquainted with a pony, sir, which, put in a pheyton that I could borrow, would take you and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, (myself driving, if you approved,) to the end of your journey in a very short space of time. I am not altogether sure, sir, that this pony will be at liberty to-morrow, but even if you had to wait over to-morrow for him, it might be worth your while. As to the small account here, sir, in case you was to find yourself running at all short, that don't signify; because I'm a part proprietor of this inn, and it could stand over."

Boots assures me that when they clapped their hands, and jumped for joy again, and called him "Good Cobbs!" and "Dear Cobbs!" and bent across him to kiss one another in the delight of their confiding hearts, he felt himself the meanest rascal for deceiving 'em that ever was born.

"Is there anything you want just at present, sir?" says Cobbs, mortally ashamed of himself.

"We should like some cakes after dinner," answered Master Harry, folding his arms, putting out one leg, and looking straight at him, "and two apples—and jam. With dinner we should like to have toast and water. But, Norah has always been accustomed to half a glass of currant wine at dessert. And so have I."

"It shall be ordered at the bar, sir," says Cobbs; and away he went.

Boots has the feeling as fresh upon him at this minute of speaking, as he had then, that he would far rather have had it out in half a dozen rounds with the Governor, than have combined with him; and that he wished with all his heart there was any impossible place where those two babies could make an impossible marriage, and live impossibly happy ever afterward. However, as it could n't be, he went into the Governor's plans, and the Governor set off for York in half an hour.

The way in which the women of that house—without exception—every one of

'em—married *and* single—took to that boy when they heard the story, Boots considers surprising. It was as much as he could do to keep 'em from dashing into the room and kissing him. They climbed up all sorts of places, at the risk of their lives, to look at him through a pane of glass. They was seven deep at the key-hole. They was out of their minds about him and his bold spirit.

In the evening Boots went into the room, to see how the runaway couple was getting on. The gentleman was on the window-seat, supporting the lady in his arms. She had tears upon her face, and was lying, very tired and half asleep, with her head upon his shoulder.

"Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, fatigued, sir?" says Cobbs.

"Yes, she is tired, Cobbs; but she is not used to be away from home, and she has been in low spirits again. Cobbs, do you think you could bring a biffin; please?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," says Cobbs. "What was it you?"

"I think a Norfolk biffin would rouse her, Cobbs. She is very fond of them."

Boots withdrew in search of the required restorative, and, when he brought it in, the gentleman handed it to the lady, and fed her with a spoon, and took a little himself. The lady being heavy with sleep, and rather cross, "What should you think, sir," says Cobbs, "of a chamber candlestick?" The gentleman approved; the chambermaid went first, up the great staircase; the lady, in her sky-blue mantle, followed, gallantly escorted by the gentleman; the gentleman embraced her at her door, and retired to his own apartment, where Boots softly locked him up.

Boots could n't but feel with increased acuteness what a base deceiver he was, when they consulted him at breakfast (they had ordered sweet milk and water, and toast and currant jelly, overnight) about the pony. It really was as much as he could do, he don't mind confessing to me, to look them two young things in the face, and think what a wicked old father of lies he had grown up to be. Howsoever, he went on a lying like a Trojan about the pony. He told 'em that it did so unfort'nately happen that the pony was half clipped, you see, and that he could n't be taken out in that state, for fear it should strike to his inside. But that he'd be

finished clipping in the course of the day, and that to-morrow morning at eight o'clock the pheayton would be ready. Boots's view of the whole case, looking back upon it in my room, is, that Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, was beginning to give in. She hadn't had her hair curled when she went to bed, and she didn't seem quite up to brushing it herself, and its getting in her eyes put her out. But nothing put out Master Harry. He sat behind his breakfast-cup, a tearing away at the jelly, as if he had been his own father.

After breakfast Boots is inclined to consider that they drew soldiery—at least he knows that many such was found in the fire-place, all on horseback. In the course of the morning, Master Harry rang the bell—it was surprising how that there boy did carry on—and said in a sprightly way, "Cobbs, is there any good walks in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir," says Cobbs. "There's Love Lane."

"Get out with you, Cobbs!"—that was that there boy's expression—"you're joking."

"Begging your pardon, sir," says Cobbs, "there really is Love Lane. And a pleasant walk it is, and proud shall I be to show it to yourself and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior."

"Norah, dear," said Master Harry, "this is curious. We really ought to see Love Lane. Put on your bonnet, my sweetest darling, and we will go there with Cobbs."

Boots leaves me to judge what a beast he felt himself to be, when that young pair told him, as they all three jogged along together, that they had made up their minds to give him two thousand guineas a year as head gardener, on account of his being so true a friend to 'em. Boots could have wished at the moment that the earth would have opened and swallowed him up; he felt so mean, with their beaming eyes a-looking at him, and believing him. Well, sir, he turned the conversation as well as he could, and he took 'em down Love Lane to the water-meadows, and there Master Harry would have drowned himself in half a moment more, a-getting out a water-lily for her—but nothing daunted that boy. Well, sir, they was tired out. All being so new and strange to 'em, they was tired as tired could be. And they laid down on a bank

of daisies, like the children in the wood, leastways meadows, and fell asleep.

Boots do n't know—perhaps I do—but never mind, it do n't signify either way—why it made a man fit to make a fool of himself, to see them two pretty babies a-lying there in the clear still sunny day, not dreaming half so hard when they was asleep as they done when they was awake. But, Lord! when you come to think of yourself, you know, and what a game you have been up to ever since you was in your own cradle, and what a poor sort of a chap you are, and how it's always either Yesterday with you, or else To-morrow, and never To-day, that's where it is!

Well, sir, they woke up at last, and then one thing was getting pretty clear to Boots, namely, that Mrs. Harry Walmeres Junior's temper was on the move. When Master Harry took her round the waist, she said he "teased her so;" and when he says, "Norah, my young May Moon, your Harry tease you?" she tells him, "Yes; and I want to go home!"

A biled fowl, and a baked bread-and-butter pudding, brought Mrs. Walmeres up a little; but Boots could have wished, he must privately own to me, to have seen her more sensible of the voice of love, and less abandoning of herself to currants. However, Master Harry he kept up, and his noble heart was as fond as ever. Mrs. Walmeres turned very sleepy about dusk, and began to cry. Therefore, Mrs. Walmeres went off to bed as per yesterday; and Master Harry ditto repeated.

About eleven or twelve at night comes back the Governor in a chaise, along with Mr. Walmeres and an elderly lady. Mr. Walmeres looks amused and very serious, both at once, and says to our missis, "We are much indebted to you, ma'am, for your kind care of our little children, which we can never sufficiently acknowledge. Pray, ma'am, where is my boy?" Our missis says, "Cobbs has the dear child in charge, sir. Cobbs, show Forty!" Then he says to Cobbs, "Ah, Cobbs! I am glad to see you. I understood you was here!" And Cobbs says, "Yes, sir. Your most obedient, sir."

I may be surprised to hear Boots say it, perhaps; but Boots assures me that his heart beat like a hammer, going up stairs. "I beg your pardon, sir," says he, while unlocking the door; "I hope you are not

angry with Master Harry. For, Master Harry is a fine boy, sir, and will do you credit and honor." And Boots signifies to me, that if the fine boy's father had contradicted him in the daring state of mind in which he then was, he thinks he should have "fetched him a crack," and taken the consequences.

But Mr. Walmeres only says, "No, Cobbs; no, my good fellow. Thank you!" And, the door being open, goes in.

Boots goes in, too, holding the light, and he sees Mr. Walmeres go up to the bedside, bend gently down, and kiss the little sleeping face. Then he stands looking at it for a minute, looking wonderfully like it, (they do say he ran away with Mrs. Walmeres;) and then he gently shakes the little shoulder.

"Harry, my dear boy! Harry!"

Master Harry starts up and looks at him—looks at Cobbs too. Such is the honor of that mite, that he looks at Cobbs, to see whether he has brought him into trouble.

"I am not angry, my child. I only want you to dress yourself and come home."

"Yes, pa."

Master Harry dresses himself quickly. His breast begins to swell when he has nearly finished, and it swells more and more as he stands at last, a-looking at his father; his father standing a-looking at him, the quiet image of him.

"Please may I"—the spirit of that little creatur, and the way he kept his rising tears down—"Please, dear pa, may I kiss Norah before I go!"

"You may, my child."

So he takes Master Harry in his hand, and Boots leads the way with the candle, and they come to that other bed-room, where the elderly lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs. Harry Walmeres, Junior, is fast asleep. There, the father lifts the child up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of poor unconscious little Mrs. Harry Walmeres, Junior, and gently draws it to him—a sight so touching to the chambermaids who are peeping through the door, that one of them calls out, "It's a shame to part 'em!" But this chambermaid was always, as Boots informs me, a soft-hearted one. Not that there was any harm in that girl. Far from it.

Finally, Boots says, that's all about it. Mr. Walmers drove away in the chaise, having hold of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, that was never to be, (she married a captain, long afterward, and died in India,) went off the next day. In conclusion, Boots puts it to me whether I hold with him in two opinions; firstly, that there are not many couples on their way to be married, who are half as innocent of guile as those two children; secondly, that it would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married, if they could only be stopped in time and brought back separately.

[For the National Magazine.]

CHEMICO-SPIRITUALISM.

INFIDELITY realizes the fable of the ancient Proteus. When assaulted in one form by the strong arm of Christian truth, and bound over to due accountability for its delusive and dangerous errors, its oily limbs slip from our hands, and ere we are aware, it assumes a new visage, and appears somewhere else. Like the old man of the sea, if slain as a *man*, it suddenly becomes a *brute*. It is now a lion—a serpent—a boar—a parrot—a tree, water, or anything else, to escape the lance of its sturdy assailant. It has a thousand disguises. Driven, time and again, from its ancient strongholds by the steady advance of Christian light and knowledge, its ruse in these latter times is to seek intrenchment behind the ramparts of science—especially natural science.

Once it sought an alliance with history; but the muse of history long since repudiated the unnatural union. True to itself, the voice of the past gave testimony in favor of the records of inspiration. The Bible was true, Christianity was true, for the miracles of the divine record had become monumental. They had recorded themselves, not merely on the perishable leaves of the sibyl, or the roll of the scribe, or the tables of brass and stone. They had given polity and law to the Jewish nation. The *month* which commenced their civil year was a monument of the greatest fact—a miraculous fact—which marked their history. The law of the two tables was a standing evidence of God's hand, and so was the Sabbath; also their

commemorative feasts, their captivity, and many of their signal deliverances. Likewise with the miracles of Christ. They were not *mere words*, however wonderful, which, when spoken, die on the ear and vanish into air—*vox et præterea nihil*—but *acts*, and acts which possess historical significance; whose "image and superscription" are now stamped on the history and institutions of the world.

At one time, infidelity became metaphysical. Its forte was, nice distinctions of abstract thought respecting man, his nature, freedom, accountability, the laws of belief, his immortality and spirituality. These were the favorite ground selected for the display of its strength. Here appeared its chosen champions, flushed with expectation, on careering steeds, with lance in rest. But this, its chosen theater, of late years has also been deserted. Since its famous rencounter with the author of the Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, infidelity has shown no liking for metaphysics. The *name* even has a sort of chilling sound, reminding one of December: we think of the howling blast, and pity the shivering poor.

But, of late years, the virus of the old poison has been floating toward geology and its kindred sciences. Proteus has donned the cap of the naturalist. He is now a philosopher searching for truth, and digging for it into the bowels of the earth. With pick and hammer in hand, and look of wondrous wisdom, we see him down in the mines, threading the dark passages where labor has gone before him in quest of the "black diamond," and of gold, silver, and other metals. He is calculating subterranean forces, or counting the strata, and noting the year-marks where old Time has stamped a chronology which dates back millions of years before Adam was created. Now, he is an astronomer and chemist, busy with cosmological theories of the earth's origin and structure, watching the comets and the "star-dust," which nature has flung so profusely on the vault of night, to see if he can estimate the forces, the mode, and the time, necessary for these crude materials to fashion themselves into planets, and suns, and systems. He has little respect for Moses, and no need of God in the business of world-making. The "nebular hypothesis," with its "fire-mist" and infinite quantity of "star-dust," aided by nature's attractive

forces, is sufficient to furnish the material for a thousand worlds, and to mold them into any required order. The empire of physics is supreme. Matter is instinct with order. The "tendency to organize" is one of its "dormant functions," requiring only the conjuncture of the necessary circumstances to call it into action, and produce now a globe, and now a tadpole, a monkey, or a man.

"We have seen," says the author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," "powerful evidence that the construction of this globe and its associates, and, inferentially, that of all the other globes of space, was the result, not of any immediate or personal exertion of the Deity, but of *natural laws*, which are expressions of his will. What is to hinder our supposing that the *organic creation* is also a result of natural laws, which are in like manner an expression of his will?"

It is fundamental to this material doctrine, that the properties of life exist in the elements of matter, and that these elements are capable of organizing themselves into living beings. These organized beings at first are perhaps mere monads, which show the signs of vitality in the simplest forms. By a process of spontaneous development, creatures of a higher order next appear, and zoophytes and mollusks are "lords of this lower world." From these, by successive unfoldings, come crustaceous insects, fishes, reptiles, and, last of all, the mammals; the development of instinct and intelligence in the different orders keeping pace—*pari passu*—with that of the physical organization. The monkey becomes an orang-outang in his march toward manhood, his caudal appendage being shortened by the irritation of his human aspirations; and the orang-outang exchanges his hinder extremities for feet, because standing and walking are more dignified than climbing, and as organized functions are more elevated in the scale of progress. Such is substantially the development system of La Marck. Infidelity has no difficulty in making worlds without the creative agency of an Almighty Father. With equal facility it peoples them with animated being. Too skeptical to recognize the hand of God in the beauty, sublimity, and glory of his works, it is, nevertheless, credulous enough thus to endow inert matter with the creative attri-

butes which belong to God only. The philosophy which thus affects independence of divine teaching, seems ever to be given over to be judicially stultified. It makes itself the laughing-stock of sober reason.

But the curious part of this philosophical system is its theory of the soul—the origin and nature of man's spiritual part. It is to this that we specially dedicate this lucubration.

If "development" can create the bodily organization, how shall we solve the phenomena of mind? Will it account also for these? Is the *reason* a property of matter? The properties of matter which are patent to observation, are form, color, weight, resistance, hardness or softness, impenetrability, and so forth. In what *part* of the ultimate atom shall we look for those *spiritual* attributes, whose natural fermentation gives thought, feeling, memory, and judgment? In what secret *pore* of the constituent element shall we look for the moral and religious sentiments, the reverence for things holy, for conscience, hope, love, and fear? But this material philosophy says *they are there*, and deems it impertinent to be questioned too closely. Like Pythagoras, she holds that her *ipse dixit* is authority enough. We must be respectful. Let us see.

Here is the philosophy as propounded by its great hierophant, Professor Liebig. He says:—

"In the animal body we recognize, as the ultimate cause of *all force*, only one cause, the *chemical action*, which the *elements of the food* and the *oxygen* of the atmosphere exercise on each other. The only known ultimate cause of vital force, either in animals or plants, is a *chemical process*. . . . *All vital activity* arises from the mutual action of the oxygen of the atmosphere and the elements of the food. . . . Physiology has sufficiently decisive grounds for the opinion that *every motion, every manifestation of force* is the result of a *transformation of the structure* or of *its substance*—that *every conception, every mental affection*, is followed by changes in the chemical nature of the secreted fluids; that *every thought, every sensation*, is accompanied by a change in the *composition of the substance of the brain*."

This is the chemical doctrine which modern science has invented to account for all animal organization, and which is deemed sufficient to solve all spiritual phenomena. It is chemicco-spiritualism. It refers the mental action to a species of *combustion*, resulting from a union of oxy-

gen with the combustible materials of the brain. "Every thought, every sensation, is accompanied by a change in the composition of its substance." "The *chemical action* which the elements of the food and the oxygen of the atmosphere exercise on each other, is the ultimate *cause of all force*." The doctrine is, that the soul has no existence independent of the body. The manifestations of it are simply the "*result*" of organization. Thought, volition, and passion, in all their shades of action, are "*properties*" of matter. "Certain forms of matter," says the British and Foreign Medical Review, "especially oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, are endowed with properties which do not manifest themselves either in those elements when uncombined, or in those combinations of them which the chemist effects by ordinary means. But they do manifest themselves when they are united into those peculiar compounds which are known as organic, and when those compounds have been submitted to the process which is termed organic."

Again, says that eminent organic chemist, Professor Müller:—"Any one who imagines that there is *anything else in action in living beings* than a *molecular force*, than *chemical force*, sees more than exists."

Here then, in clear, unequivocal language, we have the sort of doctrine which infidelity is now preaching respecting the nature of the soul. It denies the *existence* of the nobler, immortal part, whose glorious capacities for thought and action ally us to angels. It ignores the existence even of God; or, if his existence is allowed, no active agency is ascribed to him in the creation of the world and its people, or in governing its affairs. It is *chemical action* which produces force. Chemical action develops thought and feeling as among the dormant properties of *matter*. Chemical action, in short, is God.

Now it seems to us that the only proper way to treat crudities and absurdities so transparent is simply to hold them up to ridicule. It does not alter the case that they are gravely baptized as "*philosophy*" by some of the priests of self-styled science. Not all these priests together, no matter how celebrated for genius and learning, can save so sorry a progeny from the contempt which reason administers to such barefaced absurdity. Absurdities are *sometimes* ingenious. The

deception which they aim to practice upon the mind lies so deep that exposure is not easy; and the gilding of apparent truth with which they are covered, renders them attractive. But this crude materialism which aims to supply a rational theology on the basis of science has too little of the smack even of merely human cunning to save it from contempt. It lacks the inspiration of genius, to say nothing of its want of the true divine afflatus. We know of but one consideration which entitles it to the respect of sober reply, and that is that the unwary are ever attracted by the prestige of learning. Great names carry an influence, often sufficient to secure a welcome without examination, to doctrines the most dangerous; and this is especially true of the young. As these doctrines undoubtedly sap the foundations of all revealed religion, and are therefore of most pernicious tendency, we enter our brief caveat against them, for the following reasons:—

1. *This chemical theory of mind furnishes no rational explanation of its phenomena.*

It is simply broad materialism. Let us, in the first place, inquire what are the properties of matter with which chemistry deals? The answer of science is, that nearly all the phenomena of chemistry may be reduced to one single principle—that of molecular attraction. This attraction is manifested only when the constituent particles of different bodies are brought infinitely near to each other, whereupon certain affinities and repulsions take place, and the particles enter into new relations in obedience to this molecular law. If the oxygen of the atmosphere enters into combination with the carbon of the wood, there is a change of form, a development of heat, and the formation of new chemical compounds. If the gaseous elements locked up in gunpowder feel the touch of fire, suddenly, and with terrific noise, a new and totally different substance is generated. If water, which is a useful servant to quench the thirst and extinguish fire, is subjected to the torture of chemical agents, it yields a gaseous element the most inflammable of all substances, and another, the most vigorous supporter of combustion. Sometimes these chemical changes are silent and slow; at others sudden and violent; but always in obedience to the definite law of molecular attraction. These are the "*properties*" of

matter with which chemistry deals. These are the "processes" by which force is generated, and in the grand operations of nature many and wonderful changes are the result. But they are all merely physical, and may be constantly reproduced by like causes.

Now what are the properties of mind? Without aiming at scientific definitions, it will be sufficiently correct to say, thoughts, feelings, and volitions. We exercise the reason in comparing ideas, and are led to the discovery of some new truth. A vision passes before the eye, and suddenly images of beauty are painted on the soul. A strain of harmony is flung carelessly upon the passing breeze, and in the bosom of some distant listener the fountains of delighted feeling at once are stirred. Through the wilderness of forgotten fears and joys memory wanders back, and the past lives again with the freshness of yesterday. Sympathy, friendship, and love form tender ties, yet so elastic that intervening continents and seas cannot sever them. In short, the attributes of mind are seen in the countless daily phenomena of thinking, reasoning, imagining, hoping, fearing, doubting, believing, and so forth. They have a distinct character, and evidently belong to a class of their own.

Will it be said that these different phenomena are only the excitements of a chemical influence wrought by the *contact of food* with the *stomach*—of the blood with the brain, and of oxygen with the blood? In the process of comparing ideas is there anything analogous to the effervescence of gases? In the decisions of a firm will do we perceive anything like the fulminations of gunpowder? If oxygen comes in contact with the tissues or the brain, does it produce *ideas* in the same manner that its union with sulphur produces an *acid*? If so, what is the nature or character of these ideas? Are they mathematical, poetic, political, utilitarian, philosophical, or what? or tell us what shade of difference in the action of oxygen on the brain causes one man to be a fatalist and another religious; this one to be a Democrat and that a Whig—here a Methodist and there a disciple of Calvin? Why is it that the same identical cause acting on different brains should produce results so different? or why in the *same* brain should there be such an endless succession of ever-changing thoughts and feelings?

The truth is, that all the "properties" of matter are totally unlike those of mind. If it be said that those properties which are usually ascribed to mind are likewise the properties of matter, though differing from the properties commonly ascribed to matter, it is a sufficient answer to demand the proof. Where is the evidence of this? Has any searching chemical analysis detected in the brain or any other organized substance these intellectual attributes? To assert their existence without reason is not philosophy, but mere assertion. Surely in a matter of such importance we may be excused if we call for evidence.

There is a curious and unavoidable inference from this chemicco-spiritual doctrine, which is also a conclusive argument against it. If these intellectual attributes are the properties of organized matter, the properties must inhere in the matter itself independent of the organization. Organization is simply the orderly arrangement of the particles according to the organic law. Arrangement, it is obvious, can produce no change in their nature, and hence the properties must remain when the organization is dissolved. Hence as Dr. Paine observes, in his lecture on the soul, "When man dies and is resolved into the elements of matter, his vital properties, or his vitality, continue to exist in those elements; and when the same elements become a part of the organization of inferior animals, or of plants, his vital properties will then animate or constitute the vitality of the toad or mushroom. It follows, also, upon the great plan of materialism, that the soul must observe the same rule of construction, appearing under the manifestations of instincts in animals and in plants, according to the nature of the organization. This is the old doctrine of transmigration figuring under the auspices of modern science."

In this ridiculous doctrine our chemicco-spiritual philosophers were anticipated by the poet Simonides in his rough satire on women. The unclassic reader may find a literal translation of this satire in the 209th Spectator, where he will see the doctrine practically applied.

2. *This theory is not reconcilable with the soul's independent existence, nor, therefore, with its immortality.*

If the soul depends for existence upon bodily organization, when the body dies the

must die with it. Death, then, as the poet affirms, is an eternal sleep; and we may say with St. Paul, If in this life only we have hope, our lot is miserable indeed. Then are the Scriptures a cunningly-devised fable; Christianity, with its sublime morals and glorious hopes, a cheat; the judgment and its attendant solemnities, merely a terrible phantasy, and heaven and hell the creatures of a distempered brain. At one fell swoop the foundations of our faith and hope are taken away. The future becomes veiled in darkness, unrelieved by a single ray, and man a riddle to himself—his nature and destiny locked up in the mazes of unresolved and unresolvable doubt.

But we are forced to no such dire conclusions by the pushes of this materialistic psychology. Already have we seen that the analogy which it affects to trace between the processes of chemistry and those of mind does not exist. Its foundation is an unsupported conceit—shadow and not substance. In short, this pretense of science is one of those ridiculous absurdities into which learned folly sometimes stumbles, as if the Almighty had smitten it with judicial blindness to punish its self-sufficient pride.

We deem it unnecessary in this place to frame a formal argument in favor of the soul's capability of existence independent of the body. It is sufficient to say that the theory under discussion abnegates the doctrine, and is burdened, therefore, with the consequences of this denial. It denies, indeed, that the mind, as an entity, has any existence at all. It is merely a "manifestation" of the organic elements of matter. "Any one," says Professor Müllder, "who imagines that there is anything else in action (in living bodies) than a molecular force, than a *chemical force*, sees what does not exist." Those phenomena usually ascribed to mind are only "properties of matter"—*sui generis*—developed in organic beings only in these idealistic forms by the peculiar effect of oxygen acting on the food and on the brain!

But the wisest minds tell us—aside from the revelations of Scripture—that there is no reason for believing that death is the destruction of our spiritual powers. These powers do *now* exist, and they *seem* to be independent in many things of the body; or rather, they make use of the body merely as an instrument. For

us then to say that these powers after death do *not* exist, simply because we do not *know* them to exist, is equivalent to saying we *do know* because we *do not know*. It is a form of sophism which makes acknowledged ignorance the premise on which to build a certain conclusion. No mind, unless it had "lost the stirrups," like the famous knight of the windmills, would venture on the use of *such* logic.

But let us pursue this thought for a moment. It is not the eye which sees, but the soul sees by means of the eye. It uses the eye as an instrument of vision, just as we make use of a telescope for the same purpose. And so likewise of the limbs. With the arm we thrust at a certain object; or, if the arm is too short, we make use of a stick. But in this case the stick is no more an instrument than the arm. The power of self-motion exists in the one as much as in the other. Both are instruments employed by the soul. If a limb is lost, the tendency and the power to use it remain. We are conscious that if there, we could use it as before; that is to say, we have whatever evidence consciousness and reason afford, that the soul possesses powers independent of the body, and therefore of independent existence.

Again, there are some forms of disease in which death conquers life by gradual approaches. He saps, and mines, and advances his parallels with slow and tedious progress. The powers of vitality one after another give way as the body fails, but amid it all, the soul seems buoyed up, and even to show increasing power. Memory, reason, imagination, hope, fear, conscience, and so forth, all grow stronger as death approaches, and in the last moments sometimes flash out with a brilliancy which astonishes all who are around. Is it credible, now, we ask, that the cause which produced no effect upon these spiritual powers up to the last vital gasp, should in that gasp *destroy* them. Is that which is as nothing in the *parts*, everything in the *sum*? Is it compatible with reason or philosophy that the addition of *negatives*, no matter how numerous, should ever by any possibility make a *positive*?

"For aught we know," says Bishop Butler, "of ourselves, of our present life and of death, death may immediately, in the natural course of things, put us into a higher and more enlarged state of life as

our birth does; a state in which our capacities and sphere of perception and action may be much greater than at present. For as our relation to our external organs of sense renders us capable of existing in our present state of sensation, so it may be the only natural hinderance to our existing, immediately and of course, in a higher state of reflection."

3. *This new philosophy is unphilosophical in presenting dogmas for faith on insufficient evidence, or evidence sufficient only for the sheerest credulity.*

It is the glory of true philosophy that her tripod stands on no treacherous or uncertain basis. She is simple truth, and like her infinite source, looks abroad upon the world where conflicting interests, prejudices, and passions are contending in unceasing struggle for mastery, with the calm majesty of supreme intelligence. Indignity itself could offer no greater insult than to charge on her complicity with error, or to suppose her capable of perverting her high functions to the corruption of man, or the dishonor of God. Whenever she speaks there is light as well as voice. The attendant flash always reveals the quarter whence the thunder comes. She sees nothing more pitiful than learning stooping from its high estate, and filled with vain conceit, attempting to give currency to falsehood. But it is not a new thing under the sun, for that which is *not* science to claim to be science. It is an old trick for imposture to steal the livery of truth. Hypocrisy sports in the robes of piety. Perhaps we ought not to be surprised that the old Proteus of infidelity should thus attempt, through the science of physiology, to rectify the religion of the world. He is a veteran rectifier. He began this benevolent vocation even in the garden with the first pair, when they heard, "Ye shall not surely die." Proteus, a thousand times slain, has still a new life. Physiology has revealed to us much of truth respecting man's physical constitution; why should it not turn psychologist and theologian, and settle all questions pertaining to the soul and God?

We have already seen its failure to establish its main position, to wit, that the phenomena of mind are "properties of matter." Failing in this, it has nothing on which to stand. Though it still *asserts* its dogma, assertion is not proof. To claim it to be so in science is something

worse than false philosophy. It is a fraud. If it is science that speaks, it reveals the alarming fact that elements of depravity have entered its sacred precincts and corrupted its vision. Instead of looking with the serene and collected majesty of conscious rectitude, it leers with a sinister eye. It thrills us not with the true celestial voice. It has the accent of a fiend. In short, it is not philosophy that speaks. It is not science. It is Proteus in disguise.

4. *This doctrine is hostile to human welfare by seeking to undermine the foundations of hope, and offering no substitute.*

It is sound logic to test the pretensions of any doctrine by its influence upon the happiness of man in his different relations. The world in all its parts of matter and mind—its physics and metaphysics—is one grand, harmonious system, inspired by a common intelligence, and pulsating with the throbs of a common life. Skepticism, if it pleases, may shut its diminutive eye, and then assert that all is darkness. Doubt may cast stumbling-blocks in the way of willful folly, but to the eye of reason no truth beams forth from the face of nature with greater transparency than the harmonious ministration of all created things to man's spiritual and moral well-being. This, indeed, is the key which unlocks all mysteries. This is the finger of God, pointing us to those sublime relations which man sustains to him, and without which human life is an enigma—its incidents are accidents; and earth itself, with all its teeming forms of life, without a meaning.

We may assume, therefore, that nothing can be true which wars against the will of God, thus written on the constitution of the world. As well might we war against the laws of gravity, or the motion of the spheres. If a system of philosophy is at war with the laws of man's intellectual and moral being, it must, by consequence, be false. If it denies to God the honor of his creation, it must be false. If it saps the foundations of hope yearning after immortality, and struggling up to union again with heaven, it is at war with everything which contributes to purify and elevate humanity—is a foe to all goodness by taking away the motives to goodness, and is at war, therefore, with the laws of our highest nature. Such a system must be false.

The National Magazine.

MARCH, 1856.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER TO BISHOP SIMPSON.

PLAN FOR THE COLLECTION OF OUR HISTORICAL MATERIALS—"MEMORIALS"—HOW TO WRITE THEM—RELATION OF EDUCATED MEN TO THE CONFERENCES—WHAT IS IT TO BE A TRUE CHRISTIAN MINISTER?—WHERE IS THE ITINERANCY?—HOW SHOULD WE TREAT MEN WHO ARE DEVOTED TO THE LITERARY OR EDUCATIONAL LABORS OF THE CHURCH.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I am not yet done with our denominational literature and our educated men. The subject has not received its due proportion of attention from the press of the Church. It is of no small importance to us, at this stage of our progress; to all of us it ought to be deeply interesting; and to many it appeals, with no little personal interest, as connected with their position in the denomination.

I do not wish to prolong these discussions; they are not written as substitutes for my usual editorial articles; on the contrary they have been, in most instances, thus far, extra to my ordinary amount of editorial writing per month. I have thus prepared them because, relating, as they do, to some of the greatest interests of our cause, I have deemed them worthy of a special review.

There are two topics which I could not compress into my last letter, though they properly belong there, and to which I ask attention in the present, viz., our *Historical Literature* and our treatment (in their relation to the conferences) of men who are devoted to the Literary or *Educational* labors of the Church.

I used some emphasis in my late remarks on our historical literature. It was seen that of trans-Atlantic Methodism we have no history whatever; that of American Methodism we have some good but very limited attempts at a history—but need yet almost universally those local works which are the necessary preliminaries of a history. These preliminary works we have now only in the form of biographies; if ever we are to have a good general history of the Church, sectional histories must be provided; and, if they are not soon provided, our most interesting *materials* will be irrecoverably lost. I think that the last opportunity for saving much of that material is now passing away. The primitive Methodist ministry is almost gone; we must appeal quickly to its few remnants, or lose the aids which they can afford us. Methodism has done more than any other Church in laying the moral foundations of many of these states; but it has hardly had a paragraph devoted to it in our national history. Its own history must be more fully prepared before it can be appreciated. You will hear me patiently, then, on a subject of so much interest to ourselves and our children. I have thus far, in these letters, dealt in matters of fact and direct practical suggestions; allow me to do so at present.

Local histories, I repeat, in the form of "Me-
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morial of Methodism," are what we need, preparatory to our general history. They should combine both biographical and historical attributes and data.

Though local, they could take in a somewhat extended area; and if our whole territory could be districted by a few good writers, and brought under this kind of historical review, the data of a general history would be provided.

Besides the historical value of such works, it may be said, as an inducement for competent hands to undertake them, that they can hardly fail to be remunerative. The area comprised might be sufficiently large to afford an ample market, independently of the general demand, which could hardly fail to be excited by a really able and interesting book of the kind. The memorials of Methodism, which are included entirely or mostly in the State of New-York, could not fail to be deeply and even romantically interesting. That field alone presents some chivalric old characters and many extraordinary incidents. A suitable pen could present them in a form and style that could not fail to render them attractive.

The same may be said of that section of the Church now comprising the New-Jersey, Philadelphia, and Baltimore Conferences. There are some veterans of our primitive ministry remaining in that region who could furnish interesting data. Is there no ready writer, and diligent searcher after historical antiquities, in these sections, who will take the hint?

Memorials of the "Old Western Conferences" would be exceedingly attractive as well as important for the history of the Church. Some of the most heroic characters of Methodism fought and triumphed in that field. It extended as a single conference from Detroit to Natchez—from the Alleghanies to beyond the Mississippi. Its early annals are interwoven with the romantic history of the first emigrations and settlement of the West. Many heroes of those chivalric days still bend on their pilgrim staffs, in various parts of the West, and could furnish valuable and even thrilling reminiscences. If they are not applied to soon, the opportunity will be lost forever. Some Memoirs, like those of Quinn, Collins, and especially Finley, would afford aid; the articles of "Theophilus Arminius," in the old "Methodist Magazine," would especially help the design.

I am not familiar enough with the Southern and South-western portions of Methodism, to be able to say how far they afford *materials* for such preliminary works; but, I doubt not, that they have their romance, also—and their comparative recency would be an advantage to the writer.

It may not be amiss to indicate here a little more minutely the course to be taken by the writer of such a book, so far as I have learned it by my own experience; for I preach not without having practiced on this subject, as you personally know.

He should furnish himself, in the first place, with the bound volumes of Minutes. Having determined the period of his narrative, he should select from the minutes the names of the men whose services, within that time, have given them prominence. He should trace their

appointments from year to year—for a mere list of these will sometimes be full of significance. If they died in the itinerancy, brief biographies will be found in the obituaries of the Minutes, and will afford him some aid. If they died in a "local relation," some of their surviving fellow-laborers, or family, should be written to for information. The alphabetic list, at the end of Bangs's History, will enable him to determine which was the case. Having made out a list of these principal characters, he will find many means, not expected, of information concerning them.

Second. Asbury's Journals will assist him much, meager and unsatisfactory as they are in general. This great evangelist traversed the nation continually; nearly every part of the Church, therefore, has some record in his Journals. The historian may introduce him, year after year, and make him a principal character in the narrative.

The same may be said of such biographies as those of Garretson, Jesse Lee, Ware, Hibbard, Spicer, Abbott, Collins, Quinn, Finley, &c.

Third. The writer should correspond with all the surviving preachers of the first period of his work, not only for information respecting their deceased fellow-laborers, but for accounts of their own lives—consecutive, minute accounts.

From these he should condense a brief personal sketch, to be introduced at an appropriate point in his narrative—say the first year of their appearance in the Minutes, and then quote from them in the successive years of the work, giving them thus a suitable introduction to the reader at once, and a frequent reappearance in the progress of the volume.

Fourth. Lee's and Bangs's histories should be always before him for reference in each year.

Fifth. The old Methodist magazines should be thoroughly examined. They contain biographical sketches of preachers and principal laymen, accounts of missionaries, &c., that may afford no little aid.

Sixth. Files of our own principal denominational papers should be examined; interesting material will thus be discovered.

Seventh. The local history of the prominent, and especially the primitive Churches, should be obtained. A visit to some of them will secure many details not to be obtained otherwise; where this is impossible, the interest which such societies will naturally feel to appear well in his volume, will generally induce them to respond to the author's inquiries.

Such is the outline of the "working method" of such a production. The author will find it beset with difficulties; but it will not be without its pleasures also.

Whoever undertakes such a work may expect to be fairly paid for his trouble, for it can hardly fail to sell, if brought out rightly; but he must not hesitate to risk somewhat his literary reputation, if he already has any, by the attempt. He cannot create his facts; and whatever may be his skill in arranging and picturing them, he will often find the most ostensible characters and important periods unsatisfactorily presented for want of the necessary information. I have had experience of this

trial in its most painful form. Had I not been publicly pledged to bring out my "Memorials" it is probable I should have abandoned the task in despair, and consigned the half-completed manuscript to the flames. No labor of my pen has been harder, yet none has been more unsatisfactory to myself; and I have always insisted that the critical reader should never ask himself whether I had produced a really interesting work, (for this does not always depend upon the writer,) but whether its interest is up to its material—whether the lack of interest, if it does lack it, is owing to the writer or his data.

In my own works of this kind I have only aimed to do the best I could with my resources, and thus prepare the way for some future writer to do better. I have derived no small satisfaction from the consciousness that I was saving what otherwise would be inevitably lost, though I were doing so at the risk of some loss from my own small reputation as an author.

Readiness to make this sacrifice, diligence in research, quickness in seizing and tracing the clews of his narrative and tolerable powers of portraiture—with these qualifications, the writer of such books may expect to do a good service for the Church; perpetuate his name, perhaps, as an historical authority of Methodism; and receive an adequate pecuniary reward. What an opportunity is here offered for the labors of the literary men of Methodism!

But let us turn to another topic.

I have thus far shown that both the educational institutions and the literature of the denomination present open and ample fields. We are met here, however, with an objection, viz., that these spheres, especially the former, are not appropriate to men who are divinely called to the ministry. My remarks thus far have not had exclusive reference to the ministry, but to the young literary men of the Church in general; the objection has therefore but a partial application. It is somewhat plausible, but quite novel among us, and, so far as I can judge, quite peculiar to us. It has recently been much discussed in the Southern Methodist Church. I know not, however, that it needs any elaborate attention in these more northern regions, where education is deemed something more important than a mere secular provision, and where it is so generally placed in its higher forms, at least, under the guardianship of religion.

This discrimination of preaching from instruction in general, is undoubtedly just in a formal or technical sense at least; but that the divine designation of men to a life of religious labor, in the sense of the "ministerial call," is confined to what we technically mean by preaching, I am not at all ready to admit. The original form of the commission was not merely to "preach," but also to "teach"—to "disciple;" and the great contrast between the circumstances of the Church now and in the apostolic age requires a large qualification of the original form.

The word "ministry" is the best designation of the office, because it includes all abilities and all kinds of labors which the necessities of the Church, or the opportunities of the times, may require.

This was the character of the Levitical ministry; it included all grades of office, from the high-priesthood to the singers. It is to a similar organization that we are to ascribe the marvelous effectiveness of the Papal priesthood.

As to preaching, technically considered, it would be somewhat difficult to show precisely its apostolic example. If we are to strain at gnats—at such technical discriminations—we shall most probably be compelled at last to the conclusion, that the office of "Exhorter"—unknown in its functional character out of our own pale, and not recognized by us as within the sphere of the regular ministry—is nevertheless the true apostolic form of the ministry. Pulpits were unknown to the first preachers of Christianity, unless we may give that name to the platform of a synagogue. The formal enunciation of a text, and "First," "Secondly," "Thirdly," were never heard among them.

They read the Scriptures, and exhorted the people, with or without reference to what had been read. An intelligent, zealous Methodist "Exhorter" is, we repeat, the truest example now extant of the original Christian preacher. The technical distinctions of modern pulpit instruction, are, in fact, customs of the corrupt ages of the Church—fragments of old Romanism; yet, albeit, very good in their place.

We cannot, then, justly restrict the functions of the ministry to such formal or technical limits. It should take within its noble sphere all specially moral labors, preaching being the chief. It is a grand institution for evangelical propagandism; all the machinery appropriate to such a work is legitimate to it; all men specially set apart by the call of God and the designation of the Church for this work, should be comprised within it; and all labors which are immediately and permanently related to their position, be recognized as appropriate to them. Paul says: "We have some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the work of the ministry."

This I think a pertinent though general view of the subject. It admits of qualifications, I allow. There are men whose peculiar abilities should confine them to *pulpit* labors; but there are, on the other hand, men in the ministry, men who feel upon them the inevitable obligation of a life of religious labor and self-sacrifice, whose qualifications do not fit them for the pulpit, but would be admirably successful in other modes of instruction, with occasional preaching. Is it not desirable that the latter should be placed in the position for which they are best qualified? And is it desirable that working there with as direct a consecration to the purposes of the Church as their brethren in the desk, they should be *secularized* in official character; thrown, in other words, upon the usual responsibilities and motives of mere secular men. I do not believe it. It is a short-sighted, irrational view of the ministerial office, and, rigorously applied, would cramp some of its mightiest energies, and disrobe it of some of its purest and brightest honors.

The ministry should then appropriate, in the most successful manner, its various talents; it should seek in its ranks, and properly place men who are peculiarly fitted to be teachers, professors, editors, secretaries, or agents of its

philanthropic schemes. Consecrated men in such spheres may, with occasional preaching, promote the interests of religion to a degree which no mere pastoral position, however effectual, could equal. Such men are usually habitual preachers, among us at least. In fact, the qualifications that fit them for their post, should also fit them generally for the ministry, and entitle them to its official powers and sanctions.

There is another consideration worthy of some notice, before we dismiss the subject.

Men, occupying these important places, complain that they do not meet an impartial treatment in our Conferences. We regret this complaint; and we regret it the more, because there is too much truth in it. In some instances, though not generally, such laborers are treated as a class of interlopers in the Conferences—as anomalous in our ministry, to be tolerated because necessary, but not promoted as legitimate partakers of the powers and privileges of the body. Cases have occurred, in which brethren preëminently qualified for the responsible business of the General Conference, have failed of election, because they were "not in the itinerancy." This impolitic and unjust treatment, I am happy to say, meets with less and less favor.

It is fallacious and impolitic for two reasons. In the first place, *capacity* is what is wanted in the counsels of the Church; and wherever it is found to be available, it should be used. This course is due to the Church, as well as to talent. There is an honor attending such promotions, to be sure; but in religious bodies, this should not be made a consideration; if it is, it then becomes a *motie*, and ambition must take the place of duty. Men who are best able to do the given duty, should be called upon to do it; and utility, not compliment, be the motive of their election.

In the second place, the reason for this disparagement is really without sufficient foundation. Is "itinerancy" the only great interest to be represented in the counsels of the Church? Have the momentous schemes and enterprises of education, missions, publications, &c., no relative importance by the side of this favorite theme?

And what a flimsy pretext often is this avowal of "itinerancy" in most of our territory? No one has a higher appreciation than myself of the economic system of Methodism, and especially of its old chivalric itinerancy; but there is something almost farcical in the manner in which we sometimes hear the trials of the itinerancy bemoaned, particularly in sections of our work where all men, whose eyes are open, can see that it is virtually abolished. Where is it, among us of the east, now-a-days, except in an occasional and hardly-known circuit, and in the travels of the bishops and presiding elders? Some of our special agents are habitually more itinerant in their labors than men who are in the regular pastorate. The "itinerancy" consists now mostly in the biennial changes; and these, with the diminution of the conferences, and the improved public conveyances, have lost their chief disadvantages, while they afford, as I have shown, real and most important advantages to the "itinerant" himself.

Now, it is not right that a traditional idea, or phrase, should be thus made available against a class of laborers who represent some of the greatest interests of our cause, and who drudge in our colleges, academies, &c., under tasks infinitely more exhausting to mind and body than those which would devolve upon them in the snug and comfortable parishes into which our pastoral work is so generally divided.

I speak an emphatic word for these laborers—I speak it, because I think such men as important as any other class among us; and because it is time that this egregious practical absurdity, however limited, were utterly routed, and put to shame.

The two objections which I have thus reviewed, do not, then, present very formidable obstacles to the success of the brethren referred to in this and one or two of my preceding articles. They ever will be more and more appreciated

by the Church. True worth and true talent can never be long unappreciated anywhere; the circumstances of our own denomination, as already described, give them preëminent opportunities among us.

Let those, then, who struggle with want and wearisome tasks, to prepare themselves for these calls of usefulness, be of good courage; let them not be turned aside by any diversion from the world, or more lucrative, or more ease-giving positions. Let them consecrate themselves to whatever of self-denial and arduous duty Methodism may impose; it will place its hand of benediction yet on their heads; it will open to them effective careers, and bear them triumphantly along them. If faithful, devoted, and assiduous, they will be crowned with a present success which can be equaled nowhere else, and with the better "recompense of reward," which the great Master will one day award them.

I am, &c.,

A. STAVKES.

Editorial Notes and Gleanings.

A NEW PROJECT.—The Legislature of this state have granted an act of incorporation to a society of gentlemen who have for their object the erection of a building to be called the *United States Inebriate Asylum*, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, which may be increased to four times that amount if necessary. One-half of the net income is to be appropriated to the support of destitute drunkards, or "inebrates" as the society prefers to call them, and their families. The cardinal idea, namely, that drunkenness is a disease, was first made public by Dr. Reese, of this city, in a little volume, entitled, *A Plea for the Intemperate*, published some years ago. This association design to carry out that idea, and to endow, in the language of the directors, "an institution whose object will be to lift up the poor, fallen, destitute inebriate; to provide for him a retreat from the insidious spirit of temptation; to bring him under kind, skillful medical treatment; to throw around him the restraints of truth, and thus to free him from the servitude of appetite." Such an institution, if properly conducted, must be beneficial in its tendencies, and the project is at least worthy of a trial. We learn that already one-fourth of the amount deemed necessary to make a beginning has been subscribed.

THE EMPIRE STATE.—At a late meeting of the Geographical and Statistical Society the Hon. Horatio Seymour called attention, in an elaborate address, to the influence which the topography of the state of New-York exercises over the history and commerce of the country. In this connection he described the character of the influence of the Hudson, Lake Champlain, Lake George, and the Valley of the Mohawk. He showed that the waters which flow from the state of New-York, pass every commercial city of note in the Union except Boston. Twenty-one states, and three-quarters of the territory of the United States can be traversed

without leaving the valleys that originate in this state. Twenty thousand miles of natural navigation can be traversed through the waters which take their origin in New-York; and twenty-five thousand miles of overland traffic by means of railroads. He then proceeded to describe the advantages and the influence, in the course of war, which the valleys of the Mohawk and Upper Hudson exercised, both as regards the Indians, and subsequently when France and England transferred their seat of war to this country. He described the various armies sent here by England under Montcalm, Abercrombie, and Lord Amherst, to subjugate the colonies of France, and followed the war-path of the Indians through those three great valleys, which exercise such powerful influence over our country and fortune. It is a remarkable coincidence, that not only have these valleys been remarkably prominent in a historical point of view, as the scenes of martial exploits, but also that the first weapon captured in the war of the Revolution was taken by Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, and the first naval engagement was fought on Lake Champlain, under Arnold. All the wars of this country seem to have been carried on upon the principle, that the possession of these valleys would materially affect the whole country. At the present day, the provisions that sustain the armies of France and England in the East are borne over these valleys; the thousands of emigrants that weekly land upon our shores pass through them to reach their destination in the far West. He next showed how, from the earliest history of the state, the population has been cosmopolitan; how its geographical position invites the greatest commercial people in the world to take possession of New-York Bay. He spoke of the particular influence exercised by the Hollanders over the destinies of the state, having settled it at a time when their own country was the most conspicuous among the nations of the

old world, for literature, liberty, and warfare. There was, he said, no country in Europe, no matter how renowned its deeds or inhabitants, to which we could not say, "We can claim kindred with you: your sons are among us." The progress of the state from the period of the Revolution was next reviewed. It was the first state where the revising of statutory law was carried into salutary effect. It was the first state where the first steam-boat was launched. It was the first state where the first canal was constructed. It was the first state where the first railroad of the twenty thousand miles of iron tracks that now traverse the country was built.

INTEMPERANCE IN EATING.—The late Sidney Smith made, he says, a calculation, by which he found that between the age of ten and seventy he had eaten and drunk forty-four horse-wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved him in life and health! "The value of this mass of nourishment I considered," he says, "to be worth £7,000 sterling. It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved to death fully one hundred. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true." On this text Mr. Alcott, the well-known writer on dietetics, discourses as follows:—

"It is a generally conceded fact, among those who are best qualified to judge, that we of the United States, as a general rule, eat about twice as much as the best interests of our systems require. My own observations, which I think have not been behind those of other men, either as regards extent or accuracy, go not only to confirm this long-asserted fact, but somewhat further. I believe we eat, as a nation, *more* than twice as much as we ought; and hence, as there is a vast difference, and one large portion (the slaves) do not greatly exceed their real wants, it follows that some of us waste much more than one-half of what we really consume—perhaps more, nearly two-thirds. Further than even this I am compelled to go, and to say most unhesitatingly and unequivocally, that much less than half the money we actually expend for food, if expended as the best interests of health and economy clearly dictate, would, taking life together, greatly increase our present aggregate of mere gustatory or animal enjoyment."

As to the bulk of this enormous waste he makes the following calculation:—

"If the loaded wagons of food which the twenty-five millions of the United States would waste in sixty years, according to the above estimate, were placed along so many turnpikes around our globe, each horse and wagon occupying, for convenience sake, a distance of two rods, they would form two hundred and eighty rows or circles, encompassing our globe! Our readers may calculate for themselves, and see whether the deductions, if not the data, as far as they are ours, are not, and must not be 'irresistibly true.'"

STUDY THE ORIGINAL.—If your mission be to preach the Gospel, build your sermons upon the original. Instead of Benson or Burkitt, try Bengel. With his help endeavor to feel out the Greek. See if that compound verb does not give you a hint which is worth all the twaddle you get out of Scott and Henry; mark if that bold future does not awaken a thought that you will never find in Watson or Adam Clarke; if that inferential particle does not give you a clearer insight into the argument than the weak, diffuse "Practical Expositions" you so exult and indulge in. Preach only one sermon, after a plain, honest, hearty consideration of the text in the original, and

then tell us if you did not feel that it was more truly the voice of your own spirit, and that it spoke more effectually to spirit than the florid inanities that you have for years been laboring to assimilate and reproduce. *Sapere aude*; give to Greek grammar and common sense the hours you now waste in reading the washy sermons of the day, and see if you do not gradually gain a hold upon the attention of your congregation and engage their interests in a way that you before scarcely dared to hope for.

REPORTERS sometimes make sad work in "taking down" public speakers. On one occasion Daniel Webster, who was fond of quoting Latin, introduced into a speech this well-known line from Virgil:—

"*Adsum qui feci; in me, me convertite ferrum.*"

A reporter, supposing the latter part of the verse to be a translation of the former, and desiring to be exceedingly accurate, gave it to the public thus:—

"*Adsum qui feci; he or me (sic) must perish!*"

EXPENSES OF A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.—A religious paper of this city thus figures up the annual expenditure of one meeting-house with the affairs of which the editor professes to be acquainted. He says there are not more than ten churches in the city so expensive, although there are three which exceed this calculation:—

"The church, parsonage, library, &c., cost, in round numbers, \$300,000; the annual interest of which sum, at seven per cent., is \$14,000. The pastor's salary is \$4,000; that of his assistant is \$500. The presents annually given to the pastor, we believe, do not average less than \$500; presents to his assistant, say five dollars. The singing, with the salary of the organist, repairs of the organ, and wages of the blower, costs very nearly \$1,500. The cost of cleaning, including the salary of the sexton, will average about \$900 a year. The annual depreciation in value of building and its contents, by use and time, may be computed at \$1,000. The cost, therefore, of maintaining the church for one year is \$23,500, which is equal to \$432 78 per Sunday."

In moralizing upon the subject the editor says:—

"Forty smart mechanics, working steadily all the year, earn about as much as it costs to support this church. For \$22,500 a year two thousand children could be kept under instruction in good schools. It would maintain a college of five hundred students in the highest efficiency. It would support twenty-two country churches, or eight city churches, in a liberal manner."

WHO CAN STAND BEFORE HIS COLD? is the unanswerable question of the Psalmist. In its unmitigated severity all life ceases, but the extent to which cold may be endured is greater than many imagine. Dr. Kane and his party, in their late expedition to the Arctic Ocean, reached a higher latitude than had been attained by any previous navigator, and established the fact that the extreme cold of the latitude of eighty degrees is not the limit of human existence. During their exploration the thermometer was seventy and eighty degrees below zero for months together. So intense was this cold that the alcoholic thermometers failed to indicate accurately the temperature, and even chloroform and the essential oils, which resist low temperatures, became thick and turbid. It

was only by a careful observation and comparison of many instruments, that they were enabled to attain to any accuracy in regard to the extent of the cold. An opportunity has thus been given of testing the ability of the human body to resist a temperature of seventy degrees below zero, for several months together. The doctor and his party were enabled to do this by an immense consumption of animal food, the ordinary daily allowance to each man being six or eight ducks, or an equivalent in several pounds of the fat seal.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA CONTRASTED.—There are two sides to every question; and while one portion of our uncles on the other side of the water delight to ridicule everything cis-Atlantic, there are those, and the number seems to be increasing, who sail upon the other tack: thus, at a public meeting of the Marsden Mechanics' Institution, at Manchester, on the 14th of December, Mr. Bright, M. P., in the course of a speech, deprecating the war, said:—

"Many of you have relatives or friends in America. That young nation has a population about equal to ours in these islands. It has a great internal and external commerce. It has more tonnage in shipping than we have. It has more railroads than we have. It has more newspapers than we have. It has institutions more free than we have—that horrid slavery of the south excepted—and which is no fruit of its institutions, but an unhappy legacy of the past. It has also a great manufacturing interest in different branches. That is the young giant whose shadow ever grows, and there is the true rival of this country. How do we stand or start in the race? The United States government, including all the governments of all the sovereign states, raises in taxes probably from £12,000,000 to £15,000,000 sterling in the year. England this year will raise in taxes and loans, and will expend nearly £100,000,000. This population must raise and will spend, probably, £80,000,000 within this year more than that population will raise and spend, and in America there is far less poverty and pauperism than in England. Can we run this race on these terms and against these odds? Can we hope to be as well off as America if the products of our industry are thus swept away by the tax-gatherer, and in the vain scheme of saving Europe from imaginary dangers? Can poverty be lessened among us? Can education spread? Can the brutality of so many of our population be uprooted? Can all or anything that good men look for come to us, while the fruits of our industry, the foundation of all social and moral good, are squandered in this manner? Pursue the phantom of military glory for ten years, and expend in that time a sum equal to all the visible property of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and then compare yourself with the United States of America, and where will you be? Pauperism, crime, and political anarchy are the legacies we are preparing for our children, and there is no escape for us unless we change our course, and resolve to disconnect ourselves from the policy which tends incessantly to embroil us with the nations of the continent of Europe."

The slashing style of review writing is well illustrated by the London *Athenaeum*, in its notice of "Abbott's Napoleon;" although it is not always that the slashers get hold of so deserving a subject:—

"Never," we are told, "was an 'illustrated work' so replete with feeble and ludicrous caricature. Napoleon Bonaparte had some personal dignity; but in this coarse book he comes before us in coarse patches of black and white, like a fraudulent butler or a superannuated beadle. With the exception of two or three portraits and sketches, badly copied from well-known originals, there are few among the woodcuts that are not ridiculous. Those at the end, representing the tomb of Napoleon, have appeared in other works. We suspect, indeed, that the narrative has been written to accompany a mass of poor second-hand

impressions, from 'blocks' that have been transported from Paris to London, and, after illustrating different publications in each of those cities, have been shipped to America, where this 'History' was written and printed. Some have certainly undergone this process.

"The narrative itself is an amusing example of weakness and perversity. It resembles some of those florid little books full of Napoleonic fables, which are written by authority for the French peasantry to spell. How far it may be worth while to engage Mr. Abbott for such a purpose is questionable. He 'reveres and loves the first emperor,' 'because he abhorred war,' because 'he was regardless of luxury,' 'had a high sense of honor,' 'revered religion,' 'respected the rights of conscience,' and 'nobly advocated equality of privileges and the universal brotherhood of man.'

"Of course, it must be possible for writers such as Mr. Abbott to defend every action, however vile. Otherwise, some historical characters, now concealed under a motley of eulogium, would have had no advocates to apologize for blots and stains. Thus, Mr. Abbott, with a pleasant scorn of logic, dwells on the execrable details of the Egyptian massacre, and justifies the indiscriminate carnage perpetrated under the direct orders of Napoleon. 'Bombshells cannot be thrown affectionately, charges of cavalry cannot be made in a meek and lowly spirit, red-hot shot will not turn from the cradle of the infant or the couch of the dying maiden.' The murder of 'about a thousand or twelve hundred manacled Turkish prisoners' is next excused on the same plea: 'Bombshells are thrown into cities to explode in the chambers of maidens and in the cradles of infants, and the incidental destruction of innocence and helplessness is disregarded.' But what analogy on earth exists between 'incidental destruction' in a town under the fire of batteries, and the slaughter of a helpless multitude 'firmly fettered,' divided into small squares, and mown down by successive discharges of musketry? After this, we are not astonished to be told that Napoleon's desire to poison seven of his sick warriors, to rid of them, arose from 'mistaken views of Christian duty.'

"In the same spirit, the emperor's treatment of Josephine is not only palliated, but extolled, as well as the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. The little episode of Cantillon, with its *dénouement* in our own time, is conveniently forgotten.

"As the substance, so is the style. Whirlwinds, thunderbolts, torrents, tides, and hurricanes, rush from page to page, scattering the English language in unimaginable confusion, round and through the wild mazes of the author's invention. It is scarcely to be supposed that in America, where the common school should teach the difference between good and bad writing, productions of this character can attain to popularity."

SAMUEL ROGERS, the well-known poet, has at length been gathered to his fathers. He died on the 18th of December, having reached the ripe age of ninety-six. His first volume of poems was published in 1787, in the days of the great grandfathers of the present generation. He not only outlived two or three generations of men, but two, or three literary styles. His own verse has the merit of being chaste and correct, but cold,—the beauty of frost-work. Possessed of an ample fortune, he was noted for his friendship and kindness toward literary men. It is to be regretted, however, that there was one unpleasant trait in his character so prominent that it cannot be passed over in a notice of his life. "He was," says the London *News*, "plainly speaking, at once a flatterer and a cynic. It was impossible for those who knew him best to say, at any moment, whether he was in earnest or covert jest. Whether he ever was in earnest, there is no sort of evidence but his acts, and the consequence was, that his flattery went for nothing, except with novices, while his causticity bit as deep as he intended." But at the same time, and while this vile habit was growing on him with his years, he con-

tinued his acts of private benevolence and courtesy; and at his literary breakfasts, which are sure of a record in any historical sketch of the literature of the past generation, Americans who had any claim upon his notice were always honored guests. When the men whom he satirized have followed him, his sneers will be forgotten, and his memory will live as that of one who united literary ability, taste in art, and true benevolence, with wealth and social position, in that rare degree which made him the *Mæcenas* of half a century.

CLASS-MEETINGS, so long a distinctive feature of Methodism—and alas! that it should be so, but little prized and slimly attended in many places, are earnestly recommended in the *Episcopal Recorder* as well adapted to the exigencies of the Protestant Episcopal Church at the present day. It urges their institution, the appointment of leaders by the minister, and stated meetings for Christian conference and prayer, arguing that such meetings have been greatly blessed in times past, not only among the Methodists, but Episcopalians. Instances of the happy results of such meetings are mentioned, which more than justify the expectation of great good from them, and press it as a demand of the Great Head of the Church, that they be not neglected.

LAST HOURS OF THE CÆsar NICHOLAS.—Everybody in Paris, says the *Courier des Etats Unis*, was recently reading with avidity a pamphlet entitled, "The Last Hours of the Emperor Nicholas I." The original, written anonymously in Russia, has been attributed to Count Blodoff, and is said to have been composed at the express desire of the empress mother. A translation of it has been recently made at Vienna, and splendidly printed there. It contains three extremely interesting lithographs, very delicately executed, representing, 1st, the working cabinet of the winter palace, where the emperor died; 2d, the death-bed of the emperor; 3d, the exposition of the body in a saloon of the palace. Nothing can be more unexpected and curious than to see the extreme simplicity of this cabinet, where the emperor of all the Russias worked and reposed. It is a long vaulted room, with a large bow window, hung with a light drapery, the lower half covered with green silk curtains like those in a painted studio. A table and chair of ordinary appearance are before it—the table covered with books and papers; here and there a sofa of the straight form, which was fashionable at the beginning of the century; a large chair hardly more comfortable, some wooden back ones of a smaller size, and a few modest stands, are placed about the room. On the walls are pictures, portraits, prints, tokens of affection, souvenirs. The principal article of furniture, if it may be called so, is a camp-bed, which seems formed of eight bars of simple wood, supporting a box, on which is laid a single mattress. The most common hospital bed seems more comfortable—a real soldier's bed, a dying man's trundle. The emperor died there wrapped in a military cloak, as if a bullet had suddenly struck him at the head of his army. This remarkable simplicity corresponds little with the desire for pomp and

power which prevails at the north; but at this solemn conjuncture, does not simplicity seem real grandeur? that is, the little that is given to man here below. The emperor-pope dying on a little wooden bed, in the immense winter palace of his enormous capital, and coolly employing the telegraph to write to the second city of his empire, "The emperor bids farewell to Moscow"—this warlike czar giving, himself, his directions for his modest funeral obsequies, dictating the political documents, in which he speaks of himself as already dead—this powerful despot not once saying, "I will," in his solemn testament, but only, "I desire," "I beg"—all this impresses the mind, as the view of this dwelling strikes the eye, giving to the narrative something unexpected and striking; in the midst of which we forget the fever of international events, to see only the father of his family departing from them, and a soul leaving the world.

GIVE THE CHILDREN ROOM.—We cull from one of our exchanges the following pretty flower:—

"Ay, give the children room, whether it be of board or bed, or steamboat, or rail-car, or omnibus! Give the children space and time, and some little human consideration in whatever they do or desire. Push not these embryo men and women to the wall, nor crowd them into the corner, for they are humanity's beauty and perfume. Glum old bachelor, growling at twinges of gout, bald-pated, or be-wigged, fancy not you have but to nod, and all the children must stand up or squeeze away to give you room, and silence their musical chatter to give your crabbed soul quiet. What are you—or you, old maiden, with pickled aspect, in the jubilant scale of a healthy universe, compared with these children? There is hope of these, but none of you. Children are too much beaten and hustled about—put off and run over, as if of no account; yet they are the expanding seed of the generation of men and women soon to be. They have souls delicate and sensitive as the pulse of love. Think not they are heedless of injustice or slight. The wrong done them pains, or burns, or rankles deep. The wrong repeated, accumulated, may warp and shade a whole dawning life. Room for the children! We were all children once, and of such is the kingdom of heaven. What were the world without children, and what are children without their fair share of room and consideration in the world? Children! they are the blossoms of life; crush them not, touch them not roughly. We make plea for the children, for they are much abused, much underjudged. They are not counted, and set, and respected for the priceless jewels they are. Bah! what a dismal den this earth would be with only selfish, sensuous, proud, vain, jostling business men, and fawning, flaunting, gadding, gossiping women to people it—with no children to daisy, and sunshine, and perfume, and melodize it. But for the children, the sun would put on his night-cap and lie abed till doomsday."

THE TOMB OF RUBENS.—It is, it seems, the fashion at Antwerp to have the tomb of Rubens periodically opened. The last opening took place a short time back, in presence of a "select party." The interior of the tomb is said to have presented a frightful spectacle: nothing was seen but fragments of coffins and mouldering bones. Thirteen persons besides Rubens were buried in the same vault, and the exact spot in which he was deposited is not precisely known; but four coffins are slightly elevated on iron rails, and it is supposed that three of them were occupied by the great painter and his two wives; the fourth, from containing the remains of ecclesiastical robes, were evidently those of a priest.

THE POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.—An English periodical thus playfully describes the poets of the age:—

"Comus, or some waggish power, must have been tampering with Hippocrene, for it has turned our poets tipsy. In all our visits to Helicon we have never witnessed antics so strange among its sober *habitués*; and although the extraordinary excitement at first led us to hope that the tuneful choir was about to favor us with an unwonted outburst this year, we were not prepared for the scene that awaited us. The first whom we recognized was Sydney Yendya, who came up wringing his hands and tearing his hair, and who, mistaking us for a constable, begged that we would be good enough to take him into custody, as he had just murdered his wife and child, and was tempted to do something still more terrible. Turning for explanation to his friend, Alexander Smith, he told us that it was all quite true, and that he, and Yendya, and Tennyson had enlisted, and had been singing soldier-balloads all night in "The Apollo's Arms," over the way. "There he goes!" exclaimed our informant, pointing to a figure in a red coat waltzing down the mountain with a rather excited lady whom we mistook for Terpsichore, but whom he introduced to his comrades as Miss Maud. The military mood and the loud hurrahs of the martial bands rather tried our Quaker nerves, and made us glad to see at a little distance our gentle friend, Philip Bailey, pacing along in his own sequestered path; but, although he was able to keep his feet, his speech was thick, and we could hardly make out a sentence he uttered. He began:—

"Initiate, mystic, perfected, adept,
Illuminate, adept, transcendent;"

and addressing us as the

"soul-compulsory power,
The god of psychopompous function,"

he showed us a dainty and delicate-looking volume, which, he said, he was taking from Parnassus to Ploeadilly. We glanced over a few pages, but, although acquainted with Cudworth's "Intellectual System," and not altogether ignorant of German terminology, we soon found ourselves dead-beaten with the adjectives and metaphysics of "The Mystic."

A FASHIONABLE DINNER.—From Albert Smith's "Keepsake" we extract a paragraph on a fashionable dinner, in a fashionable mansion, in Bedford Square, London:—

"The ordinary books on the drawing-room table were always removed on Sundays, and replaced by religious ones, which, like their predecessors, were never opened. People called after luncheon, and then the *Observer* was put behind the sofa cushions. As the meekest boy, I was struck with the twaddle the visitors talked. They told one another things that had been in the papers days before, and were especially particular in inquiring after persons I knew they did not care twopence about. And when at last they said, 'Well, w' must go now,' I wondered how it was that the necessity of departure had not struck them all before. Some friends did not come in, but merely left cards; they were sensible people, and had considerably the best of it. The position of their cards in the large China dish depended, in a great measure, upon who they were. There was a fat, wheezing man, who had been knighted in the city some time, with a full-blown lady, and who gave heavy dinners, and was very rich, and could procure anything for money, except his H's. He was a great card, actually and metaphorically, and was always at the top of the dish. I dined once at his house: it was a solemn and dismal banquet. At one time, for three minutes at least, not a word was said—not even a platitude was launched. The servants stalked round the table, and gravely croaked 'Hook or Sherry' in your ear; and there really was nothing left, after you had crumbled all your bread away in desperation, but to drink; and so I took to it for the remainder of the feast. Once I tried to make some little diversion to the dreariness by offering to bet that there was always more false hair at the opera on the nights of 'Don Giovanni' than at any other representation of the season, (which there always is, and I can't tell why,) but the attempt was a failure. When we went up stairs, a lady, who could not sing, tooted out something, half inaudibly, at a piano that must have cost two hundred guineas at least. Then came a dead

pause, and the mistress of the house said, 'O, thank you—it is so very kind of you;' and somebody near the instrument, obliged to say something, asked whose song it was; and, on being told, was no wiser. Then came another pause, and then, as I felt strangely inclined, from simple oppression, to stamp and yell, and smash the costly tea-service that the servant was bringing round, by kicking the tray up into the air as a relief to my bottled-up feelings, I hurried out of the room, and hurried to find myself once more upon the free, common pavement."

CURIUS TITLES OF BOOKS.—Under this heading we gave, in our last number, a list of curious titles of books which were published in former times. Since then we have come across the following quaint title:—"The Christian Sodality; or, Catholic Hive of Bees, sucking the Honey of the Churches' Prayers from the Blossoms of the Word of God, blowne out of the Epistles and Gospels of the Divine Service throughout the Years. Collected by the Puny Bee of all the Hive, not worthy to be named otherwise than by these Elements of his Name, F. P. Printed in the Years of our Lord MDCLL."

A HIGHWAYMAN.—Not many years ago an Irishman, whose finances did not keep pace with the demands made on his pocket, and whose scorn of honest labor was eminently unfavorable to their being legitimately filled, borrowed an old pistol one day, when poverty had driven him to extremity, and took the highway convenient, where he was likely to find a heavy purse. A jolly old farmer came jogging along, and Pat put him down instantly as a party who possessed those requisites he so much stood in need of himself. Presenting his pistol, he demanded him "to stand and deliver." The poor fellow forked over fifty dollars, but finding Pat somewhat of a greenhorn, begged a five to take him home, a distance of half a mile. The request was complied with, accompanied by the most patronizing air. Old Acres and Roods was a knowing one. Eyeing the pistol, he asked Pat if he would sell it.

"Is it to sell the pistol? Sowl, and it's that same thing I'll be afther doing! What will ye be afther giving for it?"

"I'll give you a five dollar bill for it."

"Done! and done's enough between two gentlemen. Down with the dust, and here's the tool for you."

The bargain was made by immediate transfer. The moment the farmer got the weapon he ordered Pat to shell out, and threatened to blow his brains out if he refused.

Pat looked at him with a comical leer, and buttoning his breeches pockets, sung out—

"Blow away, ould boy! dence take the bit o' powder's in it."

It is stated that the old man told the last part of the story but once, and that was by the purest accident.

A wag thus concentrates his description of a visit to the White Mountains:—

"Nine weary uphill miles we sped

The setting sun to see;

Sulky and grim went we to bed,

Sulky and grim went he.

Seven sleepless hours we tosed, and them

The rising sun to see,

Sulky and grim we rose again,

Sulky and grim rose he."

GENERAL BEQUEST.—Mrs. E. Garrett, of Chicago, recently deceased, gave property, at present valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to found a Biblical Institute at Evanston, near that city.

SCHOOLS.—The number of school districts in this state is stated by the governor, in his annual message, to be 11,748, and the number of children of suitable age to draw public money is 1,233,987. The amount apportioned by the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the current year is \$1,110,000. The number of school-houses is 11,028.

HATS AND WIGS.—It is said that when Fox, the Quaker, had an interview with Charles II., the king, observing that his "friend" kept on his beaver, immediately took off his own. "Put on thy hat, friend Charles," said the plain gentleman. "Not so, friend George," replied the king: "it is usual for only one man to be covered here." It was a neat retort, and may serve as a pendant to the remark of the peasant-boy whom Henry IV. had taken up behind him, pretending that he would take the lad where he might see the monarch. "How shall I know the king when he is among so many nobles?" said the rustic, as he rode behind the sovereign, of whose identity he was ignorant. "You will

know him," said Henry, "by his being the only person who will keep his hat on." At length the two arrived where the king's officers awaited him, and they all uncovered as he trotted up to them. "Now, good lad," said he, "which is the king?" "Well," exclaimed the boy, "it must be either you or I; for we have both got our hats on!"

The funny mistake of the Austrian officials in transforming the name on Mr. Richmond's passport into "James Cook, born in Richmond," is surpassed by a more recent occurrence. A gentleman just arrived from abroad says he once found two Austrian customs officers endeavoring to make out his name from his traveling trunk. One called while the other wrote. They had got "Mr. Varranti Solezer." The trunk was marked "Warranted sole leather."

HORN TOOK ridiculed the practice of sea-bathing, and said, if any of the seal species were sick, it would be as wise for a fish-physician to order them to go on shore. Forson declared that sea-bathing was only reckoned healthy because many persons have been known to survive it; but Sheridan's objection to salt water was the most quaint: "Pickles," said he, "don't agree with me."

Book Notices.

Systematic Benevolence. The three essays, to the writers of which were awarded the premiums offered by the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have been published, in a neat volume of nearly five hundred pages. They are also bound separately, and are sold at a price barely covering the cost of paper and printing. The first, from the pen of the editor of this Magazine, who "declines to receive the prize for his own use," is entitled, *The Great Reform*. The second essay was written by the Rev. Lorenzo White, and is entitled, *The Great Question; or, How shall I meet the Claims of God upon my Property?* And the third, *Property Consecrated; or, Honoring God with our Substance*, by the Rev. Benjamin St. James Fry. Each essay is preceded by brief but pertinent remarks from the pen of the Corresponding Secretary, who supervised the publication. The thanks of the religious world are due not only to the successful authors, but to the society by whose liberal offer they were induced to direct their thoughts to this subject, and to the gentlemen who performed the delicate task of adjudicating among so many competitors. As to the essays themselves, they need not our commendation. Meeting as they do an acknowledged want of the Church, they will be widely circulated, and, with God's blessing, produce abundant fruit.

Addresses delivered in New-York, by Rev. William Arthur, A.M., with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, edited by W. P. Strickland, D. D. A neat little volume, from the press of Carlton & Phillips, which will be welcome to the many

friends of Mr. Arthur as a memorial of his visit to this country. It contains, in addition to a brief sketch of his life, a full report of his sermon at the church in Mulberry-street, from the text, "He saved others, himself he cannot save;" an address in behalf of Ireland; and his lecture at the Tabernacle on *Systematic Benevolence*; or, as he prefers to call it, and in this we agree with him, *The Duty of giving away a Stated Proportion of our Income*. This essay, with those named above, and the volume previously issued by the same publishers, entitled *Gold and the Gospel*, have pretty well exhausted the subject, and leave no plausible pretext for any reader to neglect the claims of the needy and the destitute in our own or in foreign lands.

The *Westminster Review* for July, 1855, contained an article on what is called in England Teetotalism—a word of John Bull's recent coinage, and which has not yet, among us Yankees, superseded the more expressive phrase, Total Abstinence. The article referred to is admitted on all hands to be ingenious, and presents forcibly what may be deemed the very strongest arguments in favor of the moderate use of alcoholic liquors. The article is republished in a neat pamphlet, by Fowler & Wells, with a review of its facts, arguments, and logic, by R. T. Trall, M. D., who maintains, in opposition to the reviewer, that alcohol is essentially a poison in all quantities, and under all circumstances; that it is never a food, and has no nutritive properties whatever; and that all use of it as a

beverage, or even as a medicine, is a violation of physiological laws. To those among our readers who have any doubts upon the subject, we commend a perusal of this pamphlet, as giving the strength of the argument on both sides.

Glances and Glimpses; or, Fifty Years Social, including Twenty Years Professional Life. By Harriot K. Hunt, M. D. (Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.) Miss Hunt gives us a melody of her own life, and that of her relatives—father, mother, sister, nephews, and nieces—interspersed with severe charges and bitter accusations against the tyranny of woman's natural enemy—man. Harriot (so she prefers to spell her Christian name) was for many years a Universalist; then, and now so far as we can discover, a Swedenborgian, with a little tendency to the system of the Shakers. She taught school for several years, and, seeing no prospect of a matrimonial alliance, commenced the practice of medicine in the city of Boston, where she earned a very decent living. After eighteen years of practice, the Female Medical College of Philadelphia sent her an honorary diploma, and she now affixes the cabalistic M. D. to her name, of which she appears to be as vain as any biped of the other gender. Bating occasional solecisms, and a few grammatical inaccuracies, her book is really creditable to her scholarship. On her great theme, "The Woman Movement" she calls it, we must let her speak for herself. And first, with regard to the laws of the land, how adroitly she brings the golden rule to bear upon those who assume to be the sole legislators for both sexes:—

"The withholding from her (woman) liberal culture, equal remuneration, and a personal agency in making the laws she is bound to obey, and compelling her to support the government which enacts them, is a great injustice. Man assumes to himself the offices of king and lawgiver, judge and priest, over woman, and as a legitimate consequence, purity has been sexualized—one kind for man and another for woman. . . .

"Read the laws made for us, and realize that we are drugged and prayed for, indicted and plead for, judged and condemned, taxed and ruled by whom, and just as man sees fit. Is there no oppression here? Would he be willing that the women of this country (supposing they had the power) should do all this for him, without allowing him to say whether he preferred being an automaton or a man?"

Of course we cannot answer that question for man in the abstract, yet we may say that several of our male friends, who are under the most absolute petticoat government, seem to be perfectly contented. But Harriot is not satisfied with claiming for her sex a participation in the enactment of laws, and the right to feel pulses and prescribe drugs. The pulpit has been man-opolized too long. Hence she asks:—

"Is it possible that a collective Church on earth can perform its mission, while sexuality marks it—while every woman is excluded from its pulpit, and the yearning of her spirit to nourish souls with the milk of the word—to feed them with the bread of life, and the strong meat of doctrine—is restrained, and her right to cheer the drooping with fresh draughts from the wells of salvation; to revive the timid and despairing ones with wine settled upon the lees of reflection, and well-refined under deep and better experiences, is denied? Look at the Church as she is—has she fulfilled her high and holy mission? No! the inspiration, the purpose, the growth, the power, depend on life from the Lord—on a union of the two

elements, male and female, in spiritual ministrations—or monstrosities and abortions must be the result—*have been*. Sex is unalterably stamped upon our nature, interwoven in our being. External acts cannot alter it—man will be man—woman will be woman. Who would have it otherwise? But, I would ask, does not the peculiarity of the female element, in adapting woman to receive, nourish, and bring forth in an external form, beautifully symbolize her reception of divine truths, and the need there is of her *bringing forth* those truths in the Christian ministry, when the fullness of time shall come?"

There, again, Harriot is too deep for us. We may not answer that last pun about bringing forth. After all, with so much to find fault with, it is pleasant to know that this strong-minded female looks forward hopefully to the future. There have been glimpses of glorious sunshine even in her life. One was the ordination of one of her own sex, after a sermon by one of the other—the Rev. Luther Lee. She describes it in jubilant terms, and with this extract we must close:—

"Went thence to South Butler to attend the ordination of Antoinette L. Brown. The storm raged, but even an equinoctial tempest could not detain me from being present on an occasion so momental to the cause of woman; there was something grand and elevating in the idea of a female presiding over a congregation, and breaking to them the bread of life; it was a new position for woman, and gave promise of her exaltation to that moral and intellectual rank which she was designed to fill. I felt a strong desire to attend on this occasion; the subject of woman in the ministry had occupied much thought, and the more I pondered it, the more convinced I was that her love, nature, and the strength of the religious element in her, fitted her peculiarly to bind up the broken heart, to sympathize with the penitent, to strengthen the weak, to raise the fallen, and to infuse hope and trust in the divine. 'Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee.' Does not the maternity of woman give her a nearer resemblance to God? Was not the strongest love of which humanity is susceptible, used as an illustration by Jehovah in this touching appeal to sinners? Having reflected so much on this point, I could not but rejoice in this consummation of my hopes. The union of the clerical and medical life had long been a *beau ideal* with me, and this installation of one of my sex as pastor over a church, seemed one step toward its realization: my heart sent up its thanksgiving, for the prospective minister was all we could ask to fill the sacred office."

The second volume of Irving's *Life of Washington* embraces some of the most brilliant scenes in the eventful career of the father of his country. Commencing with his assumption of the command of the army in 1775, the biographer details the successive events down to the brilliant close of the campaign in 1777. Familiar to us all as are the main incidents in the Revolutionary struggle, they derive fresh interest from the clear and graphic style of the writer. We make room for a single short extract—the victory at Princeton:—

"Mawhood pursued the broken and retreating troops to the brow of the rising ground, on which Clark's house was situated, when he beheld a large force emerging from a wood and advancing to the rescue. It was a body of Pennsylvania militia, which Washington, on hearing the firing, had detached to the support of Mercer. Mawhood instantly ceased pursuit, drew up his artillery, and by a heavy discharge brought the militia to a stand.

"At this moment Washington himself arrived at the scene of action, having galloped from the by-road in advance of his troops. From a rising ground he beheld Mercer's troops retreating in confusion, and the detachment of militia checked by Mawhood's artillery. Everything was at peril. Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed past the hesitating militia, waving his

bat and cheering them on. His commanding figure and white horse made him a conspicuous object for the enemy's marksmen, but he heeded it not. Galloping forward under the fire of Mawhood's battery, he called upon Mercer's broken brigade. The Pennsylvanians rallied at the sound of his voice, and caught fire from his example. At the same time the 7th Virginia regiment emerged from the wood, and moved forward with loud cheers, while a fire of grapeshot was opened by Captain Moulder, of the American artillery, from the brow of a ridge to the south.

"Colonel Mawhood, who a moment before had thought his triumph secure, found himself assailed on every side, and separated from the other British regiments. He fought, however, with great bravery, and for a short time the action was desperate. Washington was in the midst of it, equally endangered by the random fire of his own men, and the artillery and musketry of the enemy. His aid-de-camp, Colonel Fitzgerald, a young and ardent Irishman, losing sight of him in the heat of the fight, when enveloped in dust and smoke, dropped the bridle on the neck of his horse, and drew his hat over his eyes, giving him up for lost. When he saw him, however, emerge from the cloud, waving his hat, and beheld the enemy giving way, he spurred up to his side. 'Thank God,' cried he, 'your Excellency is safe!' 'Away, my dear colonel, and bring up the troops,' was the reply; 'the day is our own!' It was one of those occasions in which the latent fire of Washington's character blazed forth."

The Baptist Publication Society, from their office in Philadelphia, are issuing books of religious tendency in great variety. The last with which we have been favored is *Carrie Hamilton; or, The Beauty of True Religion*, by Mrs. C. W. Dennison; a novel, in the strictest sense, made up of love adventures and improbabilities, but all designed to illustrate the spirit of Christianity, and, as was perfectly right, to advocate that form of it for which the society was instituted.

Five hundred Mistakes corrected, is the title of a neat little volume, from the press of *Daniel Burgess & Co.* The mistakes are, many of them, of daily occurrence in pronouncing and writing the English language; and the work is, in the main, well executed. On a few points, we differ from the author:—

No. 809—"Let me help you to some *catsup*; avoid saying *ketchup*."

The latter is the general pronunciation, and is sanctioned by Walker, Jameson, Knowles, and Webster, (8vo., 1847.) Contrary to our author's direction the word *subaltern* is, by correct speakers, accented on the second, and not, as he would have it, on the first syllable. In No. 360 he is rather hypercritical:—

"The Danube *empties* into the Black Sea: say, *flows*; to empty means to make vacant."

Yes, and as an intransitive verb it also means to pour itself out.

No. 237—"He raised the *national* standard: pronounce the first two syllables like the word *nation*, never as if written *nash-ional*."

The NATIONAL has no objection, but Walker, Perry, Jameson, Smart, and Worcester insist on *Nash-ional*. Webster and Knowles give both. There are many other common errors which are not noticed. Among them the words *inquiry* and *opponent*, with the accent on the first instead of the second syllable, are frequently heard in deliberative assemblies. "I wish, Mr. Chairman, to make an ink-wiry of my opponent." Then, too, we sometimes hear *decis-ive*, when the speaker means *decisive*, and *i-olated* instead of *isolated*; and *rad-iant* instead of

ra-diant. There seems also to be a determination on the part of many preachers to *soften* the words *sac-rament*, *sac-rifice* and *sac-rificial*, into *sake-rament* and *sake-rafess*, and *sake-rificial*! Of course it was impossible to include all errors in the limited number of *five hundred*, pointed out in this volume, which we commend to the notice of all our readers, and especially of those who speak in public, or who write for the press.

The Bible History of Prayer, with Practical Reflections, by Charles A. Goodrich. In this instructive volume the author takes up the prayers and ejaculations found in the Bible, beginning with the book of Genesis, explains the circumstances under which they were uttered, comments upon their language, and intersperses brief narratives and pious reflections. The style of the author is simple and appropriate, and his book may be safely commended as well calculated to induce a love for man's highest privilege—that of communion with his Father in heaven. (*John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.*)

The Communion Sabbath, by Nehemiah Adams, D. D., is a series of essays setting forth the love of Christ, his sufferings, and his atoning sacrifice, in a style at once simple and lucid. The duty and the privilege of obeying the Saviour's last command are forcibly urged, and the more common excuses for disobedience are briefly but sufficiently exposed. The volume, in its mechanical execution, is faultless; the paper, type, binding, all admirable. It is from the press of *John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.*

Of *Rollo in Scotland* it is enough to say that it is fully equal to the other volumes of the Series. *Mr. Abbott* stands at the head of that most honored and influential class of writers whose labors are devoted to the young. We always read his volumes ourselves, wondering not less at the rapidity with which he sends them forth, than at the skill with which he weaves simple and every-day occurrences into narratives so full of interest. (*Boston: W. J. Reynolds & Co.*)

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. (Vols. III. and IV.) To suit the tastes and the pockets of all classes of readers, the Messrs. *Harper* have issued three different editions of these long-expected volumes. They are devoted entirely to the reign of William and Mary, embracing less than nine years. At this rate, when will the author reach "a period within the memory of men still living," as he tells us, in his first volume, is his intention? Unless he has already much material prepared, or pursues his work with far greater rapidity than heretofore, it is evident that his great task will be left unfinished. It will, nevertheless, whether completed according to the author's original design or not, always retain a high rank in English classical literature. These volumes are marked by the same beauty of style, and the same diffuseness, felicity of diction, digressions, and poetic embellishments which characterized the former. His account of the massacre of Glencoe, which we copy, is full of interest, and the bloody tale was never told so well:—

"On the first of February, a hundred and twenty soldiers of Argyle's regiment, commanded by a captain named Campbell and a lieutenant named Lindsay, marched to Glencoe. Captain Campbell was commonly called in Scotland Glenlyon, from the pass in which his property lay. He had every qualification for the service on which he was employed, an unblinking forehead, a smooth, lying tongue, and a heart of adamant. He was also one of the few Campbells who were likely to be trusted and welcomed by the Macdonalds, for his niece was married to Alexander, the second son of Mac Ian.

"The sight of the red coats approaching caused some anxiety among the population of the valley. John, the eldest son of the chief, came, accompanied by twenty clansmen, to meet the strangers, and asked what this visit meant. Lieutenant Lindsay answered that the soldiers came as friends, and wanted nothing but quarters. They were kindly received, and were lodged under the thatched roofs of the little community. Glenlyon and several of his men were taken into the house of a taxman, who was named, from the cluster of cabins over which he exercised authority, Inverriggen. Lindsay was accommodated nearer to the abode of the old chief. Auchintriater, one of the principal men of the clan, who governed the small hamlet of Auchnalon, found room there for a party commanded by a sergeant named Barbour. Provisions were liberally supplied. There was no want of beef, which had probably fattened in distant pastures; nor was any payment demanded: for in hospitality, as in thievery, the Gaelic marauders rivalled the Bedouins. During twelve days the soldiers lived familiarly with the people of the glen. Old Mac Ian, who had before felt many misgivings as to the relation in which he stood to the government, seems to have been pleased with the visit. The officers passed much of their time with him and his family. The long evenings were cheerfully spent by the peat fire, with the help of some packs of cards which had found their way to that remote corner of the world, and of some French brandy, which was probably part of James's farewell gift to his Highland supporters. Glenlyon appeared to be warmly attached to his niece and her husband Alexander. Every day he came to their house to take his morning draught. Meanwhile, he observed with minute attention all the avenues by which, when the signal for the slaughter should be given, the Macdonalds might attempt to escape to the hills, and he reported the result of his observations to Hamilton.

"Hamilton fixed five o'clock in the morning of the thirteenth of February for the deed. He hoped that before that time he should reach Glencoe with four hundred men, and should have stopped all the earths in which the old fox and his two cubs—so Mac Ian and his sons were nicknamed by the murderers—could take refuge. But, at five precisely, whether Hamilton had arrived or not, Glenlyon was to fall on and to slay every Macdonald under seventy.

"The night was rough. Hamilton and his troops made slow progress, and were long after their time. While they were contending with the wind and snow, Glenlyon was supping and playing at cards with those whom he meant to butcher before daybreak. He and Lieutenant Lindsay had engaged themselves to dine with the old chief on the morrow.

"Late in the evening a vague suspicion that some evil was intended crossed the mind of the chief's eldest son. The soldiers were evidently in a restless state, and some of them uttered strange cries. Two men, it is said, were overheard whispering, 'I do not like this job,' one of them muttered; 'I should be glad to fight the Macdonalds. But to kill men in their beds—' 'We must do as we are bid,' answered another voice. 'If there is anything wrong, our officers must answer for it.' John Macdonald was so uneasy that soon after midnight he went to Glenlyon's quarters. Glenlyon and his men were all up, and seemed to be getting their arms ready for action. John, much alarmed, asked what these preparations meant. Glenlyon was profuse of friendly assurances. 'Some of Glenegarry's people have been harrying the country. We are getting ready to march against them. You are quite safe. Do you think that if you were in any danger I should not have given a hint to your brother Sandy and his wife?' John's suspicions were quieted. He returned to his house and lay down to rest.

"It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles off, and the avenues which they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise, and he began to execute them at the little village where he was himself quartered. His host, Inverriggen, and nine other Macdonalds were dragged out of their beds,

bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy twelve years old clung round the captain's legs, and begged hard for life. He would do anything; he would go anywhere; he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting; but a ruffian named Drummond shot the child dead.

"At Auchnalon the taxman Auchintriater was up early in the morning, and was sitting with eight of his family round the fire, when a volley of musketry laid him and seven of his companions dead or dying on the floor. His brother, who alone had escaped unhurt, called to Sergeant Barbour, who commanded the slayers, and asked as a favor to be allowed to die in the open air. 'Well,' said the sergeant, 'I will do you that favor for the sake of your meat which I have eaten.' The mountaineer, bold, athletic, and favored by the darkness, came forth, rushed on the soldiers who were about to level their pieces at him, flung his plaid over their faces, and was gone in a moment.

"Meanwhile, Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old chief, and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. Mac Ian, while putting on his clothes and calling to his servants to bring some refreshments for his visitors, was shot through the head. Two of his attendants were slain with him. His wife was already up and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets. The rings were not easily taken from her fingers, but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died on the following day.

"The statesman, to whom chiefly this great crime is to be ascribed, had planned it with consummate ability; but the execution was complete in nothing but in guilt and infamy. A succession of blunders saved three-fourths of the Glencoe men from the fate of their chief. All the moral qualities which fit men to bear a part in a massacre Hamilton and Glenlyon possessed in perfection. But neither seems to have had much professional skill. Hamilton had arranged his plan without making allowance for bad weather, and this in a country and at a season when the weather was very likely to be bad. The consequence was, that the fox earths, as he called them, were not stopped in time. Glenlyon and his men committed the error of dispatching their hosts with fire-arms instead of using the cold steel. The peal and flash of gun after gun gave notice, from three different parts of the valley at once, that murder was doing. From fifty cottages the half-naked peasantry fled under cover of the night to the recesses of their pathless glen. Even the sons of Mac Ian, who had been especially marked out for destruction, contrived to escape. They were roused from sleep by faithful servants. John, who by the death of his father had become the patriarch of the tribe, quitted his dwelling just as twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets marched up to it. It was broad day long before Hamilton arrived. He found the work not even half performed. About thirty corpses lay wallowing in blood on the dunghills before the doors. One or two women were seen among the number, and, a yet more fearful and piteous sight, a little hand, which had been lopped in the tumult of the butchery from some infant. One aged Macdonald was found alive. He was probably too infirm to fly, and as he was above seventy, was not included in the orders under which Glenlyon had acted. Hamilton murdered the old man in cold blood. The deserted hamlets were then set on fire, and the troops departed, driving away with them many sheep and goats, nine hundred kine, and two hundred of the small shaggy ponies of the Highlands.

"It is said, and may but too easily be believed, that the sufferings of the fugitives were terrible. How many old men, how many women with babes in their arms, sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow; how many having crawled, spent with toil and hunger, into nooks among the precipices, died in those dark holes, and were picked to the bone by the mountain ravens, can never be known. But it is probable that those who perished by cold, weariness, and want were not less numerous than those who were slain by the assassins. When the troops had retired the Macdonalds crept out of the caverns of Glencoe, ventured back to the spot where the huts had formerly stood, collected the scorched corpses from among the smoking ruins, and performed some rude rites of sepulture. The tradition runs that the hereditary bard of the tribe took his seat on a rock which overhung the place of slaughter, and poured forth a long lament over his murdered brethren and his desolate home. Eighty years later that sad dirge was still repeated by the population of the valley.

"The survivors might well apprehend that they had

escaped the shot and the sword only to perish by famine. The whole domain was a waste. Houscs, barns, furniture, implements of husbandry, herds, flocks, horses, were gone. Many months must elapse before the clan would be able to raise on its own ground the means of supporting even the most miserable existence."

The last days of the infamous Judge Jeffreys are thus delineated:—

"Among the many offenders whose names were mentioned in the course of these inquiries, was one who stood alone and unapproached in guilt and infamy, and whom whigs and Tories were equally willing to leave to the extreme rigor of the law. On that terrible day which was succeeded by the Irish Night, the roar of a great city disappointed of its revenge had followed Jeffreys to the drawbridge of the Tower. His imprisonment was not strictly legal; but he at first accepted with thanks and blessings the protection which those dark walls, made famous by so many crimes and sorrows, afforded him against the fury of the multitude. Soon, however, he became sensible that his life was still in imminent peril.

"For a time he flattered himself with the hope that a writ of *habeas corpus* would liberate him from his confinement, and that he should be able to steal away to some foreign country, and to hide himself with part of his ill-gotten wealth from the detestation of mankind; but, till the government, was settled there was no court competent to grant a writ of *habeas corpus*; and, as soon as the government had been settled, the *Habeas Corpus* act was suspended. Whether the legal guilt of murder could be brought home to Jeffreys may be doubted. But he was morally guilty of so many murders, that if there had been no other way of reaching his life, a retrospective Act of Attainder would have been clamorously demanded by the whole nation. A disposition to triumph over the fallen has never been one of the besetting sins of Englishmen; but the hatred of which Jeffreys was the object was without a parallel in our history, and partook but too largely of the savageness of his own nature.

"The people, where he was concerned, were as cruel as himself, and exulted in his misery as he had been accustomed to exult in the misery of convicts listening to the sentence of death, and of families clad in mourning. The rabble congregated before his deserted mansion in Duke-street, and read on the door, with shouts of laughter, the bills which announced the sale of his property. Even delicate women, who had tears for highwaymen and housebreakers, breathed nothing but vengeance against him. The lampons on him which were hawked about the town were distinguished by an atrocity rare even in those days. Hanging would be too mild a death for him; a grave under the gibbet too respectable a resting-place; he ought to be whipped to death at the cart's tail; he ought to be tortured like an Indian; he ought to be devoured alive.

"The street poets portioned out all his joints with cannibal ferocity, and computed how many pounds of steaks might be cut from his well-fattened carcass. Nay, the rage of his enemies was such that, in language seldom heard in England, they proclaimed their wish that he might go to the place of walling and gnashing of teeth, to the worm that never dies, to the fire that is never quenched. They exhorted him to hang himself in his garters, and to cut his throat with his razor. They put up horrible prayers that he might not be able to repent, that he might die the same hard-hearted, wicked Jeffreys that he had lived. His spirit, as mean in adversity as insolent and inhuman in prosperity, sank down under the load of public abhorrence. His constitution, originally bad, and much impaired by intemperance, was completely broken by distress and anxiety.

"He was tormented by a cruel internal disease, which the most skillful surgeons of that age were seldom able to relieve. One solace was left to him—brandy. Even when he had causes to try and councils to attend, he had seldom gone to bed sober. Now, when he had nothing to occupy his mind save terrible recollections and terrible forebodings, he abandoned himself without reserve to his favorite vice. Many believed him to be bent on shortening his life by excess. He thought it better, they said, to go off in a drunken fit than to be hacked by Ketch, or torn limb from limb by the populace.

"Once he was roused from a state of abject despondency by an agreeable sensation, speedily followed by a mortifying disappointment. A parcel had been left

for him at the Tower. It appeared to be a barrel of Colchester oysters, his favorite dainties. He was greatly moved: for there are moments when those who least deserve affection are pleased to think that they inspire it. 'Thank God,' he exclaimed, 'I have still some friends left!' He opened the barrel; and from among a heap of shells out tumbled a stout halter.

"It does not appear that one of the flatterers or buffoons whom he had enriched out of the plunder of his victims came to comfort him in the day of trouble. But he was not left in utter solitude. John Tutchin, whom he had sentenced to be flogged every fortnight for seven years, made his way into the Tower, and presented himself before the fallen oppressor. Poor Jeffreys, humbled to the dust, behaved with abject civility, and called for wine. 'I am glad, sir,' he said, 'to see you.' 'And I am glad,' answered the recent whig, 'to see your lordship in this place.' 'I served my master,' said Jeffreys: 'I was bound in conscience to do so.' 'Where was your conscience,' said Tutchin, 'when you passed that sentence on me at Dorchester?' 'It was set down in my instructions,' answered Jeffreys, fawningly, 'that I was to show no mercy to men like you, men of parts and courage. When I went back to court I was reprimanded for my lenity.'

"Even Tutchin, acrimonious as was his nature, and great as were his wrongs, seems to have been a little mollified by the pitiable spectacle which he had at first contemplated with vindictive pleasure. He always denied the truth of the report that he was the person who sent the Colchester barrel to the Tower.

"A more benevolent man, John Sharp, the excellent Dean of Norwich, forced himself to visit the prisoner. It was a painful task, but Sharp had been treated by Jeffreys, in old times, as kindly as it was in the nature of Jeffreys to treat anybody, and had once or twice been able, by patiently waiting until the storm of curses and invectives had spent itself, and by dexterously seizing the moment of good humor, to obtain for unhappy families some mitigation of their sufferings. The prisoner was surprised and pleased. 'What!' he said, 'dare you own me now?'

"It was in vain, however, that the amiable divine tried to give a salutary pain to that seared conscience. Jeffreys, instead of acknowledging his guilt, exclaimed vehemently against the injustice of mankind. 'People call me a murderer for doing what at the time was applauded by some who are now high in public favor. They call me a drunkard because I take punch to relieve me in my agony.' He would not admit that, as President of the High Commission, he had done anything that deserved reproach. His colleagues, he said, were the real criminals; and now they threw all the blame on him. He spoke with peculiar asperity of Sprat, who had undoubtedly been the most humane and moderate member of the Board.

"It soon became clear that the wicked judge was fast sinking under the weight of bodily and mental suffering. Doctor John Scott, prebendary of Saint Paul's, a clergyman of great sanctity, and author of the *Christian Life*, a treatise once widely renowned, was summoned, probably on the recommendation of his intimate friend, Sharp, to the bedside of the dying man. It was in vain, however, that Scott spoke, as Sharp had already spoken, of the hideous butcheries of Dorchester and Taunton. To the last, Jeffreys continued to repeat that those who thought him cruel did not know what his orders were; that he deserved praise instead of blame; and that his clemency had drawn on him the extreme displeasure of his master.

"Disease, assisted by strong drink and misery, did its work fast. The patient's stomach rejected all nourishment. He dwindled in a few weeks from a portly and even corpulent man to a skeleton. On the 18th of April he died, in the forty-first year of his age. He had been Chief Justice of the King's Bench at thirty-five, and Lord Chancellor at thirty-seven. In the whole history of the English bar there is no other instance of so rapid an elevation, or of so terrible a fall. The emaciated corpse was laid, with all privacy, next to the corpse of Monmouth in the chapel of the Tower."

The Holly-Tree Inn, in Seven Chapters, is the title of Dickens's last series of Christmas stories, one of which we have copied in our present number. The tales are healthful in their tendency, and are related in the author's captivating style. *T. B. Peterson*, of Philadelphia, has issued them in a cheap pamphlet, which is

sent free of postage on receipt of one single shilling of our New-York currency. Mr. Peterson also publishes the various works of this greatest of modern fiction-writers at exceedingly low prices. So we are informed; but not having seen them, we cannot speak from our own knowledge.

We have received the first and second numbers of a new publication entitled *The American Journal of Education and College Review*, under the editorial supervision of the Rev. Absalom Peters, D. D., and Henry Barnard, LL. D. Judging from the specimens before us, and the well-known ability of the editors, we doubt not that it will be a publication of merit, and specially deserving the attention of literary men. There are, indeed, already quite a number of periodi-

cals devoted to educational purposes, but this is intended to take a higher range, and the editors will aim, in the language of their introduction, to construct a work, whose reasonings, on themes of the highest interest to the human race, will take deep hold upon the thoughts of men; not alone of teachers by profession, but of parents, and citizens, and legislators, and of all true men and women, and which shall thus at once guide the public mind to the adoption of the wisest measures, and urge it to higher resolves and more strenuous endeavors, until ample provision shall be made, in all our states, for the right education of the young, of both sexes, and of all conditions and callings. The *Journal* is published monthly at three dollars a year by *N. A. Calkins*, New-York.

Literary Record.

The Rev. Dr. Osborn, of the New-York Conference, has in press a volume on the Prophecies of the book of Daniel, in which some new and striking views are presented and elaborated with great critical acumen. Having been favored with the perusal of a portion of the manuscript, we do not hesitate to say that Biblical students will find it a volume worthy of their attention.

The Central Idea of Christianity is the title of a work now in press, from the pen of the *Rev. J. T. Peck*, the laborious and indefatigable secretary of the Methodist Tract Society. It has been a long time in preparation, and when we add that it is the result of his most careful study and pains-taking revision, we excite expectations which, we have no doubt, will be fully met.

The imperial government of France undertook, a short time since, to put *M. Dumas* under process, because he thought fit to state, in a letter to a friend, the curious physiological fact, that his body was in Paris, and his heart in Jersey and Brussels. But the power that reigns in France is not content with a "divided" duty; and the body without a heart has lately been in trouble. Napoleon, however, stepped in, and prevented further proceedings. So the author of "Monte Christo" is not to be a martyr; consequently he will remain in Paris but a short time, in order to bring out two dramas, and superintend the publication of a new edition of all his works in three hundred volumes; after which he intends to travel for several years, visiting China before he returns to *La Belle France*. To bring out two new plays, and to edit three hundred volumes, ought to occupy him at least a month.

The *Smithsonian Institute* has succeeded in obtaining for its library, a rare and valuable book, printed in Low Dutch, and published in Regensburg in 1772. It contains specimens of paper from almost every species of fibrous material, and even animal substances, and has accounts of the experiments made in their manufacture.

The following materials were employed, and specimens are given in the book:—Wasps' nests, saw-dust, shavings, moss, sea-weed, hop and grape vines, hemp, mulberries, aloe leaves, nettles, seeds, ground moss, straw, cabbage-stems, asbestos, wool, grass, thistle stems, seed wool of thistles, turf or peat, silk plant, fir wood, Indian corn, pine-apples, potatoes, shingles, beans, poplar-wood, beech-wood, willow, sugar-cane, &c.

The *Paris Moniteur* reports that the Town Library of Lyons has made the acquisition of the finest monument of French typography during the nineteenth century; namely, the only complete copy on vellum of the "Collection des Meilleurs Ouvrages de la Langue Française," printed by Pierre Didot the elder. Of the seventy-five volumes of this collection, two copies were printed on the finest vellum, (*press de vélin*.) at an expense, to the printer, of eighty thousand francs. One of these copies was kept for the establishment of M. M. Didot, the other was sold to the Emperor Alexander the First, and is now to be found (though in an incomplete state, several volumes being lost) in the library of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. During the lifetime of the late Pierre Didot, large sums were offered to him by foreign princes for the only complete copy remaining in his possession, but he firmly refused all offers, willing that this copy should remain in France.

M. Flourens, member of the Académie Française, and one of the Permanent Secretaries of the Académie des Sciences, has begun a new edition of the works of Buffon—the best and most complete, it is asserted, which has hitherto appeared. It is preceded by a memoir of Buffon and his writings.

Mr. James Hardiman, a well-known Celtic scholar, formerly Commissioner of Records in Dublin Castle, and afterward Librarian to the Queen's Colleges, died lately at the age of seventy-three. His "History of Galway," and "Bardic Remains of Ireland," have given him a distinguished name among the authors of Ireland.

Francis Lieber has just closed a connection, of twenty years' standing, with the College of South Carolina, by resigning his Professorship of Political Economy. Dr. Lieber's reputation is world-wide, as one of the most distinguished men of the age in that department. He was one of the Prussian soldiers at Waterloo; afterward the friend and correspondent of Niebuhr, the historian; and the associate of Byron, in the Greek struggle for independence. In his riper years, he has conferred honor and substantial benefit on the country of his adoption, by originating and editing the *Encyclopædia Americana*, and by writing a profound work on *Political Ethics*, which is, probably, unsurpassed in ability by any similar work.

English newspapers record the death, at Lincoln, of *Robert Bunyan*, the last male descendant in a direct line from John Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

The *Journal du Loiret*, in speaking of the Memoirs left by Count Molé, gives some amusing gossip about cotemporary memoir-writers—an order of literary men in which France is peculiarly rich. The journal referred to says:—

"It is positively affirmed that a friend of the family of Count Molé proceeded immediately after the count's death to Italy, to confer, on the subject of their publication, with the Duke de Nemours and the Prince de Joinville, who were then at Nervi, with their angust mother. The Memoirs of Count Molé naturally call to mind those of Prince de Talleyrand, which were not to be opened for twenty years after his death, and which many persons affirm to be nothing but a posthumous mystification, that is to say, to consist of enormous books of clean paper, carefully sealed up, as was formerly the case with the musical roll of paper of Rossini, dispatched to M. de Rothechild as a new opera. But what is really more *bonâ fide*, is the

very considerable and very assiduous labor of Duke Pasquier, who for some years has been busied with his Memoirs, going back to the last years of the French Revolution. The duke has now arrived at his twenty-first volume of manuscript in folio, and has only reached the year 1834. This work is said to be full of anecdote, marked by great variety, and exceedingly independent, both as respects men and facts. The old duke works away with such ardor and solicitude that there is every reason to hope that in his *entreeuil* of the Rue Royale he will himself write the last word. The duke has taken every precaution to avoid the fate which awaited St. Simon, as he has three copies executed. One remains with himself; another is deposited with a notary; and the third is regularly sent away to a foreign country."

There are in the United States, 750 *paper-mills* in actual operation, having 2,000 engines, and producing in the year 270,000,000 pounds of paper, which is worth, at ten cents a pound, \$27,000,000. To produce this quantity of paper, 405,000,000 pounds of rags are required, 1 1-4 pounds of rags being necessary to make one pound of paper. The cost of manufacturing, aside from labor and rags, is \$4,050,000.

The Canadian government has made a very large appropriation for the purpose of replacing the books in the Library of Parliament, destroyed by the great fire at Quebec, a year or two since. During the past fall very large purchases have been made on account of it both in London and Paris.

The oldest work in the Russian language was published in 863, and was a translation from the Greek of the *Four Gospels*.

The manuscripts of the author of "Paul and Virginia," forming twelve or fifteen folio volumes, have been deposited in the public library of the municipality at Havre, the birthplace of the celebrated author.

Arts and Sciences.

Mr. John Gilbert has been employed by Routledge & Co., of London, on the pictorial adornment of "The Poetical Works of Longfellow," and very fancifully, it is stated, he is achieving his task. In announcing this fact, the *London Athenæum* says:—

"Mr. Gilbert works in the true spirit of a poet; he is not content to render literally the mere text of his author. He dares to interpret for himself, to run along the lines of a suggestion, to fill up the faint outlines of a thought, and to animate abstract ideas with luxurious life. His glades, his moonlit scenes, his mountains, his barren heaths, his moorlands with the storm just rising, his tranquil views and castles of indolence, are capital—full of depth and shadow, real and yet poetical, like true landscapes, and yet not unlike the landscape of poetic reverie. Mr. Longfellow ought to feel proud of this proof of his popularity in England."

The restoration of the famous cathedral (the "Kaiserdom") of Speyer, once the burial-place of the German emperors, is quickly advancing. The imperial hall of the cathedral ("*die Kaiserhalle*") is to be rebuilt in its original proportions, of one hundred feet in length, and thirty-one feet in depth. In it the portrait-statues of the eight emperors, buried in the cathedral, (their graves, by the way, were opened by the French in 1688 and their ashes

given to the winds,) will find their places, while the statues of the patrons of the Church are to stand in the niches of the central portal. The great central window will be adorned by a colossal head of Christ with the crown of thorns. The paintings of the four side-windows are to represent the four apocalyptic figures. The two western steeples have risen already to a height of one hundred and forty feet. The nave has reached its original height, and will soon be roofed over.

The discovery of a new "variable star" has been made by M. Luther, of the Observatory of Bilk, near Düsseldorf, in Prussia, and he has given it the name of T. Piscium. The degree of variability is from the ninth to the eleventh magnitude.

Some of the artistic trophies captured at Sebastopol have arrived at the Louvre at Paris: the most important of them are two sphinxes of white marble.

Mr. Durand, of New-York, has completed a landscape for the Brooklyn Institute, which is called "The First Harvest in the Wilderness." The scene represented is a wild country in the

midst of forests and mountains, with a clearing, where, in the middle distance, a settler's log-house stands by the side of a primitive road. The foreground is made up of a stream, with stony banks, bordered with isolated and half-felled trees, stumps, and logs, and upon it a rude bridge, over which the road passes by the side of a forest into the picture. Beyond are mountains confining the horizon. By the side of the road, and opposite the house, is a field of grain, with the settler engaged in reaping his crop, and upon this field alone, being the main light of the picture, the sunlight streams down from a heavily-clouded sky. The light, so confined to the grain-field, typifies encouragement to agricultural labor, as well as hope for the pioneer.

The marble statue of *Giovanni delle Bande-nera*, (of the family of de Medici), the last in the cycle of statues of renowned Tuscans which adorn the niches of the loggia of the Palazzo degli Uffizii at Florence, is nearly finished by Signor Guerazzi, the Livorno sculptor. It shows the famous *condottiere* in full armour, but bare-headed: in the right hand his sword, the blade of which is resting in his uplifted left. The raised chest, the backward-thrown head, the compressed muscles of the cheeks, the perpendicular wrinkles of the frowning forehead, and the short, shaggy hair, represent the hardy adventurer in a way corresponding with his character.

A grand memorial of *Napoleon*, to be erected by Duprez, is to be placed in the market-place of Ajaccio, where the dark-haired, eager boy may have stood when he is said to have shed tears at seeing a balloon go out of sight—a bladder invested with a divine power unknown to man, and yet a feeble thing of man's creation.

Mr. C. F. Brown, of Warren, R. I., has invented an improved steering apparatus, which has such complete power on a rudder, that it can be easily managed by a child. He is also the author of an invention whereby a sailing vessel may be made to move by steam-propelling power, and *vice versa*, thus saving a great amount of coal in a long voyage.

Francis Rude, the French sculptor, died lately at the age of seventy-one. His statue of the Neapolitan fisherman first made him famous, having for it received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from Louis Philippe. He was the principal artist employed by M. Thiers in decorating the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile. The grand jury of the Paris Exhibition had shortly before his death awarded to him a grand médaille d'honneur.

At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, *M. Coste*, the French ichthyologist, communicated a curious and important fact, namely, that in the cisterns for the artificial production of fish which he has established in the College de France, a female trout produced by the artificial process, and aged two years and a half, deposited a few days ago one thousand and sixty-five eggs, and that they were fecundated with perfect success, and with comparative little loss, by the milt of a male trout, aged nineteen months, also produced artificial-

ly. This is the first instance on record of artificially-produced trout having reproduced, and having done so, not in a river or stream, such as this fish loves, but in a mere cistern in which the water is only renewed. Apart from its scientific curiosity, the thing is of general interest, as it shows that the breeding of fish, even at a distance from rivers, will be as easy as the breeding of poultry; and it will naturally give a new and very extensive development to the artificial production of fish, which is being carried on on a large scale in all parts of Europe.

The Belgian papers report that *M. Jehosse*, the sculptor of Liège, has discovered, in a cupboard of the Vatican Library, a fresco of the head and bust of Charlemagne. This fresco, it is asserted, dates from the last years of the eighth century—the time when Charlemagne re-installed Pope Leo the Third. The Belgian ambassador at Rome has been permitted to have a copy taken of it. *M. Jehosse*, from this copy, is to execute a statue of Charlemagne for the town of Liège.

A mechanic in Worcester, Mass., has invented a new *car-spring*, which promises to supersede those now in use. It is simple in construction, is made entirely of iron and steel, and can be manufactured at less than half the price of rubber springs.

The Italian sculptor, *Chelli*, has just finished the model of the Prophet Ezekiel—one of those destined to be placed at the foot of the column which the pope is having erected at Rome to commemorate the proclamation of the dogma of the immaculate conception.

Seventeen tons of *Ancient Sculptures* from Nineveh lately arrived in Boston, *via* London, in which latter city they were purchased by Mr. Henry Stevens, the American antiquarian, for his own account. Of these sculptures there exist several duplicates in the British Museum, which is given as a reason for their not being purchased by that institution. The sculptures, (in relief,) representing trees, human figures, &c., are said to be excellently preserved, some of them being superior to the corresponding ones in the Museum.

Mr. B. F. French, of Clarendon, Vt., has invented a new pump. Instead of the metallic discs, india-rubber balls are used on the chain to prevent the return of the water. A screw passes through each of these balls in such a manner, that by turning it the ball is flattened, and consequently enlarged, so that in this way they may be kept continually fitted to the tube as it wears away. In practice it is found that the balls may be used on a lighter fit than the usual discs, and consequently water can be raised with an increased rapidity.

Glass.—All our largest size heavy plate glass has until recently been imported from Europe; but the secret and the ability to manufacture it is now thoroughly in the American mechanics. It is well known that we have materials far superior to those used in France and Germany for the manufacture of this article, and there are now two or three very heavy establishments in operation, where an exceedingly beautiful article is manufactured.

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HAGA PARK.

SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.—N^o III.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

A SUNDAY in Stockholm would in many respects shock the sensibilities of the greater portion of the Christian population of the United States; but we must not, however, judge too severely the Swedes on this account. We are at home quite disposed to believe that what we term desecration of the day belongs exclusively to Catholic countries, or, at all events, that the Protestant countries of Europe present a striking contrast with the Catholic. But, so far as my own observation extends, the Sunday of England and the United States is a day quite unique and equally unknown to other countries. It is certain that the observance of the day in

Lutheran countries does not differ materially from what one will observe in those called Catholic. The traveler does not find a larger proportion of church-going people; in fact, I am inclined to think that the proportion is smaller among the Lutheran. The places of business are not more generally closed, and, again, the afternoon and evening present about the same range of amusements. I was particularly struck with the foregoing facts during a residence of some months in Germany, having divided my time between the Lutheran and Catholic portions of it. An intelligent English writer long resident in Scandinavia has remarked that the Lutheran Church of the present time needs reformation as much as did the Church of Rome in the time of Luther.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Carlton & Phillips, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

The Germans do not acknowledge any command in the New Testament to render obligatory our own strict observance of the day. The same is the case in Norway and Sweden. They say of us, that while *under grace* we are determined to adhere to *the law*. With this view of the case, it is very natural that Sunday should become a day of relaxation; meantime the business of every-day life is carried on during certain hours of the day as usual, but discontinued during the hours of divine service, and again the evening becomes a time of general festivity. It is on Sunday evenings that the theaters, operas, and concerts present their best bills, and in summer every place of resort in the neighborhood of the different cities and towns is filled with a pleasure-seeking people.

It was twelve o'clock of a fine Sunday morning when I left my room and bent my steps toward Haga Park, a royal residence, situated about two English miles from the city. The shops were at this hour mostly closed, although a little earlier they were generally open. The streets were quite full of people, apparently seeking, in the numerous and attractive environs, their accustomed pleasures upon this universal holiday. Arrived at Haga, the groups were numerous, as it seemed, of all classes of people, who had come hither to enjoy its sylvan shades. A warm sun shone upon us—the first for several days—a light rain the night previous had settled the dust and given new freshness to the verdure; all nature seemed rejoicing in the genial warmth. The cuckoo and many others of the winged warblers had come forth to add their notes to the universal hymn of praise, which seemed to ascend from all nature. Truly the beneficent Creator seemed to be lavishly displaying his smiles to the children of this northern clime, and no latitude could have afforded more to delight the eye.

The rapid growth of the North secures great perfection in its verdure as well as flowers. No people more adore flowers than the Scandinavians. O! how happy seemed many of the groups whom I met that day, with their hands full of roses and lilacs; there was a certain something in their self-satisfied and rejoicing countenances which seemed to say, looking down upon their treasures, "We, too, have flowers." Several days of cold which

had preceded this appeared altogether to add to the enjoyment and appreciation of the occasion. It seems very sad in these northern regions, where the warmth of the summer can at best be expected but for a brief period, at the season of the year when all are looking for its smiles, that they should find themselves shivering with almost winter's cold. The sudden change to which I have alluded, and the brightness and uncommon beauty of the day, seemed to have brought all Stockholm forth to rejoice amid scenes of nature.

Haga Park is one of the numerous spots in the environs of the city which abound in a beautiful diversity of hill, dale, wood, and water, with here a rocky cliff and there a winding path, where nature seems only sufficiently subdued by art to add to her charms.

The villa in the park is occasionally resorted to by the royal family, who are at present staying here. This place was originally built by Gustavus III., and is really upon a very small scale for a royal residence, and scarcely as large altogether as many of our country houses at home along the borders of the North and East Rivers. Upon the right of the villa, in the illustration, is a picturesque suspension bridge of wire supported by two bronze figures. A short distance from the present residence are the foundations of a palace commenced by the same monarch upon a magnificent scale; but the sudden and melancholy decease of the king put an end to the completion of the structure.

Leaving the park, a shaded walk, occupying a few minutes, brought me to the cemetery, which may be considered the *Père la Chaise* of Stockholm. Here are some pretty monuments, with numerous beds of flowers, which may everywhere be seen in Scandinavia about the last resting places of the dead. Nothing struck me as very remarkable except some of the monuments formed of the native Swedish porphyry; these were very beautiful, and some of them exhibited exceedingly good taste in their models. There is a great variety of tint in this beautiful stone, and it is susceptible of a very fine polish.

A short distance from the cemetery is the Park and Chateau of Carlberg, a favorite residence of Charles XII. This place is now occupied as a military school, but the park is constantly thrown open to

the people, and embraces many charming points of view, although somewhat stiff in its general effect. There is here an attempt at the stately grandeur of the Versailles school of landscape gardening, but without the fountains, statues, and vases, which give such a classical effect to the grounds of Versailles. From Carlberg I wandered over to the Church of Solna, one of the most ancient buildings in Sweden. Its tower dates back to the days of paganism, and was originally a temple of pagan worship and sacrifice. The other portions of the building are more modern, but are said to belong to the early Christian period.

The curious in architecture, particularly those who believe that the structure which has excited so much speculation, known as the "Old Mill," at Newport, Rhode Island, is a genuine Norse edifice, will do well to examine the round tower, which is the ancient portion of Solna Church, and was undoubtedly erected for the purposes of a pagan temple. Its diameter does not differ materially from that of the ruin at Newport, and I am disposed to believe that the walls have formerly been perforated by arches of a similar character. At Gamle Upsala are the remains of the celebrated Temple of Odin. This edifice was originally of about the same dimensions, and was a simple square tower, with eight arched entrances of a similar character to those of the "Old Mill." Upon the borders of the Danube, in Hungary, I also discovered a very ancient stone church of circular form, and not unlike in appearance the tower of Solna Church. The German *savans*, always erudite, are strong in the belief that the ruin at Newport was a church or temple erected by the Norsemen. Among other great names concurring in this opinion, I would mention Professor Ritter, of Berlin.

The whole effect of Solna Church is exceedingly picturesque. It is inclosed by massive walls of stone, and embowered in trees, which extend their branches over the numerous graves which surround the edifice. The interior of the structure is no less striking than its exterior. All is simple and in keeping. It is ornamented by a few paintings, among them that subject so often repeated in the churches and galleries of Italy, a martyrdom of St. Sebastian. The numerous heraldic designs which are suspended at intervals along the church would seem to

indicate that here are moldering back to dust men of noble birth. How vain and unmeaning seems the pride of heraldry over remains that the worm is gnawing upon. For a considerable time I lingered in this ancient temple. Here where sacrifices were once offered to Odin and Thor, and doubtless human victims, to appease the wrath of these bloodthirsty deities—now the blood of the Lamb of God is offered unto all men as the propitiation for their sins. I have rarely visited a spot which left a deeper impression upon my mind.

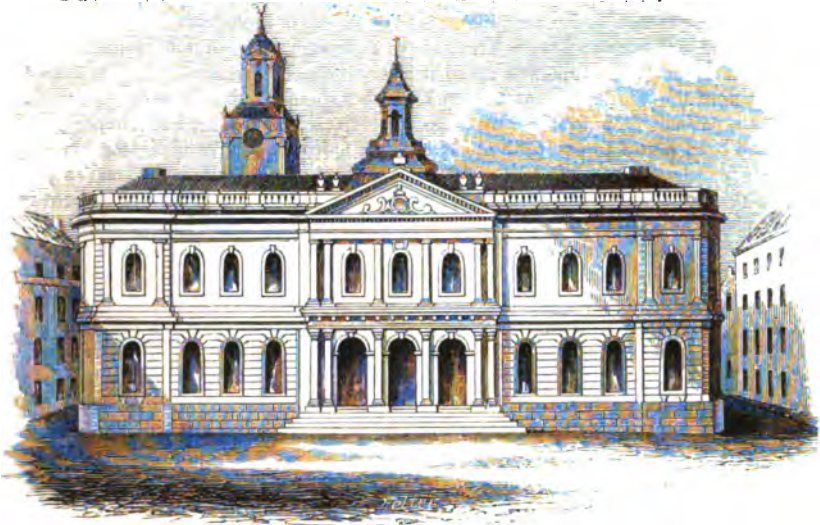
It was after six o'clock when I turned my steps toward the city, and yet the sun was high in the heavens. A walk of perhaps a mile brought me to one of the numerous Tivoli gardens of the suburbs. The sound of a fine orchestra, playing various light airs, arrested my attention; many carriages were standing about the gateway, and a numerous throng was crowding to the place of attraction. I entered with the multitude, and found a beautiful garden tastefully laid out, with a variety of walks, now winding through the trees, and then opening into flower gardens, with seats and tables scattered here and there. In the center of the grounds stood an immense dancing saloon inclosed with glass; in other portions were small houses for the sale of coffee and other refreshments. At the extreme end of the grounds from the gate at which I entered was a scene of great animation: here were revolving swings, circular railways, and swinging boats, rigged with sails and flags. Near this point was a large music-stand, from which the orchestra were pouring forth some fine overtures, interspersed with waltzes, gallopedes, &c. The concourse of all ages, and apparently of all classes of people, was numerous. The circular railway was in motion with a crowd of merry faces, fathers and mothers with their children, all seemingly enjoying to the fullest possible extent the sport. The swinging boats were not wanting in happy faces. But what more particularly attracted my attention was the revolving swing. Every variety of age was here represented, from the joyous face of the happy child, to others who, if not in the sere and yellow leaf, were, at all events, but a short distance removed from it. One face struck me more forcibly than perhaps any other as



SOLNA CHURCH.

the turn in the wheel occasionally brought him in view, now at the top, then rapidly dropping to the bottom like the chances and turns of fortune. Monsieur was at least (and I speak with due consideration upon this important matter) on the shady side of fifty. I had met him often, and remarked his singularly joyous expression of countenance. His laughing gray eyes looked out from under heavy gray eyebrows, and a ferocious gray beard literally covered a face which exhibited strong evidences of a fondness for good cheer. He was one of those characters which one occasionally falls in with in life, whose equilibrium seemed never disturbed, except by scarcity in the larder, and even then, if the wine held out, he could still be jolly. Here, then, was my stout friend culling the flowers apparently from everything that came in his way, with the same merry face which I had seen him wear wherever I had chanced to meet him. But soon there was a balloon to be sent up with a paper man attached to it; the children were in ecstasies, and with a zest equal to that of the little ones, Monsieur rushed with the crowd to see the ascension. Soon after a crowd in another quarter attracted me, and here again Mon-

sieur was one of the first on the ground. The drawing of a lottery was about to take place with, I believe, only one prize to the whole number of tickets. Monsieur was not the winning party, but he still laughed and relighted his cigar, which he put in its accustomed place in a small meerschaum tube. The band soon after played the last overture, or rather a final gallopade, and the crowd were dispersed for a little time, some promenading about the grounds, others taking refreshments. Monsieur had his refreshments, *of course*, and was soon on the *qui vive* for something new. The dance was about to commence. "*Il faut voir tout*," says he, with a shrug of the shoulder, and his never-failing chuckling laugh, as he recognized in me a *compagnon de voyage*. Said I, "Monsieur, you are a most happy man." "*Ah, oui; la vie est courte*," replied he, and again that peculiar laugh. At this moment the music in the grand saloon commenced. Monsieur had laid aside his meerschaum for this new pleasure, and was soon threading the mazes of the giddy dance with a fair one whose acquaintance he had just chanced to make. Bowing to me as I left the ball-room, he again repeated what seemed to be his fa-



THE BOURSE.

vorite motto in life, "*la vie est courte*," and on he whirled in the waltz.

It was ten o'clock when I left the garden, but still crowds were flocking in to join in the dance. There are no less than three other places of this description about Stockholm, where entertainments of a similar character are given on Sunday; besides, all the numerous parks in the vicinity of the city are resorted to by crowds of people. The theaters also attract great numbers on Sunday evening; in addition to these, there are during the summer months theatrical representations given in the different parks. Such is a Sunday in Stockholm.

THE BOURSE.

THE Bourse (Exchange) of Stockholm, of which I present a view, is more interesting from its situation than for anything remarkable in itself; although it may be considered one of the finest buildings of the capital. It is a comparatively modern structure, and was completed in 1776, but it occupies the ground of the old *Hotel de Ville*, from the windows of which Christian II. looked down upon one of the most sanguinary and revolting scenes of modern history. Its façade is upon a small square called *Stortorget*, the scene of the frightful massacre of 1520. Four stones, marked

with numbers, are said formerly to have indicated the precise spot of the massacre, which have since been removed, and have given place to a fountain. There is not, perhaps, in all Europe a square, the memory of which is fraught with a more disgusting scene of bloodshed. It was in the year 1520, that Christian II., surnamed the "Ungentle," but more generally "the Tyrant," collected by invitation to his palace, the greater portion of the heads of the noble families, as well as many of the most prominent of the clergy of Sweden. After having treated his visitors with the most marked attentions, lavishing the strongest expressions of regard upon some, and kisses upon others, suddenly the guests discovered that they were prisoners, the gates of the palace having been barred. The morning following, at an early hour, a proclamation was issued to the effect that the inhabitants of Stockholm should not leave their houses before a certain signal was given. At twelve o'clock they were summoned to this square to witness the revolting sight which was to follow. The people stood aghast as they saw one after another of the noblest and best of the land, led here to perish under the ax of the executioner; nobles, bishops, and priests alike, until the work of death was finished. Some

of the bystanders who were moved by this revolting scene of carnage, particularly such as exhibited their sympathy in tears, were dragged to the spot by the brutal officials of the tyrant, and were alike beheaded. Handicraftsmen were dragged from their labor to the slaughter; and it was not until the third day that the work of death paused. Meantime proclamations had been issued to assure the people that the carnage was now ended. This served to entice new victims from their hiding-places, only to perish through the murderous orders of the king. For three days the bodies of the victims were left unburied upon this square, and were then taken out of the city and burned; meanwhile the houses of the deceased nobles were plundered, and their wives and daughters violated. The whole number of persons who perished during this short period was six hundred. Few countries can present so dark a page of history as this.

The history of Sweden in modern times is, if I may be permitted the comparison, of the Rembrandt school of light and shade. If the picture which comes down to us from the past, oppresses us with its weight of shadow, yet the light is no less striking in effect. We shudder when we bring to mind a scene like that of which I have endeavored to give a faint outline. But when we remember that it was this very scene which roused the energies and developed the powers of the great Liberator of Sweden, and behold in him that glorious light of Swedish history which shines so preëminently, not only in the great founder of the Wasa dynasty, but in his descendant, Gustavus Adolphus; it is then that we are enabled to appreciate the truth of the above comparison.

THE SWEDISH WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

PERHAPS the title which I have given this article may be out of place, as the Riddarholm's Kyrkan differs in some respects from the character of Westminster Abbey. But it struck me that the title would convey a more clear impression of the character of the place which I was about to describe, than the literal and hard-sounding name of Riddarholm's Kyrkan. Here is no "poet's corner." It is, indeed, almost, strictly speaking, appropriated to the use of the royal family as a place of sepulture. No order of genius

seems to have found its resting-place here with the exception of the military. A few officers, who distinguished themselves in the army of Gustavus Adolphus, and some few nobles of high grade, are interred here.

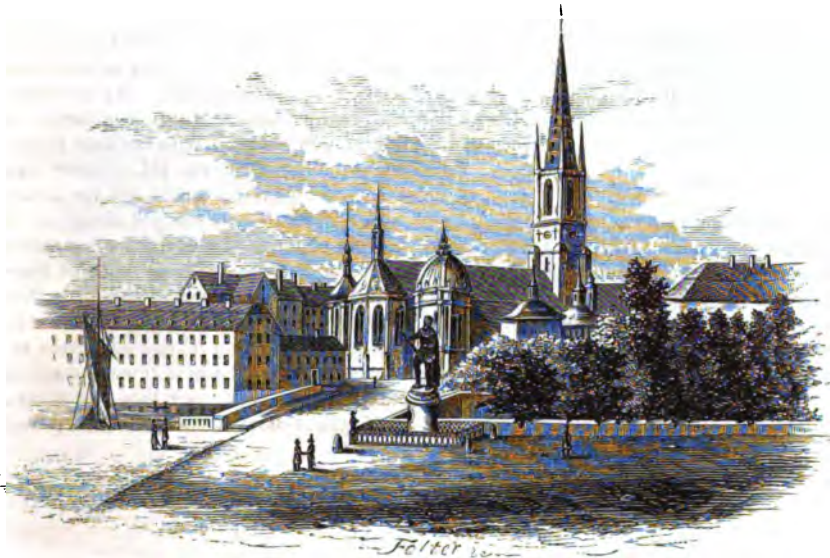
Although this church is in reality of very considerable antiquity, yet its exterior would strike the stranger as comparatively modern. This is, in part, owing to a spire of a light iron tracery, which has been erected within the last few years, to supply the place of a more ancient one, which was destroyed by lightning.

This interesting structure is full of inscriptions upon its tombs, which awaken recollections of the past. Among its chapels, that set apart for the mausoleum of Charles XII. is not the least interesting. Suspended from the ceiling above his tomb, are numerous banners, the trophies of many hard-fought battles. The sword of the warrior, which was formerly preserved here, is now removed.

From my first arrival in the Swedish capital, the portraits, costumes, &c., of this monarch, have possessed for me a strange interest; and here, standing at last by the narrow sarcophagus which contains, within so small a compass, the mortal remains of this remarkable man, I was deeply impressed. He is quiet here. A man, for whose ambition all Europe presented scarcely sufficient field, finds now but little space, but all that he requires. On either side of this sovereign, in two sarcophagi, precisely alike, repose his brother-in-law, and Ulrika Eleonora, his sister and successor. I thought, when I looked at these silent tombs, of a picture which I had seen of the youthful king and his sister at play. And then came to my mind the dark surmises which have attached themselves to the memory of this queen in connection with the assassination of her brother; and yet, what a holy relationship is that of brother and sister!

The tombs of Magnus Ladulus, the Magnificent, and of Carl VIII., next arrested my attention. They are in the ordinary style of the tombs of the knights of the middle ages, of tabular form, and surmounted by reclining figures in armor.

Near these, and close to the altar, is a stone divided into twelve equal parts, which tells a fearful story. In the year 1382, Senator Carl Nilsson Farla was pursued to this spot by Bo Johnson Grip, actuated by motives of jealousy. But



RIDDARHOLM'S KYRKAN.

even the sanctuary of the "ever-living God" proved of no avail as a place of refuge. The wretched senator is said to have held fast to the corner of the altar until it broke, and was then hewn in twelve pieces by his enemy. The stone, which is here cut in twelve pieces, is in commemoration of this event.

From the spot where was enacted this horrible tragedy I turned to the Gustavian mausoleum. There seems something almost prophetic in the fact that Gustavus Adolphus ordered the construction of this burial-place just before his departure to "the Thirty Years' War." The resting-place of this great man is a spot of especial interest to the Protestant world. In death he was not only lamented by his own people, but by others in whose service he had drawn his sword and extended his protecting arm to secure the rights and privileges of the Protestant faith. An inscription upon his tomb reads thus:

"On difficult enterprises he entered; piety he loved, the enemy he beat down, the kingdom he enlarged, the Swedes he exalted, the oppressed he delivered, and in death he triumphed."

A simple and truthful acknowledgment of the services which the great Adolphus has rendered, not only to his country, but to mankind. Over his tomb also are suspended many trophies of war; here are

flags, drums, and kettle-drums; but how different are the impressions which these trophies awaken from those which surround the remains of the fiery northern warrior. The one fought alone to gratify his own warlike feelings and his selfish ambition, the other to restore liberty to the oppressed and "freedom to worship God." Well may Sweden be proud of such a name among her list of heroes.

In this church are suspended numerous shields of the deceased knights of the Seraphimer Order. Among others, I observed in particular that of Napoleon, "*Herr* Napoleon Bonaparte," says the Swedish guide-book.

Before leaving the church I descended to the crypt where repose the remains of the deceased members of the present dynasty. There was a something which struck me as rather *parvenu* and in bad taste in the scarlet velvet and gilt which covered the coffins. They were overladen with ornaments. There was withal a something too theatrical, too decidedly French in the taste here displayed.

On my way to the church I had noticed a house, about the door of which were sprinkled fresh twigs of the juniper. This, as I had before learned, betokened a death in the house, and as I returned to my hotel they were bearing the body of the deceased to burial. It is a singular cus-

tom, and appears quite general in the North, that of scattering fresh twigs of evergreen about the house from whence a funeral is to take place. And in some places it is also the custom to scatter them in the street about the residences of all the particular friends of the deceased.

THE OPERA-HOUSE

Of Stockholm possesses a peculiar interest as the scene of Jenny Lind's early triumphs. I endeavored to imagine what might have been the sensation produced in former times when the curtain was raised, and disclosed the winning and graceful figure of the youthful "Nightingale."

The house is very respectable in size, and

is far from contemptible in the style of its decorations. Directly over the stage are two cherubs supporting a shield surmounted by a crown; on the shield is the letter G inclosing the figures III. My mind naturally turned back to the time of the erection of this house, and to the then reigning sovereign, Gustavus III. There was a something in this shield and its initial letter which impressed me deeply. I thought of the words which were written upon the wall amid the gayeties of Belshazzar's feast. I thought how little this sovereign could have imagined, in directing the construction of this gay place of amusement, that it would prove the scene of his death. Yet upon this very stage, amid the festive sound of music, and

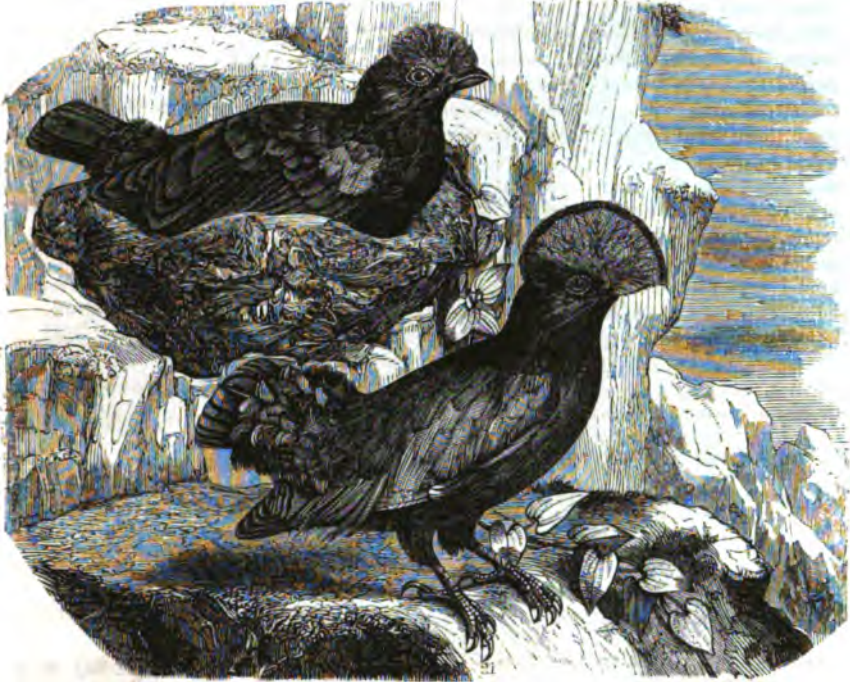


THE OPERA-HOUSE.

within the enchanted circle of the dance, the gay and brilliant Gustavus III. perished by the hand of an assassin.

It seems that, amid the fearful uproar excited by the storm of the French Revolution, but little notice was taken of the assassination of this king. The eyes of all the world were attracted at this time to "the streams of blood and the hurricane of revolution" which passed over devoted France. Sweden meantime occupied a geographical position so removed from the rest of continental Europe, and with a population and influence so inconsiderable, that her intestine struggles were scarcely known to the rest of the world. The assassination, therefore, of a king in

Sweden, and, shortly after, the expulsion of the entire line of the royal family from the country, seem to have produced little excitement in the rest of Europe; and that same family was descended in a direct line from Gustavus Wasa, and had numbered Gustavus Adolphus among its representatives. At the same time, the change of the dynasty in France from the legitimate successor of Louis XVI. was an event of world-wide notoriety, and even at this day the question, "Have we a Bourbon among us," has caused an excitement throughout the world. There are still living in obscurity in Germany the lineal descendants of the Wasa family of Sweden.



BIRDS; OR, RECREATIONS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

CHAPTER SECOND, CONTINUED.

IN continuation of the *Insessores*, or Perching Birds, we are met first by the very numerous family of the *Manakins*, of which naturalists have described at least forty varieties. They are most numerous in South America, and are found plentifully along the rivers of Surinam, Cayenne, and Guiana. Varieties are also found in the islands of the East, in Java and in Sumatra. Our engraving (figure 21) is the most beautiful of the species, and gives a fair idea of the whole tribe. It is the *Rock Manakin*, a shy and solitary bird, preferring silent and secluded glens and rocky ravines to all other spots; and there it seems to pass an undisturbed existence. Its nest is simply a few dry sticks, and the eggs, generally but two, are white, and the size of those of a pigeon. Some varieties of the Manakin are easily tamed, and their chirping, for it cannot be called singing, is very pleasant.

The *Bohemian Wax-Wing* is an exceedingly graceful bird, and remarkable for the brilliancy of its plumage. The head and upper parts are brown, and the

feathers of the head form a pointed crescent; the under parts are of an ash color, and the tail black, tipped with yellow. It is a native of Asia, but migrates frequently into all parts of Europe, and has been found, according to Dr. Richardson, in America near the sources of the Elk River and in the neighborhood of Great Bear Lake, where it appears in flocks about the close of May, when the spring thaw has exposed the berries of the alpine arbutus and other plants which have been frozen in during the winter. Dr. Richardson also mentions that he saw a large flock of at least three or four hundred on the banks of the Saskatchewan in May, 1827. They alighted in a grove of poplars, settling on one or two trees, and making a loud twittering noise. They stayed only about an hour in the morning, and were too shy to allow him to approach within gunshot.

Our own common *Blue-Bird* is very similar, in his general characteristics, to the English robin redbreast, and but for his color would with difficulty be distin-

guished from him. His disposition is equally mild and peaceful, and, like the robin, he is a well-known and universal favorite. His song is cheerful, and he is a great destroyer of insects. "I have often regretted," says Wilson, "that no pastoral muse has yet arisen in this Western world to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the robin red-breast. A small acknowledgment of this kind I have to offer, which the reader, I hope, will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence :

"When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-appearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O then comes the blue-bird, the herald of spring!
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

"Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spice-wood and sassafras budding together:
O then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;
The blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem only a pleasure.

"He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red-flowering peach, the apple's sweet blossoms:
He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the catiff that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from the webs where they riot and welter;
His songs and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is—in summer a shelter.

"The plowman is pleased when he gleanings in his train,
Now searching the furrows—now mounting to cheer him;
The gard'ner delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;

The slow lingering schoolboys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before them,
In mantle of sky-blue and bosom so red
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

"When all the gay soenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers, that charm'd us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
The blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

"While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
Or love's native music, have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given,
Still dear to each bosom the blue-bird shall be;
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure,
For, through bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure."

Our next specimen (figure 22) is a very singular foreigner. It is the *Umbrella Bird*, found in the country bordering upon the river Amazon. Cassell, to whom we are indebted for the copy from which our engraving was taken, describes it as equally curious and beautiful. Its name is derived from the full, outspreading plumes which tower above its head, resembling the horse-tail crests of the helmets of Greece. The umbrella bird is about the size of a jay; from the upper part of the chest depends a sort of apron or screen, of square-edged feathers, which is very graceful. Its entire plumage is jet black with rich violet reflections, especially on the chest and crest plumes.

The family of *Wrens* is entitled to respectful notice. They are citizens of the world, and found everywhere. A writer in Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History* makes some curious observations relative to the nests of these well-known little warblers. "Many nests," he says, "may be found which have no feathers; but did you ever find either eggs or young in them? As far as my observation goes, the fact is, that the nest in which the wren lays its eggs is profusely lined with feathers; but during the period of incubation the male, apparently desirous to be doing



something, constructs half a dozen nests in the vicinity of the first, none of which are lined; and, while the first nest is so artfully concealed as to be seldom found, the latter are very frequently seen. The wren does not appear to be very careful in the selection of a site for the *cock-nests*, as they are called, and I have frequently seen them in the twigs of a thick thorn hedge, under banks in hay-stacks, in ivy bushes, in old clumps, in the loopholes of buildings, and in one instance in an old bonnet placed among some peas to frighten away the black-caps."

The most admired variety is known as the *Golden-Crested Wren*, an active, unsuspecting little creature about four inches in length, of an olive yellow color, with a white line passing round the frontlet, and extending over and beyond the eye on each side; above this another line or strip of deep black passes in the same manner, extending further behind. Between these two strips of black lies a bed of glossy golden yellow, which, being parted a little, exposes another of a bright flame color, extending over the whole upper part of the head. When the little warbler flits among

the branches in pursuit of insects, he opens and shuts this golden ornament with great adroitness, which produces a striking and elegant effect. Its song is sweet, but comparatively feeble.

So nearly allied to the wren family as to be deemed one of them is that wonderful whistler known as the *Arada*, found plentiously in the forests of Guiana, where the traveler is frequently arrested by a loud shrill whistle like that of a bandit calling to his confederates. This whistle will be repeated, and the traveler will believe that he is approaching a settlement, and that it must come from human beings. To his surprise, however, he finds that it is the song of this little bird. But the *arada* is not a mere whistler. He has a most delightful song, less varied, indeed, and less brilliant than that of the nightingale, but more touching and tender. It is modulated on different keys, to which the seven notes of the octave, which the bird delights to repeat, serve, in some sort, as a prelude.

It would be unpardonable to pass through our bird circle, and yet we had almost done so, without a word or two with reference to the merry *Bob-o'-link*. Bryant's classic tribute to this gay cockcomb and his sedate wife is familiar, perhaps, to the reader, yet it will bear repetition, and deserves it:

THE BOB-O'-LINK.

"Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

"Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call, in his merry note,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

"Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

"Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boast from his little throat,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

"Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Fleck'd with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

"Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

"Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

"Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee."

The *Tailor Bird* (23) is a native of Hindostan, Ceylon, and other parts of the East. It is a small, delicate creature, measuring only about three and a half inches in length. Its plumage is of a pale olive color, with the exception of the throat, which is a bright yellow, and the under parts, which are of a dusky white. "Living," says a distinguished writer on ornithology, "in countries where snakes and monkeys are formidable enemies to the feathered tribes, this little bird selects a leaf at the extremity of a pendant twig for its cradle. If this leaf be large enough, it draws the edges together so as to form a pouch, the end of which is so arranged as to assist in supporting the nest within. But if the leaf be too small, the bird adds to it another growing by, and sometimes a



dead one, sewing this to the other, that it may form a convenient receptacle for its nest. This is composed of down, intermingled with fibers and a few feathers. Thus the young are provided with a snug and secure abode, though it rocks to and fro in the breeze. Many have examined this curious product with lively interest; but there are few who can say with Forbes: 'Often have I watched the progress of an industrious pair of tailor birds from their first choice of a plant until the completion of the nest, and the enlargement of the young.' This mode of securing a dwelling-place for its young, singular as it is, is, however, but one illustration of that wonderful instinct which to the animal creation supplies the place of reason, and borders so closely upon it that it is not easy to define the boundary between them.

In the family known by naturalists as the FRINGILLIDÆ, and which embraces a vast number of singing birds, we give the first place to the *Sky-Lark*, (24,) than which no one of the feathered tribes has received more poetical tributes. Take the following from Wordsworth:

"Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth, where cares
abound;
Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering limbs composed, and music
still!

"To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted
strain
(Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.



“Leave to the nightingale the shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with rapture more divine:
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.”

As intimated by the poet, the sky-lark builds upon the ground, and its nest is a simple structure of grass and sticks. It is not remarkable for beautiful plumage, being of a gravelly color, and its food consists mainly of seeds and insects. Its song is not equal in power or compass to that of several that might be named, but is more varied in its notes than perhaps that of any other. The lark is the earliest songster of the groves, beginning frequently before day, and it is said he has been heard as early as two o'clock on a fine morning in early summer.

The American *Meadow-Lark* is an altogether different bird, superior in plu-

mage and in general appearance, but although sweet in the few notes which it has, far inferior in its powers of song. It is common in all parts of this continent.

The *Buntings* are a numerous race, mostly European, and nearly all natives of Great Britain. The *Ortolan* belongs to this family, a bird fattened by those who catch them for the purpose, and esteemed a great delicacy by the epicures of France and Italy. The *Yellow Bunting*, or *Yellow Hammer*, as it is sometimes called, is one of the most interesting of the tribe, and is plentifully found in the hedges of England. Clare describes it in the following picturesque style:

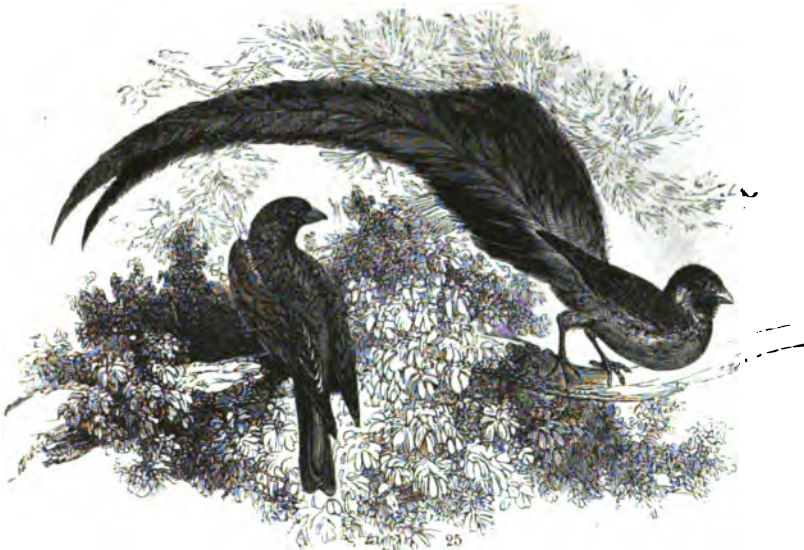
“Just by the wooden bridge a bird flew up,
Seen by the cowboy as he scrambled down
To reach the misty dewberry. Let us stoop
And seek its nest. The brook we need not
dread;

’Tis scarcely deep enough a bee to drown,
As it sings harmless o’er its pebbly bed.

Ay, here it is! Stuck close beside the bank,
Beneath the bunch of grass that spindles rank
Its husk-seeds tall and high: 't is rudely plann'd
Of bleached stubbles and the wither'd fare
That last year's harvest left upon the land,
Lined thinly with the horse's sable hair.
Five eggs, pen-scribbled o'er with ink their
shells,
Resembling writing scrawls, which fancy reads
As nature's poesy and pastoral spells;
They are the *yellow hammer's*; and she dwells,
Most poet like, mid brooks and flowery
weeds."

Passing by the families of the *Finches*, the *Sparrows*, and the *Linnets*, which have been frequently described, and many of which, as the *Goldfinch* and the *Canary*, are well known, we introduce to the reader,

with an engraving, (figure 25,) the *Weaver-Bird* of Africa. This most singular little creature derives its name from the wonderful art with which its nest is constructed, resembling, in its curious conformation, the art of man in his most skillful loom. The weaver-bird is a common article of sale among the bird-fanciers of Paris. A resident in that city states, that he was not a little surprised to find between a hundred and fifty and two hundred of these inhabitants of the torrid zone flying and sporting about in one of the meanest houses on the *Quai Voltaire*, two rooms only of which were tenanted by a *marchand des oiseaux*, his birds flying in one, and himself and



his family living in the other. He adds: "We have been assured that these ingenious people, who are really practical ornithologists, contrive to breed several of these African natives in these dingy quarters." These birds, like the common *Canary*, appear to be quite contented in captivity. The male is prized more for the beauty of his plumage and his long tail, as seen in the drawing, than for the melody of his song.

Our next engraving (26) is also a native of Southern Africa. It is of the same family as the weaver, but in many respects very different. It is known as the *Sociable Grosbeak*. *Le Vaillant*, in his African travels, gives us this description:

"I observed a tree with an enormous nest of these birds, to which I have given the appellation of *republicans*; and as soon as I arrived at my camp, I dispatched a few men with a wagon to bring it to me, that I might open the hive and examine its structure. When it arrived, I cut it to pieces with a hatchet, and saw that the chief portion of the structure consisted of a mass of bushman's grass, without any mixture, but so compact and firmly basketed together, as to be impervious to the rain. This is the commencement of the structure; and each bird builds its particular nest under this canopy, the upper surface remaining void, without, however, being useless; for as it has a projecting rim and is a little inclined, it serves to let the rain-water run off, and preserves each little dwelling from rain. Figure to yourself a huge, irregular, sloping roof, all the eaves of which are completely covered with nests crowded one against another, and you will have a tolerably accurate idea of these



The bird is shown in a very active posture, as if it were about to take flight. Its wings are slightly raised, and its tail feathers are visible. The bird's body is dark, with a lighter patch on its breast. The background is a simple, stylized representation of a natural setting, with a large, textured shape that could be a nest or a large leaf, and some foliage on the left side.

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however, is very forgetful, and unless carefully kept from other birds and from hearing different voices, soon mixes all up in undistinguishable jargon.

The *Magpie* is found in all parts of Europe, in some regions of Asia, and in North America. It is rarely met with on the Atlantic coasts in this country, but is found in the prairies of the far West. Mr. Say declares that the manners of the American bird are precisely the same as those of the English; and Mr. Swainson, who compared the English variety with a specimen from China, was unable to detect any specific difference between them. The magpie has a bad name: is called sly, cunning, and thievish. He is omnivorous, not very particular as to his food, whether it be vegetable or animal; and is charged with the guilt of killing young ducks and chickens. It is said, too, that if he finds in his travels young lambs or hares that appear feeble, he will pounce

upon them and tear out their eyes. They are birds of beautiful plumage, and display great skill and industry in the construction of their nests, as says the poet:

“The thievish pie, in twofold colors clad,
Roofs o'er her curious nest with fern-wreath'd
twigs,
And side-long forms her curious door: she
dreads
The talon'd kite, or pouncing hawk: savage
Herself—with craft suspicion ever dwells.”

That very sedate and grave-looking gentleman standing upon a piece of rock, in figure 28, is the *Jack-Daw*, of whom many strange stories have been told, and much poetry written. Cowper places one of them upon a church-steeple, and says,

“You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.



singular edifices. Each individual nest is three or four inches in diameter, which is sufficient for the bird. But as they are all in contact with one another around the eaves, they appear to the eye to form but one building, and are distinguishable from each other only by a little external aperture which serves as an entrance to the nest; and even this is sometimes common to three different nests, one of which is situated at the bottom and the other two at the sides. According to Patterson, the number of cells increasing in proportion to the increase of inhabitants, the old ones become streets of communication formed by line and level. No doubt, as the republic increases, the cells must be multiplied also; but it is easy to imagine that, as the augmentation can take place only at the surface, the new buildings will necessarily cover the old ones, which must therefore be abandoned. Should these even, contrary to all probability, be able to subsist, it may be presumed that the depths of their situation, by preventing any circulation and renewal of the air, would render them so extremely hot, as to be uninhabitable. But while they would thus become useless, they would remain what they were before, real nests, and change neither into streets nor sleeping-rooms. The largest nest that I examined, was one of the most consider-

able I had anywhere seen in the course of my journey, and contained three hundred and twenty inhabited cells, which, supposing a male and a female to each, would form a society of six hundred and forty individuals. Such a circulation, however, would not be exact. It appears that in every flock the females are numerous by far than the males; and therefore, would contain only a small number. Still, the aggregate would be considerable. When undisturbed, they might increase, the structure increasing till a storm, sweeping through the tree and the overhanging rocks, destroyed, in one common ruin.

The *Starling*, of which I have given an accurate delineation, is a bird well known in all parts of the world. Its plumage is black above, and greenish below. It is very gregarious and confining, and is usually seen with its kind in the most numerous flocks.



carries off the nails, and scatters the shreds about. Should a ladder be left against the wall, he instantly mounts, and goes all around the top of the wall; and, if hungry, descends at a convenient place, and immediately travels to the kitchen window, where he makes an incessant knocking with his bill till he is fed and let in; if allowed to enter, his first endeavor is to get up stairs; and, if not interrupted, goes as high as he can, and gets into my room in the attic story; but his intention is to get upon the top of the house. He is excessively fond of being caressed, and would stand quietly for an hour to be smoothed; but resents an affront with violence and effect, by both bill and claws, and will hold so fast by the latter, that he is with difficulty disengaged. He is extremely attached to one lady, upon the back of whose chair he will sit for hours; and is particularly fond of making one in a party at breakfast, or of a summer's evening at the tea-table in the shrubbery. His natural food is evidently the smallest insects; even the minute species he picks out of the crevices of the walls, and searches for them in summer with diligence. The common grasshopper is a great dainty, and the fern-chaffer is another favorite

morsel; these are swallowed whole; but if the great chafer be given to him, he places it under one foot, pulls it to pieces, and eats it piecemeal. Worms are wholly rejected; but flesh, raw or dressed, and bread he eats greedily; and sometimes barley with the pheasants, and other granivorous birds occasionally turned into the gardens, and never refuses hemp-seed. He seldom attempts to hide the remainder of a meal. With a very considerable share of attachment, he is naturally pugnacious, and the hand that the moment before had tendered him food and caresses, will repent an attempt to take him up. To children he has an utter aversion, and will scarcely suffer them to enter the garden. Even strangers of any age are challenged vociferously; he approaches all with daring impudence; and so completely does the sight of strangers change his affection for the time, that even his favorites and best benefactors cannot touch him with impunity in these moments of evident displeasure."

Our engraving, No. 29, is a very spirited delineation of a most active and restless little creature, of splendid plumage, and

of very respectable musical talent. It is known by the unpoetical name of *the Creeper*; and there are several varieties, all distinguished by their timidity and shyness. Most of them are indigenous to the tropical regions. There is one British species; and one variety, supposed to be nearly identical, is occasionally seen in the warmer regions of North America.

Somewhat similar to the creeper in form and structure, but much smaller

and more gayly dressed, are the fairy-like tribes of *Humming-Birds*, well called "the jewels of ornithology;" the most elegant in form, says Buffon, of all animated beings, and most splendid in coloring. Precious stones and metals artificially polished, can never be compared to this jewel of nature, which has placed it in the order of birds at the bottom of the scale of magnitude—*maxime miranda in minimis*—while all the gifts which are only shared



among others—nimbleness, sprightliness, rapidity, grace, and rich decoration, have been profusely bestowed on this little favorite. The emerald, the ruby, the topaz, sparkle in its plumage, which is never soiled by the dust of the ground, for its whole life being aerial, it rarely lights on the turf. It dwells in the air, and flitting from flower to flower, it seems to be itself a flower in freshness and splendor; it feeds on their nectar, and resides in cli-

mates where they grow in perpetual succession. The tropical regions are the home of the humming-bird, although some varieties migrate far into the interior of North America. Attempts to rear this delicate little creature in confinement have generally failed. Wilson captured a young one, which refused to take any kind of food, and in a few hours it could only just be detected that life remained. A lady, however, placed it in her bosom, and as it

began to revive, dissolved a little sugar in her mouth, into which she thrust its bill, and it sucked with avidity. In this manner it was brought up till just fit for the cage, and it lived for upward of three months. It was supplied with loaf sugar dissolved in water, which it preferred to diluted honey; and every morning it had fresh flowers sprinkled with the liquid; from one to another it hovered with great activity and spirit, as if in its native wilds, always expressing, by its motions and voice, great pleasure when fresh flowers were introduced into the cage. Unfortunately it escaped from its little prison, and, flying about the room, so injured itself that it soon afterward died. Mary Howitt sings sweetly,

"Thou happy little Humming-bird,
No winter round thee lowers;
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers.

"A reign of summer joyfulness
To thee for life is given;
Thy food, the honey in the flower,
Thy drink, the dew from heaven.

"How glad the heart of Eve would be
In Eden's glorious bowers,
When first she saw the Humming-bird
Among the spicy flowers;

"Among the rainbow butterflies,
Before the rainbow shone,
One moment glancing in her sight,
Another moment gone!

"Thou shining little creature,
God saved thee from the flood,
With eagle of the mountain land,
And tiger of the wood!

"Who cared to save the elephant,
He also cared for thee,
And gave those broad lands for thy home,
Where grows the cedar-tree."

A bird of very different character claims a brief notice, and closes what we have to say of the *Insessores*. It is accurately represented in our drawing, (No. 30,) and is known as the *Hoopoe*, or, as called by the Italians, the *Bubbola*, probably from its note, which is a perpetual repetition of the sounds bu, bu, bu. The Hoopoe is distinguished by a crest on the head composed of a double row of lengthened plumes, which it raises or depresses at pleasure. It is common in Egypt, and a variety is found at the Cape of Good Hope, and another in the East Indies.

The *Scansores*, or *climbing birds*, will form the subject of our next chapter.

OLD AGE.

Solemn and sad, our being's light declineth
In its late evening hours,
And mournfully its wintry sunset shineth
Over life's fading flowers.

Weary and worn, the aged form repositeth
Before the close of day;

Weary and unrefresh'd, the eye uncloseth
With morning's earliest ray.

And hope, no more her cheering radiance blendeth
With long'd-for days to come;

"Desire shall fail," because the old man tendeth
Fast to his narrow home.

E'en now, its shadows o'er his spirit linger,
And dim his failing sight;

While Time's uplifted hand with warning finger,
Points to the coming Night!

In the gay scenes of mirth he hath "no pleasure,"

As in the days gone by:
And better thus, if but his heart and treasure
Be surely fix'd on high.

Then as with beauty clad, the ruin hoary
Smiles in the sunset's glow;
So from the Father's throne, a solemn glory
Illumes the aged brow.

Youth's restless passions, manhood's pride unbending,
All vanish'd now, or dead;

Life's storms forgotten, in the calm descending
Upon the saintly head.

He sees but in the grave's unfolding portal
The door of his release;

There the tired wanderer finds a rest immortal,
The war-worn soldier, peace.

He hails each passing trial as the token
Of his dear Father's love;
An earthly treasure reft, a fond tie broken,
But to be join'd above.

The loving looks, that light earth's fondest greeting,
Now mock his darkening eye;

They shall not smile unseen, to bless our meeting
In our bright home on high.

Earth's sweetest music on his dull ear falleth
With an unheeded tone;

Yet heareth he the "still small voice," that calleth,
"Come! for thy task is done."

For us, who yet stand on the scene of trial,
The battle-field of life,

Of its high duties be there no denial,
No finching from the strife!

Dark doubts, strong passions, evil thoughts will haunt us:

We may not yield, nor flee;
And, "in an hour we know not," may confront us

Life's last, dread enemy.

O! be our conflict earnest, and enduring
Our fearless trust on high;

The strength we pray for shall be ours, insuring
Our final victory.



MUSIC AMONG THE POETS.

"AND, O! what morning ever look'd
So lovely as the quiet eve,
When low and fragrant winds arise,
And draw the curtains of the skies,
And gentle songs of summer weave;
Such as between the alders creep,
Now, and soothe my soul to sleep!"
— *Barry Cornwall.*

"Many are the notes
Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws
forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dash-
ing shores."—*Wordsworth.*

"In his shepherd's calling he was prompt,
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learn'd the meaning of all
winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the South
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills."
— *Wordsworth.*

The music of wood and forest sounds
has been poetically denoted. In the fine
poem—"The Forest Hymn"—allusion is
made to

"the sound
Of the invisible breath that away'd at once
All their green tops."—*Bryant.*

"Then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves:
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green."
— *Keats.*

"On a rude rock, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
Made soft sounds most like the distant ocean."
— *Coleridge.*

"You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven."
— *Shakespeare.*

An American poet talks of
"mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind."
— *Longfellow.*

"Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted me,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapp'd their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;
A slumberous sound—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream."
— *Longfellow.*

In his "Idyl for Christmas," a young
poet (Edmund Ollier) thus celebrates win-
try music among the trees:

"And the woods grow lean and swarth
In the vexings of the North;
Fill'd with sighings and lamentations
Of the wing'd foreign nations,
Who, beneath their shatter'd bowers,
Wonder at the gusty showers,
And the length of the dark hours."



S. A. BENSON, PRESIDENT OF LIBERIA.

THAT portion of the west coast of Africa known as Liberia, extends from the Shebar River on the north (near the British colony of Sierra Leone) a distance of about six hundred miles, toward the south and east, between the parallels of four and a half and seven and a half degrees north latitude. Perpetual verdure covers the ground, while the face of the country is diversified with gentle hills and sloping valleys. Bishop Scott, who visited the republic in 1853, says :

"The climate, in my opinion, is healthy, much more so than that of our southern coast. I never saw a more vigorous and healthy people than the natives, nor did I ever see the human form better developed. The acclimated colonists, too, enjoy excellent health. As to emigrants from another clime they must pass through a process of acclimation, which will, in general, be severe or otherwise according to their own habits."

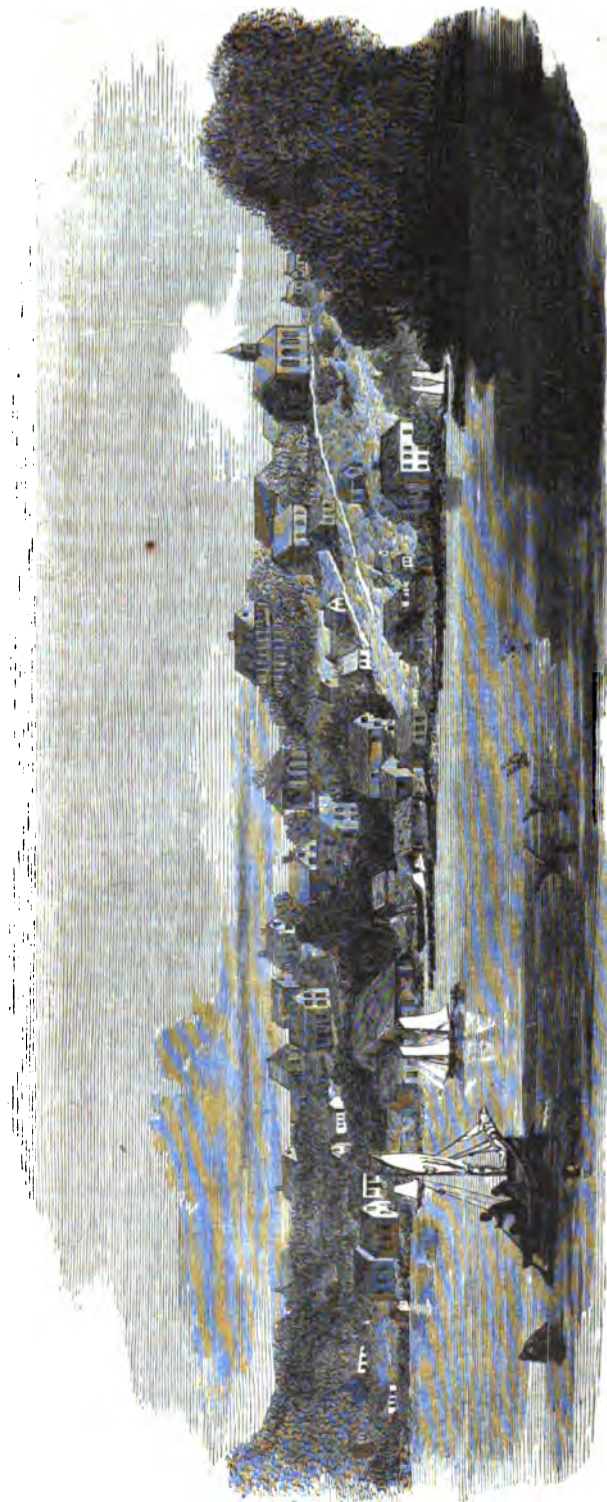
Several rivers flowing into the Atlantic water the country, the principal of which are the St. Paul's, Junk, St. John's, Mechlin, Sinou, and the Cavally. On the St. Paul's several towns have been commenced, and its sides are studded with comfortable brick dwellings. Upward of four hundred farms are located on this river, on which reside three thousand cul-

tivators. Lands command forty and fifty dollars an acre. In 1852 nine thousand pounds of sugar were made on the banks of this fine stream ; it is of good quality, light in color, and as well granulated as the best Porto Rico.

Besides the great staple articles of sugar, coffee, and cotton, there can be raised, to an indefinite amount, rice, cocoa, ginger, pepper, arrowroot, ground nuts, and indigo. Nearly all our garden vegetables, and those peculiar to the tropics, may be abundantly and easily cultivated. A vast variety of fruits abound, among which may be named the banana, pine-apple, guava, lemon, orange, tamarind, and cocoa-nut.

There are immense forests of woods suitable for ship and house building purposes and for furniture. The camwood is sought after in Europe and the United States as a dye. The most common tree is the nut-bearing palm, from which is extracted the palm oil, now most extensively exported to England, France, Germany, and America. Eighty thousand tons were shipped from the African coast in 1852 and 1853.

Education is cared for and encouraged, and the refining light of Christian truth diffused throughout the length and breadth



VIEW OF MONROVIA.

of the land. Where thirty years ago the degraded heathen native built his rude hut and offered human sacrifices to appease the supposed anger of his false gods, or the tangled bush overspread the cattle, a civilized nation now dwells, comprising no less than twenty-five towns and villages, the happy abode of ten thousand emigrant citizens and two hundred thousand native Africans. The public buildings, churches, and school-houses, evince the elements of an enlightened Christian community, destined to secure the universal freedom and elevation of the colored race, and to afford peace, happiness, and full manhood to its worthy dwellers, and virtue and civil and spiritual life to all Africa.

In the NATIONAL for March, 1854, there appeared a somewhat extended biographical sketch of the first president of the Liberian Republic; and we now present a reliable narrative of the somewhat romantic career of his successor, which, we doubt not, will be read with interest.

Stephen Allen Benson was born of free colored parents, in Cambridge, Dorchester County, Maryland, in March, 1816.

With his parents he sailed from Baltimore, in the Brig "Strong," in May, 1822, and arrived in the colony of

Liberia in the following August. When they arrived, the Cape, or present site of the city of Monrovia, had been occupied since the preceding April—about four months. The buildings consisted of a few thatched huts, covering a small area, surrounded by a dense primeval forest.

The history of the war, which broke out a few weeks after their arrival, is well known to those who have read the history of Liberia. The subject of our sketch is one of the seven children mentioned in Gurley's *Life of Ashman* as captured by the enemy in the bloody attack on the infant settlement. For days previous to their capture his father had from necessity to leave his family, prostrated by the acclimating fever, and perform duty as a soldier, keeping guard both day and night, and assisting in fortifying the village against the enemy, from whom an attack was momentarily expected.

On that eventful morning the father and oldest brother, who was fifteen years old, were absent on duty. Just before daylight the family were aroused by successive volleys of musketry, the roar of cannon, the savage war yell, and the discordant sound of the war-horn. Mr. Benson's house being a thatched and wattled one, situated near the forest, and forming the northeast boundary of the village, was soon surrounded by the enemy, who, finding the doors and windows barricaded, were at first fearful of forcing an entrance. The three youngest children, of whom Stephen was the eldest, by their frequent calls and cries to their mother for assistance, soon informed the enemy of the strength of the house. An entrance was effected without much difficulty through the back door. The first one, on entering, perceiving young Stephen, seized him round the waist, and bore him off with great speed toward the forest. In the struggle to extricate himself the boy used, with much efficiency, the only weapon which he had at command, and gave his captor a specimen of his biting powers. Four other of his brothers and sisters met with a similar fate, their captors, however, belonging to different tribes. The enemy, after a sanguinary struggle, were repulsed with great loss.

Mr. B.'s father lost considerably in this contest. He was severely wounded by a large slug-shot, which passed through his left shoulder near the joint, disabling that

arm for the remainder of his life. Scarcely had he received this wound, and while his garments were yet drenched with blood, his oldest son, Joseph, was shot dead by his side. Added to this was the loss of his five children within the same hour. Where he knew not! Their fate shrouded in dark, terrible uncertainty! All his property was stolen except the clothes, arms, and ammunition on his person.

The party who captured Stephen proceeded toward the present Kroo Town. When about half way they halted in the forest and formed a camp. Fires were lighted in every direction. Their wounded, dying, and dead, scattered around, presented a frightful spectacle, inspiring the youthful captive with indescribable sensations and fears that nothing short of his own life would satisfy their revenge. Of these he was soon relieved by their feelingly striving to offer comfort, assuring him that he should not be injured, but that, so soon as hostilities ceased, he should be restored to his family.

After a rest of two hours they turned toward the sea-coast, directing their course to the St. Paul's River, the whole company walking half bent to prevent detection by the settlers, who occupied the hill with cannon. They succeeded in reaching a native village near St. Paul's bar in the course of the day. Soon after they embarked in a canoe for Peter Bromley's Town—the site of the present settlement of Virginia—at which place they arrived the same afternoon, delivering their captive to the old chief, Peter Bromley, by whom he was kindly treated.

The natives also, with one or two exceptions, treated him with great attention and care; for by warm baths in decoction of herbs, and other simple prescriptions, he was safely brought through the African fever, from which he was suffering at the time of the attack. Bromley had had much intercourse with the English when the slave-trade was prosecuted by that people on this coast. He spoke the English language quite fluently, and took great pride in practicing many of the civilized customs. It was supposed he was of English origin, a son of some white man, as he had the appearance of a sun-burned mulatto. To the end of his life he was much incensed against the colonists for the death-blow given by them to the slave-trade in that section of country.

Stephen remained in captivity four months, during which time he saw no civilized person except his brother James, who was permitted by the chief who held him prisoner to pay him a visit. Frequent intelligence was received from his other brothers and sisters that they were also kindly treated, thus alleviating in some degree the separation from each other.

At this time the commissioners appointed by Governor Ashman to negotiate for their liberation arrived at Bromley's Town, after a successful visit to the chiefs who held the other children. At the close of a few hours' interview with Bromley, young Benson was informed that the days of his captivity were ended, and, to use his own language, "that was a day I shall never forget while life shall last."

The succeeding two years were spent in assisting his father, who cleared and inclosed his land, built a neat, commodious frame house, weather-boarded and shingled, and at that time the largest one in Monrovia. In 1825 he was called upon to mourn the loss of his mother. From this time to 1830 Mr. Benson spent in acquiring the rudiments of an education in the schools established by the Colonization Society, which was to train and prepare him for responsible duties in the affairs and government of his adopted country.

About this time Mr. Ashman gave his father permanent employment as colonial factor at Grand Bassa—seven years prior to the first settlement formed there. His duties were to purchase rice, palm-oil, and cattle, which were sent by land, or shipped to Monrovia, for the use of the emigrants, or other purposes of the Colonization Society.

Arriving at the age of fifteen, Stephen's scholastic labors terminated, his father thinking it advisable for him to select some legitimate business for life. His own taste and inclination turned toward the sea, and, unknown to his family, he contracted and made arrangements with Captain Thompson, of the colonial schooner "Mesurado," to sail with him as supercargo, but was prevented from his purpose by an ulcer which disabled him for six months.

On his recovery his attention was turned to mercantile employment, and, with the exception of one military cam-

paign, in 1832, he uninterruptedly served as clerk and store-keeper in Monrovia for four years. The campaign alluded to was against King Willey's Town and vicinity on the north side of St. Paul's River. These natives had repeatedly arrested and resold into slavery persons whom the colonial government had liberated from slave factories, and, on being remonstrated with by Dr. Meehlin, the colonial agent, returned only insulting and threatening replies, till a severe chastisement was found indispensable.

On the march thither the troops, attended by Dr. Meehlin, camped the second night at Peter Bromley's Town, the scene of Mr. B.'s residence in captivity nine years previously. They reached the enemy's village the third day, and, with the loss of a few men, forced them to submission, and returned in a week's time from leaving Monrovia.

In June, 1835, the Hankinson difficulty broke out with King Joe Harris, and on the 10th of that month some twenty settlers of Bassa were massacred by Joe Harris's subjects.

The factory being situated four miles up the St. John's, before intelligence of the commencement of hostilities could be conveyed thither, the enemy had surrounded the house, and were panting for Mr. Benson's blood. His life would have been sacrificed to their insatiate revenge had it not been for the incessant and urgent entreaties of old King Joe's son, a lad of thirteen, who had been in the employment of Mr. B. for two years, and was much attached to him. This lad's influence was great, as the enemy were his father's subjects. While pleading with a portion of them the others commenced plundering the factory, which proved the signal for the entire party to hasten to the scene of robbery. Mr. B., taking advantage of the confusion, escaped to Edina. The enemy swept the establishment clean of everything.

When the disastrous news reached Monrovia a corps of volunteers (among whom was Stephen) were sent down to protect Edina and punish the aggressors. Hostilities continued four months; three engagements took place, which resulted in the burning of King Joe's Town, and forcing him into a state of subjection.

On the 9th of January, 1836, Thomas Buchanan, commissioner of the Young

Men's Colonization Society of Pennsylvania and New-York, anchored in Bassa harbor in the brig "Independence," bringing with him a timely and ample supply of goods, provisions, and munitions of war. These were hailed with much joy, inspiring new life and hopes among the settlers.

Mr. Buchanan was the first man in Liberia who had the courage to order a slave-ship from Bassa harbor. This occurred in August, 1836, when a Spanish slave-schooner of two hundred tons anchored in the Cove. Mr. Buchanan requested Mr. Benson to take a barge, with fifteen choice men, each armed with a cutlass and United States musket, and command him to leave. With difficulty, they pulled through the bar, being nearly swamped on it, and when within a quarter of a mile of the schooner, those on board, seeing such an unusual number of armed men making directly for them, the sails already hoisted for drying, there being a fine breeze, slipped cable, and stood out for sea. The party from Bassa, however, proceeded to Fishtown, landed, and told the chiefs Grambo and Black Will, who had engaged to supply the vessel with slaves, what would be the result, if they allowed a slaver to establish a slave-factory among them again. Mr. Benson understanding much of their language, overheard a conversation which passed between Grambo and his followers, who were much incensed at the threats. They said, "From that day's expedition they were convinced they could no longer live contiguously with the settlers, pursue the slave traffic, and be on peaceful terms; hence they were determined to exterminate them, or be exterminated themselves."

During the last nine months of Mr. Buchanan's residence in Bassa, Mr. Benson lived with him, serving as secretary; and after his return to the states he continued as colonial store-keeper, not yet being of age. Dr. McDowell succeeded Mr. Buchanan in the agency, which he held till August, 1837, when he was followed by Governor J. J. Matthias, who, with Dr. Johnson, arrived in the schooner "Charlotte Harper." The same year Governor Matthias succeeded in confederating Edina with Bassa. He returned to the United States in May of the following year, leaving Dr. Johnson in charge of the government.

The inhabitants were soon involved in a general war with the natives, who were

determined, if possible, to exterminate the colonists. The first act of aggression was the foul and brutal murder of Governor Finley, in September, while traveling from Fishtown to Bassa under the guidance of the treacherous Fishmen. After murdering him, they robbed and threw the body into the sea; from whence it was washed to the beach, and found by the incensed settlers after a rigorous search. Messengers were immediately dispatched to the chiefs Grambo and Black Will to inform them of the fact, and a demand for the murderers to be given up, or for an investigation to take place. No other satisfaction would they give, than that they knew nothing of the matter, but were disposed to talk about it. A day was appointed; and about sixty men and officers, accompanied by Dr. Johnson, proceeded down. When within four hundred yards of Black Will's Town they were surprised and fired upon by the enemy concealed in ambush, wounding eight or ten men. Not prepared for such treachery, there was no alternative but to fight with the scanty supply of ammunition they had, and, if possible, to force their way and destroy the native towns, which they succeeded in accomplishing, both parties losing some men. On their return in the afternoon, the enemy in ambush the entire way poured upon them a most destructive fire, which could not be returned, as the ammunition was spent. This being perceived by the assailants, encouraged them to close upon them, approaching within ten feet and shooting down the men, pursuing them till they reached Bassa. Before the town could be placed in a state of defense, the outer houses were taken possession of, robbed, set on fire, and burnt to ashes, Mr. Benson's being among the number.

The settlers having now procured ammunition, and roused to desperation by the boldness of the Fishmen, rallied, and checked them for the night with a loss on both sides. Dr. Johnson was among the wounded. The night was spent by the troops in preparing for the morrow's attack, which was renewed at ten o'clock, the enemy being reinforced to the number of fifteen hundred men; and raged till three o'clock, when they were finally repulsed with a severe loss. The condition of Bassa was deplorable; nearly all communication was cut off, and no one able to give

employment. The enemy, in the meantime, were making active preparations for another attack by uniting and concentrating in the vicinity all the native tribes, evidently with the design of crushing at one blow the little band. Matters continued thus till December, when a reinforcement of sixty-six men arriving from Monrovia, a general attack was made against the enemy. After a desperate resistance, in which the troops lost but few men, they were successful in routing the enemy. In that engagement, the captain of the company of which Mr. Benson was first lieutenant, being wounded, the command devolved on him, and he acquitted himself in a soldierly manner.

The entire forces on both occasions were commanded by Major William L. Weaver. After this, there were no more active hostilities, each party feeling at liberty to annoy and injure the other when an opportunity presented. In May, 1839, Governor Buchanan again arrived, unexpectedly, in the "Saluda," to the great joy and relief of the distressed settlers. He landed, was escorted by the military to the governor's residence, amid the shouts of men, women, and children. In a few days after his arrival consultation was held as to the best method of bringing about a speedy adjustment of difficulties, and a perfect restoration of peace; when it was determined to send a positive message to the hostile chiefs for a negotiation. Mr. Benson was selected for this dangerous and important mission. Armed with Governor Buchanan's own pistols, he proceeded about fifteen miles to the town of the most powerful of the chiefs, Old Prince John, informed him of the governor's return, of his wish to investigate matters, and to make an equitable adjustment; that he, with his associate chiefs, must meet him on a certain day at a designated place, and that, in case of treachery or failure to the appointment, they might expect a renewal of hostilities, which would end only in their extermination. He returned next day *via* the Fishmen settlement, to deliver the same message to the notorious Grambo and Black Will, and reported to Governor Buchanan that a faithful promise had been given to do as he demanded. When the day of investigation arrived, they met according to promise, displaying, in the course of negotiation, as great natural abilities to conduct a case as

their more civilized and enlightened opponents.

In March, 1838, Mr. Benson embraced religion, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1841 he was licensed as a local preacher, and in 1853 was ordained deacon in said Church by Bishop Scott.

In 1842 he was chosen a member of the Colonial Council, which position he held until the independence of the colony in 1847. In 1848 he was appointed Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions and Admiralty of Bassa County, and served in that capacity with great acceptance until his advancement to the vice-presidency of the Republic in May, 1853. At the biennial election held May 1, 1855, he was elevated to the presidency, the highest office in the gift of his appreciating countrymen. He will make, we confidently predict, an excellent chief magistrate, and reflect honor on himself and his race.

We cannot better conclude this sketch of so interesting a character than by presenting the subjoined brief and eloquent letter, addressed to the writer by the Rev. R. R. Gurley, a gentleman well known to the world as long identified in movements having for their object the diffusion of light, civilization, and the Christian religion over all Africa:

"I am happy to express the opinion I have formed, as well from personal acquaintance as from the general testimony of the good people of Liberia, of the high character of Stephen A. Benson, the President elect of that Republic. I have seldom seen a man more free from imperfections, or more adorned with virtues. You are aware that Mr. Benson is of purely African descent; but through his dark features beams a mind of great intelligence, of stainless honor, of quick and delicate sensibilities, and noble affections. From early childhood he has lived in Liberia; he has witnessed its changes and progress from the second or third year of its existence; there he has been educated, and there uninterruptedly lived. He is, I presume, about forty years of age. His manners are easy, natural, graceful, and could not well be improved. Earnestly engaged in agriculture as well as commerce; intent upon all public improvements, he has devoted, perhaps, the larger portion of his time for many years, as desired by the American Colonization Society, to the care and settlement of successive companies of emigrants, animated and sustained, in his difficult and unremitting labors, by his patriotism and the power of an ardent and ever-active benevolence. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of these labors, or the pure and generous philanthropy that has inspired them.

"Mr. Benson's house, when I visited Bassa Cove in 1849, was ever open to respected strangers as well as to his friends, and nothing could exceed the gentle but multiplied and unostentatious offices of kindness which attended and illustrated his hospitality. He is happy in a wife worthy of his affections, a daughter of Dr. James Moore, who emigrated many years ago from the city of Washington, and who, to the time of his death, not only discharged the duties of a physician, but was a zealous and useful preacher in the Methodist Church.

"The office of judge in one of the high courts was filled ably for several years by Mr. Benson, yet, as a local preacher in the Methodist Church, he has been ready at all times to urge the paramount claims of Christianity as the main hope of the Liberian Republic and the world.

"I regret to hear, that during the late presidential election the evil passions of our nature have not been wholly quiescent, but they should now sleep. The citizens of that favored republic, so bright with hope for a long oppressed and afflicted race, should sustain, as with one heart, the constitution of their choice, and the man so worthy of their confidence, elevated by their free suffrages to the first office of the republic."

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

VERY few persons, even among those who delight in studying other branches of natural history, are acquainted with the wonders of the deep; and yet the various phenomena and the inhabitants of the watery world are not only quite as well worthy our investigation as those of the dry land, but being less familiar, from coming under our personal observation less frequently, they present far greater novelty, and their variety is inexhaustible.

A sea voyage affords an excellent opportunity for the prosecution of this interesting but neglected study; we need not be afraid of exhausting it. More than three fifths of the surface of our globe are covered by the ocean, and day after day we may turn over a fresh page of nature's open volume, and find our interest in the subject "never-ending, still beginning."

Fishes, or, as they have been fancifully called, "the birds of the sea," occupy an important place in the animal kingdom. Their classification is simple; they are distinguished from other vertebrate animals by their mode of respiration: they have gills instead of lungs, and they are distinguished from the crustacea by having no back-bone.

I have heard a story of a person, who, studying the natural history of fishes, wrote to a friend, asking him to collect

specimens for him. "I shall be delighted to do so," was the reply, "and will send you all I can catch, from a whale to a shrimp." A very slight acquaintance with the subject would have shown him that neither of these are fish; and a little knowledge would not, in this case, have been so "dangerous a thing" as it is sometimes supposed by the idle and ignorant.

The contrast and analogy between fishes and the aerial tribes are very curious and interesting. Both are fitted to move in a fluid medium, in an ocean of their own; the bird swims in the air, as the fish may be said to fly in the water by the aid of similar, though not the same means. The feathers of one are analogous to the scales of the other; the wings to the pectoral fins, and the tail of both acts the part of a rudder. Many persons have thought that the movements of the aquatic animal are more graceful and elegant than those of the aerial, in consequence of the greater flexibility of its form and the number of its motive organs. Perhaps our own predilections may be in favor of the feathered race, because we almost regard *them* as the friends of our childhood; but undoubtedly there is considerable grace and beauty in the agile movements of fishes, especially in their own pure element, which they rarely, though occasionally forsake. The proverbial expression, "a fish out of water," gives a lively idea of a "false position." The instances in which it actually occurs are well worth our notice. Let us select some of the most remarkable.

Dr. Hancock mentions a fish (the *loricaria*) which creeps upon all-fours in the beds of rivers. This little funny quadruped has a very singular appearance, moving upon its four stilts, which are produced by a bony ray in front of its pectoral fins and of the next pair to them. The *callichthys*, a Brazilian fish, walks, in this way, for miles, in search of water, when, as often happens, the pool in which it lives is dried up. The climbing perch (*Perca scandens*) not only creeps along the shore, but ascends trees, in search of the crustacea upon which it feeds. It is found in Tranquebar. It must have some difficulty in ascending the fan-palms, if it were not provided with numerous little spines or thorns upon its fins, by means of which it suspends itself while climbing, using them like hands. In addition to these



VIOLET CRABS ON THEIR INLAND ROUTE.

peculiarities, it has the power of folding up both dorsal and anal fins when not using them, and thus it literally puts its hands in its pockets; for it deposits them in a cavity in its body, provided by nature on purpose to receive them when they are not needed for progression. Nor are these pockets, or troughs, peculiar to the climbing perch; the land crabs also possess them. With respect to the latter, anatomists were formerly puzzled to account for the fact of animals whose mode of respiration is by gills, being able to exist so long as they do out of the water, without injury to those organs; but a French naturalist first, and afterward Milne Edwards, discovered a cavity, or trough, in which a small quantity of water is kept in order to moisten their gills occasionally. The *Gecarcinus uca*, one species of this tribe, has more than one pocket or vesicle for that purpose; another species, the orypode, has a different, but equally curious apparatus, a small-spongy substance, by means of which the animal is supplied with the moisture required. The reason of this remarkable adaptation is fraught with interest and instruction; and it is a beautiful example of the unbroken order and exquisite harmony which pervade all the works of the divine Author of the universe. Kirby remarks that God, when he created these tribes, "would not separate them from their kind by giving them a different mode of respiration, but provided this com-

pensating contrivance to fit them for the circumstances in which he decreed to place them."

The *Perca scandens* is not the only kind of fish which ascends trees in search of food. Several species are found in the Polynesian Islands, climbing the cocoa-palms; the most remarkable of them is a kind of lobster of gigantic size, and of strength sufficient to open the cocoa-nuts, upon which it chiefly subsists.

Nor are these the only instances of the inhabitants of the waters forsaking their native element. Several varieties of fish in the Indian Ocean, and in the Mediterranean, are

adapted for a short flight, and these peculiarities of habit and movement are highly interesting, even were they devoid of gracefulness; for they are examples of a contrivance which displays the goodness of the Creator, in furnishing them with the means of providing for themselves amid the accidents and difficulties that may fall to their lot.

It has been asserted that fish are quite deaf; but though they have no external organ of hearing, they are by no means deficient in this sense; and their faculty of *smelling* is so wonderful, that they are guided by it through storm and darkness and directed to their prey, or warned to escape from their enemies, at an immense distance. Lacepede considers this so much the most acute of their senses, that he calls it their "most valuable eye."

Fishes have the character of being re-



BRIGUS LATRO ON A COCOA-NUT PALM BRANCH.

markedly stupid, and yet they are not wholly incapable of instruction. In many parts of Germany, the trout, carp, and tench are summoned to their food by the sound of a bell; and in the gardens of the Tuileries some fish were kept for more than a century, which would come when they were called by their names. Neither are they as wholly deficient in parental instinct as has generally been supposed. Two species of fish in Brazil, one the callichthys before mentioned, the other called doras, construct actual nests, the former of grass, the latter of leaves, in which they deposit their eggs, covering them very carefully. They live in pairs, and, like birds, watch and defend their nests by turns, till their young are hatched and able to take care of themselves.

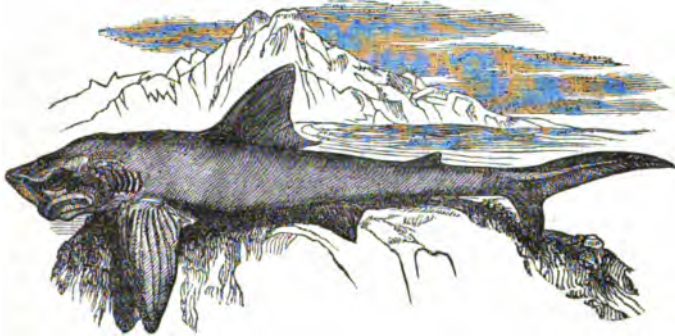
A similar instinct is exhibited by a fish resembling the turbot, *Osphromenus olfax*,

which is kept for food in ponds in the Mauritius. After making their nest, and laying their eggs, the male and female hatch and watch their infant offspring by turns.

The quiet and seclusion of a pond, or some such retreat, are indispensable to the development of this parental instinct, and, accordingly, the inhabitants of the great world of waters exhibit no traces of it.

The longevity of fish is another remarkable circumstance, considered with regard to their constant exposure to injury, and the soft, defenseless nature of their conformation.

In the year 1754, an old pike was taken in a pond belonging to the castle of Kaiserslantern, which had a ring in its gill, with an inscription stating that it had been put there in 1487, two hundred and sixty-seven years before, by order of the



THE SHARK.

Emperor Frederic II. It weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. Knowing the predaceous and remorseless habits of this fresh-water shark, we may feel assured it was a monster of rapacity, and no doubt the scourge and terror of the pond in which it reigned as tyrant. The existence of such relentless destroyers is, however, of absolute necessity, to check the redundant increase of the finny tribes; for the cod alone produces more than nine millions of eggs in the year; and if neither man nor shark made it their food, the sea would in a short time contain nothing but cod-fish. It has, therefore, been wisely ordained that the larger species should swallow the small fry by hundreds at a time; they, in turn, feed upon their minuter brethren, and even the herbivorous ones breakfast upon the eggs of fishes.

The adaptation of fishes to the circumstances in which they are placed, affords a most interesting subject of inquiry; their varieties of form appear inexhaustible, and it is thought that the sea contains the analogues of almost every aerial or terrestrial race. The monsters of the deep are undoubtedly more gigantic and grotesque than any of their representatives on the land. Among the former, the whale, though not a fish, claims préeminence as regards magnitude. Its value and usefulness, in a commercial point of view, are so well known, that we are apt to forget how wonderful it is, that even the huge leviathan should be subservient to man, ministering in various ways to his comfort and luxury.

Among marine giants, we must not overlook the sun-fish, or mola, with its enor-

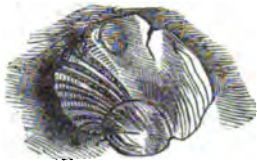
mous phosphorescent carcass, shining with a brightness like the reflection of the moon in the water, and measuring twenty-five feet in length. Imagine a party of them (they generally travel five or six together) on a dark moonless night, frightening the rest of the fish, scaring the superstitious sailor, and astonishing even the veteran naturalist who has left off being surprised at anything.

Next in bulk comes the "requin," which is thought to be identical with the carcharias of the Greeks, mis-translated the "whale" in the history of Jonah.

The next in size is the "Squalus maximus," sometimes more than forty feet in length, to say nothing of the enormous ray-fish, one of which, taken at Barbadoes, required seven pairs of oxen to draw it on shore.

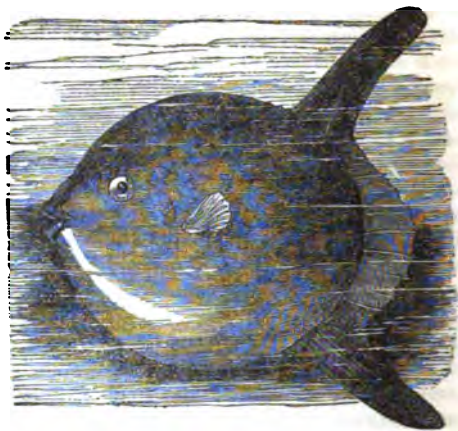
The sailors call it the sea-devil, and naturalists describe it as frightful. But all these are "gentle monsters" compared with the horrible and terrific octopods, the hideousness of which far surpasses anything that imagination could have pictured, and which one would be sorry to meet by moonlight, or in a dark night, in the Mediterranean.

But if we are tired of considering mere bulk and deformity, let us turn for variety



PEARLY OYSTER.

to the "treasures of the deep," to the beautiful tribe of shells, to the pearl oysters, the corallines, the sea-flowers, and the ocean-beds of weeds on which the gregarious fishes graze like land animals in their pastures. Let us contemplate the connecting links between animal and vegetable life; let us consider the electric fishes, from the torpedo and gymnotus down to the aquatic stars which beautify the nights of tropical climates; let us admire the migratory instinct, which, at their appointed seasons, collects such vast numbers of edible fish, and brings them within the reach of man, for his food or conven-



THE SUN FISH.

ience; we shall then begin to have some idea how inexhaustible is the interest of the subject; and, when we consider how wonderful are the works of the Almighty Creator, shall be constrained to exclaim, "In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches;" to which we well may add, "So is the great and wide SEA also!"

THE WILLOW.

"Tongues in trees—books in the running brooks."—SHAKESPEARE.

The Willow grows beside the River,
And the boughs hang o'er its flow,
Till the green leaves, as they quiver,
Kiss the waves that run below.

The River whispers to the Willow
With a sad, mysterious tone,
As the bubbles of each billow
Gurgling break on bank and stone.

What saith the River as it glistens
In the sun-glints through the tree,
While the bough stoops down and listens
To its plaintive melody?

"Like my waters, life is flying—
Brightest joys have shortest stay—
As my waves speed onward sighing,
With thy kisses far away:

"Human hopes are like the bubbles
Sworn and glittering on my tide,
Till the rocks, like earthly troubles,
Meet and wreck them as they glide."

High o'er Willow, high o'er River,
Soars a Lark in airy rings,
While his voice trills to the quiver
Of his sun-illuminated wings.

And the ether-vault is riven
With his glad song, as he flies—
"Seek, like me, thy joys in heaven,
And thy hopes within the skies."

[For the National Magazine.]

UNCLE JERRY'S GHOST.

[CONCLUDED.]

SMITH'S dream, as the reader may suppose, tended somewhat to confirm me in the truth of the revelation I had received. Taken in connection with those of my wife and my little daughter, I confess it troubled me. The *twenty thousand dollars* especially seemed to indicate truthfulness on the part of the raps I had heard. The journey by electric telegraph was also, to say the least, a wonderful coincidence. And yet I had doubts. Something more than all this was necessary to dispel my skepticism. Fortunately, or unfortunately if the reader prefers, while reading the morning paper my eye fell upon the advertisement of Madame Caraboni, the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. She professed to read the future; to tell whom the applicant would marry, and even to show the face of the intended wife or husband. Of course, being married, I cared nothing about her skill in this line. She added, also, that she had power to foretell all matters relative to deaths and pecuniary speculations, assuring the reader that many persons had made fortunes by attending to her prognostications.

Now, said I, am I such a fool as to put any faith in the skill of this miserable impostor? To think of visiting such a hag! I will not do it. And yet I might call upon her just on the edge of the evening. She promises the most profound secrecy. Who will be the wiser for my visit? On an ordinary occasion, of course, I would not go a step out of my way to gain all the knowledge that Madame Caraboni pretends to possess. But now, with my mind distracted between faith and unbelief, on a subject that so nearly concerns my own interests and those of my family, ought I not to avail myself of everything in my power to produce conviction one way or the other? But I will not dwell upon the logic or the sophistry that danced through my brain all that day, and prevented me from attending properly to any business. Nor need I attempt to describe how contemptibly mean I felt when, having paid my dollar, I was shown into the room of this pretended revealer of secrets. I was satisfied before I went that she was an impostor, and all that she told me con-

firmed that opinion. The reader shall judge.

After a few minutes of apparent conversation with a large black tom-cat, which sat upon a high chair by her side, and while shuffling and cutting a greasy pack of cards, she muttered in what was meant for broken French, but which I will not attempt to imitate:

"Yes, yes, a widower! Wife dead; let me see, three, four years, or else three years and four months. Wanting another partner. Rich? Yes—nine of diamonds—very rich."

"How much is she worth?" I asked, rather amused at the absurdity of the revelation.

"How much? Let me see. Clubs, houses; seven of spades, Jack too, ten thousand, twenty thousand dollars!"

This startled me; but in a moment I regained my composure, and asked:

"Is that all? Only twenty thousand?"

"Let me see; let me see," she replied. "More? Yes. Maybe more. Maybe twice as much. Soon, too. Hearts, hearts, hearts. In a few weeks. Less than a month. Happy man, happy man!"

There was much more gibberish of the same sort; but I have told all that is material, and I went home profoundly impressed with the idea that I had been humbugged.

At our tea-table I found that most troublesome fellow, Sykes, or, as he styles himself, T. Jefferson Sykes. I supposed, of course, that he had come to borrow money, or to ask my assistance in getting out of some scrape, or to give him a note of recommendation for some vacant office, one or other of these objects being the usual inducement for favoring us with his presence at the tea-table. Sykes is one of that class of men with which I suppose everybody is familiar. My wife called him a *hanger on*. She never liked him; nor did I, for that matter; but he stuck to me like a leech. I had frequently said things which ought to have offended him, but without effecting that object, and he persisted in regarding me as the best friend he had in the world.

"Well," said I, "Sykes, what's wrong now?"

"O, nothing wrong now; all right, right as a trivet. I thought I would just drop in and see if I could do anything for you in my line."

"Your line?" said I, laughing; "and what may that be?"

With great complacency Sykes explained himself. Without any assistance from me, and, indeed, without my knowledge, he had obtained a situation likely to afford him a competent support. He was an agent for a newly-started Life Insurance Company, and received a per centage on the business which he brought into the concern. I am thus particular in this part of my narrative, not only because Sykes has an important part in it, but because one of the most villainous schemes that ever haunted any man's brain now began to torture me. This was to effect an insurance on the life of my uncle Jerry. And why not? Is there anything wrong in it? Something seemed to answer my question in the affirmative. Jerry is dead, and you know it. The company is ignorant of that fact, or, of course, they would not insure for you on any terms. But then I do not know that my uncle is dead. I do not believe he is. Do I?

The company, Sykes said, would insure the life of any man in Alabama, or anywhere else, if they were satisfied he was living at the latest dates—for any length of time, and for any amount as high as—he was not quite sure on that point, but he thought for a figure as high as twenty thousand dollars!

What did Madame Caraboni say? Was it not that I should come into the possession of twenty thousand dollars in less than a month, and that I might make it twice as much if I pleased? Something like that, I think; but then she had also told me such absurdities about my being a widower in search of a second wife that I could not help thinking of the little law-Latin with which I was acquainted, *falsa in uno, falsa in omnibus*. But then could this maxim be applied to a case of this kind? Was it not the province of a reasonable man to separate what might be true from what was palpably false? Now here was apparently a plan by which, admitting that the raps had told the truth, I might come into possession of forty thousand dollars, and this, too, by a very small outlay, in the shape of a premium to the insurance company. Why not risk it? The original sum said to be mine by my uncle's will began to appear paltry in my eyes. It was only one half of what it might be. And then was it just to my

family to throw away such a magnificent sum, or, what amounted to about the same thing, such a chance for securing it?

These thoughts tortured me, but, like a guilty thing, I kept them to myself, and even after Sykes had gone, and my wife and I were alone, I had not the courage to say anything to her upon the subject. The plain fact is, that, after all, I allowed my skepticism and my natural propensity to doubt so far to prevail, that I was even yet not more than half convinced that my uncle had really *gone into the interior*. I use that phrase because it had now become quite familiar. Of course, the money I was to receive as Jerry's heir did not appear to me quite as really my own as if it had been on deposit in the bank to my credit.

Early the next morning, in accordance with a determination which I had formed during the night, I called at the telegraph office in Wall-street, and found the obliging operator able, as he said, to send a dispatch to New-Orleans. It was simply an address to the landlord of the hotel at which my uncle, at the date of his last letter, made his home. I inquired, "Is he there? and what is the state of his health?"

The telegraphic communication between this city and New-Orleans was not as direct as it now is, and it was five o'clock in the afternoon before I received a reply. But O, what tormenting hours were those of that weary day! I will not trouble the reader with the perplexities in which my mind was entangled as in a net. They settled down in a wicked question, which haunted me a thousandfold worse than I ever supposed could be done by a real specter or a palpable ghost, for those were things the appearance of which I stubbornly refused to believe in. The question was this: Do I, or do I not wish that the revelation made to me may be true? Am I so far lost to all natural affection, to all that is good, as to hope that my kind old uncle, my best and dearest friend, who put me into business, who has loaned me money without asking interest—*do I, do I hope that he is dead?*

Merciful Heaven! I cried at length, no! I trust Jerry is alive, and will live many years. And as for his money—perish the thought that—but it would certainly be a great help to me, and if he is dead, why there is no harm in knowing it. But here.

again, my perverse disposition showed itself, and I exclaimed, "The whole thing is a delusion and a sham. Jerry is alive and well, and I shall have a dispatch from him assuring me of the fact. I will expose these wretched rappers and denounce them as impostors."

Thus the hours of the day passed on. Just as the clock was striking five, and I was about to return to my home, the long-expected dispatch from New-Orleans was put into my hands. I did not hastily tear it open. I laid it on my desk and looked at it. I was alone in my office. There was a cold sweat upon my brow. My fancy conjured the dispatch, in its yellow envelope, into a fearful thing. It seemed to me to have a supernatural appearance. The fact is, if I must own the truth, I felt afraid to open it. But I could not tell why. I reasoned with myself; but, like Milton's devils, the more I reasoned the more I found myself

"In wandering mazes lost."

"Pooh!" I exclaimed at length, "I am a fool!" I tore open the sealed envelope, and read as follows:

NEW-ORLEANS, 2-15 P. M.
Left here six weeks. Sick. Paid his bill. Said to Alabama. A small valise. Trunk here.

What now? Is Jerry dead, or is he not? That he had left New-Orleans I could not doubt, nor that he was sick, or at least that he had been sick. *Said to Alabama.* That means, Jerry said he was going there. Of course. How natural all this to an unprejudiced mind! and so far as circumstantial evidence can go, how does it corroborate the truth of the revelation made by the rappers! And yet, strange as it may seem, I still had doubts. All this might very well be, and my uncle be still in the land of the living. "Of course," said I to myself, "a coincidence." Nothing more. At this moment, softly and unannounced, as was his custom, Sykes popped into the office.

"Well," said he, "have you made up your mind about your uncle?"

"My uncle? What do you mean?"

"Insuring his life, you know. Our folks will do it. One and a half per cent. Twenty thousand dollars, if you like!"

O how guilty did I feel! If I had actually been instrumental in bringing about Jerry's death, and had purposely deceived

and cheated the insurance company, I question if I should have felt worse.

"I never had any intention to insure my uncle's life," I cried, in a tone that was intended to terrify, but which seemed to have quite a contrary effect, for Sykes laughed, and his laugh is one of the most disagreeable you ever heard. It sounded then more hideous than the howl of a hyena.

"Ha! ha! ha! You did n't, hey? That's a good one. I'd like to know how I came to ask our president about it, and why he consulted the finance committee, if you did n't tell me to inquire about it? Ha! ha!"

This was terrible! The president of that company was a man for whom I had a high respect, and in the Board of Directors were two gentlemen with whom I was personally acquainted. There was no knowing what Sykes had said to them, or what arguments he had used to induce them to take this risk. Horrible thoughts passed through my mind, shaping themselves into a prison, myself the inmate, my character blasted, my name in all the papers, my family ruined, Eliza Jane heart-broken, my dear children disgraced, and ashamed of their father. Of course it will all come out that I knew of my uncle's death when I sent Sykes upon this damnable errand. A fraud, a palpable cheat, the case clear as noon-day, the verdict of the jury unanimous without leaving their seats. The sentence—O horror!

All these thoughts whirled through my brain in far less time than it has taken me to record them. I felt as if I should faint, but, screwing myself up by a desperate effort,

"Sykes," said I, "you are an impertinent fool. I had a little conversation with you, and may have mentioned the name of my uncle, but—" and I paused, not knowing exactly what else to say.

"Well, that's too good," replied Sykes, his laugh now subsiding to a chuckle, which sounded even more fiendish than his loud guffaw. "That is too good. But no matter. There's no harm done. I thought I was doing you a favor. I had hard work to persuade them to agree to do your confounded old uncle, and now I am a fool for my pains, am I?"

I succeeded, at length, in pacifying the fellow, and compelled him to own that he

must have misunderstood me. I offered, indeed, to give him the amount of the commission he would have made if the insurance had been effected; but he refused it stoutly. I never knew him to refuse a five dollar bill before; but that's no matter. What I want to get at is another very curious coincidence that happened the same night.

This was a revelation made in a circle held in another part of the city, for I now attended these meetings whenever an opportunity offered. On the whole, this was a very foolish and unprofitable gathering. The medium was a raw hand at the business, or else the spirits were very perverse. No one of us obtained any satisfaction. The raps came, indeed, but in such a helter-skelter way that it was impossible to translate them into decent English. The lady made many apologies, and assured us that such things did not often occur. She would return our money if we wished. O no! of course not. We were too polite. It was not her fault.

I had scarcely left her house, on my way home, when it occurred to me that, after all, I had been rash in reaching the conclusion that the spirits had revealed nothing of importance. I will state the fact just as it was, and let the reader judge. The question I had proposed, mentally, was this:

"Who is my best friend on earth?"

I forgot to mention that on this occasion all our questions were proposed mentally, it not being necessary, the medium said, to speak, or even write them. I had previously asked all conceivable questions about the one thing uppermost in my mind, the death of Jerry and the twenty thousand dollars, but, as before observed, had received no satisfactory response. Now I asked, and, as directed, endeavored to keep my mind intently fixed upon the question:

"Who is my best friend on earth?"

Of course the answer ought to have been, as the reader very well knows, Eliza Jane. For that I was prepared; but it did not come, and instead of it, these three unmeaning letters, t. j. s.

"Like all the rest," said I, "it means nothing." Some one else then engaged the attention of the circle, and not until I had left the house did it occur to me that these letters were the initials of T. Jefferson Sykes! Curious, was n't it?

Of course I returned immediately, had another interview with the medium, and asked if she could recall that spirit.

Well, no; she thought not. The influence was gone, and for her part she believed those who were present that night must all have been lying spirits.

I thought this very likely, and yet I was exceedingly anxious to be satisfied whether even a lying spirit would insist upon it that Sykes was my best earthly friend.

I felt a little ashamed of myself when my suspicious nature so far prevailed as to induce me to withhold from the lady the name to which I supposed the spirit referred by his t. j. s. She kindly yielded to my entreaties, and endeavored to put me in communication with the spirit-world, but, for a long time, in vain. At length we had a few raps, faint and indistinct. They evidently meant nothing, or if they had a meaning, it was beyond our comprehension.

"Keep your mind steadily fixed on your question," said the lady.

I tried, with all my might, to do so, and to some extent succeeded. My question was the same as before,

"Who is my best friend on earth?"

The answer was not very clear, but we thought the raps indicated s. n. s.

"Will the spirit please to repeat?"

"Yes!" I kept my thoughts upon the question, and now there was no mistake; the answer was s. n. s.

I was puzzled. "I know no one with those initials," I said.

"Think," said the lady, apparently as anxious as I was myself. But it was of no use, and so we gave it up, the medium observing, as I left, that doubtless we had been imposed upon by evil spirits. Meditating upon these letters on my way homeward, and just as I reached the spot where I stopped before, the whole truth flashed upon me like a spark of electricity. They are the last letters in the three names Thomas Jefferson Sykes! I had had t. j. s., and now s. n. s. Strange, was n't it? And yet in what way Sykes could be my best earthly friend puzzled me. Could it be an intimation to take his advice, and effect an insurance upon the life of uncle Jerry? That would put me in possession of twenty thousand dollars if—my uncle was really dead; and I certainly knew no other friend from whom I could expect anything like that amount.

But is my uncle dead? Ay, that is the great question. I wanted more confirmation on that point. The next day I had it. I had been informed of another spiritual circle, said to be of a far higher grade than any I had been in the habit of attending. They met by daylight at three o'clock in the afternoon. I was, I suppose, an entire stranger; but found no difficulty in gaining admittance. Everything was conducted with the greatest decorum. The shutters were closed and the gas lighted. A learned judge, whom I had seen on the bench of one of our criminal courts, was there, an editor of a daily paper, a physician, at least so I supposed, for they called him doctor, and a pale-faced man with green spectacles and a white cravat. There was also present a strong-minded female in a close-fitting merino dress. She was the medium.

I will not weary the reader with a minute account of what transpired that evening. The gentleman with the green spectacles had, as he declared, a most interesting revelation from Swedenborg. I paid little attention to it. The arcana of the celestials, the divine love, and the occult idiosyncrasies had nothing attractive for me in the mood in which I then was. The subject of guardian angels, introduced by the judge, was more interesting. His guardian, the spirit said, was *Gabriel*, whereat the judge appeared highly pleased, as, indeed, he had a right to be. The editor, who, by the twinkle of his eye, I fancied was not strong in the faith, but in this I may be mistaken, inquired who, in the spirit-land, took charge of him. He was told, *Benjamin Franklin*. My turn came at length.

"Will the spirit tell us the name of this gentleman's guardian angel?" "Certainly; the spirit will do that with great pleasure," was the natural interpretation of the ready responsive raps.

Now I determined to fix my mind intently on some ancient worthy. I had read somewhere that the raps only indicated what was already in the inquirer's mind; and having recently been reading Fox's Book of Martyrs, I recalled the name of *Jerome of Prague*. I pictured in my mind that venerable saint and his cruel sufferings. Of course I was not at all surprised when the raps indicated the letters *J. e. r.*; but judge of my astonishment when they continued thus, *e. m. a. i. a. h.*

"Ah! very good," said the gentleman with the green spectacles. "The weeping prophet! and pray ask, who may be mine?" I know not what reply was given to his question. I was thinking of something else. It was not about the ancient Jewish prophet; you may be sure of that. "Please to ask," I ventured to say, when there was a little pause, "how long Jeremiah has been my guardian angel?"

On all hands this was declared to be an irrelevant question. The general sentiment was, that the weeping prophet had, of course, always held that office; at least ever since I came into the world. But I insisted; and at length the medium, to oblige me, although, as she said, at the hazard of offending the spirit, asked,

"How long has Jeremiah been this gentleman's guardian angel?"

The answer was prompt, in letters of the alphabet, thus, *f. o. r. t. y. f. i. v. e.*

"Forty-five what?" I asked.

This produced a laugh all around the table. Forty-five years, of course, was the general response; and "that, if I mistake not," said the judge, "is about your age." I owned that I was forty-five on my last birth-day, which confirmed the gentlemen present in the fact that we had been dealing with a veritable spiritual intelligence, and that it must be a *truthful* spirit. I said nothing, but I was almost bursting with the terrible fact that it was just forty-five hours since my uncle Jeremiah, according to his own statement, if it was his, had left the state of Alabama for the circles of the interior.

The reader will infer that even yet I was in doubt as to the truth of this revelation. I left the house, perplexed, sad, unhappy. I slept very little that night. My blessed wife began to be uneasy about me. My appetite failed. My business was neglected. All sorts of books, and pamphlets, and periodicals, bearing upon the one great subject, were devoured greedily. If there ever was a miserable wretch it was I, with my terrible secret. But I cannot analyze my feelings. At one time I felt sure of Jerry's death, and had almost entered into a speculation which would require twenty thousand dollars within a month. I had taken the pen into my hand to sign the paper, but dropped it as my skepticism whispered, "Perhaps he is not dead; and if he is, perhaps I may not come into possession of the money."

Thus a week passed. At a circle somewhere almost every night, but no new revelations of any consequence, and not one that seemed to *militate against the truth of those I had already received.*

"A letter from your uncle," said my clerk, who knew his hand-writing well, and he laid the document upon my desk. I tore it open. It was dated, *Wetumpka.* Was I surprised? No. I think I should have been more surprised if it had been dated anywhere else. But when? November 15th. "That is," said I to myself, "just five days before he went into the spirit world." I need not copy the letter here. He had been sick, was now convalescent, intended to start for New-York on the *twenty-first.* Had been lucky in his cotton speculations. Was worth, he thought, when all his debts were paid, twenty thousand dollars. But not a word about making me his heir. Of course not. He did not expect to die so soon.

My cogitations thenceforth I must leave the reader to imagine, only adding, that if there ever was such a thing as a *haunted man,* it was I.

That evening, on my way home, I resolved to call upon my old friend and quondam ghost-believer, Smith. He had had a relapse of his sickness, and was supposed at one time to be dying, but had strangely recovered. I found him sitting up, and apparently very happy. I resolved to unbosom myself fully. Was he able to listen to strange developments from the interior? O yes. He would like to hear, and he did hear me patiently to the end. He did not interrupt me by asking a single question, and when I had finished,

"All moonshine," said he, "gas, humbug, delusion! Ah," he continued, "I've been all through this farce. I know it like a book. But I'm cured." "Why, you astonish me. It was through your means that I was first induced to visit a circle. I thought you were a confirmed believer."

"So I was once," said he, "but it's over, all over, thank Heaven! In this last sickness I was too near the borders of the better land, on the banks of the cold river, my friend. This miserable creed don't stand by a man when he gets down *there.* All this twaddle about incorporeal spirits having no better employment than shaking tables and rapping at letters of the alphabet—why, it all vanishes like a morning

mist when you get near that hour of dread realities. It passes away like the stories of our childhood about fairies, and giants, and the tricks of conjurors. Moonshine, all!"

Nothing, in all my experience, astonished me more than this sudden revolution in the sentiments of my friend. It was certainly but little more than a fortnight since he had been an attentive, and doubtless a believing member of a circle. True, he had been sick since, very sick; but now it actually seemed as if the man had lost his identity.

"Then," said I, "you do not believe that my uncle is dead?"

"I know nothing about it," was his reply, "and, of course, have no belief upon the subject one way or the other. I certainly do not believe it any the more because of the raps of which you tell me."

"But," said I, "it seems very reasonable, or, at any rate, there is no improbability in the supposition, that the spirits of the departed may be permitted to visit their friends in this world?"

"Not at all, if the great and good Being, our heavenly Father, permits them so to do. He has all power in all worlds. But," said he, and his eye kindled with emotion, "He is too wise and good to send good spirits on such silly errands, and He will not permit the wicked, rest assured of this, to wander about our world playing fantastic tricks, and robbing men of their confidence in the truth and all-sufficiency of his own revelation. Now if your uncle be dead, which I admit is possible, and if he died believing in Jesus—why he is *with* Jesus, ineffably happy. Last Wednesday I thought I should be there before sundown; and O, it was a glorious thought! I *tasted* what the apostle calls *the powers of the world to come.* If your uncle is there, *he rests from his labors,* and no fruitless embassy to this world, or any other, shall ever mar his unalloyed and perfect bliss. Why, the thought that a blood-washed spirit may be summoned from the throne of the Lamb, and made to give raps upon a table because invoked by a medium, who pockets fifty cents or a dollar a head from the gaping fools who gather around her, is in itself perfectly preposterous."

Smith was tremulous with emotion. I confess I trembled also.

"But," said I, "if my uncle died without faith in Christ?"

"Ah! then his destiny is sealed; the Saviour has been just as explicit in this case as in the other. Where is the *rich man*, of whom he speaks? What is meant by those terrible words of the apostle relative to the destiny of Judas—that *he might go to his own place*? But these are awful thoughts. Let us not dwell upon them. *He will do all things well*. Your own common sense ought to assure you, that *it would not be well for him to allow lost spirits to come from their prison house at the beck of every silly woman who sets herself up for a medium*."

All this, and much more to the same purpose, was said in a calm and deliberate tone. To say I was astonished at Smith's eloquence, and at the revolution in his whole tone and manner, will give but a faint idea of the truth. I was perfectly dumb-founded. I had not a word to say. It appeared as if he and I had changed places. A month since he was the credulous believer in every ghost story, and I was the stoutest of unbelieving skeptics. But now—

Just at this moment who should make his appearance but Sykes, the man of all others that, at this juncture, I had the least desire to see. In fact, I wished him in California, or anywhere else. His entrance made but little interruption, and I tried to change the subject, but in vain. Smith continued:

"It may be true that Sykes here is your best earthly friend"—Sykes pricked up his ears—"and it may be true, as the rappers have declared, that your uncle is dead."

"Ha!" exclaimed Sykes, "dead, hey?" Then leering upon me with his glassy gray eye, "How you missed it, did n't you?"

"Nonsense," I cried; "he is no more dead than I am. But I must go;" and rising, I shook Smith heartily by the hand, and bade him good-night. He whispered in my ear, "They who put their trust in the Lord shall *never be confounded*!"

"I'm going your way," said Sykes, rising at the same time.

"So I supposed," I muttered; and when we were in the street I told him I was not going directly home, but wanted to call at a certain place in an opposite direction.

"That's lucky," he replied. "I have an errand in the same neighborhood." It

was now seven o'clock, the hour appointed for the meeting of a very select circle. I had promised to be there. Something seemed to impress my mind with the belief that this night would give me certainty on the one great subject. Perhaps it was the fact that, on the night previous, we had had some very startling revelations from a French spirit, who called himself Talleyrand. How he was able to rap out such good English, I am not able to explain, nor is it necessary to advert to those communications which had no direct bearing on my own great secret. I proposed to Monsieur Talleyrand this question:

Is my uncle Jerry in the spirit-land?

For some time there was no answer. Then we had a confused rapping, which was unintelligible. One of the party said it must be French; but he was snubbed into silence very soon. At length we received these letters, **t.o.—m.o.r.r.o.w. n.i.g.h.t.**

"An absurd answer," said I.

"Not at all," was our medium's reply. "There are many spheres in the interior, and the spirit must necessarily make long journeys and many inquiries, before he can give a positive answer to your question. He means that by to-morrow night you will receive the desired information."

"Very good," said I, although I thought it strange that in the interior they had no books, such as are kept in our mundane hotels, in which to register arrivals.

Of course, then, notwithstanding Smith's exhortation, I was very anxious to know the result of Talleyrand's search; and but for the pertinacity of "my best friend on earth," I should have gone directly to the meeting. But to take Sykes there, and let him into the secret—the thought was unbearable. He walked along by my side and said nothing. I think, in the frame of mind in which I then was, that if he had insinuated anything about insurance, or uncle Jerry, I should have knocked him down. He spoke only in monosyllables in answer to the very few questions I proposed on the most common-place subjects. As to leaving me, that was altogether out of the question.

I went from place to place, hoping to tire him out, but in vain. At length, I think it must have been half-past eight, we arrived at my own door. To my surprise the house was brilliantly lighted up. I

entered quietly with my night-key, Sykes at my heels. An obstreperous peal of laughter from the dining-room saluted our ears. Eliza Jane was evidently in high glee, and had company. The clatter of knives and forks indicated a supper party; and this in my absence, and without my knowledge. Strange! To rush into the room and fall into the arms of my uncle Jerry, alive and hungry, was the work of a moment. I wept like a child. He had left Wetumpka sooner than he intended; in fact, the day but one after mailing his last letter, had driven directly to our house on his arrival about an hour previous, and had brought presents for us all, including a large wax doll for Angelica, his little pet, even as she had dreamed.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE TWO SISTERS.

BY ALICE CART.

IN a poor little house that stood almost within the shadow of a great monastery there lived once two sisters, named Agnes and Elthea. Orphans they were, and heirs of nothing but an honest name and the trade of their parents, which was that of weaving. The elder, Agnes, had black hair, a pale face, hands that were never idle, and a tongue that was always still, except when it repeated prayers, or when the volubility of Elthea provoked it to speech.

"Mirth ill becomes us, good sister," she sometimes said in her severe piety. "Do not the bones of our parents molder in the darkness that will never give them up till the judgment, and is not our bread to be miserably earned by our weaving, and if we take time to laugh, what will become of the work?"

"You are very wise, Agnes, and I am very weak; for though I know our parents are dead, and we are poor girls who must weave from morning till night, I can hardly suppress my wicked inclination to laugh and to sing." So Elthea would reply, and trying to separate the smiles from her rosy mouth, she would weave very demurely for five minutes, then, un-awares, break into mockery of the bird at the door-side, or ask Agnes how it was that so often at night her cloth measured the longer.

"Giddy soul," Agnes would answer,

with never a smile, "know you not that the devil helps his own?"

This was a dreadful thought, and, pondering it, Elthea would remain silent a whole half-hour sometimes; but in the end laugh again, and reply, "If it be as you say, good sister, I will sing while I may, for the breath I use in singing would not last me to cool the fires a thousand years hence."

"O my poor sister," Agnes would sigh, moistening the threads of her weaving with her tears; and thus from day to day they sat at their looms, roses blooming in the cheeks of one, and wrinkles and pallor making the face of the other old before its time.

At twilight Elthea went with their woven cloth to the neighboring convent, where it was embroidered by the sisters in patterns fine and beautiful enough for queens to wear. If it were summer, she plucked flowers on the way and made crowns for her golden hair, which she wished might be admired by eyes besides her own, as she bent down her head over the little still places along the brook.

If Agnes could have seen how nicely she disposed the flowers, and with what vanity she broadened the golden bands of her hair, she would have frowned, even at her prayers; but Elthea never wore home the flowers. She gave them to the brook, whose bright waters carried them lovingly away, and smoothed back the broad bands to modest dimensions before crossing the threshold of the gloomy house where, till her return, the firelight seemed afraid to shine.

One night, as she was spreading the table with bread and grapes and milk, singing a song so low that it hardly came out of her heart, a song that was half thanksgiving and half prayer, the great bell of the monastery began to toll so solemnly that for a moment she grew pale, and crossed herself in silence.

The face of Agnes suffered no change, for nothing, indeed, could add to its habitual melancholy; but her voice evinced a bitter gratification as she said she was glad her sister was proven capable of fear, if not of contrition.

After a moment, however, a flash of joy brightened the cheek of Elthea, and having said that some sister of the convent must have passed from death unto life, she took up the melody where it had

been broken off, and renewed her preparations with cheerful serenity.

"Hush!" said Agnes, lifting up her hand; "I hear the mountain-wind coming angrily down; the roof-tree shakes its last leaves off to battle with it; saints protect us! it will be a fearful night!"

As she spoke the rain dashed against the roof as if a thunder-cloud emptied itself all at once. Then Agnes began to cry aloud, as a child that is lost in the dark; but Elthea said, "God, who holds the whirlwinds in his hand, will keep us, and we shall not die. Why do you fear, my sister? doth he not love us the same when to our weak vision the way of his providence seems dark?"

And still the bell tolled mournfully, the winds drove dismally, and the rain beat heavily. It was enough to make any soul afraid that could not draw light into the darkness from the sunshine of a past life of pious cheerfulness and resignation.

"Have mercy on us, good saints!" cried Agnes again and again, wringing her hands in dismay.

"Our Father, we thank and bless thee for the fire that makes us warm, and for the roof that shelters us, and for our trust in thee that no storm can beat down," prayed Elthea.

Directly, in a lull of the storm, there was heard a knocking at the door, and Elthea, smiling, made haste to open it, for she said, "It is perhaps some poor wayfarer whose life is mercifully given into our keeping." But Agnes reproved her with frowns, saying, "Stir not for your life; it is some murderer who seeks our blood, or at best a robber who takes advantage of the storm." And when she saw that Elthea would not be hindered from opening the door, she hid herself in the darkest corner of the house, under the cloth that was in her loom, and her trembling shook the floor beneath Elthea's feet, as her steady hand unlatched the door and set it open wide.

"How blessed art thou of the Virgin! I dreamed not these rude hills held so fair a blossom. Thy goodness, for I am sure thou art good, shall be my shield as well as thy roof. Bring me straight to thy royal mother, that I may kiss her hand."

The youth and stranger had crossed the threshold as he spoke, and now stood

waiting meekly before Elthea in the light of the burning fire.

"You honor me above my deserts, gentle friend," replied Elthea, her confusion showing all the more for the blushes in which it tried to hide. "We are but poor girls, the children of weavers, and our parents are dead."

"Children?" repeated the stranger, turning his fair face toward the dark corners of the room; "I see only thyself."

Then Agnes came forth from beneath the cloth of the loom, and said, turning her dark face toward the stranger, "My sister, a giddy and thoughtless maiden as you may judge, has spoken truly. We are indeed poor, weaving all day long for our bread, which at the best is scanty enough," and she broke the small loaf in two pieces as she said this, and offering one piece to Elthea, began to eat the other, for she hoped to drive the stranger away by showing him that they had nothing to spare.

But Elthea forgot her long fast, which she was used to keep all day, and remembering the stranger, who had been beaten by the rain, and must be tired and famished, she offered him what bread was left without tasting any.

The stranger accepted the bread, bowing so low that all his golden locks fell down about his face, and seeing what he did, Agnes not only frowned, but asked, in accents sharp and reproachful, how the poor could work without food. As she spoke, the piece of bread the stranger held seemed to grow into a whole loaf, and the part he gave back to Elthea was more than the whole she had given. And as they ate, the rain drove, and the wind blew, and the great bell of the monastery tolled and tolled. When Agnes spoke, she could hardly hear her own voice for the noise of the storm. Nevertheless, she said she believed the tempest had well-nigh ceased, and a favorable time was offered for wanderers, if any were abroad, to seek shelter in the neighboring convent. The stranger seemed not to hear or to understand her words, for he continued to eat his bread quietly as before. "Had we never so much charity," continued Agnes, "we could neither shelter nor lodge a wayfarer, even though we knew him to be a pious priest, let alone a vagabond of a minstrel, such as are likeliest to trespass on the poor."

Now the stranger wore the habit of a minstrel, and carried with him a harp, so, if he heard the words Agnes spoke, he could not mistake their meaning.

All at once, as if the tolling of the bell smote upon his heart, the tears filled his beautiful eyes and ran silently down his face.

"Your tears will never be dried if you remain here," said Agnes, "for we are poor girls, who sell the kerchiefs we weave for bread."

But Elthea, coming softly between him and her cold-hearted sister, wiped his tears with her long golden hair, and in a whisper inquired why he wept.

"The great king who ruled us so well and so wisely is dead," answered the stranger, "and my heart is very heavy."

"And what is that to a poor minstrel like you, or to weavers like us," said Agnes. "Could we leave our work to weep, though the king were twice dead?" and she climbed into her loom again, and beckoned her sister to follow. But Elthea sat down at the feet of the stranger and wept, saying, "The king was a good king, and who now will rule us so well?"

"Foolish soul!" cried Agnes, "what is the king to you, whether he be alive or dead?"

But, heedless of her words, Elthea continued to sit at the stranger's feet and to weep, and her tears soothed the youth inasmuch that he took his harp, and, as the rain beat, and the wind blew, and the bell tolled, sang a mournful dirge for the dead king.

"You see how poor we are, and that we have but one bed, which cannot be divided," spoke Agnes, fretfully, interrupting the music; "and strolling minstrels like you are used to no better shelter than the oak-trees make for them, and, besides, your harp is troublesome to me: we must weave to-morrow, and if we sleep not, how shall it be done?" And having finished this speech, she angrily dashed herself across the bed.

Then Elthea made the fire bright, and, bringing from the bed her own pillow, said she was sorry it was all she could do, and with a smile that brightened all his dream, she went away, and, resting her head on the cloth of her loom, slept never so sweetly in her life.

When it was morning, the ill-nature of

Agnes knew no bounds on seeing the minstrel wait to share the morning meal; but Elthea smiled, and divided her piece of bread as before, and when the grudging sister went to her loom, the charitable one broke from her geranium all the flowers it bore, and twined them about the harp of the minstrel, who was going to the monastery to sing dirges and to offer prayers for the rest of the dead king's soul.

When he went away her blessing went with him, and the dirges he sung that day were sweet with thanksgiving as they were fervent with sorrow.

"A pretty measure of cloth are you likely to weave to-day," said Agnes, as Elthea sought her loom; "the sun is an hour high, and be sure I shall not divide my bread with you for your folly."

Elthea was thinking of the minstrel, and hardly heard what her sister said; but her fingers had never seemed so nimble, and her shuttle flew and flew just as if it had wings, and the hours of the day dwindled into moments, and before she knew it was night, and her task was done. While Agnes sat still scolding and working at her unfinished task, Elthea was away to the convent with her full measure of cloth. The music in the choir had never sounded half so sweet as it sounded that night, for she knew the minstrel was singing with the rest.

Three days went by, and in the evening of each Elthea listened to the music in the choir, and the hour of her listening was like an hour taken out of heaven; but the evening of the fourth day she missed the harp of the minstrel, and coming to the brook, she sat down on the bank very sad, for it seemed to her that her heart was being borne away in its waves.

Suddenly a shadow fell on the water, and looking up, Elthea saw the poor minstrel, of whom she was thinking. Her heart bled into her cheek its soft secret when she saw him, and trembling, she covered her face with her hands and remained silent. Placing his harp on the grass by the brook side, the minstrel seated himself by Elthea, and when the moon came up he told her all the story of his love; and as she listened with a blush and sigh, he laid his hand on her golden hair, and said, if he had any riches except his harp, he would ask her to go

with him to his own country, and to be his companion always.

But what cared Elthea for riches? she knew how to weave, and it would be easy work weaving for him. And there, in the moonlight, they plighted everlasting love with manifold kisses.

Many nights the bosom of the minstrel had been the pillow of Elthea, and many days they had traveled together, her feet bruised and tired, but her heart running over with delight, and her lips singing and prattling all the while, when toward sunset they sat down by the wayside to rest. Then it was that the minstrel told his pretty wife another story, the marrow of which was, that he was no minstrel at all, except, indeed, for the season of mourning for the king, his father; for himself was the king's son; and the poor weaver girl, who had shared with him her bread and her fireside, was henceforth to share with him his broad and beautiful palace, and for the shelter she had given him from one storm, he would shelter her from all the storms of life.

And Elthea was loved and honored by all her people as long as she lived, and many was the real minstrel that blessed her name, and sang songs in her praise; and many was the embroidered train she wore that was made of the cloth she had woven when a poor girl, and the cloudy days and the stormy days were always brightest with the blessing of memory. And to the end of her life Agnes wore coarse frocks, and wove cloth to make embroideries that she never saw, fretting and scolding at her sister's good fortune all the while, and spoiling before its time the beauty of a face that might have rivaled her sister's if she had suffered her heart to shine through it the same.

THE QUESTION OF ALL HEARTS ANSWERED.

WHERE must a man go for pardon? Where is forgiveness of sin to be found? Listen, reader, and by God's help I will tell you. There is a way both sure and plain, and into that way I desire to guide every inquirer's feet. That way is simply to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as your Saviour. It is to cast your soul, with all its sins, unreservedly on Christ; to cease completely from any dependence on your own

works and doings, either in whole or in part, and to rest on no other work but Christ's work, no other righteousness but Christ's righteousness, no other merit but Christ's merit, as your ground of hope. Take this course, and you are a pardoned soul. "To Christ," said Peter, "give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." "Through this man," says Paul at Antioch, "is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things." "In him," writes Paul to the Colossians, "we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." The Lord Jesus Christ, in great love and compassion, has made a full and complete satisfaction for sin, by his own death upon the cross. There he offered himself as a sacrifice for us, and allowed the wrath of God, which we deserved, to fall on his own head. For our sins he gave himself, suffered and died—the just for the unjust, the innocent for the guilty, that he might deliver us from the curse of a broken law, and provide a complete pardon for all who are willing to receive it. And by so doing, as Isaiah says, "he has borne our sins;" as John the Baptist says, "he has taken away sin;" as Paul says, "he has purged our sins, and put away sin;" and as Daniel says, "he has made an end of sin, and finished transgression." And now the Lord Jesus is sealed and appointed by God the Father to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give remission of sins to all who will have it. The keys of death and hell are put in his hand. The government of the gate of heaven is laid on his shoulder. He himself is the door, and by him all that enter in shall be saved. Christ, in one word, has purchased a full forgiveness, if you and I were willing to receive it. He has done all, paid all, suffered all, that was needful to reconcile us to God. He has provided a garment of righteousness to clothe us. He has opened a fountain of living waters to cleanse us. He has removed every barrier between us and God the Father, taken every obstacle out of the way, and made a road by which the vilest may return. All things are now ready, and the sinner has only to repent of sin, believe, and be saved, to eat and be satisfied, to ask and receive, to wash and be cleansed.

[For the National Magazine.]

THOUGHTS ON HISTORY.

A HISTORY of history would make a good history of itself. The histories of nations, law, conquest, war, and commerce, are useful, entertaining, and instructive. But the rise and progress of history, its various fortunes, faults, and forms, its sources and its sphere, have all the attractions of any one of the myriad subjects it invests with novelty and rescues from oblivion. However, in such an undertaking, we labor under difficulties similar to those which perplex the historian of a people of uncertain origin and faded annals. It would seem, from the ardent wish of universal man to outlive his years, that no age has failed to erect some imperishable monument of its deeds; and perhaps it is more owing to the ravages of time than to any indifference to fame on the part of man, that we find so scanty an amount of data for a ground-work of his history.

Almost invariably the love of fame, not solicitude for posterity, suggests some lasting testimonial of our ingenuity and toil, and makes our painstaking tolerable.

The tablets exhumed from ancient ruins bear record to the personal wealth of princes as often as they do to the glory and grandeur of powerful states. This propensity to insure immortal names being common to mankind, it would be needless to inquire into their neglect of, or attention to, history in any particular age of the world.

Let it suffice to say, that this department of literature was cultivated at the earliest dawn of our own language, for the first book ever printed in English was the "Histories of Troye," bearing date A. D. 1471.

The popular form of history in written volumes is the best provision against the certain decay of departing years. It is expedient to garner up securer than floating traditions a faithful record of the times; and the estimation of eminent service rendered to society in this description of writing is so high, that it has come to be as honorable to obtain the leading clew to some important event and become a discoverer, as it is to contrive and become an inventor. New facilities for the use and preservation of knowledge in general have much extended the bene-

fits of history, as well as obviated many difficulties in its study. Formerly, interminable manuscripts written in foreign languages, few in number and costly, were inaccessible to the majority of reputed scholars. But since the discovery of the art of printing, nearly all the valuable and accessible writings of past ages have been reproduced in compact and readable books. Nor is it the least facility we enjoy in our connection with books, that their sizes are more convenient and their embellishments more beautiful than the ponderous, shabby tomes of ancient days. Indeed, there is not a greater contrast between the fashions of remote generations as to the dress of their persons, than there is between them as to the dress of their literature. Our own country deserves great praise for her contributions to the art of book-making, whether we speak of the glory of her literature or the tasteful gilt devices that adorn the boards between which it is compressed. While English books display a better paper than ours, we may justly lay claim to the most varied and splendid outward appearance; but German works seldom make any pretensions beyond a well-printed pamphlet. Compared with those we issue now-a-days, the publications of the past are coarse and unwieldy. There was the black letter used by old English and modern Gothic writers, bound in russet, with heavy clasps of iron and steel; papyrus and parchment, inscribed with pen and ink, and rolled together like a scroll.

In this order, paper, papyrus, and parchment have preserved the only memorials we possess of many centuries; after that we are guided by coins and medals, obelisks chiseled into languages long disused, and pyramids pictured with emblematic forms of beasts, birds, and fishes. The shield of Achilles shows a nation in war and a nation in peace: there are delineated the general and the peasant, the modes of ancient theft and the sports of harvest-time. Beyond this period, it is reasonable to infer, the forms were quite as rude and imperfect, notwithstanding it is said the artist's work of the present day is only the revival of a lost excellence or the restoration of an ancient glory.

History appears, out of the archives of classified literature, not always in as convenient and lasting forms, but more or less authentic. Nature's impressions are

often so legible, we are constrained to believe art must be short-lived, and its brightest prints must remain comparatively pale. On the principle that history has always less force in the mouth or writing of him who last made use of it than in his from whom he received it, is there greater novelty and vitality, too, in the simple and unmistakable records made by the traces that things leave behind them. There are, it is true, inexplicable performances and eccentric flourishes in nature, of which we have neither premonition nor significant remains. Written history is only an accommodation to our circumstances, and is often a long medium between ourselves and the recorded event. Belief is strong as testimony is fresh and witnesses veracious. Some media obscure vision, and, if possible, bring in a doubtful consciousness, like the sense of touch to a blind man, who gathers a moiety of uncertain knowledge, not from letters with the eye, but on palpable forms embossed, tracing with his finger their meaning.

The unwritten history to which we refer is as genuine, frank, and truly reflective as an echo to the voice or sweet music to the chords of a harp. Time flowing silent as a stream, or the travel of a star, leaves indelible marks of its transit. Spring leaves the good product of its buds and blossoms in ripe and luscious autumnal fruits. The rock overgrown with moss is emblem of age, the yellow, brittle leaf, of decay. The earthquake leaves its chasms, and the emerald verdure of the hills sparkles with the diamond drops of the storm. In a land where no mortal could be found, nor vestige of human habitation, a place of gloomy caves and rank vegetation, at last appeared on the explorer's path the well-known footprint of his species petrified. A scar on the tree, and a trail at its base, map out the wilderness.

The greater portion of history must necessarily be unwritten, for it is unknown. Events that transpired a long time ago wanted competent historians, and those who wrote used tablets long since effaced, or characters disused. The things that were plain and glaring to our fathers are the enigmas of their children. Only small portions of the past survive the contingencies of time, and very often become to us mere blind guides and slip-

pery clews, with which we eagerly travel the labyrinth of years. All that is really known of the ancient state of Britain is contained in a few pages, and yet from what they reveal it may be well inferred the unknown would fill volumes. Our ignorance of considerable portions of preceding time ought not to be charged so much to men who may be supposed to have been careless of observation, as to other men who are known to have exercised studious care in concealing their guilty deeds from the public eye. This remark will apply to the Inquisition. It was intentionally hidden from the world. Hume tells us that the Druids practiced their rites in dark groves, or other secret recesses; and, in order to throw a greater mystery over their religion, they communicated their doctrines only to the initiated, and strictly forbade the committing of them to writing.

The history of Homer is lost in doubtful obscurity, as is the history of many of the first minds who have done honor to humanity. The majestic stream of his song, blessing and fertilizing, flows like the Nile through many lands and nations; and, like the sources of the Nile, its fountains will ever remain concealed.

Of many things we see and feel the effects only. We are tampered with glimpses of beauty and fragments of exquisite art. There are intimations whose sequel, if made known, would kindle a song of beatitude on the lips of thousands!

It has rarely occurred that we have handed down to us from the past *complete* records. The most important revelations are wanting in their connections, and men supply what is lacking; even though they may be apparently *complete*, their value and dignity will vary as they are more or less *perfect*. If they are not really *complete*, they are still less *perfect* records.

The preservation of the Bible is so surprising, it may be called the wonder of our time, and well deserves the epithet miraculous. Notwithstanding its long exposure to the violence of irreverent hands, this book is now *complete*; that is to say, it has no need of supplies. The translators of it have used figures that are familiar to the men of their times, for the sake of perspicuity; but not because of any deficiency that would defeat the final cause of its Author in giving it to man.

It is the gem of history, and not beautiful in itself merely, but, like a shining ray, is benign also, by as much as it throws back a radiance on the gloomy past, and illuminates the long vista of our future.

The faults of history, its vanity and difficulties, are numerous. There are its irrelative adornments and imaginative sequels, expedients enlisted to facilitate the historian's task; thus we often have a volume in *folio*, when all that is authentic in it would scarcely fill a *quarto*. This is the proud flesh on the body of history! Then there is the philosophy of history, which makes this sort of reading somewhat sacred, and its perusal charming; it is the thread that strings the transactions of the ages in intelligible series, but is also a subtle thing, for the most part unpierceable by ken of man or angel, shrouded in mystery with the untold plans of Deity.

Man is seldom more impotent than when he essays to unfold causes and fix relations, and no one weakness of great minds is more apparent than their attempt to prophesy. Sydney Smith did not pen a more silly sentiment than his prediction of the downfall of Methodism.

A difficulty not easy to be obviated meets the historian when different persons of the same name flourish contemporaneously with equal celebrity. Glory and shame have thus come to be misplaced; the laurel has been planted where weeds of woe should wave, and gentle zephyrs play where avenging thunders should roll. History has taught to spurn a man for an ignoble trait of character which inhered in his namesake.

The case is different where men move in different spheres of life; their deeds are identified by the light of their position and opportunities, and thus they are as easily distinguished each from the other as the avenues of life they walk, which lead up to power or off to obscurity.

By these tests ought William Penn to be tried; and if by these he be tried, then the William Penn whom Macaulay shows to have been both Quaker and a sycophant, is the veritable man who founded a respectable sect, but who also accepted the inhuman mediation between the queen's maids of honor and the guileless little girls of Taunton; who went to the Hague vainly hoping to eradicate an abhorrence

of the Papacy from the mind of William, Prince of Orange, who notwithstanding drove the crafty James from his throne to expiate his offenses in exile, and ushered in a benign and faithful reign; who went to Oxford on a low errand for the same king, but was spurned from that illustrious seat of learning, reproved by the glorious integrity of loyal churchmen, and followed by the execrations of the flower of Magdalen College.

What place has history in literature? We speak not now of abstract, dry annals, interesting to few besides antiquarians, and perplexing even to them; but of a great general history of a great people: of a people whose age or enterprise, daring, wealth, or power, present wondrous stories and thrilling tales; of a history where the people are counted, their manners and customs written: a history of kings and queens, of lords and ladies, of governors and emperors, of pachas and presidents, of the cradle of nations and their ancient sepulchers. A nation's history is a profile, where peculiar features determine the class to which it belongs among the human species; where shining scars tell the story of some great and terrible crisis met before her freedom was made sure. An acquaintance with the *province* of history is a considerable stepping-stone gained toward an admiration and esteem of its lofty aims. The majority of minds have even a native avidity for it, inasmuch as the memory of the dead passes into it, and the bitter griefs and potent trials of our fathers are hidden beneath its words. Edward I., king of England, understood this well when he contemplated the subjugation of Wales. Sensible that nothing kept alive the ideas of military valor and of ancient glory so much as the traditional poetry of the people, which, assisted by the power of music and the jollity of festivals, made deep impressions on the minds of youth, he gathered together all the Welsh bards, and ordered them to be put to death. It is the authorship of such pieces as "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and the "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard" that has embalmed the memories of Burns and Gray.

Among the contributions to popular history Rollin, perhaps, is read more than any other author who discourses of the ancients. His work, though pleasing as an Arabian tale, has little more truth.

Rollin, like Robertson, paints well, but does not give a likeness. Hume has written with purity, propriety, and precision of language; but his pen has not recorded a single devout aspiration, nor has he condescended to make any invocation. The fact of the existence of a Divine Being had no place in his mind, and though the morally sublime was occasionally thrown into his pages, it falls upon our ears like the praises of a hypocrite, which are always devoid of the ardor and eloquence of conviction. He draws no inspiration from religion and virtue, which have made meaner pages brighter and more genial, and was proud to leave behind him writings to disprove there are the footsteps of a God in the earth. His six volumes, whatever they may be besides, are six monuments to hollow human vanity. Macaulay's history is a practical vindication of the doctrine of progress, being far in advance of all others in the same language for strength, beauty, and sublimity. Prescott's is rich and silvery like Peru, and gorgeous as the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, while Bancroft and Irving may challenge the rivalry of the best historians.

What place should history have in literature? The entertainment it affords and the influence it exerts lead us to a univocal reply. Its advantages are manifold. Old precedents of justice written there terrify the tyrant in his plans, defend the orphan in the day of peril, and the widow in her solitude. Liberty is dearer from the memory of pre-revolutionary struggles and triumphs. Besides, destined to hold its accustomed dominion over youth, to train them for honorable defense, as well as to inspire in them courage to meet coming danger, and a just veneration for the past; as it shall guide statesmen in framing law, let it be so well executed as to be worthy of a high place in literature.

The influence of knowledge upon a people must be beneficial or pernicious. We speak not now of romance only to say history degenerates in that form, and, when compared with authentic records, is as the mirage of the desert to rivers of waters. Dr. Johnson said, "All history, so far as it is not supported by cotemporary evidence, is romance." It is very much to be desired that a nation's history be an impartial and authentic account of

it; its *history*, not the historian's apology for it; what it *was*, not what it would have been *if*, nor what it might have been *but*.

It were well, then, also, that events were recorded as they transpire, and that he who attempts to gather them together write justly, or bear the reproach of having imposed upon his race, and held out a false light to those who love to reflect upon their kindred, country, and religion.

The present century is destined to furnish more matter for history than any other that has preceded it. Nations have colonized, spread abroad, and planted the germs of empire in regions heretofore wild and uninhabited. Wars prevail at the present hour, and Sparta sent not forth a more gallant band than the Six Hundred who proudly challenged thousands at the Alma.

But as the world grows older the difficulties in the way to fame are augmented. It is not easy now to become the guiding spirit of a community; how much more impossible to compete with the countless powers of the world!

Whoever, then, shall make himself illustrious in the present day, and command a page in history hereafter, shall be worthy, thrice worthy, because he enters the lists against unprecedented rivalry. He who shall make a discovery or useful invention now, will bless his race by as much more than former benefactors did theirs, as he removes the difficulties which embarrassed them and surmounts the obstacles that they could not surmount.

But past history shall lend its light to shine upon their errors for our improvement, and that of the future will not fail to celebrate our successful labors, and after we are dead, bid us live in the literature of our posterity.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.—The weakness and folly of childhood, the vanity and vices of youth, the bustle and care of middle life, and the infirmities of old age, (if we live to be old), what do they leave us? A short life, indeed. Yet, man has a soul of vast desires. He is capable of much, and aims at more. Many things he cannot attain, and many are not worth the pains. O, it is a pity that he should not know how to choose the good, and refuse the evil! how to make the most and best of so short a life!—*Dr. Kitto.*

[For the National Magazine.]

ELEMENTS OF A GOOD SERMON.

IN our former article on this subject, published in the sixth volume of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, we confined ourselves chiefly to the mechanical or artistic peculiarities of a model sermon. In this paper we propose to glance at those elements of an effective discourse which more particularly relate to its theological or religious character.

We begin with the remark that a good sermon is *Scriptural*. By this term we mean,

1. It must be in accordance with the system of revealed truth. No purity of style, nor elegance of diction, can compensate for error of sentiment. Indeed, a sermon containing "strange doctrines," like poison concealed in sweetmeats, or a worm coiled in the petals of a rose, is the more pernicious in proportion as the style of the address is captivating. As thought is the foundation of good writing, so divine truth is the basis of a good sermon; and a discourse not built on this foundation is like a magnificent temple erected upon the sand. Its splendor may attract the multitude beneath its gorgeous dome, but its architectural beauty cannot uphold the baseless fabric, nor protect those from ruin who take shelter under it. As all error is moral poison, the question of Pilate, "What is truth?" is of the first importance in the composition of a sermon, especially as an inconsiderable mixture of error with truth, like certain corrosive minerals with wholesome medicaments, may entirely neutralize the effect of much valuable instruction.

We have nothing now to say with regard to those who, for the sake of pleasing men and promoting their own aggrandizement, are involved in the guilt of willfully corrupting the word of God, or keeping back an important part of the divine message to man; but in view of the liability of all uninspired men unwittingly to deviate more or less from the path of truth, it may not be amiss to inquire whether there is not a tendency in these days, in our searches after the true intent and meaning of the Bible, to lean with undue confidence upon the opinions of certain favorite authors whom we are accustomed to style "our standard writers." The opinions of eminently learned and pious men should, of

course, be consulted and treated with due deference; but we should make no uninspired man or body of men our *standard* of truth in theology. In Biblical researches especially we should call no man Rabbi. A student of divinity should not have so idolatrous an attachment to great names as to rest satisfied with the conclusions at which our fathers have arrived in relation to disputed questions in religion, without a thorough examination of the reasons on which such opinions were based. Theological science, like all other sciences, is progressive; and although the Bible is a complete repository of religious truth, adapted to all ages and circumstances, we have no doubt if Luther, and Calvin, and Wesley were now on the stage of action, and in the enjoyment of all the facilities at hand in our time calculated to throw light upon the lively oracles, they would have, to say the least, far more enlarged views on some subjects than they once entertained. And if, as some suppose, departed saints are cognizant of what is transpiring on earth, it seems to us it could not be otherwise than a disagreeable sight to the spirits of those noble men, who spent their lives in studying, explaining, and enforcing the Word of God, if they should behold us servilely plodding along in their footsteps, as mere automatic copyists, and adopting by the wholesale all their peculiar notions, instead of employing the superior light of our own times in discovering and correcting their erroneous views, whether on major or minor points, and availing ourselves of their useful labors to make constant augmentation to the vast aggregate of Biblical knowledge to which they so largely contributed.

While we are neither to assume that we entertain correct views of revealed truth merely because we are sustained by certain eminent theologians, nor that others are heterodox simply because they differ from these, the infinite value of that truth we are seeking, for our own sake, and the eternal welfare of others, demands that we eagerly avail ourselves of every help to a right understanding of the sacred volume within our reach. Hence he who would preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, should not only study the several books of Scripture, if possible, in the language in which they were originally written, but should read the expositions and criticisms, particularly on

disputed points, both of his favorite authors and those whose opinions conflict with them. When this is done critically, without partiality and without prejudice, in humble reliance on divine wisdom to direct our minds, we shall be likely to have a far more luminous, expansive, and correct view of the doctrines of the Bible; while our presentations of the same, instead of being uniformly couched in the threadbare, and perhaps quaint phraseology of a particular sect or founder of a sect, will bear the stamp of originality, at least in the mode of expression, if not in the ideas themselves.

2. But the model sermon is Scriptural in another sense. It is not only consonant with Bible truth, but is replete with Bible language. The Word of God not only occupies a respectful position, but stands out prominently in the effective sermon.

Bishop Asbury, once addressing a class of young ministers, lifted up the Bible to his shoulders, and with thrilling effect exclaimed: "Brethren, remember the Bible is your battle-ax; take this and conquer." Although it has been tauntingly said of the indefatigable itinerants of those days, that their library consisted simply of their Bible and Hymn Book, it is certain the weapons of their warfare, as wielded by them, were mighty, through God, in pulling down strongholds. Indeed, it is observable in all evangelical Churches, that those preachers, in ancient and modern times, whose labors have been crowned with the richest success in winning souls to Christ, among other peculiarities, were in the habit of drawing very largely from the Word of God. In reading the published discourses of Whitefield, Wesley, Jay, McCheyne, Summerfield, and others, we are struck with the fact, which must have been still more clearly observable by those who enjoyed the privilege of listening to these eminent heralds of salvation, that they evinced far more confidence in the simple "Thus saith the Lord," to secure the attention, conversion, and edification of their hearers, than in any logical or rhetorical skill which they possessed.

We are aware that it is possible to have an excess even of as good things as passages of Scripture in sermons. We have heard discourses which were made up chiefly of indiscriminate quotations of all such texts as seemed to have some relation to

the point under consideration, but they were jumbled together in such a confused manner as to show that the verses, instead of having been drawn directly from the fountain-head of truth, were copied from Bible Dictionaries, Manuals, Concordances, and the like, to fill up the sermon. It is well known that a comparatively few unequivocal proof-texts which bear directly on the point under consideration, properly introduced, are of much greater value to produce conviction than a large mass of Scriptures, containing passages that are obscure or irrelevant.

The tendency, however, of sermonizers at the present day, we think, lies not in this extreme. We are more inclined to adopt the topical than the exegetical system of preaching. We are strongly tempted to seek the reputation of becoming mighty in science, in literature, in metaphysics, rather than mighty in the Scriptures. In these days of refinement, we are sometimes inclined to think the plain, unvarnished Word of God is a little too antiquated, if not vulgar, for fashionable ears. Thus, in imitation of Archbishop Tillotson, some substitute the term *reformation* for conversion, *virtue* for holiness, *vice* for sin; and, instead of faith in God's mercy through Jesus Christ, like Blair say, "humble trust in the favor of Heaven." By this studied avoidance of plain Scripture terms and paucity of the inspired Word in our preaching, do we not give cavilers some reason to think we are ashamed of the undorned Gospel of Christ, even if we are not guilty of positively shunning to declare all the counsel of God?

Nothing, in our opinion, secures confidence and interest in the word preached, not only of the pious of all classes, but of the irreligious, especially those distinguished for intelligence, like a sincere, earnest, and skillful handling of the simple Word of God in the sacred desk. The reproving remark of the late Daniel Webster, in a certain private conversation, should not be forgotten: "Many ministers of the present day take their text from St. Paul, and preach from the newspapers. When they do so, I prefer to enjoy my own thoughts rather than to listen. I want my pastor to come to me in the Spirit of the Gospel, saying, 'Your work must be done speedily. You are an immortal too. You are hastening to the bar of God.' When I am thus admonished, I have no disposition to muse or sleep."

Without dwelling longer upon the importance of having our discourses deeply imbued with the spirit of the Bible in general, separate and emphatic notice should be taken of another peculiarity of a good sermon. It is thoroughly *evangelical*. A discourse may be Scriptural, and yet not evangelical. A man may preach Scriptural truth as far as he goes, and still not, properly speaking, preach the Gospel. He may proclaim news, and even *good news*, and yet not preach *the good news*, or glad tidings referred to in the great commission. By a thoroughly evangelical discourse, then, we mean a sermon in which Christ is prominently set forth as the essential element of revealed truth. As the great design of preaching is to win souls to Christ, it is absurd to look for success unless Christ be faithfully preached. Thus the crucified Jesus was the sum and substance of apostolic preaching. Christ was the glorious central sun in their theological system, around which every other truth revolved and derived its vital power. Paul, for instance, having in his own person proved the worthlessness of every other remedy proposed for the removal of guilt and pollution from the human heart, tried the "Balm of Gilead"—the precious blood of Jesus, and found it the power of God unto his salvation. Hence, with a heart overflowing with gratitude and animated by a new life, like a true philanthropist, as he gazed on the world, a vast lazaret-house of moral disease and wretchedness, he went everywhere preaching Jesus. And whether among the polite philosophers of Athens, or among the degraded barbarians of Melita, we hear from him the same message. Though the Jews required of him a sign, and the Greeks sought after wisdom, he preached Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness. As a certain divine has expressed it, he kept himself so completely hid behind his crucified, risen, and exalted Master, that Paul the tent-maker, and Paul the Pharisee, and Paul the scholar, and Paul the gifted apostle and eloquent orator, were entirely out of sight.

We are not, however, by these expressions of exultation in the cross, to infer that there was no variety in the preaching of the apostles. We must not suppose that they confined themselves to an unvarying repetition of the story of Calvary, to the neglect of the law, and the prac-

tical duties of religion. Indeed, we are not sure they always preached in accordance with the rule recommended by an eminent modern divine, when he advised young ministers "never to preach a single sermon from which an unenlightened hearer might not learn the plan of salvation, even though he never afterward heard another discourse." For in a series of discourses to the same people, though every sermon may have a supreme reference to the cross, it can hardly be expected that each should expatiate on this particular theme with equal explicitness. But we are to understand that the primitive preachers had no confidence in anything else but the blood of Christ as the antidote for sin, and faith in his merits as the condition of salvation. And as their aim, and only aim, was to glorify God in saving souls from ruin, and securing for them an eternal inheritance in heaven, whatever means they employed to arouse the careless, or build up believers in holiness, they pointed all classes of spiritual invalids to the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world."

Now the inquiry is worthy of serious consideration, whether salvation by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ is insisted upon in the modern pulpit as it was in former times. If the peculiar doctrines of the crucified Saviour are not wholly lost sight of, are they not placed too far in the back ground, even in some professedly evangelical Churches? Is not the idea becoming prevalent, that the simple story of the cross is rather too common-place, especially for highly-educated audiences? When we stand up before some congregations, are we not apprehensive that if we proclaim Jesus as artlessly, as frequently, as experimentally, and earnestly, as the apostle Paul did, that we shall be decried as being sadly behind the times, and wanting in adaptation to the spirit of this enlightened age?

But can we think, if Paul should renew his ministry among us, he would see human nature so improved, or the power of the Gospel so diminished, that he would find it necessary either to materially modify the system of evangelism which he formerly found so efficacious, or substitute something else in its place? By no means. Doubtless, with unflinching confidence, he would still exclaim: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." We fear, how-

ever, he would be pained to perceive that some who have really experienced more or less of the power of the cross, are becoming so lax in their views of this vital doctrine, that they can unhesitatingly fraternize with those religionists who eloquently eulogize Jesus Christ the philanthropist, and Jesus Christ the martyr; but speak with lightness, if not with contempt, of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who bore our sins in his own body on the tree, and whom the apostles and holy angels adored as God manifest in the flesh, and possessing the fullness of the Godhead bodily. Methinks he would severely reprove such innovators, and tell them that Christ is not preached at all if robbed of his divinity; and that, "when we take down the *divine* Saviour from the cross and put up a mere human sacrifice, however amiable and pure, that moment the cross ceases to be the power of God unto man's salvation."

A sermon, then, which has no omnipotent Christ in it, is a powerless sermon. It may be a learned sermon, an ingenious sermon, an eloquent sermon; but it is a powerless sermon. It is like the play of Hamlet, (as John Randolph remarked in relation to this very subject,) with the part of Hamlet left out. Like a finely polished piece of artillery loaded with a blank cartridge, it may make a great smoke and a loud noise, but it does no real execution. It fails to accomplish the grand design of preaching, the awakening and conversion of impenitent sinners, and the edification of believers. It is an abuse of language to call a powerless discourse a *good* sermon. As the celebrated Dr. Rush once observed, that cannot be a good sermon which, whatever it have in it, has nothing adapted to effect the great object of preaching—the moral transformation of guilty men.

We might mention other important elements in the material of the model sermon, but forbear further enlargement, for fear the indispensable points we have considered might be thereby obscured. A discourse, therefore, based upon the substantial foundation of Bible truth in general, and thoroughly imbued with evangelical truth in particular, cannot be otherwise than effective, if properly delivered; and he who thus relies upon the invincible sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, and hiding himself behind the cross,

presents Christ and him crucified, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness for the relief of the sin-smitten Israelites, will, by the blessing of Heaven, see as the fruit of his efforts far more satisfactory proof of pulpit power than the empty plaudits of admiring crowds who remain dead in trespasses and sins.

FROST PICTURES.

THE frost-king hath clad the forest
In a garb of icy mail,
And left on the panes of the windows
A white translucent veil.

O, a rare and radiant pencil
And a skillful hand hath he,
And none may mock or rival
His magical imagery.

Come hither, ye sweet-voiced prattlers,
Who mourn for the summer lost;
Come hither, and see what beauties
Are born of the winter's frost.

'Tis a scene in the northern regions,
Where through the lingering night
The mystical borealis
Is lending its waving light;

Where the sledge and the fleet-paced reindeer
O'er the glittering snow-paths go,
And the bending boughs of the fir-tree
Are heavy with clinging snow;

Where the woods flash back the sunshine
From their load of glistening gems,
And clusters of glancing crystals
Depend from the swaying stems;

And afar in the frigid distance
The glaciers crash and fall,
And ranks of towering icebergs
Form a strong and massive wall.

But the wayward painter wearied
Of his first imagining,
And border'd his wintry landscape
With the leaves and flowers of spring.

Alas, for the radiant picture
So truly and brightly drawn,
One smile of the winter sunshine
Hath touch'd it, and it is gone;

As fade, in our after being,
The fancies and hopes of youth,
Or as vanish the shades of error
In the dawning light of truth.

No trace of the beauteous picture
On the weeping pane appears,
But mountain, and plain, and forest,
Have melted in lucid tears.

Thus ever our blissful dreamings
Of the bright and blessed ideal,
Are scatter'd in tears and sadness
By the stern, remorseless real!

[For the National Magazine.]

MOLDAVIA AND WALLACHIA.

SECOND PAPER.

OUR former article upon the history of Moldavia and Wallachia concluded with the final withdrawal of the Roman legions to the right bank of the Danube by the command of Aurelian, as well as the removal thither of many thousands of the Roman colonists. During the Roman possession Dacia had become filled with settlers and adventurers from the Italian provinces. We may inquire further into some of the causes that produced such an apotheosis of Roman life from the banks of the Tiber to the plains of the Danube without at all descending from the dignity of historical narration, which, so far as the Roman world is concerned, has unfortunately had far more to do with the splendor of patrician life, with the marching of legions and the acts of consuls and proconsuls, than with the affairs of the millions who filled the plebeian ranks.

Already, within the first half dozen years of the Christian era, great scarcity had begun to be experienced at Rome. More than two hundred thousand paupers were fed from the public magazines, and, according to Suetonius, the Emperor Augustus compelled eighty thousand persons to leave the city, and seek a livelihood in the country or in the distant provinces. Rome and all Italy became dependent upon the importation of corn from abroad, especially from Africa. The price of provisions greatly advanced after the destruction of the city by Nero, so that peacocks, which were in common use on the tables of the patricians, were sold in the market-place for two hundred and fifty denarii,* while a pair of the meanest plebeian shoes cost no less than two-fifths of the same sum. Great public festivals were as characteristic of Roman life as were the *Jul* feasts among the nations of ancient Germany, and were continued down to a late period of the empire. Two hundred thousand citizens were frequently invited at once, and while, in the time of Augustus, the entertainment of each guest cost the state but ten denarii, the same cost, in the time of Commodus, nearly seventy times as much. But the provinces of Italy, though vying with the most favored parts of

Europe in fertility and natural wealth, were totally unable to sustain the efflux of population from Rome. The cause of this lay in the wretched system of agriculture pursued by the Romans in consequence of a vital defect in their social system. Already, in the year 92, Domitian had ordered that no more vineyards should be planted, and that half of those then grown should be destroyed in order to make way for fields of corn.

Abundant experience had proved that, to develop the agricultural resources of a state to the utmost extent, the land must be divided into small estates, the cultivators of which have a greater or less interest in the soil upon which they labor. Troops of slaves, pining for the liberty which they or their ancestors had enjoyed in the provinces overrun by the Roman legions, and worked by cruel masters of plebeian blood, naturally took but little care in cultivating the estates along the Tiber and the Po, whose patrician owners were acting as questors or proconsuls in distant parts of the empire, or lounged away the long Italian summers in country villas, to return with more zest during the months of winter to the excitements of the forum and to the gladiatorial exhibitions, where were wont to assemble the pride and wealth of the Eternal City.

This social evil increased to a remarkable extent. It was in vain that Cæsar ordered that half of the shepherds should be freemen. In the senate S. Severus moved that the slaves should be designated by their dress; but his motion was lost on the ground that the latter far outnumbered the freemen, and that, by wearing a badge, they would become conscious of their strength. Pliny also complained that the land was for the most part inhabited by slaves. Hence, when the rich plains of Dacia were thrown open to the starving millions of Italy, paupers were not only attracted thither by thousands, but even patricians of proconsular rank, whose slaves were numbered by hundreds, and in many cases by thousands, were also seen moving along Trajan's Way.

At the end of the third century the darkness of a long night began to fall upon Dacia. Swarms of the Goths and of the Gepidæ pitched their tents on the bank of the Danube, and those of the Romouni, or Roman colonists, who did not recross

* The denarius was worth about sixteen cents

the river, were compelled to betake themselves to the mountains and the forests for safety. They carried with them their language and their institutions, prepared to return again to the rich plains if fortune should favor the Roman arms. Such was afterward the case at brief intervals, for the conflicting waves of barbarism and civilization met each other as the ocean current meets the ocean storm.

The extension of the great Slavish or Slavonic races to the south and the west forms the most interesting chapter of the early history of Europe. The barbarians who had previously come in contact with the Romans had adopted their laws and institutions; the Slaves rejected them, and when a great nation was afterward founded by one or more of their branches in the west, the Germanic institutions were retained in their original purity.

According to Schaffarik, the oracle of Slavonic literature, the different races under that name were extended, *toward the close of the fifth century*, from the Euxine to the Elbe. At the commencement of the following century we find them in complete possession of Dacia. Their irruption had broken the strength of the Sarmatian tribes situated between the Dniester and the Don; but by the strange Nemesis which guided the destiny of the early nomadic races, the theater of their power was in its turn destined to be changed by the progress of a stronger foe. Wonderful are the fluctuations and changes of history! They rise and fade away in the dim past like dissolving views.

The origin of the Magyar race is yet a subject of conjecture. Their past history yields in interest only to that which shall mark their future. Situated in the center of continental Europe, possessing a language which has no analogy to any other dialect spoken west of the Araxes, and having a strongly marked and well developed national character, the influence that they are to exert upon the destinies of Europe becomes one of the great problems of the future. That they are the noblest people upon which the sun first shines in his western course, none but their enemies deny. That they are prepared to enjoy a higher degree of constitutional liberty than any other race east of the cantons of Switzerland, cannot for a moment be questioned. The Hungarians,

eminently fitted to act as the medium of civilization between the cosmopolitan German and the hitherto unyielding Turk, who now looks westward for the elements that must support and vitalize the Ottoman power, might now perform their high mission were they in the possession of anything to be called their own. A French historian, who not a twelvemonth since stooped to defend the cause against which all his brave countrymen are now arrayed, and for his services became an Austrian knight, affirms that the birth-place of the great Hungarian patriot was by the side of Attila's grave, and that the ashes of the "scourge of God" were infiltrated into the vital organs of the man who wished to march to dictatorial power through seas of blood. Men change. He who was the "scourge of God" in one age may be the scourge of tyrants in another. Certain it is that every race must fulfill its true destiny; that of the Magyars is not yet begun.

As early as the commencement of the ninth century they suddenly appeared west of the Ural mountains and the Volga. The Ottomans afterward moved westward along the southern shore of the Euxine; but it is not improbable that one or more of their tribes took part in the Magyar emigration, for among the Byzantines both were known under the common name of Turks. The Ukraine fell into their hands, and the Slaves were obliged to give way before the two hundred thousand Asiatic warriors, who formed the van of the conquering host. Arpade became the founder of a dynasty, and before the close of the ninth century clouds of Magyar cavalry watered their horses on the banks of the Sereth and the Danube. They soon made themselves masters of Dacia and Pannonia. Transylvania was placed under the government of a Palatine, and was compelled to defend the eastern boundary of the kingdom, while the adventurous Magyars were intent upon carrying their conquests further to the west. At the beginning of the tenth century they conquered Moravia; but, having a few years after suffered numerous defeats from Henry, the Saxon emperor, as well as from Otto I., they were compelled to abandon the conquest of Germany. The Church of Rome was then extending its influence toward the north and east of Europe. In the latter

direction it came in contact with the Greek element. Before the close of the century Christianity was introduced among the Hungarians. The crown of King Stephen, which has for centuries been regarded as the *palladium* of Hungarian liberty, was formed of two distinct parts, the one presented by the Pope of Rome, the other by the Byzantine emperor. From the time of St. Stephen the Hungarians laid aside their arms as far as they were permitted to do so by their warlike neighbors, and became the agricultural people of Europe.

We have spoken thus at length of the Slavonic and Magyar immigrations, because they had more influence than any other upon the destinies of the Romani or Wallachians, by which name also the descendants of the Roman colonists then became known.

At brief intervals after the Slavonic invasion, the latter had descended from their mountain retreats to the rich plains of the Danube. Their attempts, however, to form a permanent settlement were for a long time futile, and when compelled to retire before the barbarians, they always found a safe and welcome retreat among the *Secklers*, as well as among the Saxons, who at that time possessed many of the secluded valleys of Transylvania. When, in the twelfth century, the Kumanes were pressing hard upon the Hungarians in the east, and had penetrated even to the Theis, King Geysa II. called upon the Christian nations of the west for aid. Many Saxon as well as German knights, even from the waters of the Rhine, listened to the appeal, and after the barbarians had been driven back, they, with their long trains of followers, were invited to settle permanently in Transylvania. They built Kronstadt, and, after the manner of the ancient Germans, fortified many of the Carpathian heights with strong castles. The Reformation found an early reception among them. Surrounded entirely by Magyars and Slaves, they have retained their nationality to a most remarkable extent, and at this day the traveler is surprised to hear them speak a dialect more analogous to the English than any other language used on the continent. For centuries the *Secklers* have occupied an *oasis* in the northern part of Transylvania. Those with whom I have met at the German universities, where

their young men repair for instruction, claim for their race a Magyar origin, although by many writers they are set down as a distinct branch of the Romouni.

From the seventh to the ninth century the Bulgarians had also gained extensive possessions on both sides of the Danube. Krumus, their prince, defeated the Byzantine emperor, and carried his arms westward as far as the Golden Gate. One of his most important acts, however, was to set at liberty fifty thousand of the Romouni, who had taken refuge in Bulgaria, and to send them to the left bank of the Danube, where, in time, they again became united with those of the colonists who had fled to Transylvania. The latter still retained much of the Roman spirit, and, from their long conflicts with the barbarians, became firm and intrepid warriors. Their time had come to play a more conspicuous part in the history of eastern Europe. In 1290 Rudolph the Black, or *Radu Negru*, as he is called in the Romouni dialect, departed with a large band of faithful adherents, for the last time, from the Carpathians, and descending toward the Danube, took possession of Tergovist, now Bukarest, and also of the adjacent plain. He afterward chose Argisch for his residence, and adopted the Roman eagle and the cross as the escutcheon of the Principality. The same continues to be the escutcheon of Wallachia. The present Boyards of Wallachia are the descendants of the warrior, who, with Rudolph, founded the Principality. He styled himself Prince of all the Romounian Land, by the favor of God, and Duke of Anilosh. He divided the land among his favorite chiefs, and formed a senate, consisting of twelve members, to assist him in its government. He rapidly extended the boundaries of the Principality from the Carpathians to the Danube, and from the *Sereth* to the *Aluta*. The Ban of Krajova, in Lesser Wallachia, another chief of the Romouni, also became subject to his government. At first the founders of the new Principality were compelled to contend against the kings of Hungary, who, from the year 1301, became elective.

With one exception, the barbarians who attempted the conquest of Europe proceeded from the north toward the south. The Turks fought their way along the southern shore of the Pontus Euxinus,

crossed the Dardanelles into Europe, and extended their conquests with fearful rapidity to the northward. Long before the fall of Byzantium they had overrun the greater part of Roumelia, and as early as 1329 the banner of the Prophet was unfurled on the left bank of the Danube.

Before the establishment of the new Hungarian constitution, in the year 1852, a few secluded valleys among the headwaters of the Theis formed the *comitat* of Marmorosch.

In that safe retreat the Romouni had also enjoyed repose for centuries; but, in 1359, about seventy years after the founding of Wallachia, and one year before Murad made Adrianople the capital of the Ottoman empire in Europe, Bogdan Drogosch, with a large band of his countrymen, left his adopted home, and recrossed the Carpathians. They descended among the Tartar tribes, and founded a new Principality, which was first named after their chief, but afterward became known as Moldavia, from one of its principal rivers. From the circumstance of the chief having found a buffalo's skull in the river Theis, he adopted the same as the escutcheon of the new state. The government of the Principality differed but little in form from that of Wallachia. In both Principalities the Boyards soon became feudal lords. Originally the peasants were allowed to possess land, and the prisoners of war became slaves. Both of these classes, however, were reduced to the same level in the course of one or two generations. There are at the present time free citizens in Moldavia and Wallachia, but such are only the descendants of the old Boyard families. The Principality founded by Drogosch soon gained more than its present extension of territory. Its boundaries extended from the Carpathians to the Dniester. The princes, or varods, as they were afterward termed, were elective.

At that time the Church of Rome and the Church of Byzantium were engaged in an active strife for spiritual dominion. The Hungarians and Poles had been converted to Catholicism. With the sinking of the Byzantine empire the princes of Bulgaria also became allied with the popes. Hence, as a natural consequence, the Catholic religion was introduced into Wallachia and Moldavia. The seed thus early sown produced but a small harvest.

Romanism never gained a firm footing in the Principalities, and has had but little influence on their institutions. Wladislaus, Prince of Wallachia, however, formed an alliance with Urban V. in 1372, after he had been defeated by Lewis, King of Hungary, and two years after a similar alliance was formed between Lacko, Prince of Moldavia, and Pope Gregory XI. At the same time the Minorites found a welcome admission into the Principalities. One of the cloisters founded by them remains in existence to the present day.

The first three centuries of the existence of the Principalities was by far the most brilliant period of their history. Their government was often rigorous and effective. The resources of the country were again developed as they had formerly been by the Roman settlers. The Jews were admitted into the Principalities, and, with the Armenians, enriched the land by trade and industry. The commerce of the lower Danube acquired considerable importance in Europe. Many beneficial institutions were also founded, and the printing-press was introduced soon after its invention in Germany. It was during this period that such princes as Stephen the Great and Michael the Valiant became renowned throughout Europe for the success with which they contended against the Osmanlis. Had they been supported by their Christian neighbors, or could they have relied upon the Boyards, Ottoman rule would never have been established on the left shore of the Danube.

The Boyards formed, in fact, an aristocratical republic, the same as in republican Poland, with the difference only that in the Principalities they did not possess the right of life and death over the peasants. Moreover, as the princes were elective, the entire power was really vested in the Boyards, who were rarely faithful to their prince or faithful to each other. Factions often enervated the strength of the government, and even threatened its existence. Third parties were frequently called in as mediators, and the Turks did not fail to make a judicious use of such opportunities for the extension of their influence. Hence, after the first conflict between the Romouni and the Osmanlis, we often find the former the sworn allies of the latter against the

neighboring Christian powers. To give an account of the intrigues and conflicts that terminated with the establishment of the Ottoman power in the Danubian Principalities would carry us far beyond our intended limits. We can indicate but few of the most important events. For a long time the Turks scarcely interfered with the government of the Principalities. In consideration of a small tribute, the princes were allowed to exercise their sovereign rights. When, however, Sigismund of Hungary appeared along the lower Danube, in 1396, with an army of sixty thousand men, among whom were the flower of the German and French knighthood under Frederic and La Tremouille, Boyards and peasants flew once more to the Christian standard. The impetuous Turks of that day, taught to believe that every blow of their swords was a gain for Islam, and rushing into battle with the fury of demons, were more than a match for the mailed soldiers of the West. A few thousand Osmanlis almost annihilated the magnificent army of Sigismund at Nicopolis. Bajazet then demanded of the Boyards an annual tribute of ten thousand ducats and five hundred Wallachian youth. The inhabitants of the Principalities once more flew to arms. The Turkish emperor was compelled to recross the Danube, and was pursued even to Adrianople. Conflicts among the Boyards, however, prevented them from improving the advantages thus gained, and a war between the two Principalities placed them both more completely in the power of the Turks. The taking of Constantinople in 1453 put an end to the Byzantine empire, and from that moment the Osmanlis began to extend their influence to the north and west with fearful rapidity.

The rulers of the Danubian Principalities originally styled themselves princes. The Porte gave them the title of varods, or palatines, but the Turks usually called them beys, or *igiatuer-effendi*, (princes of the unbelievers.) The Russian cabinet first gave them the appellation of hospodars, a word signifying masters or rulers. Seven years after the taking of Constantinople the Porte confirmed the appointment of the hospodars of Wallachia for life, and gave them the rank of pachas. The latter still retained the right of declaring war. The annual tribute was

fourteen thousand ducats. More than two centuries elapsed before any other essential change was made in the Wallachian government.

One of the few decisive battles in the world was fought along the Danube in 1526. Solyman the Magnificent set out from Constantinople with an army of one hundred thousand men to avenge the insults he had received from the Germans and Hungarians. Lewis II. met him on the plain of Mohacz; and five hours after the commencement of the battle, which decided the fate of Hungary, twenty thousand Christian warriors lay dead upon the field. Half of the kingdom became a desert. A few days after, Solyman entered Buda, the Hungarian capital, so named from a brother of Attila, and one hundred thousand citizens were sent to Constantinople to be sold into slavery, and scattered over the provinces of the Ottoman empire.

The Koran interdicts the representation, by sculpture or painting, of all beings formed by the hands of God. But Solyman, who did not possess the brain of lead and heart of stone which too often belong to the Osmanlis, ordered that the statues which decorated the royal castle at Buda should be transported to Stamboul, and set up in the places formerly occupied by the gods of Rome and Greece.

Even the unyielding Turk has been compelled to heed the stern necessities of time and progress; and at the close of the century before the battle of Mohacz, a radical change was effected in the foreign policy of the Ottoman empire. During the reign of Bojazet II., diplomatic relations were first established between the Porte and the neighboring powers. In 1495 the Emperor of Russia sent an envoy to Stamboul to negotiate a treaty of commerce. On the arrival of the latter at Constantinople, a circumstance occurred, which has been repeated more than once in the relations between Russia and Turkey, and which especially marked the conduct of the distinguished diplomatist who disembarked at the same city one year ago this day, for the purpose of embroiling the two governments in a strife, that is fast kindling into a European war. The first Russian envoy was strictly ordered not to bend the knee to the sultan, and, if possible, to gain advantages over the representatives of the other Christian powers

at the Porte. His bearing in the presence of the sultan and his ministers, was surpassed in insolence only by that of Prince Menschikoff; and when he set out to return, he was denied the cortege of slaves usually granted in such cases.

The victory of Solyman the Magnificent at Mohacz, established the power of the Osmanlis in Hungary for the following half century. During the same time the Danubian Principalities were assuming more and more the character of Turkish provinces. No events of importance marked their history, which, in fact, from the beginning of the seventeenth century belonged not so much to themselves as to the neighboring powers. The energy of the first princes and Boyards was entirely lost, or was consumed in petty contests with each other.

In one of the suburbs of Vienna, and but a short distance from the resting-place of Beethoven, the traveler may still see the remains of the intrenchments thrown up in 1683, during the siege by Kara Mustapha. The imperial city proved to be the boulevard of Christianity; but no one can tell what might have been the present territorial relations of Europe, had not deliverance then come from an unexpected quarter. John Sobieski suddenly appeared with his brave Poles on the summits of the mountains which overhang Vienna; and on the same day the hosts of the Prophet were routed under the walls of the city. The empire was saved, the tide of barbarism rolled back; but the world has not ceased to weep over the fate of the deliverers. In that celebrated campaign, Kara Mustapha was attended by a Wallachian prince, who, during the engagement, deserted the crescent, and went over to Sobieski. This circumstance, however, appears to have had but little influence upon the affairs of the Principalities; for not many years afterward, they were invaded by the Poles under the same dauntless leader. The numerous defeats which the Turks sustained previous to the peace of Carlowitz did not weaken their power in Moldavia and Wallachia.

We have described at length the manner in which the Roman element came to be introduced into the Danubian Principalities, and how the same must have been affected by the Eastern and Slavonic races, with which it was brought in con-

tact. The introduction of the Catholic religion failed to preserve the force of the old Roman spirit; and in time a more Oriental culture found a ready acceptance among the people. The Greek element and the Greek faith were destined in time to exercise a marked influence upon the Principalities.

The tribute demanded of them by the Porte was never so great as to be actually oppressive; and for a long time the Turkish government abstained from meddling with the administrative systems of the princes. In time, however, the office of the latter became venal. By an imperial firman, given in 1665, the term of their administration was limited to three years, instead of being enjoyed for life, as had previously been the case. Thus the pistre-tree was more frequently shaken, and ambitious pachas and wealthy Greeks began to aspire to what was then considered among the first honors of the empire. It was at that time, and mainly on that account, that the Greek element was introduced into the Principalities. This abuse of power, however, was not consummated until the year 1716, when the last trace of Moldau-Wallachian independence was blotted out, and Phanarist princes were chosen to rule over the people. No act could have been more suicidal. It confirmed the influence of the treacherous Greeks in the Principalities at the very moment when that influence was most fatal for the Osmanlis themselves. There can be no doubt that the Romouni were greatly oppressed under the multiplied abuses of Turkish power which marked the beginning of the eighteenth century. The Boyards and the people became discontented. In palmier days they had frequently united the cross with the crescent, and fought side by side with the sons of the Prophet; but in the day of their oppression they looked abroad for a deliverer, and were soon fain to believe that one was really at hand.

The victory of Pultova was the first great military achievement of Peter the Great. It established his policy, which, from the first, was of an aggressive character, and has ever since been traditional with the czars. The Turk sympathized with the Swede; and from that day to the present moment, peace between the Russian and the Ottoman power has been a fiction.

A RAILWAY PANIC.

AN adventure like the one here graphically related could not occur in one of our large American cars. Two persons only in a carriage on a railroad are not frequently found in this country. In England the case is different. The writer begins her story with this apt quotation :

"If this were played upon a stage, now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction."—*Twelfth Night*.

"Do you think I look like a madman?"

I was falling into a train of pleasant thought when these words, uttered in a clear, steady voice by my opposite neighbor, fell upon my ear. I started and looked him in the face. He was a small, sallow, intelligent-looking man, muffled from head to foot in a superb Spanish cloak lined with sables. His tone of voice was perfectly composed and matter-of-fact.

"Indeed, sir," I replied, with some surprise, "no such idea occurred to me."

"But I *am* mad, though!" he retorted in the same quiet, confidential way.

I was in no humor for levity just then, and as this was so evidently an attempt at practical joking, I made a brief reply to that effect, and looked out of the window. It was an express train, going at the rate of fifty miles an hour; every moment bore me further from one who was inexpressibly dear to me, and I felt that I never wished for silence and solitude more than at that moment. The worst of it was that, if this man had made up his mind to talk, I could not help hearing him, and there was no one else for him to address, since we were alone together in the carriage.

"Yes," he continued, "I really am mad. I have just escaped—just escaped—not an hour ago. Shall I tell you how I did it?"

I continued to look out at the landscape flying past, and feigned not to hear him.

"I was not always mad; O, dear, no! I do not exactly remember now what it was that drove me to it, but I think it was something connected with Lord Palmerston and the ace of clubs. No—yes—O, yes! the ace of clubs had certainly something to do with it. However, that is of no consequence now. I had a fine house, and gardens, and horses, and servants, and a wife—aha! such a pretty, gentle, loving little wife! And I loved her, too

—nobody knows how I loved her—only I wanted to murder her. I loved her so that I wanted to murder her! Wasn't that a rare joke, eh?"

I began by this time to feel seriously uncomfortable. It was getting slowly dusk, and my companion's face, composed as it was, wore an odd expression that I did not quite like.

"Pray, sir," I said, with affected carelessness, "let us change the subject. If you insist on conversing with me, we may as well choose a more agreeable theme."

"Agreeable! Why, could anything be more agreeable? Well, I will continue. It was a long time before they found it out, I hid it so well; but I knew it well enough, for I used to see faces everywhere, in the furniture, up in the trees, in the bushes; and I knew they could not really be there, and that I was mad at last; for I had always expected it, ay, ever since I was a boy at school! Somehow they did find it out, though, in spite of all my caution, and I was so cautious, so cautious! They found it out, and one day two men came and seized me in my garden—my own garden! and took me to the mad-house! O, it was a dreary place, that mad-house! They shut me up by myself in a bare, cold room, with never a fire to warm me, though it was bitter winter. The windows were barred across with iron, through which the daylight shone, as if through the ribs of a skeleton; and every night—would you believe it?—every night there came a fearful shape and sat there, mocking and mowing at me in the moonbeams! That was a hell indeed! One night, when I could bear it no longer, I rushed upon the shape, and fought and struggled with it, and dashed it up against the hard walls—and then the keepers came and tore me from it, and bound me down with cords upon my bed. I heard them say to one another that I had tried to destroy myself; but I knew better; it was the shape I struggled with—it was the shape I tried to kill! Only they could not see it. Yet there it still sat, mocking, mocking, mocking, all the long night through; and they watching in my room, and yet so blind that they could not perceive it! I do not know how long this fury of mine lasted, but I think it must have been a weary time. At last, one night, I woke from a troubled sleep, and lo! the shape was gone! Ah, then I

wept for joy that I was free from it, and then I was proud, very proud, for it was gone, and I had conquered it at last! Well, time went on, and I resolved I would escape. How do you suppose I went to work? Why, I pretended to be cured of my madness. Every day the doctor came to see me. But not me alone; I could hear him going to every room all along the corridor, and so I knew when he was coming long before he got to my door. I must deceive him, I knew, as well as everybody else. O, it was a hard task, but I did it! The worst of my madness was, that I could not help thinking of the oddest things, and when I talked my tongue would utter them. However, I schooled myself to talk to him. I practiced speaking in a calm, low voice; I studied what I should say; I accustomed myself to rise and bow, as if he were entering the room. I did not speak much, but what I said was reasonable—I knew it was reasonable. I used to say that I felt better; that I was tired of the confinement; that I hoped shortly to be permitted to return home, and sometimes (that *was* a clever thought) I asked anxiously after my wife. One day she came to see me. You cannot think what an effort her visit cost me. She looked so pale, and timid, and pretty that day—and I forced myself to sit down by her; to say to her all the things I had learned to say to the doctor; to take her hand in mine; and—O, I longed to kill her so the whole time! But I did not. Ah, no! I even kissed her cheek at parting, though I could have yelled aloud for rage as I bent over her. I don't know whether they still suspected me, but I was not released, for all my pains. So I determined to be ill. I knew the doctor would find me out if I only pretended; therefore, I starved myself. Ha! ha! was n't that fine! This is how I did it. Every day, instead of eating the food they brought to me, I put half of it under a loose board in the floor, and half I left, saying that I felt ill and could eat no more. Each day I left more and more, so that it should seem as if my appetite grew constantly worse. And then I got ill—only I did eat just a morsel now and then to keep me from dying. I suffered fearfully, but still I played my part out, and met the doctor's eye with one as quiet as his own. At last he said that I must be removed to another

part of the house, and that I required air, or I should never recover. And then did I not laugh, even though I was so ill, to think how I had outwitted him. My new room was pleasant, and looked over a garden. At the end of the garden was a railway. By this railway I made up my mind to escape. Aha! what joy to be flying along behind that eager engine—flying away, away, and never stopping! Soh! I knew well that I must have money to do this. Money! where, how could I get money? You will see presently. I did not mean to die, you know, so I ate more now, and got better. It is not every one, let me tell you, that is brave enough to endure starvation as I did. Madmen are no cowards! Well, they used to let me walk in the garden after awhile, but with the keeper always beside me. By and by the doctor began to speak of my release as of a thing that might be in time—and then—then, although the end for which I had been working was almost within my grasp, I felt an irresistible power compelling me to escape, and not to wait for their tame deliverance. Day and night I waited and watched to do it.

"The opportunity came soon. One morning when I was walking with the keeper in the garden, who should come out but the doctor, and what should he do—the senseless fool!—but order the keeper to go in, saying that he would walk with me this time! O, how my heart leaped and danced within me when he said it! But I kept very still—very still and calm, listening to the man's footsteps on the gravel walk till he was quite, quite gone. I have told you that the railway crossed the bottom of the garden. Well, toward this spot I went, (carelessly, as if by accident, you know,) and he with me.

"'This beautiful day will do us all good, Mr. B——,' he said to me, in his smooth, deceitful voice.

"He was walking with his hands in his pockets, chinking the gold coin as he went—that gold I needed!

"'I hope that you may soon enjoy the summer on your own estates,' he continued.

"He looked so sleek and self-confident and smiling as he spoke then, that I hated him more than ever.

"I did not dare to trust my voice in answer, or suffer my eyes to dwell on him.

Could he but have seen *them* for an instant, he would have read my purpose. Just then we reached the extremity of the garden, and stood looking down from the high bank upon the level train-lines below. There was nothing but a low hedge between us and the road; in an instant I turned upon him.

"Die!" I shrieked. "Die now! I am mad, I am mad; and I have sworn to do it!"

"I had the strength of ten in my arms. I seized and closed with him, and dashed his skull against the tree-trunk by which we were standing. O, it was a glorious vengeance! I beat the smooth smile out of his face till his own children would not have known him, and then I stamped and danced upon him and laughed loudly, loudly! Suddenly I heard the distant whistle of the train at the village station far away. There was not a moment to be lost! I tore the watch from his pocket, and I took the purse with the gold! and then, ha! ha! ha! I flung the body over upon the lines, and the train came swiftly on and on, and crushed him as he lay! Was not that a revenge, and would any but a madman have thought of it? Tell me that! tell me that!"

I was so frozen with horror that I sat as if petrified, and could not utter a word.

"Now you want to know how I came here," continued the maniac more quietly, after a momentary pause. "Well, he had this cloak on before the struggle. I wrapped it round me and went straight through the gardens and out of the gate, past his very lodge-keeper; and, thanks to the high collar, none of them knew me—for we were much of a height, the doctor and me. Once out of sight of the house—the dreary, cruel house!—I seemed as if I had wings upon my feet, I fled away so fast. The people in the streets of the town stared at me, but what matter? I did not care for that. I mingled with the crowd at the station and paid my fare like the rest with—ha! ha!—with the doctor's money! But there was blood on the gold. I tried to rub it off, but I could not. It came again as fast as I removed it, and I thought they would see it when I put the money down; they did not, though, and here I am free, free! Now, answer me, do you really believe that I'm a madman?"

He put his face quite close to mine as

he said this, and his voice passed from its former level tone to a quick, harsh, exulting caliber that thrilled me with dismay. It was now almost dark, too, and his eyes shone with a cold, unnatural luster like the phosphorescent light which is thrown off from fish in a state of putrefaction. It was clear that I must make some reply; even while I hesitated he repeated the question, and this time more impatiently.

"Well, yes," I said at last, with quivering lips; "I—I think you must be mad."

"I'll prove it to you," he whispered, bending still closer to me. "How do you think I'll prove it, now?"

I shook my head.

"I cannot tell," I said, faintly.

"By murdering you as I murdered him! What! did you think I meant to let you live, when I told you all about it? Live to betray me, and take me back to the —. No, no! Madmen are brave, madmen are cunning, madmen are strong!"

I saw that force could avail me nothing here. In great emergencies I always regain my presence of mind. This time it did not fail me, and I was cool in an instant.

"Stop," I said calmly, fixing my eyes full upon him. "You have not told me all yet. If you are determined to have my life, it's only fair that you should finish your story first."

"That's true," said the madman, with an appearance of curiosity. "What have I left out?"

"You have not explained to me about Lord Palmerston and the ace of clubs."

"I didn't think you'd care to hear that," said he, doubtfully.

"I'd rather hear that than any other part."

It was so dark now that nothing of the country beyond was visible, and the lamp cast a sickly glare through the carriage. I knew that we must be within a short distance of the London terminus. If I could only divert his attention for a little while longer, I was saved! I determined to keep him in conversation if possible.

"Lord Palmerston began it, you must know," he continued, "and the ace of clubs finished it."

"Did you know Lord Palmerston?" I asked.

He looked at me vacantly, as if he did not comprehend my question. I repeated it.

"Know him! I bred and trained him!"

"O, indeed!" I said. "Pray proceed."

"I bred and trained him on my own estates. I was as fond of him as I could have been of a child—ay, and fonder too; for if I had had a child I must have wrung its neck—I feel I must!"

Here he fixed his eyes on me again with that horrid glare, and his fingers worked nervously together, as if longing to be at my throat.

"Yes, I should have killed my child. 'Tis rare sport to kill—to—"

"But about Lord Palmerston?" I interrupted.

His face resumed the old expression, and a gloomy shade seemed to pass over it.

"Ah!" said he, moodily, "that was a dreadful disappointment, wasn't it?"

"You have not told me yet," I said. "Did his lordship treat you ill?"

"He lost! he lost! I had backed him with half my fortune, and he lost! But, hark you!" and he clutched me by the arm as he said it, "he was drugged—I know he was drugged the night before!"

"Then Lord Palmerston was a horse!" I exclaimed.

"Of course he was. I told you so at first. You don't pay attention—you're not interested."

"Indeed, I am, deeply," I replied, eagerly. "Pray go on."

We *must* be in now before five minutes were past—this I was assured of. Five minutes! Long enough to die!

"That is all," replied he, with a suspicious stare. "He lost, and I lost. That's the end of it."

"But what has this to do with the ace of clubs?"

"The ace of clubs!" said he, fiercely.

"What's that to you?"

"You promised to tell me, you know; and I should like to hear it," I replied, in a conciliating tone. "You have not told me half yet. Do tell me about the ace of clubs."

"I was desperate, you see," said the maniac. "I was desperate after Palmerston knocked up. I had always avoided play till then, but somehow I fell into it when I saw the men at the club playing night after night, winning and losing—winning and losing! I often saw as much

gold change hands on a single card as would have covered all my losses on the turf; and then I could not resist it."

"So you played too?"

"So I played too. For a whole week I won incessantly. Aha! the red gold and the rustling notes that I took home every night for that week; I won more, three times more, than I had lost by the race! And then came the turn of the luck."

"You lost!"

"All that I had gained, in one night! But I was not satisfied: I went on again the next day, and lost, and lost, and lost, till everything I had on earth was gone—ay! all I had on earth was not enough to pay it! But I know how it was. That old man I played with was the Fiend. I knew he was the Fiend. I saw it in his eyes."

He paused. His excitement terrified me. The whistle of the guard rang shrilly through the air, and the pace of the train slackened. He listened—he knew that we were coming in—he turned suddenly toward me.

"But what about the ace of clubs?" I urged, hurriedly. "Did the old man turn it up?"

"Will you betray me if I tell you?"

"Never," I said, earnestly.

"Listen, then. I hid it in my sleeve; for I was desperate. I staked thousands on the chance of my cutting it. They all stood round, betting how it would turn up; the old man—curse him!—smiled, and let me do it; but he had seen me—he had seen me! And when I cut the ace of clubs, he stood up and called me 'thief!'"

A bright flash of light streamed in at the windows—the train stopped. Thank God! we were arrived! The madman shrunk back at the sight of the lamps and the crowd of faces beyond. I leaned over the door, and with fingers that refused to do their work, felt eagerly for the handle.

"What is the matter? what is this?" he said, timidly.

"Help!" I shrieked, springing out upon the platform among the tide of passengers. "Help! this man is mad!"

There were two men standing by the door through which we had to pass, who seemed anxiously to scrutinize each face as it went by. They both turned as I spoke, and one came to me.

"Where is he?" said he, respectfully.

"We're waitin' for him. It's been telegraphed along the line that he's murdered some one down at H—, and he's awful dangerous."

He had ventured out by this time, and was standing irresolutely beside the carriage door, as if not knowing where to turn.

As for me, I could only point to him, the power of speech was gone; and just as they had captured him, I fell senseless to the ground.

NEW METALS.

IT is not wonderful that the labors of the miner and of the metallurgist have at all times been linked with superstitious associations in the minds of men. The one pursuing his search in the depths of the earth, in darkness and uncertainty, only ministers to the demands of the other for a perpetual supply of those strange stony masses out of which the living metal is drawn; and before chemistry had explained every change which the ore underwent, from its first appearance on the dressing floor to its fabrication in the hand of the artisan, where, in all the range of art, were transformations to be found so complete, mysterious, and astonishing as these? Let any one stand before a blast-furnace; let him wonder at the amount of mingled ore and limestone and coal that are poured into it by the wagon-load in a constant stream sixty feet above his head; let him watch the perpetual overflow of *slag*, a veritable lava, which slowly emerges from the bottom of the furnace at his side; and let him await the moment when the rough molds are ready, and the channel cleared, and the arm of the foreman is bared to give the final blow that is to pierce the wall of clay that supports the molten metal within; then let him stand by as the luminous flood of iron pours down, true to the channel cut for it, yet, as it were, resenting the restraint, and momentarily flinging from its surface a myriad stars of fire, until it flows tranquilly into each trough impressed in the sand for its reception, and lies in a series of furrows to cool into its well-known form of "pig" iron. And this process has been repeated each day without one day's intermission, for it may be thirty years, from that one furnace; and the flames have risen for that period from its mouth, rendering

the midnight air of some wild mountain land of Wales lurid for many a mile, or may have helped to show to the nightly traveler the horrors of that "black country" above Birmingham, from which every earnest visitor will come away with such dark foreboding and such troubled thoughts on the great social problems which it must suggest. How wonderful a process is this by which the constant stream of iron into the commerce of the world is maintained in its perpetual flow! Compare the lump of heavy clay, or the mass of red or brown dull earthy rock, or of bright iron-gray stone which form the various varieties of iron ore, with the metal that emerges from them; pound, sift, do what you will with the ore, scrutinize it with the microscope, it is still a stone, no particle of metal can you find there. Examine the metal on the other hand; it has nothing of the earthy in it. Resonant, and bright, and flexible, and strong; whence come these newly gotten powers? They do not reside in the ore, but seem impressed upon its transfigured substance by the will of the operator; now as "soft-iron," pure and malleable, tough, infusible, bending without fracture, fibrous, and capable of being welded bit to bit, like sealing-wax, at a sufficient temperature; now as "cast iron," less pure in its chemical nature from containing carbon (the chemist's charcoal) as a constituent, brittle, sharp in its outline, crystalline in its structure, readily melted and cast in molds, breaking, but never bending. How opposite are its characters. Yet we may see it again, in the form of steel, assuming nearly all these characters, or surrendering any one of them once more at a moment's notice: for now it shall exhibit, in the most exalted degree, brittleness or toughness, a brittleness unbending or an elasticity unrivaled, a hardness adamantine or a softness which yields like brass to the engraver, according as the cunning workman shall impose the one or the other "temper" on its docile substance. And so iron becomes the ready servant that is to work out the vast demands of commerce; it is now the mainspring of our time-pieces, and the exquisitely delicate regulator of their every vibration: it is no less the sinew and the bone of the iron horse, and the rein that guides him; the skeleton of the bridge with its untiring span, and of the ship whose keel can never strain; at once

the impeller and the impelled of the automaton machinery by which commerce moves.

Let us consider another metallurgic process. A furnace is constructed to throw all its heat by reverberation on a mass of lead, and as the metal melts, a current of air is made to play on its surface. Soon that surface becomes covered with a molten floating liquid, which flows off from it continually, and will flow so long as any lead remains. The last portions of the lead, however, are preserved for the silver they contain; the rest has all disappeared. This floating dross into which the air has converted the lead, hardens as it cools, and forms then a beautiful yellow-orange, unmetallic, highly-crystalline, soft, solid substance—*litharge*. It is the "oxyd of lead." It is the air that here, reversing the dictum of Anaximenes, is the destroyer. Its oxygen has combined with the melted metal. It needs not to melt iron to produce an analogous effect. If the bar of refined iron be but left in neglect to the rude influences of the weather, to air and moisture, it will soon be seen that the metal, with all its stern qualities, is, like man himself, dependent on certain conditions and circumstances, which must be ever supplied and preserved around it, or the bright shall tarnish, the strong fret away into weakness, and the lustrous and the elastic, the stern to labor and the patient to endure, shall suffer corrosion, and become a dull insipid earth, a mere heap of rust. Yet from this earth, this oxyd of iron, no less than from the dross of lead, the metal may be again recovered. The earth or calx is in either instance formed by a union of the metal with the oxygen of the air, and any substance with a stronger tendency to combine with that oxygen will free the metal of it, and the iron or the lead may be restored to their metallic form of existence. Carbon, that is coal or charcoal, effects this, and the operation is similar in result whether it be performed in the blast furnace whose weekly product is above a hundred tons of iron, or in the reverberatory furnace wherein lead is reduced to the form in which we use it.

It was this singular conversion of a metal into an earthy calx, and this inversion of the phenomenon by the reconversion of the earth into the metal, that incited the alchemist to perpetual experi-

ments, from the days of Geber to those of Beccher. Was there, in fact, anything contradictory or absurd in the belief that the crucibles of Albert the Great, of Raymond Lulle, or of Arnold, had yielded gold when gold had been absent as an ingredient from the conditions of the experiment? Did not a mere calx, when mixed with charcoal, yield lead? Did not the very metal of silver, Luna herself, emerge from ores in which no silver could be seen? nay, did not even the Saturnine ores—did not the stones which yielded lead, yield, too, their small quota of this queenly silver? If Luna could thus emerge from the region of Saturn; if the ores of copper when mingled with calamine produced not copper, the Venus of the metal-firmament, but brass; if bronze sprang from the conjunction of Venus and Jupiter, and the copper and the tin lost each their characters in the bronze they formed, why should not the addition of some subtle, redder mercury give to tin the properties of gold, or teach the alchemist to transmute the dross of Saturn or the charms of Venus into the glories of Sol, the golden metal-king?

But the alchemist passed from the earth, leaving to an age of less inflated hopes and of a sounder philosophy—an age that had learned something by the failures of the past—this metallurgic problem for its heritage. To those who have loved to linger over the gradual dawnings of human knowledge in past time, who have felt a delight in tracing the growth of some single idea in the mind of man through all its doubts, misapprehensions, aspirations rebuffs, successes, on to its final triumph—to these, that will ever be an interesting history which tells of the progress of the first grand idea of chemical philosophy, the idea of the individuality, so to say, of the elements; of the elemental character of the metals; of the non-elemental, the compound character of the combinations of these with the vital element, the oxygen of the air. To them the erroneous dream of Stahl, "the phlogistic theory," will carry with it an unceasing interest, albeit that the balance of Lavoisier banished that theory from the laboratory, and showed its fundamental error by proving that the calx, or earth, weighed more than the metal which it yielded—weighed more by a precise amount, which was the exact weight of oxygen gas that the metal had taken from the air and fixed in solid com-

mination with itself to form this earthy oxyd. He taught that the metal might be won from this its earthy calx or oxyd, but only by some stronger *affinity* than the metal's own for the oxygen the earth contained. Carbon has this stronger affinity, and hence the flow of molten iron from the vast furnace in which its oxyd meets in fiery contest with the coal that feeds its flames, meets it only to surrender to that coal its oxygen, and to set the iron free to enter on its life of constant labor and trial in the service of man.

This doctrine, then, of the compound nature of the metal-yielding earths or oxyds, and of the elemental character of the metals and of the oxygen they contained, was the grand doctrine of Lavoisier, and resolved the difficulty, of which the alchemists, and at last, after them, the phlogistic chemists, had sought in vain for the solution through so many centuries. But chemistry knew of other earths besides these that yielded metals when heated with charcoal—earths to all intents like these, notwithstanding that they had resisted all efforts to extract metals from them.

Of these other earths there were several besides magnesia, lime, and the earth of clay, alumina; and nearly akin to them, though more easily dissolved in water, and therefore lacking one of the prominent characteristics of an earth, comparative insolubility, were the alkalies, potash and soda. It needed, therefore, after Lavoisier's time, no great profundity in the chemist who should assert that it was a fair object of search, and that there was a fair ground for hope, that some means should be found, some more potent affinity than even that of carbon should be discovered, by the agency of which these earths too should yield up bright metals under the torturing inquisition of crucible and furnace. Lavoisier himself had proclaimed this before, and almost in Lavoisier's time it was imagined by some sanguine experimentalists in Hungary that the anticipation had been realized. But that realization was not yet ripe for accomplishment, and time had to bring in other ideas and other men to contribute to the development of it. Galvani and Volta (the greatest name, perhaps, in the history of physics) had introduced a new force to the experimentalist. By its agency the compound nature of water—already proved by the illustrious men whose names now figure in the "water

controversy"—received a new significance in the decomposition which the voltaic pile effected in it, under the hands of Nicholson and Carlisle, in the year 1800. They found the oxygen given off at the positive, the hydrogen at the negative, pole; the water being gradually separated by the voltaic agency into its component elements, oxygen and hydrogen. Davy, who soon afterward appeared on the scene, saw at a glance the vast results to be developed by this divellent action of the battery upon chemical compounds. There is no one who cannot feel a sympathizing pleasure as he imagines the young Davy with the wires of his enormous battery brought into contact through the medium of the alkali potash, until that moment undecomposed, and sees him watching a beautiful phenomenon. Little globules of a brilliant metal continually are presenting themselves at the negative wire, and lingering for a moment to show him their true metallic character, then cease to shine, and become again converted into the potash out of which they sprung, too powerfully assailed by the oxydizing air, of which the corrosive action is too strong for a metal of such eager affinities to exist in its presence. Davy soon contrived means of fostering his new-born metal, and exhibiting it to the world under the name of potassium; and soda soon yielded its sodium to the pole of his gigantic voltaic pile. Both of them are metals which, to be preserved, must be retained out of contact with the air; metals, the latter white as silver, and as lustrous, the former with something of the tint of tin or platinum; both lighter than water, and therefore floating on it, but also instantaneously decomposing it to absorb its oxygen, and disappear in it themselves as potash or as soda.

To decompose magnesia, lime, (calx,) baryta, into oxygen and the metals "magnesium," "calcium," and "barium," respectively, was but a work of the few hours requisite to plan the experiment. And thus an antagonistic force had been found whereby to invert, as it were, the combining force of chemical affinity, so that now,

With rod reversed,
And backward mutterings of dissembling power,
The master of this new necromancy freed
From several of these earths beautiful metals,
Till then truly

In stony fetters fixed and motionless.

But some of the earths refused the solicitations of even Davy's voltaic magic. Among these was one of a very remarkable kind, named by the chemists alumina, from its occurrence as one of the ingredients in alum. In the sapphire and ruby this extraordinary body yields only to the diamond in hardness, while it far surpasses it as a gem in the beauty, if not in the variety of its color-suite. As the lux-sapphire, it rivals the diamond itself in colorless purity and exquisite luster. As the ruby, it demands a higher price than it, when above a few carats in weight; as the sapphire, there is no stone with which it can be confounded, when of the true azure blue; while as Oriental topaz, Oriental emerald, aquamarine, peridot, amethyst, it surpasses in beauty of color and luster, and far surpasses in value, the several gems from which it thus condescends to borrow its names. In all of these the alumina is pure, and crystallized in perfect transparency, the colors being due to minutest traces of other metallic oxyds, such as iron, chrome, or manganese. Then, again, in its less brilliant forms, as corundum and as emery powder, its uses are almost the same as those of the indomitable diamond dust: while in its softer moods, combined with water, it helps to form the plastic element of clay; and at one moment is seen assuming shapes and wearing tints, as vase and bowl, that give it more than the value of sapphire or ruby; at another, ministering in every shape to satisfy the wants of man.

From the nature of this earth, it was difficult to bring it within the sphere of action of the battery. But Davy recognized in his new metal, potassium, a substance whose avidity for oxygen might be utilized for the decomposition of the refractory earth which he could not subdue by his voltaic wires. And so he heated alumina white hot, and passed his new metal in the form of a metallic gas over it, and obtained thereby small globules of a metal which had its source in the alumina employed. This new member of the metal family, *aluminum*, he did not, however, succeed in effectually isolating, and he could not, therefore, announce its properties. Later it was produced by Wöhler by an analogous but better process, but then not in sufficient quantity, nor in advantageous form for investigating its physical characters. He obtained it as a powder, and in

this finely divided form it is very difficult to ascertain the properties which a metal may assume when fused into a solid mass. Even lead, when in fine division, will burn spontaneously in the air, and it is therefore not to be wondered at, that in the pulverulent aluminum of Wöhler, that chemist did not recognize those remarkable characteristics which have thrown so much interest round the bars of this metal that have been produced by M. Deville, and exhibited so recently in Paris. Wöhler, indeed, had himself, previously to M. Deville, formed the metal in fused globules. But the method adopted by M. Deville, though in principle similar, was superior in details to Wöhler's process. The metal, as thus obtained, possesses most curious and unexpected properties. Tin-white in color, it is unaffected by the air, and is less disposed to tarnish than silver itself. It is unattacked by any ordinary acid, except muriatic acid, which, and the alkalies, seem to be its only natural chemical enemies. It is very malleable, and when rolled and hammered becomes as hard as iron, a most invaluable property, possessed by no other metal in use. It is an admirable conductor of electricity, and slightly magnetic, like iron. It melts at a lower temperature than silver, so that it possesses all the most valuable properties required of a metal by the artisan. But its most singular property is its lightness. In this respect it stands above all other bodies of the metallic class that are in use. The lightest of these is zinc, which is seven times heavier than water; iron is nearly eight times, silver is ten and a half times, and gold nearly twenty times heavier than water, whereas aluminum is little more than twice and a half as heavy as that fluid, and, consequently, about a quarter of the weight of silver. An ounce, therefore, of this metal will go as far as four ounces of silver, or eight of gold. Its price per ounce is, however, at present that of gold, and hence about four times as dear, bulk for bulk, as silver. Doubtless neither commerce nor chemistry will rest till aluminum can be used for household no less than for philosophical purposes, and doubtless, also, for what may prove a most important application of it, the formation of light, hard, useful, and beautiful alloys with other metals. A bell formed of it would possess singular novelty. Its ring is the sharp clear note of glass, not

the fuller tone of metal; one's fancy already anticipates the music in which some instrument whose vibration shall ring from aluminum bars shall take its part.

Another metal not less curious than aluminum has followed in its wake. The emerald and the beryl are varieties of the same mineral, rivaling all except, perhaps, the sapphire family in beauty as gems. These contain an earth called by the Greek-derived name of *glucina*, from the sweetness of its salts. The metal of this earth had also been isolated by Wöhler, but its properties are first described by M. Debray, a pupil of M. Deville. It appears as a beautiful white metal, nearly as unalterable as aluminum itself, but with the curious property of being one-fifth lighter, its specific gravity being twice that of water. Lime has also now surrendered its constituent metal, calcium, in pure form, and it proves to be yellow like gold, but, unfortunately, as evanescent as it is beautiful. The action of the air alone is sufficient to corrode it into its natural calx, the well known earth, lime.

It is curious to see science thus working out, in its own way, and by lights of its own kindling, problems after the solution of which the alchemist groped so long in darkness, whose obscurity he increased and perpetuated, because he would retain for himself alone and for "the adepts," not for the world, the riches which he sought.

Like the miner, and unlike the metallurgist with whom we commenced, the alchemist delved in dark recesses after gold. He handled, indeed, metallic ores, but he touched not the living metal. It was only when that ore was brought into the light and into the furnace, that it assumed the real metallic shape; only when the fire of truth has tried it, and the advancement, intellectual no less than material, of the human race is the object to be won, is the transmutation of ignorance into knowledge effected, only then is the superstition of the miner corrected by the higher knowledge of the experienced and sagacious metallurgist.

The transmutations wrought by modern chemistry are as great in character, and, however different in kind, are far more important and useful in their result, than all that alchemy ever dreamed of; they are not the less complete because their character has been so correctly explained.

ST. PAUL'S SALUTATIONS.

IT has often been objected, that however we may admit the inspiration of other parts of Holy Scripture, the same cannot be affirmed of the "Salutations," and other seemingly minor matters, with which St. Paul frequently closes his Epistles. It is said they are too trivial to be the subject of inspiration, not worth the interference of the Holy Spirit either one way or another. There is no harmfulness in them, but it is absurd to apply to them the solemn words, "All Scripture is God-inspired."

We do not purpose to answer this objection in detail by way of argument. We would rather see whether something may not be gleaned from these salutations which shall, on the one hand, show that there is nothing trivial in them, and, on the other, lead to the conclusion that there are no exceptions to the rule that St. Paul spake as he "was moved by the Holy Ghost."

And we may mark by the way the internal evidence which such passages afford to the genuineness of St. Paul's Epistles. An impostor who wished to foist on the world a human composition as the revelation and very word of God, would never have endangered his scheme by inserting such passages as that wherein Paul bids Timothy bring his cloak which he had left behind at Troas, or as the salutations and greetings by name of many members of the Church at Rome. There is a naturalness about them which goes far in itself to forbid the thought of imposture. It is just what we should expect St. Paul to write. He is sending a letter to Rome by the hands of Phœbe. As he dictates its final sentences, associations and remembrances of all kinds spring up in his heart. Many were personally known to him. Some had been his companions as he went forth preaching "the Gospel of the blessed God," fellow-laborers in the work that was nearest his heart. Others had been diligent in the varied departments of Christian labor and Christian benevolence. One was affectionately remembered as his first convert in Achaia. Others had known Christ and His Gospel at a time when he himself had been a persecutor and a blasphemer. All were the objects of his Christian love, dear to his heart in the bonds of the faith of Jesus Christ.

But let us observe in what way this portion of the Holy Book is profitable for instruction in righteousness. Not to dwell on the example of Christian courtesy which it affords, we may first notice the interesting insight which it gives us into the state of the early Church. By means of it we perceive how the Christians of that day delighted to labor in the service of Christ, sometimes by active effort in spreading the knowledge of the Gospel; sometimes by ministering to the wants of the afflicted, or the necessities of the evangelists and teachers. Several benefactors of this kind are mentioned in the last chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Various were their positions in life. But one motive animated them all. Phœbe, who carried the apostle's letter to Rome, is specially commended. Her most Christian kindness had diffused itself like the refreshing stream, carrying sympathy and succor wherever they were needed. Aquila and Priscilla had helped the apostle much, periling their lives on his account at some time of personal danger, and thus had laid all the Churches under deep obligation. Others also were worthy of special remembrance, for one cause or another. Shall we say there is nothing profitable in Scriptures like these? Do they not, on the contrary, point out a path of duty and of love untrodden by a large majority of Christians? Do they not teach us that every Christian, however humble, should and may do something for the increase of the Redeemer's kingdom? By this we mean, not the mere attendance at the house of prayer, not the casting of a gift into the treasury of Christian charity, but active personal labor, and diligent painstaking effort. It would show an utter forgetfulness of the lessons of God's truth, it would curtail some of the highest Christian privileges, and dam up many a stream of piety and love, to shut out from these labors and efforts any Christian, however lowly their earthly position, or to say that none but the ordained minister, or the elevated in social position, should labor for the Lord, and be fellow-workers in the kingdom of God. All together make up the body of Christ, and each one is a member in particular. "The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor the head to the foot, I have no need of thee." All Christians, then, of whatever rank in life, and whatever grade

in society—whether moving in the polished circles of refinement and opulence, or in the lowly routine of artisanship and labor—whether tradesman at the counter, or mechanics in the workshop—whether gaining their bread by the toil of the mind or the sweat of the brow—we would desire to see all enlisted in the ranks of Christian helpers. Would that every heart which has been touched and changed by the Gospel were ambitious to rival and excel in Christian exertion that Phœbe, who was a succorer of many; that Priscilla, and Aquila, and Urbane, who were the apostle's helpers in Christ Jesus; that Trypbena and Tryphosa, and the beloved Persis, who labored much in the Lord! Every walk of life affords a sphere, and every day an opportunity. These, doubtless, neglected no duty which had a prior claim; but combined together the Christian diligence, and the large-hearted sympathy and love, which enabled them to rule their own households well, and at the same time to strengthen the hands of the apostle, and minister to the wants of the necessitous and the feeble. Who shall say with how mighty an energy, with what increased power, the work of God would progress in the land, nay, in the world, if every Christian felt a personal interest and a call to personal effort? Who shall say what a sanctifying influence would pervade every department and relation in life, did each one determine to labor, not merely for his own salvation, but that of others? How many a seed of infidelity would be stifled in the germ, if the Christian laborer and mechanic made his religion a relative as well as a personal thing. Where is the faith that quickened to exertion those helpers of St. Paul of whose labors he had such an affectionate remembrance? Where the love which constrained the Christians, of whom this chapter tells, to gather proselytes from every circle in which they moved? Where the self-denying devotion which prompts to effort wherever there is a call for it and a place for its exercise, wherein a Christian needs sympathy or a sinner is ignorant of the great salvation?

A second thought suggested by these salutations of St. Paul is worthy of special notice. They afford a striking example for Christian women. They prove them to have had an important place in the early Church. Of the names which this chap-

ter gives, the greater part belong to women. This proves, moreover, the high esteem in which their labors were held. Why should it be otherwise? Why should not that high-souled devotion which marks the female character be consecrated to the service of God? What should prevent her deep sympathy, her overflowing tenderness, being exercised on Christ's behalf to the suffering children of humanity? Why may not her powers of winning and persuasion be employed in drawing to the feet of Jesus the outcast and the wanderer? What change is there in the Church, its responsibilities or its duties, that can justify or excuse the neglect of so mighty a power for good as the earnest devotion and piety of Christian women? What should prevent them filling still a high place in the ranks of Christian laborers? It is no narrow field that lies open to them. From the circle of their own home, which, however small, is yet the chief in importance, to the widest range of Christian benevolence, opportunities abound for laboring much and in many ways for the Lord. First at home, and then abroad, how much may be done by the earnest heart and the diligent hand! So long as a child remains ignorant of Jesus Christ; so long as the needs of our youthful population demand the efforts of the Sunday-school teacher; so long as a single dwelling or cottage in our land remains unblest by the voice of Christian kindness, and counsel, and sympathy; so long, in truth, as the Church of Christ is militant on earth, so long do the needs of the Gospel and the example of the early Church bid to the work of Christ the Christian woman. Is there no sick neighbor to whom she may minister—at whose bedside she may spend half an hour, from time to time, in reading God's Holy Book, or some suitable tract? Is there no ungodly neighbor or friend whom she might allure, by kindness and persuasion, to the house of God on the Sabbath day? When she hears of affliction visiting the home of friend, or neighbor, or acquaintance—some calamity, perhaps, which touches the mind rather than the body, and though it rack not the flesh with pain, yet wrings the heart with anguish—who can tell what the voice of kindly sympathy may do for that stricken soul? how, through the clefts of the broken heart, some words of affectionate counsel may enter, and raise the

thoughts to him who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities? Is there no young Christian, just starting on the heavenly way, to whom she might give counsel and encouragement; to whom must come many an hour of trial and many a blast of temptation; whose inexperience needs guidance; whose steps, as yet feeble and unsteady through the weakness of faith, she might uphold by her sympathy and example; and whose perplexities she might resolve by the light of a larger and more mature experience?

Should this reference to the "Salutations" of St. Paul be the means of stirring up one to be diligent who has been slothful, or of inspiring courage in one who has been diffident, we should hail it as another evidence that even the words of Scripture, often rashly regarded as trivial and unworthy of the Spirit's inspiration, are profitable indeed for "instruction in righteousness," tending to make us perfect, "thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

THE LEGEND OF SAINT ZITA.

ZITA is the patron saint of cooks, and is as worthy of her place as any other in the Romish calendar. She was, so runs the legend, faithful to her master's diet, but more faithful to God. She had the misfortune of serving a family who were somewhat indifferent to religious matters. They were worthy people enough, however, living in a quiet way on moderate means, and not disposed to prevent her from performing her devotions, provided their kitchen did not suffer, and that their modest repasts were served at the appointed hour. They say that Zita was very skillful in her profession. . . . Now her employers were not at all scrupulous in their observance of those days when the Church orders us to abstain from flesh. Zita thought it her duty to venture some timid counsels and respectful remonstrances on this subject. Counsels and remonstrances were ill-received, and had no other result than to change the simple negligence of the family into a regular practice of eating flesh on the prohibited days, so that they might not appear to yield to the opinions of their servant.

Zita asked herself whether she ought to obey and prepare prohibited dishes. After some reflection, she devised, by a miracle of her art, a means of giving to

the fish and vegetables cooked in oil the taste and appearance of butcher's meat and vegetables cooked with gravies.

This secret died with her.

As for Zita, on those days she fasted, or at best ate nothing but bread.

One day the family gave out invitations for a dinner—a rare thing, a marked event in that country, and Zita received on the occasion numerous instructions from *la Signora*. She arose before daylight, went to the market, and returned with two porters laden with provisions. Then she went to the church. But there she became so profoundly absorbed in prayer and meditation that she fell into a sort of ecstasy, and did not observe when the mass was ended, and everybody left the church. She remained alone, sunk in contemplation, and did not perceive the flight of hours.

Suddenly awakening from her trance and returning to earth, she was surprised to find the church so still and dark. She hurried out, supposing that the day was cloudy. The sky was of the purest blue, but the sun was setting. Zita was struck with terror; she thought of her dinner, which had begun to be prepared at an hour when it ought to be ready to be served up. She directed her steps homeward in all haste, although believing that she would be turned away, and that she deserved to be, for she had failed in her duty toward them, and caused them a great embarrassment.

There was no heavenly patron of cooks then; for it is Zita who was destined to become one. So she knew not to what saint to turn, and addressed herself to virgin Mary, and prayed fervently that she would give her strength to support the bitterness of the trial to which her inexcusable negligence had exposed her. When she had said her prayer she went into the house, humbly but resolutely.

Suddenly she stopped in the entry-way; a grateful odor of stewed meats assailed her nostrils. "What can this mean?" she thought to herself. "A ragout, as I am alive. My mistress discovered my absence, and has sent for another cook. I shall be turned away all the same, but there will be dinner, and no one will suffer for my fault but myself."

Zita went a few steps further, then stopped again, and snuffed up a whiff of that savory odor which exhaled through

the house. "Truly," said she, "whoever made that ragout is a skillful body." And then there awoke in her a little feeling of human pride, which she suppressed instantly. "I thought I was the best, but there is some one here who is at least as good as I." And Zita entered the kitchen. Just as she entered, she heard a sound like the whirring of wings. She saw nobody, and thought it was the rustling of the new cook's gown, who had probably just passed rapidly into the next room. The range was lighted, the stew-pans were all on, and each one sent forth an exquisite flavor. Zita lifted the covers and tasted. "I was wrong," she thought to herself, "in saying that she who made these ragouts was equal to me; I am not worthy to untie her apron-strings; I did not know that my art could go so far. But where can she be?"

Zita waited; no one came. "But," said she, "how can such a skillful cook run such a risk of letting her dishes burn?" She drew the stew-pans a little off from the fire, and saw that the fire was blue. She looked for the cook in vain. In the dining-room, where she found the table set with the utmost care and neatness, she met her mistress, who said: "Well, Zita, are you ready?" "Signoria," replied Zita, "the dinner is ready, but I cannot find the person."

"What person? The guests are on the terrace with my husband, and there is no one here but you and I."

Zita thought she was dreaming or had been dreaming. She served up the dinner. It was exquisite. It is talked of to this day in certain families where tradition has preserved the memory of this banquet that took place two hundred years ago.

Zita had only to return thanks. Angels, they say, came to get her dinner ready during the ecstasy in which she was absorbed at the church. It must have been a charming scene; all those pretty little angels, like those, no doubt, which we see in the pictures of Murillo! Imagine them with their little aprons and little white caps, fluttering from one pan to another, stirring the sauces and tasting them with the end of their little rosy fingers.

And that is the legend of Saint Zita, as it was told me at Nerri by my cook there, who, alas! did my cooking herself.

[For the National Magazine.]

HONG-KONG.

HONG-KEANG (Fragrant Streams) is the easternmost of an archipelago of rocky islets lying at the mouth of the estuary leading to Pearl River and Canton. From the moment of its cession to the British crown in 1841, this hitherto insignificant retreat of a few thousands of small agriculturists, quarrymen, pirates, and fishermen, acquired singular importance on the map of the Eastern hemisphere. Hong-Kong, though by no means impregnable, became to China what Quebec is to upper America and Gibraltar to the Mediterranean, the rocky throne of local dominion to the "mistress of the seas." "Twelve millions" to reimburse the expenses of the war; "six," to replace the commercial value of an abated nuisance; "five ports" open to trade and residence; and "Hong-Kong," were the terms on which China purchased the cessation of the "opium conflict." Great Britain still vindicates her conquest by the possession of this key to the entrance of one of the principal ports of the empire, and the dispensation from this point to the five open marts, of an authority which the "Celestials" may diplomatize to evade, but dare not disobey. In Hong-Kong, a British island, tenanted by an Anglo-Chinese colony, one is not surprised at the presence of the wholesome stringency of British rule: yet nothing more sensibly strikes the stranger, from the moment he sets foot on the continent adjacent, than the ascendancy of British influence within the borders of the empire itself. Their magnificent consular establishments, under the supervision of the titled representative of the throne, palaced in Hong-Kong, are really, like the East India Company's government, *imperium in imperio*; though here, it is Britain within China, and not Britain within Britain, as is the case in subjected India. Hong-Kong is the seat of the Oriental power of "Victoria, *regina Dei gratia*," as well as the site of the Victoria founded by her authority, and commemorative of the style of her reign. Ten years ago, four-fifths of the dwellers in this newly-founded, free commercial mart, acknowledged, like devout Romanists, two allegiances, one to the "Son of Heaven," the other to the far-off queen of a nation of despised and hated "outside barbarians." The recent

troubles at Canton have greatly increased this ratio. In Hong-Kong, as in Singapore and the open ports of China, the "foreign population" is a mere sprinkling. Out of the thousand and thirty-eight "foreign residents" in China, at the commencement of the present year, three hundred and nineteen, according to the Anglo-Chinese calendar, sojourned in Hong-Kong, and only fifty-nine of this number are reported as having families. The great mass of the buildings that line the narrow streets are mere bungalows, interspersed with the habitations of the more opulent West. Spacious "go-downs" monopolize the quays, and palatial residences perch upon all the lofty and more eligible situations. But we anticipate. We commenced with the design of recording the personal impressions of a stay of ten or twelve days in the city of Victoria, a name that seems almost a feeble sobriquet beside the sonorous, world-wide-known and world-wide-used "Hong-Kong."

We anchored in this celebrated harbor, the well-remembered transition point of nearly all the missionaries to the far East, at two o'clock in the morning, on the twenty-fourth of May last, one hundred and thirty-five days, including a stay of eighteen at Singapore, from New-York. The night was cloudy, warm, and almost breezeless. What little wind there was, came in irregular puffs, loaded with vapor, and dashed with occasional sprinklings of rain. We got out of our berths at a signal from the captain, to make out, through the darkness, as our bark drifted wearily to her anchorage, the character of the place toward which our expectations had been so long and anxiously directed. Nothing was visible, save a gloomy range of mountains, towering high up among the clouds of the dusky night sky, and the low range of misty lights which dimly outlined the place before which we lay. The morning opened bright and beautiful. The hills were clothed in mossy green to their very summits; the white and green houses of the far-reaching town nestled in the straitened intervals at their bases, while the land-locked harbor, sparkling in the coming sunlight, spread loving protection about myriads of native sampans, and a glorious fleet of the ships of all nations. Boats of all descriptions flocked to the newly-arrived vessel. Here were clerks of foreign establishments in faultless white,

from hat and umbrella to booties inclusive, seeking news from home and business for their respective houses; beautiful girls, with glossy black hair elaborately done up à la "phœnix," or flat-iron handle! and loaded with glittering ornaments and decorative flowers, with glossy black coatees and ample sleeves, and pantalets that would rejoice the heart of Madame Bloomer—asking, in "pidgeon English," for the "ship's washing." So great is the competition, that the importunity of the crowding applicants, like that of a mob of hack-drivers, will hardly yield to the peremptory "No!"

Your Chinese sanpan is no cockle-shell. It is a good, substantial, sloop-like looking craft, with masts and sails as well as oars, and fitted to grapple with a bit of a typhoon, as well as to paddle securely about the harbor. Ours is the spacious dwelling of a whole colony of Chinese. Here they were born, and here they are nurtured in labor and hardihood, those black-eyed girls and bare-legged and bare-bodied boys, rowing for dear life amid ships, those toddling "wee" things, sprawling naked about the decks, or scrambling over the bamboo roof that shelters the passenger-cuddy from sun and rain, and that bright babe lashed to the mother's back as she tends the sheets and manages the helm astern, while her indolent better-half lounges and plays the "skipper" over his long-handled pipe in the bow. Thousands of "boat-population" throng the harbor of Hong-Kong. In our geography-lesson days we used to read of multitudes in China living upon the water, and imagined rafts and boats securely fastened to the shore or to each other, until they formed wooden islands that might defy the treacherous winds and unstable waters. Fancy is seldom true to fact. The Chinaman's family occupies the boat as a permanent home; but the boat is plying about the harbor at the service of the public, or goes out of the harbor on fishing excursions, or even puts out to sea in quest of some vessel to pilot into port. Under those bright decks, scoured with sand till they emulate the floor of the New-England parlor of olden time, are the furnace, the stewpans, the bowls, the rice, tea, fish, and chop-sticks of the culinary department, and the matting for seats by day and bedding by night, when the stars are their canopy, and the sleep of infancy and age is alike rocked

by the restless waters. The sanpan is the church of the pious boatmen. In that dark recess, right under your seat, is the shrine of the grim and gilded god, before which the family daily burns incense and offers daily prayers.

Hong-Kong is one of the up-hill places of creation. It is up-hill to the American consulate, up-hill to the house of Rev. J. W. Johnson, consignee-general of American missionaries, up-hill to the establishment of the London mission, up-hill to the college of the bishop and palace of the governor, and it is up-hill—try it, pedestrian!—to the summit of Victoria Peak, rising nearly two thousand feet, in its robes of green and gray, above the level of the harbor that cradles its morning shadows, and reflects the play of its sunset lights. Like your panting self, the town is laboriously working its way up the rocky ravines and along the ribs of gravelly swells, bravely contesting with sheer precipices and abrupt declivities for foothold for roads, and foundations for habitations. Hong-Kong has beautiful roads, everywhere adapting themselves to the serpentine course of the hills, and the picturesque undulations of the stony soil on which they are constructed. Like those of India, they are "the ways of transgressors," the labor of British convicts, who are thus taught to patch up their own ways by being set to mend those of their neighbors.

Our host is seven years a resident here, and general missionary consignee as aforesaid. The reason for this is, that he is the only American missionary in the place; and that, toward those who are expected to take "neither purse nor scrip for their journey," public hotels are no better substitutes for private Christian hospitality in Hong-Kong than in New-York. He meets us on shipboard, and when the sanpan ejects us, bag and baggage, upon the granite quay, directs the officious coolies in their own gibberish, while half-a-dozen trunks and as many band-boxes and carpet-bags, slung on bamboo poles, trot off in Indian file, threatening fearful inundation to any house with narrow accommodations. Fortunately, the dwelling of our host, like his heart, is large. His present elegant and accomplished lady is Dutch, who, in addition to her native tongue and considerable acquisitions in Chinese, writes and speaks English, French,

and German, with equal ease and fluency. Under her guidance we sought the most commanding heights, in our evening walks, for sunset prospects of the glorious panorama of town and harbor, with mountain and sky spread out before us; called on the courteous directors of the Anglo-Chinese training of the children, which constitute the "college" of the London mission; visited "St. Paul's College," also an Anglo-Chinese boys' school, presided over by the "Bishop of Victoria," the spiritual supervisor of "St. John's Cathedral," representative of the "Church" in Victoria, and overseer of the Church missions in China. His lordship is thin, spare, gray, with a full gray eye, feminine voice pleasantly modulated, and slender fingers, which doubtless contribute their full share to his skill as an organist. He is a traveler and an author, sanguine of the Christian character of the insurrectionists, and of the downfall of Sebastopol. His lady is as practical, plain, common sense, and American-like, as any European woman we ever met with, who alone, of all the world, retained the republican privilege of calling her husband "Mr. Smith," when, at the Church and State marriage altar, he sacrificed his individuality, and merged the *man* in the *official*. The American official deems it ridiculous affectation to subscribe his own titles; in aristocracies, the titled dignitary cannot superscribe even his visiting cards with his rightful name.

With the civic and military establishments of Hong-Kong we had no opportunity for personal acquaintance. The barracks are extensive, solidly constructed, and we suppose healthy, though the deaths among the military have averaged a hundred and ninety a year for the last ten years. The "queen's band" entertains the public with occasional performances at evening on the public square, about which gather, as elsewhere, groups of noisy nurses and riotous children, willow-wagons, and sedan-chairs, sentimental pedestrians, and amateur equestrians. His excellency, Sir John Bowring, LL. D., has the reputation of being a learned man; and his son, to whom we were introduced in Singapore, is one of the finest naturalists in the East. He has, in his private cabinet, twenty-five thousand specimens of the coleoptera alone. We saw him in one of our evening rambles, in the out-

skirts of Hong-Kong, with a cigar in his mouth and a scoop-net in his hand, foraging among the bushes in pursuit of his favorite prey.

Half a dozen newspapers, some gratis, others six to sixteen dollars a year; a well-filled library, and a well-stocked reading-room, attest the literary as well as commercial propensities of the bachelor population of Victoria. Race-grounds and billiard-rooms are objectionable resources for amusement. A jail and burial-ground were among the earliest necessities of the new colony. The "Happy Valley," a beautiful level between the mountains, two miles or more from the center of the town, is the locality of the cemeteries; and here repose the relics of numerous Americans, missionaries, merchants, mariners, and common sailors. Hither, at the close of a beautiful day, with the band harmonies of the "Dead March in Saul" ringing in our ears, we accompanied the remains of a young man from the United States war steamer, Powhattan; and thence, under a glorious moonlight, in company with Lieutenants Whitings and Pegram, made the circuit of the valley for a walk, and then measured the whole of the fatiguing distance back to town again.

The novelties of a walk through a Chinese thoroughfare always repay the labor. In the morning we entered the temple to behold the crowds of the devout at their orisons; and in the evening paused before the flashing and gaudy lanterns of the theater, to listen for a moment to the wild strains of vocal or instrumental music, so strikingly peculiar and different from that of the nations of the West. At midday we dared the furnace-like heat of a nearly vertical sun, to visit the shops of tradesmen and artisans. Painters' establishments are attractive. Dozens are employed in copying pictures, in shops opening directly upon the crowded streets. It is all imitative and mechanical; and you look in vain for any signs of thought, or imagination, or design, in the uninterested countenances of the workmen. The Chinese paint pictures as they make coats and shoes—after a pattern. But we wander. The Chinese, multitudinous as they are, are merely incidental to Hong-Kong. They are not present objects of description; and on our main topic we have probably said enough for a single paper.



SCENES FROM COWPER'S "TASK."

Nor distant far, a length of colonnade
Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns; and, in their shaded walks
And long-protracted bowers, enjoy'd at noon
The gloom and cogliness of declining day.
We bear our shades about us; self-deprived
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,
And range an Indian waste without a tree.
Thanks to Benevolus^o—he spares me yet
These chestnuts ranged in corresponding lines;
And, though himself so polish'd, still relieves
The obsolete prolixity of shade.

Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge,
We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
Hence, ankle-deep in moss and flow'ry thyme,
We mount again, and feel at every step
Our foot half-sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Raised by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures earth; and, plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done.

The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove
That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impress'd
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The panels, leaving an obscure rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the zeal to immortalize himself

Beats in the breast of man, that e'en a few,
Few transient years, won from the abyss ab-
horr'd

Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye;
And, posted on this speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but, scatter'd by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sunburnt hayfield homeward
creeps

The loaded wain; while, lighten'd of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by;
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of every growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth
trunks

Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost
boughs

No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish gray; the willow such.
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve

*John Courtney Throckmorton, Esq., of Weston Underwood.

Diffusing odors: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honors
bright.

O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interposed between)
The Ouse dividing the well-water'd land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
And such the re-ascent; between them weeps
A little maid her impoverish'd urn
All summer long, which winter fills again.
The folded gates would bar my progress now,
But that the lord of this inclosed demesne,

Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a share: the guiltless eye
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.
Refreshing change! where now the blazing sun?
By short transition we have lost his glare,
And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.
Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice
That yet a remnant of your race survives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The checker'd earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they
dance,



Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And dark'ning and enlight'ning, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot.

And now, with nerves new braced and spirits
cheer'd,
We tread the wilderness, whose well-roll'd
walks,

With curvature of slow and easy sweep—
Deception innocent—give ample space
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us
next;

Between the upright shafts of, whose tall elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.

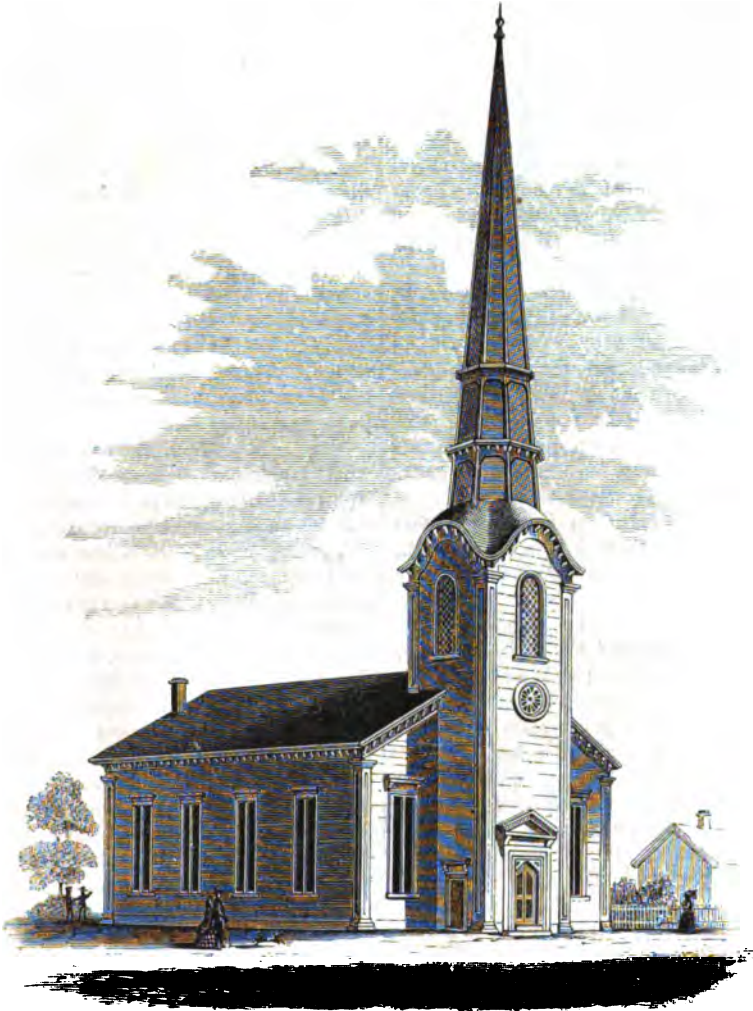
Thump after thump resounds the constant
fall,
seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls

Full on the destined ear. Wide flies the chaff.
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist
Of atoms, sparkling in the noonday beam.
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not; see him sweating o'er his
bread

Before he eats it. 'Tis the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That Nature rides upon maintains her health.
Her beauty, ner fertility. She dreams
An instant's pause, and lives but while she
moves.

Its own revolency upholds the world.



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, ADAMS, N. Y.

METHODIST CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

THIS beautiful little church has recently been built in the village of Adams, Jefferson County, New-York, within the bounds of the Black River Conference. It is built of wood, forty-four by seventy feet on the ground, with a basement under the main room, and almost wholly above ground, and a tower and spire one hundred and thirty feet high. The basement is ten feet in the clear, and the side walls of the main room twenty-five feet. The exterior is painted white and furnished with green blinds.

The engraving would seem to contradict the idea of a basement mostly above ground. But while the sills are only three feet from the ground in front, so rapid is the descent of the surface toward the rear, that but little of the basement wall has earth against it to obstruct light or create dampness. The lecture-room is in the rear, and is entered on one side; and the class-rooms, wood-room, sexton's closets, &c., are under the front of the building. The main audience-room is well-proportioned, and is decidedly neat and tasteful.

It has a narrow end gallery for the choir, with a vestibule under it, on one side of which is a passage to the basement, and on the other to the gallery. It has two aisles, and the sixty-eight pews are upholstered uniformly with crimson damask. Wood-stoves properly located furnish sufficient heat, but the ventilation is defective, as it can only be obtained by opening windows. No church is complete that has not an ample supply of well-placed ventilating registers.

The wood-work of the main room is in imitation of black walnut, matching the crimson damask very well, but not so much in keeping with the common glass of the windows, and the white exterior and green blinds. It is a question of taste whether light drab cushions and grained oak would not have been an improvement. Still it is a pleasant church as it is.

The pulpit platform is but two feet eight inches high, with a recess for sofa, finished above with a Gothic arch. The altar-rail is low, (twenty inches,) as it should be, and the kneeling board but five inches high and twelve inches wide. A high altar-rail and a high, narrow kneeling-board are always wrong, and often distressing. The pulpit platform of this church is too high by six inches.

We regard this, however, on the whole, as a fine model for a low-priced church in a country village, and a gem in its external appearance. It will seat about four hundred persons in the main room, and has good accommodations for choir, classes, Sabbath schools, &c. The cost was but \$5,000, exclusive of site, and without bell or organ. The pews are rented annually at from \$5 to \$18 each, the proceeds going to support the pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEWARK, NEW-YORK.

This fine church edifice was dedicated by BISHOP SIMPSON on the 18th of January last. It is situated in the beautiful village of Newark, Wayne County, New-York, within the bounds of the East Genesee Conference, and is at present occupied by Rev. JOHN DENNIS as pastor.

The building is fifty-six by one hundred and twenty-three feet on the ground, including tower and buttresses on the sides. It is brick from the water table to the top, and wood above to the roof. The interior is finished with wood-work, and the walls are painted a light drab, and the walls frescoed. The pews are uniformly furnished with felt cushions,

and seventy-six feet high, the great length of the building requiring a tall spire to relieve its seeming disproportion.

The style of the building is well represented by the opposite cut. The outside entrance-room may be seen near the rear, though it is on the other side of the building in fact, the artist having reversed the drawing in copying for the engraver.

The spire is in fine proportion, and has the right style of finish at the top, but the two chubby-looking windows, directly opposite each other, and with their heavy projecting cornices, are not in perfect keeping with the general grace and symmetry of the structure. We suspect there has been some error in the drawing or engraving at this point.

The cellar, which extends under the whole building, is depressed but four feet below the surface, and is used only for fuel, furnaces, and gas-making apparatus.

The lecture-room is in the rear, on a level with the main room, and extending across the building, like that of the Broad-street Church, described in our last number. It has this difference, however: the Broad-street Church has the class-rooms below and the lecture-room above; but in this case the lecture-room is below and the class-rooms above, like the Market-street Church, Newark, N. J.

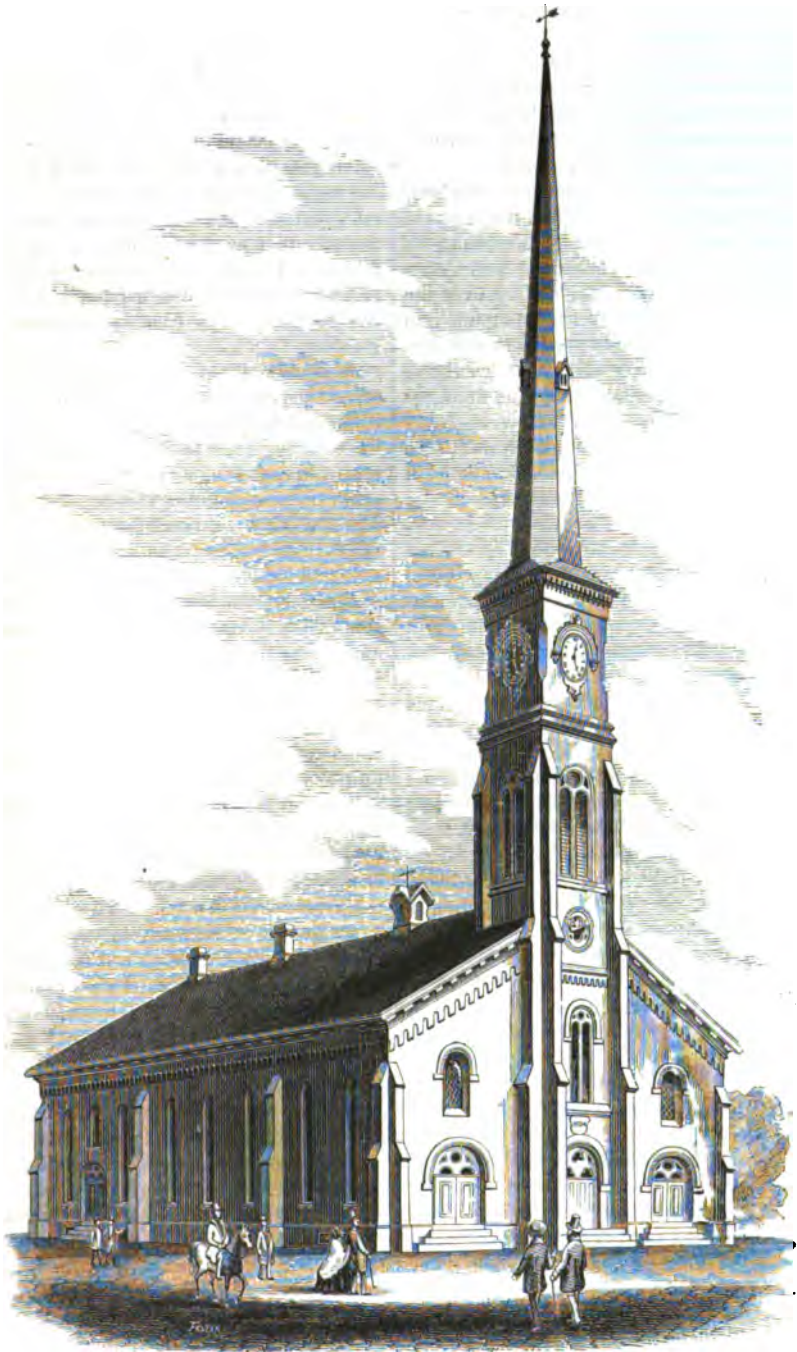
The lecture-room is thirty by forty-three feet, and thirteen feet high, and is separated from the main room by a brick wall with doors each side of the principal altar.

There are four fine class-rooms and a Bible class-room over the lecture-room, all well arranged, but we have not space for the drawings furnished by the building committee. The lecture-room is ventilated by three registers, each ten by sixteen inches, near the ceiling, and one near the floor.

The windows of the lecture and class rooms are of buff enameled glass, and are so arranged as to be used for ventilating, if necessary.

The main audience-room is fifty by seventy feet, and the side walls twenty-seven feet high. It has no gallery, a platform about the height of the pulpit being provided for the choir and organ at the opposite end of the room between the main entrances.

The wood-work inside is painted a light drab, and the walls frescoed. The pews are uniformly furnished with felt cushions,



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This church has a *bell* and *clock*, but as yet no *organ*. The cost of the edifice, including furniture, gas apparatus, grading, &c., is about \$15,000, exclusive of the site. It is regarded by many as the best arranged, and, indeed, the *best* Methodist Church in the state *out of the large cities*. The pews are sold, the estimated value being from \$50 to \$210; and many of the best selling at \$40 premium.

This is an admirable plan, where it can be made to work well, and at the same time secure places for those who are not able to buy. By this means good churches can often be built, and good congregations gathered, where nothing could be done in any other way; and though for twenty years accustomed to pewed churches, sold or rented, we have never encountered any of the practical difficulties which many deprecate. Where the spirit of Christ reigns, the worthy poor are always provided for, without disparagement or humiliation, whether the seats are free, rented, or sold. And so may it be in all places of His dominion, and to the end of time!

THE OVERLAND TRIP FROM BOMBAY TO LONDON.

ALTHOUGH so many hundreds find their way every year by the overland route to India, I have never yet seen a practical account of the trip, or one calculated to help the traveler with everyday common-place information respecting the great ease and comfort with which the journey is now performed. To supply this want I now offer a plain, unvarnished tale of the way in which I reached London in thirty days from the time I left Bombay.

It is now about a year since I found myself on board the steamer bound to Aden and Suez, and fairly on my way by the overland route to England. The vessel in which I performed this, the first part of my long but tolerably rapid journey, was the *Victoria*, one of the East India Company's steam-packets, destined twice a month to convey the overland mail and passengers from Bombay to Egypt. Besides a heavy mail from all parts of India, amounting to some two hundred wooden and iron boxes, we had upward of fifty first-class passengers, which in a vessel of seven hundred tons, with very little accommodation in the way of cabins, caused no small amount of inconvenience. In fact, of these latter there were barely enough for the ladies on board, so that every bachelor passenger had not only to sleep, but also to wash and dress, on deck, the whole way to Suez. The sum each of us paid for this first-class and most uncomfortable deck passage was 500 rupees, or £50. When compared with even the tables on board the worst fed and found American liners, the fare in the *Victoria* was wretched in the extreme. Of the accommodation, we, the single gentlemen among the passengers, had but a seat at the cuddy table during meal hours, the privilege of writing, reading, or talking in the said cuddy at other times, and the advantage of being allowed to spread our mattresses on deck from nine P. M. until the first peep of dawn. As to beds, bed-linen, towels, wash-hand basins, or such like, not a single article was found us. Everything used for the ordinary purposes of sleeping and dressing, each passenger had to purchase for himself before leaving Bombay. Taking this into consideration, as well as the fact that our eating and

drinking was of the most ordinary description, the charge of £50 for a passage averaging less than fourteen days, certainly struck me as being most exorbitant.

But, cheap or dear, we had to grin and bear it. Twelve months ago the East India Company's steamers had a complete monopoly of the journey between Bombay and Suez, and, like all other holders of monopolies, they made the most of their advantage. The captains of these steamers have nothing whatever to do with the feeding of their passengers. A native contractor undertakes to do it, and receives from the local government 300 rupees, or £30, for every first-class passenger who goes between Egypt and India.

The description of a day spent on board ship is a tale so old as not to bear repetition. On board the *Victoria*, however, there was something so hopelessly uncomfortable from the moment we got—not out of bed, but—off our beds on the deck, until we “turned in” again for the night, that I would fain endeavor to depict our misery. Nor, for that matter, did our wretchedness cease when our slumbers began, as the reader shall presently hear. And yet of the thirty or forty unfortunates who endured this amount of physical and moral misery for fifteen days, I don't think there was one who did not make light of his troubles; nor was there much grumbling heard, beyond that quantity which every true Anglo-Saxon thinks himself privileged to express at all seasons.

I said that our day began at dawn, but I am wrong; it began half an hour before. The first sounds heard were from the different native stewards, doing their best to awaken the gentlemen sleeping on deck. Each steward had so many passengers allotted to his care, and the first duty of the day was to call up and clear away the beds belonging to these, so as to allow of the decks being washed down. If a steward called one of his temporary masters but five minutes too early, the abuse heaped upon him by the sleepy passenger was quite a caution. On the other hand, if every bed was not cleared away by the first peep of dawn, so as to allow of the process of holy-stoning the decks being commenced at once, the officer of the watch was down upon the unfortunate native, and although the language used was a trifle less harsh, the punishment which followed was a good deal more certain.

To behold the forty sleepy, yawning, grumbling human beings, all made to vacate their beds at the same time, and without the smallest allowance being made for whether they had spent the night well or ill, would have struck pity into the heart of the most determined misanthrope. Without being more effeminate than most men, I have certain prejudices regarding my personal comforts which, from childhood upward, have stuck by me. One of those prejudices is a decided partiality for taking off my clothes when I go to bed, and, more particularly, divesting myself of that garment which is considered peculiar to the male sex. But on board the *Victoria*, this prepossession in favor of a time-honored custom, had to be utterly disregarded. We used to dress, not undress, before going to rest; and the consequence was, that when daylight fairly broke upon us, a more extraordinary collection of human beings was seldom seen in any part of the known world. As an example, I may be permitted to delineate my own night costume, which, by the way, was one of the least remarkable for its eccentricity of any in the steamer. Not being *un homme à bonnet de coton*, I had not such a thing as a nightcap in my possession, and so an old military forage-cap had to do duty in its place. All up the Red Sea, and, in fact, the whole way from Bombay to Suez, the night dews are so heavy that a covering on the head is indispensable for those who sleep in the open air. Proceeding downward from the head, my night dress consisted of an old flannel cricketing jacket, a pair of red silk Turkish drawers—which were easy and light, although protective against the night air and dew, and a pair of long gray worsted stockings—not socks—pulled up over the sleeping drawers *à la mode* of jack-boots. The latter item of costume I adopted to prevent suffering from cold in the feet, as it was impossible to keep anything in the shape of bed-clothes upon one during the night. When a pair of heavy India slippers were added to this, my costume for the night I considered complete. In the dark these eccentricities of dress were not observable; but when morning came, the scene of some four dozen individuals, all equally singular in their habiliments, was, to say the least of it, somewhat curious.

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The main windows are of stained glass. The heat is admitted up from the furnaces to the main room and lecture-room by registers; and the rooms are well ventilated by a register in the ceiling over the orchestra, and a shaft extending up into the tower; and also by four flues and registers in the side walls. Besides these, there are three registers near the floor, for the ingress of cold air. Few churches have better provisions for ventilation—one of the most important considerations in the building of a church, and yet one that is very liable to be overlooked or neglected. The house is lighted by *O'Connell's wood-gas*, the apparatus being placed in the cellar. The fixtures work admirably, furnishing a good and reliable light at very little expense, after the manufactory is once put up and in operation. This is coming to be quite a favorite method of lighting churches, and even private houses, in some sections of the country.

This church has a *bell* and *clock*, but as yet no *organ*. The cost of the edifice, including furniture, gas apparatus, grading, &c., is about \$15,000, exclusive of the site. It is regarded by many as the best arranged, and, indeed, the *best* Methodist Church in the state *out of the large cities*. The pews are sold, the estimated value being from \$50 to \$210; and many of the best selling at \$40 premium.

This is an admirable plan, where it can be made to work well, and at the same time secure places for those who are not able to buy. By this means good churches can often be built, and good congregations gathered, where nothing could be done in any other way; and though for twenty years accustomed to pewed churches, sold or rented, we have never encountered any of the practical difficulties which many deprecate. Where the spirit of Christ reigns, the worthy poor are always provided for, without disparagement or humiliation, whether the seats are free, rented, or sold. And so may it be in all places of His dominion, and to the end of time!

THE OVERLAND TRIP FROM BOMBAY TO LONDON.

ALTHOUGH so many hundreds find their way every year by the overland route to India, I have never yet seen a practical account of the trip, or one calculated to help the traveler with everyday common-place information respecting the great ease and comfort with which the journey is now performed. To supply this want I now offer a plain, unvarnished tale of the way in which I reached London in thirty days from the time I left Bombay.

It is now about a year since I found myself on board the steamer bound to Aden and Suez, and fairly on my way by the overland route to England. The vessel in which I performed this, the first part of my long but tolerably rapid journey, was the *Victoria*, one of the East India Company's steam-packets, destined twice a month to convey the overland mail and passengers from Bombay to Egypt. Besides a heavy mail from all parts of India, amounting to some two hundred wooden and iron boxes, we had upward of fifty first-class passengers, which in a vessel of seven hundred tons, with very little accommodation in the way of cabins, caused no small amount of inconvenience. In fact, of these latter there were barely enough for the ladies on board, so that every bachelor passenger had not only to sleep, but also to wash and dress, on deck the whole way to Suez. The sum each of us paid for this first-class and most uncomfortable deck passage was 500 rupees, or £50. When compared with even the tables on board the worst fed and found American liners, the fare in the *Victoria* was wretched in the extreme. Of the accommodation, we, the single gentlemen among the passengers, had but a seat at the cuddy table during meal hours, the privilege of writing, reading, or talking in the said cuddy at other times, and the advantage of being allowed to spread our mattresses on deck from nine P. M. until the first peep of dawn. As to beds, bed-linen, towels, wash-hand basins, or such like, not a single article was found us. Everything used for the ordinary purposes of sleeping and dressing, each passenger had to purchase for himself before leaving Bombay. Taking this into consideration, as well as the fact that our eating and

drinking was of the most ordinary description, the charge of £50 for a passage averaging less than fourteen days, certainly struck me as being most exorbitant.

But, cheap or dear, we had to grin and bear it. Twelve months ago the East India Company's steamers had a complete monopoly of the journey between Bombay and Suez, and, like all other holders of monopolies, they made the most of their advantage. The captains of these steamers have nothing whatever to do with the feeding of their passengers. A native contractor undertakes to do it, and receives from the local government 300 rupees, or £30, for every first-class passenger who goes between Egypt and India.

The description of a day spent on board ship is a tale so old as not to bear repetition. On board the *Victoria*, however, there was something so hopelessly uncomfortable from the moment we got—not out of bed, but—off our beds on the deck, until we “turned in” again for the night, that I would fain endeavor to depict our misery. Nor, for that matter, did our wretchedness cease when our slumbers began, as the reader shall presently hear. And yet of the thirty or forty unfortunates who endured this amount of physical and moral misery for fifteen days, I don't think there was one who did not make light of his troubles; nor was there much grumbling heard, beyond that quantity which every true Anglo-Saxon thinks himself privileged to express at all seasons.

I said that our day began at dawn, but I am wrong; it began half an hour before. The first sounds heard were from the different native stewards, doing their best to awaken the gentlemen sleeping on deck. Each steward had so many passengers allotted to his care, and the first duty of the day was to call up and clear away the beds belonging to these, so as to allow of the decks being washed down. If a steward called one of his temporary masters but five minutes too early, the abuse heaped upon him by the sleepy passenger was quite a caution. On the other hand, if every bed was not cleared away by the first peep of dawn, so as to allow of the process of holy-stoning the decks being commenced at once, the officer of the watch was down upon the unfortunate native, and although the language used was a trifle less harsh, the punishment which followed was a good deal more certain.

To behold the forty sleepy, yawning, grumbling human beings, all made to vacate their beds at the same time, and without the smallest allowance being made for whether they had spent the night well or ill, would have struck pity into the heart of the most determined misanthrope. Without being more effeminate than most men, I have certain prejudices regarding my personal comforts which, from childhood upward, have stuck by me. One of those prejudices is a decided partiality for taking off my clothes when I go to bed, and, more particularly, divesting myself of that garment which is considered peculiar to the male sex. But on board the *Victoria*, this prepossession in favor of a time-honored custom, had to be utterly disregarded. We used to dress, not undress, before going to rest; and the consequence was, that when daylight fairly broke upon us, a more extraordinary collection of human beings was seldom seen in any part of the known world. As an example, I may be permitted to delineate my own night costume, which, by the way, was one of the least remarkable for its eccentricity of any in the steamer. Not being *un homme à bonnet de coton*, I had not such a thing as a nightcap in my possession, and so an old military forage-cap had to do duty in its place. All up the Red Sea, and, in fact, the whole way from Bombay to Suez, the night dews are so heavy that a covering on the head is indispensable for those who sleep in the open air. Proceeding downward from the head, my night dress consisted of an old flannel cricketing jacket, a pair of red silk Turkish drawers—which were easy and light, although protective against the night air and dew, and a pair of long gray worsted stockings—not socks—pulled up over the sleeping drawers *à la mode* of jack-boots. The latter item of costume I adopted to prevent suffering from cold in the feet, as it was impossible to keep anything in the shape of bed-clothes upon one during the night. When a pair of heavy India slippers were added to this, my costume for the night I considered complete. In the dark these eccentricities of dress were not observable; but when morning came, the scene of some four dozen individuals, all equally singular in their habiliments, was, to say the least of it, somewhat curious.

But we had little time to think about

the only vacant hole in a fourth-rate boarding-house, kept by a Genoese, and frequented by numerous Italians, whose language was much purer than their linen. The following morning a great number of passengers, on their way to India, started up the Nile for Cairo and Suez, so that we who were in Alexandria, and had yet to wait for the steamer being ready to convey us to Trieste, Malta, and Southampton, had our accommodation considerably enlarged, and were altogether more comfortable.

On the fourth morning of our sojourn at Alexandria, the steamer *Indus*, from Southampton, was signaled as entering the harbor. In a couple of hours some hundred and fifty passengers, on their way to India from England, inundated the few hotels; but left again the same evening for Upper Egypt.

In no country has it been my fate to be a passenger in so comfortable a steamer as the *Indus*, which vessel, bound for Malta, Gibraltar, and Southampton, cleared out from the port of Alexandria one fine afternoon in November, 1854, with the Indian mails and some hundred and forty passengers on board—myself being one of the latter. A number of our party had decided upon taking the Trieste route, and had left Alexandria for that port in the steamer *Calcutta*, two days before the *Indus* arrived. This left those who proceeded in the latter boat, all the more room. The clean English stewards and stewardesses; the wholesome meat, which had been brought from either England or Malta; the well-appointed, well-kept table; the comfortable cabins and sweet-smelling sheets on the berths—nay, even the solemn English cow in her stall—all appeared the very height of comfort and luxury, more particularly when compared with the diet and discomfort we had endured on board the *Victoria*, and in the taverns, mis-named hotels, of Aden, Cairo, and Alexandria, in which we had been starved and cheated.

After a few days of as pleasant a sea voyage as it is possible to imagine, the *Indus* reached Malta. Here a further separation of our party took place. Many—myself among the number—who were anxious to reach England quickly, had determined to proceed by way of Marseilles and through France, which would enable us to be in London some six or

seven days before our fellow-passengers who went round by Gibraltar to Southampton. It was ten o'clock at night when we sighted the Malta light-house, but the moment the *Indus* burned a blue light, the steamer *Valetta*, which was waiting at Malta for the lighter portion of the Indian mail, got her steam up, and by the time the *Indus* was at anchor, everything was in readiness to receive the passengers, their baggage, and the letters. We were all soon transferred from the one vessel to the other, and in a couple of hours after our arrival at Malta were again steaming out of the harbor on our way to Marseilles, leaving the *Indus* and her passengers—the former to coal, the latter to amuse themselves—at Malta.

Although not a very comfortable boat, the *Valetta* is one of the fastest steamers running. She is nearly new, and although only of seven hundred tons burden, has paddles large enough, and engines powerful enough, for a vessel three times her size. She and the *Vectis* are sister ships, belong to the same company, and are both employed on similar duty—that of taking the lighter portion of the overland mail from Malta to Marseilles—on the same line. They are perhaps the safest vessels ever built, although, from their going through, and not over the waves, their decks are seldom dry. In spite of a heavy gale direct in our teeth, which we met with in the straits of Bonifacio, we made the passage from port to port in fifty-four hours, being something over the rate of thirteen knots an hour.

But we did not tarry at Marseilles. No sooner was the baggage free to go forth from the custom-house, and a hasty meal swallowed at one of the hotels, than I sought the terminus of the railway, and was on my way to Lyons and Paris as fast as the express train could carry me. The line was not then, as it is now, complete throughout; so that we had about twelve hours' journey from Valence to Lyons, in one of the regular old rumbling diligences, with all its thousand inconveniences and horrible confinement. At Lyons we took the train again, and in thirty-six hours from leaving Marseilles, found ourselves in Paris. Since the railway has been opened through the entire line, it takes the same time to reach London from Marseilles, as it did when I passed through to get to the French capital from that port.

The National Magazine.

APRIL, 1886.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

UNANSWERED LETTERS.—Our correspondents have been informed that it is the rule of this office, when requested, and the request can be met without expense to the publishers, to return to any given address articles not wanted. We must be excused, however, from answering inquiries as to the reasons for the rejection of any paper, or as to the time when any accepted communication will make its appearance. The former is impossible without the waste of time which can be more profitably occupied, and the latter depends upon contingencies which cannot be foreseen. It is scarcely necessary to add, that all communications, whether designed for publication, or as suggestions for the benefit of our readers, shall have respectful consideration.

PSEUDO-REFORMERS, so plentiful in these latter days, in science, literature, and religion, giants in their own eyes, Lilliputians in those of others, are well satirized by one of our correspondents in an essay, for which we have no room, but which closes with this eloquent and homely strain :

"I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high,
That no presumptuous hand can stretch
And pull them from the sky.
If they were not, I have no doubt
But some reforming ass
Would recommend to take them down,
And light the world with gas!" F. S. C.

PENALTY OF RUNNING AWAY FROM SLAVERY.

—Anthony Burns, the fugitive slave, whose return to his master caused so much excitement, trouble, and governmental expense in Boston, has since been purchased by a subscription made up at the North, and set free. He was a member of a Church at a place called Union, Fauquier County, Virginia. On becoming free, he went to Oberlin College, Ohio, to educate himself for the ministry, and wrote back to Virginia to his old pastor for a letter of dismissal from the Church. In answer to this he received a preamble and resolution, unani- mously adopted by the congregation, excommuni- cating him from the communion and fellow- ship of the Church for having "absconded from the service of his master, and refused to return voluntarily, thereby disobeying both the laws of God and man."

VALUE OF RESISTANCE.—A certain amount of opposition is a great help. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. *No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.* Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lies down by the way-side, to be overlooked and forgotten. He who braces himself to the

struggle when the winds blow, may give up when they have done, and fall asleep in the stillness which follows.

PRAYER BEFORE PREACHING.—"I called for him in the morning," said a very intelligent layman, lately, of a clergyman whose efficiency he was desirous of testing, "and found him shuffle from breakfast to the Sabbath school, and from the Sabbath school to the pulpit. The sentence of this morning was so hurried that there was not room between its members for even a parenthesis of prayer. What, then, could I say? If he had not time to commune with God, could we suppose that God would have time to commune with him?"

Very impressive on this point is the testi- mony of Mr. Jay's biographers :

"His practice uniformly was to go from the closet to the pulpit. Nothing was allowed to intervene. In this, doubtless, may be found one of the elements (we should say the chief element) of his efficiency and success. He came as from the divine presence, with a message from God to men. Devotion had given greater strength to his arm, and keener edge to his weapon. Hence he spake 'not as pleasing men, but God, who trieth our hearts.'"

BROCHITIS.—The following sensible remarks are from a lecture by Dr. Chambers, of London :

"Clergyman's sore throat is due entirely to a neglect of observation of the mechanism of speaking—a mechanism which is obvious to any one whose attention is once directed to the matter. Look at a public singer, who wishes to exert the voice to the utmost, at a Greek or Roman statue of an orator, at Raphael's St. Paul preaching at Athens, at most of our really powerful speakers and preachers, and what is the attitude? The lungs are expanded to the full, the windpipe is held straight, the shoulders thrown back, and the arms swung loose; the muscles of the whole trunk have full easy play; every one of them can be brought to bear in throwing out the voice, because they have nothing else to do; the cartilages of the ribs are stretched so that their elasticity is also made useful, and saves the muscles considerably. Not a single part is overworked, because all act at once, and assist one another. But make a man with clergyman's sore throat read, and you see the origin of his ailment in a moment. The windpipe is bent at an angle, so as to make it difficult to speak at all; the shoulders are brought forward, so that the poor costal cartilages have no chance of exhibiting the beautiful elasticity they are endowed with; and the lungs emptied, so that the relaxed muscles and the diaphragm have to act in an enormous disadvantage, and to strain themselves in order to squeeze out the creaking falsetto which results. Naturally enough, all the delicate muscles of the throat are overworked, and affect, secondarily, the mucous membrane that clothes them. There was a quack fellow who made quite a fortune by curing clergy- men who had lost their voices. He used to make them promise or swear secrecy concerning his method of treatment, and so it was not generally known that the whole art consisted in teaching them to speak with the chest dilated, and thus to get rid not only of sore throat, but of stammering, and a variety of other im- pediments arising from feeble muscle.

"The cure, or rather the prevention, is so simple, and occurs so naturally to every person who has studied ever so superficially the mechanism of speak- ing, that the ailment ought never to be heard of among educated persons."

A DECIMAL SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS AND MEAS- URES was proposed, and its importance ably set forth, in a lecture recently delivered by Prof. Felton before the Geographical Society. Our system of currency by decimals is the simplest and most perfect in the world. If our weights and measures were made to conform to it, nothing more would be needed. Unfortunately, however, we have three different tables for

weight: troy, avoirdupois, and apothecaries'; with cloth measure, long measure, square measure, and tables for wines, milk, ale; in fact, an almost endless variety involving vulgar fractions of all conceivable degrees of crookedness and perplexity. Mr. Felton does not propose to abolish the great standards now in use, the pound avoirdupois, which is the standard of weight, the yard, which is the standard of length, or the gallon, the standard of dry measure, but to subdivide them by ten in every case, as indicated in the following tables:

NUMERICAL MEASURE.		
10 Units	1 decade.	
10 Decades	1 hundred.	
10 Hundreds	1 thousand.	
10 Thousands	1 myriad.	
10 Myriads	1 million.	
MEASURE OF WEIGHT.		
10 Grains	1 scruple.	
10 Scruples	1 dram.	
10 Drains	1 ounce.	
10 Ounces	1 pound.	
10 Pounds	1 stone.	
10 Stones	1 hundred.	
10 Hundreds	1 ton.	
DRY MEASURE.		
10 Pints	1 gallon.	
10 Gallons	1 bushel.	
10 Bushels	1 quarter.	
LINEAL MEASURE.		
10 Seconds	1 inch.	
10 Inches	1 foot.	
10 Feet	1 rod.	

The simplicity of the proposed reform is obvious, and the advantages, in an educational point of view, of the new over the old system, are immense. The four rules of arithmetic, in their compound form, will be abolished, and so many stumbling-blocks removed from the path of pupils. Mental arithmetic, too, will be vastly simplified, and vulgar fractions will be swept into oblivion, since every fraction will be expressed by an integer of a lower denomination.

Every operation in which the first four rules of arithmetic are employed will be simplified, and learning arithmetic, that most irksome of tasks, will no longer engage so much of the scholar's attention. A well-known merchant of the gentleman's acquaintance had calculated that the new system would save nine years out of thirty-five in the life of every clerk. Mr. Felton then alluded to our commercial prosperity, and the kind of obligation it imposed on us to lend our aid to the project—the more so, because all the great standards in this country and Great Britain are the same, the change thereby becoming more natural, and the introduction of the new system being thereby greatly facilitated.

FASHION.—In the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," lately published in London, we find the following examples of the caprices of fashion, from the pen of Dr. Doran:

"Some one has defined 'fashion' as being 'the tyrant of sops and females.' The definer might have added, that the artificers in fashion's service are often the victims of fashion's slaves. There is nothing so powerful, so absolute, so imperious, and so transitory, as this same fashion. Napoleon himself was jealous even of this so-called goddess; and he condescended to sneer at her votaries by saying that nations are sheep-

like, and ready to follow the first who sets a strange example. The simile is rickety, and is not entirely correct. We have never heard of any one who followed the fashion set and advocated by Asclepiades, who tried to bring cheap locomotion into general favor, and who traveled about the world on a cow, living on her milk by the way. The above is an example set, which has never been followed. We may cite, on the other hand, a fashion followed, the originating example for which no one has yet discovered. We allude to 'smoking.' Of course, at this word, the thoughts naturally revert to Sir Walter Raleigh and Virginian tobacco. There were pipes, however, in our old monasteries, and the monks smoked 'collis-foot' to keep the marsh air out of their stomachs. The fashion is probably of Eastern origin. That mention is not made thereof throughout the 'Arabian Nights' is no proof to the contrary, for we believe that in that picturesque series the undeniably prevalent Eastern fashion of opium-eating is not even alluded to. Fashion, in its sense of the way of doing a thing, is not confined to matters of dress alone. It extends itself to far sublimer subjects, rules our manner of life, gives opinions to those who have none of their own, and is sometimes powerful even to *artificio moriæ*. As a sample of the last, it is only necessary to name the case of Father Sachot, the priest of St. Gervais. In the middle of the seventeenth century he was the fashionable confessor at death-bed. Happy was the moribund who could secure the pleasant presence of the not too exacting Father Sachot. On the other hand, the patients on whom he could not wait, and who were unable to receive absolution at his hands, were miserable, and obstinately refused to die with solemn aid from any other hand. Men of quality—as it was, and is, the bad fashion to call a certain class of persons, without reference to the question of good or evil quality—men of quality thought more of Father Sachot than of their heavenly Father. A similar mistake possessed those who, in our great-grandfather's days, flung away their thousands upon a flower. The Egyptians worshiped onions, for the semi-reasonable cause that they symbolized a god. The tulip fanciers had little regard, when contemplating their petaled favorites, for either flowers themselves or the god at whose bidding they had risen into beauty. As La Bruyere remarks, they simply worshiped their tulip bulb, and would have adored carnations if carnations had been more in fashion. As in flowers, so have we had a fashion in colors. The 'couleur Isabelle' was a dirty buff. It was adopted in honorable memory of the condition of the linen of Isabelle, the *gouvernante* of Flanders, who refused to change any portion of her dress during the long protracted siege of Ostend. The 'patches' on the cheeks of the belles of a century and a half ago were assumed in order to give consolation to a princess suffering from a natural eruption. There was more sense in the fashion of patches as adopted by the lightly-clad ladies of the Samoa Island. This 'fashion of spots,' as it is called, or *maripongé*, consists in the raising of small blisters with a smoldering wick of native cloth, a material which will not blaze. When the blisters are healed, a natural patch is left, which is lighter than the original skin. This indelible spot is planted on the cheek, not for beauty's sake, but with something of the purpose which supplies our churches with painted windows; namely, in pious memory of deceased relatives, or in grateful acknowledgment of benefits received."

Adulteration of Food, Drink, and Drugs, is the title of a volume recently published in London. It is a summary of the evidence taken before a committee of the British Parliament upon this subject. An English reviewer says:

"The art of John Göttingen has rarely been employed to diffuse a more melancholy tale of corruption than the one here narrated. Whatever exaggerations may have been committed in reference to the subject, the system of adulteration, as practiced in this country, can incur no censure which is too severe, and hardly any punishment which would be unjust. We believe some one has already made the remark, that, had Napoleon been living, instead of designating us a nation of shopkeepers, he would have styled us a nation of knaves. And knaves, to some extent, we certainly are. It cannot be denied. Whatever may be the state of neighboring countries, it must be frankly admitted that we are far gone in the vices of adulteration, and deep in the arts of commercial depravity. That such a rev-

election should emanate from the most moral empire on the face of the globe, is enough to make Britannia blush scarlet for the rest of the century, and to compel John Bull to wear a suit of sackcloth and ashes to the day of his death. What would the natives of other planets think if a copy of this production could be dispatched, spite of Dr. Whewell, to every globe in the system? Think! They would be ashamed to belong to the same family of worlds. The moon would decline to keep company with such a demoralized orb. Venus would consider us a disgrace to the heavens. Mars would point to us as the most reprobate planet in creation. Even the dwarfs of the solar family, the asteroids, would mourn over our vicinity, and long to escape to some more respectable quarter of the skies. Pretty work it would be to listen to the comments of a Jovian or a Saturnian upon our doings in the way of adulteration! 'Yonder, my child,' he would say, 'is a wicked little globe, where whole communities are engaged in carrying on war against each other from behind their counters. The baker attacks the health of the brewer through the medium of the bread he sells him, and the brewer retorts the injury in the beer he supplies to the baker. The milkman falsifies the liquid he leaves at the grocer's doors, and takes out his punishment in sugar all alive with acari, and in coffee compounded of chicory, roasted beans, and mangel-wurzel. The porter merchant corrupts the fluid he sends to the wine merchant, and the wine merchant revenges himself by selling a depraved commodity in return. The tea-dealer adds his nuisances to the article he vends to the druggist, and the druggist takes aim at his enemy by vitiating the medicines he supplies. Whether you want to eat or drink—to obtain food for the maintenance of life, or medicaments for the prevention of disease—rest assured that those vile terrestrials would introduce any sort of abomination into the thing you required, if they could only turn a penny by the fraud!' Need we be surprised if the inhabitants of the various planets, could they but peruse the present volume, were to petition for our removal from the skies—unless they are as deeply versed in the iniquities of adulteration as ourselves? Let us frankly confess it—we ought to be hissed out of the system or transported beyond the seas of space for the term of fourteen centuries at least."

NEWSPAPERS.—One of the best of the large family of Christian Advocates, the *Northwestern*, tells us that, in the business of newspapers, Chicago post-office surpasses all other offices in the Union. The number of papers passing through the office can only be ascertained by estimating the number of bags. The average number of newspapers in each bag is seven hundred; and the average number of bags received at the office, daily, is two hundred and twenty. This makes the number of newspapers received and sent from the Chicago post-office, daily, one hundred and fifty-four thousand. Of these, but a small proportion are delivered in this city; the others are mailed to Chicago, and the bags opened, assorted, and remailed to their several destinations again. During the ninety-two days comprising the last quarter of 1855, the almost incredible number of *fourteen millions, three hundred and sixty-eight thousand newspapers and printed publications have passed through the post-office in Chicago.*

CLERICAL ADVERTISING.—Following the practice of theatrical managers and lecture committees, many clergymen are in the habit of announcing, in the Saturday secular papers, their bill of fare for the coming Sabbath. It takes amazingly, says a writer in one of our exchange papers; I am going into it myself. It is an improvement on the old, worn-out style of preaching. Some narrow-minded, slow-motioned, vinegar-nosed folks may insinuate that it's pulpit clap-trap, and speak about Paul and the apostles, and the fathers, who planted the

churches; but ours is an age of steamboats and progress. Man is going ahead. We must be up with the times. We have had "The Women of the Bible," "The Daughters of the Bible," and many other things in that line; and now we are having from one of the pulpits in New-York, "The Mothers of the Bible," with the usual varieties. Please announce through your valuable columns, that I propose commencing a course of sermons on "The Men of the Bible," among the subjects of which will be the following:

Adam, the Grandfather of all.
Noah, the First Sea Captain.
Easan, the Man with the Heavy Beard.
Goliath, the Original Kentucky Giant.
Abealom, the Fast Young Man.
Nebuchadnezzar, the First Pure Vegetarian.
Felix, the Free-Lover, &c., &c.

THE MORALS OF TRADE.—The following is the translation of an advertisement, in Hindoostanee, of idols for sale, and which, strange as it may appear, were manufactured for that purpose in Birmingham, England:

"Yamen, (god of death,) in fine copper; very tasteful. Niroudi, (king of the demons,) in great variety; the giant he rides is of the boldest design, and his saber of the present style. Yaconnin, (god of the sun,) very spirited; his crocodile in brass and whip in silver. Couberen, (god of wealth); this god is of the most exquisite workmanship, having stimulated the best powers of the manufacturera. Smaller demi-gods and minor demons in every variety. No credit, and discount allowed for ready money."

CRYING WOMEN.—We have heard of women laughing, singing, dancing, working, and even talking, for amusement, but never before have we heard of women crying for the enjoyment of themselves and others, till informed of the fact by an English missionary who has recently returned from New-Zealand. He says:

"The chief amusement of the females was, and still is, the *tanghi*, or crying. The ladies pride themselves on their doing this in the most affecting way, so that a stranger would be deceived, and not think it possible that it could be a mere mockery of woe, and yet it is nothing more; tears are shed in abundance, and the hands are wrung, as if suffering the most poignant grief, while the most heart-rending cries excite the sympathy of the company. The ladies have their heads adorned with fillets of leaves, or of dog's hair, and so much joy do they experience in this exciting amusement, that they look forward to a good crying with the same desire that a fashionable young lady does to a dance or a ball."

THE WALKING LEAVES OF AUSTRALIA.—Almost everybody has heard of the wonderful walking leaves of Australia. For a long time after the discovery of that island, many people really believed that the leaves of a certain tree, which flourished there, could walk about the ground. The story arose in this way. Some English sailors landed upon the coast one day, and after roaming about until they were tired, they sat down under a tree to rest themselves. A puff of wind came along and blew off a shower of leaves, which, after turning over and over in the air, as leaves generally do, finally rested upon the ground. As it was midsummer and everything quite green, the circumstance puzzled the sailors considerably. But their surprise was much greater, as you may well suppose, when, after a short time, they saw the leaves crawling along the ground toward the trunk of the tree. They ran at once for their vessel, without stop-

ping to examine into the matter at all, and set sail from the land where everything seemed to be bewitched. One of the men said that he "expected every moment to see the trees set to and dance a jig." Subsequent explorations of Australia have taught us that these leaves are insects. They live upon the trees. Their bodies are very thin and flat, their wings forming large leaf-like organs. When they are disturbed, their legs are folded away under their bodies, leaving their shape exactly like a leaf, with its stem and all complete. They are of a bright green color in the summer, but they gradually change in the fall, with the leaves, to the brown of a frost-bitten vegetation. When shaken from the tree, they lie for a few minutes upon the ground, as though they were dead, but presently they begin to crawl along toward the tree, which they ascend again. They rarely use their wings, although they are pretty well supplied in this respect.

DANIEL WEBSTER.—Edward Everett, in his delineation of the character of the great statesman of Massachusetts, asks :

"Were there no shadows upon this bright picture, no spots upon the disc of this meridian sun? Was he at length

"'The faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,'

or did he partake the infirmities of our common humanity? Did this great intellectual, emotional, and physical organization, amid the strong action and reaction of its vast energies, its intense consciousness of power, its soaring aspirations, its hard struggles with fortune in early life, its vehement antagonisms of a later period, the exhilarations of triumph, the lassitude of exertion, did it never, under the urgent pressure of the interests, the passions, the exigencies of the hour, diverge in the slightest degree from the golden mean in which cloistered philosophy places absolute moral perfection? To this question, which no one has a right to put but an angel, whose serene vision no mote distempers; to which no one will expect a negative answer but a Pharisee, with a beam in his eye big enough for the cross-tree of a synagogue, I make no response. I confine myself to two reflections: first, that, while cotemporary merit is for the most part grudgingly estimated, the faults of very great men, placed as they are upon an eminence where nothing can be concealed, and the objects of the most scrutinizing hostility, personal and political, are like the spots on the sun, to which I have compared them, seen for the most part through telescopes, that magnify a hundred, a thousand times: and, second, that not seldom, in reference to questions that strongly excite the public mind, the imputed error is on the side of the observer. We learn from the Earl of Rosse that the most difficult problem in practical science, is to construct a lens which will not distort the body it reflects. The slightest aberration from the true curve of the specular mirror is enough to quench the fires of Sirius and break the club of Hercules. The motives and conduct, the principles and the characters of men are not less likely to be mistaken than the lines and angles of material bodies. The uncharitableness of individuals and parties will sometimes confound a defect in the glass, with a blemish in the object. A fly hatched from a maggot in our own brain creeps into the tube, and straightway we proclaim that there is a monster in the heavens, which threatens to devour the sun."

THE LIFE OF A FEMALE TEACHER.—A lady who has had experience tells us that there is a great deal more truth than poetry in the remarks of Miss Sally Sprole to her young friend. The extract is from the *Hidden Path*, a tale by Marian Harland :

"'Were you educated expressly for a teacher?' she asked without preamble of Bella. 'No, ma'am; I teach because I prefer being independent.' 'Prefer making a fool of yourself!' retorted the frate spinster.

'If I had my life to go over again, I would scrub floors, clean my step-mother's shoes, and set her foot upon my neck, before I would leave my father's house. Independence, forsooth! I tell you, you have chosen the most slavish profession that society ever put upon women. Don't I know? have not I followed it for forty years? A home!' she said, fixing her eyes upon the fire and speaking in a melancholy tone: 'we are all pilgrims and strangers upon earth, but even the swallow has a nest. For forty years I have been home-sick.' Bella drew a Bible from under her pillow, and began turning its leaves. 'Do not trouble yourself to look for it,' said Miss Sally, testily; 'I have marked in mine all those texts which promise "a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens," "the rest that remaineth," and "an abiding city yet to come." I have laid them more to heart than you have ever done—but, child! life and its trials are here! pressing upon every square inch of the body and soul. They bow one down till he (one) can't look up.'"

THE CHURCH IN IRELAND.—At a meeting held last month of the clergy of Islington, near London, and presided over by the vicar, Rev. D. Wilson, (son of the Bishop of Calcutta,) several statements of missionary success at home and abroad were given. Among the rest, the Rev. Canon Bickersteth undertook the subject of Religious Progress in Ireland. He said all the Protestant clergy were agreed in reference to the duty of an aggressive movement on Popery. In every province an extensive spirit of inquiry had been awakened. Last year alone more than a million Protestant handbills had been distributed. There were more than five thousand attendants on Sunday Bible classes in Dublin. He gave details showing the changes which had taken place in particular districts; in one where, a few years ago, there were five hundred Protestants, there are now five thousand; in another, Protestant places of worship had increased from two to thirty-one; and as general results, the number of Irish Protestants was now believed to be nearly equal to that of Romanists—crime had diminished—conversions were in most cases believed to be genuine—relapses were rare, and the power of the priesthood was effectually shaken.

ORIENTAL ALLEGORIES.—Among the most chaste and poetical allegories which occur scattered up and down the Eastern literature is the following: "As this dark mold sends upward and out of its very heart the rare Persian rose, so does hope grow out of evil, and the darker the evil the brighter the hope, as from a richer and fouler soil comes the more vigorous and larger flower." There is another of this class, which conveys in a most elegant form a symbolical embodiment of the refining influences of the pure and the beautiful. "A traveler, in passing through a country in Persia, chanced to take into his hand a piece of clay which lay by the way-side; and, to his surprise, he found it to exhale the most delightful fragrance: 'Thou art but a poor piece of clay,' said he, 'an unsightly, unattractive, poor piece of clay; yet how fragrant art thou! how refreshing! I admire thee, I love thee: thou shalt be my companion; I will carry thee in my bosom. But whence hast thou this fragrance?' The clay replied, 'I have been dwelling with the rose.'" In another Persian legend we are told that Sadi the poet, when a slave, presented to his tyrant master a rose, accompanied with the pathetic appeal: "Do good to thy servant while thou

the season of power is often duration of this beautiful ed the heart of his lord ; and his liberty.

IN THE VATICAN.—The Ecclias publishes a letter from Rome, g account of the Tribunal of Rome at the present time : of the Inquisition having been cks for the French troops, the a transferred to the interior of ere the Dominicans occupy a but those who have grown old n ever find, such is the intricacy of the stairs, passages, and se that lead to it. When the in either to arrest or question you,

they neither send officers of justice nor a war-rant ; such extreme measures are only reserved for those who attempt to escape ; but a gentleman calls upon you in a quiet way, and informs you that the Holy Office requests the pleasure of your company. Should you happen to expostulate, the quiet gentleman politely suggests the expediency of being punctual. When you reach the outer court of the Vatican you find a priest who conducts you to the tribunal ; and, if you are only summoned as a witness, it is he who conducts you back. When in the presence of the inquisitor you are made to swear that you will speak the truth ; your answers to the questions put to you are written down in Latin ; and before being released you must take another oath that you will reveal nothing of what you have either seen or heard."

Book Notices.

of American Literature.—The second this great work is now before us. First, which we noticed some time ago, names that we should have omitted, many that, in our judgment, ought to find a place. Among the clergy we look for any notice of Wilbur Fisk, Robert Edward Payson, John H. Rice, Enoch A. Mahan, Leonard Bacon, N. S. S. Be-Addison Alexander, John A. Clarke, Bangs, Joel Hawes, Erskine Mason, all of whom have written more and better than whose names are recorded. We should have been pleased, too, if room had been made for notices of Richard Rush, Horace Binney, George Catlin, W. C. Rives, H. H. Weld, J. H. Palmer, John A. Dix, T. Romeyn Beck, O. Dwight, Elizur Wright, J. H. Ingraham, and a host of others whose names occur to us as rapidly than we can write them. We are thankful, however, for what we have ; and, although these volumes bear evident marks of having been put together hastily, they deserve a place in every respectable library. (*Charles Scribner, New-York.*)

Selections from the British Poets, by Eliza Woodworth. (*Carlton & Phillips.*) Beginning with Chaucer, and coming down to our own times, we have here a selection of poetic gems, with a brief note of the birth and death of the respective authors, and in some instances, of the more prominent points in their lives. Beautifully printed and bound, with twelve illustrations, this volume is designed as an ornament for the center table, and as introductory to a more extended acquaintance with the great masters of the lyre. The fair compiler, in her selections from Dr. Watts, has been misled by that notoriously lawless race, the hymn-book makers. Whatever they may do, it is hardly fair to them or to the poet, that in a volume of this kind their versions should be credited to him. Watts wrote :

"He dies, the heavenly lover dies ;"

The alteration,

"He dies, the friend of sinners dies,"

was made, as is supposed, by John Wesley. In the same poem there are other important variations, as may be seen by a reference to the author's works. The hymn beginning,

"Eternal power, whose high abode,"

is given, not as written by Watts, but as modified by others. The line,

"Thee, while the first archangel sings,"

never came from his pen. That well-known lyric,

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,"

is also here given as modified by the Wesleys, from whom we have no specimens, although one of that name is thought by some people to have written a few hymns not greatly inferior to those of Watts. Some of Heber's poetry appears also to have been copied from *improved* versions, and there are inaccuracies in the text of other authors—Shakspeare among the number, which we trust will be corrected in future editions.

Abaddon and Mahanaim ; or, Demons and Guardian Angels, by Joseph F. Berg, D.D., pastor of the Second Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Philadelphia. (*Higgins & Perkins.*) Dr. Berg has never witnessed the performances of the alleged spirits, professedly so common in our day, but taking the accounts given by their votaries as facts, his aim is to bring them to the unfailling test of the word of God. He believes in the possibility of a real demoniacal influence, arguing from what most assuredly has been in the past, to what may probably be in the present. Thus he accounts for the many pretended revelations, which he thinks cannot be resolved into deceptions practiced by designing men upon popular credulity. We believe many things are charged upon the devil of which he is entirely innocent. That he, or any of his disembodied agents, has anything to do with rappings or table-moving is, to say the least, very doubtful.

The Autobiography of a Wesleyan Methodist Missionary. (Montreal: E. Pickers.) The writer, whose name is not given, was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, and here gives an account of his conversion, his reception into the Wesleyan ministry, and reminiscences of his itinerant life in the North American provinces. It is a well printed duodecimo volume of about four hundred pages, and will be read with interest amid the scenes of the author's labors.

A pretty little volume entitled *My Joy and Crown*, from the press of the Baptist Publication Society, is the record of about a dozen instances of conversion occurring in the course of the ministerial labors of the author, who seems to have imbibed, in all its force, the truthful sentiment of Coleridge. "Evidences of Christianity," said he; "I am weary of the word. Make a man feel his want of it; rouse him, if you can, to the self-knowledge of his need of it, and you may safely trust to its own evidences." In one of the sketches we are told, and the narrative carries its own lesson with it:

"An intelligent young lady connected with the congregation, called upon the preacher in great mental distress. She had come to him in the character of an inquirer, earnestly desiring instruction in the way of salvation. Upon ascertaining the object of her visit the minister asked: 'How long have you been troubled on account of sin?'"

"All my life," was the feeling reply, 'but more particularly since last Sunday.'

"You were awakened, then, by the sermon, I suppose?"

"O no, sir," said she, bursting into tears, 'no, it was not the sermon, it was the text.'"

My Class; or, Original Stories on the Elements of Christian Character, from the same publishing house, is a series of narratives by a lady who has been twenty years engaged in Sunday-school labors. Interesting, instructive, and well calculated to encourage those who devote themselves to this important sphere of Christian duty.

The Gospel in Ezekiel, illustrated in a series of discourses, by the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., of Edinburgh. (Carter & Brothers.) Dr. Guthrie has selected passages from the Prophecies of Ezekiel, and makes them the foundation for twenty-two sermons, illustrating the teachings of the New Testament. His style is direct, plain, and abounding in illustrations. On the necessity of warmth in the pulpit he says:

"However highly gifted he may otherwise be, it is a valid objection to a preacher, that he does not feel what he says; that spools more than his oratory. An obscure man rose up to address the French Convention. At the close of his oration, Mirabeau, the giant genius of the Revolution, turned round to his neighbor, and eagerly asked, 'Who is that?' The other, who had been in no way interested by the address, wondered at Mirabeau's curiosity. Whereupon the latter said, 'That man will yet act a great part;' and, asked to explain himself, added, 'he speaks as one who believes every word he says.' Much of pulpit power under God depends on that—admits of that explanation, or one allied to it. They make others feel who feel themselves. How can he plead for souls who does not know the value of his own? How can he recommend a Saviour to others who himself personally despises and rejects him? Unhappy indeed, and doubly blind those whose leader is as blind as they are; and unhappy of all the blind preacher; for while leader and led shall fall into the ditch, he falls undermost—his the heaviest condemnation, the deepest and most damned perdition. In possession of such a man—of one who has adopted the Church as other men the law, or army, or navy, as

a mere profession, and goes through the routine of its duties with the coldness of an official—the pulpit seems filled with the ghastly form of a skeleton, that in its cold and bony fingers holds a burning lamp.

"It is true that a man may impart light to others who does not himself see the light. It is true that, like a concave speculum cut from a block of ice, which, concentrating the rays of the sun, kindles touchwood or gunpowder, a preacher may kindle fire in others, when his own heart is cold as frost. It is also true that he may stand like a finger-post on a road, where he neither leads nor follows; and God may thus in his sovereign mercy bless others by one who is himself unblest. Yet commonly it happens, that it is what comes from the heart of preachers that reaches the heart of hearers. Like a ball red hot from the cannon's mouth, he must burn himself who would set others on fire."

Here is an illustration of the effects produced upon the heart of the sinner saved by grace:

"During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a distressed merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvas shelter on a deck almost level with the sea suggested the idea that there yet might be life on board. With all his faults, no man is more alive to humanity than the rough and hardy mariner; and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after the drifting hulk go these gallant men through the swell of a roaring sea; they reach it; they shout; and now a strange object rolls out of that canvas screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat, it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shriveled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it: it shows signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters—mutters in a deep, apophtical voice—'There is another man.' Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another. Oh! learn that blessed lesson. Be daily practicing it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends in this wreck of a world which is drifting down to ruin, there lives an unconverted one, there is 'another man,' let us go to that man, and plead for Christ; go to Christ and plead for that man; the cry, 'Lord, save me, I perish,' changed into one as welcome to a Saviour's ear, 'Lord, save them, they perish.'"

Man's degradation even below that of the brutes is thus depicted:

"Now, it is common enough to call such spectacles brutal; language which is a libel on creation, and a blasphemy against the Creator. Such scenes are not brutal. My very argument lies in this, that the brute beasts never present themselves in such a repulsive and revolting aspect. Under the impulse of instincts necessary for their well-being, for the due balance of races, and the general welfare of the world, they may, and indeed must prey upon each other; but did any man ever find them committing self-destruction? Do they ever pursue such suicidal conduct? Range the wide fields of nature, travel from the equator to the poles, rise from the worm that crawls on earth to the eagle that cleaves the clouds, and where shall you find anything corresponding to our scenes of dissipation, or the bloody fields of war? Suppose, that on his return from Africa, some Park, or Bruce, or Campbell, were to tell how he had seen the lions of the desert leave their prey, and meeting face to face in marshaled bands, amid roars that drowned the thunder, engage in deadly battle, he would find none so credulous as to believe him; the world would laugh the traveler and his tale to scorn. But should a thing so strange and monstrous occur—should we see the cattle, while the air shook with their bellows, and the ground trembled beneath their hoofs, rush from their distant pastures, to form two vast, black, solid columns; and should these herds, with heads leveled to the charge, dash forward to bury their horns in each other's bodies, we would proclaim a prodigy, and ask what madness had setted creation. Well, is not sin the parent of more awful prodigies? Look here—turn to the horrors of this battle-field. This is no fancy, but a fact—a bloody, sickening fact. The ground lies thick with the mangled brave; the air is shaken with the most horrible sounds; every countenance expresses the pas-

sions of a fiend. Humanity flies shrinking from the scene, and leaves it to rage, revenge, and agony. Fiercer than the cannon's flash shoot flames of wrath from brothers' eyes; they sheath their swords in each other's bowels; every stroke makes a widow, and every ringing volley scatters a hundred orphans on a homeless world. I would sooner believe that there was no God at all, than that man appears in this scene as he came from the hand of a benignant divinity. Man must have fallen; nature, society, the state of the world, are so many echoes of the voice of Revelation; they proclaim that man is fallen—that the gold has become dim—that the much fine gold has perished; and, in words to which we again turn your attention, that we have defiled the land in which we dwell, by our ways and by our doings."

The question, what is God? is thus answered:

"According to the Catechism of the Westminster Assembly, 'God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth.' A very comprehensive definition, no doubt; yet did it never strike you as strange, that there is no mention of love here, and that that is a very remarkable omission? an omission as remarkable as if a man who described the firmament were to leave out the sun, or, painting the human face, made it sightless, and gave no place on the canvas to those beaming eyes which give life and animation to the features.

"Why did an assembly, for piety, learning, and talents, the greatest, perhaps, that ever met in England, or anywhere else, give us that catalogue of the divine attributes, and deny a place among them to love? We think the omission may thus be explained and illustrated. Take a globe, and observing their natural order, lay on its surface the colors of the rainbow; give it a rapid motion round its axis, and now you no longer see blue, red, yellow, and the others. As if by magic, the whirling sphere changes into purest white, presenting to our eyes and understanding a visible proof that the sunbeam is not a simple, but compound body, woven of various rays, and forming, when blended into one, what we call light. Now, may it not be, that these divines make no mention of love (otherwise an unaccountable omission) just because they held that as all the colors together make light, so all the attributes acting together make love; and that thus, because God is justice, is wisdom, is power, is holiness, is goodness, and is truth, God therefore of necessity, and in the express words of John, 'God is love.' This is the briefest and best definition of Divinity, and would have been John's answer to the question, 'What is God?'"

The difference between a dead faith and a vital union with Christ is thus illustrated:

"Years ago a man stood up in the house of God, and in his arms there lay a sleeping child. Dipping his hand into a laver, the minister sprinkled some drops on the infant's face, and over the unconscious creature pronounced the names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. That child was you. By hands now mouldering in the grave, your father then tied you—so to speak—to Christ. Well, time rolls on, and infants grow into children, children shoot up into youths, and youths change into bearded men; and then there comes another day. A table is spread in the house of God. Like the shroud in which kind women swathed his sacred body, a linen cloth covers the memorials of Christ's death. The broken body is uncovered, the commemoration begins; and, amid the stillness of that solemn scene, with thoughtful countenance, a man leaves his seat, and taking the bread, and raising the wine-cup in his hand, he dedicates himself to the Saviour. That man again is you. And now awake, not asleep, conscious of what is done, not passive, but active now, with your own hands you cast another knot upon the cord by which your father years ago bound you to Jesus. You are now tied—doubly tied—yet it does not follow that you are yet ingrafted into him.

"I have seen a branch tied to the bleeding tree, for the purpose of being ingrafted into its wounded body, and that thus both might be one. Yet no incorporation had followed; there was no living union. Spring came singing, and with her fingers opened all the buds; and summer came, with her dewy nights and sunny days, and brought out all the flowers; and brown autumn came to shake the trees and reap the fields, and with dances and mirth to hold 'harvest home;' but that unhappy branch bore no fruit, nor flower, nor even leaf. Just held on by dead clay and rotting cords,

it stuck to the living tree—a withered and unsightly thing. So, alas! is it with many; 'having a name to live, they are dead.' They have no faith; they want that bond of living union between the graft and what it is grafted on—between the sinner and the Saviour."

We heartily commend these sermons as models of simplicity and earnestness, equally void of dullness on the one hand, and of all attempts at that greater abomination, a display of mere verbal elegance on the other.

Evening Incense, (Carter & Brothers, New-York), is the title of a beautifully-printed volume, containing thirty-one "Evening Prayers," and designed as a companion to the "Morning Watches" by the same author. It is not seemly to criticise a sinner's language when he prays. When, however, "incense" is manufactured for general use, it is hardly possible not to stumble and take offense at grammatical inaccuracies, needless tautology, misquotations of Scripture, or attempts at prettiness, when thrown in the reader's way so profusely as we find them here. "Grant me thy benediction and blessing." "Let me experience conscious fellowship with thee." "May I be enabled to look calm and undismayed on the unknown and checkered future." "May I have the inner sunshine of thy presence." "I would seek anew this night to close with the alone sovereign remedy." "Treading the same pilgrim journey." "Cleave unto the Lord with full purpose of heart." "I cast myself as a worthless, unworthy sinner at the feet of Jesus." "Bless all in sorrow, sanctify to them their trials, may they see and own a need be in them all." "May I live as the chartered heir of a better inheritance." "Let me live while I live." "I rejoice that the rainbow of covenant faithfulness spans the entrance to the dark valley." "When earth's long night-watches of trial and sorrow are ended, may I wake up in the sorrowless morning of glory."

Emblems from Eden is the title of a neat little volume from the pen of James Hamilton, D. D. Among the topics discussed, in the doctor's well-known poetic style, are "The Tree of Life," "The Vine," "The Cedar," "The Palm," "The Amaranth." Profitable instruction may be gathered from his pages, and the symbolical allusions of the sacred writers are skillfully elaborated. (Carter & Brothers.)

Letters from the United States, Canada, and Cuba, by the Hon. Miss Murray, Maid of Honor to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Our fair author was disposed to be pleased with almost everything she saw in her somewhat extended rambles. She writes like a woman of plain, practical good sense, and falls into as few errors, perhaps, as any of her predecessors who have been among us "taking notes." Of those of her own sex with whom it was her chance to associate she says:

"In this country I hear that, 'though it has no queen, all the women are queens.' I should rather call them playthings—dolls; things treated as if they were unfit or unwilling to help themselves or others: and while we in England have nearly cast aside arts of the toilet worthy only of dolls, I see here false brows, false bloom, false hair, false everything!—not always, but too frequently. Dress in America, as an almost general rule, is full of extravagance and artificiality; and while women show such a want of reliance upon their native powers of pleasing, their influence in society will be more nominal than real."

And again, on the same topic :

"I am already tempted to controvert the assertion of American ladies that their generally delicate health is to be attributed to climate. They may have severer winters and warmer summers than ours, but these are accompanied by the advantages of less damp and of brighter sunshine. I have not had an hour too warm for exercise during any part of the day, for though the sun is brighter, it does not always beam so furiously as with us. The climate of Massachusetts seems to me a charming one, and I believe another generation will discover its merits, because I entertain hopes that the children now growing up will acquire more hardy habits. The evil I am speaking of cannot be remedied in a day; and I find American ladies are at this moment so little informed with regard to natural productions, and so unfitted for country pursuits, that their ignorance of these matters is at once the evidence and the cause of their lack of physical strength."

"American ladies bestow those hours of leisure which English women of the same class give to drawing, to the study of nature, and to mental cultivation, almost wholly on personal adornment. Although it must be admitted that, owing to the bad training of their servants, ladies on this side the Atlantic are compelled to look closely into the details of domestic economy, yet it is odd that they are generally far less competent to the performances of every-day and sick-room duties than the daughters of our noblest houses in Great Britain; and so long as girls here devote a whole hour for every ten minutes allowed by us to the toilet, they have no right to make domestic affairs an excuse for want of general information. Of course there are brilliant exceptions; but I fear the national character of women in the United States more resembles that of self-indulgent Asiatics than of energetic Anglo-Saxons. And, as far as I can judge, their children are not being reared in better habits. Human nature is prone to extremes; and these facts explain why some individuals desirous of improvement have fallen into a mistaken imitation of manly character, instead of cultivating feminine duties."

"I had some conversation with a sensible lady from Chicago, who regretted the way in which the great majority of American young women are sacrificing health to vanity. She agrees that it is not so much climate as bad management which crowds the cemeteries with early victims. An idea has gone forth that fragility is interesting, and young ladies almost cultivate ill-health! She told me that, standing at her own door one morning, she observed three girls between twelve and fourteen passing to school; it was damp weather; these children were lightly and showily attired, with thin silk slippers, to set off their feet to advantage—instead of good substantial boots. These kind of absurdities are common in the United States. I have found out a reason why ladies traveling alone must be extravagantly dressed; without that precaution they meet with no attention and little civility—decidedly much less than in any other country. So here it is not as *women*, but as *ladies*, they are to be cared for! and this in democratic America!"

Miss Murray speaks in rather complimentary terms of the clergy in the United States:

"One circumstance is to be observed of the American Episcopalian clergymen—and, as far as I have been able to remark, the same thing may be said of the Presbyterian—that they all read well, without the nasal tone or the peculiar pronunciation of the north-eastern states. It is a pity that civilians, especially diplomatic men, do not imitate their clergy in this matter. I think the latter, as a body, superior to ours. Among those whose churches I have attended, two ministers, educated and ordained upon our side the Atlantic, both good men, were pompous and tedious in the reading-desk and pulpit. And we must confess that not many in England either read or preach in an attractive manner."

On the subject of slavery, as she found it in the Southern States, our fair author appears to have looked with an eye of favor. She thinks the negroes must be as happy in a state of bondage as it is possible for them to be. Speaking of this degraded race she says:

"I begin to doubt whether they ever grow, mentally, after twenty. They are precocious children, being so imitative; they soon ripen, come to a standstill, and advance no further. In this respect Uncle Tom is a myth, but Topsy a reality. I mean to go and see a sale of slaves; my wish is to judge the subject fairly in all its bearings, and this I may be trusted to do even by Abolitionists; for early prejudices and my national and acquired feelings are certainly opposed to slavery; but if countenances are 'history as well as prophecy,' the national expression of faces in the North, as contrasted with those of the South, tell a strange, and, to me, an unexpected story, as regards the greatest-happiness principle of the greatest number!"

Miss Murray did meet with one illustration of our boasted democracy and equal rights. It was an invitation from the governor of the State of Indiana to go with him to market. His excellency took his basket upon his arm, and on their return she moralizes thus:

"I have heard much of democracy and equality since I came to the United States, and I have seen more evidences of aristocracy and despotism than it has before been my fortune to meet with. The 'Know-Nothings,' and the 'Abolitionists,' and the 'Mormonites' are, in my opinion, consequent upon the mammonite, extravagant pretensions and habits, which are really fashionable among pseudo-republicans. Two hundred thousand starving Irish have come to this country, and, in their ignorance, they assume the airs of that equality which they have been induced to believe is really belonging to American society. They endeavor to reduce to practice the sentiment so popular here—but no—that will never do. Ladies don't like their helps to say they 'choose to sit in the parlor, or they won't help them at all, for equality is the rule here.' Mrs. So-and-so, of the 'codfish' aristocracy, does not like to have Lady Anything to take precedence of her; but Betty choosing to play at equality is quite another thing! Now at Indianapolis I have found something like consistency, for the first time since I came this side the Atlantic."

Occasionally we have a touch upon politics. The Attorney-general of the United States quizzed the queen's ex-maid of honor, and thus she gibbets him:

"I am sorry to find a considerable party in the United States advocate openly the principle of 'doing evil that good may come,' as regards their own country; and Mr. Cushing, the Attorney-general of the United States, informed me, without circumlocution, speaking of the European war, that the Turks being *effete*, and a sea-board being necessary for the Russians, it was perfectly right and proper that the latter should devour the former. If it be possible for republicans to be in the pay of despotism, I should imagine this gentleman must be one of the favored emissaries of the Emperor Nicholas."

"*The Christian's Great Interest. In two Parts.* By the Rev. William Guthrie. (*Robert Carter & Brothers.*) Mr. Guthrie was born in Scotland in the year 1620. He was an eloquent and zealous minister of the Lord Jesus. Ejected by the Episcopalian party after a settlement of twenty years at Fenwick, he died in the forty-fifth year of his age, leaving behind him this little volume, which has been frequently reprinted, and is now accompanied by a brief sketch of the author's life, and an introductory essay from the pen of Dr. Chalmers, who gives it as his deliberate opinion that it "is impossible to peruse this valuable treatise, with the candor and sincerity of an honest mind, without arriving at a solid conclusion as to our spiritual condition."

Minnesota and the Far West is the title of an amusing volume by another English traveler, Laurence Oliphant, Esq., who sees everything great and glorious in Canada, and much to

laugh at in "the States." There is some truth, perhaps, in the foundation upon which the author built the following, but the superstructure—the slang in which it is couched, is evidently from his own imagination:

"If I turn to Colonel Brown, of the Texan Rangers, and ask him whether he would like to annex Canada, he grows out in his forcible manner, "Just as soon annex ——" mentioning those regions which, to judge from their frequent recurrence in his conversation, are ever uppermost in his mind. If, on the other hand, I suggest to my Massachusetts friend the propriety of annexing Cuba, he says blandly, "Wal, now, mister, we opine down east that such an act would call down upon our country the wrath of this world and the vengeance of the other; and all I can say is, that if our president and his government—and the pack of 'em do n't make up into one old woman I'd own as a relation—commit such a blamation piece of injustice, I'd like to see the price of the unhappy niggers in that island paid for in blood ten times over, rather than let it fall into the hands of a parcel of blood-sucking, nigger-driving Southerners, whose existence I esteem the greatest blot upon fair creation. Annex Cuba! No, sirree."

"But though Colonel Brown considers that it would be the height of injustice to annex Canada, he maintains that his government is bound by every obligation, moral and divine, to appropriate Cuba; and he says, that the proposal of Spain to emancipate the slaves in that island calls for immediate intervention on the part of his government, upon which he heaps the vilest epithets, to ward off a blow which so seriously menaces liberty generally, and that glorious institution in particular upon which its existence depends. And as he delivers himself of these sentiments with great volubility—for he has extracted his plug from his left cheek to secure greater freedom of utterance, and it is firmly clutched between the fingers of his out-stretched hand—he glares savagely at the former speaker, winds up by calling him a squashed-headed, cent-shaving, whifin-o-nothin Yankee, and flips his quid into the middle of the street as a mark of supreme contempt.

"The Yankee is cowed for a moment, but informs me, in an under-tone, that though to annex Cuba would be to commit murder and robbery in their most aggravated forms, to incite Canadians to rebellion would be to perform a holy duty toward an oppressed and enslaved people, and that he hopes to see the day when they will not be an acre of the North American continent owned by a British subject."

Mr. Oliphant picked up a good anecdote here and there in his travels, with which he graces his pages for the benefit of his readers. Here is one of the best, which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere:

"SAVE THE MAN WITH THE RED HAIR!—It requires great coolness and experience to steer a canoe down these rapids; and a short time before our arrival, two Americans had ventured to descend them without boatmen, and were, consequently, upset. As the accident took place immediately opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing toward the group, frantic with excitement. 'Save the man with the red hair!' he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful, and the red-haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed. 'He owes me eighteen dollars,' said the rescuer, drawing a long breath, and looking approvingly on his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not a creditor at the Sanit, and in default of a competing claim was allowed to pay his debt to nature. 'And I'll tell you what it is, stranger,' said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom; 'a man 'll never know how necessary he is to society if he don't make his life valuable to his friends as well as to himself."

Miscellanies: Prose and Verse. By W. M. Thackeray. Full of quaint humor and quiet satire, these fugitive pieces of prose and poetry may beguile an otherwise tedious hour, and do

no harm to the moral perceptions of the reader. The author's wit is without bitterness, and his satiric lash keen, but not venomous. Take the following summary in plain English of that sickly parade of German sentimentalism known as the "Sorrows of Werther:"

"Werther had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

"Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

"So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

"Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on outting bread and butter."

Or this apology for a poor country curate:

"From reading the works of some modern writers of repute you would fancy that a person's life was passed in gorging himself with plum pudding and port wine; and that his reverence's fat chops were always greasy with the crackling of tithe pigs. Cartographers delight to represent him so; round, short-necked, plum-faced, apoplectic, bursting out of waistcoat like a black pudding, a shovel-hafted, fuzziwigged Silenus. Whereas, if you take the real man, the poor fellow's flesh-pots are very scantily furnished with meat. He labors commonly for a wage that a tailor's foreman would despise: he has, too, such claims upon his dismal income as most philosophers would rather grumble to meet: many tithes are levied upon his pocket, let it be remembered, by those who grudge him his means of livelihood. He has to dine with the squire; and his wife must dress neatly; and he must 'look like a gentleman,' as they call it, and bring up his six great hungry sons as such. Add to this, if he does his duty, he has such temptations to spend his money as no mortal man could withstand. Fancy how difficult it is for a parson to resist spending a half-crown when John Breakstone's family are without a loaf; or 'standing' a bottle of port for poor old Folly Rabbit, who has her thirteenth child; or treating himself to a suit of corduroys for little Bob Scarecrow, whose breeches are sadly out at elbows. Think of these temptations, brother moralists and philosophers, and don't be too hard on the parson."

The Shakespeare Papers of the late William Maginn, LL. D., annotated by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. (Redfield, New-York.) These essays were originally published in English magazines, where they attracted much notice. They are ingenious and critical, presenting, in several instances, the characters of the immortal dramatist in a new light, or at least in one very different from that commonly received. This is especially true of Falstaff, Polonius, and Lady Macbeth. The fat knight is not the cowardly glutton he has been taken for; the father of the fair Ophelia is made out to be a very sensible old gentleman; and that impersonation of reckless ambition, as the wife of thethane of Glamis has been hitherto supposed, is shown to be an amiable lady, more sinned against than sinning. The most important part of the volume, however, is our author's essay on the *learning of Shakespeare*, in which he refutes Ben Jonson's celebrated dictum that the bard of Avon was ignorant of the classics, and that he had "small Latin and less Greek." Dr. Mackenzie has enriched the work with original notes, condensed and brief, but scholarly and pointed.

Literary Record.

THE recent infamous Concordat between *Austria and the Holy See*, which has obtained so much notice from the political press, will have a most pernicious effect on literature. The Archbishop of Milan, and other Austrian bishops, have notified all whom it may concern, that in virtue of the powers it confers on the prelate, they require all booksellers and publishers to submit to them "books and writings of all kinds," which they may propose to publish, and not to sell any books that may be printed abroad without their permission. They warn them, that if they neglect to do this, they will not only run the risk of damning their immortal souls and the souls of others, but will incur severe punishment under the civil law—which punishment the pious prelates promise not to spare them—and we most devoutly believe them. From Vienna we learn, that not only is Austrian literature to be subjected to the censorship of the bishops, but it is now liable to a political censorship almost as severe as that which exists in Russia. From books, new and old, which are authorized to be sold, whole passages are blotted out in Russian style; and the title of "My Prisons," given to the famous book of Silvio Pellico, has had to be dropped as seditious. It is even asserted that the government contemplates prohibiting the reading of the national poet Schiller.

Rev. Joseph A. Collier, Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church of Geneva, New-York, has received the premium of \$500 offered (by the late Rev. Thomas A. Merrill, D.D., of Middlebury, Vt.) to the author of the best treatise on "The Right Way, or the Gospel applied to the Intercourse of Individuals and Nations."

Professor Edward T. Channing, whose death took place at Cambridge a short time since, was, during nearly forty years, one of the chief ornaments of that University. A lawyer by profession, his elegant taste, his profound knowledge of English literature, his classic style as a writer and power as a speaker, pointed him out as the proper person for the Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory, which, for so many years, he so honorably filled. He was, during several years, the editor of the *North American Review*, and contributed to it many articles; but it was as a professor and teacher of young men that he exerted so decided an influence on American literature, and discharged the debt which every man owes to his profession. The mention of the names of American authors who received their early training under Mr. Channing would amply support this assertion. He was a brother of the Rev. Dr. Channing, and a native of Newport, R. I. His age was about sixty-five.

The third volume of *Lamartine's* "Memoirs of Celebrated Characters," just published by Bentley, of London, contains sketches of William Tell, Madame de Sévigné, Milton, Antar, and Bossuet. This wide range is suited to the author's peculiar genius, as well as to the object directly proposed in the work. Of William Tell,

little is really known; and what history has left untold, is supplied by tradition, and by the poetry of Schiller. In the sketch of Antar, the author gives the results of his own observations and travels. The account of the desert and its inhabitants is a beautiful sketch, full of truth and of poetry:

"The Arabs, those eternal navigators of the sea of sand, have contracted by similarity of manners, by contemplation of the same scenes, by inhabiting the same spaces, and by the constant movement of the same steps over similar sites, a personal character analogous to the character of the desert: religious as the infinity that surrounds them; free as the expanse open to their view; roving as the horse, the camel, or the herd of cattle, which carries or follows them; hospitable as the open tent to the traveler bewildered in those vast solitudes; intrepid, as becomes men who owe their safety to the strength of their own arms, and who are ever compelled to be on the watch to defend their wives, their children, their springs of fresh water, and their pasture-lands from the sudden incursions of other tribes, fierce, unsettled, and wandering like themselves. They are habitually grave and silent as the waste that surrounds them, but sometimes loquacious and communicative as men who meet with men in a hurried, casual interview, and who hasten to exchange mutual inquiries and to impart reciprocal information. They are as contemplative and poetical as the nights, the days, the stars, the boundless horizons which are invariably before them. Finally, they are relaters of stories, long as the slowly-progressing, unemployed hours, which can only be filled up by marvelous recitations, while they sit under the shelter of the tent, or round the margin of the well or spring, to beguile the heavy march of time."

Antar is the great hero of the Homeric poems of the desert. He is at once warrior, orator, bard, lover, the subject and the author of the romance that bears his name:

"This noble composition, often rising to an equality with Homer, Virgil, and Tasso, in many of its essential components, is recited to this day under the tents of the wandering tribes in the deserts of Damascus, Aleppo, and Bagdad, throughout the long night-watches of the camel-drivers, or during the halts of the caravan."

In the memoir of Bossuet, the author is within historical bounds, and of his life and his times a most admirable sketch is given; and the memoir of Madame de Sévigné is one of the best things that Lamartine has ever written. Though unable to understand "Paradise Lost," which, he says, "has become the monument of a library," Lamartine does justice to the noble epic of Milton's life, and speaks with veneration of his virtues and his patriotism.

Reaction.—In Germany, says the *British Quarterly Review*, the great fact observable just now in relation both to theology and philosophy is the fact of reaction. Professor Weiss, of Leipsic, in his *Philosophical Dogmatics*, shows little reverence for the sages of Tübingen; and A. F. Gfrörer, who was not long since a rationalist of the extreme school, now writes, in his *Primitive History of the Race*, as a believer in the historical truthfulness of the earlier chapters of Genesis: while Professor Gruppe, at Berlin, Dr. Jessen, and Karl Forslaye are working with no little effect toward the demolition of nearly everything that has been characteristic of German speculation since the rise of Kant, and in the way of a return from the transcendental to the

Baconian method. Hitherto we have taken up German modes of thought as the vulgar take up fashions, adopting them when they are dying out. It is not much to the credit of Oxford that she should be seen doing the grand in the cast-off clothes of her neighbors. The time may perhaps come, even in Germany, when a man's labors will be appreciated according to the amount of sagacity he brings to them, and not according to the amount of rubbish he may have turned over in prosecuting them. The drudge may accumulate; the sifting and vivifying power is from another source.

Macaulay and the Critics.—The English critics are busy at present endeavoring to discover inaccuracies in Macaulay's History of England. Mr. Hepworth Dixon announces an "Answer to Macaulay's charges against Penn," and Mr. Macaulay is employed upon a rejoinder to his various critics. The *Athenæum* says:

"Penn, Dryden, and Marlborough are the chief men whose reputations have been assailed by the historian; and his judgments on these personages stand in highest need of explanation and defense. Mr. Dixon, we understand, replies upon the entire case as against Penn, Mr. Macaulay's accusations standing in the latest editions as they stood in the first. We shall be glad to see what Mr. Macaulay can urge in defense of the Taunton charge—of his assertion that Marlborough's letter caused the failure at Brest—that Dryden changed his religion for money—that Jeffreys is buried in the Tower and Schomberg in Westminster—the two latter, blunders which the *Times* presses against him. Literary controversy is always pleasant; and when con-

ducted with courtesy, and with an earnest desire for the truth—as this controversy most assuredly will be—it is serviceable to history as well as pleasant to readers."

A very interesting biographical memoir of Sir John Franklin, by Sir John Richardson, has appeared in the new edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." In the same work, under the article Polar Regions, a general review of the whole history of arctic exploration will be written by the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, than whom no writer could have been found in every way better qualified for such a work. Dr. Scoresby is going to visit Australia, to make observations and experiments on the variations of the compass in the southern hemisphere. Probably he will occupy part of his leisure during the voyage in preparing the account of his experience and the results of his reading about the Polar Regions, with the history of which his own name is so honorably associated.

Lord Brougham has complimented Baron Plana, President of the University of Turin, and Royal Astronomer, by dedicating to him, the first savant of Italy, the revised edition of his "Analytical View of Newton's Principia"—the great work of the great man of our race. Turin was also the birthplace of Lagrange, the great cotemporary of La Place, and the author of the best treatise on the Lunar Theory, which was at once the test, the stumbling-block, and the triumph of the law of gravitation.

Arts and Sciences.

Geology of Ohio.—Professor David Christy, of the American Female College, at Glendale, Ohio, has in preparation a new work on the geology of Ohio. The plan of the work, we understand, is to give a careful description of the several geological formations, the character of the rocks, the range of metallic ores, beds of coal, fossils, &c. The work will embrace, also, a series of geological sections, or maps, from actual survey, representing the outcropping of the several formations, and the positions of the iron and coal veins.

At the *French Exposition* there was exhibited a watch which created much interest and admiration. It tells the name and day of the month; the equation of time; is a repeater, striking the minute as well as the hour; is a thermometer of tolerable accuracy, and winds itself up by the action of its own movement. The price of this most ingenious piece of workmanship is 30,000 francs, (over \$5000.)

Granulated Cork Mattresses.—A new application of cork has lately been made in this city, with a good prospect of its serving a very useful purpose. The bark of the cork-tree is subjected by machinery to a process which cuts it up into little grains, and in this state it is formed into mattresses, which are very soft and easy, as well as light, and which, if used on a shipboard, would form a very convenient life preserver. Every pound of cork in one of these

mattresses, it is estimated, will support about fourteen pounds above water. All that a passenger would have to do in case of a wreck would be to take his bed with him. The mattress made in this way is called Johnson and Vale's Life Preserver, and samples of it may be seen in the Bowery, at Vale's Nautical Academy. It is much cheaper than horse hair, and the air passes so freely though it that it has received the good word of some medical men who have examined it, as a more wholesome material than the compacter substances often used. They are now beginning to use these mattresses in the hospitals. The cork prepared in the way we have mentioned, is sometimes used for the lining of garments, to be worn by persons subject to the rheumatism, cork being a non-conductor.

A bar of iron valued at \$5, worked into horse-shoes, is worth \$10 50; needles, \$355; penknife blades, \$3,285; shirt buttons, \$29,480; balance springs of watches, \$250,000. Thirty-one pounds of iron have been made into wire upward of one hundred and eleven miles in length, and so fine was the fabric that a part of it was converted, in lieu of horse hair, into a barrister's wig.

America has produced some of the most eminent of painters whose names are recorded on the scroll of fame. Stuart was a native of Boston, and studied his art under Sir Benjamin

West. Copley was also a native of Boston; he was a pupil of Smibert, and in 1770 became a member of the Royal Academy. His principal historical works, on which his fame reposes, are the "Death of Lord Chatham," the "Siege of Gibraltar," the "Death of Major Pearson," "Charles I. in the House of Commons," and the "Surrender of De Winter to Duncan." Sir Benjamin West was born in Springfield, Penn. For his celebrated painting of "Christ Healing the Sick," the British Institution paid him three thousand guineas. In 1791, he succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy.

The Burmese Ruby.—A correspondent of the *Calcutta Citizen*, speaking of the reception of the English Embassy by the Burmese King, says:

"The only thing remarkable at the interview was an inanimate object, and that was a ruby in the center of the pagoda crown of his majesty. It was as large, if not larger, than a hen's egg, and far more valuable than the great Koh-i-noor; it was beautifully cut, and almost as round as a marble. It was torn off the ear of the Karen Queen by Alompra. It was a pendant, being suspended by a wire casing through her right ear. It is of the purest water, and more than two thousand years old, if the traditions concerning it are believed. It came originally from Assam, and belonged to the great Garrow King Mouna Sa, who ruled the whole of Chin India. This ruby will, I prophesy, in ten years, be worn by our queen."

The barometer used at the *Smithsonian Institution* is manufactured expressly under its direction, and is of the greatest accuracy attainable. It has a glass cistern, with an adjustable bottom inclosed in a brass cylinder. The barometer tube is also inclosed in a brass cylinder, which carries the vernier. The whole is suspended freely from a ring at the top, so as to adjust itself to the vertical position. The bulb of the attached thermometer is inclosed in a brass envelope communicating with the interior of the brass tube, so as to be in the same condition with the mercury, and to indicate truly its temperature. Each instrument made according to this pattern is numbered and accurately compared with a standard.

The Post Rogers's Collection of Pictures.—Mr. Rogers had only seventy-five pictures in his collection, but they were all considered *chef d'œuvres*. He has left three, of very small size, to the National Gallery. Two of these, although fine in execution, are mere Catholic subjects, without much sentiment. One is a man's head crowned with thorns, having a doleful expression. It is by Guido. Another, called *Noli me Tangere*, (Touch me not,) consisting of two small figures, is by Titian, and exceedingly fine in execution. For this small picture, Rogers paid no less than one thousand guineas! The third is the portrait of Gaston de St. Foix, attributed to Raphael. He is represented as having a suit of armor buckled on, and, except as the portrait of a warrior, has little or no merit.

A correspondent of a New-York paper says:

"Great disappointment is felt, that the worst-natured man, with the best-natured *muscles*, did not leave to the nation a picture of far greater interest than those. I allude to Sir Joshua Reynolds's exquisite gem of Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, sitting on a toadstool, holding up a bunch of flowers, and embodying Shakspere's conception of the merry little rogue in the finest manner. The expression of infantile mirth in the eyes is beyond all praise, and no artist that ever lived could convey

that joyous expression equal to Reynolds. It was the gem of all Boydell's very large Shakspere gallery, and while the pictures of that gallery were selling, a breathless anxiety was exhibited when Puck was put up. When it was finally knocked down, a shout of applause burst forth when the name of Samuel Rogers was announced as the purchaser.

The *Jackson Monument Association* of New-Orleans inaugurated Mills's equestrian statue of the old hero, in Jackson-square, in New-Orleans, on the 11th ult. There was an immense military and civic procession, and the spectacle was grand and imposing.

A Boston mechanic has got up an apparatus for generating gas from a new material, consisting simply of zinc and hydrochloric acid, effected without the application of external heat. This yields a gas of great purity and brilliancy; as contrasted with coal gas, the same quantity yields twice the illuminating power. The whole apparatus is contained in a cylinder three feet in height and sixteen inches in diameter; and a machine capable of generating sufficient gas for eight lights, will require looking to and feeding only once a month, or less.

Brown's equestrian statue of Washington, the model of which was finished some months since, is nearly completed. It is contemplated, we understand, to inaugurate it at its place in Union Park some time during this month—perhaps the 30th, the day on which Washington took the oath as President of the United States in this city.

The veteran Humboldt has written to the *Astronomical Society of Paris*, "On Certain Appearances connected with the Zodiacal Light"—drawing attention to new facts connected with that interesting phenomenon; from which it appears that this remarkable light is not confined to the west, as was supposed, but has been seen by himself and others in the east at the same time. The latest observer, Rev. G. Jones, chaplain of the United States frigate *Mississippi*, during her recent cruise in the China and Japan Seas, reports that he saw the "extraordinary spectacle of the zodiacal light, simultaneously at both east and west horizons, for several nights in succession." The conclusion drawn from the sum of his observations will be a startling one to many: it is, that the earth is surrounded by a nebulous ring lying within the orbit of the moon. So if, as is stated, the ring be complete and continuous, we have for ages been playing the part of a smaller Saturn among our brother and sister planets.

An instrument for cutting wire has been invented by Mr. William Groves, of Holyoke, Mass. The nippers are made round—in other words, they are complete disks of steel, with holes of different sizes through their surfaces, for the reception of the wire to be cut. In its operation, the handles are opened until a certain sized aperture in one of the disks comes in line with its equivalent opening in the other disk; the wire is then passed through, and clipped by compressing the handles. The ordinary nippers are apt to bend the wire in cutting; they also leave a rough burr on the ends of the pieces. But with this new improvement, wire may be very rapidly and smoothly cut, without any bending.

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JOHN KEPLER.

JOHN KEPLER was born at Weil in the duchy of Wirtemberg, 21st December, 1571. His parents, Henry Kepler and Catherine Guldenmann, were of noble descent, although their circumstances were far from affluent. The father, at the time of his marriage, was a petty officer in the service of the Duke of Wirtemberg, and joined the army in the Netherlands a few years after the birth of his eldest son, John. Upon his return to Germany he learned that an acquaintance for whom he had incautiously become

security had absconded, and had left him the unexpected charge of liquidating the bond. This circumstance obliged him to dispose of his house and nearly the whole of his possessions, and to become a tavern-keeper at Elmendingen. Young Kepler had been sent, in the year 1577, to a school at Elmendingen, and he continued there until the occurrence of the event to which we have just alluded, and which was the cause of a temporary interruption in his education, as it appears that he was taken home and employed in menial services

until his twelfth year, when he returned to school. In 1586 he was admitted into the monastic school of Maulbronn, where the cost of his education was defrayed by the Duke of Wirtemberg. The regulations of this school required that, after remaining a year in the superior classes, the students should offer themselves for examination at the college of Tübingen for the degree of Bachelor. On obtaining this degree they returned with the title of veterans; and having completed the prescribed course of study, they were admitted as resident students at Tübingen, whence they proceeded in about a year to the degree of Master. During his under-graduateship Kepler's studies were much interrupted by periodical returns of the disorders which had so nearly proved fatal to him during childhood, as also by the dissensions between his parents, in consequence of which his father left his home, and soon after died abroad. Notwithstanding the many disadvantages he must have labored under from the above circumstances, and from the confused state in which they had left his domestic affairs, Kepler took the degree of Master in August, 1591, attaining the second place in the annual examination.

While thus engaged at Tübingen, the astronomical lectureship of Grätz, the chief town in Styria, became vacant by the death of George Stadt, and the situation was offered to Kepler, who was forced to accept it by the authority of his tutors, although we have his own assurance that at that period he had given no particular attention to astronomy. In 1596 he published his "*Mysterium Cosmographicum*," wherein he details the many ingenious hypotheses which he had successively formed, examined, and rejected, concerning the number, distance, and periodic times of the planets; and finally proposes a theory which he imagines will account in a satisfactory manner for the order of the heavenly bodies, which theory rests upon the fancied analogy between the relative dimensions of the orbits of those bodies, and the diameters of circles inscribed and circumscribed about the five regular solids. In 1597 Kepler married Barbara Muller von Muhleckh, a lady who, although two years younger than himself, was already a widow for the second time. This alliance soon involved him in difficulties, which, together with the

troubled state of the province of Styria, arising out of the two great religious parties into which the empire was then divided, induced him to withdraw from Grätz into Hungary, whence he transmitted to a friend at Tübingen several short treatises—"On the Magnet," "On the Cause of the Obliquity of the Ecliptic," and "On the Divine Wisdom as shown in the Creation." In 1600 Kepler, having learned that Tycho Brahé was at Benach in Bohemia, and that his observations had led him to a more accurate determination of the eccentricities of the planets' orbits, determined on paying him a visit, and was welcomed in the kindest manner by Tycho, by whom he was introduced the following year to the emperor, and honored with the title of imperial mathematician, on condition of assisting Tycho in his calculations. The object of these calculations was the formation of new astronomical tables generally, which were to be called the Rudolphine Tables, in honor of Rudolph, the then Emperor of Bohemia, who had promised, not merely to defray the expense of their construction, but likewise to provide Kepler with a liberal salary; neither of which his circumstances ever permitted him to fulfill. The pecuniary difficulties, however, in which he found himself almost incessantly involved in consequence of the non-payment of his salary, greatly retarded the progress of his labors, and obliged him to seek a livelihood by casting nativities.

In 1609 appeared his "*New Astronomy*," containing his great and extraordinary book "*On the Motion of Mars*," a work which holds the intermediate place, and is the connecting link between the discoveries of Copernicus and those of Newton. The introduction is occupied in refuting the then commonly-received theory of gravity, and in declaring what were his own opinions upon the same subject. In the course of this discussion he states distinctly, that since the attractive virtue of the moon extends as far as the earth, as is evident from its enticing up the waters of the earth, with greater reason it follows that the attractive virtue of the earth extends as far as the moon, and much further; and he likewise asserts that if two bodies of like nature be placed in any part of the world near each other, but beyond the influence of any other body, they would approach each

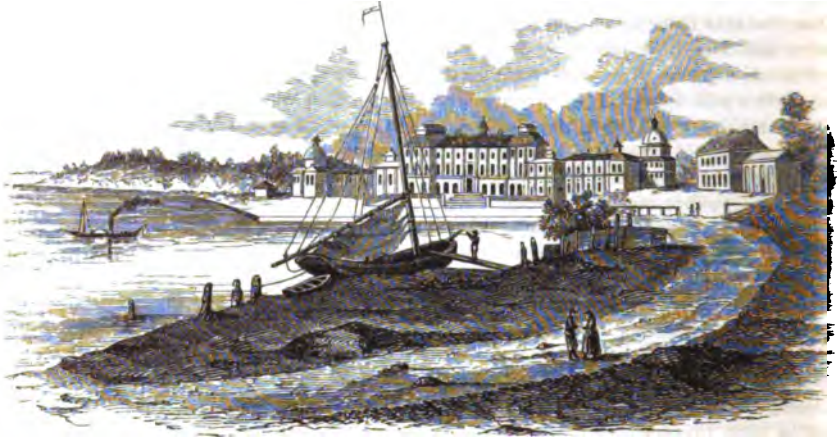
other like two magnets, each passing over a space reciprocally in proportion to its mass; so that if the moon and earth were not retained in their orbits by their animal force, or some other equivalent to it, the earth would approach the moon by the fifty-fourth part of their distance, and the moon would approach the earth by the remaining fifty-three parts. Previous to the publication of this remarkable work, it was supposed that each planet moved uniformly in a small circle, called an *epicycle*, the center of which epicycle moved with an equal angular velocity in the opposite direction round the center of the earth, thus describing a larger circle, which was called the *deferent*. Subsequent observations being found irreconcilable with the foregoing hypothesis, it was modified by supposing the uniform angular motion of the epicycle to be described about a point not coinciding with the center of the earth, a necessary consequence of which supposition was, that the linear motion of the epicycle ceased to be uniform. The work of Copernicus, "*De Revolutionibus Orbium Cælestium*," had appeared in 1543, wherein he considers the sun to be the fixed center about which the planets move with uniform motions, but retains the complicated machinery of the deferent and epicycle in order to account for the variations arising from the actual inequality of the planet's motion. The system of Tycho Brahe himself was identical with one which Copernicus had rejected, and consisted in supposing the sun to revolve about the earth, carrying with it all the other planets revolving about him; and, indeed, Tycho not only denied the revolution of the earth about the sun, but likewise its diurnal rotation upon its axis. Such is an imperfect outline of the theory of the universe before the time of Kepler.

The elliptic form of the orbits and the equable description of areas constitute two of the three celebrated truths known by the name of Kepler's laws. The third, viz., that the squares of the periodic times are proportional to the cubes of the mean distances from the sun, was not discovered till twelve years after, although, before the publication of his "*Mysterium Cosmographicum*," he had been speculating upon finding some relation between those distances and periodic times. The final discovery resulted far

less from philosophical deduction than from the innumerable combinations which his ever-active fancy had been calling into existence during the previous seventeen years; and when he at length detected the relation which he had so long been in search of, he was only able to offer an explanation of it upon four suppositions, three of which are now known to be false.

In 1620 Kepler was visited by Sir Henry Wotton, the English ambassador at Venice, who, finding him, as he was always to be found, oppressed with pecuniary difficulties, urged him to go over to England, where he assured him of a welcome and honorable reception; but Kepler could never determine on quitting the continent. In 1624 he went to Vienna, where with difficulty he obtained six thousand florins toward completing the "*Rudolphine Tables*," together with commendatory letters to the states of Suabia, from which he also collected some money due to the emperor. It was not, however, till 1627 that these tables—the first that were calculated on the supposition that the planets move in elliptic orbits—made their appearance; and it will be sufficient to say of them, in this place, that had Kepler done nothing in the course of his whole life but construct these, he would have well earned the title of a most useful and indefatigable calculator. In 1630 he made a final attempt to obtain a liquidation of his claims upon the imperial treasury, but the fatigue and vexation of his fruitless journey brought on a fever, which terminated his life in the early part of November, 1630, and in his fifty-ninth year. His body was interred in St. Peter's churchyard at Ratisbon, and a simple inscription, which has since disappeared, was placed on his tombstone. Upon the character of Kepler, Delambre has pronounced the following judgment:

"Ardent, restless, burning to distinguish himself by his discoveries, he attempted everything; and having once obtained a glimpse, no labor was too hard for him in following or verifying it. All his attempts had not the same success, and, in fact, that was impossible. Those which have failed seem to us only fanciful; those which have been more fortunate appear sublime. When in search of that which really existed, he has sometimes found it; when he devoted himself to the pursuit of a chimera, he could not but fail; but even there he unfolded the same qualities, and that obstinate perseverance that must triumph over all difficulties but those which are insurmountable."



THE PALACE OF DROTNINGHOLM.

SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.—N^o IV.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

ONE of the pleasantest excursions which the environs of the Swedish capital afford is that to the royal palace and park of Drottningholm, which I am disposed to designate as the Versailles of Sweden. A pretty little steamer leaves the pier upon the north side of the city several times each day for this excursion. The sail in itself occupies an hour, passing over the waters of Lake Malar with its beautifully wooded shores. One or two points of view bring the scenery of the Hudson somewhat to mind, but not in its more bold portions. Wooded and rocky islands seemingly dropped down here and there add greatly to the charms of the scenery. Unlike what might be expected, but few of the eligible sites for villas are occupied, and these are without any pretensions to architectural beauty.

The palace of Drottningholm is hidden by the boldly projecting shores until the steamer has arrived quite near to it, when, upon a sudden turn into a singularly beautiful and sheltered bay, the royal domain bursts upon the sight. The grand and stately appearance of the edifice presents a striking contrast with the wild and thickly wooded shores which stretch

away in either direction from it. The view from the water front of the palace is strikingly wild, and destitute of any signs of cultivation. Forests of the dark northern fir, with bold and rocky shores, meet the eye without any object coming within range of vision which would lead the mind to conclude that these dark solitudes had been trodden by the foot of man. Two small islands composed of solid masses of rock, and entirely destitute of verdure, may be added to make up the general features of the view in this direction. In fact, presenting in the *total ensemble* one of those scenes which in all its characteristics is so peculiarly northern. The clear waters of the lake were lying quite unruffled before me, reflecting such a minute detail of every object upon the shores as is often so peculiarly marked in the clearness of a northern atmosphere. presenting the most striking contrast with the golden mist and dreamy dimness so peculiar to the shores of the Mediterranean. The illusion of the remote seclusion of the spot was only broken by the sight of a single craft in the distance, her motion scarcely perceptible before the light breeze, with her white sails hanging lazily and bright in the sunshine.

But turn the eye in the opposite direction, and the scene is changed, "and such

sketch according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by J. M. Phillips, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Southern District of New-York.

a change!" From a view of the lake—rich in nature and untrammelled, breathing the spirit of a remote American lake far removed from settlements, where, perhaps, an encampment of wandering red men might be discerned under the primeval forests, or their light canoe within the rocky inlet—turn to the other side of the palace, and the eye wanders amid scenes as strikingly artificial as the view which we have just been contemplating was wild and natural. Here even the trees themselves are not permitted to stretch away their branches as the great Architect of the universe had designed; but the hand of man is everywhere discernible in the rigid and stately outlines: some portions of the grounds presenting long lines of trees so pruned as to give them the effect of immense hedges, or walls covered with verdure, with here a tree so tortured as to give it the effect of a column, there an urn. In fact, a sort of miniature Versailles here bursts upon the sight, but destitute of the stately grandeur which characterizes the original model. A few groups of bronze statues are introduced here and there; some of these are of considerable excellence. In the center of this portion of the grounds stands an immense fountain, also ornamented with bronzes; but this seemed minus any supply of water, and to have been in its present condition of thirst for some time. Most of the bronzes which I observed here appear to have been more or less affected by the climate; indeed, few among them were perfect, the severe frosts having apparently burst a considerable number.

As what may be termed the Louis XIV. style of landscape gardening prevails in but a small portion of the grounds of Drottningholm, I must not forget to do justice to other portions of the park. A more charming combination of wood, water, and rock, with secluded winding paths, is rarely found than that which extends on either side of the French garden. The arrangement of water is most admirable. An artificial stream of considerable size winds through the park amid forest trees and wild under-brush, with occasional little islands, which add much to the effect of the scene, covered as they are with a most luxuriant growth of trees, under which the swans seek shelter. There are seats tastefully arranged with reference to the views in different portions of the grounds,

and as I took possession of one near the water, the swans were by no means disturbed at my approach, but, stretching up their proud and graceful necks, they seemed disposed to do the honors of the royal domain in a truly courtly manner. They were, indeed, the only representatives of royalty at the time in possession of the place. So quiet and wild are some portions of these grounds, that amid the thick woods and rocks, were it not for an occasional statue peeping through the trees, one might readily fancy himself far removed from civilization, and perhaps the first intruder upon the solitude about him.

Upon the side of the French garden, which stretches away to the water's edge, I was particularly impressed with the almost primeval character of the forest. Sweden is certainly, for a country so far to the north, rich in her varieties of trees. Indeed, in this park, as well as some other grounds which I have visited in the vicinity of Stockholm, there are oaks which would not lose in comparison with some of the finest specimens of this tree in England.

Speaking of trees, perhaps the most peculiar and striking variety of the North is a species of white birch, which I have observed growing very luxuriantly in Norway, particularly upon the borders of the beautiful lake of Miosen; but I think I have seen nowhere finer specimens than this park affords. They are an exceedingly graceful and picturesque tree, in form reminding one somewhat of our own weeping elm, but approaching more closely to the weeping willow; in fact, in outline, as well as form of leaf and color of the foliage, they are much like the willow; whereas the bark of the tree resembles closely our own white birch. They are very hardy and of luxuriant growth, without the frailty of the weeping willow, which is such a great objection in our climate; and for cemeteries, or grouped with other trees upon our grounds, they would certainly be invaluable, as we have no trees of drooping foliage upon which we can depend for hardihood. In Norway the weeping birch, hanging its graceful branches alongside the native fir, or Norway spruce, as it is termed with us, presents one of the most beautiful contrasts imaginable. The latter tree, it is well known, has been cultivated with

great success in the United States, and is even more luxuriant and beautiful with us than upon its native soil. It has been found that when, at an early age, say twenty or twenty-five years, our native spruce and balsam exhibit signs of decay, the Norwegian stranger is only expanding itself into a degree of luxuriance; and when the other named trees are hastening to decay, the exotic is still stretching upward and spreading itself around. I have no doubt but that the Norwegian or Swedish birch might be introduced in the northern and middle states with the same success. It must, however, be remembered, that there are two varieties of the white birch in the North; the one ungraceful in outline, like our own tree of the same name, the other possessing those characteristic beauties which I have endeavored to describe.

But the beauty of the northern trees has almost turned my head, and I have wandered a long way from my subject. At Drotningholm, as in all the royal parks in the vicinity of Stockholm, are hotels for the accommodation of the numerous visitors. The one which I entered was small, but clean, and I might say comfortable, if the word properly belonged to any other language than our own, and its application to the domestic habits of any other people than the Anglo-Saxon race. The floors of the inn were sprinkled with fresh twigs of juniper, a frequent custom in Norway as well as in Sweden. Some English writers have earnestly objected to this custom. Although carpets would, indeed, be preferable, yet when we must necessarily submit to bare floors, or to those covered with these fresh green twigs, I must confess that my preference is in favor of the evergreens, which always have a cheerful holiday look, and emit a perfume which I find far from disagreeable. I have long since learned to forego the luxury of carpets, although I would not attempt to question their comfort. But it would be unjust to condemn Sweden for a deficiency equally marked in most continental countries. There is one other peculiarity in Sweden to which I have not yet become sufficiently accustomed to find it agreeable. I allude to the custom of serving meats before the soup at dinner. On the occasion to which I refer, although I had been careful to order the arrangement of dishes in accord-

ance with our usual custom at home, yet I must confess I was somewhat vexed to find my beef-steak first produced, while the soup and fish were in preparation for a second and third course. In no very good humor, I ordered the steak back to the fire, where I was very certain it would spoil, determined to dine à l'Americain, commencing with soup. But, upon consideration, I felt ashamed of my ill-humor, and bethought myself that the poor girl had served me in accordance with the ordinary habits of the country, to say nothing of the fact that my Swedish *might* have been better, and that this last-named fact possibly caused the mistake. Hereupon I made a resolve which I have since found of great service; that is to say, I resolved "while in Sweden to do as the Swedes do," and if the soup and fish came for the last course, after the pudding, to eat them, asking no questions; in fact, to become as near as possible what Bayard Taylor calls a sympathizing traveler. There is another peculiarity of the Swedish *cuisine*, which I observed on this occasion, and which is, I believe, general, that of retaining the scales upon the fish, and thus serving it up on table. Here was another opportunity for getting out of humor, and it was fortunate that I had anticipated it by so wise a resolution. Meantime, I remembered to have been assured by a Swede that this was the only means of preserving the flavor of the fish; and it occurred to me that it would have been in exceedingly bad taste to have expressed vexation when such supposed attention to my comfort had been shown. And so at last, although the fish with scales was served after the beef, I came to the conclusion that the dinner was all very good.

So much for a day's excursion to Drotningholm.

It was half past eight o'clock when I stepped on board the little steamer to return to the city. The night air was chilling, notwithstanding the day had been one of excessive heat. As we threaded our course through the numerous islands, or again glided into the center of the lake, a brilliant sunset lent its charms to the scene. The windows upon the right shore were bright as with burnished gold, and as we approached Stockholm the palace, domes, and spires were reflecting the last rays of the setting sun.

THE CHURCHES OF STOCKHOLM.

THE churches of Stockholm offer very little of interest to the traveler, and when compared with the stupendous structures of Italy, France, and Germany, they appear meager in the extreme. It seems strange that the existence of such splendid edifices as those which are now in ruins in the neighboring island of Gotthland should have had little or no influence to improve the taste exhibited in the ecclesiastical architecture of the Swedish capital.

The severe purity of the early Gothic, which is so striking in the island referred to, appears not to have found its way to

the city of Birjer Jarl, and the only specimen which here exists of the Gothic is in the Riddarholm's Kyrkan, of which I have presented an illustration in a previous article. The predominating style of church architecture is the Italian, and the churches here somewhat remind one in their external appearance of the most inferior structures in the great capital of the papal world.

Among these churches I shall first mention that of St. Nicholas, as the most ancient. I have in a previous article alluded to it as having been founded by Birjer Jarl. One Sunday during my residence at Stockholm I attended service in



THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS.

this church. The attendance I found good, and the music excellent. Here were seats for the royal family superbly fitted up, where royalty, seated under a canopy of velvet and gold, surmounted by a crown, may lounge upon luxurious cushions, and listen to the doctrines of the meek and humble Jesus. In this place the coronation of the Swedish sovereigns takes place. This structure is in no way remarkable for its exterior effect or for the grandeur of its interior. The tombs are numerous, but in no way striking. The most interesting object which it contains is its celebrated altar-piece of ebony, elaborately carved, and ornamented with

numerous figures and *basso-relievos*, of gold, silver, and ivory, representing the birth, passion, and resurrection of our Saviour. This work, like many other rare and curious articles scattered over Sweden, is one of the trophies of the "Thirty Years' War," and is of German workmanship.

From the church of St. Nicholas I proceeded to the Catholic church, the only one in Stockholm. It is small and was densely crowded; it being Corpus Christi day, the church was ornamented with numerous boughs of trees, giving it quite a Christmas effect; but the illusion was, however, destroyed by the appear-



THE CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE.

ance of the altars covered with the greatest profusion of garden flowers. The queen and queen dowager, who are Roman Catholics, usually attend service at this place.

There is very little toleration toward Catholics exhibited by the Swedish government. It is but a short time since several persons were imprisoned in Stockholm for embracing the Catholic faith. No Lutheran is permitted even to enter this church without a special permit. I was informed by a member of the diplomatic corps that, on the occasion of the attempt to assassinate the young Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, and his safe deliverance from the attack of the assassin, mass was celebrated in this church at the request of the Austrian ambassador, who extended a particular invitation to the members of the diplomatic corps, and to some of the leading persons belonging to the Swedish nobility, to be present at the service. It seems that it became necessary for the Swedes who were Lutherans to secure a special indulgence before they were able to avail themselves of the invitation extended to them by the Austrian envoy.

One of the first objects which arrests the attention in approaching Stockholm from the Baltic side is the church of St. Catharine. It is situated upon a command-

ing elevation, and there is something very impressive in its effect. The advantage which it possesses in the height of ground which it occupies is such that one is at first led to suppose the edifice far more vast than it is in reality. Its picturesque outline and lofty dome lift themselves boldly against the sky. This church was founded in 1656, and occupies the ground upon which were burned the bodies of the victims of the massacre by order of Christian II. The present edifice, however, only dates to the early part of the last century. The dome is the most remarkable feature of this church, which, together with the whole extent of roof, is supported without the aid of columns.

Next in interest I should rank the church of Adolf Friederik. This edifice is built in the form of the Greek cross, with an octagonal tower surmounted by a dome. This is also a structure of the last century, but some fifty years later than the church of St. Catharine. The altar-piece is a *basso-relievo* in marble by the distinguished Swedish sculptor, Sergel, to whose works I have before alluded. It is also interesting as the burial-place of this sculptor.

The Swedish capital contains little of interest in ecclesiastical architecture, as the reader will conclude from the illustrations which I present, and which include,



THE CHURCH OF ADOLF FREDRIK.

I think, the finest specimens of which Stockholm can boast.

MUSEUM OF NORTHERN ANTIQUITIES.

THE collection of Northern antiquities in Stockholm greatly disappointed my expectations. It is certainly far inferior in all respects to the collection of the same character in Christiania. But, upon consideration, this should have been expected; for while Norway possesses a brilliant early history, reaching far back into the pagan age, her modern history is almost wholly absorbed in that of Denmark. The brilliant age of Swedish history, meantime, begins with the Wasa dynasty, and extends over a considerable period of the time that Norway was little more than a province of Denmark.

The *savans* of the North divide the pagan age into three distinct eras: the stone age, the bronze age, and the iron age. The remains which belong to these periods have been for the most part discovered in tumuli, the ancient tombs of Scandinavia. Some of the specimens shown in this collection, particularly of the stone age, remind one much of the

articles of warfare and of domestic use which have been from time to time discovered on our own continent, belonging to the aborigines of the country. There are many arrow heads in this collection which could scarcely be distinguished from those which are discovered in America. But in all ages and countries the wants of a people, as well as the degree of perfection arrived at in supplying those wants during the earliest and rudest period of existence, present many striking points of resemblance.

The three periods in this collection are certainly not as distinctly marked as in the collection at Christiania. The remains of the bronze age in particular appeared to me as far less complete. And the various ornaments in gold and silver, although curious and interesting, are far less so than many specimens exhibited in the before-named collection. I was struck with the resemblance of many of the ornaments of gold to those exhibited in the Etruscan Museum of the Vatican; some of them were equally beautiful in execution. Perhaps some of my readers may not be aware that many of the most

beautiful ornaments of gold which are now in vogue are copied from these Etruscan designs, so that a belle of the present day who appears in public, rejoicing in the fact that her costume is of the very latest Parisian, *might be shocked* if she was aware that her ornaments were designed some two thousand years ago or more.

In an apartment adjoining the museum of Northern Antiquities are many articles of historic interest which belong to the more recent period of Swedish history. Here are shown many trophies of "the Thirty Years' War," and among them some exquisite carvings in ivory, equal to any of those preserved in the palace of the Medici at Florence, or in the royal collection of Berlin. Here is a walking-stick of Gustavus Wasa; another which belonged to Charles XII., and which he carried with him to Friederikshald at the time of his assassination. Here are also various miniatures of this sovereign, and a watch presented to the great warrior by Queen Mary of England. I was also interested in some articles which belonged to Queen Christina, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus. The visitor at Rome is familiar with the tomb of this lady in the church of St. Peter, and if he has examined with much care the library of the Vatican, the courteous ecclesiastics have doubtless pointed out to him many rare and valuable works with which this library has been enriched by Queen Christina, at the expense of Sweden, and she the daughter of the great champion of the Protestant faith.

But what more than any other objects attracted my attention were two figures of gold of perhaps twelve inches height, each one supporting upon its shoulders a globe of silver; the one representing the heavens, the other the earth. These were presented to Gustavus Adolphus by the city of Nuremberg as an acknowledgment of the obligations under which he had placed its citizens by the protection which he had afforded them when that city was attacked by Wallenstein. They are of the best age of Nuremberg art, which is a sufficient guarantee for their execution. The artisans and artists of Nuremberg have not been excelled, if equaled, in modern times, particularly in metals. These works bear the impress of the time of Peter Fischer and of Adam Kraft, and are, in reality, a kingly present to the noble

champion of the Protestant faith. Here are also various curiosities in the shape of dogs, frogs, dwarfs, &c., formed of pearls and precious stones, reminding one of the many grotesque designs into which the precious metals and stones have been wrought, as seen in the specimens preserved in the green vaults of Dresden.

RESIDENCE OF DR. ISAAC WATTS.

SUBLIME names went before the Minister of Childhood; great names have followed since his time: acting upon the spirit of the modest introduction to his "Moral Songs," ("such as we wish some happy and condescending genius would undertake for the use of children, and perform much better.") Many have written lyrics for the young upon his plan, borrowing, as he recommended, "subjects from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences of civil life, both in city and country." Some, as Mary Howitt and the Taylors, have done excellently well; but still, "Watts's Hymns," "Watts's Moral Songs," have been encountered by no rival; they nestle into the softest places of the heart, and hover with the visions of childhood round the bed of age. It was but lately we heard of the passing away of a great spirit—learned, and of account; a man of strong mind, though very old as we count years; his intellect never became filmy; it was clear to the last; and discoursing with his friends, with true Christian hope and cheerfulness, as to the prospect of the future, he said, "It is very singular how Watts's Hymns crowd my memory; I had forgotten them for years, but now they are my companions, mingling with other things, and then coming forth distinctly; I welcome them as old friends."

Dr. Watts's collected works deserve a place in every library, and the Dissenters owe him a deep debt of gratitude, for he showed them that zeal and charity might be expressed and enforced in polished diction. His "Improvement of the Mind" ought to be regarded with the trust and veneration due to a domestic physician; and it is impossible not to acknowledge and venerate the man, who, at one time, combated Locke, and, at another, made "a Catechism for children in their fourth year." But, after all, his popularity is



ABNEY PARK.

based on the universal knowledge of his "Divine and Moral Songs;" and never was popularity more widely diffused, better merited, or productive of more glorious results.

It is now about eight years ago, a rumor reached us that it was determined to pull down the dwelling-house of Abney Park, where Dr. Watts spent the last thirty-six years of his life, in a prolonged and harmonious "visit" to Sir Thomas and Lady Abney.* To literary persons, "visits" are not always "relaxations." The unceasing labor of literature requires seasons, however short, of perfect unrestraint—of entire calmness and repose. Society demands either novelty or a new dressing of old thoughts; and, to some sound thinkers, conversation—the light and sparkling conversation of "the world"

—is intensely laborious. But Dr. Watts's friends really permitted him to be free beneath their hospitable roof, and his small independence during his latter years, though not more than a hundred pounds a year, prevented his feeling even their loving tenderness a burden.

We had been warned not to delay our pilgrimage to his residence too long, and a desire to visit the shrine of the sweet Psalmist of Childhood, drove us forth during the darkness of a London fog. We were so ill at ease, that, truth to say, we thought we had chosen an evil day to visit Abney Park. We remembered, when half way through the city, that we had no introduction to its present proprietor; and of all awful things, the meetings of un-introduced English people are the most embarrassing! It was not for some little time after we had entered it, that we discovered the house was occupied as a college for the instruction of youths of the Wesleyan Connection; but we had only to declare our desire to inspect the house, hallowed by the memory of Dr. Watts, to be cordially received. It was, indeed, a spacious dwelling, standing in what was once a noble park, but a greater portion of which had been converted into one of those cemeteries that now abound in our suburbs, and are so auxiliary to the preservation of health of body and mind to the living: it was to increase its size that

* Sir Thomas Abney was knighted by King William III., and he served the office of Lord Mayor in 1700. He was bred up in Dissenting principles, and it is related of him as an instance of his strong sense of religious duties, that upon the day of his mayoralty dinner, "he withdrew silently after supper from the public assembly at Guildhall, went to his own house, performed family worship there, and then returned to the company." Sir Thomas's loyalty was displayed in the pageant which was carried in the procession that day, when "a person rode before the cavalcade in armor, with a dagger in his hand, representing Sir William Walworth, the head of the rebel Wat Tyler being carried on a pole before him."

they designed pulling down the noble mansion that had for so long a time sheltered the poet. The trees were remarkably fine, adding much to the beauty and solemnity of the grounds—then only partially dotted with memorials of those who have exchanged time for eternity. Before we describe the house to our readers, we must mention that many honored persons have resided in Stoke Newington—which the Westenders affect to consider a semi-barbarous region. Isaac Watts wrote much of his poetry beneath the avenues of yew-trees, and upon the mound consecrated by his name, and which a vague tradition tells us, covers the ashes of the mighty

one of England—Cromwell! A large portion of Abney Park, ranging from the magnificent cedar of Lebanon, in the part once called the Wilderness, and continued to the southern extremity, where the mound is placed, and all the land east of that line, extending as far as the principal entrance to the cemetery, was, during the Commonwealth, and after the restoration, the property of General Fleetwood. The eccentric Thomas Day, whose amusing letter forms so interesting a portion of Miss Edgeworth's *Life of her father, Lovel Edgeworth*, dwelt in the immediate neighborhood. Daniel De Foe occupied a house in the village. John Howard, the man



THE GROVE OF CEDARS AND YEW IN ABNEY PARK.

of prisons, who lived in darkness that the darkness might be made light; and, some few years ago, Dr. Aikin, with his sister, the gentle child-loving Mrs. Barbauld, combined to give a higher interest to this locality than it is in the power of mere fashion to bestow. Our glance at the park was anything but satisfactory. The fog was hanging round the trees, and imparted that air of desolation and chillness to the landscape which is so very much at variance with our feelings and desires. It was refreshing to enter the warm and comfortable house, to feel the glow of heat, and again receive the courteous wel-

come of the benevolent gentleman, the superintendent of the establishment, whose name is honored among his own people. The house, with its oak panelings and grave aspect, reminded us of Sir Christopher Wren's, at Camberwell.* Perhaps

* The house was a square, substantial red-brick building with stone quoins. The roof was flat, with a balustrade around it; and had a central turret, from which an extensive view of the surrounding country could be obtained. The entrance-gate was richly carved with flowers and fruit. The interior was entirely walled with oak paneling, and the staircase and rooms were all large and stately.

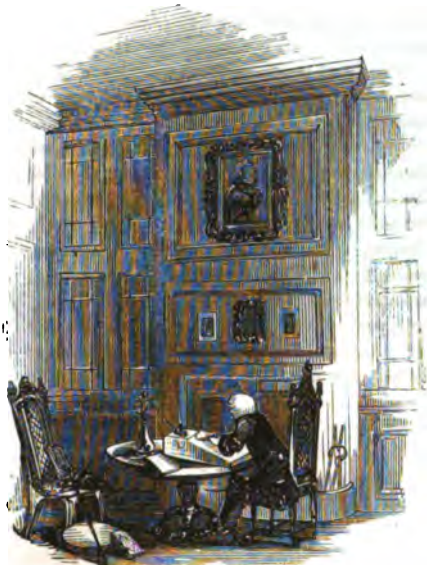
it was not quite so old, nor was the hall so handsome, but it was a noble house, and rendered deeply interesting as the scene of one of those acts of disinterested friendship which we have already mentioned—not growing out of him, nor kept alive by the love of praise, or the love of novelty or adulation, but springing from an exalted religious principle, loving a brother in Christ because of his fervor and excellence in that which Christ loved. Isaac Watts, his slender frame worn to a shadow by illness, and helpless as an infant, was invited by Sir Thomas Abney, of Abney Park, to visit him. As a visitor for a few weeks he was received into the house, where he was treated, for thirty-six years, with all the kindness that friendship could prompt, and all the attention which respect could dictate. Sir Thomas dying about eight years after the commencement of his visit, he resided with Lady Abney and her daughter until his own death.

On the right, as you entered the hall, was the small library, which the poet and logician was permitted—nay, that is too cold a word to express the noble hospitality exercised for *six-and-thirty years* toward the weak and quivering life of Isaac Watts—was compelled rather, by words and deeds of unchanging kindness—to call his own.

We could not avoid picturing the little trembling man moving from that very door, bowing at every third step as he advanced to meet old Lady Huntingdon, who once came to greet him there, and saying, while offering his hand to conduct her into his library, “Madam, I came to this hospitable house on a visit for three weeks, and I have remained here thirty-and-three years.” “And,” added Lady Abney, courtesying with all the dignity of hoop and high-mounted head, as suddenly she stepped forth from the small oak parlor, “it is the shortest visit a friend ever paid.”*

We entered the library, and all the gloom of the day vanished while considering the uniform but useful life of Dr. Watts. We conversed about him as we would of an old and cherished friend,

* We heard this characteristic anecdote on the spot, from the gentleman who received us with so much kindness.



THE LIBRARY OF DR. WATTS.

whose memory was still “green in our souls.” He was born at Southampton, in the sunniest part of the year 1674—the month of July. Some say his father was a shoemaker, others that he was a schoolmaster; it matters little which; he suffered persecution for his religious opinions, and maintained his firmness in them as befits a Christian, for one of his son’s biographers tells us a family tradition has recorded that, during his imprisonment, the youthful and sorrowing mother has been known to seat herself on the steps of her husband’s prison-house suckling this child of promise—this child cradled in meekness amid controversial storms. The adversities of Isaac Watts’s early years were remembered by him in after-life, and doubtless originated that deep and ardent attachment to civil and religious liberty which marked his character, and led his muse to hail its establishment with exultation, when the dynasty of the vacillating Stuarts was driven from the throne. He was a remarkable lover of books from infancy, and the proficiency of the pale, delicate little boy, when at school, was so extraordinary, that a subscription was proposed for his support at the University; but he declared his resolution of taking his lot with the Dissenters. Dr. Johnson, in his brilliant and generous biography—which is, in fact, a dissertation upon the

moral and spiritual beauty of the man—pays him a most marked compliment on this head :

"Such," says the doctor, "he was as every Christian Church would rejoice to have adopted."

He quitted the academy at the age of twenty, spent two years in study and devotion beneath the roof of his father, and then became tutor to Sir John Hartopp's family. It is as interesting as curious to remark how events come round—foredoomed, as it were, to work out great purposes. Sir John Hartopp married one of Fleetwood's daughters; this lady is stated not to have been the fruit of the general's marriage with Cromwell's daughter, (Ireton's widow,) but by a former wife; she resided in the house adjoining Abney Park;* and as tutor to their children, the grandchildren of Fleetwood, whose name, Dr. Watts says, "is an honor among the Churches," he came there; and thus began his friendship with the Abneys. It would seem that his tutorship did not interfere with his ministry, for he had a "church," an Independent church, then meeting in Mark Lane, first as assistant to Dr. Isaac Chauncy; subsequently, after much hesitation, he accepted the invitation to succeed Dr. Chauncy in the pastoral office! He retained this ministry until the last; devoting a third part of his small stipend to the poor. Here the remainder of his life was spent, in a family which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, "was a house of God." To this happy circumstance the world is mainly indebted for the many rare and estimable productions of Dr. Watts. Ease of mind, with graceful relaxations from laborious studies, domestic quiet and competence, were matters upon the obtaining of which even

* This house, still known as Fleetwood House, is standing close beside the iron gates which led to Abney Park, and which are remaining, as well as the circular drive that led to the house, which stood at a considerable distance further back than its neighbor, Fleetwood House. Here the famous republican general was fortunate enough, at the Restoration, to be permitted to retire with life and liberty, and here he died in 1692. The house has been much modernized, and presents so few external features of antiquity, that it is only by looking narrowly at some small portions which, owing to their unobtrusiveness, have been left untouched, that its age could be guessed at. After Fleetwood's death it was inhabited by his descendants, the Hartopps and Hurlocks.

his existence depended. The history of his life, from the time of his entering this home, is merely a history of his works. He continued actively employing his pen, producing his "Logic," which, having been received at the Universities, needs no higher praise; his ennobling "Improvement of the Mind," sermons, discourses, prayers, essays, and poems; all!—most blessed distinction!—all tending to one great and one exclusive object—the glory of God and the benefit of human kind.

Dr. Johnson, that unshorn Samson of our faith, as if he could not bear to enter on controversial points with one whose memory he treated with a gentleness foreign, not to his nature, but his habit—Dr. Johnson says, "With his theological works I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekness of opposition, and his mildness of censure. *It was not only in his book, but in his mind, that orthodoxy was united with charity.*" Charity, indeed, was one of his favorite themes. "I find," he says, in one of his harmonious discourses, "a strange pleasure in discoursing of this virtue, hoping that my very soul may be molded into its divine likeness; I would always feel it inwardly warming my heart; I would have it look through my eyes continually, and it should be ever ready upon my lips to soften every expression of my tongue; *I would dress myself in it, as my best raiment*; I would put it on, upon my faith and hope, not so as entirely to hide them, but as an upper and more visible vesture constantly to appear in among men; for our Christian charity is to evidence our other virtues!" Although his stature was but five feet, he was, in his pulpit, of a presence at once sweet and dignified, and his elocution was remarkable for its grace and intonation; his eyes were both firm and brilliant, and his voice full of music.

We followed our conductor to the top of the house, where, in a turret upon the roof, many of Dr. Watts's literary and religious works were composed. We sat upon the seamed bench, rough and worn, the very bench upon which he sat by daylight and moonlight—poet, logician, and Christian teacher. We were in some degree elevated above the dense and heavy fog, for the heavens were clear and blue; but all beneath us was shrouded in a sea of mist, that would sometimes clear away, and then press its yellow folds more closely

round every object of interest. This was very provoking : we desired to see what we had seen ; but we remembered how, out of this good man's naturally irritable temperament, he had become gentle, modest, and patient. We could almost fancy the measured yet dulcet tones of his sweet, eloquent voice reproving our unthankfulness for what we had already enjoyed. Considering the unostentatious and righteous nature of the man, we could not agree with Dr. Johnson in thinking it at all wonderful that he condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little devotional songs, poems, and systems of instruction, adapted to the wants and capabilities of children ;* the more he combated with Locke, the greater necessity he perceived for making a Catechism for children of four years old.

The chamber upon whose walls hung the parting breath of this benevolent man might well be an object of the deepest interest to all who follow, however humbly, the faith of Jesus. We were told of a little child who, knowing every hymn he had written, was taken into his room, having some vague but happy idea that she should meet him there. Learning, as she eagerly looked round, that the author of "Watts's Hymns" was dead, she burst into bitter tears, which did not cease while she remained in the house. Many of his works are said to have been produced in this room, which, though small, was lofty and pleasant. The greater number of his poems are devotional. His nature and education both prompted him to employ his talents in the service of his Creator. Poetry with him was but the giving a more delightful and inviting dress to that which is naturally grand, dignified, and beautiful. We remember in his preface to his "Lyric Poetry" he seems to think it almost necessary to apologize for spending the time thus. He says, if he seized these hours of leisure wherein his soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain himself or his friends with a divine or moral song, he hopes he shall find an easy pardon. These "Divine Songs for Children" seem

to have achieved the perfection of their intent. To this hour, when fretful, or in pain, or indisposed for occupation, a line, as we have said, a verse of those hymns, learned in our childhood, sets us "all right again." No wonder, then, that we class the "Divine Songs for Children" among the rarest and most valuable works to which genius has given existence. If the earliest impressions are of the greatest importance, because the most effective and the most enduring, how essential is it that the bias of the young mind should be toward virtue, honesty, industry, humanity, and moral courage ? There is no lesson in either which Dr. Watts has left untaught. Children lisp his verses long before they can read them—the moral fixes upon the mind through the active medium of the imagination, and is retained for life. The "Divine Songs" are neither too high nor—what is less easy of attainment—too low for the comprehension of a child ; and they tempt perusal and thought by the graces of easy rhyme. They are simple without being weak, and they reason without being argumentative ; they are just of sufficient length to be committed to memory, without being long enough to become wearisome as tasks. We do indeed regard their author as one of the great benefactors of the human kind, and have searched in vain among the tomes of poets of far loftier pretensions for so many golden verses as are to be found in the "Divine Songs for Children."

Eight years have passed since this visit was paid to the dwelling-place of Dr Isaac Watts. Eight years ! which, as they rolled on, have left us much, and taken much from us ! And it is good and right to be able to bless God both for what he took and what he left, knowing that the bitter has become sweet, and our foolish repinings have been silenced into wisdom. One, tried and trusted, who was with us then—the heart-friend of our youth, the dear companion of our thoughts and hopes—has been perfected in heaven ; and we never missed her ever-cheerful voice, or sunny smile more, than when we revisited Abney Park but a short time ago. Our very affections become selfish when not tempered by the spirit of charity and love ; the most acceptable homage we can render to the righteous dead, either in the sight of God or man, is by walking to our own graves in their footsteps !

* Doctor Southey, in his "Life," says that he composed rhyming lines for copy-books, containing moral instruction, and beginning with every letter of the alphabet ; copies composed of short letters, for teaching to write even ; and others, each line of which contained all the twenty-four letters.



STATUE IN THE CEMETERY.

Abney Park is now part of a large cemetery. The iron gates by which we entered the drive leading to the house in 1849, are still there; and the trees, the avenues, preserved with a most delicate respect to the memory of the poet, are so well kept—there is such an air of solemnity, and peace, and positive “beauty” in the arrangement of the whole—that if spirits were permitted to visit the earth, we might hope to meet his shade amid his once favorite haunts. There is nothing to offend us in such receptacles for the perishing away of humanity, but everything to soothe and harmonize the feelings of the past and present. A statue in pure and simple character of this high-priest of charity, stands, we were told, upon the “exact spot” where the house stood; but we think it has been placed rather further back than was the dwelling.* Perhaps the site is more ostentatious of display

* The inscription on the pedestal of the statue to Watts, which was executed by E. H. Bailey, R. A., and “erected by public subscription, September, 1845,” is as follows: “In memory of Dr. Isaac Watts, D. D., and in testimony of the high and lasting esteem in which his character and writings are held in the great Christian community, by whom the English language is

than would have met the doctor’s taste had he been consulted; and had it been hid away in a wilderness, where the nightingale sung to the rose, and the cushat converted melancholy into music, he might have liked it better. But all honor to those who honored the teacher of their childhood; he would pardon them this genuine homage. “The mound,” too, from whence he loved to overlook the green and fertile country, (for London at that period had not escaped from Shoreditch,) is walled in, fenced round, and guarded as a sanctuary. We have said that one dreamy tradition affirms that the bones of Cromwell sleep beneath the tablet which records the love of Isaac Watts for that which was in his time lovely and solitary—looking over a large pond, where the heron sat musing by

“the sedgy shallow;”

and commanding, beyond, extensive views of the surrounding country.

The cemetery is also ornamented by a picturesque little church, from which a funeral procession was passing as we entered.

Many of the monuments are remarkable for truth and simplicity, and numbers of the graves were enriched by early flowers in full bloom. The old trees are invaluable to the Abney Park Cemetery, and so suggestive of memories of Dr. Watts, that his home seems still there; though, in reality, his remains—now a mere handful of ashes—are interred in the burying-ground of Bunhill Fields, opposite the

spoken. Of his Psalms and Hymns it may be predicted in his own words:

“Ages unborn will make his songs
The joy and labor of their tongues.”

“He was born at Southampton, July 7th, 1674, and died November 25th, 1748, after a residence of thirty-six years in the mansion of Sir Thomas Abney, Bart., then standing in these grounds.

“Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety; he has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened readers of Malebranche and Locke. He has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined: he has taught the Art of Reasoning and the Science of the Stars; such he was, as every Christian Church would rejoice to have adopted.”—DR. JOHNSON.

chapel where John Wesley preached, when past the age of eighty, to the many missionaries who have since carried his name over the universe.

We visited this crowded place of interment for Dissenters: the walk through its thickened tombs is literally paved, like the chancels of old cathedrals, with tombstones; and our feet frequently recoiled as our eyes caught the name of some time-honored Gospel minister.*

Such a brotherhood of graves is full of profit! The city din sounded like distant thunder; but yet, though the rain splashed on the tombs and sunk into the thickly-matted grass, all seemed silent. We thought upon the memorable words of the old man, "Waiting God's leave to die!" how he had said, "that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support as the common and unlearned; and so," he added, "I find it."

The tomb is square. Southey calls it "handsome." He could hardly have seen it; for it is humble, unpretending, even Quaker-like in its plainness. The epitaph, written by himself, is an index to his humility. He does not tell his age, but counts his years by the length, as it were, of his Gospel ministry—

"Fifty years of feeble labors in the Gospel."

It records his death, on the 25th November, 1748, and adds, that the monument was erected to his memory by Sir John

* Bunhill Fields was known as the city burial-ground in the reign of Charles I., and here was buried the son of his successful opponent—the mild Richard Cromwell. General Fleetwood, Cromwell's Lord-Deputy of Ireland from 1651 to 1654, was also buried here. The ground was walled in at the expense of the city during the great plague of 1665, and was some time afterward purchased by Mr. Tindal, who appropriated it as a burial-ground for persons of any religious persuasion who choose to avail themselves of it. It has hence become the favorite "resting-place" of eminent Protestant Dissenters; and here rest John Bunyan, Dr. Watts, Dr. Price, Dr. Lardner, Dr. A. Rees, author of the "Cyclopaedia," and a host of others celebrated for their learning and piety. An avenue of trees adds to the appearance of this Cemetery, which has been recently enlarged by the removal of some houses at the further extremity. An idea of the immense number of dead here deposited may be formed from the fact, that in the twenty-four years previous to 1821, no fewer than thirty-five thousand bodies had been interred in it.



THE MOUND IN THE CEMETERY.

Hartopp, Bart., and Dame Mary Abney: having been "replaced in 1808 by a few of the persons who met for worship where he so long labored."

The tomb is on the right-hand side of this great burying-ground, which doubtless, when first inclosed, was in the country, but now is surrounded by houses. It is well and carefully kept, but lonely and uncheerful, though the sun came out and turned into crystal the rain-drops which hung from the leaves of the young trees. One man was giving a date and a name to a fresh tombstone; and another told us, when we said how full of death was the inclosure, that there was room enough for many more. We could not avoid wishing that Dr. Isaac Watts had been buried amid the stillness of the groves he loved so well.

GOOD ADVICE.—Among the many good things in the variegated memoirs of Rev. Sidney Smith is the following: "When you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion, instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect, and improve those excellences which command attention and respect." This is excellent advice.



SCENES FROM COWPER'S "TASK."

I SEE a column of slow-rising smoke
 O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
 A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
 Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
 Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
 Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
 Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin'd
 From his accustom'd perch. Hard-faring race!
 They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
 Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves un-
 quench'd
 The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
 Their fluttering rags, and shows a
 tawny skin,
 The vellum of the pedigree they
 claim.
 Great skill have they in palmistry,
 and more
 To conjure clean away the gold
 they touch,
 Conveying worthless dross into its
 place;
 Loud when they beg, dumb only
 when they steal.
 Strange! that a creature rational,
 and cast
 In human mold, should brutalize
 by choice
 His nature; and, though capable
 of arts,
 By which the world might profit,
 and himself,
 Self-banish'd from society, prefer
 Such squalid sloth to honorable
 toil!
 Yet even these, though, feigning
 sickness oft,
 They swathe the forehead, drag the
 limping limb,
 And vex their flesh with artificial
 sores,
 Can change their whine into a
 mirthful note
 When safe occasion offers; and
 with dance,
 And music of the bladder and the
 bag,

Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
 Such health and gayety of heart enjoy
 The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;
 And, breathing wholesome air, and wandering
 much,
 Need other physic none to heal the effects
 Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.
 * * * * *
 God made the country, and man made the
 town.
 What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught





That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and
groves?

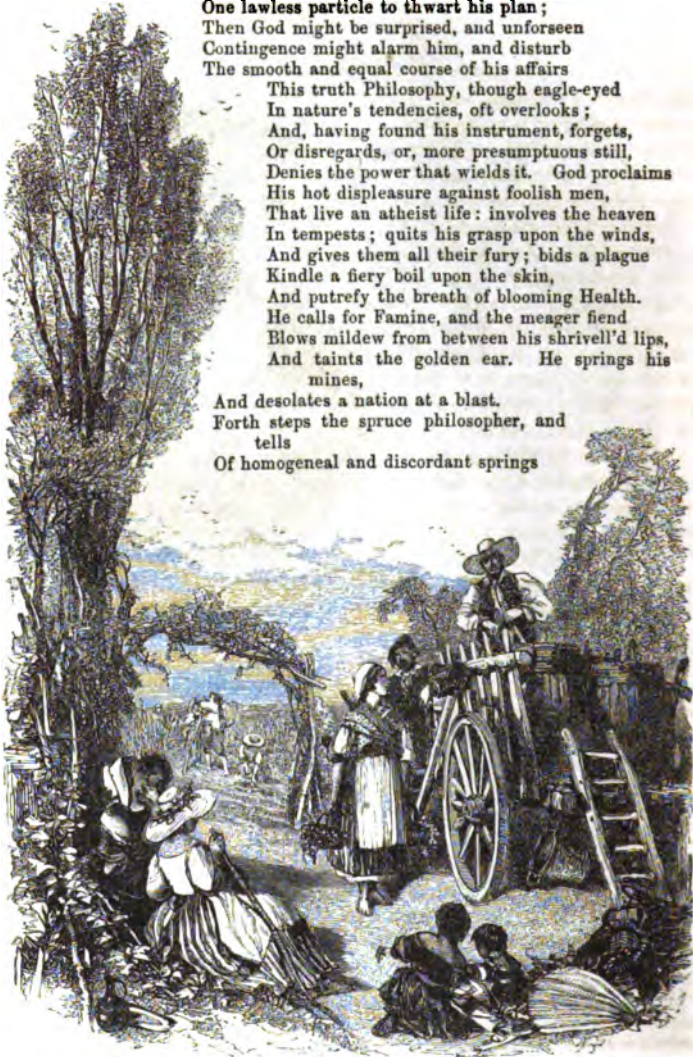
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only can ye shine;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendor of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes; the thrush departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, what enemies could ne'er have
done,

Our arch of empire, stedfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.
O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,

Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach no more! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is
fill'd.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not color'd like his own; and, having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.

* * * * *
Happy the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that checker life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns; (since from the
least
The greatest oft originate;) could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose



One lawless particle to thwart his plan ;
 Then God might be surprised, and forsook
 Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
 The smooth and equal course of his affairs
 This truth Philosophy, though eagle-eyed
 In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks ;
 And, having found his instrument, forgets,
 Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
 Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims
 His hot displeasure against foolish men,
 That live an atheist life : involves the heaven
 In tempests ; quits his grasp upon the winds,
 And gives them all their fury ; bids a plague
 Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
 And putrefy the breath of blooming Health.
 He calls for Famine, and the meager fiend
 Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
 And taints the golden ear. He springs his
 mines,
 And desolates a nation at a blast.
 Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and
 tells
 Of homogeneal and discordant springs

And principles ; of causes, how they work
 By necessary laws their sure effects ;
 Of action and reaction. He has found
 The source of the disease that nature feels,
 And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
 Thou fool ! will thy discovery of the cause
 Suspend the effect, or heal it ? Has not God
 Still wrought by means since first he made the
 world ?
 And did he not of old employ his means
 To drown it ? What is his creation less
 Than a capacious reservoir of means
 Form'd for his use, and ready at his will ?
 Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve ; ask of him,
 Or ask of whomsoever he has taught ;
 And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.
 England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
 My country ! and, while yet a nook is left

Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy
 clime
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
 With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
 With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task ;
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
 As any thunderer there. And I can feel
 Thy follies too ; and with a just disdain
 Frown at effeminate, whose very looks
 Reflect dishonor on the land I love.

THE LITTLE DAUPHIN.

A TALE OF SORROW.

NOT in the records of history, nor even in the regions of romance, is there a more sorrowful tale than that of the little boy of whom our artist has here given a life-like portrait. The tale has been often told, embellished, distorted, and made to suit the fancy, or the political predilections of the narrator. In the unadorned simplicity of truth it is here given, and the unvarnished facts are left to speak for themselves.

On the 27th of March, 1785, there were the gayest manifestations of rejoicing at the Château de Versailles. King Louis XVI., followed by all his court, went to the palace chapel to hear *Te Deum* sung in celebration of the birth of a young prince, his second son, who came into the world "at five minutes before seven in the evening."

Nursed amid elegance and luxury, the child grew and prospered, and soon, by his childish, winning ways, gained the hearts of all about him. In his gay beaming eyes, in his bright fantastic playfulness, in his very tricks of whim and willfulness, his mother saw and recognized every child-like grace and beauty. With a slight, but well-shaped figure, he had a forehead broad and open, the eyebrows finely arched, and the eyes large and blue, and of a soft and mild expression; his complexion was fair and blooming; his mouth well formed and rosy; his hair, of a dark chestnut color, curled naturally, and fell in ringlets over his shoulders; and on his chin there was a dimple, which reminded the beholder of his mother. His countenance partook of the peculiarities of both parents, uniting something of the dignity of Marie Antoinette with the milder amiability of Louis. All his movements were full of vivacity and gracefulness; and in his manner of behavior and address, there was a delicate and natural simplicity. His mental characteristics at this age were too partially developed to be very accurately described, though, from the representations we have received, he appears to have been of a quick and lively apprehension, sensitively affectionate, and, upon the whole, of a tractable and generous disposition.



Everything that is told of the prince gives one the impression of a kindly and gentle nature. Of important particulars, there are none: his life is simply that of a child reared in luxury and tenderness, secluded from every hurtful influence, and happy through the perfection of its innocence. All the days pass brightly with him. The hours roll on in gay succession, and cast no shadows over the gladsome path in which he walks. So have passed the years with him in the seclusion of Versailles—a gladsome, happy season—which, however, is destined not to last.

For what mean these tumults, which in the summer months of 1789 are breaking out in Paris? The people there have risen in insurrection, urged by famine, by desperation, by vague, alarming rumors of impending massacres, by every imaginable illusion that can excite the fears of human nature in a state of panic and uncertainty. The Bastille has been stormed and taken; Paris and all France are getting armed; daily, on the Palais Royal, there is loud haranguing of the population by excited orators on the urgency of affairs; at the Hôtel de Ville the city authorities are striving to maintain some show of order, and discussing how Paris can be kept supplied with bread; the press is eloquent on the "rights of man." Every

morning one enormous difficulty recurs—the women, at street corners, and before the doors of bakers' shops, discuss this dreadful question with exasperated, mournful faces, with shrill, illogical eloquence—which, however, produces a result. On the 4th of October somebody suggests the bold expedient of going to Versailles to fetch the king! The king once in Paris, they think, the scarcity must cease; that, surely, a supreme governor and protector of his people must have some secret divine gift for decreeing plentuousness. Under this sublime infatuation, some thousands of them are next morning in readiness to march. They march first to the Hôtel de Ville, hurrying with them all the women they chance to meet upon the road, under penalty of cutting off their hair. On entering the square, they are confronted by the National Guards; but they charge infantry and cavalry with a shower of stones, and the soldiers cannot make up their minds to fire on them. The women then force open the Hôtel de Ville, and enter all the offices, inquiring curiously into the use of every room, and entreating the representatives of the districts, who were present, to give a kind reception to the ladies they had forced to accompany them, several of whom, they said, were in a delicate state of health. Some, however, who were wild and ravenous, shouted out for *bread and arms*, and ordered the municipals to burn their writings and waste paper. They were even going to set fire to these themselves, and might possibly have burned the building, had they not been prevented by a man who presently gained an influence over them by his adroitness of address. This was Stanislaus Maillard, a person of gigantic stature, of severe countenance, by profession a bailiff, who agrees in the end to lead the women to Versailles. They appoint him their captain by acclamation, and he puts himself at the head of them, with ten or a dozen drums and a piece of cannon. There are about eight thousand women, followed by some hundreds of armed men—a hungry, excited, undrilled multitude, the leading and the guiding of whom is a work demanding rather a masterly sort of generalship. They enter Versailles, singing the popular and loyal air of *Henry IV*. The people of the town are delighted, and respond, "*Vivent nos Parisiennes!*" Maillard leads them to the National Assembly, where,

however, he will not allow more than a select number to enter. The Assembly is astonished at the invasion, but cannot help itself.

Meanwhile, another crowd of people, including about thirty thousand of the National Guards, had followed the women to Versailles. The next day, the château was stormed, and the king and the royal family were compelled to go to Paris. Nothing less than this would satisfy the people. The National Assembly, on Mirabeau's proposition, voted their inseparability from his majesty, and prepared to accompany him. Surrounded by deputies, by an army, by an innumerable concourse of his people, King Louis departs from the palace of Versailles, not to return again. About one o'clock the whole multitude is in motion, and marching toward Paris, some before the king, and some behind. They march with little order—a huge miscellaneous procession. "Men and women all go as they can—on foot or on horseback, in coaches and carts, on carriages of cannon, or whatever they could find." On the way they had the fortune to meet with a large convoy of flour—a prize extremely welcome to a famished town. As they march along, the women carry large loaves of bread on pikes. They enter Paris in a merry humor, as though satisfied with the termination of their exploit. "Fear for nothing now," cried they; "no more poverty. We are bringing back the Baker* and his wife, and the little shop-boy!"

Poor little shop-boy! On entering the Tuileries, he exclaims, "Everything is very ugly here, mamma."

The queen was probably of his opinion, but she replied: "My dear, Louis XIV. lived here, and found it very comfortable; we must not be more fastidious than he."

But you cannot teach a child contentment. He yearned after the old familiar scenes, and it was not until he had got a garden assigned to him, that he became reconciled to the change. He then took to rearing rabbits and cultivating flowers, as aforesaid. As all the royal family were now under strict surveillance, the little prince was usually attended in his movements by a detachment of the National Guards. The dauphin did not often leave the Tuileries.

* The king was called the Great Baker.

Great public events are, meanwhile, going on. The king finds himself a prisoner in his palace, and has reason enough to fear that neither his own life, nor the life of the queen, nor of any member of his family, is safe from danger. The question of flight has often been secretly discussed, and at length it is concluded that in no other course is there any prospect of deliverance. On the 20th of June, 1791, the whole court is leaving Paris in the night; the intention being to travel in disguise to Montmédy, a frontier fortress, where arrangements had been made for their reception by the Marquis de Bouillé, who was in command of a large army in those parts.

When they woke up the dauphin at eleven o'clock at night, to dress him like a girl, and his sister asked him what he thought they were going to do: "I think," replied he, with his eyes half shut, "I think we are going to play a comedy, because we are disguised." The flight to Varennes was, indeed, something of a comedy, though running in the later acts into very painful tragedy. Count Fersen, the prince of coachmen, drove the fugitives out of Paris in the gayest style as far as Bondy, and saw them safely started on the road to Châlons. Relays of horses were already prepared at every post-house. Some distance short of Châlons, however, the king's carriage, though a new one made for the occasion, required repairs, and the royal family were detained an hour. A fatal hour, which threw all the arrangements wrong. But as yet there appeared no danger. They passed through Châlons about four in the afternoon; were recognized by a few bystanders, who prudently said nothing, and the carriages proceeded on their way. On passing the gates of the town, the king, the queen, and Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, all exclaimed together, "We are saved!" But this, as it turned out, was rather premature gratulation. At the Pont de Sommeville they were to have been met by a detachment of huzzars from M. de Bouillé's camp; but, lo! on arriving there about six o'clock, not a soldier is to be seen. They had been waiting for six hours, under pretense of escorting "a quantity of specie," and being fearful of creating suspicions, had gone half an hour before. The fugitives, disconcerted, go onwards to St. Menehould, expecting there to be met by an escort of dragoons; and on

putting his head out of the window to look for them, the king was recognized by Drouet, the postmaster, by his likeness to the effigy upon the coins and assignats. The carriages pass out of St. Menehould without hinderance; but in the meanwhile, away rides Drouet by the shortest road to Varennes, to give notice to the municipality, and intercept them. When the king arrived, it was past eleven o'clock; the little town seemed all asleep; the horses expected to be in waiting were nowhere visible, and no information respecting them could be obtained. They were, in fact, stationed at a place further on, over the bridge, in what is called the Lower Town—a prudent enough arrangement, but one with which the king had not been made acquainted. The delay thereby occasioned was fatal to further progress. On trying to go on with the former horses, the royal carriages were stopped upon the bridge by Drouet and an armed party, and the travelers compelled to alight and show their passports. They were carried to a grocer's shop, the residence of M. Sausse, procureur-syndic of Varennes.

There is no hope left. The queen withdraws indignantly with the king's sister to an upper room, where her children were asleep, and looking on their helpless faces, burst passionately into tears. The king, after some time, joined them, and they all lay down, dressed as they were, and without hearing of the threatening murmurs of the people and the noise of footsteps, which every instant increased beneath the windows. Such was their situation in Varennes at seven o'clock in the morning. "The queen had not slept; all her feelings as a wife, a mother, a queen—rage, terror, despair—waged so terrible a conflict in her mind, that her hair, which had been auburn on the previous evening, was in the morning as white as snow."

The house and streets were filled with people, when, about seven o'clock in the morning, appeared M. de Romeuf, aide-de-camp of Lafayette, bearing with him a decree of the Assembly, which he, with much confusion, presented to the king. On reading it, the king exclaimed: "There is no longer a king in France!" The queen read it after him; and then he took it up, and read it over again, laying it afterward upon the bed where the children were still lying. The queen, with fierce impetuosity, threw it off the bed,

exclaiming, "I will not have it sully my children." An officer present took up the document, and placed it on the table. By the noise in the room, the children were awakened; and the dauphin, in particular, attracted the attention of the people. Some admired his beauty, others put questions to him about the journey, which, however, were scarcely answered by the drowsy child, whose eyes, as they opened, sought his mother's, endeavoring to read there an explanation of what was passing.

"O, Charles," his sister whispered to him, "you were sadly mistaken; this is not a comedy."

"I have found that out long since," returned the boy.

It is verily no comedy; the turn which things are taking is visibly becoming tragical. The king is escorted back to Paris as a captive, amid the hootings and jeers of crowds of people who precede and follow him along the road. Here and there some little sympathy is manifested by loyal-hearted individuals; but, in general, the populations of the towns and villages through which the procession passes are hostile and derisive. "The journey," says Lamartine, "was a Calvary of sixty leagues, every step of which was a torture."

Paris looms murky in the distance; and heavily beat the hearts of the poor captives, as the procession advances slowly into the grim, tumultuous city. On all the walls is posted the proclamation; "whoever cheers the king shall be beaten; whoever insults him shall be hanged." The citizens receive him with sullen, distrustful countenances, with suppressed indignation, silent hatred, and contempt. The foreheads of the children streamed with perspiration, and the poor little dauphin could hardly breathe. Tremblingly, but quickly, the queen let down one of the windows, appealing to the people nearest for compassion and a little air. "See, gentlemen," she exclaimed, "in what a state my poor children are—one of them is choking." "Ay, we will choke you in another fashion," replied some, ferociously, in an under-tone. It is the evening of the 25th of June, five days after the night of their departure.

That night, as soon as the dauphin was in bed, he called to his attendant, M. Hue, and said: "Tell me what all this is about? We had no sooner got to Varennes than they sent us back again. Why was that?

I can't tell at all: do you know?" M. Hue knew well enough, but he understood the need of silence, and represented to the prince, that he must not speak to any one a single word about the journey. The child, though weary, lay a long while restless; and, as Royalists report, when he at last fell asleep, he had a frightful dream, in which he seemed to be surrounded by wolves, tigers, and all manner of ferocious beasts—a dream which they interpret as portending all the dreadful things which subsequently happened.

Royalty in France is fallen. King Louis is henceforth a king without authority. It will require but a few more heavings of the Revolution to strike the crown from off his head. The Constituent Assembly dissolves itself, and is succeeded by a new assembly called the Legislative, which ere long begins to aim at the total overthrow of the monarchy. Very early the Assembly passed two decrees, which brought it into direct collision with his majesty: one, pronouncing a sentence of death against all French emigrants in arms on the frontier who did not disarm themselves within a given time; and the other, decreeing the banishment of "unsworn priests"—that is, all the clergy who, from conscientious motives, had not subscribed to the new ecclesiastical regulations established by the Revolution. By an article of the Constitution, the king was empowered to withhold his sanction from the Assembly's decrees, and, accordingly, by his veto he stopped the two in question. The result was another insurrection, another violent invasion of the royal palace by an armed and furious mob, angrily demanding the sanction of the decrees, and the restoration of the Girondist ministers, recently dismissed. The king's life was in danger; but he withstood the tumult firmly, and even won the good-will of some of the rioters by his frankness and intrepidity. He put on the *bonnet rouge*—red cap of liberty—to please them, and the act was accepted as the sign of his good faith. The rebels were the most exasperated against the queen, and after seeking her throughout the chateau, found her at length in a swoon in company with her children. The little dauphin, now seven years old, was seated on a table before her; his innocent face radiant with all the beauty of the Bourbons, and expressive of more surprise than fear. The most ferocious of the rebels were softened in

such a presence. They saw before them a lovely woman, a queen humiliated—a young, innocent girl—a child smiling at his father's enemies; and though fierce with rage and hatred, their better sensibilities were awakened. They did the queen no harm; but made her put the *bonnet rouge* upon her son, which he, in his simplicity, regarded as an act of playfulness. The people were at last dispersed by Santerre and Petion; and after an agony of five hours, the royal family were left amid the wrecks of their battered and disordered palace. This was the day of the 20th of June, 1793, one year after the unlucky fight to Varennes.

A more portentous day is coming—the memorable 10th of August—on which the monarchy was finally overthrown. An immense multitude marched against the Tuileries, shouting, “Deposition—deposition, or death!” The National Guard, stationed to defend the palace, fraternizes with the insurgents; danger is imminent; resistance quite impossible. For safety, the king is urged to repair to the Assembly. And so they go to the Assembly, through the thick of the tumult, conducted by brave men, who are prepared to die in guarding them; the little dauphin being carried in the arms of a grenadier. Insults and threatenings smite their ears as they proceed; and from the throats of thousands there is a cry of, “Down with the tyrant!” “Death to the tyrant!” They reach the hall of the Assembly, but the tumult does not subside. Within, and all around the château, murder and pillage are going on; murder rages to the very doors of the Assembly, where, above the noise of legislative oratory, and the stormy interruptions of the deputies, may be heard the louder ragings of the multitude, the vociferations of assassins, the cries of victims—all the horrible, indefinite, confused uproar of a people rampant in their fury, and utterly without mercy. Within the Assembly itself the agitation is extreme, the heat excessive; the hall and galleries are thronged with people coming and going every minute; it is a scene of the uttermost disorder, bewildered motion, clamors, and intrusions never ceasing. Blood-stained men bring in their plunderings from the Tuileries—rouleaus of gold, silver dishes, diamonds, portfolios—which they deposit on the table of the president, amid the cheers and salutations of the deputies. Once a man rushed in,

showing his bare gory arm to the Assembly: “I offer,” said he, “to take the king's life, if it be necessary!” Others, less violent, simply demanded his deposition. Deputations from several quarters insist on this, as the condition on which the insurrection is to cease. The Assembly, divided between the fear of supporting the throne, and the dread of being crushed under its fall, after considerable hesitation, at length yields to the demands of the insurgents. The eloquent Vergniaud mounts the tribune, and proposes the deposition; the decree passes unanimously; and Louis hears the sentence without surprise, and submits to it without regret.

That night the royal family were lodged in the committee-rooms of the Assembly, formerly part of the old convent of the Feuillants. The next morning they were reconducted to the hall, and remained there throughout the day. It was proposed to prepare the old palace of the Luxembourg for their reception; but inasmuch as the Commune of Paris disapproved of this arrangement, and had now, by means of the insurrection, become a power superior to the Assembly, it insisted on the king's removal to the Tower of the Temple. Thither, accordingly, he was conducted, along with the rest of the royal family, on the 13th of August—never more to resume the kingly functions, or even to regain his liberty.

Amid all this revolutionary uproar, our little dauphin has not appeared conspicuously. Only once or twice have we been enabled to get glimpses of his wondering and troubled countenance. He is too young to understand the immense events that have been passing, and knows not how fair a heritage he has lost, nor what great sorrows are rising through the dimness of the coming years.

The Temple, though now no longer in existence, once held an important place among the historical monuments of Paris. It derived its name from the Templars, the first of the military and religious orders founded in the twelfth century for the defense of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem. In 1793 it consisted of a large square tower, flanked at its four angles by four round towers, and having on the north side another separate tower, of less dimensions than the first, surmounted by turrets, and usually called the Little Tower. Apartments were prepared for

them in the Little Tower, and here they were watched and guarded in all respects as prisoners.

From the first the king perceives the end to which events are rapidly conducting him, and with manly, unflinching courage, accepts his destiny. He is ready and resigned to die, when his enemies determine to take his life. But while life remains to him, he quietly endeavors to turn the days to some account; and having no higher duty left him, he finds it one of his greatest consolations to employ his time in the education of his son. M. Beauchesne says:

"In this child of seven years and a half old, there was a combination of force and grace, rare even in the most highly endowed nature. Sometimes the seriousness of his thought gave his conversation a character full of nobleness; sometimes, on the contrary, the frank playfulness of his years shone forth without regrets and without desires. Already he thought no more of past greatness; he was happy to live, and he was only turned to grief by the tears which sometimes stole down his mother's cheeks. He never spoke of his games and walks of former days; he never uttered the name of Versailles, or that of the Tuilleries; he seemed to regret nothing."

It was enough for him to be with those who loved him, and whom he instinctively loved and revered with all the strength of his young affections. While he remained with them, his tranquil and joyous presence lightened the gloom of their captivity; and for himself, he was scarcely conscious of the restraints that were put upon his liberty. The lessons which his father gave him daily served to occupy a considerable portion of his time; and the rest was spent in innocent amusements with his sister, or in interesting, cheerful converse with his mother and his aunt. The royal family were generally permitted to take exercise together in the Temple gardens, and here the dauphin had an opportunity of playing at some of his favorite outdoor games. The king and queen looked on with saddened faces; but it was some relief to them to see their child engaged in pastimes and recreations befitting his age, and they carefully forbore to damp his gayety by the intrusion of their private sorrows.

Ere long, however, the little consolation they all enjoyed, in thus living together and partaking in common of the solitudes that appertained to their situation, was harshly and cruelly taken from them.

By an order of the Commune, the king was separated from his family, and removed to the Great Tower, where preparations had been in progress for his reception from the beginning of his incarceration. But by favor of the municipals on duty, this was not a final separation. Though confined apart, they were allowed to spend a portion of the day together; and when the queen and the rest of the royal family were removed to the Great Tower, this privilege was for some time continued. The young dauphin, however, was taken away from his mother, and transferred to his father's room, to which he was thenceforth restricted, save when the king was allowed to join his family. The poor boy was so afflicted and incensed by the separation, as to take the first opportunity of showing his resentment toward the officials. There was a mason, named Mercereau, who sauntered about the Temple instead of working, and whose habit it was to address every one in the most familiar manner, expecting, perhaps, by his extreme demagogism, to gain a reputation for immense patriotism with the Commune. As the young prince did not exhibit toward him the respect which he thought due to his pretensions, the fellow one day said to him: "Dost thou not know that liberty has rendered us free, and that now we are all equal?"

"Equal, if you like," replied the dauphin, glancing toward his father; "but it is not in this place you will persuade us that liberty has made us free."

The removal of the royal family into the Great Tower occasioned but little change in their habits and manner of living. For awhile, the daily meals, the lessons, the walks, the education of the children, were all regulated as before. A time, however, arrived when this monotonous existence was brought to a distressing close. On the 11th of December the young prince was abruptly taken from the king, and once more sent to the apartment of his mother. That same day Louis XVI. was conducted to the bar of the Convention, to be interrogated preparatory to his trial. During the preparations for this proceeding, he was not permitted to have any communication with his family. The trial took place on the 26th, with a result well known to all the world. The National Convention, however, deferred judgment until the 15th of January, when

they passed a decree, declaring "Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against the liberty of the nation, and of having assailed the general security of the state." Sentence of death was pronounced two days afterward; and, on the morning of the 21st, the great tragedy was accomplished.

The day before he suffered, the king had a final interview with his wife, his sister, and his children. The agony and bitterness of that hour it would be vain to attempt describing. They met with passionate embraces, and then there followed a mournful silence, broken only by sobs and sighings; the uncontrollable utterance of an unspeakable distress. After some little time, "the king sat down, the queen placed herself on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Marie-Thérèse just before him, and the young prince stood between his father's knees; and leaning all toward him, they frequently embraced him." The mournful scene lasted an hour and three quarters. When it was nearly over, the king made them all promise that they would never think of attempting to avenge his death. "My father was well assured," says the princess royal, "that we should consider as sacred the fulfillment of his last wishes; but my brother's extreme youth made him desirous of making a stronger impression on the boy's mind. He took him upon his knee, and said to him: 'My son, you have heard what I have just said; but as oaths are something more sacred still than words, swear, with your hands held up to heaven, that you will obey your father's dying injunction.' My brother, bursting into tears, obeyed, and this most affecting goodness doubled our own grief." And thus they parted for evermore: one, to vanish in the eternal darkness; the others, to return, with blinding tears and piercing lamentations, to a dreary, disconsolate captivity, with the most dismal uncertainties hanging over them!

For some months after the king's death, the surviving members of the royal family lived all together in the same apartments they had previously occupied. When the first outbursts of their grief had to some extent subsided, and their misery assumed the form of a fixed despondency, the queen and Madame Elizabeth employed themselves, as formerly, in furthering the education of the children, and in performing

for them such necessary household services as were required by their situation. Of what was going on in the outward world, they received but little intimation; their existence from day to day was but a continuance of dull anxiety, varied only by the changes of their personal fears and apprehensions, and the ever-recurring insults they were destined to endure. Their memories retained nothing they could bring forth and dwell upon for consolation; and for the present and the future they were utterly without hope. With the past all blotted over with blood and outrage, and before them no prospect but an abyss of gloom and black uncertainty, it might seem that nothing more could happen to them which was likely to enlarge their misery.

But the subtlest human foresight cannot tell what a day may bring forth. Unthought of, and unsuspected by the prisoners of the Temple, on the 1st of July, 1793, appears the following decree: "The Committee of Public Safety decrees that the son of Capet be separated from his mother, and committed to the charge of a tutor, to be chosen by the Council-General of the Commune." On the 3d, under the sanction of the Convention, this decision was carried into effect.

It was about ten o'clock at night, and the young dauphin was sleeping soundly in his bed. The queen and her sister were busy mending clothes, and Marie-Thérèse sitting between them reading. Often as the young girl paused, at the end of a chapter, or in turning over a leaf, the fond mother would raise her head, let fall her work upon her lap, and looking toward the bed, listen to the quiet breathing of the boy; and thus so far of the evening had passed away. Suddenly the tread of many feet sounded on the staircase; locks and bolts were moved; the door opened, and six municipals walked into the room. "We are come," said one of them, gruffly, "to acquaint you with an order from the Committee, that the son of Capet be separated from his mother and family."

As the words were uttered, the queen rose up, pale with the suddenness of the shock. "Take away my child from me!" she cried. "No, no; it is not possible!" Marie-Thérèse and Madame Elizabeth looked on with helpless anguish. "Gentlemen," said the queen, striving to command her faltering voice, "the Commune cannot think of separating me from my son;

he is so young, so weakly—he needs my care so much.”

“This decree has been made by the Committee,” replied the municipal; “the Convention has ratified the measure; and it is our duty to carry it out immediately.”

“I never can resign myself to such a separation,” cried the unhappy mother. “In the name of Heaven, do not lay this terrible trial upon me.”

Her two companions mingled their prayers and tears with hers. They were all three standing before the child's bed, in a manner defending the approach to it, and sobbing and clasping their hands; no lamenting could have been more touching, no supplication more intensely humble. The scene might have softened the hardest hearts; but what could men charged with such a commission do?

“What is the use of all this disturbance?” said they; “we are not going to kill your child. Give him up with a good grace, or we shall use means to take him.”

The poor child was awakened by the noise, and threw himself instantly into his mother's arms. After some further passionate altercations with the commissaries, the unfortunate queen was obliged to give him up. She dressed him—not quickly, but lingering over every article of his apparel to prolong the time. At length, concentrating all the remaining strength of her perturbed heart, she sat down upon a chair, drew her son before her, laid her hands on his little shoulders, and calm, motionless, and composed in her distress, without shedding a tear, or heaving a single sigh, she said to him, in a sad and solemn tone: “My child, we are going to part. Remember your duty when I am no longer present to remind you of it. Never forget the good God who tries your faith, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, patient, and straightforward, and your father will bless you from heaven!” So saying, she kissed him on the forehead, and then, with a majestic resignation, delivered him to his jailers. The affrighted child rushed back, and clung to his mother's dress. “My son,” said she, “you must obey—you must!” The men led him away, and the door was closed—closed for ever between the mother and her child. She had borne the anguish of the moment bravely; but now came tears and sobs, and cries as of a soul subdued by an unquenchable despair. She flung herself in

desperation on the deserted bed: all the wretchedness that mothers in their bereavement have ever felt, or can hereafter feel, was hers. I have not words to paint the passion and the agony of her angust and stupendous sorrow.

(To be continued.)

[For the National Magazine.]

THE RAIN.

Like a gentle joy descending,
To the earth a glory lending,
Comes the pleasant rain;
Fairer now the flowers are growing,
Fresher now the winds are blowing,
Swifter now the streams are flowing,
Gladder waves the grain;
Grove and forest, field and mountain,
Bathing in the crystal fountain,
Drinking in the inspiration,
Offer up a glad oblation—
All around, about, above us,
Things we love and things that love us,
Bless the gentle rain.

Children's voices now are ringing,
Some are shouting, some are singing,
On the way to school;

And the beaming eye shines brighter,
And the bounding pulse beats lighter,
As the little feet grow whiter,

Paddling in the pool;
O! the rain, it is a blessing,
Sweeter than the sun's caressing,
Softer, gentler—yes, in seeming,
Gladder than the sunlight gleaming,
To the children shouting, singing,
With the voices clear and ringing,
Going to the school.

Beautiful and still and holy,
Like the spirit of the lowly,
Comes the quiet rain;
'Tis a fount of joy distilling,
And the lyre of earth is trilling,
Swelling to a strain;
Nature opens wide her bosom,
Bursting buds begin to blossom,
To her very soul 'tis stealing,
All the springs of life unsealing,
Singing stream and rushing river,
Drink it in and praise the Giver
Of the blessed rain.

Lo! the clouds are slowly parting,
Sudden gleams of light are darting
Through the falling rain;
Clearer now the sky is beaming,
Softer now the light is streaming,
With its shining fingers gleaming
'Mid the golden grain;
Greener now the grass is springing,
Sweeter now the birds are singing,
Clearer now the shout is ringing;
Earth the purified rejoices,
With the silver-sounding voices,
Sparkling, flashing like a prism,
In the beautiful baptism
Of the blessed rain.

LURA A. BROWN.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE MORALITY OF CONFUCIUS.

THREE hundred millions of people reverently bow before the name of Confucius. More than two thousand years have passed away since he wrought his reformations in China, and yet the glory of his name is undimmed, if, indeed, it has not gained increasing luster. It is scarcely possible to conceive, without witnessing its manifestations, the great enthusiasm which still pervades all classes of Chinese life for this venerable name. Temples the most magnificent are erected to his memory in all the cities and most of the large towns. His images and tablets are found in nearly all the public buildings, in all the halls of literary examinations, in all the schools, and in the private residences of most of the literati of the empire. His writings constitute not simply the elements of Chinese literature, but the substance and the measurement of Chinese education and literary excellence. No man has ever dared to call in question his opinions or dissent from his aphorisms, while succeeding philosophers and scholars, supposing the very highest point of excellence to have been attained by Confucius, have contented themselves with studying and commenting upon his productions. His works constitute the text-books in all the schools, and the basis of literary examinations. And a knowledge of them is the foundation of all literary and official excellence in the empire. His authority is the last appeal in all questions of morality and political economy, and throughout the whole empire of China a quotation from the writings of Confucius constitutes an *ipse dixit* before which men of all classes stand in mute submission.

Certainly this long-continued and widespread devotion to a mere man stands out alone in the history of the world, and is somewhat difficult of explanation. Had Confucius given to the Chinese a system of religion, which had won the people to him as religious devotees, after the manner of Brahma or Budh, we could simply say that his system occupied the ground first to the exclusion of all others. But Confucius gave no religion to the Chinese. Could we say that his system had degenerated into a superstitious idolatry of Confucius himself, it would explain the

circumstances in accordance with a frequently manifested tendency of the human mind. But Confucianism has not so degenerated, nor is Confucius an object of superstitious veneration. To this day he is looked upon as a simple citizen, born two thousand three hundred years ago in the little kingdom of Loo, filling for a few years an important office in his native kingdom, devoting the most of his life to the reformation of the morals and politics of his country, and dying crowned with laurels in a good old age. Confucius is not a god, unless in view of the popular opinion that his manes is still interested in the welfare of China, and still concerned in watching over and directing the interests of the nation; we may call him the tutelary deity of China, but even here it would be more proper to call him the patron saint of the Chinese, for they predicate of him no attribute of divinity.

The secret of this veneration is found in the perfect adaptation of the lessons of Confucius to the character and wants of the Chinese mind. The Chinese, as a people, care nothing for abstract or metaphysical ideas, and take no interest in long philosophical speculations. Cosmogony, theosophy, the origin, nature, and destiny of man, are subjects about which they feel no concern. "They ask of time only what may suffice for life, of science and letters only what is required to fill official employments, of the greatest principles only their practical consequences, and of morality nothing but the political and utilitarian part." This is just what Confucius has given them. He has drawn from them from the ancient records—for China had an antiquity even at his day—and from his own genius an admirable system of politico-moral philosophy so eminently practical, so conservative and utilitarian, that it only deserves the name of a philosophy from the nature of the subjects, and not from the manner in which he has treated them. The very age of Confucius produced in China another philosopher named Laou-kium, a man of much more speculative mind, depth of thought, and subtlety of genius than the great sage, and one, too, from whom Confucius himself borrowed many of his best ideas of morality; yet Laou-kium failed to impress his thoughts on the Chinese, and only gave to them a subtle system of philosophy which has

degenerated into superstition, while his more practical, but less profound cotemporary has stamped his lessons on all of Chinese life.

The opinions and lessons, the illustrations and arguments of Confucius, are peculiarly Chinese, drawn from Chinese sources, carefully addressed to the Chinese mind, and delivered in Chinese style. He has flattered their nationality and put them in a good humor with themselves. He has thrown an air of sanctity around the antiquities of the empire; he has defined and extolled their ancient institutions; he has described and lauded their ancient kings; he has illustrated and praised their ancient sages; he has explained and perpetuated their ancient civilization; he has given a firm basis to their government; he has explained the nature and enforced the duties of the social and domestic relations, and in his manifold practical lessons he has successfully taught them the art of living in peace, of commanding without oppression, and of obeying without degradation. His lessons have given perpetuity to the empire of China by defining and enforcing the relations and duties of those in authority, and by illustrating and enjoining the interests and duties of those in subjection.

But let us glance at some of his principles. The great objects aimed at by Confucius in all his writings are well stated in the summing up of the arguments of one of his books—the *Ta-hioh*: "The improvement of one's self, the regulation of a family, the government of a state, and the rule of an empire." The connection of these objects with each other is very finely exhibited in a passage, which is also a fine illustration of the peculiarly Chinese style of the philosopher:

"The ancients, who wished to restore reason to its due luster throughout the empire, first regulated the province which they each governed; desirous of governing well their own kingdoms, they previously established order and virtue in their own houses; for the sake of establishing domestic order they began with self-renovation; to renovate their own minds they first gave a right direction to their affections; wishing to direct their passions aright, they previously corrected their ideas and desires; and to rectify these they enlarged their knowledge to the utmost. Now this enlargement of knowledge consists in a most thorough and minute acquaintance with the nature of things around us. A thorough acquaintance with the nature of things renders knowledge deep and consummate; from hence proceed

just ideas and desires; erroneous ideas once corrected, the affections of the soul move in the right direction; the passions thus rectified, the mind naturally obeys reason, and the empire of reason restored in the soul, domestic order follows of course; from hence flows order throughout the whole province; and one province rightly governed may serve as a model for the whole empire."

According to the ideas of Confucius, the great movements and revolutions of the empire are under the direct guidance of Heaven; according to the will of this superior power dynasties rise and fall; it chooses whom it pleases as its representative, and communicates to him its absolute authority over the people. When an emperor departs from the paths of virtue, and ceases to rule in accordance with the principles of heavenly wisdom and virtue, Heaven abandons him, and withdraws its credentials. The emperor is the son of Heaven and the parent of the empire, and as such has a right to the respect, the veneration, and obedience of his children. His authority is absolute, but he may only use it as a wise parent uses his authority for the interests and welfare of his children, and hence should not become despotic. He should rule as a father; the people should respect and obey as children.

"Virtue," (says the *Shu-king*), "is the basis of good government; and this consists, first, in procuring to the people the things necessary for preservation; and, secondly, in rendering them virtuous, and preserving them from whatever can injure life and health."

"If the prince punishes, the punishment should not pass from the parents to the children; but if he bestows rewards, their benefits will reach to descendants. In regard to involuntary faults, he pardons them without inquiring whether they be great or small; but willful offenses, however apparently trifling, should always be punished. In the case of doubtful faults, the punishment should be light; but a service rendered, though doubtful, should receive a large recompense. He will rather not execute the laws against criminals than punish an innocent person. A virtue that delights in preserving the lives of the subjects gains the hearts of the people."

"It is only the man who is possessed of that clear discrimination and profound intelligence which fit him for filling a high station; who possesses that enlarged liberality and mild benignity which fit him for bearing with others; who manifests that firmness and magnanimity that enable him to hold fast to principles; who is actuated by the love of justice, justice, propriety, and knowledge; who commands reverence; and who

learned in polite learning and good principles as to qualify him rightly to discriminate."

In forming a system of morality he divides men into three classes : Men of the highest order, as sages, philanthropists, and heroes, who are good without instruction ; men of the middling class, who are good after instruction, such as husbandmen, physicians, astrologers, and soldiers ; and those of the lowest class, who are bad in spite of instruction, such as play-actors, pettifoggers, swindlers, &c. He thus describes the princely or model man :

"The princely man in dealing with others does not descend to anything low or improper. How unbending his valor ! He stands erect and inclines not to either side. The princely man enters into no situation where he is not himself. If he holds a high situation, he does not treat with contempt those below him ; if he occupies an inferior station, he uses no mean arts to gain the favor of his superiors. He corrects himself and blames not others ; he feels no dissatisfaction. On the one hand, he murmurs not at Heaven ; nor, on the other, does he feel resentment toward man. Hence the superior man dwells at ease, entirely waiting the will of Heaven."

Chung-yung furnishes us the principles from which Confucius has developed his whole system of morality :

"From the time man arrives at a sufficient age to make use of his reason, he should form his conduct on the three following rules : 1st, to render to the authors of his existence the same duties which he would exact of his own children ; 2d, to entertain for his prince the same fidelity, and for his superiors the same respect that he would exact in a similar position from his inferiors ; 3d, to love his equals as himself, and to do nothing to others which he would not wish them to do to him."

To the first and last of these principles we desire to direct attention, as they constitute the great central ideas of the Confucian system, which, developed to their remotest influences by the genius of the philosopher, have given form, efficiency, and perpetuity to the government of China, and in their influence over millions of people during twenty-three centuries have demonstrated their power and importance. The first is the idea of filial reverence and obedience, which in the system of Confucius constitutes the great basis of government. As we have seen, the Chinese government, even to the authority of the emperor, is drafted from this idea. The *Le-Ke*, or Book of Rites, thus speaks of the estimate placed on this virtue by Confucius :

"Confucius sitting at leisure with his pupil, Ssang Ssan, by his side, said to him, 'Do you understand how the ancient kings, who professed the greatest virtue and the best moral principles, rendered the whole empire so obedient that the people lived in peace and harmony, and no ill-will existed between inferiors and superiors?' Tsang Tsan, rising from his seat, replied, 'Destitute as I am of discernment, how can I understand the subject?' 'Filial duty,' said the sage, 'is the root of virtue, and the stem from which instruction in moral principles springs forth. Sit down, and I will explain this to you. The first thing that filial duty requires is, that we carefully preserve from all injury, and in a perfect state, the bodies which we have received from our parents. And when we acquire for ourselves a station in the world, we should regulate our conduct by correct principles, so as to transmit our names to future generations, and reflect glory on our parents ; this is the ultimate aim of filial duty. Thus it commences in attention to parents, is continued through a series of services rendered to the prince, and is completed by the elevation of ourselves.'"

The authority of the parent, the obedience of children, and the importance of the parental blessing, are set before us in a strong light in the Old Testament Scriptures. The Bible makes this relation the subject of the first commandment immediately following the duties we owe to God, and the Jewish law punished the crime of disobedience with the most unrelenting severity. But there exists at the present day a strong tendency to underestimate the importance of this principle, and more particularly because the relations and duties originating from it are attacked by certain modern reformers, who, under a mistaken system of universal equality, would break up the sacred ties of family, and crush in our hearts those sublime and hallowed associations which cluster around the sacred relations of home. To most minds, one of the strongest claims upon their admiration presented by the sage of China will be the high position he has given, in his politico-religious system, to the filial and domestic relations, which, in the beneficial influence it has exerted on so many millions of the race, is sufficient to secure for him the title and the honor of a benefactor of mankind.

But the third rule of life presented by the Chinese philosopher deserves our attention. Its approximation to what is sometimes styled the *golden rule* of our Saviour has been remarked by all who have read it, and some who delight to exalt the sage, while they are reck-

less of the honor of the Redeemer of the world, have labored to give to it a higher meaning and greater value than it really deserves. Even Voltaire has not thought it beneath his efforts to seize hold of it, and to turn it to the greatest account against the "Teacher sent from God." The vast difference between the rule of Confucius and the corresponding precepts of Jesus is at once apparent when they are brought into juxtaposition. We are taught by the philosopher "to love our equals as ourselves, and to do nothing to others which we would not wish them to do to us." We are commanded by the Saviour "to love our neighbors as ourselves," and in the *golden rule* he tells us, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." This is not a mere verbal difference, but a difference springing from the different standpoints, and characteristic of the different forms of the two systems of morality. In the rule of Confucius we are urged to love our equals; by the law of Christ we are commanded to love our neighbors. The one is limited, not reaching those below or above us; the other is universal, embracing all around us; the one administers to pride, is dissevering in its influence, and fosters the aristocratic distinctions of life; the other excites universal benevolence, is equalizing in its influence, and tends to unite universal humanity in a common brotherhood. The precept of the philosopher reaches no higher a standard in morality than what is considered as insufficient by Jesus when he corrects a similar precept existing among the Jews by saying, "If ye love those who love you, what reward have you? do not even the publicans the same?" And how far does this fall below the sublime morality of the law urged by our Saviour on the same occasion. "I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

A still greater difference is observable between the second member of the philosopher's rule and the golden rule of Christ. The first is negative, the second positive; the one commands to abstain from doing evil, the other enjoins to do good; the one is passive and motionless, the other is active and energetic; the one is fulfilled by omitting to do, the essential feature of the other is activity, and it is

only fulfilled by *doing*. The first, as a negative precept, is limited, and fails to embrace any part of the vast field of our positive duties to our fellow-men; the other, as a positive precept, enjoining a high form of moral activity, is universal, comprehending in its wide range all the duties of the Confucian precept, and transcending it as far as the positive duties of a life of active and universal benevolence transcends the powerless negations of a life spent in the formal avoidance of doing evil.

The rule of Confucius is fulfilled by inaction, the law of Christ only by activity; the first is sufficient to produce quiet and inoffensive men, and this is precisely what it has done in China; the other forms the mind to active beneficence, and, by its activity, produces philanthropists and benefactors of mankind; the one may secure a large amount of good to men by producing an avoidance of evil, but the other is able to reform and bless the world by filling it with men doing good. The sage of China has grasped a high position in morality, but it required more than a sage to comprehend the universal relations of mankind, and seize a great central truth which would comprehend them all. It required the Divine Mind to perceive in the human soul a great central power, and to lay hold of it as the sublime basis on which to rest a comprehensive law, which would embrace all human duties. Confucius only addresses our selfishness, but Christ has laid hold upon our self-love, and directs this great motive power of our moral constitution toward securing the good of others by making it our duty to do unto all what our love of self would induce us to wish they would do unto us. The law of Jesus embraces all the offices, all the cares, all the devotion and ardor of charity. It supposes that he who would observe it shall not live for himself; that the welfare of his brethren shall become the principal motive of his life; that he shall include the whole world in his embrace by the power of a generous love. On the other hand, the whole Confucian rule is fulfilled by him who abstains from doing to another the evil he does not wish to receive from him. But why might we not expect this wide difference when the one has been prescribed by man, the other by God?

[For the National Magazine.]

THE BED-BUG.

THIS insect was formerly called *wall-louse* in England, and is still known as the *chínche* among the uneducated classes of our own country. Those who affect great propriety of language give it the name of *chintz-bug*. Its scientific appellation, *Cimex lectularius*, has come down to us unchanged from Linnæus himself. Some of the French entomologists, who prefer the mononymic method of nomenclature, call it simply by its generic title of *Cimex*. The word *bed-bug*, by which it is usually designated, was given to it from the places where it is commonly found; for although, in apartments where it is very abundant, it may be frequently seen upon the floors and walls, yet the crevices of bedsteads are its favorite localities.

It has been familiar to mankind from a very early period. It is mentioned by Aristotle, Pliny, and Dioscorides. It would appear, however, to have been introduced into England at a comparatively recent date, for quaint old Mouffet tells us, that two noble ladies of his time, having discovered some small swellings upon their bodies, sent, in great alarm, for their physician, supposing that they were affected with symptoms of the plague. The medical man, being acquainted with natural history, showed them some specimens of the little animals which had caused their fright, and dissipated their fears, which gave way to merry peals of laughter. There is little foundation for the idea, that the bed-bug was transported into Great Britain from America. It is much more probable that it came from the continent. It exists in nearly all parts of the civilized world. The only exception is the northern part of Europe, where it is said to be unknown. It is not found among men in the savage state, and does not make its appearance until human beings have been aggregated into communities, and have acquired the habits and conveniences of civilized life. These facts, in connection with others, induced Azzara, a Spanish naturalist and traveler, to think that it was created a long time after man. Where it originated, it is of course impossible to decide, but it has been thought to be indigenous to the East Indies. In that sunny clime, where terrestrial animals reach the maximum of

physical growth, it is said to attain its highest development, and even to possess wings, with which it flies at night. But this matter cannot be considered as settled, for it rests altogether upon the testimony of incompetent observers.

The bed-bug is, and ever has been, an object of universal dislike. The careful housewife exerts all her vigor to extirpate it from her dwelling, and would deem it a stigma to have it thought that one was concealed in any part of her house. Even national pride has shown its sensitiveness to the imagined disgrace of having been the place of its origin, and each country endeavors to fix upon another the petty brand of ignominy. Men of science, who, one would think, should soar far above these vulgar prejudices, have exhibited an aversion to it, sufficient to preclude them from its study. But a few, such as De Geer, Dufour, and Amyot, have investigated its habits and structure, and have thus greatly enriched the department of zoology, to which so large a share of their attention has been devoted. The individual last mentioned made some very interesting observations in the year 1846, which he has recorded in his *Entomologie Française*, a work to which I am indebted for some of the following details.

I shall speak of the bed-bug as it presents itself in the successive stages of its existence. The eggs are in the form of arcuated cylinders, and are somewhat larger at one end than at the other. Their color is a pearly gray, and they are covered with fine short hairs. These hairs have been supposed to fix the eggs to the surface upon which they may be deposited, but this does not seem to be their use. The adherence of the eggs is owing to a viscid fluid which is excreted along with them when they are laid. They are quite large in proportion to the size of the mother, being a millimeter in length, and half a millimeter in thickness. At the smaller end of the egg is an operculum, or lid, which moves upon a hinge, and is forced open at the proper time to permit the egress of the contained larva. The central portion of the operculum is raised into an abrupt convexity, and around the margin of the aperture which it closes, is an elevated border. The shell of the egg is transparent, and through it can be seen, with considerable distinctness, the various parts of the insect within, especially the

eyes, which appear as small red points, situated near the opening. The egg is more than sufficiently large to contain the embryo, and hence a depression is generally visible upon the surface of the former for some time before hatching takes place. The eggs are laid at all seasons of the year, when the warmth of the weather is sufficient to keep the insects in activity, and at all hours of the day or night. They are deposited in any place indifferently, and without that regularity and symmetry of arrangement, which are so beautifully displayed by many other insects. The number of eggs laid by one female varies from four or five to fifteen; the average is probably eight or nine.

The larva escapes from the egg by a movement, or rather a succession of movements, which have been compared to those of a sweep in ascending a chimney, but which are, in fact, quite peculiar, and almost indescribable. The lid is forced up from the opening, and the head emerges. The posterior end of the abdomen is then extruded, and is soon followed by the thorax, beak, and legs. The lid then falls down and closes the aperture of the egg. The larva at its exit is about a millimeter in length, and is of a white or yellowish-white color. The eyes are of a lively red; the abdomen is rounded in form, and presents a brownish point at its extremity. Almost immediately after its birth, it runs about with wonderful agility, and begins to seek its appropriate nourishment. It sheds its skin four times. The skin splits longitudinally along the back. The head comes out first; the legs and the rest of the body follow. The insect is sluggish, and as it were sick, for some time before its change, and is perfectly quiescent while the latter is going on. After the molt it is feeble, and moves slowly, and is of a white color, but its wonted vivacity soon returns, and it acquires a brown tint, which becomes deeper every day. The first molting takes place from twenty-five to thirty days after birth, in the ordinary temperature of spring and autumn, but it has been known to occur as early as five days from birth, during very hot weather. The following molts succeed each other at intervals the length of which is determined by the heat or coldness of the weather. After the last change, the larva is about six millimeters long, and ceases to grow. It has now become a pupa, a state beyond which, strictly

speaking, it never passes. Unlike most other insects, it never reaches the perfect state. But inasmuch as it performs those acts which pertain to the adult stage, however undeveloped its structure may remain, we will probably not err in regarding it as a quasi-imago.* If it be carefully examined with the aid of a Codington lens or a compound microscope of low magnifying power, it will present the following appearances.

The body is flat, of an oval shape, and rounded posteriorly. Its surface is minutely punctuated, set with fine hairs, and of that shade of brown which is called ferruginous. It is destitute of wings. The head is round, and exhibits no traces of simple eyes; but the compound eyes are quite conspicuous. They are almost spherical and very salient. They consist of a large number of hexagonal facets, each of which is a distinct organ of vision. The mouth is in the form of a rostrum or beak, which arises from the upper part of the head. The beak consists of six distinct pieces, an upper and lower lip, and four slender filaments which represent the mandibles and maxilla of the beetle and grasshopper. Unitedly they constitute a tube, which is made up of three joints, nearly equal in length, and placed end to end. It is this articulated beak, "*bec articulé*" of the French authors, which forms the great anatomical characteristic of that division of insects to which the bed-bug belongs. To this group Fabricius applied the term *rhyncgota*, which was altered, from etymological considerations, into *rhyncota*, by the lamented Burmeister. The tubular portion of the beak is formed chiefly by the lower lip, the upper lip being nothing more than a triangular plate which covers its base. The four filaments were supposed by Treviranus to be fine tubes communicating with the stomach. The antennæ consist of four articulations, and are placed near the eyes. The thorax is composed of three segments, to each of which is attached a pair of legs. The abdomen consists of seven segments, is circular in shape, and much larger than the thorax. The legs are short and hairy, and are terminated by two hooks. We have thus glanced at the external anatomy of the bed-bug, avoiding that

* I have invented the term *pupimago* to express this rare condition of insect life.

tedious and uninteresting minuteness of description which is proper only for professed entomologists.

But our insect has an internal as well as an external anatomy. It has within its body organs so numerous and complicated that we can do nothing more than take a hasty survey of them. The alimentary canal is divided into the gullet, stomach, and intestines. As the food which is taken is animal and liquid in its character, and requires but little change in order to its assimilation, the intestinal tract is quite short in relation to the length of the body. The intestines have no convolutions. Near the junction of the stomach and intestinal canal originate several filiform appendages, which are said to be biliary vessels, and to correspond with the liver of the higher animals. The blood of the bed-bug is a colorless and transparent fluid, containing a quantity of oval globules. It circulates through arteries and veins, which ramify throughout the body, and communicate with a series of pyriform reservoirs placed longitudinally along the back. The latter are called *corculæ*, and are analogous to the cardiac cavities of vertebrated animals. Through them the vital current pours at the rate of about sixty pulsations per minute. The bed-bug has no lungs, but is provided with a great number of tracheæ, or fine tubes, which permeate every part of its body, and form it into a kind of delicate network. The tracheæ communicate with the external air by means of openings called *stigmata*, which are placed along the sides of the body. These breathing pores are about eight in number. The air is thus carried to the blood, and furnishes to it the supply of oxygen which it requires. The nervous system of the bed-bug is constituted upon the general plan of annulose animals. A chain of ganglia extends from one end of the body to the other. These ganglia are called *cerebroïds*, and are centers of nervous influence. They are connected together by cords, and send out nerves which go to every part of the body. The organs of motion in the bed-bug are muscles, which are concealed beneath the skin, and are composed of minute fibers, and resemble, in all essential respects, the muscles of our own bodies. The bed-bug possesses the senses which belong to ourselves, and, in the opinion of some, additional senses,

of which we know nothing. Its well developed eyes show that it has sight in a high degree of perfection. It probably hears by means of its antennæ. At least this is the theory of the author of the "Episodes of Insect Life." It exercises the sense of touch by means of its antennæ and tarsi. It has no perceptible organ of smell, although that hypothesis seems worthy of adoption which assigns the sense to the spiraculæ; and comparative anatomy favors this idea. Taste resides in the lining membrane of the mouth.

The bed-bug conceals itself during the day, and sallies forth at night in quest of nourishment. Its only food is human blood, and this it must obtain by its own exertions. If you take a drop of blood from your finger and place it near the insect, it will refuse to touch it. Its appetite must needs be whetted by the act of sucking it as it comes warm and fresh through the small arteries and veins of some unconscious sleeper. It is a curious fact, that the bed-bug will not touch a dead body. It has recourse only to the living. Another remarkable circumstance is, that the food which it has obtained in a single night is sufficient to nourish it during the period of six weeks. It has been supposed that bed-bugs occasionally feed upon one another, but this has been disproved by accurate observation. Although voraciously fond of blood, it is capable of living a long time without it. It has been known to live two months without food.

I might speak further of many points connected with the natural history of this interesting insect. The liquids, odorous and inodorous, which it exhales from its body; the movements of its insect enemies, the spider, the *Reduvius personatus*, and the *Cimex bidens*, and many other topics might engage our attention, but these things do not comport with the limits of a magazine article, however suitable they might be for a small volume. Enough, however, has been said to show that the bed-bug is highly endowed, whether we consider its organization, its functions, or its instincts. We cannot help perceiving the indications of that skill, power, wisdom, and goodness which the Supreme Being displays in the minutest works of his hands, as well as in those grander fabrics which astonish us by their immensity. Well may we exclaim, "Marvelous are thy works, O Lord God Almighty!"

[For the National Magazine.]

THE SORROWS OF THE CHEROKEES.

WHAT can be more melancholy than the history of the North American Indians? Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams, and the light of their council fires, might have been seen in every valley from the St. Croix to the Sabine, and from the ocean to the lakes. Now the winds of the Atlantic fan not a country they can call their own. We have heard their footsteps rustling like the leaves of autumn—and they are gone. Everywhere fading away at the approach of the white man, they have passed mournfully by us to return no more forever. Of all the tribes who roamed in their native freedom over the American continent, none were more daring, none more constant, than the Cherokees. Little more than half a century ago, their shouts of victory rang along the river and across the glades in sight of where I now write. Their council fires were kindled on the spots where stand our flourishing cities; their thick arrows and deadly tomahawks whistled through the forests that lately stood around; and their dark encampments and hunter's trace startled naught save the wild beasts in their lairs.

The warriors then stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days, while the aged sat down, but wept not. They believed they would soon be at rest in a happier home, where dwelt the Great Spirit—far beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. Their courage, fortitude, and sagacity, were astonishing. They shrunk from no dangers; they feared no hardships. They had the vices, but they also had the virtues of savage life. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. Their vengeance was terrible, but their fidelity was unconquerable. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side the tomb. But where are they? They have passed away from the graves of their fathers and the homes of their hearts. I saw them as they passed. It was in 1838. The last remnant of that once powerful tribe were driven from their mountain-homes in North Carolina, to seek a temporary resting-place beyond the Mississippi. There was that in their

hearts which defied the power of speech. There was something in their looks that spoke not of vengeance, nor of submission, but of hard necessity, which defied both; which choked all utterance; which had no aim nor method. It was courage absorbed in despair. They lingered but for a moment; their look and step were onward, and soon they passed the "Father of waters" to return to the homes of their childhood and the graves of their fathers no more forever!

But there is not yet, between us and them, an impassable gulf. There is one star whose rays gild their sorrowing pathway—whose cheering influence inspires their hearts with hope, and points them out a better state. God's blessed word found its way into their midst; ere they were driven from their early homes, and while the "fire-water" and oppressions of the pale-faced man continued to scatter "fire-brands and death" among the many, a few took heed to this, as unto "a light that shineth in a dark place," and found that peace "the world cannot give." How unspeakably dear was this to their hearts when driven from their homes to the "far West." A majority of the nation removed willingly, but a large minority were forced, literally forced, by armed troops, hunted up one by one, dragged into camp, and thence far away. Some years before their removal, characters had been invented, their language written, and a portion of the Holy Scriptures, with many excellent hymns, and a few other books translated for their use. How fondly they clung to these when stripped of almost everything else, I had many opportunities to witness. The Indians were collected by the United States troops, carried to camp, and kept under guard preparatory to their removal in the midst of summer. It was my fate to pass their country again and again during the process of removal; and never can I forget the sight, or the feelings it produced. They took with them what few clothes they had, but scarce anything else; and the sight of their deserted cabins, their flourishing corn and fruitful beans; the howling of the dogs and piteous lowing of the cattle, produced a melancholy feeling that haunts me to this hour. Rather than leave their country, scores of them fled to the mountains, where many, alas! many, perished with hunger, and left their unburied bones to

bleach in the sun. Weeks after the main body had been removed, one after another of those who had fled to the mountains would straggle into the settlements weak and emaciated almost to a skeleton, and piteously ask for bread. "Where is your wife?" "Dead." "Where are your children?" "Dead, too—die in the mountains—nothing to eat—ALL DIE!" It was enough to melt a heart of stone! Such was the suffering, such the distress consequent upon the order for their removal, that officers and soldiers, while executing that order, were often seen to weep like children. Yes, hardy soldiers, who perhaps had not wept for years, would go to the cabin, seize the father and mother, and perhaps some of the older children, while the younger and more timid would flee to the fields or thickets to hide themselves; and on witnessing the deep, unaffected distress of the now ruined family, would sit down and weep as though their hearts would break. I said that many of the smaller children fled and hid themselves on the approach of the soldiers: and so it was. Many of them were found, and dragged from their hiding-places to accompany their parents; but many others were never found. Many a hearty, sprightly Indian child, whose father, mother, brothers, sisters, were all gone, never to return, was left to perish and die alone!

Of the many affecting scenes which came to my knowledge during the forcible removal of these hapless people, I select one. I knew the man well. He and most of his family were worthy members of the Methodist Church, and for several years under my charge. He lived in a secluded part of the nation, among the mountains of North Carolina, and seemed to have formed his opinions of the white man, from his knowledge of the missionary of the cross, who had brought him the Gospel of Christ, baptized him into the Christian faith, and had so often afforded him the consolations of the blessed word. He was slow to believe he would ever be forced from his humble but quiet home; and some months elapsed ere he was molested. His was among the last families in all that region visited by the soldiers. But they came at last. An officer, with a guard and an interpreter, presented himself at the cabin door, and the old man was told that he and his family must go into camp immediately. As if doubting their sin-

cerity, he hesitated, and offered several common-place excuses, such as his cattle and hogs were in the woods; he would lose his crop; his wife was making cloth, none of which could be left. But finding these of no avail, with a heavy heart and sad countenance he made one request—just one—which he hoped would be granted. What was it? That he might be allowed to pray in his cabin once more with his wife and children ere he left it forever! It was granted. The old man took from a rude shelf a portion of the Scriptures, and some hymns that had been translated into his native tongue; he read, he sang, and kneeled to pray. He kneeled near the middle of the cabin floor, while his wife and children, eight in number, huddled closely around him. He stood upright on his knees; they bowed their heads to the floor. With a tremulous voice he began. First, he thanked God for life, health, and preservation; for the Gospel; for the privilege of reading his word, and calling on his name. Next, he prayed for the white man, all white men, especially those who persecuted the Indian and took his home; begged that God would pity and forgive them. He particularly mentioned those at the door; excused them in his prayer, because they had been commanded to do as they did. Then he prayed for the Indian—the poor Indian, as he called him—once strong and powerful, now few and weak; his property was gone; his land was gone; his home was gone; his friends were gone; *all was gone!* "O good Spirit," he cried, "O blessed Jesus, help poor Indian; *he can't help himself any more!*"

The prayer was frequently interrupted by the groans and sobs of his family; and such was its earnestness, unaffected simplicity, and pathos, that the interpreter, though a wicked man, found it impossible to restrain his feelings, and cried aloud. The officer and soldiers, without understanding a word that was said, were overcome by the scene, and mingled their tears and sobs with those of the afflicted family. At the close of the prayer the officer bade the interpreter tell the Indian *he might come into camp whenever he chose*; and, turning away, declared he might be punished for disobedience, or even broke of his commission, but he *could not*, and *would not* lay hands on such a man, or such a family as that.

Reader, that Indian and his family were never removed west. He fairly prayed himself out of the hands of the troops; and long did he live, and, for aught I know, still lives at his quiet home in the mountains of western North Carolina, to witness the truth, excellence, and power of our holy religion. One of his sons became an exhorter, and another a leader in the Methodist Church organized among a few hundred Cherokees, who remained on a reservation by the State, some forty or fifty miles from where the family lived at the time mentioned; and often did I share their homely fare, and join with them in prayers and hymns of praise to the "Father of us all."

[For the National Magazine.]

PULPIT EFFICIENCY.

IN our former papers on the characteristics of a model sermon, we confined our attention chiefly to its more striking peculiarities as a composition or pulpit preparation. To give anything like completeness to the description of an effective discourse, something should be said in relation to its delivery. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the success of a sermon materially depends on the spirit and manner in which it is uttered. A pulpit preparation may be eminently logical, rhetorical, and evangelical, and yet fail of accomplishing much by reason of some radical defects in the delivery. Before, however, we proceed to notice some things with regard to the suitable public presentation of divine truth, it may not be amiss very briefly to allude to two or three common mistakes in relation to preaching.

It is by no means conclusive proof that a discourse is effective simply because it is listened to with attention, although, of course, a failure at this point is fatal to success. We have known men, who, by a peculiarly vivacious manner, a fertile imagination, or a bold and paradoxical method of exciting the curiosity of their hearers, apparently keep up unflagging attention for an hour or more, and yet, so far from having derived essential benefit from the discourse, the hearer leaves the sanctuary without any clear idea or definite impression in the mind of the truth delivered. During the delivery the auditor waited anxiously and expectantly for the preacher to reach some important goal, or arrive at

some doctrinal or practical point, but he waited in vain; for neither the speaker nor that portion of his hearers who are in the habit of substituting sound for sense, and mistaking garrulity for eloquence, were aware that he had been making great ado to accomplish absolutely nothing.

Again, a discourse may not only secure the undivided attention, but greatly interest and please an audience, and still by no means be an effective one. It is a very equivocal compliment to a Gospel minister that his congregation, especially his impenitent hearers, are highly entertained and delighted under his pulpit labors. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the lamented McCall, whose brilliant pulpit talents made him an object of great admiration in a large and even fashionable circle, often, it is said, in the bitterness of disappointment and the anguish of self-reproach, exclaimed: "I have applause enough, but I want to see conversion and edification. God knows I do not want their applause; I want their salvation."

Once more. A man may succeed in preaching a *moving* sermon, and yet produce no valuable permanent result. It is not only a great fallacy, but a delusion into which it is said young preachers are peculiarly liable to fall, that visible emotion under a discourse is a certain indication of its efficiency. We cannot forbear smiling at the weakness of a certain feeble-minded but honest-hearted experimenter in public speaking, who congratulated himself on having made a very happy impression upon the hearers, because "they laughed;" and yet, are there not better informed religious teachers, who, in their preaching, seem to strain to produce some visible or audible outburst of feeling, as though external manifestations either of tears, responses, or raptures, if not the only, are among the highest proofs that the word has taken effect? when, in fact, instances are not uncommon where truth has made a most powerful and permanent impression in the absence of these and other external signs; while in other cases, as the sequel shows, there may be, under the influence of special efforts to excite the passions, a great stir of the sensibilities and outgushing of sympathies, but which utterly evaporate with the occasion that produced them, leaving the intellect as dark, the heart as hard, and the will as perverse as ever.

We do not say that when the truth of God takes effect on the conscience, there are usually no external indications of the fact. On the contrary, when the heart is touched, there generally will be corresponding outward emotions. But this is not always the case; while a mere outburst of passion, especially when it seems to be the legitimate response to special and fervent appeals to the mere sensibilities of men, is a very fallacious test of effective preaching. He, therefore, who would make full proof of his ministry, must have a vastly higher aim while engaged in the delivery of a sermon than to excite the merry smile, or even the pathetic tear or rapturous shout. He who studiously cultivates the art of moving the passions of his hearers, and producing strong emotions of some kind, may succeed with a certain class of minds, especially by himself exhibiting the particular emotion he wishes to excite. But he who aims only at this, and rests satisfied, is unworthy of the name of a true minister of Jesus Christ.

The chief ingredient of pulpit earnestness is *love*—not mere self-love or love of approbation, but that ardent love of Christ and love of souls which, while it at once casts out all servile fear of man, and makes the man of God, in the discharge of his duty, as bold as a lion, at the same time fills his soul with such lamb-like meekness and tenderness, that his fervent appeals, instead of exasperating the irreligious, subdue the hearts of those whose intellects, perhaps, are proof against his logic.

If we would see still more clearly the power of earnestness in the pulpit, let us glance at the peculiarities of those ministers who have been distinguished for their effectiveness. No two men, perhaps, in personal appearance, temperament, and manner of preaching, were more dissimilar than JOHN WESLEY and GEORGE WHITEFIELD. The style of the former, though strikingly perspicuous, was rigidly concise; that of the other was remarkably diffuse and highly figurative. One had a feeble voice, which, though under perfect command, was seldom elevated to a high key; the other had stentorian lungs, which he often so severely taxed, especially in his "field pulpit," as to cause the blood from those organs to ooze from his mouth after preaching. Wesley was uniformly calm and unimpassioned, "the quiescence of turbulence;" while Whitefield, in put-

ting into commotion the moral element around him, unlike his illustrious fellow-laborer, was all excitement himself—a perfect magazine of emotion. Wesley, if not entirely motionless in the pulpit, was very sparing of gesture; but Whitefield gesticulated excessively, though naturally and gracefully, with both hands, which were frequently extended above his head. Dissimilar, however, as were these apostolic men in the structure of their bodies and minds, and their mode of presenting Gospel truth, they were alike eminently successful, not only because they declared essentially the same doctrines, but were eminently *earnest* in their work.

Look for a moment at two other distinguished examples. We allude to our own countrymen, the late President EDWARDS, and the lamented President OLIN. These learned divines, especially in physical developments and manner of preaching, were perhaps even more unlike than Whitefield and Wesley. Edwards was, it is said, logical, precise, and apparently emotionless, while preaching himself; though, says his biographer, "When Mr. Whitefield preached for him, the acute divine, whose mighty intellect has seldom been equaled, wept as a child during the whole sermon." It is said he was not oratorical in his manner, and his voice was rather feeble. He generally, if not invariably, used a manuscript in the pulpit, to which he closely confined himself from the beginning to the end of his discourse.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, in every particular above mentioned, with one exception, Olin's manner strikingly contrasted with that of Edwards. No individual who has ever seen the former can forget his noble, gigantic person, his strong yet not musical voice, and his intense emotion, especially on great occasions. He eschewed all notes in the pulpit, and even closed his Bible, usually immediately after announcing his text, when his zeal at once began to develop itself, and as he advanced in his subject his Herculean frame rocked like a huge mountain by the upheaving influence of hidden fires, as the long, Chalmertian periods of massive and burning truth came thundering spontaneously from his lips like an impetuous torrent, bearing down all before it, baptizing his hearers with a goodly degree of that overwhelming pathos with which his own soul was inspired. But we said there is one particu-

lar in which Olin resembled Edwards. Like Edwards, he was, in the usual acceptation of the term, no orator; for he habitually, and, aside from the momentous interests involved, sometimes almost ludicrously, set all the rules of elocution, as taught in the schools, at defiance. And yet, dissimilar as were these men in their mode of delivery, the one transgressing the rules of effective speaking by inaction, and the other by excessive action, where can we find two preachers in our own or any other country that so deeply, and, we may say, so awfully, impress at once the intellects and hearts of men with the solemn verities of religion as Olin did, for instance, in his sermon on The Parable of the Talents, and Edwards in his discourse on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God?"

These examples, which might be greatly multiplied, clearly prove that genuine eloquence or pulpit power consists, not in the euphonic combination of words, the ingenious construction of sentences, the skillful arrangement of arguments, the melodious and well cultivated voice, nor even in the inherent energy of divine truth itself, but in simple, unadulterated Gospel truth earnestly delivered.

Much is said disparagingly of the power of the modern pulpit in comparison with former times; and, although it becomes us to be modest in expressing an opinion on a question of so much delicacy, we venture the additional remark that, if former power in preaching is lacking in any degree in our country the deficiency, is not so much of logical power to convince the intellect, as persuasive power to move the hearts of men to act up to their honest convictions.

The conclusion of the whole matter is simply this: He who would enjoy a large measure of pulpit power should assiduously cultivate pulpit zeal. But we should remember that genuine earnestness in the pulpit is only secured by earnestness everywhere in the fulfillment of our sacred functions. Let us not flatter ourselves that we can indulge in habitual mental and spiritual torpor at other times and places, and then successfully invoke the spirit of celestial zeal to come to our aid in the sanctuary. An indolent preacher may, it is true, succeed in working himself into an artificial, spasmodic excitement in the pulpit that, in the estimation of certain classes, bears some resemblance to apostolic unction; but it is like the bellowing of the

wintry blast, "Which freezes as it roars," and when the tempest excited by bodily exercise is hushed, a reaction takes place, and the spiritual sluggard, in the pulpit and in the pew, settles back into deeper insensibility than ever. To manifest heartfelt zeal in the pulpit let us, then, see to it that we are in earnest in the study to collect from the vast store-house of divine truth, suitable material for an effective sermon; let us be earnest in our closet, to get our preparation vitalized with divine energy, and baptized with the spirit of Immanuel, and then earnestness in the pulpit will come unbidden; like the bursting forth of smothered fires, it will flame out spontaneously, irradiating and warming everything around it, and thus, by the blessing of God, accomplish, to a greater or less extent, immediate and permanent results.

THE SHOOTING STAR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALLEY.

O know ye what it teaches,
When, from the heaven's height,
A star shoots down, and reaches
The earth in rapid flight?

Yon lights, so brightly shining
With soft and gentle beam,
Like angels, ever twining
Their golden garlands, seem.

At eve, like faithful warders,
At the portal of the sun,
They watch from Heaven's borders
What in the world is done.

And when from earthly dwelling
An honest man on high,
His heart with sorrow swelling,
Looks with devotion's eye,

Unto his Father bending,
Beneath his grief and woe,
An angel then descending,
Is sent to him below,

And hovers in his chamber,
So radiant with peace,
And rocks his grief to slumber,
And bids his sorrow cease.

Yes, this is what it teaches,
When, from the heavens' height,
A star shoots down, and reaches
The earth in rapid flight.

THE CHRISTIAN.—Though a great man may, by a rare possibility, be an infidel, yet an intellect of the highest order must build upon Christianity.—*De Quincy.*

[For the National Magazine.]

REVIEWS EXTRAORDINARY.

BY ONE OF OUR STATED CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. IV.—THE HIGHEST STAGE OF CIVILIZATION.

DURING the last nine months the incense of adulation has been smoking around the papers of the *Dagger* correspondent. It has been very grateful to his nasal organ. Mingled with it, there has been an occasional puff of fault-finding. This, also, if less fragrant, has been equally welcome, and, perhaps, more useful. It has prevented sickness of the mental stomach, the certain consequence of undiluted sweets in large doses. The *DAGGER* tenders his thanks to those who pished at his papers as only worthy of being laughed at. He is grateful even to those who have charged him with the use of ungenerous personalities. It is evidence that they have read his articles, which is more than can be said of some things which they profess to admire.

Another class of objectors see no sort of necessity for essays of this kind. They have, it must be admitted, high authority for their cavils. What need is there for anything that is new? Have we not the standards of former ages? Can we expect to supersede the writings of the fathers? Certainly not. If what you propose to tell us, said the pious Mussulman, is to be found in the *Koran*, you need not waste your breath. We can read it for ourselves. If it is not in the *Koran*, of course it can be of no consequence. A very plausible argument, and one that is urged with great propriety by fossilized theologues in Christian nations. It has a tendency to frighten chicken-hearted young men when attempting to fly, and, if they have already risen a little, to clip their wings, and drive them back into the hen-house of orthodoxy. There let them stay and brood.

But why not stay there yourself? Silly reader! Did it never occur to you—have you never been told—do you not remember to have read, somewhere, that there is a difference between skinning and being skinned? You may stay in the latter category just as long as you please, a very useful member of the community; but as for the *DAGGER*, the fusty logic that so terrifies your little

soul does not apply to him. He is a skinner himself.

Respectful attention is due to those who think they see personalities in these prelections. They remind one of the Hudibrastic couplet:

“Optics sharp have they, I ween,
Who see what is not to be seen;”

and of Swift's celebrated definition, “A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.” In other words, it may be, nice reader, that the nastiness which troubles you existed in your own imagination before you began to read. While the *DAGGER* holds himself responsible for what he writes, it is a little too much to make him answer for inferences which you may please to deduce from what is written. There is a little story which has a moral for those who arrogate to themselves scrupulous tenderness when they fancy that other men make use of weapons with which *they* scarify. A gentleman was seated upon the box, by the side of the driver of a worn-out pair of horses, who were slowly dragging after them a loaded omnibus. Being in a hurry, our traveler took the whip and applied it vigorously. His efforts produced no effect, until, by chance, he touched severely a raw spot on the flank of one of the cattle, when he started off furiously, dragging his mate with him. “Stop, stop,” cried Jehu, “none of that. I reserves that sore for my own special use on Sunday arternoons.”

But the most serious objection to these papers is brought by a subscriber, who threatens, in a letter to the publishers, to discontinue his patronage if the gag be not applied, right speedily, to the *Dagger* correspondent. A dreadful calamity, surely! His patronage! think of that. On a year's subscription, after paying the agent for collecting it, there may be a clear profit of five cents; that is, provided it be paid in current money. No wonder that the gentlemen publishers, who have been called, as was Aaron, to this office and ministry—so reads their commission—looked sad that morning. The reason for this threatened infliction is the fact that in these essays, sober and stately as they seem, our subscriber has discovered a vein of irony bordering, as he thinks, upon sarcasm, with an occasional touch of humor, which makes him laugh. These

are things which he will not tolerate, and for the author he has no charity. To deny the gentleman's charge would be an impeachment of his sagacity. This shall not be done; but he will not think it an impertinence if some friend of the NATIONAL should ask him the question once proposed by an eminent divine who labored under the infirmity which he attributes to the Dagger correspondent. The question was, "Pray, now, what would you do if the Lord had given you wit?"

The pilgrim-divines of New-England were men of severe morals and of unblemished piety. They did not, however, pretend to be wiser than Solomon. They endorsed his antiquated maxim, "There is a time to laugh." One of them, Nathaniel Ward, the most faithful pastor of his day, of whom his epitaph says that

"Few in life did lighten more,
None thundered more in preaching,"

devoted many a leisure hour to the composition of that bundle of comical paradox, puns, and facetiousness, "*The Simple Cobbler of Agawan.*" To Ward and his writings the learned Fuller applied the question with which we close these preliminaries:

"*Ridentem dicere verum
Quis vetat?*"

"What doth forbid that one may smile,
And also tell the truth the while?"

Let us proceed, then, with our subject, which is

THE HIGHEST STAGE OF CIVILIZATION.

Bell's Life in London. Nunquam Dormio. Printed and published at 170 Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the city and liberty of Westminster, by William Clement, of the same place. Agents for Ireland: Messrs. Smith & Son, Eden-quay, Dublin. Foreign agent: Mr. Cowie, St. Ann's Lane.

We are indebted, indirectly at least, to Mr. Cowie for our file of this luminous periodical. Beautiful in typography, and edited with most unquestionable talent, it is not surprising that *Bell's Life in London* has an immense circulation. It appears to be the organ of the higher classes in Great Britain, and comes to us full of information relative to the morals, the literary taste, and the refined amusements of the nobility and gentry of the fatherland. Trusting that our readers are

in the same teachable frame of mind in which we were when perusing its columns, we invite them to a literary banquet, at which they

"May quaff instruction while they drink delight."

At the outset, however, there is an obstacle in our way. It arises from a latent prejudice against old England,

"That rash humor which our mothers gave us,"

and which has grown into a large ulcer which John Bull delights to irritate. This, Jonathan does not like. And yet, is it not evident that our uncle does it for our good? It is his nature to grumble and find fault. He abuses Palmerston at his pleasure. He growls at the old fogies who have conducted the Crimean war; and it is only when he is weary of domestic brawling that he pitches into Jonathan's attempts at literature, his slave-holding religion, and his inveterate love for tobacco. He does it, too, with such evident gusto, that one who is not of a bilious temperament finds it good to listen to him. Only divest yourself of early prejudice, and be persuaded that the old man is sound at heart, and really proud of his trans-Atlantic nephew, and his severest scratches will have the same effect as if he tickled you with a feather.

Then, again, England is most certainly at the head of all nations in civilization, literature, and morals. She used to be number one also in military affairs. But that laurel has been taken from her. France wears it. England, since the commencement of the Russian war, is content to play second fiddle; and Victoria, with the father of her babes, is gallingly patronized by Eugenie, and that greatest of all scamps, Louis Napoleon. Still, as we have said, in the peaceful arts, in religion, in science, in all the refinements of life,

"That sea-girl isle is mistress of the world."

Hence it becomes us, who are but of yesterday, to listen to her counsels, to take with all patience her pitiless peltings, and to imitate her example; or, at least, to keep our Yankee eye upon it as it looms up gloriously in the columns of *BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON*.

With undeviating uniformity the editor gives us, every week, at the head of his leading column, an article like this:

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

BELL'S LIFE OFFICE, Saturday Night, 19 o'Clock.

THE COURT.

WINDSOR CASTLE, SAT., JAN. 12.—Prince Albert, accompanied by the Count de Flanders, left the Castle about eleven o'clock this morning for London, *via* the Southwestern Railway, and proceeded to Buckingham Palace, where they remained about an hour inspecting the recent improvements to the building, and returning to Windsor about two o'clock.

Her Majesty and royal family walked in the Home Park and grounds adjacent in the forenoon.

The Speaker of the House of Commons and Mrs. Shaw Lefevre took leave of the Queen on their departure this morning, as did also Rear-Admiral Hamilton.

The next dramatic performance in St. George's Hall is expected to take place on Thursday next.

The royal dinner circle this evening will comprise only the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting on the Queen and Prince Albert.

Of course this royal intelligence varies from time to time. On one day we are told that Prince Albert went out shooting. On another, Prince Albert angled for an hour and ten minutes with very considerable success. On another, the same illustrious personage visited the royal stables and spoke to Bill Buckle. The doings of her majesty, the queen, are chronicled with the most edifying minuteness. One day she takes a drive in her pony phaeton. On another she remains in doors, because it rains. Then she has a drawing-room on Wednesday, and we are told who were there. A dramatic performance on Saturday night is followed by a royal sermon from her majesty's chaplain on Sunday. Prayer meetings, so far as we have noticed, are not chronicled. To-day the record astounds us by the alarming intelligence that her majesty is slightly indisposed; that she has a royal headache; that she did not sleep well; or that she has a cold, attended by a slight cough.

And then Victoria's children—we know not how many there are now—have their ailments, which are duly registered, as well as their sports and studies. What can be of more importance than to know that they attend to their French lessons, their geography, and their dancing, unless, indeed, it be that a Shetland pony was presented to her majesty's oldest boy, the heir apparent, who has a gold-mounted riding-whip, and a pair of spurs for his royal heels. The Princess Alice had symptoms of hooping-cough; one of her royal sisters suffered greatly in cutting her eye teeth; and the Prince of Wales, one

day, had a fall which alarmed her majesty. Dr. Slushington was called in. He ordered an application of brown paper, dipped in brandy. Who, of all Bell's readers, did not sympathize with the royal family when informed that there was quite a large swelling on the left side of the osfrontis of his little royal highness, and who did not rejoice to be informed in the next bulletin—he is doing well? Then we have choice little items of information, which derive all their value from the regal relationship, even though illegitimate, of the individuals referred to, such as this:

ILLNESS OF LORD ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE.—Lord Adolphus Fitz Clarence continues to suffer from a very serious attack of gout, which has affected his head, and from which, early in the week, he was in a very critical state.

But, attractive as is the theme, we must not spend all our time in the presence of royalty. The aristocracy have a claim upon us. Let us introduce you to the Prime Minister, the first nobleman of the realm, the accomplished Palmerston. Here we have him, in a communication which we copy verbatim:

A GOOD DAY'S SPORT WITH THE HURSELEY.

MR. EDITOR: I have great pleasure in forwarding you an account of a brilliant day's sport with the Hursley Hounds. The meet on Monday, 7th, was Farley Church, where a large field assembled. *The field was honored by the presence of Lord Palmerston and many gentlemen from the Hambleton and Mr. Asheton Smith's countries.* On being thrown into Farnel Wood they found immediately, and rattled him once round that large cover, when he broke away to Eldon Farm, crossing the open to Michems, straight through that cover into the low country, pointing for the Dog and Crook, where he was headed back to Slatford Farm, through some large fallows to Michems, on to the open to "Compton House," the residence of that excellent sportsman, T. Edwards, Esq., where Pug saved his life by running to ground, and he was left for another day. Time, an hour and ten minutes. All were well pleased, and many had had quite enough; but the worthy master thought so good a scenting-day was not to be thrown away, and trotted off to Farnel Wood again, where the pack were soon on one of the right sort. Away from Ashley to Up Sumbourne, over the open to the coverts of Westwood, streaming along at a racing pace, the master and his excellent huntsman, "Summers," well up. Here the hounds threw up, and the scent immediately failed; nevertheless Summers, with perseverance and skill, was able to hold them on to Norwood, where we again came up to our friend, who was halloo'd away by that gallant sportsman, Col. Nichols, when the hounds fairly settled to him, over as fine a country as man could desire to Micheldever, in the H. H. country; but here I am at fault. I was indebted to a friend for the line of country up to Norwood, but I am sorry to say, here I am, out of my own country, and lost my friend, and darkness obliged the hounds to be stopped. This is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing these hounds, and I never saw a quicker or better pack, or a more able huntsman. The master (Mr. Lowe) is what all masters of hounds should be, a good sportsman, affable and kind in the extreme to his field—three qualifications not often met with. I wish him success, and hope the country may never lose him.

Yours, &c., A WELL-WISHER TO FOX-HUNTING.

Now the reader knows what *the Hursley* is, and if due attention has been paid to the preceding extract, some addition

has been made to his knowledge of the English language. *The meet was Farley Church. A large field assembled. They found immediately, and rattled him.* We agree with this graphic correspondent in pronouncing the day's sport with the Hursley brilliant. For ourselves, we must say we are not sorry that Pug escaped, although his escape must have been a severe mortification to the premier, who honored the meet, at the church, with his presence. But think of the gallant Col. Nichols who halloo'd away! and, as it appears, took the shine out of the whole party. Think, also, of Mr. Lowe, who is, what all masters of hounds should be!

By the same paper from which the above was taken we learn that English ladies participate in the refined and graceful pleasures of fox-hunting. These are not, be it noted, females of the lower orders, or even of the middling classes, but ladies in whose veins flows the best blood of England. Read this account of another brilliant run:

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS.

MR. EDITOR: If not trespassing too much on your space, a short account of a brilliant run with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds may not be unacceptable to the lovers of the noble science, which, in spite of the partizans of the "stag-gers" and "drag-gers," and other supporters of the past and previous school, will ever hold its place among English gentlemen in the *facile princeps* of sports; and as that amusement which above all others will have the pride of place in their estimation. But as a defence of fox-hunting is not my present object, I must "hark forward," and to my work. The meet last Monday was Trouble House, two miles from Tetbury, on the Cirencester road. A very wet morning prevented the usual assemblage of the fair sex at this favorite meet, with the rather curious cognomen. Three "habits," however, carried in during the day, and showed some of the "breeches" how a Gloucestershire wall should be cleared. Nothing was done worthy of note during the morning; but a little after three we found ourselves winding along the path through the woods which skirt the lake in Mr. Sotherton Escourt's park; at the further end a fox was quickly viewed, and as quickly spoken to by the hounds. Not a moment did he hang, but went straight away across the Tetbury and Malmesbury road, behind the Newton House, to the Poes, down which for some distance we went at racing pace. Charley then bore to the right in the direction of Crudwell, but turning again sharp to the left, went straight by Ashley Marsh, leaving Newton Firs to the left, almost to the Tetbury road; turning again to the right, he made the running so strong that the *first check* at Trouble House was by no means unacceptable both to man and horse. The "ladies" however, speedily hit the scent off again, and raced away to Culverton Down Barn, when the fox crossed the road, and found a friendly shelter in Mr. Kilminster's plantation, where the setting sun and a rising dew made him safe, so that a good fox, it is to be hoped,

Was found, and ran away,
To live and run another day.

The time up to this point was forty-five minutes, and the distance, as measured in straight lines on the map, six miles and three-quarters, but allowing for turns, at least eight miles of country was crossed in that time. One thing only was wanted to make it a first-rate run, and that was the fox going straight. The impediments were nothing very serious, though there were a few walls, which admitted of no *half*

measures, and in the new-sown land the country rode awfully deep. I will only add, that Captain Miles and Mr. John Bayley went, as usual, like workmen, and a gentleman in pink was constantly seen *foraging ahead* by him who writes this, and who

FOLLOWED BEHIND.

So it seems that there are, even in England, "partizans" who do not think that chasing a fox is the *facile princeps* of a true Briton's duty. They are, however, few, and scarcely worth an argument, mere "staggers" and "draggers."

Next in importance to fox-hunting, in the esteem of England's aristocracy, appears to be the racing of horses. Several solid columns of *Bell's Life* are devoted, in every issue, to what is called THE TURF. To begin at the beginning of this intensely interesting part of our subject, we have the record of births, followed by the important ceremony of giving names to the new-born. Perhaps nothing in the department of biology more clearly shows our immense inferiority to our progenitors across the water than our parsimonious use of types in this respect. So far from recording the birth of horses, our upper circles are chary of publishing even the advent of human beings with souls immortal. What a lesson to the gentry of this hemisphere is found in the following!

FOALS, &c.

On the 9th inst. at Theobald's Stud Farm, Stockwell, Brenna, by Bran, a filly to Grecian.

On the 9th inst. at Middle Park Farm, Eitham, Kent, Mr. Blenkiron's Empress, (Autocrat's dam,) a filly by Kingston, and will be put to him again.

On the 10th inst. at Middlethorpe, Earl Fitzwilliam's Problem, a colt to The Hero, and will be put to Voltigeur.

On the 9d inst. The Maid of Lyme, a colt to Newminster.

Lord Londesborough has given the following names to his yearlings:—Br f by Birdcatcher out of Extasy, *Delight*; f by Weatherbit out of Erring, *Gaugain*; f by Don John out of Epaulette, *Murillornes*; f by Backbiter, dam by Birdcatcher out of Mickleton Mead, *Gossip*; and c by Don John or Mickey Free out of Phoebe, by Lamplighter, *Mike*.

Mr. W. T'Anson has named his yearlings as follows: Gr c by Chanticleer out of a mare bought in November, 1853, of Mr. Peter Nicoll, as Petrovna, by Velocipede, *Victor Emanuel*; and ch f by Chanticleer out of Captain Cornish's dam, *Howlandia*.

Mr. E. Drevitt has named his bay filly by Knight of Gwynne out of Siphod, *Salters*; and his brown filly by Hippolytus out of Boulette, *Rouge et Noir*.

Mr. W. Etwall's yearling colt by Bay Middleton out of Soldier's Joy, is called *Brown Middleton*.

Important matters, these. And now let us look at the great object for which these foals are named, and educated with so much anxious care. It is to improve the breed of this noble animal, is it not? In a secondary sense it is, doubtless. But, primarily, the object is, evidently, to make money. The *latest state of the odds* is the standing title to an editorial column. Here is the last intelligence we have:

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

MONDAY, JAN. 7.—Although the Room was more numerously attended than it has been of late, the publication of the entries for the Spring Handicaps does not appear to have given any impetus to the betting on those events; the transactions hereafter quoted being all of trifling sums. The Derby betting presented no feature, if we except an outlay of £250 on Wentworth at 8 to 1, (the commissioner anxious to increase his investments), and the upward tendency of Artillery, who was backed for £100 at 20 to 1, but at the break up of the Room 1,000 to 60 was taken twice. 4,000 to 60 was also taken about Ringdropper, in the same stable.

Flybynight and Yellow Jack were backed freely for the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, the former at 4 to 1, and the latter at 5 to 1.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEA STAKES.—7 to 2 agst Flybynight (tk), 5 to 1 agst Yellow Jack (tk), 7 to 1 agst Milton (tk), to 7 to 1 agst Polmoodie (tk).

CHESTER CUP.—30 to 1 agst Coroner, 1,000 to 20 agst Imogene (tk), 1,000 to 20 agst Rifleman (tk), 1,000 to 20 agst Fatalist (tk), 1,000 to 15 agst Yorkshire Grey (tk), 1,000 to 15 agst Lady Tatton (tk), 1,000 to 15 agst Yellow Jack (tk).

THE DERBY.—8 to 1 agst Wentworth, 9 to 1 agst Flybynight, 10 to 1 agst Ellington (tk), 500 to 80 agst Artillery (tk), 1,000 to 20 agst Wild Irishman (tk), 1,000 to 15 agst Ringdropper (tk).

LIVERPOOL STEEPLE CHASE.—15 to 1 offered on the field, but nothing done.

In the same paper from which this is copied, we have what the editor calls "an admirable letter," defending the character of one of England's noblest dukes, and incidentally setting forth the indispensable necessity of betting. As the reader will see, the writer is a classical scholar, and gives ample evidence that he knows whereof he affirms:

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.

SIR: I observe in your paper of the 30th Dec. a letter signed "R.," purporting to give an account of the present state of the Turf. As it is evidently written with the best feelings, as well as *poised with good intentions*, it may be more productive of mischief than if it emanated from a hostile pen: in my humble opinion all the writer's theories are fallacious, all his proposals impracticable, and nine-tenths of his assertions incorrect—

"At melius fuerat non scribere, namque tacere—
Tantum semper erit."

Betting is a necessary adjunct to racing, and the laudable object of every man who wishes well to the Turf is to try to diminish the accompanying evils by establishing *suitable rules which cannot be evaded and which will be enforced.*

"R." says, "do away as much as possible with all betting; it is not required for racing, which is far more enjoyable sport without it." This is a matter of taste; but what brought 370 horses to Newmarket in one week last October, and produced 55 races? Certainly not the stakes advertised, which were of trifling value: it was owing to the facilities afforded by the Betting Ring to horse owners to back their horses. Now, supposing, for the sake of argument, that betting was abolished, what would be the result? In the course of three years not one-tenth of the present number of horses would be in training; the Thousand Guinea yearlings would fetch 80 guineas, and four-fifths of the race courses would be ploughed up.

"R.," we think, is effectually used up on this point; and with regard to his reckless assertion that the late excellent Duke of Portland did not bet, thus aspersing the memory of the dead, he is met and vanquished by this admirable letter-writer, who says: "I have often betted with the

duke in a small way. He laid the odds to 200 sovs. against Bedlamite for the St. Leger at 20 and 30 to 1." Scandalous, was it not, that the noble Duke of Portland—dead and in his grave—should be charged with lending his countenance to anything which would have a tendency to plow up "four-fifths of the race courses!" We congratulate his grace's family that so vile a slander is set at rest.

But this betting upon the result of a race, even if its morality is to be settled by the example of the very highest circles in the highest stage of civilization, is it not, after all, a hazardous thing?

To bet? To win? Perchance to lose!
For in that manly sport may we not lose?
There's the respect that makes a Yankee pause,
And rather bear the ill he suffers
Than fly to others which he knows not of.

Poor, unsophisticated Yankee! Why, in this very number of Bell's delectable paper there are at least a score of gentlemen who proffer their services to secure anybody against the possibility of losing. Read the following advertisement:

DERBY, TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS, and CHESTER CUP.—Any gentleman may easily win a heavy stake on the above events by obtaining my advice, as I have, at an enormous expense, provided myself with reliable information from headquarters, that must win, barring accidents. Terms for each event, 25 postage stamps. Now is your time to get on, as the horses are at long shots. Only one horse for each event. Address, SAMPSON DAY, Post Office, Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, London.

Are you not satisfied that, as Mr. Sampson Day says, now is your time to get on? Perhaps you fear that little exception, "barring accidents." Bell will introduce you to gentlemen who do not bar anything, who make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond from fate. Hear what Mr. George Dockeray says, and if you have a *five*, and a particle of faith in fallen humanity, and no honest way of earning your bread, send it to him by the next steamer. Be for once an Englishman, patronize this most refined and manly of British sports, and at the same time replenish your own purse:

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS TO COMMENCE THE SEASON WITH.—Those gentlemen who intend to back horses for the principal events during the forthcoming season should send a *five* (more or less can be invested for them) to Mr. GEORGE DOCKERAY, who will return the above amount to them the day after the meeting, without the slightest risk of losing the *five*.

Not the slightest risk! But Mr. George Dockeray is outdone by a gentleman who calls himself Stamford. Having no han-

dle to his name, we presume he must be a nobleman. He does not ask you to send him a *five*. He only advises you, for your own sake, to go for a "raker." Of course you will make him a present from your winnings, when you get them. That's all he asks. Listen to Stamford :

PAYMENT from WINNINGS ONLY.—STAMFORD, the unequalled successful racing adviser, has now ready his Derby winner. From 20 to 40 to 1 can now be had, but he will win. The Two Thousand at 8 to 1. Liverpool Steeple Chase, Metropolitan, and Chester Cup, first-rate advice. Now is your time to go for a raker. Your liberal presents from your winnings on Mr. Bykes for the Cesarewitch have enabled me to engage several additional agents. Remember, one horse for each race, and no pay until won.

There are, we confess, mysteries beyond our comprehension connected with this subject. Here, in this republican climate, winning and losing go hand in hand. When a gambler, or a broker in Wall-street, wins, it is almost always the case that somebody loses. But on the other side of the water, if these true Britons are to be relied upon, everybody may win. Surely there ought to be no poverty in England. All suspicion of trickery or deception on the part of Mr. Dockeray, or Mr. Day, or the Marquis of Stamford, is, of course, out of the question. Bell—who, as you will see presently, does everything on the square—would not give publicity to proposals not strictly honorable and English. Indeed, one of the gentlemen alluded to challenges the world to bring against him a well-founded complaint. He thus sums up his deeds of benevolence and true British philanthropy :

For the above and other winning meetings this season I have executed commissions for nearly 400 persons, and won upward of £20,000, which sum has been paid "punctually the day after the race" (less 5 per cent. commission;) and I have only to add, that it is my most sincere wish that any gentleman who entrusts me with his money to lay out, and has any just cause of complaint to make, that he will do so publicly in this paper, and any expense that he may be at in doing so, I will cheerfully pay. For the next Newmarket I shall be able to return a great stake for all money sent me to put on; I shall be able to receive commissions up to first post the day of the race. Cash sent up by notes or P. O. order payable in the city. Letters addressed to Mr. Dockeray, at the General Post Office, City.

Can anything be fairer than that? He will cheerfully pay the expense of proclaiming his own rascality; nay, it is his most sincere wish to do it, if anybody can find it for him. With all our American predilections, and our native distrust of such gentlemen as Mr. Dockeray, we are constrained to add, as a matter of sheer justice, that as yet no one has accepted his challenge.

It is fair to state that, in looking over

our file, we do find one or two instances of bets said to be lost, and, what is most remarkable, the losers are held up as unwilling to pay. We can only account for this strange anomaly by supposing that the person or persons to whom James Fiddaman refers are not of the aristocracy, perhaps not even Britons; or, it may be that Fiddaman labors under a mistake as to the price of Veteran, or the success of Lord of the Isles, at the last Derby. At any rate, it is certain that neither Fiddaman, nor the "persons" whose names he threatens to publish, secured the services of Dockeray or Stamford. *Hinc illa lacrymæ:*

KING'S LYNN, Norfolk, January 12, 1856.—Notice. —If the person do NOT PAY the BET over to James Fiddaman, respecting the price of Veteran for the last Cambridgeshire, within 10 days from the date hereof, his name will be PUBLISHED in the paper as a defaulter; and if the person in the same town do not pay over the money he owes respecting the Lord of the Isles for the last Derby, his name will also be published.

Pass we now to the Rattling department, or, as it is called by Bell, the CANINE FANCY. In our verdancy we supposed this variety of English sport pertained rather to the lower orders. Not so, by any means. Read the account of what took place at Jemmy Shaw's :

The grand show and distribution of the annual prizes at Jemmy Shaw's, took place on the 6th inst. in the presence of above two hundred gentlemen and fanciers, who expressed their admiration by liberally subscribing toward the next prize fund. On this occasion no less than twelve beautiful collars, highly finished, were awarded.

Is the reader curious to know what it is that the two hundred gentlemen and fanciers fancy? Bell will tell him what they do at Jemmy Shaw's :

Rattling sports in reality next Tuesday evening, at Jemmy Shaw's truly sporting "crib," the Queen's Head Tavern, Crown-court, Windmill-street, Haymarket. There is a good supply of barn rats for public or private sport. Next Wednesday there will be a strong muster of old fanciers to propose, &c., also to enroll fresh members. Buyers and sellers can meet with every opportunity of exchanging, &c. A list of stock dogs kept. The great hanging sweepstakes, for the benefit of old Charley Aitrop, comes off at Jemmy Shaw's next Tuesday week, and the great 100 rat match on Tuesday fortnight.

The match against time to destroy 25 rats under 1 3-4 min. comes off next Tuesday evening at T. Beaumont's, Grapes, Albemarle-street, Clerkenwell. The owner of the dog has staked £5 to £4 on the event. Several other matches with small dogs and ferrets will take place. A good supply of rats always ready. T. Beaumont will match his bitch Tiny to kill from 20 to 100 rats against any other dog at £5 to £50. The match can be made at the above house.

This enrolling of fresh members must be an interesting ceremony, and the match between *Shot* and *Rough*, in which some little difference of opinion arose between the gentlemen amateurs, was, doubtless,

decided justly by Bell, to whom both parties appealed. We have not room for the extended account, and the following editorial announcement, in his next week's paper, must satisfy the reader's anxiety. How like a philosopher the editor gives his calm, frank, manly decision :

SHOT V. ROUGH.—A question was decided by us last week in our "Answers to Correspondents," on which depended the fate of the stakes in this match. We then stated that, if the number of rats was one short, the rat must be supplied, and the time added. Now, it appears that Rough entered the pit first, and killed in 3 min. 56 sec.; and then Shot completed his task in 1 min. 45 sec.; but on counting the dead rats (how it happened is somewhat mysterious,) it appears that one is short. The owner of Shot asks for another rat (plenty are at hand,) and the owner of the other dog refuses. This he clearly had no right to do; and, in doing so, decidedly loses the match. The owner of Shot will make another match when this is settled, and has left £5 in our hands for that purpose.

Bell is an exceedingly candid man. He goes for having everything done on the square. He will not publish *ex parte* statements. A true Briton is Bell; hear him :

We have received a letter signed "J. Sherman," giving an account, in not very favorable terms, of a rattling match that took place at the Grapes, Albemarle-street, on New-Year's night, but being an *ex parte* statement, we shall not give it publicly. We trust that Mr. Beaumont would, for his own sake, see that everything was conducted on the square.

Having given a fair sample of the aristocratic amusements with horses and dogs, we reach, in our descending scale, another class of animals who are trained with equal care, upon whom money is staked with the same British spirit, and whose deeds are chronicled with even more minuteness. Here is Bell's latest programme :

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

- JAN. 23.—Carter and Moran—£10 a side, Ashton.
- FEB. 4.—Hatton and Langham's Black—£35 a side, London.
- 5.—Ingram and Thomas—£25 a side, Bristol.
- APR. 29.—Johnny Walker and Hayes—£300 a side, London.
- MAY 19.—Harry Broome and Tom Paddock—£300 a side, London.
- JUNE 2.—Sam Simmonds and Brettle—£200 a side, London.
- 4.—The Tipton Slasher and Aaron Jones—£100 a side and the Championship.

The reader will do injustice to the pluck of our enlightened progenitors, and to the liberality of the nobility and gentry of Great Britain, if he supposes that this record contains all the "fights to come" previous to the fourth of June. There are a great many more for which the arrangements are not yet perfect. *Bell's Life* devotes a large portion of its news columns to challenges, meetings of back-

ers, and other diplomatic preliminaries. As, for instance, take a few gleanings from the editorial columns :

Alfred Newton of Westbromwich will fight Smoker of Dudley at 8st 2lb, for £10 a side. Money ready at Alfred Lloyd's, Shingler's Arms, Hill Top, Westbromwich.

Young Rider of Bristol will fight J. Morris at 7st 12lb, for £10 or £15 a side. Money ready at Solid Coates's, the Crown, Tower-street, Birmingham.

Young Goddard, who set-to with Tom Callan's son on Wednesday, at the benefit, will fight any novice at 7st 2lb, for a purse, in the same ring with Hatton and the Black.

Simon Finightly will fight the Caledonian Mouse, or Tom Bell, at 1st 2lb, for from £5 to £25 a side. Money ready at Mr. Beaumont's Grapes, Albemarle-street, Clerkenwell.

Jem Mace of Norwich will make a match with Mr. Paret's novice at 10st 2lb, for £25 a side, should not Owen Lea agree to fight him. He will take £5 to come to London. A letter addressed to Cubitt, Two Brewers, Norwich, will be attended to.

MOURNING AND BRADSHAW.—A small sum is down for a match, at catch weight, between the veteran Mountainjoy and Bill Bradshaw, of the Hampshire Hog, Red-cross-street, Borough; to fight for £10 a side.

INGRAM AND THOMAS.—We have received a further deposit of £3 10s a side for this match, which comes off on the 5th of Feb. The next deposit of £3 10s a side is to be sent next week.

HATTON AND TRAVES.—The final deposit of £3 10s a side for this match is to be posted at the Coach and Horses, High-street, Woolwich, on the 29th inst.

The fights mentioned in the table are fixed facts, the blunt all posted, amounting, as will be seen, to about eight thousand five hundred dollars, in addition to the liberal sums which the sporting gentry will bet on the several occasions. Independently of the large stake, the fight between Johnny Walker and Hayes excites great interest. Johnny seems to be the favorite; but the knowing ones are of opinion that Hayes is slapping up to the mark. He is said to be clever at a *facer*, but not equal to Johnny at a *cross-buttock*.

The great event of the season, however, will be the fight between the Tipton Slasher and Aaron Jones. The championship of England is depending upon it. They have both won many laurels, and both have been frequently covered with British glory. Their *bread-baskets* have been damaged; their *nobs* have been peppered; their *ogles* darkened; their *snorters* clareted. Aaron is up to the trick of punishing a *knowledge-box*, and the Slasher knows how to spail an antagonist's *cannister*. Seven to five on the Slasher.

Our readers may gain information relative to the interest excited in England by a prime set-to, and have their ideas corrected relative to the respectability of the combatants, by the following remarks, introductory to an accurate account of the great fight between Phil. Sampson and Tom Brown :

"The out-and-out Fanciers left London in considerable numbers on the Sunday and Monday previous, for Birmingham and Wolverhampton. The latter place was overflowing with company of every description; all the inns crowded to excess, and dabs could not be had at any price. The little towns and villages contiguous to Wolverhampton came in also for their share of company.

"On Tuesday morning vast multitudes were toddling toward the scene of action. Vehicles of all sorts were in motion; equestrians and pedestrians thronged the way from Birmingham, Walsall, Dudley, Wednesbury, Bridgenorth, and Stafford, Lichfield, Shrewsbury, and other distant towns. Brown cut a prime dash on his turn-out to the ground; he was seated with his friend Spring, and several others, in a landau, his own property, decorated on the panels with the sign of his house at Bridgenorth, and drawn by four fine horses, while a great number of well-mounted gentlemen formed, as it were, his body-guard. Both Sampson and Brown waited at the Bradford Arms till the time arrived for entering the ring. Arrangements on the ground had been made with much skill and attention. A circle of wagons, with a stage on a convenient spot, formed the external barrier; in front of these, the spectators on foot were kept at a distance of several yards from the twenty-four feet ring, by a strong circle of ropes and stakes. The ring itself was formed with posts of great thickness, deeply fixed in the earth, and three ropes, one more than the usual number, were affixed to them. The number of spectators could not have been less than twenty-five thousand—some persons guessed their numbers at forty thousand—of these, at least fifteen thousand were unable to see the twenty-four feet ring, and were consequently continually pressing forward.

"A few minutes before one o'clock, Brown, leaning on the arm of Tom Spring, threw his hat into the ring; he was received with a prime welcome. The appearance of the Bridgenorth hero was highly prepossessing; he was dressed in a blue coat, white cord breeches, and top boots. Sampson appeared soon afterward, and his friends, in their turn, rent the air with applause. Phil was also well togged. On the entrance of the latter boxer, Brown, who was sitting on the hamper containing the bottles, &c., rose up, and holding out his hand with a good-natured smile, said, 'Well, my boy, how are you?' Sampson gave him his mauley, but turned another way with an angry scowl, and merely repeated, 'How are you?'"

In good sooth, this must have been a goodly sight. The prime dash cut by Brown, in his own landau, so beautifully decorated; his four fine horses, bloods, doubtless; the great number of real gentlemen, well-mounted, who composed his body-guard; the cord breeches and top boots of the Bridgenorth hero; the tog of his antagonist; the chivalry of England, to the number of twenty five thousand at least, every man of them with more or

less money depending upon the issue—well, we may as well own up and knock under. We can't come it—we believe that is the phrase, Uncle John—we can't come it, here in the States. But then we are young yet, you know, and who can tell to what we may grow with your august example before us, and so many of your tip-toppers as you graciously send to our shores annually?

Of the fight we may not copy the whole account, with its brilliant array of English tropes and figures. It must suffice to say that the Bridgenorth hero was licked, and Phil. Sampson was declared the conqueror on the forty-second round. Cause why? "The big un," says the narrator, "was reduced to a complete state of distress; his left *peeper* completely in darkness, his right severely damaged, and his *conk* almost cut to pieces. *His left shoulder was also dislocated.*" It is satisfactory to have the assurance, from the same unquestionable authority, that "he displayed game of the first quality." And, again, "no one could dispute the bravery and game manifested by Brown throughout the fight;" and yet, once more, "the hero of Bridgenorth must have suffered severely, owing to the accident of his shoulder, and which stamps him an out and out game man to have contested the battle after his left shoulder had been dislocated." Little pieces of plaster these for his darkened *peepers* and his mutilated *conk*. But the glorification of the conqueror, ah! that was prime. The rejoicings of John Bull when the French took the Malakoff were tame in the comparison:

"The return from the mill was full of bustle and incident; Sampson's colors were flying in all directions, out of the windows of several houses on the road, on the tops of the coaches, and 'Sampson for ever!' to the end of the chapter, from the chaffers of the Fancy. The road-side houses never experienced anything like such a prime day for the return of blunt; and 'success to milling' was on the tip of the tongues of all the landlords of the lush-criba.

"Sampson left the ground under the patronage of Mr. Beadworth, in tip-top style; and, during part of his journey, on his victorious return to Birmingham, the carriage which conveyed Phil, and his friends was drawn by eight horses. Through the streets of Birmingham his reception was enthusiastic: Sampson was loudly cheered by the spectators, and drawn by six prads, until he arrived at the house of Arthur Matthewson. Every room in Arthur's crib was crowded to excess by the admirers of the Art of Self-defence; and the anxiety of the persons in the street to gain admittance, to

have a peep at the conqueror of Brown, defied all description. Matthewson found it absolutely necessary to employ two men, in addition to strong bolts, to prevent his doors from being torn off their hinges."

As is the case, occasionally, with benevolent institutions in this country, so in England an appeal is needed, now and then, for money. Up to the latest dates Bell had only received about three hundred dollars toward the purchase of what he calls a magnificent trophy, the champion's belt. How handsomely he makes his appeal to the supporters of the noble art—to the patricians—hinting that this sad deficiency arises entirely from forgetfulness on their part, as we suppose it does, and then asking their pardon, as a commoner, for calling patrician attention to the subject :

THE CHAMPION'S BELT.

All the money we have received toward this magnificent trophy does not yet amount to £40. The matter has now been some time in abeyance, and we appeal to our readers to come forward at once with their subscriptions in order that it may be at once commenced, with a view to its completion before the two forthcoming battles for the Championship. Several patrician supporters of the noble art some time ago intimated their intention of supporting the undertaking, and, as they have probably forgotten it, we trust they will now pardon our calling it to their recollection.

But we have almost reached the limit assigned us. Our remaining space will not allow us to dwell upon the British amusements of wrestling, of which we have several interesting accounts; pedestrianism, cribbage, quoits, pigeon-shooting, cricket, cock-fighting, chasing a pig with a greased tail, grinning through a horse collar, and other matters which make up life in London. It is of the less consequence, however, as we have scrupulously aimed to keep within the upper circles, and none of the latter-named sports are of so genteel a character as those we have endeavored to set before the reader. They pertain more properly to the lower classes, mere mechanics, who work for their bread, and we are not sure that the better educated and more refined of the aristocracy do not rate them decidedly low. Perhaps we ought to make an exception in favor of cock-fighting. The record in honor of Joe Hough, in a paper which only chronicles marriages in high life that are "to come off," and deaths among those of the upper circles who have gone off, admonishes us that we may have done our British exemplars injustice with reference to cock-fighting.

If we have been in error, our ignorance is the only plea we have to offer; and as the best atonement in our power, we copy Bell's brief obituary notice of one famous in the department alluded to :

NEWSMARKET.—Died, on Tuesday last, suddenly, from disease of the heart, whilst riding in a conveyance on the Cambridge-road, near the turnpike-gate, with Mr. Wm. Tongue, of Manchester, Joe Hough, who had been known for many years on the Turf as a "tout," and also famous for his management of fighting cocks.

In our own justification we must be permitted to add that, with our American education, and our republican narrowness of conception, it ought not to surprise our Uncle John that we are unable to see any good reason for ranking either of the sports alluded to below horse-racing, fox-hunting, or mutual man-mauling. It is possible that there is a luxury in these latter diversions of which we have no adequate conception, as there is certainly a felicity in the choice language used to describe them which writers on this side of the water cannot equal, and which, we fear, some of our readers will scarcely understand. That, however, is not the fault of our British brethren. It is our misfortune. We must bear it as best we may. In the meantime John will continue to laugh at our ignorance, to ridicule our customs, to taunt our females with inability to ride steeple-chases, our men with lack of pluck, and our authors of both sexes with inability to write decent English. And has he not the right to do all these things? His own eye being purged of every mote, is it not his province, nay, his duty, as a good uncle, to show up the Yankee beams which cause us as a people so awfully to squint?

[For the National Magazine.]

OUTER AND INNER.

BY MRS. E. J. KAMES.

The harsh conditions of this outer life
Rest heavily upon our inner being :
Day calleth unto day, the role of strife,
And toil, and care ; and thus forever seeing
Its sad necessities, the poor immortal
Sits famish'd in its prison-house of clay ;
Striving in vain to reach the dusty portal
That shutteth out the Spirit Land of day !
Still circling round the central sphere of mind,
Thoughts rise like stars, intensely pure and
clear :
While e'en as is a magic glass enshrined,
New forms of life, idealized appear.
And thus the Outer turns from paths of toil and
strife,
To touch the threshold of the Innermost of life !

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT HUMAN DIET.

IF an ignorant miller were told that his flour would some day be converted into human blood, he would laugh at the notion just as much as if told that any part of his body could be made available—as it can—in the manufacture of lucifer matches. There is no external resemblance between the fine white powder which fills his sacks and the crimson fluid which streams from the heart. There is still less similarity between that powder and the brawny muscles that render him a terror to the whole village. Yet, if the man were to sentence himself to live exclusively on the produce of his mill—and he might do so without forfeiting his prowess, provided he retained the bran, wherein the most nutritive principle largely exists—it is plain that his flour must resolve itself into blood, and this blood must again become consolidated into flesh. At the first glance, indeed, an analysis of bread would only seem to render the mystery more perplexing still. The chief ingredient, in point of quantity, is found to be *water*. Nearly one half of every wheaten loaf is composed of this mild and unpretending fluid. But it so happens that water is also the preponderating element in the constitution of solid men and women. Any gentleman who weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds, will be surprised to learn that he has only thirty-eight pounds of dry matter in the whole of his body. Upward of one hundred weight of his humanity is literally identical in nature with the liquid which drops from the clouds or is pumped from the soil, (after filtering itself perhaps through the nearest churchyard.) If the water in our frames were not associated with more consistent materials, we should have to live in buckets or barrels, and people would subside into liquid masses charged with a few soluble salts, and depositing a small quantity of matter by way of sediment. Strange, therefore, as it may appear, that our frames should be so succulent in their composition, it is necessary that our diet should correspond. Hence the natural fitness of a commodity which, like flour, possesses, and is capable of taking up, so large a proportion of water. A dry crust is, in truth, a tank of moisture. We drink bread as well as eat it. In like manner, out of one hundred parts of lean beef, seventy-eight are nothing more than water mixed with blood.

Apples, gooseberries, mushrooms, and many other articles of food, yield eighty per cent. of this catholic fluid. Three quarters of every potato are simple moisture. Carrots are extravagantly humid, eighty-three parts being composed of the same liquid. Turnips should be sipped; they contain only ten parts of solid food to ninety of water. It is among the gourd tribe, however, that we find the most striking examples of succulence. In the water-melon ninety-four parts of every mouthful consists of mere moisture; and in the cucumber you get only three morsels of substantial matter to ninety-seven of condensed vapor. Well might the old pasha, Mohammed Ali, consume a forty-pound melon at a single sitting, and even treat it as an easy appendix to an excellent repast!

The second noticeable ingredient in bread will surprise the non-chemical reader almost as much as the first.* He will find it difficult to believe that animal fiber may be extracted from muffins or biscuits, and though he admits figuratively that all flesh is grass, he may object to regard it literally as flour. Wheaten bread, however, contains six per cent. of a substance called gluten, which, when analyzed, is found to exhibit the same ultimate elements as the

* After the lapse of a few days bread loses its softness, and becomes apparently dry. Most persons, if asked the cause of this change, would ascribe it to the loss of moisture. But the fact is, that stale bread contains exactly the same quantity of water as new. The alteration is supposed to be due to some internal action among the atoms; for if a stale loaf is exposed in a closely covered tin to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water, for a period of half an hour or an hour, and then allowed to cool, it will be found to have recovered its youth, and will be restored in appearance and properties to the condition of new bread. As another illustration, we may refer to the development of *alcohol* in flour during the process of conversion into bread. The total abstainer will be greatly alarmed to learn that at one stage of that process the farina, which he regards as the mildest of eatable things, is really pervaded with his deadly enemy. During the fermentation excited by the yeast, part of the starch in the flour is converted into sugar, and this, again, is resolved into carbonic acid and alcohol. Literally *alcohol*, were peat! Fortunately the adversary is compelled to evacuate the bread when exposed to the heat of the oven, and thus it becomes impossible to get drunk on quarter loaves. Mischievous bakers in England, with a glimmering of science in their heads, have sometimes attempted to imprison the ardent element, and have audaciously announced that they sell "Bread with the gin in it!"

fibrin of muscle. Both are represented by the same chemical formula, and both belong to a striking series of substances known as the protein compounds, which correspond, to a remarkable extent, in their constitution and dietary uses. In the gluten of bread, therefore, the fibrin of the flesh already exists, and hence Swift was a good deal nearer the truth than he imagined, when he penned that witty scene in the *Tale of a Tub*, where my Lord Peter attempts to persuade his Lutheran and Calvinist brothers that a dry crust was as fine a piece of mutton as ever came out of Leadenhall market.*

But besides the materials demanded for the repair or enlargement of the tissues, and which may therefore be called the body-building principles, others are needed for the purpose of providing a constant supply of animal heat. Our food must contain a quantity of fuel, and not a little either, for as the temperature of the body is higher than that of the atmosphere, averaging, in fact, about 98° Fahrenheit, we are plundered of our caloric continually. Now every grain of wheat includes, if we may so speak, its own little stock of oil and coke; that is to say, it is equipped with a quantity of fat, starch, gum, and other substances, which, by combining with the oxygen inspired, are burned within the body on the same principle, but not with the same fiery manifestations, as tallow or coal are burned without it.

It would be impossible, in our limited space, to refer particularly to the mineral matters which bread, like all other perfect food, must include. Our food should "contain a due admixture of vegetable and animal substances, in which the proportions of the three most important constituents, fat, starch or sugar, and fibrin or gluten, are properly adjusted." It is here that the wonderful instinct already mentioned, which leads mankind to mingle various articles of diet so as to obtain all the necessary elements, comes into conspicuous play. Without possessing any chemical knowledge whatever, the stomach appears from time to time to have given strong hints to its owner, which have

led to combinations as subtle and efficient as if they had been prescribed by the profoundest science. Why, for instance, should bread or potatoes form an indispensable accompaniment to beef? On analyzing the latter substance, it is found to consist of seventy-eight parts of water, nineteen of fibrin, and three of fat. These principles appear, as we have seen, in bread; gluten there being equivalent to fibrin here. But there is no starch in your steak, while there is much in your loaf. The fat, it is true, may to some extent represent this combustible material, but it will not supply as much fuel as is needed to keep your corporeal furnace in adequate action. Hence, by a natural impulse, we resort to bread when attacking beef, or take the latter in flank with a dish of potatoes, these tubers (subtracting the water) containing almost ninety-two per cent. of starch. So, again, when the quantity of fat in any animal substance is insignificant, it is astonishing what tricks we employ to obtain a sufficient supplement from other sources. We eat along with those varieties in which it is small, some other food richer in fat. Thus, we eat bacon with veal, with liver, and with fowl, or we capon the latter, and thus increase its natural fat. We use melted butter with our white fish, or we fry them with fat; while the herring, the salmon, and the eels, are usually both dressed and eaten in their own oil. If the reader will take the trouble of consulting any popular cookery book, he will find that sausage, and other rich mixed meats, are made in general with one part of fat and two of lean; the proportion in which they exist in a piece of good marbled beef! Art thus unconsciously again imitating nature.

The solid substances, however, to which we have hastily alluded, constitute only one department of our commissariat. Impelled by his instinct to seek for some sort of liquid to moisten his clay, man has employed his genius in preparing various artificial *drinks*. Of these there are two classes: first, such as are simply infused

whereby that doctrine may be tested. The proportion of gluten contained in bread is not the same as that contained in flesh. Now if the Romanist wishes to establish his theory of transmutation forever, he may do it most readily by showing—if he can—that, after the act of consecration has been performed, the wafer contains the relative quantity of gluten which belongs to flesh and not to bread.

* Nearer the truth, we say, in this respect—that fibrin may be, and is extracted from bread by the chemistry of digestion and assimilation. But lest the remark should seem to favor the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation, be it observed that analysis furnishes a fatal implement

without undergoing any special chemical treatment; and, second, such as are subjected to certain chemical changes, the most important of which consists in fermentation. Both sorts exert a stimulating influence over the mind; but while the former, tea, coffee, cocoa, occasion an elegant and innocent kind of excitement, the latter, ale, spirits, wines, if too freely absorbed, fling the patient into a state of vulgar and uproarious inebriety.

Our readers may remember the surprise which was manifested by the author of one of the most diverting diaries ever written, when he first sipped tea from a Lilliputian cup at the price of some sixty shillings per pound. Could that amusing gentleman have witnessed the analysis of the herb by some modern chemist, he would have recorded the peculiarities of its composition with many expressions of astonishment. First, he would have learned that it contains a volatile oil, not naturally resident as such in the plant, but developed during the drying and roasting to which the leaf is exposed. Small as is the quantity—1lb. in 100lbs. of tea—it is to this that the peculiar virtue of the herb is mainly ascribed. For as new tea produces a species of intoxication, on which account the Chinese rarely employ it until a year has elapsed, and as the tasters and packers of the article are subject to attacks of giddiness and paralysis, the change effected by delay is presumed to be due to the escape of a portion of this fugitive material. Next, Mr. Pepys would have been made acquainted with a substance called theine, respecting which he would have chronicled a very curious fact. In various parts of the globe certain stimulating substances, such as coffee, cocoa, chocolate, maté, guarna, have been employed for the same purposes as the charming herb whose merits we are now considering. But all these substances, adopted as they have been without the slightest conception of their chemical composition, are found to agree in the possession of the peculiar body just mentioned. And here, again, the subtle instinct which rules the human appetite, seems to have led mankind by what appear to be different routes to the same results, as if there were some secret affinities between the stomach and its fare which enabled us to detect the latter, whatever disguises it may assume, or in whatever unlikely com-

binations it may lurk. Mr. Pepys would have further learned that this substance, which is remarkably rich in nitrogen, has the property of retarding the waste of the bodily tissues, so that a much smaller quantity of food suffices for the maintenance of the frame where tea is systematically drunk. The poor man is not, therefore, indulging in a pure luxury when he purchases his packet of Souchong. He is literally economizing his body. Three or four grains of theine daily will lessen his expenditure of flesh materially. And hence, too, when digestion begins to flag, as in the aged, or in those who have worked their stomachs too severely, tea will enable that organ to keep up the wants of the system with a much smaller outlay of energy than would otherwise be required. The third ingredient in this herb might have struck Mr. Pepys with equal surprise. From the bark of trees we extract tannin, or tannic acid, the astringent substance which is employed in converting the skins of animals into leather, and also in producing an inky dye or infusion when mixed with salts of iron. The same substance is to be found in tea. It constitutes no less than from thirteen to eighteen per cent. of the dried leaf. Its precise influence upon the human system has not yet been ascertained, but its presence would probably have induced Mr. Pepys to decline all participation in the new beverage, lest his digestive sac should soon be transformed into leather.

These are the three most active principles in tea, but of the remaining ingredients, fat, starch, water, mineral and other matter, we need only mention gluten, the nutritive character of which has already been noticed. This substance forms one-fourth of the weight of the dried leaves, and therefore renders them as nourishing as peas or beans. The ordinary process of infusion extracts but little of the gluten, and, consequently, the most feeding element in the plant is rejected. When first introduced into Europe, the liquid was sometimes discarded, and the leaves brought to table to be eaten like cabbage or cauliflower. At the present time, the Tartars reduce the tea to a fine powder, and mix it with fat and salt; and in some parts of South America, according to Captain Basil Hall, the natives drink the hot infusion in the first instance, and then the residual leaves are handed round on a silver salver.

[For the National Magazine.]

PUBLIC OPINION.

TAKING the term in its largest acceptation, by the public we may understand the great body of mankind. In a more limited acceptation it may embrace only some given nation. Descending still lower, as where a nation is composed of a number of independent states, like our own Republic, it may be limited to any of these subdivisions. On this principle the term admits of still further restriction, to all the subordinate minor subdivisions in community, till we reach the county, the township, the village, the school district, ending with the mere neighborhood. But these are only geographical distinctions, while others, equally marked and more important to our inquiry, also deserve to be considered. For example, there is the political public, in which there are several divisions and subdivisions. There is also the mercantile or commercial public; there is the religious public; there is the literary public; and there is the agricultural, the manufacturing, and the mechanical public; there is the aristocratic, and the democratic, or the plebeian public; there is a gay and a fashionable, a plain and a laboring public; there is a reading and a writing public; and there is a public which is not distinguished for excelling in either. There is a public composed respectively of the young, the middle-aged, and the advanced in years. There is a thinking public; and there is one which cheerfully relinquishes to others such mental drudgery as thinking and reasoning. And, we might add, there is a listening and there is a talking public; and whatever may be the comparative merit of their respective opinions, the latter are vastly more liberal in imparting theirs for the benefit of others. But though the catalogue is not exhausted, it need not be extended.

If such is only a glance at the public, what must be the character of public opinion? To say the least, it must be as various as are the classes, communities, or associations which entertain it, to say nothing as to the subjects about which it is exercised. According to Dr. Johnson, the term opinion may be taken in the following acceptations: "A *persuasion* of the mind, without proof or certain knowledge. A *conviction, sentiment, judgment*. A *favorable judgment, or approbation*."

But these are not all the distinctions which enter into a discriminate and comprehensive definition of public opinion; as the peculiar character of the given public, as such, must always be taken into the account. We are generally safe in the conclusion that the public, taking the term in any of its numerous applications, will have its opinion on all those subjects which fall within its purview. This will correspond to the nature of the given public; for example, how different is public opinion in China, India, Japan, Turkey, Africa, or the Isles of the Sea! But it is still public opinion. It is also greatly modified in all Mohammedan and heathen, compared with Christian nations; and those parts of Christendom which have felt the molding influence of papacy, compared with those which have been brought under the transforming power of Protestantism. It is also modified by the civil government under which a people live; and by the character of their education, especially that of the common people, who usually constitute the bulk of every nation. Perhaps the character of the climate, soil, productions, and habits of the people, should come in for their share of influence; for nothing is more certain than that habits control opinions to as great a degree as opinions do habits; or, perhaps, it is safer to assume that they act and react upon each other. For a time, indeed, there may be a conflict between them; but this will ordinarily soon terminate in a mutual compromise, or one must yield the ground to the other.

Nor should it be overlooked that public opinion is modified also by the successive transitions from one period of life to another in the same generation, and from one generation to another in the same age and country. There are no limits to change and progress. New opinions are constantly springing up, while those which, for the time being, were current, having had their day—having worn the crown during a longer or shorter reign, resign the scepter to their successor. Or, perhaps, we should rather say, a new dynasty dates from the period when those opinions which were once current are recorded among the antiquated.

In a thousand instances, however, the introduction of those ideas, which seem to be novel, are only the revival of those which had become obsolete and forgotten, or some modification of those which

are still current. As with the troubled ocean, whose placid bosom is disturbed by raging storms till its angry billows seem almost ready to leap from their place among the very clouds, or threaten to break over the bounds which were of old assigned them, and sweep over islands and continents, while the unmeasured depths below preserve their usual equanimity and undisturbed repose—so with public opinion. Making due allowance for the progress of society, and its several stages, from the savage and barbarous to the most enlightened, cultivated, and refined; and for those occasional outbursts of depravity, superstition, misrule, and anarchy recorded in the history of the race, the great fundamental elements of public sentiment, in themselves considered, are much more settled and uniform than at a superficial view we are led to suppose. How far these elements are sound and just are questions which we are not so well prepared to decide at present as we shall be when we shall have contemplated the general subject in some of its other aspects.

In the legislation of any country, almost without exception, public opinion has paramount control. This is never more apparent, as a governing feature in the legislation of any people, than in a government which is based upon free principles and free suffrages like our own. Here public opinion must first determine the character of the legislators; then the character of the laws enacted; and then it must be enlisted in order to their enforcement; otherwise they remain comparatively a mere dead letter; so that, in fact, public opinion rules the nation, overruling both federal and state authorities.

Public opinion is conspicuous in the morals and religion of the community, stamping indelibly its own features on both. No form of faith can long stand before the persistent reprobation of public sentiment; and, sustained by its suffrage, any form of faith, and almost any course of practice, will triumph. It is a barrier which yields to nothing, and against which, while it remains unchanged, the tide of other influences will make a fruitless resistance. Hence, would you raise high the standard of morality and religion with any reasonable assurance that they will triumph over all opposition, you must carry your point, not so much by beating

known existing public opinion, as by bringing it up to the desired elevation. If you succeed in this, the contest is over. If you fail thus to modify and enlist public sentiment in your favor, even though you gain ascendancy over the few, the masses will remain alien to your cause.

Mark the customs of the times, in all departments of society, as they distinguish present from former times; in all these how many things are governed more by public taste than by sober judgment and sound philosophy. The imperative behests of the arbitrary autocrat, public opinion, aiming at universal empire, and whose ambition can be satisfied with nothing less, are uttered in those familiar, stereotyped phrases: "They do so now," or "They say;" while the antecedent of this almost omnipresent pronoun, "they," it is not easy to identify. But the assumption that "they say," or "they do" thus or thus, secures submission generally from the most reluctant; because he who has the temerity to resist what "they say," and to swerve from what "they do," must expect, at least for the time being, to be proscribed by ten thousand tongues, and will be awed into submission by twice ten thousand sorrowful eyes and curled lips.

This shows what passive deference public opinion claims from all her subjects, who are not disposed to relinquish the character of loyalty. For example, whether she indicates her pleasure as to the character of the education which is befitting the youth of the land—whether it shall add to their qualifications for usefulness and happiness, or whether it shall make these subordinate to those superficial and ornamental attainments which are made essential to a finished education, simply because custom has made them so—when public opinion utters her mandate, it is clothed with all the authority requisite to enforce prompt obedience. To pause, hesitate, parley, or resist, would be absurd almost to the degree of madness; for while this autocrat fills the throne, and while her present code remains unrepealed, her rule is as arbitrary as it is irresponsible. Her decision is final; for there is no tribunal clothed with appellate jurisdiction to which an appeal can be taken.

This shows that public opinion, to be a safe rule of action, must have a *standard of correctness* foreign to, and independent of, itself, to which all its decisions shall

be held subordinate, and by which their correctness may be tested. Public opinion is a tribunal which is always in readiness to try your cause—an umpire which, like the ancient heathen oracles, will utter its response on any question you shall submit for its decision. But within its realm the rules of practical jurisprudence are not well defined; for such a thing as the authority of common law is scarcely known. The reports of decisions in former analogous cases have something less than no authority. In fact, the higher the antiquity you can show for a given decision, the less is the weight of its authority; while, on the contrary, the more juvenile and recent the enactment, the more potent its influence. And thus it continues, till some still more infantile usurper claims the scepter, when the present incumbent receives a hint well understood, that he "had better abdicate." But the last usurper, like his predecessor, sways his despotic scepter till another pretender excites a revolution, and the sceptre again changes hands. Thus sovereign after sovereign, and dynasty after dynasty, in the empire of public opinion, have succeeded each other, without so much as one interregnum, since the world began: because, in theory at least, "the king never dies."

But we said that, in order to be a safe umpire, the areopagus of public opinion must have a standard of correctness foreign to itself. This is perfectly philosophical; because all true systems of science, theology, and civil polity, are based upon certain ultimate truths which underlie them. And thus must it be with sound and reliable public opinion. It must be brought to some infallible criterion, and abide the test of its application, to entitle it to our confidence. The case is analogous to that of the judge upon the bench, who is not the law of the land, but who is only the official exponent of such law. The law is something separate from, and independent of, himself: so public opinion cannot claim to be both the umpire in the case, and the rule of correctness, at the same time.

We have tacitly instituted a parallel between public opinion and conscience. Let us linger a moment longer at this point, and glance at the analogy between them. Conscience is that faculty whose office it is to pronounce a verdict of approbation or disapprobation upon our own

actions. Public opinion does the same thing with regard to the acts of others. The verdict, rendered by either, involving matters of right and wrong, is simply a moral judgment; hence, public opinion is but another word, in such cases, for public conscience. And who does not perceive that conscience, whether individual or collective, must be furnished with a test of the correctness of those acts whose character it decides. Hence, it follows that public opinion should be subjected to the same standard as personal opinion, when both relate to the same thing. What, then, is this ultimate authority—this infallible criterion? There is but one answer. It must be the teachings of Divine revelation. This standard cannot err. The golden line which never swerves is here most legibly drawn. Obliquity cannot be charged upon it.

Innumerable instances are easily imagined, and cases have, doubtless, often occurred, in which the judgment of one sound, intelligent, nonsophisticated mind, would be vastly more safe and reliable than that of the masses. Admit that common sense is the most prominent feature in their character, still this very common sense is liable to be obscured by ignorance, to be warped by prejudice, or led, headlong, by pride, passion, interest, blank fanaticism, or blind superstition. To all these the public mind—and we mean that of the masses—is as liable as the individual mind. On the contrary, that the individual mind should escape those pernicious influences and abatements to its reliability, is more probable in ordinary, as the masses are generally found in the present state of society, than that the latter should. Hence, the conclusion to which we are conducted is, that in order to a sound public opinion, the public mind, as such, must be duly enlightened and cultivated. It must yield to the authority of the requisite criterion on all those important topics on which it decides.

Some of the leading sources of influence upon public opinion deserve attention. The first we shall name is the *press*. This is a mighty engine for good or for evil; and in no country in the world is it more so than in our own at the present time. Nowhere is it more untrammelled and free; nowhere is it a broader and deeper channel of thought, than here. Its influence in forming, sustaining, and di-

recting public sentiment, and the public conscience, is most potent, whether its bearings are cast in the right or the wrong direction.

It may be divided into two great branches; the *sacred* and the *secular*. The secular press, again, resolves itself into several subordinate divisions, according to the character of its issues. There are, for example, the solid and useful publications, whose influence upon the public mind is sound, healthful, and safe. We refer to a class of works which come to us in the shape of bound volumes principally. But this cannot be said of all the books in the markets; because book-making has become a trade almost as much as paper-making; and as such it is, doubtless, prosecuted by many solely for the increase it yields. When this is the grand object, the great question with the manufacturer, and, perhaps, equally with the writer or compiler, is, what works will pay the best? Acting on this sordid principle, it follows that, if a work of *fiction* will net a larger profit than a work of *fact*, for this reason alone the fictitious, the superficial, the simply popular, would be preferred to the matter-of-fact, sober, instructive production. But the vast difference in the bearings of the two classes of works upon the public mind it is more easy to conceive than to estimate. The work of imagination may, possibly, by its glowing, life-like pictures, wake up much sensibility of a certain sort, and produce a great sensation in certain circles for the time being; but the misfortune is, they are like the glowing hectic flush compared with the ruddy blush on the rosy cheek of health—they are *morbid* and *spasmodic*.

And there is reason to believe that such works of the imagination are very far from being the most difficult and laborious to their authors; because there is time enough to make, and room enough in the regions of fancy to contain, whole worlds of fiction and systems of fictitious worlds, such as the almost omnipotent imagination is able to create. That such creations should possess peculiar attraction to some readers is not more strange than that the imagination of one should find pleasure in following that of another in its pleasure trips in the regions of fresh and flowery fancy.

But think of the vastly greater toil and laborious research of the writer who deals only in *facts*, taken in their connection

with great and immutable *principles*. Those facts and those principles are comparatively few and often recondite, like gold in the mine; nor do they admit of being conceived at pleasure, or of being manufactured to suit the case; for the truth is, that all true principles, whether in philosophy or religion, are immutable, and date from eternity. And the whole range of facts which have already transpired, and which shall yet transpire, are wholly independent of him who collects and arranges them for the use of others, as well as of those who use them; and it must be that the influence of the two classes of productions—those of fiction and those of fact—upon public opinion will be as dissimilar as are the sources from which such influence emanates. The influence of facts is expansive, refreshing, invigorating; that of fiction is sympathetic, fitful, spasmodic, perverting. This "leads only to bewilder and dazzles only to blind;" that, like the skillful pilot, conducts to the only safe and desired haven.

Another department of the issues from the secular press come to us in the form of quarterlies, monthlies, and weeklies. With these, as with books, you must discriminate nicely as to their character. Some are devoted to the most useful intelligence, involving the most solid and important facts and principles. Others mingle a due per cent. of fiction with facts, in connection with a sprinkling of the purely amusing, whether founded in fact or fable, giving such productions—applicable more especially to some weeklies—the character of a strange sort of medley, reducible to no definite, homogeneous classification. Disclaiming all reflection upon the conductors or compilers of this class of journals, it would seem as if they were got up with as direct reference to the known tastes of their readers, as if *they* had been first consulted as to their mental and moral tastes, and then, glancing over the intellectual bill of fare, had ordered such articles as had their preference. In other terms, the object seems to have been more to adapt the stated supply of reading matter to the public taste *as it is*, than to correct what there is in it that is false, and thereby to give it the right tone, strength, and elevation. And whether there is a truckling, or, at least, a pandering to a misguided and groveling public sentiment, rather than a studious and persevering

effort to make it what it should be or not, the fact remains the same, that the *secular* press exerts a potent control over public opinion, whether in the right direction or in the wrong.

That this is preëminently true of the *religious* press as to its potency, and that this potent influence is entirely unequivocal, are questions which, to us, are mingled with some degree of hope and fear. But taking into consideration the vastly multi-form productions it sends forth, of all forms and signs, with a view to reach all classes in community, it is hopeful, perhaps, that, after making all needful discount for waste, and the friction of machinery so extended and complicated, the net proceeds from this source swells to a considerable aggregate to the advantage of a sound moral tone in public opinion.

In this connection, to the *pulpit* we may also look as a powerful auxiliary in this work. It labors, however, under one peculiar disadvantage, which, while the impediment remains, must greatly neutralize its power to control public opinion. We refer to the low appreciation in which this instrumentality is sometimes held. On this point the right sentiment must be first created, or the wrong one corrected, before the power of the pulpit can become duly commanding. And another drawback consists in the gravity, and lack of variety, of those subjects which custom is wont to assign to the sacred desk. They must invariably be the solemn, the sacred, which ever stand in stern and uncompromising antagonism to those immoralities, prejudices, and vicious habits which have their birth and growth in the native repugnance of the unregenerate heart to divine truth. Against the current of these innate propensities, the pulpit is understood to stand uncompromisingly committed. Nor would we have it otherwise. But, still, the necessary consequence is, that this very fact invests the pulpit with associations which are strongly repulsive to many minds; hence, a certain change in public sentiment seems to be a prerequisite before the pulpit can exert its proper meed of influence on the subject in question. But while the corresponding forces of action and reaction may be regarded as a fixed law in philosophy, so it may be as to the pulpit. A reaction, it is believed, is at this time becoming prevalent, which is highly favorable to the influence of this instrumentality

in stimulating and elevating public sentiment.

The next source of influence we shall notice is *public men*, as such, growing out of their commanding positions, learned and useful professions, and their high official relations. The principle holds good in its application, not only to the chief magistrate of the nation, governors, judges, peace-officers, and politicians, but, also, with those who stand at the head of voluntary associations and city corporations. It also applies to all professional men, whether legal, medical, or clerical; to professors and teachers of science and literature; and those who fill prominent positions in mercantile and manufacturing establishments; and those who take the lead in agricultural pursuits; in the mechanical and every other department in society—all exert both their individual, collective, and aggregate influence in shaping public opinion. And permit us to place in relief another large and distinct class of citizens, whose influence, it is believed, has not generally been duly appreciated in this connection—a class which is constantly brought into immediate contact with a still larger class of community both at home and abroad—we mean *the keepers of our public houses*. They constitute a large class, equal, let us suppose, to the clergy or physicians in the land. How great must be the influence, therefore, of this class of public men upon public morals, and public taste and sentiment, in community. It is felt, and must be felt, in every place, by a large and still widening circle of *young* men, especially, who, in turn, soon come to exert as well as feel this influence; and thus one such public man, favorably situated, too often counterbalances the combined influence of both minister and flock in certain localities. But as suggestion, and not amplification, is our object, we need not dwell; nor do we profess to give a complete enumeration of the sources of influence.

At this point, however, we should be quite un pardonable, should we not do even more than utter a passing compliment, did space allow, to the potent, the conservative, the elevating, the refining, and the guiding influence of the fairer and the better portion of community upon public opinion, no less than upon the domestic and social character of the race. After all that has been said upon the hackneyed question of "woman's rights," we most

frankly concede—in which concession we assure ourselves of the prompt concurrence of all intelligent and generous minds—that it is the right, the indisputable right, of woman to monopolize the control of high and pure public sentiment. She most undeniably holds, and with due intelligence, impartiality, and firmness in all enlightened lands, is she permitted to exercise the *veto power* upon every bill which has received the suffrages of the “lords” and “commons,” and it must have her endorsement before it becomes the law of the land. Her instinctive and practical discrimination; her peculiarly delicate and refined sensibility; her natural and cherished repugnance to whatever savors of the groveling, the gross, or the vicious; and her exalted appreciation of whatever deserves the name of the virtuous, the lofty, and the tasteful, preëminently combine to fit her to act as the censor and the guardian of a sound and elevated public sentiment. And may her influence, as it well deserves, be invested with as near an approach to omnipotence as it is permitted to human beings to make!

The last instrumentality we shall name is *public lectures*. The resources which are at the command of this form of exerting a salutary influence upon the public mind have not yet been fully developed; but the experiment has been carried far enough to justify the assertion that, were they what they may be made, the large amount of moral and intellectual entertainment which they could supply, would be more than equaled by the useful purposes which they might subserve. In order to this the topics engrossed should not be too general, and, as a consequence, too indefinite. They should be specific, and have point and directness in their aim. Nor should the practical and the critical be sacrificed to the descriptive, the ornamental, the florid, and the popular. And yet such should be their character as to make pleasure and profit combine in them their mutual attractions. Let them combine the proper and well-proportioned elements, and their influence upon public opinion could not be problematical. We base these conclusions upon the following considerations, which few, we imagine, will call in question.

In every community there are gentlemen of eligible moral character, elevated taste, active mental habits, and, in their

respective departments, possessed of due intelligence, to qualify them to furnish their respective proportion of those public gratuities. Thus, by a proper and judicious distribution of those topics which it is important to have discussed before a popular audience, almost every section of the broad field of science, literature, and the practical and useful arts, might thus be brought duly before the public during the current year. To secure the presentation of the right class of topics, we would suggest that a judicious committee of supervision be appointed from among the citizens of the given locality, and let them be charged with the selection of persons to lecture, and the assignment of appropriate themes to each, respectively, according to the wants of the community. And in this selection of lecturers, persons should be chosen, whenever practicable, residing in the vicinity. Then let each one, as best he may be able, cull the flowers, the *fruits*, the *facts* from his own department of the great field. How much in this way might be gathered which would equally combine the pleasing, the useful, and the practical; which might be put under contribution to the social and moral improvement of the community. A thousand things of the highest practical importance may be assumed to be quite familiar to a class of men which would thus be enlisted, which are but imperfectly known, or entirely foreign to the mass, because seldom met with in their accustomed range of thought or investigation. Well-defined and important facts and principles we would have to constitute the staple of public lectures, without trenching in the least upon the special province of any calling or profession in the community, or upon those debatable topics which are justly held as being unsuited to a popular audience composed of all classes of good citizens. Under such supervision, checks, and guards, we see not why public lectures may not be made to contribute a generous share to the correction, elevation, strength, direction, and permanence of public opinion. And we will only add, in conclusion, that, with all those more gifted and better cultivated minds, whose productions shall flow in the above-named channel to the public ear, and thus reach the public conscience and heart, we would have it their paramount object to *profit*—their subordinate object to *please*.

THE GREEK DRAMATISTS.

SOPHOCLES—EURIPIDES.

IT is remarkable, though only an additional proof of the influence of association upon the mind, how impressive works of the intellect are, by what we term the spirit of the age. Poetry, philosophy, history, and oratory, generally, to use Lord Bacon's phrase, "revive the genius" of the cotemporary hour. The simple language of Homer; the narrowness of his ideas upon all abstract and many material subjects; the splendid ignorance of the causes of things which he displays, and which blazons his page with the beautiful myths of a vivid fancy; his habit of dealing with the *outside* of phenomena alone, and of drawing almost all his metaphors from purely natural objects, at once stamp the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" as the productions of a remote and uncivilized antiquity. And so, on the other hand, the artistic and polished epic of Virgil, though professedly an imitation of Homer, with its philosophic theories only half hidden behind the veil of pagan allegories, with its elaborate similes, the fruit of copious and varied knowledge, with its points of rhetoric, and its exact and splendid diction, betrays its cotemporaneousness with an age of refinement and civilization. For not only does intellect obey the laws of economics, and give a supply in accordance with the demand for it, but even its greatest masterpieces, in their heavenward descent, yield to the pressure, and are tinged with the coloring of the atmosphere of earth around them.

And so it was with the Greek drama. This noble monument of genius, as it fell into the hands of successive artists, gradually, but not the less surely, degenerated with the decline of Athenian virtue and taste. As we might expect, the stately tragedy of Æschylus, with its high didactic tone; with its evident religious and moral purpose; with its simple and frequently interrupted action, and with its pervading spirit of piety, soberness, and faith, soon became unacceptable to a generation of energetic, but thoughtless characters, and found no kindred genius to sustain it. We learn that by degrees the poet's productions began to be stigmatized "as turgid," "old-fashioned," and "monstrous," and to be unfavorably contrasted with the more artistic and graceful cre-

ations of a younger rival, until at length, after an unsuccessful contest, it appears that the older bard left his country in disgust, or perhaps as an exile, and became forgotten to a people who could no longer appreciate his lofty and solemn genius. From this time commences the reign of Sophocles over the Athenian stage; a period when the Greek drama still utters, though in a somewhat less clear tone, and in a very different manner, the religious and ethical precepts of Æschylus; until it was interrupted and divided by Euripides, a poet of genius perhaps equal to that of his predecessors, but in whose hands tragedy lost its elevation, and became a mere echo of human passion, and, what is worse, a vehicle of irreligion and immorality.

The object of Sophocles seems to be to bring the precepts of Æschylus within the scope of a drama, of which the actors are mere mortal creatures, and in which the teaching of the poet is but faintly apparent. As anxious as his predecessor to make this great agent minister to the cause of the true and of the good, yet seemingly conscious that it would altogether lose its force and persuasiveness if its creations were to be cast in the Æschylean mold, and if its continuous action were often to be interrupted by a didactic address, he seeks to educe the lessons of religion and morality out of scenes of ordinary occurrence, in which human influences alone are at work; and he confines in a very narrow space the long choral ode which expresses the poet's thoughts upon the characters he has brought to life. Thus, while the main purpose of both poets is the same, the means by which each seeks to attain it are very different. Æschylus directly challenges his readers' assent to the truths he inculcates, by creating gigantic and superhuman impersonations of rewarded virtue and suffering crime, and by urging, as it were, in his own language, the duty of veneration, sober-mindedness, and justice; Sophocles wins the mind to a religious and moral belief, by bringing before it the evidences of God's upright government, as they appear in the drama of life, and among the "stir and shock of men." The tragedy of the former fills the venerated mind with awe and reverence; that of the latter strikes the ordinary mind with a sense that the common scenes of

every-day existence are pregnant with illustrations of the truths which vindicate the ways of God to man. And it cannot be denied that this method of shaping the influences of the drama to favor the best interests of society was that which was most calculated to have effect with the audience with which Sophocles had to deal.

From these remarks, it will be evident that, while the dramas of Æschylus afford many detached passages illustrative of his spirit and purpose, those of Sophocles must be sparing of such beauties, and chiefly express their character in their plot and development. Such passages, however, are not quite wanting. Let us, for instance, take the fine contrast, in the "Œdipus King," between the tendencies and issue of right and might, as expressed in the Greek ideas of law and tyranny :

"Bless'd be my portion here,
If, with pious heed severe,
Tongue and hand harmonious chime
To the voice of laws sublime.
For of heavenly strain they spring,
Covering earth with soaring wing,
And, the very race of God,
Spread themselves in strength abroad:
Nor shall dull oblivion's chain
Bind their everlasting train;
Aye they are, and aye shall be,
Animate with Deity.
But of pride the tyrant springs:
Full of vain imaginings,
Without sober aim or sight,
Pride ascends the giddy height,
Whence 'tis hurl'd in ruin down,
Impotent its doom to shun."

Or again, that oft-quoted appeal in the "Antigone," from the iniquity of casual municipal laws to the canon of eternal justice :

"It was not Zeus who play'd your herald here;
Nor Justice, co-mate of the powers beneath:
They never spoke your ordinance to man.
Nor to such heraldings would I impute
Virtue to 'quit a perishable man
For spurning God's unwritten, steadfast laws.
For who shall tell their origin? they stand
Not this day, nor the morrow, but for aye;
And fool were I, in fear of man's decrees,
To stand at odds with heaven, transgressing
them."

Or, lastly, this solemn address to the deity of the pagan :

"Zeus, thy proud omnipotence,
Vaunting man shall ne'er restrain:
Age-like sleep, that palsies sense,
The heavenly hours' unwearied train,
'Gainst thy deity are vain.
Lo! amid the shining halls
Of Olympus, is thy seat;
Thou art king, whate'er befalls,
Time thy reign shall never mete."

The exquisite art of this poet in the conception of his characters, and the development of his plots, and the chaste beauty of his language, are, however, his most remarkable merit and characteristic. There is nothing in the range of Greek art which, for dramatic effect, can compare with the Sophoclean Œdipus; moving along his fore-doomed path in the light of his self-reliance, and reckless of the shadows of fate which gather around him, until he becomes invisible in the thick darkness which shuts him out from the eye: it is embodying into life and action the language of the author elsewhere—

"The light that o'er his dwelling stream'd,
By senseless words and madness wild,
Is quench'd in gory mists of hell."

So, too, the blending of high resolve and womanly tenderness; the struggle between duty and affection, which reveals itself in the Antigone; the vivid contrast between craft, honor, and endurance, which is the subject of the Philoctetes; and the spirit of calm which breathes through the Œdipus at Colonus, and which, like a soft sunset landscape behind a mass of stormy waves, sets off, and is set off by, the violent passions and fearful incidents of the "Œdipus King;" are evidences of an artistic skill unknown to any other poet of the Attic drama. In truth, the love of symmetry and of *keeping*; the gift of combining incidents to produce effect, and of subordinating a number of characters into a harmonious and thoughtful picture; the genius which so blends and combines light and shadow as to bring out, in full relief, that which should be most prominent, and to throw into the background that which should be concealed, or half hidden; in a word, *adaptation* and *imitation* are the peculiar excellences of this finished poet. It was, probably, rather this characteristic than his pious and gentle spirit, which gained for him his countrymen's favor; for taste, at Athens, survived religion; but at least we know that, though leagued with the aristocratic party, Sophocles was always loved and respected; and that the ivies which, as his epitaph tells us, "trailed gently over his tomb," grew at Colonus, his native town, and did not cover the sleep of an exile.

We have said, however, that the dramatic reign of Sophocles was divided by Euripides. It is melancholy, in material things, to behold that which had form, and

life, and beauty, melt into undistinguishable corruption; but it is sadder still to watch the decline of art, when, in the general depravation of national taste, the genius which had hitherto done the work of the true and of the good, degenerates into the handmaid of falsehood and of evil. It is quite sufficient proof of the rapid decline of everything precious at Athens, that by the critics of those days Sophocles and Euripides were set in comparison. For assuredly it was a dull and corrupted taste which could balance its preference between a poet whose aim is to inculcate virtue, and whose pure spirit and perfect art idealize human nature into the most beautiful forms, and a writer who delights in degrading mankind, whose genius lies in depicting mere passion, and confines itself to objects of sense; and who, essentially deficient in the dramatic faculty, seeks to eke out his failings by a gaudy display of theatrical positions and rhetorical claptrap. And equally it was an evil time for art, when the Greek theater, which had hitherto echoed only the voices of an ideal poetry, and had witnessed a drama whose whole tendency and object was religious, became a stage for the display of every kind of criminality and vice; a place for showing how humanity can be lowered and driven away from its purpose by passion; and a receptacle for the utterance of infidel and immoral sentiments.

The popularity of Euripides marks an intellectual epoch at Athens. The general decline of national virtue which followed the age of Pericles, and synchronizes with the Peloponnesian war, witnessed a conflict between the religious and skeptical mind of the Athenians, which found on the stage an ample and frequent battlefield. Against the old religion; against the old literature and politics; a free-thinking, sensualistic, and immoral philosophy, which carped at all objects of veneration, which limited the range of ideas to the things of sense, which sneered at law, which denied the obligation of conscience, and exalted the influence of passion, and which confined the aim of life to sensual gratification, arrayed itself in opposition. A tribe of sophists were the conductors of this evil influence; and, by their persuasive and glittering eloquence, and extreme plausibility, inoculated the minds of the many with its infection. Did the Athenian father warn his son that Zeus

watched his ways, and would reward him according to his due, he was captiously told that Zeus was "mere air," and that "his thunders fell alike upon the just and the unjust?" Did the teacher try to impress upon his pupil's mind the distinctions between right and wrong, the ready reply was, that "right and wrong were words; and that success was the only aim of action." In the system of these theorists, which has a remarkable coherence, and which is very faithfully reproduced in the works of Hobbes, the idea of a Deity finds no place; the play of the universe, in its mighty harmony, is the result of no mechanism of causation, constituted and set in motion by the first Great Cause, but of the confluence of atoms, massed together by chance. Man is the mere child of a day, the plaything of passion, and the idolater of sensuality; and government, the earthly image of a Divine superintendence, is a scheme of tyranny, originating in, and sustained by, oppression, and "preferring the good of the governor to that of the governed." We have before noticed the effect of these lessons upon the Athenian mind; it was very much the same as that of Voltaire upon the men of the eighteenth century.

Euripides is the interpreter of this philosophy upon the Athenian stage. But that stage was a temple consecrated to religion, and set apart for a drama, the object of which was to inculcate virtue; not a modern play-house, echoing every night to the most dissentient and varying productions. It was, therefore, even in the general corruption of his countrymen, only obliquely, by insinuation and covertly, that this poet-sophist could breathe his doctrines through his dramatic creations. But he fully, and with much art, accomplished his object. "We may distinguish in him," says Schlegel, "a twofold personage—the poet, whose works were dedicated to a religious solemnity, who stood under the patronage of religion, and therefore was bound to honor it; and the would-be philosopher *sophist*, who studied to overlay those fabulous marvels of religion from which he derived the subjects of his plays, with his own skeptical and liberalizing opinions." To us this appears a very just account of this dramatist. He scatters through his dialogue a number of moral sayings; but he studies to make the plot and incidents of the piece illustrate his false and pernicious teaching. While

pious sentiments often echoed in his ears, the spectator of Euripides saw those creations of a hero-age, which his fancy had almost deified, emerge upon the stage, in squalid rags, and with ignoble aspect, and pursue a course of conduct, and become involved in a maze of incident, which tended to degrade them, and which, therefore, lessened his respect for the divinities with whom they were connected. The heroes and demigods of this poet are to those of Æschylus and Sophocles what the yahoos of Swift are to ordinary humanity. Hence, under the guise of a specious morality, and preserving the characters, in name at least, of the old drama, Euripides managed effectually to do a sophist's work, to obliterate from the mind veneration and admiration, and to level human nature to the standard of Hobbes or Hume. But we are not to suppose that Euripides does not sometimes throw off the mask, and indulge in open blasphemy and immorality. Take, for instance, the following fragment of the "Bellerophon," a remarkable illustration of the skepticism which, by a narrow and hasty induction, is led to doubt a divine and just government :

"Who saith the gods are throned in yonder sky ?

'Tis a stale myth : who tells thee so, and prates
Such grandiose phrases, is a brain-sick fool.
Why, look around thee—look at things, not
words!

The tyrant, in excess of theft and murder,
Is eminent, and oft o'erwhelms a state
By foul transgression of his sworn compact.
Yet, acting thus, by times he better fares
Than pious men who dwell in harmless peace.
And many states I know who had the gods,
Yet serve a sovereign power, which recks them
out,
By force o'ercome."

Or, take the gross and sensual epicurianism of the Cyclops :

"Pahaw! Wealth, my manikin, is the wise
man's god ;

The rest's a brag—a gloss—a varnish'd tale.
You sea-worn heights, on which my sire is
throned, [words,

Why honor them? 'twere a mere waste of
And for the bolt of Zeus, I reck it not,
Ignorant how Zeus is more a god than I.
I heed not the To Be—and wherefore know.
When the sky fills with rain, I couch myself
Within this cave, in shelter'd ease secure.
A spitted kid, or some wild delicate,
My fat repast : the while my paunch supine,
With luscious draughts of milk o'erwill'd,
distends,

And rumbles quite as loud as thunderous Zeus.
And when the Thracian north brings down the
snow,

I gird myself with furry shag of beasts,
And mock the winter by my blazing hearth.
As for the earth—against or with her will—
She yields her increase, and it sleeks my kine.
Wherefore myself I honor, not the gods—
Except the prince of gods, my jolly maid—
(Since to the wise man this alone is god,
To eat and drink each day, exempt of pain.)
And so they may go hang, these lawgivers,
Who cramp, by subtle rule, the life of man.
My only care is how to gladden self."

Doubtless, such passages are not of frequent occurrence, and may be confronted with sentiments of piety and morality. But the tone of Euripides is vicious throughout ; his evident object is subversive of all that is lofty, and holy, and right ; and his moral maxims are the "purple patches" he has scattered on his pieces, to conceal their bad and irreligious spirit.

But it would be most unjust to deny to this poet the power of moving the most intense feeling by eloquent and pathetic declamation. The following passage, from the "Iphigenia in Aulis," is famous beyond all others :

"My father, were the voice of Orpheus mine—
Had I a charm of song to move the rocks,
And eloquence at will to melt the heart,
These were my refuge ; but no spells have I
Save these, my tears—there may be power in
them.

Yet hear my prayer. Stay—thus around thy
knees

I twine the form my mother bare to thee—
Slay me not ere my time. The light is sweet,
'Tis HERE : the nether depths wouldst have me
see ?

I call'd thee father first—thy earliest born—
And first of all I sat upon thy knees,
In sweet exchange of mutual tenderness.
And *then* thy speech was thus : 'Shall I, my
child,

E'er see thee mistress in a warrior's halls,
High placed, and blooming fair as fits my race?
And mine was thus—while sported with thy
beard

The hands which touch it now imploringly—
'In sooth, my father, I will welcome thee,
When thou'rt wax'd old, to a right friendly
home,

And nurse thy ailments with soft ministry.'
I mind them well these words ; but thou for-
get'st—

Yea, quite forget'st—and wouldst destroy me.
Nay,

Spare me, my father. By thy sire—by his—
By this, my mother, who, in grief of heart,
Doth travail twice for me—I pray thee spare.
What share had I in Paris' nuptial theft?
And Helen—why is she to write my doom?
My father, look at me—one look—one kiss—
Some pledge of thee I fain would have—although
I were to perish, and to plead in vain.

In vain! Ah! brother, thou art weak to aid ;
But weep with me—beseech our father thus :
'Sure sister shall not die?' Yea, even the young

Are touch'd with sense of misery. See him,
 then—
 He pleads! though language fails him. Pity
 me—
 Nay, reverence me, my father. I'm thy child,
 And he and I, weak infancy and youth,
 Cling to thy neck—to mercy turn thy soul!"

With Euripides the Athenian tragic drama closes. We have seen that, in his hands, it lost its religious form and ideal cast, and became an instrument to display sophistry, and an embodiment of false art. After Euripides, no dramatist of any eminence appears; and for centuries the gift of expressing in dramatic impersonation the wonderful play of human action and passion (for the Roman stage was a mere gorgeous exhibition of scenic effect) was lost. And, though it revived in Shakspeare, and displayed itself in creations even more perfect and harmonious, more varied and subtle, than those of Greek art, nothing like the early Attic drama, with its spirit and moral effect, has been restored. Like a ray of light, that scatters itself throughout space and perishes, this rare combination of religion and intellectual excellence is not likely to re-appear again.

THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.

A FEW years since, at the base of an Indian mound, a chief resided, whose young daughter was a girl of uncommon beauty, and this beauty was but the external manifestation of a pure and noble spirit. As a matter of course, she had many admirers among the young braves of her nation. Her nature was above the arts of a coquette; and loving one among them all, and only one, she hesitated not to let her preference be known, not only to the Young Eagle who had won her heart, but also to those whose suit she had rejected. Among the rejected suitors one alone so laid it to heart as to desire revenge. He, the Prowling Wolf, was filled with rage, and took little pains to conceal his enmity, though he manifested no desire for open violence. Both these young men were brave, both skillful in the use of weapons, which far away on the buffalo plains had sometimes been used in battle; but while Young Eagle was noble, generous in spirit, and swayed by such high impulses as a young savage may feel, the Wolf was reserved, dark, and sullen; and his naturally lowering brow seemed,

after the maiden had refused him, to settle into an habitual scowl. The friends of the Young Eagle feared for his safety. He, however, was too happy in the smiles of his chosen bride to trouble himself concerning the enmity of another, especially when he knew himself to be his equal both in strength and skill.

The Indian customs did not permit the young couple to be much alone with each other, but they sometimes contrived to meet at twilight on the top of this mound, and spend there together a happy hour. Young Eagle was a favorite with his tribe, except among the kinsmen of the Wolf; and among the whites, too, he had made many friends, one of whom, who had hunted much with the Eagle, had given him a colt's revolver, the only one owned in the tribe. Delighted with this formidable weapon, he had made it a plaything till he became skillful in its use, and always wore it about him in addition to his other arms. This was a second cause of enmity which the Wolf laid up in his heart. He seemed to be revolving some dark scheme; but his secret, if he had one, was confided to no one. Bitter words sometimes were passed between the young warriors, but nothing more; yet it was felt that at any time a sudden rousing of passion might end in bloodshed.

One summer evening, just as the moon was up, Young Eagle sought the top of the mound for the purpose of meeting his future bride, for their marriage was agreed upon, and the appointed day was near. One side of this mound is naked rock, which, for thirty feet or more, is almost perpendicular. Just on the edge of this precipice is a footpath, and by it a large flat sandstone rock forms a convenient seat for those who would survey the valley, while a few low bushes are scattered over a part of the crest of the mound. On this rock Young Eagle sat him down to await the maiden's coming. In a few moments the bushes rustled near him, and rising, as he thought, to meet her, a tomahawk flashed by his head, and the next instant he was in the arms of a strong man, and forced to the brink of the precipice. The eyes of the two met in the moonlight, and each knew then that the struggle was for life. Pinned as his arms were by the other's grasp, the Eagle frustrated the first effort of his foe, and then a desperate wrestle, a death-wrestle,

followed, in which each was thoroughly maddened. The grasp of the Wolf was broken, and each instantly grasping his adversary by the throat with the left hand, sought his weapon with the right, the one his knife, the other his revolver. In the struggle the handle of the knife of the Wolf had been turned in the girdle, and missing it at the first grasp, ere he could recover himself the revolver was at his breast and a bullet through his heart. One flash of hatred from the closing eye, and the arm of the dying warrior relaxed; and as the body sank the Eagle hurled it over the precipice, and in his wrath fired bullet after bullet into the corpse as it rolled heavily down; and this not satisfying his revenge, he ran round and down the side of the mound, and tore off the scalp of his foe.

The young girl, who was ascending the mound to meet her lover, heard these successive shots, and knowing well from what source such rapid discharges alone could come, hastened on, and came just in season to see the Eagle scalping his victim. She soon brought her family to the spot, and every circumstance of the transaction showed at once the dangerous position in which the Eagle was placed. There was no witness of the combat, no means whatever of showing that he had smitten the Wolf in self-defense. The number of ball-holes in the body, and the tearing off of the scalp, all seemed to bear evidence against him, and he knew that the friends of the Wolf would take advantage of every circumstance, in order to procure his death as a murderer. He felt that death was certain if he submitted himself for trial, and he therefore determined to defend himself as best he might, and await the result, as his only chance for life.

These Indians observe the law that was established among Oriental nations long before the time of Moses, by which the shedding of blood may be rightfully avenged by the nearest kinsman of the slain, while the murderer, in this respect an outlaw, will of course defend himself as best he may.

At the same time, the friends of the deceased are at liberty to accept a ransom for the life of their friend, and often—if for a time the murderer escapes the blow of the avenger of blood—a compromise is effected, and the affair is settled. In the meantime the avenger of blood assumes the office at the risk of his own life, for if he

falls, retribution is not demanded for him, but the next of kin takes up the original demand only for the blood of the first one slain.

The Young Eagle at once took his resolution, sustained by the advice of his friends. Completely armed, he took possession of the top of the mound, which was so shaped that, while he was himself concealed, no one could approach him by day without being exposed to his fire; and he had two devoted and skillful allies, which, together with his position, rendered him far more than a match for his single adversary, the avenger of blood—the brother of the Wolf. These allies were his bride and a large sagacious hound, which had long been his hunting companion, and had guarded him many a night when camping on the prairies. The girl had in her veins the blood of Indian heroes, and she quailed not. She demanded, with lofty enthusiasm, to be made his wife, and then, acquainted with every stratagem of savage war, and with every faculty sharpened by affection and her husband's danger, she watched, and warned, and shielded him with every art that the roused spirit could suggest, and which could be safely practised.

In vain the brother of the Wolf surveyed from afar this fortress of the Eagle. It was evident that long before he could reach a point from which the young warrior could be seen, he would himself be within the range of his rifle, without a cover of any kind. Often, by night, he attempted to ascend the mound, but scarcely could he put his foot upon its base before the dog of the Eagle would give his master the alarm, and then to approach would be only to go to his death. It was a mystery how the Eagle was supplied with food, for the young wife showed no solicitude, and yet no one saw her form, or heard her footsteps on the mound.

The brother of the Wolf knew well that the Eagle's wife must supply him with food, and determined, if possible, to entrap her. He therefore studied and imitated her gait; he obtained opportunities of observing her dress, and when he felt that he was perfect in his part, he arrayed himself one evening in a dress the exact counterpart of hers, with knife and tomahawk concealed beneath, and bearing some food openly before him, took, just at twilight, the common path up the mound,

where he knew the mere sound of footsteps would be less likely to alarm the dog or his master, and he hoped to approach so near without suspicion, that he might, by a sudden rush, secure his victim. His plan was skillfully executed. He imitated well the light step of Eagle's wife; the approaching form was one familiar to the dog, and he had not caught the scent. He wagged his tail as he lay with his eye fixed as if he would soon bound up and forward with a welcome. The Eagle addressed his supposed wife in gentle tones and bade her hasten. The blood avenger was within ten feet of his intended victim, and thought that all was gained, when the dog, with one yell and one bound, threw himself upon him and bore him to the earth, with his jaws grappled to his throat. Entangled by the female dress, and throttled by the hound, he could not draw his knife, and the Eagle, who comprehended the scene at a glance, deprived him of his weapons, while held by his dog, and then pinioned his arms. "Now go to your friends," said the young warrior; "I crave not your blood. Your brother sought my life on this very spot, and I slew him, but only to save my own. But stay; you shall go home as a warrior should. You have shown some skill in this." He cut the pinions from his arms, and gave him back his weapons. They were taken in silence, and the humbled yet grateful foe withdrew.

Three months had thus passed away, and negotiations were opened for a ransom. The friends in such a case agree first to treat, but do not engage to accept what may be offered for life. This is to be decided only on a spot appointed for the ceremony, and with the shedder of blood unarmed, and completely in their power, and bound by the law to make no resistance. When the parties are present, and the proposed ransom is offered, it is considered by the friends of the slain man, and, if accepted, all is settled; but if not, they have the right to slay the murderer on the spot, without resistance from him or from his friends.

In this case the friends of the Wolf agreed to consider a ransom, and Young Eagle consented to abide the issue, he and his friends hoping that the sparing of the brother's life might have some influence in the decision, and, besides, it was now

generally believed in the tribe that the Wolf had been the aggressor.

At the day appointed the parties met in an open space with hundreds to witness the scene around. The Eagle, all unarmed, was first seated on the ground; then by his side was laid down a large knife with which he was to be slain, if the ransom was not accepted. By his side sat his wife, her hand clasped in his, while the eyes even of old men were dim with tears. Over against them, and so near that the fatal knife could be easily seized, stood the family of the slain Wolf, the father at the head, by whom the question of life or death was to be settled. He seemed deeply moved, and sad, rather than revengeful. A red blanket was now produced and spread upon the ground. It signified that blood had been shed which was not yet washed away, the crimson stain remaining. Next a blanket all of blue was spread over the red one. It expressed the hope that the blood might be washed out in heaven and remembered no more; and last, a blanket purely white was spread over all, significant of a desire that nowhere on earth or in heaven a stain of blood should remain, and that everywhere, and by all, it should be forgiven and forgotten.

These blankets, thus spread out, were to receive the ransom. The friends of Eagle brought goods of various kinds, and piled them high before the father of the slain. He considered them a moment in silence, and then turned his eye to the fatal knife. The wife of the Eagle threw her arms around her husband's neck, and turned her eyes imploringly full on the old man's face, without a word. He had stretched his hand toward the knife when he met that look. He paused; his fingers moved convulsively, but they did not grasp the handle. His lips quivered, and then a tear was in his eye. "Father," said the brother, "he spared my life." The old man turned away. "I accept the ransom," he said; "the blood of my son is washed away. I see no stain now on the hand of the Eagle, and he shall be in the place of my son."

The feud was completely healed. All were at last convinced that the Eagle was not a murderer; the ransom itself was presented to his wife as a gift, and he and the "avenger of blood" lived afterward as friends and brothers.

MY LANDLADY.

"DOCTOR," said I one day to my friendly medicus, who had dropped in for a gossip, "I don't feel as I should like to feel: this swimming in the head prevents my work; and when that is gone, comes a drowsiness—"

"And then," said Dr. Fuller, "you have twitchings at the corners of the eyes, as though there were dust in them, and brown spots floating before them when you walk out. You see I know how it is."

"Well, that is true," I returned; "but that is not all."

"Of course it isn't. You don't sleep well at night; and when you do sleep, you are half-choked with a disagreeable dream—and you awake in the morning with a sense of weariness, and a disposition to lie long in bed—and you are nauseated by a vile taste in the mouth. I'm right now, eh?"

"You are. But what must I do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! I want to get well."

"To be sure you do; and that's the way to get well. Do nothing—get away from all your doings; leave your books, and scribbling, and cogitating; you have been *doing* too much and too long; turn idler and vagabond for a month; drink water, and breathe new air, and live out of doors; get rid of the lithic acid which has got into your blood; brace up your nerves by exercise, and give your brain a holiday."

"Well, I think I'll take your advice."

"In that case, you shall have it for nothing; but mind, if you don't put it in execution directly, I'll charge you a thumping fee for it as sure as you are alive!"

"Agreed. But I won't give you the chance—I'll be off to-morrow."

"Very well, I'll take you at your word, and not call again till this day month. Good-morning."

And so it was settled that I should take a month's holiday away from home. I set off that same afternoon by rail for a small town which stands surrounded by breezy hills and high lands commanding a good sea-view, and—which was the chief attraction to me—not gentilitized by a swarm of immigrants from the capital.

My rapid railway ride did me good; and the fresh air of the sea, as I approached it, developed a new symptom in the sensation

of appetite to which I had been long a stranger. I ate a hearty meal at the little inn, and went early to bed, the murmur of the distant surge lulling me to sleep. After breakfast, next morning, I set out to transact the important business of securing a lodging for my month's residence. This is an affair which most people find more or less difficult of management, and my case was no exception to the rule. I had come to E—for health; and I did not choose to defeat my own object by locating myself in ill-ventilated rooms, or in the neighborhood of foul smells, or to the leeward of a thriving colony of the swinish multitude, who had it all their own way in the center of the main street. Of lodgings to let there was an abundance, and almost as plentiful a lack of lodgings which an invalid would be justified in hiring. I had spent some hours in the pursuit with very little satisfaction, when, chancing to turn my eyes upon a butcher's shop, I saw the word APARTMENTS on a neat card, stuck inside the open glass door.

The butcher came forward, with a professional turn or two of his knife on the steel, as I requested to know where were the apartments to let which the card referred to.

"Fine quarter of lamb that, sir!—O, the apartments, you say—yes, sir: it's at Mrs. Griddall's, Heartsease Cottage—just at the end of the town, yonder, sir, where you sees the green fenetians."

"There! Why, I have been there to see: there is no notice up at the house."

"Why, no. You see, sir"—and here the butcher spoke with a low-toned, mysterious kind of deliberation—"Mrs. Griddall is a little bit particklarish like, you see. It wouldn't be the genteel thing to put up a notice at the cottage, you know; so I puts it up in my shop. But you'll find the apartments there, sir. Here, Bob! Bob!—Stop a minute, sir. Bob shall show you the way." Bob, a laughing, greasy-haired urchin, came into view as the man spoke, carrying a butcher's tray, balanced knowingly on his shoulder.

"Here, you, sir! take these chops to Mrs. Griddall's, and show this gentleman to the house."

"My eye!" said Bob, as he shouldered the two small chops, "what a blow-out they're agoing to have to-day! hopes I shall be able to keep up with the gentleman. Ain't that a dinner for two people!"

If half a pound o' lamb-chops ain't a tightener for two, I'm blessed! Don't I wish I was Slewker to-day?"

"And, pray, who is Slewker?" I inquired.

"Slewker is Mrs. Griddle's sarving-gal. Won't she walk into the lamb-chops after the old lady have done with 'em!"

The butcher's boy, it was plain, did not stand in much awe of Mrs. Griddall; and from further observations he let drop, in his curt, satirical way, I found that he had a thorough contempt for the gastronomic details of Heartsease Cottage.

"Is Mrs. Griddall a widow lady?" I asked.

"She a widder! Bless yer, no. She's a hold maid; that's what she is. She ain't a missis at all—never had no Mister Griddle, nor nothin' o' the sort—ax Slewker."

Had I encouraged the urchin's revelations, it is likely I should have had plenty of them. When I ceased my questions, the boy dropped into the rear, and began whistling a solo, which continued without a pause till we reached the cottage.

Mrs. Griddall herself answered the summons of the knocker, and the boy's simultaneous yell of "B'tchar!" She was a sprightly, semi-genteel-looking personage, of an uncertain age, dressed in a morning-gown of white, which suited ill with a dark-brown complexion, shaded with raven ringlets stiffly curled. In spite of the precipitancy of Master Bob, who announced lamb-chops and a lodger in the same breath, I proceeded to explain my business. I found her a chatty and rather agreeable person; and I fell in love immediately with the apartments which she proposed to place at my service—the sitting-room opening upon a pleasant flower-garden, and the bedroom fronting the distant sea. It was plainly a recommendation to her that I was alone, and without friends or followers in the place. We had no difficulty about terms. What little attendance I required, Selenca, her servant, would supply. I might have my meals at any hour I chose, and in all respects act as I would do at home. I was delighted with these arrangements; and having concluded the bargain, took possession at once.

For some few days we got on together admirably. The weather was glorious; the garden, odorous with choice flowers, flung its perfumes into my open window, as I sat listlessly strumming long-neglect-

ed airs on an old piano, or glancing at yesterday's paper. The birds were in full song, the trees in full leaf, and all creation full of joyous sights and sounds, and I had nothing else to do but to revel in their delights. Every hour brought me renewed health and vigor, and an increased capacity for enjoyment. I took long walks at early morning upon the hills; I made far excursions to distant points of interest; I strolled down to the sea, and listened for hours to the "surges sadly sounding on the solitary shore;" and I lounged in the garden, in the tender twilight, and under the dreamy gleam of the broad full moon, and was, for a time, wonderfully contented with my temporary lot.

True, I had remarked some singular peculiarities in the temperament and in the habits of my landlady, but as yet they had caused me no annoyance; while, on the contrary, as spontaneous illustrations of character, they had amused a passing moment now and then. Thus, on one or two occasions, when we had taken meals together, she had manifested an unusual alarm on the score of crumbs—a kind of horror at the idea of their falling on the carpet, which, she assured me, they would ruin effectually, if they got into the fiber, and were not extracted before they grew stale and hard as a stone. Once I had thrown her into a fit of the fidgets by inadvertently cooling my coffee in the saucer; and again had seriously wounded her feelings by placing a foot on the fender, which had resulted in a visible, though almost microscopic scratch on its shining brass rail. These things, and others like them, as I said, only amused me for a moment, and I thought nothing of them. The exquisite cleanliness that prevailed in every part of the premises, both without doors and within, was a constant source of pleasure and comfort; and for this, toleration for such trifling peculiarities as I have just mentioned was a small price to pay. I confess I should have felt more at ease had my landlady's organ of Order been less strongly developed—had she not watched for every opportunity when my back was turned, to enter my sitting-room and put everything to rights; so that when I returned from even the briefest absence, I found the chamber in apple-pie order; the books shut up, and ranged formally on the shelf; the chairs stuck back against the walls; my writing-desk closed, and re-

moved to its allotted place on the side-board ; the piano down, and the music put away ; the newspapers doubled up, and the blinds let down—and all reduced to a state propriety, which did not harmonize with my notions of home and comfort. Still, this was a failing, if failing it was, that leaned to virtue's side, and I did not find fault with it.

I had spent nearly a week at E——, and had got quit of the worst of my symptoms, when, on awaking in the morning, I heard the rain pattering down in a brisk summer shower. The rain continued all the forenoon until near twelve o'clock, when the clouds blew off, and a clear sun shone out. The garden smelt like a bouquet after the shower ; and when it had dried a little in the sun, I walked out to enjoy the odor of the flowers. I had taken but a turn or two up and down the gravel walk, when Seleuca appeared at the little gate which led from the courtyard, and with a sort of whispered shriek, accompanied by some frantic gesticulations, besought my attention. Seleuca was a Welsh girl, with a face as round as the crown of a hat, and remarkably expressive of alarm, and the desperate sentiments in general. I had noticed before that she had stood in mortal awe of her mistress, and this I had laid to the account of her own inexperience and want of breeding. She spoke English indifferently ; but what she wanted in volubility, she more than made up by the significant pantomime with which she supplied her deficiencies of speech. On this occasion, she was in a state of violent agitation ; but afraid of being overheard by Mrs. Griddall, who had gone up to dress, dared give utterance to nothing louder than a hoarse whisper.

"O sir," she half croaked, "O mister sir ; come again, come again. Indeed to goodness you must come again naow this minnit. O my gracious, won't I catch 'em if missis do knaow what I let she in a garden ! O indeed to goodness, pray naow come again !" She seconded these entreaties by the wildest gesticulations ; and it was in compliance with these, rather than her language, that, perceiving that I was offending in some way, I hastened to retreat. As I passed her at the gate, she looked earthquakes at my boots, soiled with the damp gravel, and before she would let me proceed, removed every particle from their surface with the inner

side of her apron, talking in an agitated way all the while. "Indeed to goodness," she soliloquized, but with an evident view to my enlightenment, "her have done 'em naow ; te fat is in te fire tiss wons ; look 'em pig oles in a graffle her poots do tig ; my gracious, won't I catch 'em when a missis mak come !" Releasing my foot from her grasp, I returned to my sitting-room, and took post at the window. Thence, a minute later, I saw Seleuca, armed with a broad shovel, proceed gingerly up the walk where I had been trespassing, and commence patting down the moist gravel, obliterating my footsteps and her own, as she retreated crouching and crab-fashion toward the gate. Her round face was radiant with triumph as she concluded the operation without being discovered, and dived again into the kitchen.

I began now to see that, for poor Seleuca at least, there was a skeleton in this house also, and that Heartsease Cottage was a misnomer. After dinner, I wandered out, and strolled down to the seashore, and watched the beautiful sunset, and the stars coming out one by one in the deep blue depth of heaven, and did not return home till late. There was no cloud on the Griddall brow that night ; she had not discovered my trespass, or the neglect of Seleuca, whose duty it was to have locked the garden-gate when the rain came ; and we passed an hour in agreeable chat ere retiring to rest.

The next morning the clouds had returned, with an outlet of blue sky visible here and there ; scuds of freshening rain fell at intervals ; and heavy masses, luminous with sunlight, rolled along the horizon, like chariots of gold and flame in a majestic procession. After breakfast I prepared to walk, putting on a light overcoat and a pair of stout boots. These demonstrations alarmed my landlady, who would have negatived such a proceeding *in toto*. She assured me that a dreadful storm was brewing ; that, in my state of health, it was madness to venture out with the certainty of being wet through ; that in such weather the mud of the district was indecipherable ; I should be covered with it from head to foot ; and so on.

I made light of her fears, while I thanked her politely for the anxiety she was pleased to show for my health ; but I assured her that I delighted in facing such weather, and that I knew it was healthful, and not

hurtful, to my nervous system. I saw the shadows deepening on her face as my determination became apparent; and in order to avoid a crisis, I put an end to the discussion by abruptly wishing her good-morning, and stating that I should not dine at home that day, left the house.

I passed a glorious day in traversing the undulating downs, pastured by innumerable sheep, where the short sward lay close as a carpet to the thin soil, and the tender harebells bowed their delicate cups to the full breeze. I earned a famous appetite by a nine miles' march to a bustling market-town, and did capital justice to it at the ordinary at the Prince of Orange, where, it being market-day, above fifty farmers and graziers sat down to a substantial husbandman's dinner. Returning in the evening, I had to button up against a succession of short summer showers, blown up from the sea, and arrived about dusk in a glow of healthful feeling, but dripping with moisture, at the cottage. I had forgotten entirely the circumstances under which I had left home in the morning: not so Mrs. Griddall. She had been brooding over them the whole day, and had nursed her resentment up to an inflammable pitch, which wanted but a spark to set it in a blaze. She was on the watch for me, and herself answered my summons to the door. In a state of unrestrainable trepidation she began:

"Have you used the scraper, sir?"

I assured her that I had.

"Nay, sir; look at your footmarks on the pavement. Pray go back to the gate, sir, and use the scraper."

I yielded to her request, and renewed my scraping.

"Pray, sir, don't come further than the mat in those boots. Seleuca! Seleuca! bring the gentleman's slippers; and, do you hear? the boot-jack—the boot-jack, Seleuca!"

Seleuca, whose face was red and swollen with crying, brought the slippers first, and then ran away for the boot-jack.

"Was ever such a dolt as that brainless Welsh idiot?" said the landlady. "Didn't I say the boot-jack, blockhead?"

The boot-jack made its appearance, and I was proceeding to my room in my slippers, when—

"Good gracious, sir!" exploded Mrs. Griddall; "you are wet, sir; as wet, positively, as—as—as a policeman. You

surely wouldn't enter a parlor in that condition!"

Feeling that I had had enough of this, I threw Seleuca my overcoat, and without saying a word, retreated to my quarters. In a few minutes I rang the bell for supper, and Seleuca appeared with the tray. The poor girl looked truly miserable. I spoke to her kindly, and she burst into tears, flung herself on a seat, and sobbed bitterly. From her incoherent expressions, I gathered that the day I had passed so delightfully had been to her one of unmitigated cruelty, from the temper of her mistress, which, it seems, I had provoked by going out in the wet. She wished she was dead with a fervor which I never before heard expressed even for the greatest blessing in life, and refused to be comforted. "Sure I would go home to Llanelly, but my fader is dead, poor man, and another man got his house now;" and again she sobbed aloud. But her mistress's bell rung; there was a tyrannous magic in its tinkle; and gathering herself up with a groan, she left the room.

The events of this evening threw all the light that I required upon the character of my landlady. The unhappy woman had but one idea, and that was cleanliness; a very excellent idea in itself, and a very notable virtue; yet a virtue of which, like most other good things, one may have too much. Having come to this conclusion, I naturally looked for corroborating evidence, and my eyes once open, saw nothing else within the four walls of the house. Mrs. Griddall was, in fact, a dusting, rubbing, scouring, scrubbing, sweeping, brushing, polishing monomaniac. Her neat cottage, which was her own property, was a temple dedicated exclusively to these several performances, with variations of an analogous kind. Whichever way I looked, there were the proofs. Whatever she owned, she owned to cleanse, to purify, and to maintain intact from dust or soil—not to use. Everything belonging to her was excruciatingly clean. The boards of the staircase, and of the flooring where it was visible, were whiter than a trencher; the carpets were overlaid with white Holland, and the white Holland again in pathways of brown ditto, leading to the windows and fireplaces; the hearth-rugs were shielded from the foot by dressed sheep-skins; the chair-covers that covered the chairs were cov-

ered, in their turn, with little squares of worked woolen stuffs; and so on through the whole of the domestic arrangements. Seleuca, who had learned to look on me in the light of a friend, let drop some further revelations, which I was far from seeking. From these I gathered the curious fact, that the drawing-room up stairs and the best bed-room served no other earthly purpose, from one year to another, than periodically to augment the exercises of washing, scrubbing, dusting, and polishing. They were always locked up; but were entered daily by the mistress, and twice a week by the maid, for these sole purposes. I reckoned that the time consumed in keeping these two rooms in a spotless condition was about a thousand hours per annum; and I knew that for five years at least—the term of Seleuca's servitude—no manner of use had been made of them. But this wasn't all. Before I had come there to lodge, the whole house, with the exception of a couple of garrets, had been tabooed on the same principle; the mistress sharing the kitchen with the maid, to save litter and the derangement of the furniture elsewhere.

I am afraid that the effect of the discovery I had made upon myself was not precisely what it should have been. I am not aware that I determinedly set myself in opposition to the monomania of my landlady; it certainly was not my interest to do so; yet, upon reflection, I suspect that my disapproval of the dominant passion of her life must have become plain to her in some way or other. Whether I was guilty in this particular or not, I certainly was in another. It happened that one day, when Seleuca was stoning the steps for the fourth time since morning, I bounced in suddenly from a sharp shower, and shut myself up in my room, much as I would have done at home; having failed to operate upon the scraper, and given but an instinctive, negligent rub upon the mat.

Alas for me! My landlady had witnessed the transgression this time, and was down at once upon the scene of my atrocity. I heard her in the passage railing at poor Seleuca, and talking *at* me in terms the reverse of flattering. There was a metallic clatter mingled with her sharp voice, and it was clear she was doing something as well as talking. At length, bearing a dust-pan in one hand,

and a short brush in the other, she pushed open my door, and came to confound me with the spectacle of the "masses of mud," as she was pleased to term them, which she had swept up after me. It was in vain for me to plead forgetfulness, and tender an apology. The fountains of her wrath were broken loose, and I had to submit to a torrent of indignation, and of most unladylike language, on the score of my "want of cleanliness and common decency." She accused me of wishing to make her house a hogsty, and even descended to make use of the term "bristles" in a phrase susceptible of a personal application. To cut my story short, we quarreled, and parted on the spot, ere half of my month had expired, she rather vociferously congratulating herself on a happy deliverance from—a something which it is not modesty that forbids me to record—and I silently and secretly imagining that the deliverance might be on the other side of her street-door.

Poor Seleuca threw me a rueful glance in return for the usual gratuity I gave her at parting, but sent me "a thousand blessings" by the butcher's Bob, whom I dispatched for my luggage, and who delivered them with the comment that "Slewker was a pippin' of her eye when he brought away my traps." Poor Seleuca! May the destinies touch the heart of thy she-dragon, and teach her compassion for thy friendlessness.

Since then, I have learned a new reading of the proverb which says, "There is moderation in all things." I hope and trust I love cleanliness, which is said to be next to godliness. But godliness comes first, and the Mrs. Griddalls of the world must not be allowed to thrust it aside for all their rubbing and scrubbing. Let them hear from me, that when they make their virtues tyrannical, they are but indulging in a selfish vice under a plausible mask.

HOME PIETY.—Enjoyment in religion depends on observing little home duties—or fireside piety. An occasional effort to do some great thing may ease the conscience for a while; but it is only the spirit of Christ carried into the family, and into every-day life, softening the temper, and rendering the heart affectionate, which can impart an habitual elevation and serenity of mind.

LIFE AMONG THE HILLS.

BEARS, PANTHERS, AND WOLVES.

I TOOK a fancy, one pleasant winter's day, to visit George McMullen, an old hunter and pioneer of Wayne county, Pa. In company with a friend we set out for his home, eleven miles distant. It was up in a mountain glen, about four miles west, that George took up his abode. He is a man of commanding aspect, more than six feet in height; and, having enjoyed the benefit of a good education, he cleared himself a little farm in the wilderness, and occasionally instructed a winter's school. He not only taught "the young idea how to shoot," but was himself a good shot—one of the best in all that region. The young looked up to him with admiration, when they saw the bears and panthers which his rifle laid low; and he kept a mighty good school.

But he was not fond of having neighbors. He preferred a solitary home far up in the mountain, and away from all human habitations. So up the mountain he went. The beaten road extended only to within a mile of his home, and we had to push our way through a kind of wood road till we came to an open space, and there we beheld one of the most beautiful and commanding sites which the taste of an old hunter could have selected. The barn was by the road, and forty or fifty rods off, in an open field, stood the house. We saw a man chopping wood in front, and hailed him to know if Mr. George McMullen lived there. "Yes," was the reply. "What's your will?" "My will," I said, "is to put Kate into the stable, and then go into the house." So in we went, and found a very cordial welcome.

Among the numerous incidents of his life the old hunter related the following: He had once just recovered from illness, when he took his gun and started down into the woods, thinking that he might perhaps see a deer, and thus secure a saddle of venison. He did not put on his belt, containing his tomahawk and knife, for he was not bent upon a hunt; though it was the usual custom of the hunters to go thus armed and equipped. He depended on his gun and a small pocket knife, with which he might bleed his game if he should prove successful.

After proceeding a little way he heard a noise like the crashing of a tree which

had fallen into the crotch of another, and was shaken by the wind. Presently he distinguished it to be the screech of some animal, and advancing nearer, he discovered a bear and a panther fighting, and, with curious eyes, watched the duel. A panther is sometimes rather an ugly customer; and so is a bear. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." It was so in this instance. The panther made his attack by springing about twenty feet upon the bear, and putting his claws and teeth into its neck and back. Bruin had no means to repel this attack but to lie down, bring the panther over her, and with her hind feet to rake the panther down with her claws; whereupon the panther screeched and sprang off, beating a sudden retreat to a little distance. Then old Bruin would right herself up again, and the panther would make another spring upon her back, and repeat the process as before. How the combat would have terminated is more than we can tell. Whether, like some who discharge several rounds of blank cartridge at each other, and then shake hands and retire from the field with honor bright, these duelists would have thus separated, is mere matter of conjecture. Another force interposed to change the natural order of events, and that was a bullet from the rifle of George McMullen, which struck the panther in the body just behind the vital part, and therefore only gave him a severe wound.

No sooner did the panther receive the shot than he left the bear, and thought he would try George. He rushed upon him with eyes glistening with rage, and was met with the clubbed rifle, the steady gaze, and the terrible voice of George, who yelled at the wild beast to keep him at bay. The panther, to escape the eye of his adversary, kept coursing around him about ten feet off, to gain his back for the purpose of making a spring. But the hunter stood his ground and wheeled at every turn. It seemed a long time, and yet was probably but a short period, when the bear came to his relief, and drove full at the panther. "Well done, bear," thought George, "I'll now load my rifle." Unfortunately, in his haste, he put in the ball without having first charged with powder, though he thought at the time that all was right.

He had no sooner primed his piece, than the bear, having driven away the panther, came at him. His gun flashed;

and he then clubbed it and yelled, as in the former case, till, hearing a noise, he looked in another direction, and saw the bear's cubs descend from a tree near at hand and make off; and then Bruin took her departure.

More than eighty sheep had been destroyed by wolves in the neighborhood, and many had been the attempts to discover where these wolves had their den. All had signally failed, but George determined in his own mind that these wolves should die. A wolf is a very shy animal, is never seen in the daytime, and can only be killed by following on its track till it is tired out, or finding its den.

George McMullen, having filled his knapsack with provisions for several days, took his rifle and hunting belt, and started alone one morning while a snow of a few inches deep was on the ground. He traveled till he struck the track of wolves, and then pursued it for many a weary mile, till it crossed the creek of the Moosic mountain, and began to descend on the other side. Here a scene of solitary grandeur met the eye. There was no human habitation visible so far as the eye could reach. The mountain on this side overlooks a deep vale, studded with thick hemlocks, and with an undergrowth of the rhododendron, whose tangled web of boughs often renders the roads impassable. On the rounded summits of distant hills the beech and maple rose as from a bed of hemlocks in the vale; and nothing but a dense forest was there visible. Up the mountain side lay huge boulders of rocks that had tumbled from the cliff ages ago, and these were covered with moss and embedded in bushes. The mountain descends beautifully toward the east; but its western slope is more rugged and steep. The naked rock lifts up its head in numberless towering cliffs, which have a precipitous descent almost to the Lackawana River, which washes the base.

Far down, on this side, there was a level spot where grew some tall trees, and in the thicket close by, and under a ledge of rocks, there was a cave. To this spot the fearless hunter had tracked his game. But now, what was to be done? He was alone, and far from all human aid, and the number of his enemies he did not know. Should he turn back for help? What! George McMullen call for help before he had seen the faces of his foes! He would

not do it—as well might we expect the Lackawana to run back to its fountain. And so he struck his tomahawk into a tree, as a caution to the wolves if they should come upon him from behind, and into the den he crawled, relying on his sheath knife and rifle. It is a curious fact, that a wolf is so suspicious an animal as to shun every mark of human kind. If a hunter should leave his cap upon a deer that had been slain, or an old coat, the wolves would not touch it. Our hero, therefore, to let the wolves know what they might expect if they ventured into the cave after him, left his hatchet in a tree at the mouth. After crawling upon his hands and knees for some distance, he discovered eight young wolves—their mothers having gone out after food. He took out one of the whelps and killed it, and proceeded to take another. No sooner had he introduced it into the open air than it made the air resound with its cries; and instantly two of the old wolves came rushing upon him. He placed his foot upon the neck of the whelp and held it down, while he seized his rifle and prepared himself for battle. Not knowing how many foes were likely to be upon him, he reserved his fire to await the development of events. The wolves proved to be of the large black kind, the largest and fiercest known in the American forests; and they were frantic with rage. They both rushed upon him, while he placed his body against a tree and prepared for the worst. As they came upon him, he eyed them fiercely, and this had the effect to awe them in a measure, so that they only snapped at him as they rushed by, snarling most savagely. This they did a number of times, till presently they separated, and one approached his front, another the rear. Then he found it was time to take measures for his own safety, and leveling his rifle at the largest, shot him dead. The other retreated; and, after satisfying himself that he had fled beyond the reach of his gun, he crawled into the cave and took out the remaining six young ones, and slew them. With their scalps, and the skin of the old one, he retraced his steps homeward. For these he received the bounty allowed by law, having borne the evidences of their death to the nearest justice of the peace, ten miles from his house, and received an order from him upon the county treasurer.



BEACON-STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BATH, ME.

METHODIST CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

BEACON-STREET *Methodist Episcopal Church, Bath, Maine*, is one of the neatest little churches in all New-England; and it is not so very small, after all. Seventy by forty-four is quite a church; but we care less about its size than we do about its symmetry of proportions. The reader could not have told from the engraving whether it was seventy by forty, or sixty-five by one hundred. The only thing that indicates that it is not large is, that it has but one chimney-top, and only four windows

on a side. But its proportions are admirable.

It is situated in the north part of the city of Bath, fronting the east, being on the west side of Washington-street, and north side of Beacon-street. The site, which is seven rods front by ten rods deep, cost but \$900. Rather different from \$14,000 for ninety-six by ninety-nine feet—the cost of the site of our “Trinity” in this city. So circumstances vary the value of the soil in different localities.

The *basement* is of stone and brick,

and, excepting in front, is wholly above ground. In this respect it is like the Adams Church, described in the last number of *THE NATIONAL*. This is a very good way to build, when the surface of the ground will admit of it, as it avoids the two story appearance of those churches that have a basement wholly above a level surface, and also the necessity of ascending to the main audience-room by stairs in the vestibule; and at the same time it secures a light and dry basement. In this case, also, as in that of the Adams Church, the artist has reversed the picture, showing the entrance to the vestry on the right instead of the left.

The arrangement of the basement is good. The lecture-room is in the rear, where it should be, and the furnaces in front. There is one large class-room opposite the front window, with a stairway leading from it into the vestibule, and a door leading into the entrance hall. The "vestry," as it is called in the plans, occupies half of the basement, has fifty seats, and will seat two hundred and fifty persons.

The building is of wood, painted cold cream color, three coats, the last two sanded, and is furnished with green blinds. The posts are twenty-six feet and a half high; roof, shaved pine shingles; windows, best German glass, &c. The tower is seventy-six feet to the top of the second section, with a spire forty-eight feet above that to the finial, which is surmounted by a rod, vane, and ball, some fourteen feet high, making the whole height of the spire, to the top of the ball, about one hundred and thirty-eight feet. This tower and spire look well in the engraving, but lack the effect of the building itself, and even of the drawing from which it was taken. To our taste, it is one of the neatest and best proportioned steeples we have ever seen. Indeed, the whole external appearance of the church is most pleasing. The symmetry of proportions, color, and termination of the spire, are in excellent taste, and perfectly harmonious. We confess to a mortal prejudice against all mere imitations, and must, therefore, question the propriety of the stone corners, made of paint, upon a wooden church. The spire, also, might have gone up, we think, some six feet higher, and then terminated more sharply, or with a smaller finial. But these are small defects, and the latter is much relieved by the compass and vane above. Taken as a whole, we

regard it as one of the most graceful little temples on the continent.

The *main audience-room* has only an end gallery for the choir, over the vestibule. The seats are arranged in circles, drawn from the pulpit as a center, with two aisles only. Nothing could be more beautiful for a church of this size. The sixty-eight pews will seat about four hundred persons, and all front the pulpit alike. They are finished with mahogany, arms, and the backs trimmed with mahogany. The pews are cushioned uniformly, and the whole auditory, including aisles, pews, altar, and pulpit, is uniformly carpeted. The pews have no doors; so all the noise, usually made immediately after the benediction, by those worse than useless appendages, is prevented.

The *pulpit*, which is circular like the altar, in keeping with the form of the pews, is of mahogany, and is exceedingly neat and beautiful. The platform of the altar is elevated but eight inches, and the pulpit platform only two feet above that, so that the preacher stands only two feet and eight inches above the audience floor. That is just about right for a house of that size. How different from the birds' nests we sometimes see perched ten or fifteen feet in the air. How men ever preached, removed so far from the sympathies of their hearers, we know not; and how the people could ever sit, with profit, for an hour or two at a time, as thousands have done, with their heads thrown back, and their necks aching, is still more difficult to explain.

The walls of the main room are painted pearl color, and the front of the gallery white; the backs of the pews a cream color, and the ends grained light oak and varnished. The ceiling is frescoed. It is warmed by furnaces in the front basement, and registers in the vestry, class-room, and main auditory. Ventilation is secured by "pulley windows" and registers in the chimneys. It is lighted with gas. A beautiful ten-light chandelier, with ground glass shades, and costing \$100, is suspended from the center of the ceiling. The pulpit is lighted by double brackets, placed on the wall on either side, where they always should be, and the gallery by pillars and brackets, all gilded.

There is a fine little *organ* in the gallery that cost \$600, and a sweet-toned bell (key of G.) in the tower weighing

one thousand five hundred pounds, and costing \$520. "Meneely" has cast few better bells than this; its tones are like music to the ear.

The pews are sold, so far as they could be, and the balance rented. Those sold went at from \$35 to \$195 each, and the rent on the remainder is, in most cases, ten per cent. on their estimated value.

The entire cost of this gem of church architecture, exclusive of the site, but including all fixtures, was \$8,300. But pine lumber is cheap in Maine. Let building committees beware, therefore, and not undertake to build such a church elsewhere for any such money, unless it be where lumber is equally cheap. The plan was drawn by H. GRAVES, Esq., architect, No. 115 Court-street, Boston, and the church built by P. & A. MAYERS, contractors. It was dedicated by BISHOP JAMES, June 15, 1853.

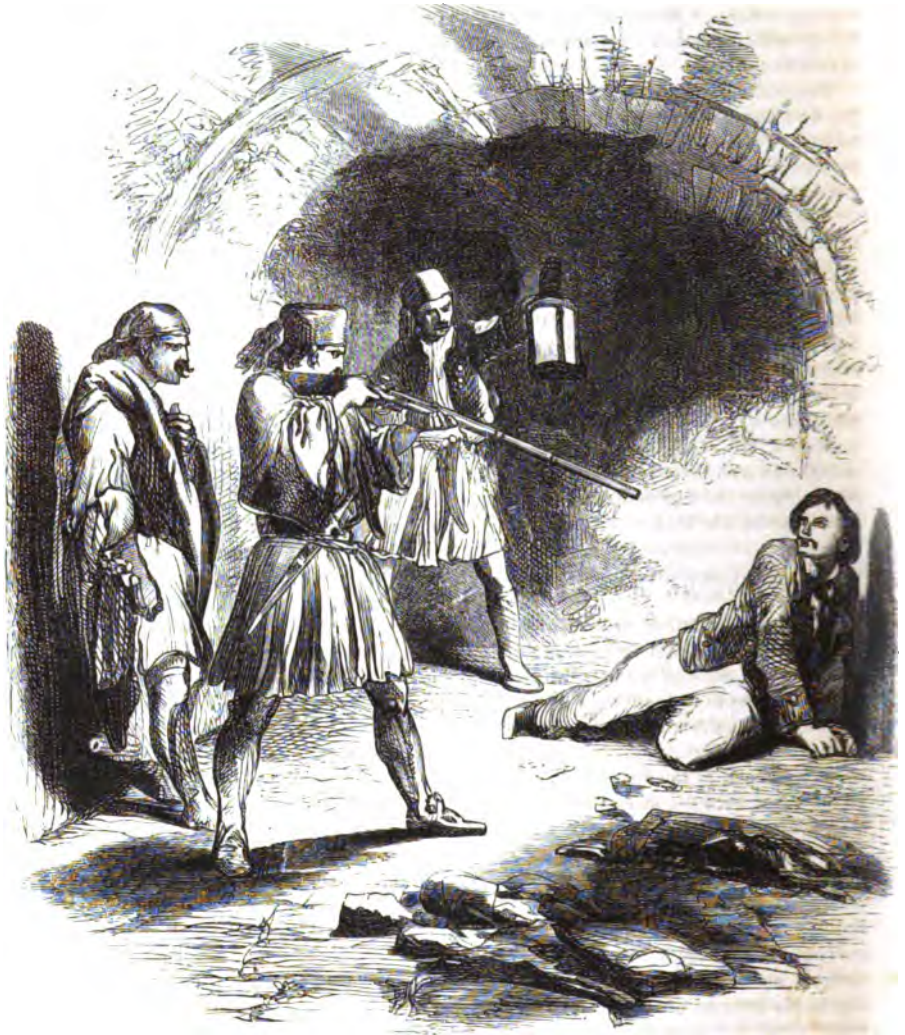
AN ADVENTURE IN THE LEVANT.

THE hero, or rather victim, of the following thrilling adventure was a fellow-passenger of mine in my homeward-bound voyage during the year 1850. A Greek by birth, though a Frenchman at heart, by education and naturalization, he disclosed to me a specimen of the atrocities sometimes perpetrated by a set of freebooters, in the guise and under the protection of their official positions as *gens-d'armes*, or police constables. Had he not been possessed of the very best certificates from gentlemen holding high rank in the French naval service, as also from the British consul-general on the coast of Barbary, testifying to his general good conduct, sobriety, and truthfulness, I might have been inclined to consider the whole affair as a fabrication designed to excite sympathy and compassion for his sufferings. But when, in addition to these certificates, I watched the face of the sun-burned Athenian as it glowed with the feelings of indignation at the recital of the treatment he had received at the hands of his cowardly assailants; when I marked his strong frame quiver and wide chest heave with the various emotions of fear, pain, and anger; when I reflected that, in recounting this sad page from his adventurous life, he was afresh opening deep heart-wounds, and when, finally, I remembered that he could not possibly hope to reap any benefit by ex-

citing my interest and sympathy; all these circumstances combined served to convince me of the veracity of the tale.

It was a fine moonlight night when first this narrative of adventure was poured into my attentive ears, and never shall I forget the effect it produced upon the group of voyagers that were lingering on deck until long past the hour of midnight, loth, like myself, to quit the cool and pleasant deck, and all the glories of a Mediterranean moonlit sea, for the close and uncongenial berths allotted to us in the cabin. We could just see Malta light-house far away on the larboard bow, and the vessel was dashing through the water at a rate that gave us fair hopes of a quick and pleasant passage to England. We were sitting upon the hen-coops, or upon the best available seat that offered itself, recounting such adventures and describing such scenes as our long residence in the East had subjected us to; or else, taking happy mental glimpses of home and long-absent friends, with whom we hoped speedily again to hold familiar converse. Gradually the conversation began to flag, when it was put to the vote and unanimously carried, that each one of our party should relate some incident of his life and travels. In course of time it came to the turn of the Greek, who, after considerable hesitation, recounted to us the following passage in his history, which appeared to me to present a striking illustration of the disorganized state of society in many parts of the East.

I am, he commenced, a native of Greece. While yet a child, my parents emigrated to France, and, thanks to their kind care and a good education, I was at the age of eighteen a civilized European in manners and morals, and a Christian by creed. I could distinctly discern the many foibles of my poor, illiterate, but crafty countrymen. At the same time that I could not but pity their defects and errors, I shunned their society, considering them too often devoid of principle, and so wily in their every undertaking, thought, word, and deed, as to prove dangerous companions or associates, and seldom to be trusted with a secret or a dollar. In 1835 I entered the French service, and joined a war-steamer, commanded by a post-captain in the French navy, with whom I remained during a period of ten years, and whose testimonials as to my services and character



are a sufficient passport for me to work my way in any part of civilized Europe. The kindness and unaffected dignity of this brave and open-hearted old sailor are too well known to demand any comment from me. There are many of his own countrymen, and not a few English and Americans, who have, directly or indirectly, been brought in contact with him on business matters, or in the more agreeable capacity of guests, passengers, or subordinate officers; and I may safely assert, that none ever quitted his presence without a conviction of their having been in the society of a perfect gentleman, a gallant officer, and a most sincere friend.

In the month of December, 18—, the steamer chanced to be lying at anchor in a port in the Levant, and having at that time a sister living at the city adjacent, who was married to a lieutenant in the Greek artillery, to her house it was my custom to repair on all *liberty days*, or on other occasions when the day's work was over, and I could obtain permission to leave the vessel for a few hours in the evening. I seldom slept on shore, for somehow or other I never fancied myself at home or felt at ease except when I was in my own snug little cabin on board, and my night's repose was never sounder than when lulled to sleep by the gentle lullaby of the rip-

pling waves and the music of the Mediterranean zephyrs. No man could have felt happier than I did at the time I am now speaking of, none being apparently so secure from trouble or misfortune. I had amassed a small sum of money, which I felt a satisfaction in knowing had been accumulated honestly, by dint of perseverance and indefatigable labor. My father had been many years dead, and my poor mother and a younger brother and sister were entirely dependent upon my exertions for support. Happily, I was in a position to place these two latter under the care of a worthy Protestant divine, my mother being unwilling to intrust them to the teachers of a Roman Catholic seminary.

Such were the comfortable circumstances by which I was surrounded when the incident I am about to relate occurred. How terrible its effects have been may be clearly traced by the symbols of premature old age which I carry about my person! (Here the narrator paused, and, lifting his hat off his head, displayed to view the many gray hairs that were thickly mingling with his originally raven locks.)

I consider (he continued, resuming the thread of his narrative) that to the terrible incident in question I owe the abbreviation of my life by full fifteen years; for I have never since, in health or strength, been the man I was before the eventful night of which I am about to speak—a night which taught me the uncertainty of the best arranged human plans, and the contingencies to which they are constantly exposed.

It was late one evening in December that I obtained leave of absence from the officer of the watch, purposing to visit the shore for a few hours, and promising to be on board again before midnight at the latest. I little thought, on quitting the ship's side, that I should be compelled that night, for the first time in my life, to break my word.

I may here state that the town to which I was bound was situated at a distance of nearly an hour's walk from the landing-place, and the road leads over a desolate country, with no house or other buildings save two coffee-shops, which serve as miserable and unsafe half-way houses for the traveler: besides these, there is a still more miserable shed allotted to the sentry, who is nominally placed there to protect the highway, and be a safeguard to the

stranger from the assaults and maltreatment of robbers and assassins—a class of men always more or less abundant in these semi-civilized regions.

I remained later than usual at my sister's house that evening, for the weather had suddenly set in boisterous and chilly, with frequent squalls of hail, thunder, and lightning, so that I had deferred my departure to the very last moment, hoping that the weather might clear up again. It was not till some minutes past eleven that I quitted my sister's house, despite her tears and remonstrances; for I was determined, if possible, to be punctual to my promise. Well wrapped up in great-coats and comforters, with nothing but a small ratan switch in my hand, I accordingly started for the sea-side, and walked as briskly as I could toward the point of embarkation. The night was intensely dark, so much so that I could barely see a yard before me, and the wind howled mournfully over the waste; but the pathway having long been familiar to my footsteps, I could have almost picked my way blindfolded. The cold, bleak, cutting blast came in fitful gusts over the deserted country; but the very inclemency of the weather was a source of consolation to me, for I imagined that no banditti would expose themselves to that night's wet and cold, when the chances of booty must have been small indeed, few liking to quit the protection of their comfortable roofs and warm firesides.

I neither met nor saw any one until I had arrived almost within hail of the half-way houses before alluded to; then, for the first time, through the gloom that surrounded me I discerned the forms of several closely-muffled figures, moving apparently in the same direction as myself, and whom I supposed to be captains or mates of some of the merchant vessels in the harbor, who, for the sake of better security, were keeping together till they should reach their respective boats. I immediately availed myself of such a favorable convoy, and, quickening my pace, was soon alongside of the strangers. After exchanging salutations, and commenting on the wretched state of the weather, I inquired if their destination was the same as mine, and was answered in the affirmative. As we proceeded onward, I had time to take a casual glance at the features and dress of my companions; what little I

saw at once convinced me that I had fallen into very suspicious company ; and if the slightest doubt remained as to their real character, this was speedily removed by their unblushing demands to be recompensed for the trouble they would incur in keeping me company, while, at the same time, they kept edging up and hemming me in on all sides, either with the intention of rifling my person, or of unexpectedly inflicting a mortal stab, which might enable them to collect such few valuables as I had about me at their leisure, with the certainty of no clew remaining that might lead to their ultimate detection ; for " dead men tell no tales."

I could see that they were well armed, and knew that my only hope for succor was the close vicinity of the guard-house. Watching my opportunity, I made a rush for this place with such impetuosity as nearly to upset the alarmed sentry, who was hanging indolently over a wood fire lit in a hole dug in the center of the hovel.

"How now!" shouted the fierce Albanian, on recovering his self-possession ; "what means all this noise and hubbub?"

A few words sufficed to acquaint the soldier with the real state of affairs, and as my suspicious companions had passed on, he readily agreed to my sharing the pleasant warmth of the fire with him. As the heat gradually penetrated my many overcoats, I was glad to strip off my great-coat and hang it on a nail in the wall.

The Albanian spoke Greek as fluently as myself, and entered into conversation freely ; he had a sorry tale of want and trouble to recount. The government never paid, though it subjected him, he said, to all the arduous duties of a serf. The rations of himself and companions were insufficient, and what a dog would barely deign to partake of ; and as for the meager cup of wine served out to them, it was more fit to be classed as exceedingly bad vinegar than anything he could compare it to ; and then the Albanian threw out unmistakable hints as to the excellence of the wine sold at the coffee-shops hard by, lamenting his poverty, which prevented his enabling me to taste and judge for myself. Upon hearing this, I indiscreetly offered to treat him ; and, leaving his musket to take care of itself, he conducted me into the nearest of the two *cafés*, on entering which I discovered that there were a non-commissioned officer and three pri-

vates seated there, drinking and gambling. All were Albanians, save the officer, who seemed well versed in their language, and they all spoke Turkish fluently. Unhappily for myself, I was utterly ignorant of both the Albanian and Turkish tongues. In treating the soldier to wine, according to Levantine etiquette, I ordered cups to be served all round to his friends and acquaintances. I drank none myself, but merely sipped it out of compliment to those present. The change of atmosphere from the stifling little hovel I had just quitted, became very perceptible, and then, for the first time, I remembered having forgotten my great-coat. I ran over to fetch it, and on my way back hailed a species of van that was passing, and begged the driver to wait a few moments while I just stepped in and paid my reckoning.

After settling, and pocketing the change, I turned with the intention of hastening out to the van, when, to my astonishment and indignation, the officer arrested my progress, and, with drawn saber in hand, stood in the door-way, and ordered the van to drive off immediately. I was perfectly paralyzed. He told me, with assumed sternness, that I had been recognized as a notorious robber and brigand, who had long baffled pursuit, and that I only exchanged that coffee-shop for a dungeon and the galleys for life. It was in vain for me to expostulate ; menaces and entreaties were equally futile, as were the many references I gave to some of the best known and most respected residents of the adjacent town. His only reply was, that such was always the language of bad characters. He now ordered two of his men to secure me, by tying my hands together with a bit of strong cordage. I was forced to submit tamely to this painful operation ; and the moment that I was rendered inoffensive, the miscreant seized the scabbard of his sword, and beat me about the head and shoulders in a most unmerciful manner. The soldier I had first met with interfered on my behalf, but he was speedily silenced by his chief, and sent back to his duty in the guard-house.

The officer and his guards, assisted by the inhuman coffee-shop keeper, held long and earnest counsel together in a language of which I was utterly ignorant. Meanwhile, as they kept on drinking, hard words and harder blows were aimed at my unoffending person, and my pockets were

ransacked of watch and money. Time crept on slowly and heavily, while I stood there, one mass of bruises and blood, with the frosty wind chilling my veins, till I longed for the arrival of the hour when I should be marched off to prison, and be at least free of the loathsome proximity of my tormentors. At length the word of command was given. One Albanian preceded us with a lantern; the officer and an armed soldier marched on each side of me; and close behind me was the third Albanian, with a ready-cocked musket to fire at me if I offered the slightest resistance.

To my surprise, instead of marching toward the town, the party made a *détour*, and came to the back of the larger of the coffee-houses; and there, at that still hour of the night, I watched one of them, as with the lantern he groped about, evidently in search of something. At length he stopped, and beckoned us to approach; as we advanced he unlocked a sort of concealed door, which, when opened, disclosed to my dismayed eyes a flight of steps descending into the bowels of the earth. Down these they forced me; and, as the last man descended, I heard the door close (as I then thought) upon me and the world forever. I counted eight steps, and then we came to another door, which swung heavily on its hinges as the Albanian forced it open. This led into a stone vault, of about twelve feet square by eight feet high. Opposite to the entrance-door there was a second one, against which the man with the loaded musket was stationed, while the lantern-bearer guarded the door of entrance. I could no longer have any doubt as to my fate; but the love of life was never so dear to me as at that moment. Mastering my emotions as well as I could, I warned my assailants to beware of what the consequences must be, so soon as I should be missed by my messmates and friends; I implored them to remember that I was the sole support of my family; in short, I used every description of entreaty and exhortation; but I might as well have spoken to the winds. The chief fell upon me, armed with a cudgel; and, had it not been for the protruding angles of the corner into which I had retreated, and the lowness of the room, both of which aided in warding off the blows, the consequences must have been fatal. Tired and exhausted, at length he

let fall the club, and, seizing on the sentry's musket, took deliberate aim at my unprotected breast, and pulled the trigger. I heard the steel click, and then, for a few seconds, which appeared hours to me, all was darkness and delirium.

There was no report; the gun had missed fire; the last expiring spark of hope was rekindled. I glanced anxiously at the musket; the flint was gone. Eagerly did they seek and grope about for it on the ground. At this moment I heard the vault open, and saw a fifth figure descend into the vault; he had evidently been watching against surprise, and, hearing the turmoil below cease, had imagined all over, and now came to claim his share of the booty. The strength of Samson was upon me; with one mighty effort I disentangled my hands; with a bound I had gained the steps and dashed the lantern into atoms; another bound, and I was in the open air. I stopped not to think or look behind, but fled on the wings of terror over that dark country in the darkest hour of night. I scaled garden walls, fell and was maimed, yet ran on still for my life, for my enemies were on the track. It was four o'clock next morning when, completely exhausted, I reached the house of a friend; and no sooner had I passed the threshold than I sank down and swooned away.

The rest is soon told. Bruised and maimed as I was, I early next day repaired to the French consul. He at first refused me an interview; I persisted, however, and was at length shown into his bed-room. He chose to doubt my word. I told him that the French war-steamer would soon settle that point. On this he thought better of it, and wrote to the commandant. The subterranean vault was examined, the guilty parties imprisoned, and the whole of my statements, together with the medical certificates given me, are to this day to be seen in the archives of the French embassy.

Such was the Greek's tale. In countries where officials are underpaid, there is a continual temptation to resort to secret or open plunder as a means of increasing their emoluments. I have given the incident as tending to show the reader the advantages he enjoys in this country, compared with those where the official guardians of law and order are often the first to violate them.

The National Magazine.

MAY, 1886.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER TO BISHOP SIMPSON.

OUR PUBLISHING SYSTEM—ITS GREAT MARKET—ITS GREAT CAPITAL—ITS MANAGEMENT—SOME ANOMALOUS FACTS—DEFECTS—THEIR REMEDY—PERMANENT OR LAY BOOK AGENTS—HOW SHALL WE GET INTO THE GENERAL MARKET?—NEW METHODS OF SPREADING OUR LITERATURE.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I close this series of letters with a few remarks on one topic more,—our publishing system, as it affects both our literary men and our literature in general.

We have a market (speaking of both sections of Episcopal Methodism) which, according to our usual, and, I suppose, unexaggerated estimate, includes about one-fifth of the population of the nation. It is intersected by our Itinerant lines in all directions, and a very large proportion of our Itinerant preachers are still agents for our literature. They have a personal property in it, and their strong *esprit de corps*, as also that of the Church in general, secures an unusual interest for it. What would not any business firm give for the advantages of such a market, if it were possible (which could not be) to transfer them to ordinary publishers?

And then look at the capital with which we operate in this extraordinary market. It amounts (South and North) to about a million of dollars. Taking the whole publishing establishment of Episcopal Methodism together, it was, I suppose, before the late "division," the largest pertaining to any one religious body on the earth; the largest, save one, of any kind (secular or religious) in the new world; the largest of any kind save two in the whole world.*

We have been accustomed to no very stinted terms of denominational egotism; but here is an arm of our power respecting which we can hardly speak in words too emphatic. Can we overestimate its importance in an age like this? Can we overestimate its responsibility?

With what policy have we managed this literally stupendous power? I have not room here to answer the question with that thoroughness with which it should, at this day, be discussed, and, as I think, openly discussed, before the whole Church. Three things, however, I must remark about it.

The first is that the *business* of this mighty "Concern" has been entrusted to *clergymen* from the beginning. I mean its *mercantile*, its *financial* business—the responsible management of its transactions with purchasers, paper

makers, printers, binders, clerks, &c., &c.^o For the integrity of its moral and theological character its editors may well enough be clergymen, and I have said enough to show that such employment is legitimate to men "called" of God to preach Christianity; but is it not a marvellous fact that the responsible management of the mere mercantile or *secular* affairs of such an establishment should be vested in such men?—that men, most of whom have been in no extensive secular business, most of whom have never before probably managed ten thousand dollars' worth of property, should be transferred from pastoral circuits or stations into the midst of a business which any ordinary capitalists would not for a moment think of trusting to any other than the most consummately shrewd, able, and *experienced* management?—and that for nearly fifty years (from 1789 to 1836) it was a law that these men should be displaced every eight years—at the very period when they might be supposed to be sufficiently "secularized" and experienced in their non-clerical responsibilities to sustain them with somewhat of the confidence and skill of ordinary business men?

Does such an anomaly in the Christian ministry consist with our views of the ministerial work—even granting the latitude I have claimed for that work in this article?

I consider the matter only from a general point of view. I repeat none of those clamors (true or false) which have rung so often in our papers against the management of the Concern—its alleged high prices (until lately); I say not with some that its growth has been owing to the unparalleled advantages of its market, in spite of its policy, and that it ought to have grown doubly; I say not, as has been repeatedly said, that its average profits (with all the advantages of its peculiar market) have been less than would be tolerated in any private business, and that its capital, put out at interest, and the interest spent in purchasing our books from other publishers, would be more available to the Church; I say not that men of good capacity have not at times been appointed to it.† I leave these points for those who wish to deal in such minute logic; I only affirm that no experienced capitalists would for a moment hear a proposition to place such a vast and complicated business in such hands, and especially to have the incumbents subject to a periodical and a sort of popular election, amid the competitions and "log-rolling" of candidates and parties—that, in other words, all the general and established laws of success, in business, go against the policy, and forbid us to consider any favorable particularities in the case as otherwise than exceptional to the only wise and business-like view of it. And it may

* For fifteen years the clerical Book Agent did all the work of editing, packing books, and keeping accounts. No "clerk" was employed for nearly thirty years.

† Some of them have shown signal ability, in spite of their circumstances, and none more so than Dr. Nathan Bangs, who, when, in 1830, the "Concern" was found laboring under heavy debts, and often embarrassed to meet the demands upon it, proposed, with characteristic good sense and success, to *increase* the debts in order to do the business better, and "put the Concern in a prosperous condition."

* The total assets of the New-York Concern (as per its last Exhibit) were \$761,996. The assets of the Western Concern were \$242,780. Total, \$1,004,776. Allowing for liabilities, and then adding the publishing resources of the Church in other places, and those of the South, I have, on the authority of Rev. Z. Phillips, one of the New-York Agents, given the round estimate of \$1,000,000 in the text.

be further affirmed that this is the sense of it now entertained by the Methodist public generally, including not a few of the preachers. How, in the name of all good sense, can a man step out of his ministerial "study," or from the stirrups of his District or Circuit horse, into the midst of such a complicated and wide-spread business—including hundreds of artisans and clerks, and hundreds of thousands of dollars—presses, binderies, stereotyping, book accounts, bank doings, agencies all over the continent—how can he do it, without being confounded with the sense of his new responsibilities, and driven to a policy entirely of precaution and curtailment by which to save himself with a "whole skin" when the day of inquisition, from his superiors, shall come—a policy that must cramp all who are under him, and waste, really, however indirectly, the checked energies of the Concern?

But what is the remedy? It seems to me that it is apparent enough. When we have (now or at any other time) men in the office who, by accident or a very special Providence, (for such it must certainly be if it is any at all,) are really fitted for it, let us keep them there—keep, in other words, the combined advantages of their talents and *experience*. Our English brethren have had the good sense to do so for nearly a half century, though their "Book Concern" has included but few of the mechanical departments of publishing.

A still better course, and that to which the public mind among us is fast tending, I think, would be to put good, well-trying, business laymen in these responsibilities, subject to the present clerical "Book Committee." There are such men now before the eyes of the Church, in subordinate offices of the establishment, or at the head of its depositories, who have proved themselves among the best business men of the times. Can any one doubt that to have at least one such lay agent in each of our "Concerns" would be an improvement? And has not the time arrived, now that the General Conference again meets, for the initiation of such an experiment? I feel sure, sir, that whatever criticism these suggestions may call forth, I am but anticipating what will sooner or later be admitted. Whatever convenience our present policy may have had in the infancy of this great interest, be assured that with its later and coming importance, it cannot much longer avoid such a revolution. We must have the courage to look at the fact; our indisposition to do so may be dearly paid for, by the indirect loss of thousands upon thousands of profits, and still more important moral advantages.

My second view of this great interest is one which touches most of our literary men. I must dispatch it briefly; please not, therefore, require of me ceremonious qualifications of my remarks.

Such is the policy of the Concern, (and such is it likely to be, unless remedied by the change I have proposed,) that a work from a Methodist pen, if published by it, is virtually precluded from the *general market*; and if, on the other hand, it is published outside of the Concern, it is to a great extent precluded from the *Methodist market*. There are but few exceptions to the remark, and the reason of the fact is ob-

vious. Our own market is almost completely at our own command, and this is one of our capital advantages. But why can we not have this advantage and share also the general market?

There are but two replies:—either our books are not suitable for the general market, or our publishing policy fails to reach it. Now, doubtless, there are many of our books which are too denominational for the general market—our Hymn-book, Discipline, &c.;—but does any man doubt that Clarke and Benson's Commentaries ought to sell as well in the general market as old Matthew Henry's or Scott's, which are even more deficient in the results of modern criticism than ours? Ought John Wesley's and John Fletcher's "Lives" to be found only in Methodist families, while Luther's, Calvin's, Payson's, &c., are expected to be read by almost every intelligent Christian? Is Southey's Caricature of Wesley to circulate in the general market, and Watson's Wesley and Adam Clarke's "Wesley Family" to keep timidly within our own limits? And so with scores if not hundreds, of our works. We have a large series that ought to be popular in the general market; and would be, if we had managed rightly. We have made the attempt sometimes to put them on the shelves of other booksellers, but have found that they remained there. Yes, and so would nearly any other books if treated in the same manner. They must not only be put there, but the public must be told that they are there. In other words, we need *advertising*—or, in still better words, we need "*publishing*"—a thing that we have never fairly had in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

And we need it in a business-like way—not an occasional whisper in the public ear, sent forth through our own papers only, or an occasional one in other papers as an exchange for advertisements in our own, or by a remote Depository Agent in some local sheet; but a systematic, habitual scheme of thorough advertising in the leading journals of the nation, accompanied by all the usual appliances of the publishing art, and costing us round thousands per annum—for in due time every thousand will bring back its five thousand. Our best books, of general interest, such as Townley's, Smith's, Watson's, Clark's, Bledsoe's, Peck's, Mercein's, Wise's, &c., could not long be thus thrown under the eyes of the public, accompanied with proper reviews from the periodicals of the day, without becoming known and appreciated.

I repeat, it will not do to perform this work on a petty cringing system of economy—that would only be waste, as all successful business men will testify. You may go just far enough to spend your money without return; whereas a step further would return the whole with interest. And you would need some patience with even a generous policy of this kind. It is remarked, sometimes, as a reason why our books gather dust on the shelves of other booksellers, that the *prestige* of Methodism is against their sale. That, I doubt not, is somewhat the case; but is it *justly* so? To some extent I will even admit it may be. But have we not a large class of books which, notwithstanding all the qualifications I have heretofore stated, ought to be in general demand, and yet are

hardly known beyond our own limits? If they are intrinsically good, can we not, by "patient endurance" in the policy I have advocated show the world the fact? *Prestige!* If we have an unjust one, can we not disclaim it, and claim in this, as we are doing in other things, our rightful position? And has not the time fully arrived for the Church to break through the ban of this unjust public prejudice, and step out into the foreground with others, and present her literary sons, with self-respect, before all eyes? Why, even "Shakerism," with its miserable "prestige," has taken precedence in the market for its fabrics and agricultural products. And cannot Methodism, with anything of real worth it may offer? Our usual logic on this subject is a fallacy, and a humiliating one. It is a glaring practical solecism—I was about to say a "great scandal"—among us, that we, with the religious leadership of the country, and our unequaled publishing capital, should bow thus voluntarily to a literary ostracism from the general public. Our literary men should no longer consent to it; our intelligent people should demand its immediate reform.

The only remedy, I repeat, in conclusion, is a different *publishing* policy—and this is hopeless without the right sort of *publishers*.

My last suggestion is, that the "*Concern*" should be made less a money-making, more a *philanthropic establishment*. I think the time has come for a conclusive change in this respect. Its original purpose was purely a moral one—the diffusion of Methodist publications, especially Mr. Wesley's writings, in this country. It commenced in 1789 with a borrowed capital of \$600 for this purpose. It was found that from its profits dividends might be made, and as the preachers were the originators and only controllers of the enterprise, and also its chief, if not its only agents throughout the country, the property legitimately pertained to them and its dividends were made to their Conferences for the supply of deficiencies in their salaries, and especially for the relief of superannuated preachers, and the widows and orphans of deceased preachers.^o This was all *just* enough, but it was not *well*. Experience has proved that it only interfered with the relief of such necessitous cases by the people who really owed them relief. The "dividend" was relied on too much as a substitute for the "collection," and, if I am not greatly mistaken, the conviction is now general that we can do better without the former than with it.

The "dividends" have been suspended some few years on account of the "Southern Suit." I cannot restrain the expression of my hearty wish that they may never be resumed again. Does not this accidental, or perhaps providential, suspension of them, give us the very opportunity to begin a wiser policy in this respect? Shall we not assume and declare, and at the present General Conference vote, that the last

dividend from the Book Concern to the Annual Conferences has been paid, and that henceforth its proceeds shall be used for the reinforcement of its own energies? In this case, before the next session of the General Conference, it will nearly have attained again its late magnitude, notwithstanding the losses in the Supreme Court. In a few additional years it will be able to enlarge greatly its local operations at New-York and Cincinnati; and in a few more it will be able to multiply and endow munificently its depositories in various parts of the country, making them commanding centers of strength and influence for the Church. Meanwhile it can also go on cheapening gradually its publications, and in due time stand without a rival in cheapness, as it does now in resources, among the philanthropic publishing establishments of the nation.

Our late troubles, respecting this great interest, may thus, under the blessing of God, be made available for such changes in its policy as shall make it a greater glory in our midst than ever. Shall we be wise to seize on the critical opportunity? Is it not precisely the time for us to initiate the reforms I have discussed? Few will hesitate to admit it, but, alas for us! how few will be found courageous enough to attempt it.

That wise and good Providence which has so marvelously developed this inestimable means of usefulness among us, until, almost unconsciously to ourselves, it has grown into its present unrivaled magnitude, has, during these last few years of its serious trial, raised up a new and energetic auxiliary to it in our *Tract Cause*. I cannot dismiss these articles without reference to this fact.

The Tract movement will doubtless have its reverses—no great good arises in the world without such tests. There are still contracted or crude opinions among us, that cannot or will not comprehend its importance. But it must ultimately triumph, and become one of our great denominational and historical institutions. The very law of necessity itself will compel us to recognize it everywhere in due time.

Look at a few facts connected with our literature at the time it originated. Our papers had for some years been discussing the question how to sustain the circulation of Methodist books. Our sales were apparently considerable, but they bore no proportion to our increasing population. The preachers who used to sell them were, in most of the cis-Alleghany conferences, abandoning the business. We might complain of the fact to their very faces in the conferences, but we could not remedy it. The time had evidently passed for Methodist preachers to be book-dealers, to any great extent, in the Atlantic states.

And meanwhile other significant facts showed themselves. It was found that the standards of our theology and of our literature in general were seldom met with in our recent families; that if you wished to find Wesley, Fletcher, or similar authors, which at an earlier day were so common among our people, you must seek them in the old families, or such as had come of good old Methodist stock. In other words, the later families of Methodism were generally growing up unreached by our denominational literature.

^o With this use of its profits the institution may, of course, be called "philanthropic" in all respects; but the reader will understand I mean by that term, above, that it should be set apart for *religious publishing purposes alone*, like similar institutions in other denominations, which are classed as "philanthropic" or "benevolent institutions."

And this was not all. Everywhere through those states, nearly everywhere through our own families, a system of book and tract distribution by other denominations was working into circulation a religious literature which we could not accept as a substitute for our own.

Under such circumstances what could we do? It was useless to waste our breath further in outcries for the old ministerial method of selling our books. It was desirable to keep it wherever we could; but a tendency as inevitable as a natural law, had set in against it, in the oldest and densest parts of our work—a tendency founded partly in the advanced social position of our ministry, and partly in its augmented pastoral labors. The General Conference provided the Tract Society—it was a providential provision, if ever there was one in our history.

The decline of our old book-selling system will go on as uncontrollably as the law of the tides; it will, before long, set in even beyond the mountains, and as certainly will the new Tract colporteur system force itself upon us, and compel the hesitancy, or the "old fogysm," of its opponents to give way. Our prejudices or caprices may retard it, or even throw it out of some of the conferences, but it will inevitably come in again. It can only be permanently abandoned on the condition that we abandon our families and the masses of the people to an anti-Methodist literature. And will we ever do this?

Does it, then, befit us to hesitate about such a measure?—one by which alone we can ever hereafter expect to compete with other denominations in the power of the religious press?

It cannot be called an experiment; not one important feature is there about it which has not been copied from other sects who have experimented and demonstrated the plan throughout most of the Christian world, and largely within our own rightful territory. It is not with us a question, then, whether the plan is *practicable*, but whether we can work this practicable plan as well as other sects—it is a question of relative capacity for a great and indispensable enterprise. Will any Methodist admit that we cannot do as well as others in this respect?

The evidence of this question is all *prima facie*. I will not attempt to argue it, for the attempt is unnecessary. And yet none but those who have had the responsibility of this great movement know the difficulties which it has had to surmount—the hesitancy, the endless petty objections, the down-right and obstinate prejudice for our old methods, the incessant attempts to break up a simple yet comprehensive denominational plan by complicated and local experiments—difficulties too which have come most seriously from those whose official coöperation has been most necessary to the enterprise. It was seen, in the outset, by its friends, that only their utmost energy and enthusiasm could successfully break up the ice. But the ice has been broken, and I feel that it is an occasion for thankfulness to God and congratulation to the coming generations of American Methodists. We shall yet take our place not merely within our denominational pale, but out openly among the whole American people, with our Arminian litera-

ture—the mighty power of our denominational press.

And yet the friends of this cause, though not lacking enthusiasm in their efforts, are not enthusiastic in their hopes of it. It will still have its trials. Its necessity, though staring the Church in the very face, will still be questioned, perhaps even in the present General Conference.

Were it not for this liability I would here urge what I assuredly believe will be the ultimate policy of that body respecting it, namely, that in some forms most, if not the whole of our present publishing scheme be merged into it—that, in other words, throwing to the winds all "dividends" and money-making expedients and exclusive clerical control, the whole Concern should be made what this particular department of it now is, a great philanthropic scheme of cheap literature. Such a modification would, at once, give us the lead of the nation, perhaps of the Christian world, in this department of religious enterprise.

The suggestion, however, will, in some quarters, be considered a *whim*. Such "whims" must "bide their time." It will be a fact twenty-five years from to-day.

With this article I bring these letters to a close. I have examined the question of the decline of our cause in the large cities; of ecclesiastical "reform" in respect to lay representation, the term of ministerial appointments, and the presiding eldership; of the condition of our ministry—its wants, and the means of meeting them; of our educational policy, and the opportunities which the Church affords to educated men; of our literature and its wants; and of our publishing system and its needed reforms. I am as much aware as any one, of the critical nature of the task I have undertaken. Our centralization and unity (excellent things in themselves) have trained us somewhat to a sensitive jealousy about the open examination of our own peculiarities and individual independence of opinion. I have not stopped to regard this fact. The healthfulness of our cause demands, in this age, a larger freedom of discussion, and the only way to get it is to assume it. It has seemed to me that such a review of our leading interests, often repeated, could not but be helpful to them. I believe that my humble suggestions will have that tendency, notwithstanding any captious animadversions which they may call forth. They have been written from my heart, and that heart knows not one disloyal sentiment towards our common cause. None beats with more hope of our future. God has not raised up this great people and this wonderful system of moral means for a great failure, or for a temporary result; there must be a momentous destiny before them. All thoughtful minds among us must believe it, and should inquire devoutly for the best means of promoting it. I have but endeavored to do so in these letters, and I close them now with such a consciousness of the filial uprightness of my purpose, and of the future success of my views, as renders me comfortably if not entirely indifferent to the temporary inconveniences which they will probably incur for me. Yours, &c.,

A. STEVENS.

Editorial Notes and Cleanings.

ONE MORE FRIEND IN HEAVEN.—Dr. Thomas E. Bond, editor of *The Christian Advocate*, the principal official organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has ceased from his labors. In a good old age, having passed the limits of three-score years and ten, he entered into rest on Friday, the fourteenth of March. As a skillful physician, as a minister of the Lord Jesus, preaching whenever and wherever opportunity offered, and more especially as an editor, his life was one of toil and responsibility. His time and his talents were devoted to the cause of Christ; and the Church of his choice never had a more devoted son or a more zealous champion. Always true to his own convictions of right and of duty, fearless in their utterance, and at times severe, it is not strange if there were those who loved him not. It could not be otherwise than that in this world, where men look only on the outward appearance, he should have enemies. But malice had no place in his heart, and no one was more ready to make acknowledgments when convinced of error. During the whole course of his editorial career it was our happiness to know him intimately, and to enjoy his friendship. Difference of opinion, on two or three points, produced no alienation on the one side or the other. A warmer heart we never knew, nor one more finely tuned to sympathy—more abounding in that charity which never faileth. With calm composure, when his work was done, and the time of his departure was at hand, he awaited his Master's call, and has left us the satisfactory assurance that, although we have one less with whom to take sweet counsel here on earth, we have one more friend in heaven.

PETER COOPER'S MONUMENT.—Application is made to our State Legislature for an act of incorporation, by which the applicant shall be authorized to convey to a Board of Control such property, real and personal, as may be necessary for founding and maintaining an institution to be denominated "*The Union for the Advancement of Science and Art.*" The members of this Board of Control are to be designated by the Legislature. The applicant merely asks permission to erect the building, and give it in fee, forever, to the city, and to furnish funds for its maintenance. The building intended for this object has been in process of erection for the last two or three years, and is now so near completion as to give a good idea of what it will be when completed. Situated in the upper part of the city, at the junction of the Bowery and the Third Avenue, directly facing the house of the American Bible Society, it is a spacious and substantial edifice, fire proof, being constructed mainly of stone and iron, and is estimated to cost, with the ground upon which it stands, at least half a million of dollars. PETER COOPER, who proposes thus munificently to devote a large portion of his worldly substance, is a man whom it has been our happiness to know from the days of our boyhood. Plain and simple in his manners, honest, indus-

trious, and benevolent, Providence has wonderfully blessed him. From very small beginnings he has grown rich, and now, while yet among us, builds his own monument, by founding and making most ample provision for an institution of learning—a university, in fact—which shall embalm and endear his name forever. In all the records of individual beneficence, we remember not one so well conceived, so munificent, and so free from everything like self-glorification. We have called it *Peter Cooper's Monument*, and so it is, and shall be long after the men of this generation shall have passed away. He calls it simply **THE UNION.**

THE LAW TAKING LESSONS OF THE GOSPEL.—At a recent meeting of the friends of the New-York Society Library, for the purpose of raising funds for finishing their new building, and for other purposes, Hugh Maxwell, Esq., made an eloquent speech, concluding as follows:

"The last and concluding observation I have to make is, as to the best mode of raising this money. A friend of mine, Dr. Durbin, was going to preach down by the East River. I heard him preach five and twenty years ago, and was much pleased, and thought I would go down and hear him again. It turned out that he delivered a missionary sermon. After he got through, he said: 'Now, brothers, I want to raise some money. I think you ought to raise it, and I propose that Brother Lyons be made a life member, and those who are in favor of making Brother Lyons a life member may send in their names or the money.' Some of Brother Lyons's friends were there, and they would not see his name pass by them, and so Brother Lyons was made a life member. Another said: 'I propose Brother Brown;' and Brother Brown was made a life member. Now, I want to know why that plan cannot be adopted here?"

"There are many men among us who have added honor to their country. There are women among us who have added much to the literature of their country—such works, for instance, as Miss Sedgwick has put forth. I want to know if Washington Irving, Bancroft, Verplanck, or others, could not be made life members? Take the names of half a dozen women, in a company where one half were ladies, and they would be made life members. And I will engage to say, that if Mr. Bellows, and some other of my friends, would only use their eloquent and persuasive tongues in that behalf, the object would be easily accomplished."

MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL are more exposed to the public gaze than any other class of men. Their faults are magnified, and all their conduct closely scrutinized. When one of them falls, through temptation, into some gross immorality, there is a wail of apparent rejoicing. He is held up as a type of the whole fraternity, and among no other class of men is the exception so frequently taken for the general rule. This propensity is well shown up by Thackeray, in opposition to the unvaried course of his rival, Dickens. The author of the *Newcomes* says:

"I know this, that if there are some clerics who do wrong, there are straightway a thousand newspapers to haul up those unfortunates, and cry, *Flie upon them, flie upon them!* while, though the press is always ready to yell and bellow excommunication against these stray delinquent parsons, it somehow takes very little count of the good ones—of the tens of thousands of honest men who lead Christian lives, who give to the poor generously, who deny themselves

rightly, and live and die in their duty, without ever a newspaper paragraph in their favor. My beloved friend and reader, I wish you and I could do the same; and let me whisper my belief, *entre nous*, that, of those eminent philosophers who cry out against parsons the loudest, there are not many who have got their knowledge of the church by going thither often. But you, who have ever listened to village bells, or have walked to church as children on sunny Sabbath mornings; you, who have ever seen the parson's wife tending the sick man's bedside, or the town clergyman threading the dirty stairs of noxious alleys upon his sacred business, do not raise a shout when one of these falls away, or yell with the mob that howls after him."

PLAINNESS OF SPEECH.—"Before you reproach an author with obscurity," says Goëthe, "look first to your own intellects, and see whether everything is clear there. In the twilight a very plain piece of composition becomes unreadable." A very true saying, and sensible as far as it goes. It is ever to be remembered, however, that the greatest masters of language, those who are most read, and whose writings are destined to live, are uniformly the most easily understood. Readers are not easily persuaded to work their passage, just for the fun of the thing, when they may be carried over the same ground, and reach the same haven, by a style plain, intelligible, and requiring no laborious effort.

LONG SERMONS.—Ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, before being ordained, are asked, among other solemn questions, Will you endeavor not to speak too long or too loud? The phraseology seems to indicate that, in the opinion of our fathers, long sermons are inexpedient, and that the habit of preaching them is not easily overcome. Hence, young men are required to promise that they will endeavor not to speak too long. But the difficulty is to fix the meaning of the words. As to preaching *too loud*, the tendency, now-a-days, seems to be in the other direction; but when is a sermon too long? Of course, every man must be his own chronometer in this respect. Some topics require more time than others. Any one of Wesley's sermons may be read distinctly in from twenty to thirty minutes, and there must be something unusually attractive in the matter or the manner of a public speaker whose hearers do not think him too long when he occupies an hour or more. A writer in a Congregationalist paper, in answer to the inquiry whether there is any connection between the length of a pastoral relation and the length of a sermon, says:

"Rev. Benjamin Wood, of Upton, Mass., remained with his people over fifty years, a much beloved and honored pastor. He was a favorite preacher in all the neighboring towns. And yet it is a notorious fact that he was always short and to the point in all his pulpit exercises. His sermons were seldom over thirty minutes, and as often as otherwise the whole time of public worship did not exceed one hour each half-day of the Sabbath."

DEED OF A LONG SPEECH.—We had not finished the preceding remarks when our eye fell upon a statement, attributed to the Hon. Thomas Ewing. It has an air of truthfulness; but as we know nothing more of the facts than are here stated, we give them to our readers on the authority of the *Cleveland Herald*. Mr. Ewing says:

"I was at the President's house on the 8d of July. General Taylor had just received an invitation to attend the celebration on the following day, and hear a speech by Senator Foote.

"Seats were assigned us in the shade of the Washington Monument. Foote made a good speech, of reasonable length, and sat down. It was then announced that the ceremony of the presentation of a block by the District of Columbia, would take place immediately, at the opposite side of the monument.

"The presentation speech would be made by Walter Jones, on the part of the district, and the reply would be given by Mr. Seaton, in behalf of the Monument Association. The President asked me if the speeches would probably be short. As I knew both the speakers to be men of few words and many thoughts, I replied that the exercises would certainly be brief. Accordingly, the President concluded to remain, and we repaired to the other side of the monument.

"Mr. Jones made a speech, which was brief, and to the point, and sat down. Mr. Seaton then arose, and said that he was gratified to be able to announce that Mr. C. had consented to make the speech in reply to Mr. Jones. I at once concluded that we were *dead men*. I knew the proposed speaker, and was certain that we were doomed to hear a long speech. I endeavored to persuade the President to retire, but he was unwilling to do so. We endured the intense heat for an hour and a half before the speech was done.

"The President went home, wearied by the length of the exercises, and suffering from long exposure to the heat. He faded rapidly, and expired in a short time. I shall ever believe that his death may be traced to the *last long speech* which was made on the fourth of July. Such an effect was, of course, not intended by the speaker. This is an instance of murder without malice."

SAMUEL ROGERS.—The "Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers," edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, is the title of a work lately published, and which may be regarded as the poet's legacy to the Republic of Letters. The book chiefly consists of recollections of the notable men in politics, art, and literature, with whom Rogers, throughout his long life, was associated. The succession of welcome reminiscences is so unbroken that we can make but an arbitrary selection, few of the anecdotes for which we have room requiring introduction or comment. Here are some reminiscences of his early days:

"At the sale of Dr. Johnson's books, I met General Oglethorpe, then very, very old, the flesh of his face looking like parchment. He amused us youngsters by talking of the alterations that had been made in London, and of the great additions it had received within his recollection. He said that he had shot snipes in Conduit-street! By the by, General Fitzpatrick remembered the time when St. James's-street used to be crowded with the carriages of the ladies and gentlemen who were walking in the Mall—the ladies with their heads in full dress, and the gentlemen carrying their hats under their arms. The proprietors of Ranelagh and Vauxhall used to send decoy-ducks among them, that is, persons attired in the height of fashion, who every now and then would exclaim, in a very audible tone, 'What charming weather for Ranelagh' or 'for Vauxhall!' * * I recollect when it was still the fashion for gentlemen to wear swords. I have seen Haydn play at a concert in a tie-wig, with a sword at his side. * * I have gone to Ranelagh in a coach with a lady who was obliged to sit upon a stool, placed in the bottom of the coach, the height of her head-dress not allowing her to occupy the regular seat."

"*Dunning.*—Dunning (afterward Lord Aburton) was 'stating the law' to a jury at Guildhall, when Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying, 'If that be law, I'll go home and burn my books.' 'My lord,' replied Dunning, 'you had better go home and read them.'

Here is a specimen of consummate ugliness, "like a fly embalmed in amber."

"Dunning was remarkably ugly. One night, while he was playing whist, at Nando's, with Horne Tooke and two others, Lord Thurlow called at the door, and

desired the waiter to give a note to Dunning, (with whom, though their politics were so different, he was very intimate.) The waiter did not know Dunning by sight. 'Take the note up stairs,' said Thurlow, 'and deliver it to the ugliest man at the card-table—to him who most resembles the knave of spades.' The note immediately reached its destination. Horne Tooke used often to tell this anecdote."

"*Sheridan*.—I was present on the second day of Hastings' trial, in Westminster Hall, when Sheridan was listened to with such attention that you might have heard a pin drop. During one of those days Sheridan, having observed Gibbon among the audience, took occasion to mention 'the luminous author of 'The Decline and Fall.' After he had finished, one of his friends reproached him with flattering Gibbon. 'Why, what did I say of him?' asked Sheridan. 'You called him the luminous author,' &c. 'Luminous! O, I meant—columinous.'

"*Dr. Parr*.—Dr. Parr had a great deal of sensibility. When I read to him, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the account of O'Coigly's death, the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"One day, Mackintosh having vexed him by calling O'Coigly a 'rascal,' Parr immediately rejoined, 'Yes, Jamie, he was a bad man, but he might have been worse; he was an Irishman, but he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest, but he might have been a lawyer; he was a republican, but he might have been an apostate.'

"After their quarrel, (about Gerald,) Parr often spoke with much bitterness of Mackintosh: among other severe things, he said that 'Mackintosh came up from Scotland with a metaphysical head, a cold heart, and open hands.' At last they were reconciled, having met, for that purpose, in my house; but their old familiarity was never fully reestablished.

"Parr was frequently very tiresome in conversation, talking like a schoolmaster.

"He had a horror of the east wind; and Tom Sheridan once kept him prisoner in the house for a fortnight, by fixing the weathercock in that direction.

"*The Duke and Duchess of York*.—I have several times stayed at Ostlands, with the Duke and Duchess of York—both of them most amiable and agreeable persons. We were generally a company of about fifteen; and our being invited to remain there 'another day,' sometimes depended on the ability of our royal host and hostess to raise sufficient money for our entertainment. We used to have all sorts of ridiculous 'fun' as we roamed about the grounds. The duchess kept (besides a number of dogs, for which there was a regular burial-place) a collection of monkeys, each of which had its own pole, with a house at top. One of the visitors (whose name I forget) would single out a particular monkey, and play to it on the fiddle with such fury and perseverance, that the poor animal, half-distracted, would at last take refuge in the arms of Lord Alvanley. Monk Lewis was a great favorite at Ostlands. One day, after dinner, as the duchess was leaving the room, she whispered something into Lewis's ear. He was much affected, his eyes filling with tears. We asked what was the matter. 'O,' replied Lewis, 'the duchess spoke so *very* kindly to me!' 'My dear fellow,' said Colonel Armstrong, 'pray don't cry; I dare say she didn't mean it.'

"*Crabbe, the Poet*.—I have heard Crabbe describe his mingled feelings of hope and fear as he stood on London Bridge, when he first came up to town to try his fortune in the literary world.

"The situation of domestic chaplains in a great family is generally a miserable one: what delights and mortifications attend it! Crabbe had his share of such troubles in the Duke of Rutland's family; and I well remember that, at a London evening party, where the old Duchess of Rutland was present, he had a violent struggle with his feelings before he could prevail on himself to go up and pay his respects to her.

"*Byron*.—Byron had prodigious facility of composition. He was fond of suppers; and used often to sup at my house and eat heartily: (for he had then given up the hard biscuit and soda-water diet;) after going home he would throw off sixty or eighty verses, which he would send to press next morning.

"Byron, like Sir Walter Scott, was without any feeling for the fine arts. He accompanied me to the Pitti Palace at Florence; but soon growing tired of looking at the pictures, he sat down in a corner; and when I called out to him, 'What a noble Andrea del Barto!' the only answer I received was his muttering a passage from 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' Upon asking

how he had been taught the art of a cognoscendo so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules: the one, always to observe the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino.' When he and Hobhouse were standing before the Parthenon, the latter said, 'Well, this is surely very grand.' Byron replied, 'Very like the mansion-house.'

"*Fox*.—I was present at a dinner-party given by William Smith, in Westminster, where Fox would not take the slightest notice of Horne Tooke, would not look at him, nor seem to hear any of the good things he said. It was the most painful scene of the kind I was ever witness to, except what occurred at my own house, when the Duke of Wellington treated Lord Holland much in the same way. * * *

"How fondly the surviving friends of Fox cherished his memory! Many years after his death, I was at a fête given by the Duke of Devonshire at Ohlswick House. Sir Robert Adair and I wandered about the apartments, up and down stairs. 'In which room did Fox expire?' asked Adair. I replied, 'In this very room.' Immediately Adair burst into tears, with a vehemence of grief such as I hardly ever saw exhibited by a man."

Having already overrun our limits, we must close with the story of his going to see Dr. Johnson. Mr. Dyce, however, does not tell us that it was to show him some of his youthful poetry:

"My friend Maltby and I, when we were very young men, had a strong desire to see Dr. Johnson; and we determined to call upon him and introduce ourselves. We accordingly proceeded to his house in Bolt Court; and I had my hand on the knocker, when our courage failed us, and we retreated. Many years afterward, I mentioned this circumstance to Boswell, who said, 'What a pity that you did not go boldly in! We would have received you with all kindness.'

—**AN AFRICAN HERO AND MARTYR.**—A correspondent of the *American Missionary* states that a number of years ago, Bompey, a large town in the interior of Africa, was surrounded by a very strong "war," in which several tribes were joined. During many months the parties fought and worried each other, until at length the warriors of Bompey held a council to unite themselves in one grand effort to destroy the enemy around them. While convened, they called the fetish man of war to consult the spirits of the dead. He pretended to discover that the spirits of their distinguished dead were jealous of the fame of their present leader, and were bent on his destruction; and that if he would give himself up to the enemy to be killed, the residue could, by the aid of the spirits of their fathers, easily vanquish the foe, and save their town and country. The noble, but superstitious man, arose, and stripped him self of his armor of charms, and divided them, together with his weapons of war, between his two sons, reserving to himself a heavy cutlass. He then turned himself to the chiefs and warriors around him, and bade them an affectionate farewell, committing his family and sons especially to the care of the chiefs. Then raising himself to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by making a co-too (a war-dance), he ordered his men to the final struggle. Expecting death, he was determined to sell his life at the highest price. He rushed upon the fence of the enemy, and cutting it away, plunged into the crowd of battle, slaying many before he himself fell. His followers, animated by his devotion, and equally superstitious, believed victory was certainly theirs, fought like leopards, spreading dismay into the

heart of the foe, who began to give way before them. "They fly, they fly!" was soon the shout of victory which rang through the town. The young and fleet were soon in hot pursuit, and laid low in the dust many a weary warrior. The town was saved: the people rejoiced. They took the body of the self-sacrificed warrior—literally hewn to pieces—and buried it in the center of their town with great sacrifice, and in the use of ceremonies by which they pretended to bind to him in perpetual slavery the souls of all slain during the siege, as well as the captives caught and beheaded on his grave. A house was then built over the warrior's resting-place, in which all his war utensils, with the drums, fifes, &c., of his musicians, were deposited as sacred to his memory. From that time to the present he has been regarded as their chief deity, a prince of the souls of departed warriors.

A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE.—An English paper tells the following story of a scientific lecturer, whose popular discourses on medicine, and the various sciences therewith connected, had given offense to the more "orthodox" members of the profession:

"A couple of embryo M. D.'s resolved upon testing his medical skill. They accordingly called upon him, and one of them, a fine, healthy young man, with a roguish eye, complained of certain pains in the chest, a cough, night sweats, &c. The doctor heard his tale, asked a number of questions, and, after a long diagnosis, declared him to be in a deep consumption. This was just what was wanted, and the young gent could hardly control their mirth while Dr. Mill wrote his prescription, sealed it up in an envelope, and directed it to one of our first chemists, pocketed his fee, and bowed them out of the room. To the chemist's they rushed to enjoy the pent-up laugh, and handing him the note he read: "This young man is suffering from cerebral hernia in the region marked 'self-esteem' by phrenologists. Pray, therefore, give him common sense, 12 grains; wit, 1 drachm; horse-whip, *ad libitum*—J. M."

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS THE WORK OF THE DEVIL.—In the last number of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, in our Literary Record, we gave a short account of the infamous concordat entered into between the courts of Austria and Rome, for the suppression of all newspapers, books, and periodicals, which did not suit the tastes of the Austrian ecclesiastics. We are now enabled to lay before our readers the following pastoral letter from the Bishop of Bergamo, leaving them to draw their own conclusions of the despotic influence these tyrants exercise over the people of Austria:

"The abolition of the censorship is a work of the devil. The demon (*il demone*) has, through his evil-disposed sons, raised the following question: May the press be released from the preventive censure to which it has hitherto been subjected by the wisdom of the ancients? (*la sapienza degli antichi*.) * * *

"Our ancestors did know that such a censorship would promote the welfare of society and prevent evils; it would warn religion and honesty against many dangers. Now everybody believes he has a right to think and print whatever he pleases; and therefore we see in many countries the so-called 'freedom of the press.' It was welcomed by the very worst class of society with enthusiasm, and celebrated in high-sounding words as a conquest which civilization had gained over barbarism—as evidence of the progress of humanity. But the good and honest men consider it as a public calamity—as if, with the abolition of a political book censorship, even the laws of God and of the church could be abolished. Many newspapers and journals try to lessen the true importance of the concordat, (Austrian,) and to place the loyal intentions of the

government under suspicion. They propagate mistrust and dissension under the pretext of pacifying the public mind, and of recommending moderation to bishops. Such, my true believers, are the fruits which our country has reaped from the freedom of the press; but as the tree is to be recognized, said our Saviour, by its fruits, you can judge yourself what a pernicious plant the freedom of the press is, and whether good and honest men are not right in detesting it, and in considering it a public misfortune. Pope Clement XIII. counseled to stop the source and to cut off the root of sin. The principal source, and the true root of the evil, consists in the freedom of the press and the free trade of books. We recommend and order to all, but principally to the press, to publishers and traders of books, newspapers, pictures, &c., that the laws of the Popes of Rome must be observed in our city and diocese. Nobody is hereby permitted to print a book or pamphlet without the previous approbation of the bishop. No publisher is allowed to possess or sell, under any pretext whatever, books which are not inscribed in our approved catalogue. If there ever was a period to exhort all believers to observe the laws of the church and the trade of books, it is the present, when the government has sanctioned the freedom of the press. It belongs to the Popes especially, who are instituted by the Holy Ghost for guidance of the Church of God, to judge of the moral necessities of the people."

BIBLE SOCIETY.—In a speech at the formation of a Methodist society in Sheffield, England, the poet Montgomery has the following beautiful sentiment:

"In the Bible Society, all names and distinctions of sects are blended till they are lost, like the primitive colors in a ray of pure and perfect light. In the missionary work, though divided, they are not discordant, but, like the same colors displayed and harmonized in the rainbow, they form an arch of glory—ascending, on the one hand, from earth to heaven; and, on the other, descending from heaven to earth—a bow of promise, a covenant of peace; a sign that the storm is passing away, and the Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings, breaking forth in all nations."

QUAKERS' HATS IN COURT.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* states that a Quaker was in the United States Court room during the trial of the recent slave case in that city, when an officious marshal ordered him to take off his hat. Friend Levi Coffin, the person alluded to, mildly explained that he meant no disrespect, but it was the custom of their people. It would not do. The brave marshal raised his cane, and knocked the offending broad-rim on the floor. Friend C. paid no attention to this, but remained motionless. In a little while the marshal returned, picked up the hat, and handed it to Levi, who took no notice whatever of it, and the marshal deposited it on a table. But the brave marshal was not at ease, and shortly after this he returned, took the hat, and placed it very gently on Levi's head; and the last seen of Friend Coffin, he stood there with his hat on, looking as coolly on the proceedings as if nothing had ever occurred to disturb his equanimity.

CROCODILES.—"Few reptiles," says a recent author, "are more disgusting in appearance than these brutes; but, nevertheless, their utility counterbalances their bad qualities, as they cleanse the water from all impurities. So numerous are they that their heads may be seen fives and tens together, floating at the top of the water, like rough corks; and at about 5 P. M. they bask on the shore, close to the margin of the water, ready to scuttle in on the alert, and it is a most difficult thing to stalk them, so as to get near enough to make a certain shot."

This is not bad amusement, when no other sport can be had. Around the margin of a lake, in a large plain far in the distance, may be seen a distinct line upon the short grass, like the fallen trunk of a tree. As there are no trees at hand, this must necessarily be a crocodile. Seldom can the best hand at stalking them get within eighty yards of him, before he lifts his scaly head, and, listening for a second, plunges off the bank.

DOES THE WORLD HATE PIETY?—In answer to this question, the celebrated Sidney Smith says:

"It is not true that the world hates piety. That modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altars which should only be a sanctuary for the righteous and the good."

"This," says an exchange paper, "seems very plausible, but it is not true. There once lived a man whose 'modest and unobtrusive piety' no one doubts. It has even extorted the praise of bitter opponents. But did Jesus of Nazareth find himself the 'object of universal love and veneration?' Nay, did he not justly apply to himself the words of the Old Testament, 'They hated me without a cause?'"

REFINED CRUELTY.—By the ancient laws of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy was compelled to live with both wives in the same house. The crime was in consequence extremely rare.

DESULTORY STUDY.—When I see a man ensnared by the charms of universal knowledge, and flying from the pursuit of one science to another, I think I see a child gathering shells on the sea-shore. He first loads himself indiscriminately, with as many as he can carry; when tempted by others of a gayer appearance, he throws the former away; taking and rejecting, till, fatigued and bewildered in his choice, he has thrown all away, and returns home without a single shell.

TRUE POETRY, FROM THE PERSIAN.—The heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bud from the bower of his beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of his wisdom; and the sky is a bubble on the sea of his power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin, hidden in the thick vale of darkness; he made mirrors from the atoms of the world, and threw a reflection from his face on every atom.

RELATIONSHIPS are rather far-fetched sometimes, especially in Ireland. "Do you know Tom Duffy, Pat?" "Know him, is it!" says Pat; "sure he's a near relation of mine; he once wanted to marry my sister Kate."

THE CATECHISM FOR CRITICS.—An English reviewer, after quoting rather largely from a volume before him, brings his article abruptly to a close, being reminded, as he says, of that clause in the Church of England's Catechism,

which teaches, as part of our duty to our neighbor, to keep our hands from picking and stealing. Authors, too, he is reminded, would have the light-fingered reviewing gentry pay a little attention to that other clause about keeping the tongue (the pen) from evil speaking, lying, and slandering.

CRITICISM.—When "Paradise Lost" was published, the celebrated Waller wrote this passage: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man; if its length be not considered as merit, it hath no other."

UNEQUATED LAWS.—Madame Ida Pfeiffer, in her Second Journey Round the World, recently published in London, pays our country this rather equivocal compliment:

"The governments of the United States are un pardonable for not doing more to ameliorate the condition of the slaves. The laws relating to them are bad and defective; and even these, little as they would do for them, are not put in execution. The Americans say, 'The government would have enough to do, if it troubled itself with these things! It cannot turn spy, or do anything that might interfere with the liberty of American citizens.' It seems to me, however, that the government does contrive to be informed of infractions of the law in other matters—to know which is the landlord who pours out an unlawful glass of beer on a Sunday, or who is the guest that drinks it, or when the Maine liquor law is violated; and it might, therefore, if it had a mind, keep a more watchful eye on transgressions of a much more serious character. But perhaps the crime of torturing a human being to death is thought a less heinous one than drinking an irregular glass of beer on a Sunday."

ART MOTTO.—When Bishop Warburton published his *Doctrine of Grace*, in which it pleased his reverence to vilify the most devoted Christians in the land, a young woman replied, in a pamphlet of great keenness and severity, to which she affixed as a motto these words: "*The Virgin the daughter of Zion hath despised thee, and laughed thee to scorn; the daughter of Jerusalem hath shaken her head at thee.*" 2 Kings, xix. 21.

FACTS.—Old Mr. Singlestick mystified a tea-party by remarking that women were facts. When pressed to explain his meaning he said: "Facts are stubborn things."

BRITISH POETS.—Two very different men appeared as poets in print for the first time in the same year—the Ayrshire ploughman and the Lombard street banker. In the year 1786 appeared at Kilmarnock that volume of "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect," which will live as long as the English language; and in the same year appeared in London, "An Ode to Superstition," since properly included in the numerous reprints of the poems of its author. Burns published his octavo volume by subscription, among the weavers of Kilmarnock, while Rogers took his poems to Cadell, in the Strand, and left a check to pay for the cost of publication. Very different indeed were the lives in the flesh of the two men who thus commenced together their lives in poetry. Burns has been dead sixty years. Rogers has consequently outlived the poet he commenced the race of fame with by that number of years. Nay,

more: nearly seventy years have passed since he who died so recently took his first ede and his check to the Murray of those days of publishing. When Rogers made his appearance as a poet, Lord Byron was unborn—and Byron has been dead thirty-one years! When Percy Bysshe Shelly was born, Rogers was in his thirtieth year—and Shelly has been dead nearly thirty-four years! When Keats was born, "The Pleasures of Memory" was looked upon as a standard poem—and Keats has been dead thirty-five years! When this century commenced, the

man who died but yesterday, and in the latter half too of the century, had already numbered as many years as Burns and Byron had numbered when they died. Mr. Rogers was born before the following English poets: Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Bloomfield, Cunningham, Hogg, James Montgomery, Shelley, Keats, Wilson, Tom Hood, Kirke White, Lamb, Felicia Hemans, and he outlived them all. The oldest living British poets are Walter Savage Landor, born 1775; Leigh Hunt, born 1784; and Barry Cornwall, born 1790.

Book Notices.

THE *Annual Reports of the Missionary Society, the Sunday School Union, and the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, are before us, in one large octavo pamphlet. They are full of interest to the Church at large. From the Report of the Missionary Society we learn that, during the year 1855, two additional missionaries, with their wives, were sent to China, one to Africa, one to New-Mexico, and six to the Pacific coast. A mission to India is in contemplation, and a missionary has been appointed, with the expectation of being speedily followed by two others. Northern Bengal, it is supposed, will be the head-quarters of this mission. It is gratifying to learn, from the Treasurer's Report, that the receipts for the year exceeded the expenditures nearly thirty-six thousand dollars. The amount appropriated for missionary purposes, for the year ensuing, is two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. We esteem this as the most interesting, as it is certainly the briefest annual report the Society has issued for many years. From the "Fragments" we copy what is called

"THE DEPARTED FATHER'S LEGACY.—We were busily writing in our office, when a plain-looking countryman came in, and commenced speaking to us in broken English. We soon perceived that he was a German. He said he wanted to give something to the Missionary Society. 'Very well,' we said, 'we shall be glad to receive it; what is it?' 'My interest in my father's estate in Germany, which is about to come into my possession.' 'But you do not mean to give all of your interest in it, do you?' 'Yes,' he replied. 'But what have you besides?' 'Nothing,' was his answer, 'except a few dollars.' We asked, 'Have you a wife and children?' 'Neither,' said he. 'Well,' we continued, 'how do you live?' 'By my daily work,' he said. 'Is that all your living?' said we. 'All,' said he. 'But, suppose you get sick, what then?' 'God will provide,' said he. After sifting the whole matter, and not perceiving any trace of undue enthusiasm, we said to him: 'We cannot advise you to give away all your substance, even to the holy missionary cause.' He replied, 'Probably, but I desire to do so.' After sufficient conversation, we said: 'Our conclusion is, that we will take a power of attorney, and cause your interest in Germany to be realized and remitted to us, and when it comes we will advise you of it, and the money will be yours, and you can then do as you please.' We thought by that time he might think differently. In due time the money came, namely, \$498, and he was advised accordingly; but he steadily adhered to his purpose, and would not take any of it. The Board urged him to take half: 'No,' then a quarter: 'No.' And he returned to his home. The Board sent him a check for the last-named proportion, and intimated that, should he ever be brought to need, they would be pleased to hear from him. This young man had been converted in one of our German missions, and was thus led to

devote all his substance to the cause of the Gospel. We shall be interested to know his history for the next ten or twenty years, should we live so long."

The Report of the *Sunday-School Union* is much more extended, filling about three times as many pages as that of the Missionary Society. It contains several of the speeches delivered at the anniversary, reports and resolutions adopted at conventions in various parts of the land, and a number of carefully arranged statistical tables, one of which informs us that the

Number of pages of Sunday-school books printed at New-York during the year 1855, was	70,822,000
Pages of Sunday-School Advocate printed at New-York and Cincinnati, counted at an average of 115,000	24,000,000
Pages actually printed	94,822,000
If to the number of pages of books printed, viz.	70,822,000
We add, counting the Sunday-School Advocate page as equivalent to seven pages of an 18mo. book	168,000,000
We shall find the grand equivalent of pages to be	233,922,000

The total receipts into the treasury for the year amount to \$15,425 71. If to this sum be added the expenditures for Sunday School purposes, which do not come into the treasury of the Union, the aggregate, says the Report, "does not fall much short of \$120,000." From the tabular view of average collections in each conference during the year, it appears that the New-York East holds the first place, the average for each preacher being \$8 81. In the New-Jersey Conference it was \$7 60. In the New-York, \$6 13.

From the Report of the *Tract Society* we learn that its anniversary at Pittsburgh was a meeting of great interest. Seventy-eight new publications were issued during the year, making the total of the Society's separate tracts and bound volumes seven hundred and ninety-seven. The aggregate of contributions during the year was \$40,636 83, and the estimated number of pages distributed was nearly seventy millions. From only two annual conferences, the New-York and New-York East, does the amount contributed exceed one thousand dollars for the year. The Report informs us that

"The secretary has been unceasingly occupied in traveling, delivering addresses and sermons, corresponding and editing, and has performed an amount of labor which none but the most vigorous constitution could have endured. He has represented the Tract

cause in Forsyth-street and Allen-street, New-York; in Carlton Avenue, Sand-street, Pacific-street, and Fleet-street, Brooklyn; in Market-street and Halsey-street, Newark, N. J.; in West Philadelphia; in Boston-street and Common's Church, Lynn; in Salem; in High-street, Charlestown; Park-street, Chelsea; and Roxbury, Mass.; in Henry-street and Court-street, Binghampton; at Saratoga Springs; Geneva; and in Hedding Church and First Church, Elmira, N. Y.; in all of which he has found the most decided interest and received very liberal collections. He has visited twenty-three annual conferences, namely, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Providence, New-Jersey, New-England, New-York, Troy, New-York East, Maine, Black River, Western Virginia, Pittsburgh, Wyoming, Erie, Oneida, East Genesee, Genesee, Ohio, Rock River, Iowa, Southern Illinois, Illinois, and Missouri. At these sessions he has sometimes met with strong encouragement; sometimes with serious doubts as to the practicability of our undertaking; sometimes with the most determined opposition to our plan of erecting special agencies; but always with the kindest reception and a strong desire in some way to promote the Tract cause. He has explained all sorts of difficulties, answered all kinds of questions, contended with all manner of opponents, and triumphed and yielded according to circumstances, feeling that at the close of every conference some progress had been made, in the comparison of views, the diffusion of information, and the settlement of the great practical questions which lie in the way of our complete success. Such a year, both of conflict and comfort, certainly the secretary has never before spent, and must be rare in the experience of any man."

The Stone and the Image; or, the American Republic, the Bane and Ruin of Despotism. An Exposition of the Fifth Kingdom of Daniel's Prophecy, and of the Great Wonder in Heaven of the Apocalypse. By Joseph F. Berg, D. D. (*Philadelphia: Higgins & Perkins*.) The theory of this treatise lacks but a single element to make it highly flattering to American vanity. One of its principal objects is to show that the "stone kingdom" is no other than "OUR OWN REPUBLIC." It is a pleasant thought, especially in this day of agitation and doubt, when some of our own people are clamoring for disunion, and foreign potentates are wishing the destruction of our hated republican confederation, that we have the assurance of divine revelation, that the American "Republic" is "to stand forever." But the good doctor has not brought the proof. There is no want of assumptions, nor assertions; and there are conjectures, and assumed analogies, to spare. As a specimen of exegesis it reminds us of an interpretation which we once heard gravely put upon Isaiah xviii, 1, where the expositor, changing "woe" into "ho!" made the text as follows. "Ho! to the land shadowing with wings which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia." "Now," said he, "as the western continent is in shape like a spread eagle, this prophecy must be applied to America." The author, who thinks "it is a matter of surprise that writers on the prophecies should have so long overlooked what God has revealed respecting America's position in the world," tells us that the "stone" in Daniel symbolizes the American Republic, and thus he argues:

"Three empires (namely, Babylon, Persia, and Macedonia) covered three quarters of the globe. They included Asia, Europe, and Africa. In none of these three divisions of the world, therefore, can we expect to find the state symbolized by the stone."

Where, surely, but in America can it be found, if it is not in either of the other three quarters of the world? The critical reader will see that the logic in this case is paralleled by that in the example quoted for illustration.

The continent of America only is shaped like a bird with spread wings, therefore America is designated by Isaiah in his prophetic description. When a philosopher had demonstrated that the earth is a hollow sphere, he asserted that the ten lost tribes were inside of the earth, and proved it by asserting, "if they are not there, where are they?"

The "stone," according to this theory, is a type of a free government, and antagonizes monarchy, under the symbol of the "image." Now a free government did not exist either in Babylon, Persia, or Macedonia, therefore it must be looked for and found in America. The reader will see that the whole theory, with its phosphoric splendor, is built upon the assumption that the "stone" is a type of a free civil state. Had this point been proved, or were it capable of proof, rhetoric and declamation would have made fine accompaniments. But in this case they do not seem to have been in the neighborhood of either facts or logic.

The Church and her Enemies; or, Practical Reflections on the Trials and Triumphs of God's afflicted People. By William S. Plummer, D. D. A neat little volume, not at all embellished by several very inferior wood-cuts, from the press of the American Baptist Publication Society. The doctor's style is sententious and antithetical. Occasionally he ventures upon the hazardous experiment of coining a new word. Contrasting two classes of men, he says, "One includes all the Timeists; the other the Eternists." A Timeist (spelled with an e) is a musician who keeps time. What may be meant by an Eternist we can only conjecture. These, however, are slight blemishes; and the book, Calvinistic of course in its doctrinal teachings, may be safely commended to the entire Christian public.

Life of Schamyl, and Narrative of the Circassian War of Independence against Russia. By J. Milton Mackie. (Boston: Jewett & Co.) Schamyl was born in 1797, became leader of the Circassians, and was successful in several encounters with the Russians. We have here a sketch of his early life, the several battles in which he was engaged, and facts relative to the customs and manners of a people of whom little is known by the generality of readers.

Carroll Ashton; or, the Rewards of Truthfulness, by Aunt Abbie, is a well-told tale for children and youth of both sexes. It belongs to a class of books which we are glad to see rapidly increasing, and which, presenting truth in an inviting dress, are eagerly sought by those in Sunday schools and elsewhere, for whose benefit they are written. (*Baptist Publication Society.*)

In works of pure fiction, the American press has been of late more than usually prolific. From *Redfield* we have new and revised editions of *Charlemont; or, the Pride of the Village*; and of *Beauchamp; or, the Kentucky Tragedy; a sequel to Charlemont*. These are the fourth and fifth in the series of what the author, *W. Gilmore Sims, Esq.*, entitles the *Romances of the South*. *J. P. Jewett & Co.*, of Boston, send us *Ernest Linswood*, by Caroline Lee Hentz. To *Phillips, Sampson, & Co.* we are indebted for *Edith Hale*, a village story, by Thrace Talmon; and *Wolfden*, by

J. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, sends us *India; or, the Pearl of Pearl River*, by Mrs. Southworth. From *Mason & Brothers* we have *Edith; or, the Quakers daughter*, a tale of Puritan times. In size and general appearance, these volumes are very similar, being stout duodecimos of four to five hundred pages. There is an evident improvement in the general tone of this species of literature, as well as an increasing demand for it.

Religion in Common Life; a Sermon preached before the Queen and Prince Albert, by the Rev. John Caird, M. A. Published by her Majesty's command, (reprinted by *Carter & Brothers, New-York*.) It is creditable to her majesty that she commanded the publication of this plain and practical discourse. The text is Romans xii, 11; and the design of the sermon is to enforce the possibility and the necessity of being religious, pious, holy; not in the Church merely, but in the world; in the field, the marketplace, the counting-room; and we suppose, although the author does not say so, in the palace. The sermon is marred by a few provincialisms, as where the preacher speaks of those whose religion is merely a Sunday robe, to be "solemnly put past when the state occasion is over," but will do good, and thus effect what was evidently the only object of the preacher.

Lindsay & Blakiston, of Philadelphia, have issued Part I. (A—Amon) of the "Condensed Translation" of *Hertzog's Real Encyclopaedia*, by Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., designed as a manual of Protestant theology and ecclesiastical history, to be completed (as we learn from the prospectus) in twelve similar parts, forming two super-royal octavos of about seven hundred and fifty pages each. The translator and editor has associated with him several distinguished theologians of this country, mostly clergymen of the German Reformed Church. The German work, of which this is chiefly a reproduction, is now in course of publication in numbers, the matter being prepared by over one hundred of the evangelical scholars of Germany, and edited by Dr. Hertzog. It is original and profound, and peculiarly rich in Church history and literature. The Biblical articles are rather meager in proportion, but well executed, so far as they go. This disproportion seems, in some degree, to have been remedied in the American edition, by additions from *Winer's Real Lexicon*, and other sources. This expedient has also obviated, in part, the difficulty that must occur in the translation of an alphabetical series of articles, of which the original is not yet complete; the English often transposing to one of the first letters a topic which has not yet appeared in the German, because falling under one of the last initial letters. In other instances, the editor has referred, for an elucidation of such subjects, to other connected articles further down the alphabet, by the time he reaches which, the requisite article in the German may be expected to appear. From the comparison we have been able to make, the translation appears to be made with general fidelity and good judgment. The American public may congratulate themselves on possessing, thus early, this valuable and standard reference-book of Biblical, theological, and ec-

clesiastical literature, in an English dress. It will form an admirable counterpart to *Kitto's Biblical Cyclopaedia*. We hope that the industry and enterprise of the editor and publishers may meet with the large success that they deserve. Alphabetical manuals, on all subjects, are growing more and more in popular favor, from their very great convenience; and, notwithstanding the works of this class heretofore published, a complete and reliable digest of religious information has still remained a desideratum, which this work will go far toward supplying. The part before us is well printed, on clean white paper, from bold and fair-sized type. The volumes, when completed, are to be sold for six dollars.

The Theology of Inventions; or, Manifestations of Deity in the Works of Art. By the Rev. John Blakely. (New-York: *Carter & Brothers*.) Founded upon that passage of the prophet, "This also cometh from the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working," our author elaborates the idea that mechanical inventions, in their discovery and construction, are emanations of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God. *For his God doth instruct him to discretion and doth teach him*. The line of argument is philosophical and theological. The discovery or invention itself, the time when, the specific purposes subserved, are all made tributary to the author's design. Objections are fairly stated and answered. The style is clear, and the arguments well-arranged and ably stated.

The Methodist Quarterly Review for April has an article on the character of *Archdeacon Hare*, as a philosopher and a controversialist. It is to be followed by an examination of his peculiar theological tenets, in which the reviewer "fears" he will not find so much to admire. Very likely. The second article, entitled *Romanism False and Persecuting*, is from the pen of the Rev. G. Peck, D. D., who, amid the laborious duties devolving upon him as the presiding elder of a large district, finds time, occasionally, to prepare for the press the results of his extensive reading and theological investigations. The readers of this article will be prepared to give a very decided affirmative answer to what the writer calls the leading questions in the Romish controversy, namely: "Is Romanism addicted to falsehood? and is she addicted to persecution?" *De Maistre and French Ultramontanism* is a well-written sketch of the character and influence of that formidable controversialist. The reviewer speaks in terms of admiration of *De Maistre*, and pronounces him an intellectual giant. Then follow *The Monuments of Athens*, critical and somewhat technical; *The Princeton Review on Arminianism and Grace*, caustic, but not more severe, perhaps, than the occasion demanded; a very readable sketch of *English University Life*; a critical investigation of the word *Sheol*; and a few well-considered *Practical Hints for Students of Biblical Literature*, which are well worth the attention of those for whom they were prepared. The letters from *Paris* and *Berlin* will be read with interest, and the *Short Reviews and Notices of Books*, from the pen of the accomplished editor, are done with his usual tact and discrimination.

Select Lectures: Comprising some of the more valuable Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, London, from 1847 to 1855. Edited by Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D. (Cincinnati: *Seemstedt & Poe.*) "Lectures," says Charles Lamb, "are not much to my taste, whatever the lecturer may be. If read, they are dismal flat, and you can't think why you are brought together to hear a man read his works, which you could read so much better at leisure yourself." Those who sympathize with the sentiment, and we confess ourselves among the number, unless the lecturer has more than ordinary elocutionary powers, will be thankful for this volume, containing, as it does, twelve of the best lectures delivered in London, during the past eight winters. While reading them at our leisure we marked a few passages. The first is from Dr. Cumming's *Lecture on Music*:

"The organ, grand as it is, is nothing to the human voice. It is a good auxiliary to bad congregational singing; but, like the use of a crutch, too long used it prevents our walking without it; or, like an ear trumpet, too much had recourse to, it renders us unable to hear without it. The human voice alone is the wonderful organ. Intellect is visible on the brow—the heart is seen shining through the eye; but the soul reveals itself in the voice. Man's soul is audible, not visible, as God gave an apocalypse of himself of old, not in the blazing fire, nor in the bursting earthquake, but in the 'still small voice.' The sound of the voice alone betrays the flowing of the inner and inexhaustible fountains of the soul, otherwise inappreciable to man. Mercury may have made the lyra, Apollo the flute, Jubal the harp and the organ; but God made the human voice, and the instrument shares in something of the perfection of the Maker."

One of our contributors, the Rev. T. H. Stockton, has already issued a prospectus for publishing the Sacred Scriptures in the manner indicated by the Rev. James Hamilton, in his *lecture on the Literary Attractions of the Bible*:

"For practical and devotional purposes we could desire no better version of the Bible than our own truthful and time-hallowed translation. But for the sake of its intelligent literary perusal, we have sometimes wished that some judicious editor would give us, each in a separate fasciculus, the several contributions of each sacred penman. As it is, with the sixty-six volumes of the Bible all compressed into a single tome, we are apt to regard them, not only as homogeneous inspiration, which they are, but as cotemporary compositions, which they are not. We forget that, in point of time, there is the same interval between Moses and Matthew as there is between the close of the canon and the compilation of the Augsburg Confession. And, with each portion commingled into those numbered paragraphs, which we call *verses*, we are apt to lose sight of the characteristic style of the various compositions. An epistle looks like a poem, and a history reads like a collection of adages or apothegms. But allowing one book to contain the minor prophets, and another the general epistles, there would still remain upward of twenty inspired penmen whose writings might, much to their mutual illustration, be bound up in separate volumes, and preserved in their individual identity. We should thus have in one volume all that Moses wrote, and, in another, chronologically arranged, all the writings of Paul. One volume might contain all the Psalms of David; another, those Psalms—nearly as numerous—which were indited by Moses, and Asaph, and others. In one cover might be bound up the Gospel, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse of John; and in another, that divine Song, those confessions of a converted philosopher, and that ancient 'Wealth of Nations,' which were written down by Solomon. And under such an arrangement might we not hope that books usually read in chapters or smaller morsels, might sometimes be read continually, taken down from the shelf, as another attractive book would be taken, on a leisure evening, and read through at a single sitting? Might we not hope, in such a case, that while those who now read the Old and New Testaments would read them still, some who at present do not read the Bible might be tempted to

read Paul, Moses, and Isaiah? And is it too sanguine to expect that, as the searching of Scriptures and sacred knowledge thus increased, some who first resorted to the book for literary entertainment, might learn from it the lessons which make wise to life everlasting?"

Rev. William Arthur, in his lecture on Heroes, relates the following incidents on the authority of one of the parties concerned:

"A poor miner was down with his brother mine, sinking a shaft. In pursuit of that obscure labor they were blasting the solid rock. They had placed in the rock a large charge of powder, and fixed their fuse so that it could not be extricated. Their proper course was to cut the fuse with a knife; then one should ascend in their bucket, the other wait till the bucket came down again; then get into it, ignite the fuse, give the signal, and so be at the top of the shaft before the explosion. In the present case, however, they negligently cut the fuse with a stone and a blunt iron instrument. Fire was struck; the fuse was hissing; they both dashed to the bucket, and gave the signal. The man above attempted in vain to move the windlass. One could escape; both could not; and delay was death to both. Our miner looked for a moment at his comrade, and, slipping from the bucket, said, 'Escape! I shall be in heaven in a minute!' The bucket sped up the shaft. The man was safe; eager to watch the fate of his deliverer, he bent to hear. Just then the explosion rumbled below: a splinter came up the shaft, and struck him on the brow, leaving a mark he will bear all his days, to remind him of his rescue. They soon began to burrow among the fallen rock to extricate the corpse. At last they heard a voice. Their friend was yet alive. They reached him; the pieces of rock had roofed him over—he was without injury or scratch. All he could tell was, that the moment his friend was gone, he sat down, lifted a piece of rock, and held it before his eyes. When asked what induced him to let the other escape, he replied, 'I knew my soul was safe; I was not so sure about his.' Now, I look at this great czar, who, to build a city, called by his own name, sacrificed a hundred thousand men; and at this poor miner, who, to save the soul of his comrade, sat down there to be blasted to pieces; and I ask you, which of the two is the hero?"

The project of regulating all the time-pieces in Great Britain, by the great clock at Greenwich, is thus ridiculed in a lecture, entitled *The Age we Live in*:

"Some of the movements of the age, I must notice, are of a character neither good nor evil, but simply grotesque. For instance, it is proposed especially to regulate all the clocks of the empire by Greenwich time; so that the instant the great pontiff at Greenwich strikes twelve, all the clocks of the empire, like an obedient hierarchy, shall echo his voice. These people have forgotten that the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn itself round. It is, therefore, absolutely impossible, that a spot fifteen degrees further west from Greenwich can be anything short of an hour behind it. Now to make Exeter, and Plymouth, and Glasgow all preserve the same time as Greenwich, is just to make them tell lies—unblushing chronological lies—to make the church-bells tell lies, ladies' and gentlemen's chronometers to lie—in fact, to enact lying by the law of the land. I think that Pope Pius the Ninth, that cunning chieftain of the Papacy, or his friend, Dr. Pusey, must be at the bottom of this conspiracy. It is essentially Popish, for it is sacrificing truth to uniformity. It is making men tell lies, and to hide reality in order to keep up the appearance of unbroken unity with a central regulating power. Should any of you young men be placed at the head of influential establishments at a distance from London—in Glasgow, Exeter, and so on, as I hope you will be, I hope you will keep Protestant watches. Set them by the sun in the sky, which the Greenwich pontiff can not cover, and tell Londoners, upon their arrival at Glasgow, or Bristol, or Exeter, that they must keep Glasgow, Bristol, and Exeter time, that is, true time, for God never designed that we should set our creed by that of any pope, patriarch, or archbishop, at Rome, Constantinople, or London, but by the Sun of righteousness, whose rays and beams are texts in the word of God. It was plainly never meant that we should set our watches and clocks in Glasgow by those of Greenwich, as long as the sun shines and shows a gnomon on every sundial like a very Martin Luther, to stand up and protest against it."

Literary Record.

James T. Fields has presented to the Boston Mercantile Library Association a series of autograph letters of all the Presidents of the United States, handsomely framed in the order of their seniority in office. Among them is a letter by John Adams, dated Philadelphia, April 8th, 1777, addressed to his son, John Quincy Adams, who was then nine years of age.

The singular fact of the editor of a periodical having conducted one for fifty years, was celebrated last month by a festival at Vienna. It was attended by all the artists and literati of that capital, and Saphir, the famous comic lecturer, added to the hilarity of the evening by a very humorous address. Though now beyond eighty years of age, Bäuerle is working at two novels at one and the same time.

The *Statistics of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States*, as given in the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac for 1856, represent that there are 7 archbishops, 33 bishops, 1,761 priests, and 1,910 churches distributed among 41 dioceses, and two apostolic vicariates, and showing for the past year an increase of 1 bishop, 57 priests, and 86 churches. During the year, 2 bishops and 21 priests departed this life; 1 was elevated to the episcopacy, and besides these, about 115, whose names appeared on the catalogue of 1855, are not reported for 1856, whence it appears that the total accession of priests during the year was nearly 200.

Mrs. Gore is busy preparing a work for publication, to be entitled "Memoirs of the Present Century—Social, Literary, and Political." The work was commenced with a view to posthumous publication; but a recent notorious failure, by which Mrs. Gore is one of the most considerable losers, has, it is said, made it necessary that the work should appear as soon as it is ready. Octogenarians, who delight in the writings of Mrs. Gore, are the greatest gainers by the heavy losses of this pleasing writer.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* states that William Makepeace Thackeray has realized by his writings and lectures \$500,000, a sum, says this journal, which would enrich half a dozen German satirists, and change them from literary vagabonds into steady citizens.

The *Journal de la Librairie* of Paris has published some curious statistics of the rates at which the Allies have "rushed into print" since 1811. It appears that from the 1st of November, in 1811, to the 31st of December, 1855, or in forty-four years and four months, no less than 271,994 books have been published in France. This number includes books written in foreign languages, as well as the Greek and Latin authors. The number of engravings, drawings, lithographs, maps, and plans, reaches 47,425, and to this number must be added 17,449 musical compositions—making altogether, 336,868 publications. In the year 1855 alone, 8,235 literary works were published in France, with 1,105 musical compositions. The engravings, maps, lithographs, issued within

the same period, amount to 2,857 issues: the total for last year being 12,217. Of the forty-four years included in the statistics of the *Journal de la Librairie*, it appears that last year, with the exception of 1825, was the most productive. In 1825 the number of publications amounted to 8,265. Since 1851, the progress of the literary labors of France appears to have been gradual, owing probably to the war, and the thousands of ephemeral publications. The figures from 1821 to 1854 run thus: in 1851 7,350; in 1852, 8,264; in 1853, 8,080; in 1854, 8,336.

Shakespeare continues in great favor in Germany; good translations of his best pieces appear as frequently, if not oftener, than those of Göthe and Schiller.

Russian Journals.—In Russia there are in course of publication ninety-five newspapers, and sixty-six magazines and periodicals, devoted to the proceedings of learned Societies. Of these, seventy-six newspapers and forty-eight magazines are in the Russian language; fifteen newspapers and ten magazines in German; two newspapers and six magazines in French; three newspapers in English; one newspaper in Polish, and one in Latin; two newspapers in Georgian, and two in Lettish; also three newspapers in Russian and German, and two in Russian and Polish. In St. Petersburg, twenty-six newspapers and forty-two magazines are published in the languages above mentioned. Of the direct newspapers in the Russian language, published in St. Petersburg, one resembles the French "Moniteur," and publishes a collection of the laws and orders of the government twice a week. Another publishes the decrees and decisions of the Imperial Senate. A third deals in light literature, with a sparing admixture of politics. The "Russian Invalid" is a daily military newspaper. There is a government paper, which appears once a week, and another which is published daily.

Recent French papers announce that a large number of autograph letters of Napoleon the First to his mother and to his great-uncle, Archdeacon Lucien, is said to have been found in Corsica. They were written in 1785, at the time when young Bonaparte had left Brienne, and entered the Ecole Militaire at Paris, and are all signed "Napoleone di Bonaparte." The possessor of this treasure has repaired to Paris, in order to offer it for sale to the French government.

The late Dr. Scudder.—The Rev. H. M. Scudder, eldest son of Dr. Scudder, now of the mission at Arcot, is engaged preparing a memoir of his father.

Mr. E. W. A. Tuson, Chancellor of the Austrian Consulate-General in London, has just furnished a valuable contribution to commercial literature, under the title of the "British Consul's Manual;" a work upon which much care and labor appear to have been exercised to make it as complete as possible. In addition to its

general features, it contains a most useful consolidation of the commercial treaties and conventions concluded between Great Britain and foreign countries, while there is likewise included in the appendix a vocabulary of international and maritime law and insurance, and full tables of foreign moneys, weights, and measures, with their equivalents in English.

The Rev. Dr. Bergen, the oldest minister of the Synod of Illinois, is engaged in writing a history of the Presbyterian Church in that state.

Darling's Cyclopædia Bibliographica.—The volume of the "Cyclopædia Bibliographica," arranged under subjects, is in active preparation, and will be ready for the press about the end of this year. Besides being very complete in theological literature, it will embrace nearly all departments of knowledge, pointing out the best books on each subject. It will be issued in the same manner as the volume already published on "Authors, their Lives and Works."

Literary Forgery.—M. Constantine Simonides has been arrested in Leipzig, on the charge of having sold to the King of Prussia, for two thousand thalers, a manuscript which he pretended contained three books of Uranus on the most ancient epoch of the history of Egypt, but which has been discovered to be a forgery. It is stated that the forgery was so skillfully imitated that it deceived the Academy of Berlin, and that it was by its recommendation that the king purchased it. The arrest of M. Simonides will create considerable sensation throughout the learned world, as he has long been known as a literary antiquary, and as the proprietor of several rare manuscripts. The *London Athenæum* has the following remarks on the subject:

"The first classical scholars of Germany adopted the story, and Professor Dindorf has published part of the scroll of 'pure Simonides,' under the title of 'Uranii Alexandrini De Regibus Ægyptiorum Libri Tres: Opera ex Codice Palimpsesto edendi Specimina propositi Gulielmi Dindorfina, 1856.' The palimpsest consists of seventy-one leaves, each page containing two columns, so that the whole work would comprise two hundred and eighty-four columns. It is written, we learn from Professor Dindorf, in uncial letters. After the original writing had been effaced, the parchment appeared to have been used again by a writer of about the twelfth century, for copying four works of greater interest than the History of Uranus. Specimens of these works are given by Professor Dindorf.

"These four works, as Professor Dindorf says, are easy to read on the scroll of Simonides, while the effaced text of Uranus offers great difficulty, and requires the application of the strongest chemical means to make it legible. * * *

"We need not show any further the great importance of this new scroll—had it only been genuine. But we are sorry to add, for Uranus, for Professor Dindorf, and for all Egyptologists, that the manuscript is a forgery—one of the most successful ever known among the *Amanitutes Literariae*. The name of Simonides is known to many collectors of manuscripts in England. He was in England last year, and, though notices had been published in foreign papers to warn the public against his forgeries, it is said that he was successful in disposing of several Greek manuscripts in this country which he pretended to have discovered in a monastery of Mount Athos. If some of these manuscripts should turn out to be forgeries, those who bought them may now console themselves! Simonides went back to Germany. He presented the palimpsest of Uranus to the Academy of Berlin. The members of the Academy appointed a commission to report on the genuineness of this manuscript; and with the assistance of some of the first chemists of the day, the Academy, comprising men like Bekker, Boeckh, Lepsius, Meineke, Haupt, and Ferts, declared that the manuscript was genuine, and

petitioned the King of Prussia to buy it at a very high price. Professor Lepsius advanced two thousand thalers to Simonides, in order to secure the manuscript for the Academy, and Professor Dindorf, who has perhaps seen more Greek manuscripts than any scholar living, was so eager to bring this wonderful discovery before the world, that he had a specimen of it printed without delay. His pamphlet will become a scarce book, for it was hardly published when Professor Lepsius arrived at Leipzig with a policeman to arrest Simonides. Professor Lepsius, delighted at first by the complete confirmation which Uranus gave to his system of Egyptian chronology, found at last that the coincidences between Uranus and the writings of Bunsen and himself were of too startling a nature. The Berlin Academy had to reconsider its verdict. Simonides awaits his trial; Professor Dindorf recalls his pamphlet; and the Berlin Academy will go into mourning during Lent."

M. Humboldt stood alone among the German savans in his assertion of the spurious character of the Simonides scroll.

The *London Times* is now stereotyped, by which means the whole of the country circulation is got into the post-office in time for transmission by the morning mails. This is the first daily newspaper which has ever undergone this process, and we may shortly expect to see our own journals adopting a similar, if not a better plan.

Heine.—After lying on a sick bed during eight years, with the mind, fancy, and wit still living in a paralyzed body, the celebrated German author, Heinrich Heine, died in Paris last month, not having yet reached his fiftieth year. "Heine passed away," says the *London Athenæum*, "without having done justice to his remarkable gifts. His stores of fancy, tenderness, and deep thought were traversed by a vein of sarcasm which spared no one, and a spirit of mockery which respected nothing. Hence, with all the grace of his minor poems, and all the brilliancy of his prose, both, we imagine, will only live in that outer court of the Temple of Fame, so to say, beyond which those who have not sincerity cannot—should not—pass. His long disease, we are told, was borne with a sort of sardonic patience, affecting to witness, and his powers of repartee were unimpaired till a very late period."

The *University of Breslau* exhibits a remarkable example of toleration and progress, having in connection with it a college for "Jewish theology." This was founded and endowed by a Berlin Israelite banker of the name of Fränkel, and now, in the second year of its existence, numbers thirty students within its walls, of whom twenty-one are Prussians, three Austrians, and six from the rest of Germany.

The most interesting event in the literary world this season is the publication of the works of the *Emperor Louis Napoleon*, the third and fourth volumes of which have been issued. The third volume contains his letters, speeches, &c., before he was nominated to the Presidency, and from this period to the *coup d'état*. His new work, entitled "Du Passe et de l'Avenir de l'Artillerie," not being completed, the fourth volume contains copious extracts from the MSS. There is certainly novelty in a monarch publishing his own works.

Rossini, who has published nothing since "William Tell" and the "Stabat," has just written a noble melody, entitled "The Separation."

Arts and Sciences.

A REMARKABLE feat in the art of *bronze casting* has added another laurel to the famous foundry at Munich. Two statues have been cast at a single flow of metal. One, colossal, of the King of Bavaria, to be erected at Lendau, on the Lake of Constance; the other, not quite so large, for a public building in the capital. Both were perfectly successful, though the molten mass had a weight of one hundred and fifty leutner.

Expected Visit from European Savans.—Some leading citizens of Albany, in which city the next annual session of the American Association for the advancement of Science is to be held, have entered into correspondence with the various packet ship owners, hence to Europe, to secure free passages for notable European savans who have been invited to attend the August meeting of this Association. At this meeting, in addition to the ordinary proceedings, the State Museum of Natural History will be inaugurated by an address from the Hon. Wm. H. Seward, and the Dudley Observatory by an address from the Hon. Edward Everett. The Hon. James S. Wadsworth, of Genesee, has generously subscribed \$500 toward defraying the expenses of the distinguished chemist Liebig. The committee feel a strong assurance that they can secure the attendance of Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal of Greenwich, Le Verrier, of France, Argelander, of Germany, the Struves of Russia, and others distinguished in science.

Notice has been given by *M. de Lesseps*, the French engineer, that the international commission for carrying out the proposed canal through the Isthmus of Suez, is to meet this spring in London, to discuss and make final arrangements for the works.

Professor Mitchell closed one of his recent lectures with the following magnificent illustration: Describing the gradual tendency of the earth's orbit to assume the circular form, he said its short diameter was gradually lengthening, and would continue so to expand until it should become perfectly circular, when it would again contract to its original shape and dimensions. And so the earth would vibrate periodically, and these periods were measured by millions upon millions of years. "Thus," said Prof. M., "the earth will continue to swing back and forth, and to and fro, in the heavens, like a great pendulum pealing the seconds of eternity."

A mechanic has effected an important improvement in *furnaces* for reducing lead and copper ores. The principal feature in the improved reverberatory furnace is, that one fire serves the double purpose of reducing and calcining the ore. The fire is contained in an ordinary fire-place, situated at one end of the double-furnace. The gases and flame from this fire pass through a lateral opening or flue into the reducing or flowing furnace, and, after passing over the surface of the ore contained there-

in, enter by another opening or openings into the calcining furnace, which is placed upon the same level, or nearly so, with the flowing furnace, the gases passing off by a suitable flue or flues to the chimney. In the passage or passages which conduct from the flowing furnace to the calcining furnace, there are placed suitable doors or dampers, which are so arranged that, by opening or closing certain of them, the gases or flame may either be directed into the calcining furnace, or cut off and turned into a waste flue.

The *London Journal* gives an account of some newly patented processes in iron manufacture. Into the molds, or chills, into which molten iron is run, a mixture of many of the purer oxides of iron, combined with combustible matter, is introduced. Chemical action ensues, and the nature of the pig-iron is changed, so that when afterward subjected to the process of puddling, it is more readily converted into malleable iron—the quality of which is improved, and may be changed by the addition of other oxides, salts, &c., either added in the molds at the same time with the mixed oxide of iron, or afterward.

M. Brongniart has established the existence of a veritable fossil forest, imbedded in the superincumbent sand-stone, at the Freuil coal seam, in the Loire department, the trees of which are in their natural position or slightly inclined. It has also been discovered, by mechanical analysis, that coal, mingled with a large proportion of earthy matter, contains small plants, of which the surfaces are characteristic. They are often decomposed like charcoal, like which they present a fibrous tissue.

Gouin & Co., of Paris, have constructed two most remarkable locomotives, one of which is an enormous express engine, on six wheels, with two pair of coupled driving-wheels ten feet in diameter. The point most worthy of notice in this engine is the manner in which driving-wheels of this diameter are applied, the difficulty with wheels of this size of keeping the center of gravity sufficiently low having always been a stumbling-block to English engineers. They have attained this object by separating the boiler into parts, placed vertically one above the other—the lower part forming the water-chest, and the upper part the steam-chest, connected together by large vertical tubes. The axles of the enormous driving-wheels of this engine pass between the water and steam-chests, in the apertures between the vertical connecting tubes of the boiler. This engine is the largest ever constructed, and weighs sixty-two tons.

Preparations are making in all parts of Germany to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of *Mozart*, on the 27th of June next, with great pomp. At Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Darmstadt, Gotha, and Hamburg, operas of Mozart are to be performed in the most splendid style possible, and the dif-

ferent governments have supplied funds for the purpose. At Königsberg, Magdeburg, Bonn, Cologne, Dessau, and other places, there are to be festivals, occupying from one to three days; and in other towns there are to be concerts. The proceeds of all these performances are to be sent to a society at Gotha, which has been formed for developing the love of music among the lower classes.

The *Florence* correspondent of one of our exchanges says:

"In the department of sculpture, America is strongly represented here. Mr. POWERS, chief pillar in her marble temple, stands firm in his place; while his finely finished works grow slowly and surely. *Il Penseroso* (or *la Penseroso*, as it should be called, being a female figure) is now coming out in "the white stone," which well befits so pure an expression of intellectual beauty. The colossal *Wagner* is progressing, and the model of the litho "*California*" is nearly finished. This beautiful statue is to be executed in marble for Mr. ASTOR, of New-York."

The annual meeting of the Paris *Academy of Sciences* has again passed off without adjudicating the great prize in the department of mathematics. This has only been awarded three times since 1836.

The *Scientific American* says that a pencil which would give a clear, black stroke, and inscribe indelible characters upon paper so as to supply the place of pen and ink, would be a fortune for the inventor. It has no doubt that such invention will yet be made.

A new apparatus for raising ships is in progress of construction by *Captain Bell*, of this city. His contrivance consists of two large timber tanks, shaped like a bootjack, and intended to receive the ends of a sunken vessel between them. They will be sunk to the required position by filling with water, and when properly adjusted, the water will be exhausted, thus securing a lifting power.

A block of petrified wood, dug from the earth in Germany, has been sent to the Vienna Museum. It is four feet in diameter, and has the appearance of a butcher's block, with a cleft at one end, extending toward the center. The petrification is complete, extending through the whole block. At the same museum is also a fragment of one of the wooden pillars of a bridge over a river of the plain of Troy, destroyed long ago, but portions of the pillar of which remain in the earth. This bridge is supposed to have been erected fifteen hundred years since, and the pillar in the museum has become petrified to the depth of an inch and a half from the surface. Scientific men are endeavoring to compute, from this example, how long it must have taken the butcher's block, four feet in diameter, to become entirely petrified.

Perfumery.—It is stated in a recent publication on the art of perfumery, that Europe consumes annually, at the very lowest estimate, one hundred and fifty thousand gallons of perfumed spirits, under various titles, such as eau de Cologne, essence of lavender, esprit de rose, &c. The art of perfumery does not, however, confine itself to the production of scents for the handkerchief and bath, but extends to imparting odor to inodorous bodies, such as

soap, oil, starch, and grease, which are consumed at the toilet of fashion. Some idea of the commercial importance of this art may be formed, when we state that one of the largest perfumers of Grasse and Paris employs annually 80,000lbs. of orange flowers, 60,000lbs. of cassia flowers, 54,000lbs. of rose leaves, 32,000lbs. of jasmine blossoms, 32,000lbs. of violets, 20,000lbs. of tuberose, 16,000lbs. of lilac, besides rosemary, mint, lemon, citron, thyme, and other odorous plants in large proportions. For the manufacture of ottof of roses, the same author tells us that the cultivators of the rose in Turkey "are principally the Christian inhabitants of the low countries of the Balkan, between Selimno and Carloya, as far as Philippopolis in Bulgaria, about two hundred miles from Constantinople. In good seasons this district yields 75,000 ounces; but in bad seasons only 20,000 to 30,000 ounces of ottof are obtained; it is estimated that it requires at least 2,000 rose-blooms to yield one drachm of ottof."

Mr. C. H. McCormick, of "reaper" renown, has just received his "grand medal of honor" from the French Exhibition of Industry, in acknowledgment of the originality, great merit, and successful working of his machine, at the official test. The medal is of pure gold, of large size, contains some \$125 worth of the shining ore, and is, of course, faultlessly executed. The award of the grand medal of honor to Mr. McCormick is thus announced in the *Paris Moniteur*:

"McCormick, Chicago, United States. Inventor of the reaping machine which has performed the best in all the trials, and which is the type after which have been made all the other reaping machines, with diverse modifications, which have not changed the principle of the discovery."

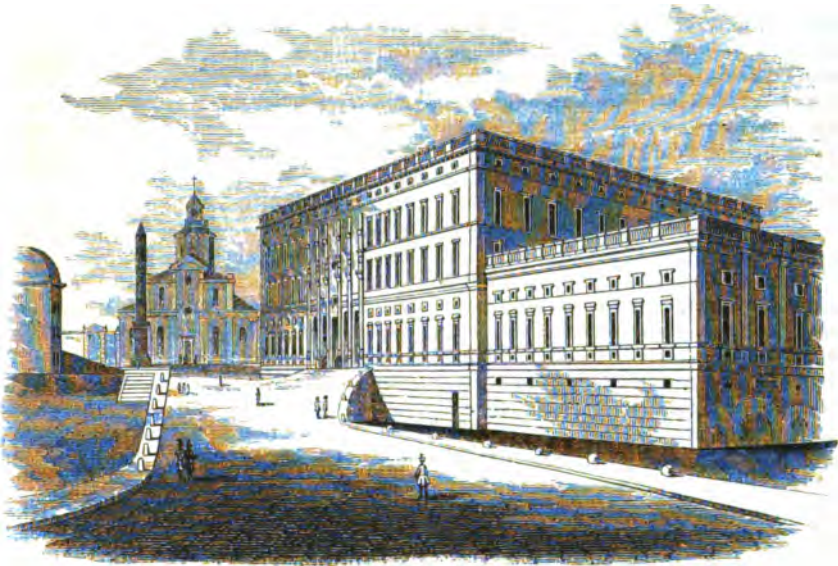
The scientific world will learn with regret the death of the celebrated astronomer, *Ves Biela*, which took place at Venice on the 18th ult., in his seventy-fourth year. At an early age he entered the service of Austria, and it was in the year 1826, while quartered with his regiment—the 18th Infantry of the Line—at the little town of Josephstadt, in Bohemia, that he made the interesting discovery of the comet (called after him) circulating round the sun, between that luminary and the orbit of Saturn. Having retired from the army, he spent the last years of his life in the study of his favorite science—astronomy.

A letter lately received from Florence by *Rossini*, announces the death of *Doehler*, the pianist, of consumption.

The Caloric Engine.—We learn that *Captain Ericsson* has nearly completed an engine to furnish motive power to a large manufacturing establishment in this city, and that there has already been constructed and finished at one of the West-street foundries, a splendid double horizontal engine, which, we understand, is to be sent to Europe. It is about thirty horse power, has been repeatedly run in the presence of several scientific gentlemen, and realized within a fraction of what was anticipated by the inventor.

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1856.



THE ROYAL PALACE.

SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.—N^o. V.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

THE palace, that immense structure lifting its gigantic proportions so boldly against the sky, reminds one, when contrasted with the other edifices of the Swedish capital, in vastness of extent, though not in outline, of the Coliseum of the "seven-hilled city." It is the first object which arrests the attention of the traveler on his approach, and the last one which lingers upon his vision on his departure. View the city from whatever direction you may, it is still the same all-absorbing feature. This magnificent structure was designed by Count Tessin, an architect, to whom Sweden owes all of her finest architec-

tural monuments. It was completed about the middle of the last century; and, for massive grandeur, as well as chasteness and simplicity of design, compares favorably with any structure of the same character on the continent.

Upon my arrival, an officer of the royal household escorted me through long ranges of apartments, rich in gilding, marbles, frescoes, and upholstery, looking, of course, monotonous and cheerless, like all great royal residences. Of those show-places, which offer the greatest attractions to an American on his first arrival in Europe, perhaps none become so distasteful, and actually so soon pall upon the sight, as the great palaces of sovereigns. To us, born and educated in republican Amer-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Carlton & Phillips, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

ica, these places are at first clothed with a peculiar charm. The very name of palace, as it falls upon the ear, brings with it fairy memories. And to grope about the stately apartments, and to glean some idea of what a *veritable* king and queen may be in their habits of every-day life, is a pleasure which we Americans are at first very likely to indulge in. But the traveler soon becomes tired of wandering from one palace to another. The immense saloons, lofty ceilings, and marble walls, are far from presenting a picture of home life. For myself, I must say, that I have never yet visited a large royal residence that looked inhabitable. I should about as soon think of making myself at home in the open street, and under the broad canopy of heaven.

But the palace of Stockholm presents one great advantage over most town residences of this class, in its command of charming views, which in every direction meet the eye. On the one side is the harbor and mart of commerce, the distant wooded hill-sides stretching away beyond, with here and there a villa embowered in trees; this is a part of the Djurgard which I have before described. Immediately under the windows, looking in the same direction, is a little gem of a flower garden, which fills up the space between two wings of the palace. The plants and shrubs were exceedingly beautiful in the early luxuriance of a northern summer. From the other front, looking over the Lion's staircase, the scene slightly brings Venice to mind.

Here we see the bridge, with its throng of passengers, the palace of the Crown Prince, and the Opera-house near it, presenting altogether a most pleasing combination. Again, when the eye ranges in another direction, overlooking the houses of this portion of the city, the beautiful Lake Malar comes in view, shut in by wooded and picturesque hills, the quiet of the scene disturbed only by an occasional steamer or sail-boat gliding over its smooth surface.

But to return to the interior: perhaps the most interesting rooms exhibited are those once occupied by Bernadotte, (Charles XIV.) They remain in precisely the same state in which they were left by their former occupant. Here are the bed, bedstead, and hangings, which served the king during his lifetime, and

on which he expired. When we are admitted to those apartments, where sovereigns and the mighty of the earth have yielded to the stern summons of death, one is likely to be impressed with the nothingness of earthly grandeur, its rank, and its position. Here was a brave soldier, springing from the humble ranks of life, a native of the little town of Pan, in the south of France. Surely "fortune smiled upon his humble birth." Early in life we find him advanced to the rank of one of the most distinguished generals of his own time, and that an age so rich in military prodigies. Next we see him a marshal of France and a prince; but even in this distinguished position fortune was not contented to leave her favorite; but, unexpected and unsought, a crown is offered him, and he finds himself and family firmly established on the throne of the Wasas. It was with no common force that the words of the Psalmist were brought to mind, "I have said, Ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes."

Here was Bernadotte's sword, his military cloak of heavy blue cloth, which he had worn through so many campaigns. Books were lying about the room as he had left them, among which I observed a well-worn copy of Doctor Franklin's works—a French edition. Upon the table, at which he was accustomed to sit, lay some spectacles of ordinary silver bows, and much worn, which he is said to have always clung to during life; a bottle containing Cologne water, with a quill inserted in the cork, through which he was in the habit of sprinkling his visitors when they approached closely to him—truly a genuine Frenchman's conceit. There was much here to remind one of the simplicity of the old king's habits, as well as the lingering of his martial tastes.

The private apartments of the present reigning family exhibited, in all respects, a taste refined and cultivated, and at the same time simple; here nothing was *over-gilded* or *over-mirrored*. A few Swedish historical pictures are shown in the different rooms, among which I paused for a considerable time before a picture of the coronation of Bernadotte, by Craft, a Swedish artist. This work is, unquestionably, of great historical value, as presenting a truthful delineation of the scene by a co-

temporaneous artist, with portraits taken from life of most of the actors. But, like our own historical paintings by Trumbull, more valuable because of the fidelity of the original portraits, than for any extraordinary artistic merit. In the private rooms I observed some few very fine paintings; in fact some that would do honor to any collection. The works of Rulens, Tintoretto, Guido, and Cannalotto, were, perhaps, the most remarkable. The king does not appear to have forgotten his Norwegian subjects; for among the modern pictures, the works of Norwegian artists are numerous and highly creditable. Among these I observed some of those peculiar and striking scenes of the Tellemarken district. There were also views of scenery, which I recognized as that in the province of Nordland, of the most savage character, presenting ragged and fantastic mountain outlines, amid scenes of desolate grandeur and eternal snows. A fine picture of the North Cape was particularly striking. The weather-beaten cliff lifts itself high above the waters of the relentless ocean which wash its base, presenting an outline so bold and striking against the sky, that one might almost mistake it for a line of time-worn towers of the feudal ages.

I paused for a considerable time before the portrait of a man in the full vigor of life; the haughty brow and compressed lip, with the eye of fire, so strikingly delineated by the artist, were those of the fiery Northern warrior. Opposite hangs a family group; a child is represented at play with his little sister. How joyous the face! how full of affectionate confidence the look with which the little boy regards his playmate! Surely here is innocence and affection; yet this is the same boy to whose portrait, in more advanced years, I have just called your attention to. And the little girl, his sister and successor, and, shall I say, the instigator of his murder? This terrible suspicion has attached itself to her memory.

There is always a peculiar interest in dwelling upon the portraits or busts taken in childhood of any person who has filled a more than ordinary space in the history of his own times, and particularly when the person represented with the innocence of childhood has become, in after years, an unscrupulous warrior, or a bloodthirsty tyrant.

Among the busts in the Uffizii collec-

tion at Florence, one contemplates, with peculiar interest, that of Nero as a child; his little cherub face is one of almost angelic purity; uniting those remarkable characteristics of beauty which Raphael and Correggio were so fond of introducing in their pictures.

THE KING AND QUEEN—ROYAL LIBRARY.

ONE morning, during my residence in Stockholm, on my way to the Royal Library, I passed across a little flower-garden, which fills up the space between two wings of the palace on its water front. Passing rapidly through one of the walks, I chanced to encounter a gentleman and lady walking. The figure of the gentleman was tall, and his carriage stately. He was enveloped in the ample folds of a blue military cloak, looking as if it had seen some service. A luxuriant head of hair, slightly frosted by time, was confined by a light military undress cap; a heavy black mustache, aquiline nose, and an eye beaming with life and kindness, made up the *tout ensemble* of his appearance, as it struck me at a passing glance. A lady, with a most mild and amiable expression of countenance, was leaning upon his arm. There was a something in their very manner toward each other, which suggested the happy and confiding husband and wife. As we passed, the stranger very courteously raised his hat, quite uncovering his head, after the Swedish fashion. I am obliged to confess that I was rather slow in returning his courtesy; in fact, it did not occur to me who he might be, as this was the ordinary path which every one pursued to and from the library; and, indeed, I imagined that the amiable-looking stranger, in the worn military cloak, had mistaken me for some acquaintance. A winning and kindly smile from the lady, apparently excited by the idea of some misapprehension on my part, reassured me. And although somewhat late, I at last returned the compliment fully.

Stepping up the staircase, I inquired of a guard, who were the gentleman and lady walking in the garden, and learned that my *rencontre* was with no less personages than his Swedish majesty, King Oscar, and his amiable and accomplished queen.

There is, perhaps, no sovereign in Europe at this moment more universally beloved by his people than the King of



PALACE FROM THE SIDE OF THE LION'S STAIRCASE.

Sweden and Norway. He has two countries to govern; and two nations differing as greatly in character as do the constitutions of the two kingdoms; and these almost as widely as the government of the Czar differs from that of the United States. Sweden is highly aristocratic in her character, and Norway is essentially a republic. Yet, with all these differences in the two countries, King Oscar succeeds in governing them so as to secure the most kindly feeling and respect in both. The Norwegians have a very excusable vanity, if such, indeed, it may be considered, in believing that the sovereign is the most attached to Norway, and to the Norwegian people. His name is ever mentioned with the greatest degree of enthusiasm by the Norwegians, while few cabins, among their hills and dales, are so poor as to be destitute of a lithograph portrait of this beloved sovereign, which one sees often hanging by the side of that of Luther. At the same time, I think the love and admiration for the king, extending, indeed, to all the members of his family, are in Sweden equal to what they are in Norway. The traveler cannot remain long in either country without feelings of strong sympathy for a king who has rendered himself

an object of such love and veneration to his people.

The queen is a daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, duke of Leuchtenberg, and consequently grand-daughter to the Empress Josephine, whose pictures she certainly seems to resemble.

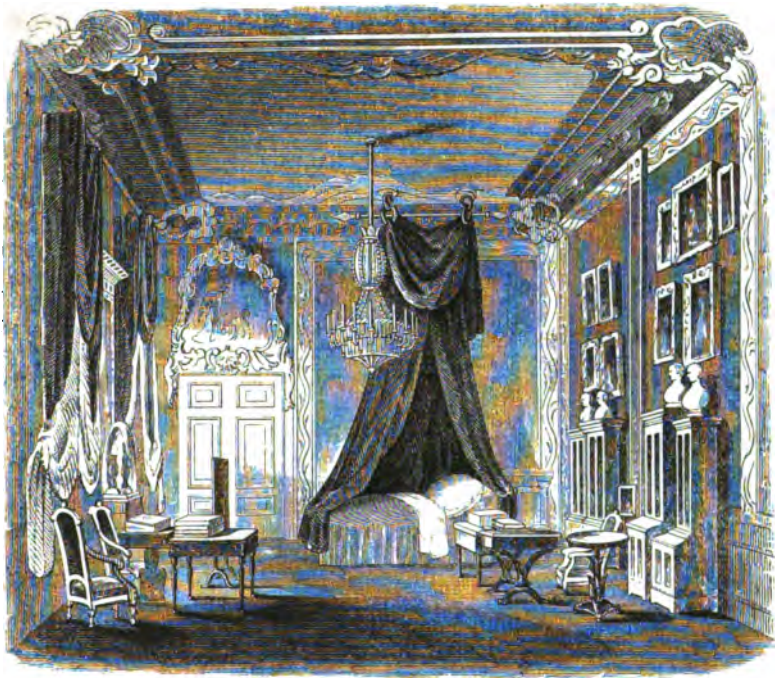
The king, as all the world knows, is the second of his dynasty, having succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Bernadotte, who was crowned under the title of Charles XIV. Endowed with fine abilities, possessing a peculiarly active mind, as well as a strong desire for the welfare of all classes of his people, the interests of none seem to escape his attention. Notwithstanding the many inevitable calls upon his time, yet the king appears to have found sufficient leisure for literary productions, which have been most favorably reviewed, and have secured him the reputation of an able writer. Says a diplomatic gentleman, with whom I have conversed, long resident here: "The interest which the sovereign takes in all the petty affairs of his kingdom is most remarkable. Occasionally visiting the private apartments of the king, I have been astonished at the multiplicity of objects which appeared to occupy his attention. On his table was, perhaps, lying a gun-

lock, which he had been inspecting, with the view of its introduction in the army; near it, perhaps, a model of some improvement in the process of grinding wheat; or, again, some new idea proposed to be introduced in distilleries. In short, there is nothing, however trifling, that concerns even the most humble of his people, which does not possess an interest to the sovereign."

One of the wings of the palace is at present occupied by the Royal Library, and by the Gallery of Paintings and Statuary.

All of these will soon be removed to a new building, now in process of construction, and which, when completed, will be, with the exception of the palace, the finest architectural monument of Stockholm.

This library is neither as large as the one at Christiania nor at Upsala. It is, however, respectable in size, containing nearly eighty thousand volumes. It is well known that the collection suffered much during the reign of Queen Christina, who, becoming a devoted Catholic, enriched the Library of the Vatican at the expense



BERNADOTTE'S CHAMBER.

of that of her own capital. The books seem well selected and well arranged, although the space at present devoted to them is exceedingly limited. I observed upon the walls some choice proof engravings, by Raphael Morghen, Stange, Wille, and others, a class of works which always give character to any place where they may be found. The library, being of comparatively recent formation, is not rich in ancient manuscripts or rare works. It contains, however, some few that are rare and extremely interesting. Among these is a celebrated copy of the Scriptures,

known as the Devil's Bible, which name is derived from the fact of its being ornamented with a rather grotesque, but striking representation of his Satanic majesty.

Tradition says that it is the work of a monk, and that the whole manuscript was produced in one night. Having been condemned to death, he was offered pardon on condition that he would complete such a work in the short period of time allotted him. The monk pledged himself to the devil, for the assurance of his aid in finishing the task set before him. He was, therefore, through Satanic influ-

ence, enabled to produce this wonderful work.

Here is also the celebrated *Codex Aureus*, a manuscript of the Gospels, supposed to belong to the sixth century. It is written in Gothic characters, of gold, upon folio leaves of vellum, alternately white and violet. This book possesses a peculiar interest, from an Anglo-Saxon inscription that it contains, which has been translated as follows :

"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I, Alfred, Aldorman, (senior or prince,) and Werburg, my wife, got us this book from a heathen war-troop, with our pure treasure, which was then of pure gold. And this did we two, for the love of God, and for our souls' behoof, and for that we would not that this holy book should remain longer in heathenness; and now will we give it to Christ's Church, God to praise, and glory, and worship, in thankful remembrance of his passion, and for the use of the holy brotherhood, who, in Christ's Church, do daily speak God's praise; and that they may, every month, read for Alfred and for Werburg, and Alhdryd, (their daughter,) their souls to eternal health, as long as they have declared before God that holy rites shall continue in this place. Even so, I, Alfred Dux, and Werburg, my wife, pray and beseech, in the name of God Almighty, and all of his saints, that *no man shall be so daring*, as to sell or part with this holy book, from Christ's Church, so long as baptism there may stand. Signed :

ALFRED, WERBURG, AHLDRYD."

SWEDISH CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

My walk one morning, in Stockholm, led me quite near to the general Hospital. As nothing is more indicative of the degree of civilization and character of a people than the public establishments designed for the reception of suffering humanity, I resolved to pay this institution a visit. On my first entrance into the grounds of the establishment, I remarked the peculiar costume of the patients, their white linen *blouses* and caps reminding one somewhat of a body of French cooks. In every department of the institution I was delighted with the apparent attention to the comfort and cleanliness of the unfortunate inmates. The buildings were surrounded by a garden, handsomely laid out with numerous flowers, clumps of shrubbery, and shaded walks. How important are these breathing places, under the broad canopy of heaven, to the patients of such an institution. The charms of nature are particularly conducive to render the mind of the invalid forgetful of present sorrow; and the most skillful medical treatment may fail of producing the

desired effect, amid brick walls, and within the crowded atmosphere of a city, when the great physician, nature, will alone effect the cure.

Leaving this institution, I proceeded to a hospital, erected under the auspices of the crown princess, designed for the reception of the orphan children of persons who die of the cholera. The little ones appeared to receive every care which humanity could suggest to render them comfortable, and I left the institution with a favorable impression of the benevolent character of the princess in question.

On another occasion I extended my walk along the borders of the harbor, for a distance of, perhaps, a mile, which brought me to the Lunatic Asylum. Having before received favorable impressions of the charitable institutions I had visited, I was particularly desirous of seeing how this class of unfortunates were provided for. I found them crowded into an inconsiderable building, with two small inclosures adjoining it, one for the male, the other for the female patients, occupying, altogether, scarcely sufficient space to serve as a breathing place for the inmates. Upon the other side, the buildings fronted the harbor, and through the iron gratings of this sad prison-house, some few only of the patients were enabled to catch glimpses of a scene of great beauty. Here was the harbor, with its wooded hills beyond, and stretching away to the right a view which brought to mind our own charming Hudson. The scene was altogether one of great life and animation, presenting every variety of craft, varying in size and character from the tiny sail and paddle-wheel boat up to vessels of the largest class. The importance of the situation, in establishments where diseases of the mind are treated is too often lost sight of. It is certainly highly desirable that the inmates of lunatic asylums, suffering, as they usually do, from various forebodings of evil, should find some constantly varying objects for the mind to rest upon. To secure this, perhaps nothing is as desirable as a water view, where vessels are constantly within sight. Even the furling of a sail will sometimes have the effect to arrest the attention of the patient, and to divert the mind from the all-absorbing world of his own sorrows.

I remember once, as an invalid in the country, suffering from mental disease,

being confined for some months to the same apartment, how my very soul panted for change; how tiresome became every object within the range of vision. I had watched the different outlines of hills, until I had seen them in all their varying effects of light and shade. Sunrise, mid-day, or sunset, could offer no novelty. The trees, grouped about the old country house, I had greatly admired at first, for their tasteful arrangement and variety of foliage—the stiff and stately poplar and fir contrasting pleasantly with the willow, the ash, and the weeping elm. But after the months referred to, during which I had watched them in the fall of the leaf, and afterward amused myself by counting every knot and limb, until I had become as familiar with them as is the master's eye to the keys of a piano-forte—then it was that I panted for change. Had some wild blast of heaven removed even a single tree, or all, it would have been welcome to me. And I would have counted that same errant blast my best friend, and offered up a prayer of thankfulness to God for having seen my suffering, and given me, at last, a new scene to look upon.

But “the living landscape,” seen from one side of this dismal abode, furnishes the only cheerful impression which the Lunatic Asylum of Stockholm has left upon my mind. On my first entrance into the yard of the institution, I was approached by a fine-looking man, slightly past the noon of life. There was something in his manner which attracted me at first sight. He addressed me in Swedish; but, after a few remarks, changed the conversation to French, which he spoke without the slightest accent. He said that he had been for sixteen years confined in this wretched place. He had been an artist, and was residing in Paris, when he was torn from home and brought to this asylum. “I was young then, (said he,) and active; but see, the weight of my sorrow begins to show itself,” pointing to his long beard, somewhat frosted by time. After a short conversation, I informed him that I was an American. “Ah!” said he, “you speak English then; it is a language I have always loved.” He changed immediately into English, and entertained me for a considerable time with remarks which evinced a close intimacy with our history and literature of days gone by. He reminded me of a lady, whom I had once met

in a lunatic asylum, who had been an inmate of the place for seventeen years; during one of her lucid intervals she was brought into the parlor of the institution, and asked to favor the company with some music. Seating herself at the piano-forte, and turning to her audience with great complaisance, “Shall I play you the *battle of Prague*?” said she; “it is something quite new, and very fashionable just now.” Poor girl, it was quite new and fashionable seventeen years before. The unfortunate artist complained that he was not allowed his drawing materials, and that they would afford great relief to the monotony of the life which he led here.

But the internal arrangements of the institution left the most painful impression upon my mind. Here, within a compass designed for the accommodation of seventy persons, as I was informed by the superintendent, were no less than two hundred patients, and these crowded into rooms, without the slightest regard to ventilation, and entirely destitute of any appearance of comfort. The wild laugh of the maniacs still rings in my ears, and O! their wretched, comfortless condition.

Here were to be seen the usual variety of patients in an institution of this kind, and all the various fancies of madmen. Here was the princess, in her own imagination, “the queen of a fantastic realm;” and “lords many, and gods many;” each one assuring me that he was in reality the *Simon Pure*. But nobility was, indeed, not wanting here in its representatives. I was particularly struck with the appearance of a middle-aged lady, whom my guide assured me was of one of the noblest families of the country. She was not so completely lost to herself as to have forgotten those peculiar manners which convey at once an impression of high breeding. Knowing her rank, I addressed her in French, in which language she replied quite intelligibly, and even collectedly. The mildness, and for the moment calmness, of her expression of countenance, interested me much. There was, withal, a look of resigned and settled suffering, which was touching in the extreme. She seemed to be allowed more privileges than the patients generally; and placed about her, upon the bed and chair which stood beside, were numerous souvenirs of other days; also a Bible, and several religious books of the Lutheran Church. My guide

informed me that this lady had been a patient here for eighteen years, and that her insanity was produced by religious despair. I whispered to her words designed as those of consolation, and when I said, "O! we are all of us poor sinners; but we have such a merciful Saviour, so full of love, even to 'the chief of sinners,' that none need ever despair," I saw at once that I had touched a chord; and the tears soon started from her eyes, and she raised my hand to her lips, and covered it with kisses.

It was with an impression of deep sadness that I left this abode of wretchedness and suffering; and the remembrance of a visit to this place will not readily fade from memory. It will be present in those hours of the night, when it seems that a reflection of all that is dark and gloomy upon earth, in its varied scenes, flits with lightning speed through the mind.

"A LITTLE WHILE."

FROM THE GERMAN OF MARY HAUBER.

"A LITTLE while!" so spake our gracious Lord
To the sad band around that sacred board,
Where his long-burden'd heart
Already felt the smart
Of his own Father's sin-avenging sword.

Take thou the message, weeping, weary one!
Are not all things around thee hastening on?
Thy Father's hand ordains
All these thy griefs and pains;
"A little while," they, too, are past and gone.

Have all the lights of love quite died away?
Does thy last star withdraw its cheering ray?
Till the long night wears past,
Weeping and prayer must last,
But joy approaches with the dawning day.

Do friends misunderstand or mock thy pain?
Hast thou too fondly trusted, loved in vain?
The Faithful One and True
Can blighted hopes renew,
And hearts long severed reunite again.

"A little while"—the fetters hold no more—
The spirit long enthral'd is free to soar,
And takes its joyful flight,
On radiant wings of light,
To the blest mansions of the heavenly shore.

There end the longings of the weary breast;
The good sought after here is there possess'd.
Ride o'er the stormy sea,
Poor bark! soon shalt thou be
In the calm haven of eternal rest.

"A little while," look upward and hope on!
Soon shall the troubled dreams of night be gone,
The shadows pass away
Before the abiding day—
The Saviour comes to claim and bless his own!

[For the National Magazine.]

BIRDS; OR, RECREATIONS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE *Climbing Birds*, an order to which our attention is now directed, have no great power of flight, but are remarkable for climbing and hanging upon the trunks and branches of trees. Their food is usually insects and fruit, and they build their nests, for the most part, in the hollow trunks of decayed trees.

The principal families of this order are the Cuckoo, the Trogon, the Woodpecker, Parrots, Macaws, Cockatoos, and Toucans. Before entering, however, upon a description of these better-known varieties, let us look at a very singular, and, in some respects, anomalous creature, of which we give an engraving, copied from a drawing taken from life in England. It is our figure No. 31, the *Kiwi*, or *Wingless Bird of New-Zealand*, called by naturalists (from two Greek words, signifying *without wings*) *Apetrix*. There are several varieties, all natives of New-Zealand. It does not belong, perhaps, to the family of the climbers, but may be considered as the connecting link between them and the *Rasores*. The bill, we are told, is grooved on both sides, and the nostrils are pierced, on each side, at the end of this groove. The beak is bony-looking, resembling that of a rook. It excavates deep holes in the ground, in the form of a chamber, where it deposits its eggs in a nest of dried grass. The eggs are of a dull, dirty, grayish white, nearly five inches in length. From observations made upon a specimen, in the Zoological Garden of London, we learn that, in a state of captivity, whatever may be its habits in its native country, the *Kiwi* sleeps during the day, rolled into an oval shape, presenting only the appearance of a bunch of bristly brown hairs. The hind part of the body is elevated, from the great size of the thighs. Its eye is very small and convex, like that of a rat or hedgehog, which expression is heightened by the long bristles near it, representing the whiskers so conspicuously developed in the mammalia, whose habits are nocturnal. The eyes differ from those of all other birds, in the absence of that characteristic structure, the *marcupium*. The light of



a lantern directed at them does not seem to affect the little black eyes, as there is none of that winking and blinking so peculiar to the expressive large eyes of the owls. When pursued, it runs with great speed, carrying the head elevated, like the ostrich. It defends itself, when attacked, by striking rapid and dangerous blows with its powerful feet, and the sharp, spur-like claw at the end of its rudimentary hind-toe.

Of the *Cuckoo* there are many varieties. The most beautiful in plumage is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, known, from its peculiar glossy colors, as the *Gilded*

Cuckoo. The *yellow-billed* variety, found in the United States, is of a grayish brown color, intermixed with white and dull red. "The male," says Mr. Nuttall, "frequently betrays his snug retreat by his monotonous and guttural *kow, kow, kow*, or *koo, koo, koo*, and *ko, kuk, ko, kuk, koo, koo, koo*, uttered rather plaintively, like the call of a dove." Hence he is sometimes called the *Cow-bird*. The American cuckoo is a faithful creature, builds its own nest, and provides assiduously for its young. It is charged, justly, we believe, with a thievish propensity to suck the eggs of other birds, but is an

invaluable friend of the farmer in effecting the destruction of vast numbers of caterpillars and other insects.

Of the British cuckoo, so remarkable for its singular propensity to make use of the nests of other birds, we copy the following narrative, from the pen of an English lady, who was an eye-witness to the facts :

"In the early part of the summer of 1828, a cuckoo, having previously turned out the eggs from a water wagtail's nest, which was built in a small hole in a garden wall, deposited her own egg in their place. When the egg was hatched, the young intruder was fed by the water wagtails, till he became too bulky for his confined, narrow quarters, and in a sidgety fit he fell to the ground. In this predicament he was found by the gardener, who picked him up, and put him into a wire cage, which was placed on the top of a wall, not far from the place of its birth. Here it was expected that the wagtails would have followed their supposititious offspring with food to support it in its imprisonment, a mode of procedure which would have had nothing to recommend it to notice. But the odd part of the story is, that the bird which hatched the cuckoo never came near it; but her place was supplied by a hedge-sparrow, who performed her part diligently and punctually, by bringing food, at very short intervals, from morning till evening, till its uncouth foster-child grew large, and became full-feathered, when it was suffered to escape, and was seen no more; gone, perhaps, to the country to which he migrates, to tell his kindred cuckoos (if he was as ungrateful as he was ugly) what fools hedge-sparrows and water wagtails are in England. It may possibly be suggested that a mistake has been made with regard to the sort of bird which hatched the cuckoo, and that the same bird which fed it, namely, the hedge-sparrow, hatched the egg. If this had been the case, there would have been nothing extraordinary in the circumstance; but the wagtail was too often seen on her nest, both before the egg was hatched and afterward, feeding the young bird, to leave room for any skepticism on that point; and the sparrow was observed feeding it in the cage afterward, by many members of the family, daily."

The cuckoo has had many tributes from the poets. Some of its peculiar traits are thus beautifully versified by Wordsworth :

"O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

"While I am lying on the grass,
Thy two-fold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near.

"Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

"Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
E'en yet thou art to me
No bird; but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

"The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd: to that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

"To seek thee did I often rove
Through wood and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

"And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen till I do forget
That golden time again."

The *Spotted-bellied Tamatia* (figure 32) is a native of Brazil. Its plumage is black and white, with a mixture of buff. From a description given by the celebrated naturalist, Swainson, we learn that the *puff-birds*, as they are called by the English residents at Brazil, frequent open cultivated spots, near the habitations of men, always perching on the withered branches of a low tree, where they will sit nearly motionless for hours, unless they descry some luckless insect passing near them, at which they immediately dart, returning again to the identical twig they had just left, and which they will sometimes frequent for months. At such times the disproportionate size of the head is rendered more conspicuous by the bird raising the feathers, so as to appear like a puff-ball. They are very confiding, and seem anxious to be on friendly terms with the human family.

In the woody solitudes of South America, concealed, for the most part, in the densest forests, is found that most curious bird, the *Trogon*, not less remarkable for the delicacy of his flesh than the beauty of his plumage.

"They are sometimes seen (says Gould) on the summit of trees, but in general they prefer the center, where they remain a portion of the day without descending to the ground, or even to the lower branches. Here they lie in ambush for the insects which pass within reach, and seize them with address and dexterity. Their flight is lively, short, vertical, and undulating. Though they thus conceal themselves in the thick foliage, it is not through distrust; for when they are in an open space, they may be approached so nearly as to be struck with a stick. They are rarely heard to utter any cries, except during the season of reproduction, and then their voice is strong, sonorous, monotonous, and melancholy. They have many cries, from the sound of one of which their name is derived. All those whose habits are known nestle in the hollows of worm-eaten

trees, which they enlarge with their bills, so as to form a comfortable and roomy residence. The number of eggs is from two to four, and the young are born totally naked, but their feathers begin to start two or three days after their birth. The occupation of the male, during incubation, consists in watching for the safety of his companion, bringing her food, and amusing her with a song, which, though we should call it insipid, is to her, without doubt, the expression of sensibility. Some of them express the syllable *pio*, repeated many times in succession, with a powerful yet plaintive tone. Their accent reminds one of the wailings of a child who has lost its way, and it is thus that they cry to each other amid the silence of the forests. As soon as the young are able to provide for themselves, they separate from their parents, to enjoy that solitude and isolation which appear to constitute the supreme happiness of the species. Their aliments are composed of larvæ, small worms, caterpillars, and berries, which they swallow entire. The male at various ages, the female, and the young, differ in their plumage, which has given rise to the institution of more species than are really in existence."

In the mythology of the ancient Mexicans, one species of this beautiful bird, the Golden Trogon, was celebrated, and watched over with great care. According to Cortes, royal physicians were appointed to watch over the health of these birds, and they had attendants, some of whom procured their food, others distributed it, and others watched over the eggs at the time of incubation. At certain seasons they were robbed of their feathers, which were highly prized for their beauty.

A variety of the Trogon is found in Africa, of which it is said that the *moment* the young are hatched they take flight and follow their parents. It is also said that there are several species found in Asia.

Of the *Woodpecker*, the most striking type of the climbing birds, there are many varieties. They are all distinguished by a peculiarity of structure which fits them admirably for their mode of obtaining food. The tarsi are short and strong; the toes large, and armed with short hooked claws, by which they take hold of any inequality upon the bark of the tree, and readily pierce its surface, in search of the larvæ of insects. The bill is strong, and thick at the base, narrowing to a point at



the extremity. The tongue is a flexible probe, long and worm-like, and capable of being protruded to a great extent. It is armed with short spines, and covered with a viscus saliva. This organ the woodpecker inserts into the crevices of the bark, or into any aperture, in search of insects and their larvæ, and withdraws it; the prey adhering to it by means of the saliva, and being prevented from rubbing off by the retroverted bristles which barb the tip. The flight of the woodpecker is seldom protracted to any length, but limited to a transit from one tree to another in the seclusion of its native woods.

We give drawings of two varieties. Number 33 is the *Green Woodpecker*, found plentifully in the woods of England and Scotland. It has various provincial names; is called by the people of Surrey and Sussex the *Yaffle*, from its repeated notes, which resemble laughter. In some places it is called the *Rain-fowl*, because it is most noisy just before a shower. "The green woodpecker," says Yarrel, "when seen moving upon a tree, is mostly ascending in a direction more or less oblique, and is believed to be incapable of descending, unless this action is performed backward. On flying to a tree to make a new search, the bird settles low down on the bole or body of the tree, but a few feet above the ground, and generally below the lowest branch, as if to have all



its work above it, and proceeds thence upward, alternately tapping, to induce any hidden insect to change its place, pecking holes in a decayed branch, that it may be able to reach any insects that are lodged within, or protruding its long, extensible tongue to take up any insect on the surface; but the summit of the tree once obtained, the bird does not descend over the examined part, but flies off to another tree, or to another part of the same tree, to recommence its search lower down, nearer the ground." It is said by Bechstein that in winter it will take bees from the hive. In captivity it is fierce and untamable.

The *Golden-winged Woodpecker* is the most celebrated American variety. The enthusiastic Audubon thus describes some of its habits:

"No sooner has spring called these birds to the pleasant duty of making love than their voice, which, by the way, is not at all disagreeable to the ear of man, is heard from the tops of high, decayed trees, proclaiming with delight the opening of the welcome season. Their note at this period is merriment itself, as it

imitates a prolonged and jovial laugh, heard at a considerable distance. Several males pursue a female, reach her, and to prove the truth and force of their love, bow their heads, spread their tails, and move sideways, backward and forward, performing such antics as might induce any one witnessing them, if not of a most morose temper, to join his laugh to theirs. The female flies to another tree, where she is instantly followed by one, two, or even half a dozen of these gay suitors, and where again the same ceremonials are gone through. No fighting occurs, no jealousies exist among these beaux, until a marked preference is shown to some individual, when the rejected proceed in search of some other female. In this manner all the golden-winged woodpeckers are soon happily mated. Each pair immediately proceed to excavate the trunk of a tree, and finish a hole in it, sufficient to contain themselves and their young. They both work with great industry and apparent pleasure. Should the male, for instance, be employed, the female is close to him, and congratulates him on the removal of every chip which his bill sends

through the air. While he rests he appears to be speaking to her on the most tender subjects, and when fatigued is assisted by her. In this manner, by the alternate exertions of each, the hole is dug and finished. They caress each other on the branches, climb about and around the tree with apparent delight, rattle with their bills against the tops of the dead branches, chase all their cousins, the red-heads, defy the purple grackle to enter their nests, feed plentifully on beetles and larvæ, cackling at intervals, and, ere two weeks elapse, the female lays either four or six eggs, the transparency of which is doubtless the delight of her heart. They have two broods each season. Even in confinement the golden-winged woodpecker never suffers his lively spirit to droop. He feeds well, and, by way of amusement, will contrive to destroy as much furniture in a day as can well be mended by a different workman in two. Therefore, kind reader, do not any longer believe that woodpeckers—I mean those of America—are such stupid, forlorn, dejected, and unprovided-for beings, as they have been hitherto represented."

The *Ivory-billed Woodpecker* is also a native of the United States, but seldom found north of Maryland. They are most plentiful in the lower parts of Georgia, in Louisiana, and Mississippi. According to Nuttall, when once paired, they

continue mated for life; and the same acute observer says they are never found near cultivated fields or the habitations of men. The scene of their dominion is the lowly forest, amid trees of the greatest magnitude. The reiterated trumpeting note of the male, somewhat similar to the high tones of the clarionet, is heard soon after daybreak, and until a late hour in the morning, echoing loudly from the recesses of the dark cypress swamp, where he dwells in domestic security, without showing any desire to quit his native solitary abode. Upon the giant trunk and moss-grown arms of this colossus of the forest, the high, rattling clarion, and repeated strokes of this noble bird, are often the only sounds which communicate an air of life to these dismal wilds. His noise may be heard for more than half a mile. This "industrious hermit," as Nuttall calls him, like a real carpenter, is frequently seen surrounded by cart loads of chips and broad flakes of bark. "The work of half a dozen men," we are told—but this is probably an exaggeration—"felling trees for a whole morning, would scarcely exceed the pile he has produced in quest of a single breakfast upon these insect larvæ, which have already, perhaps, succeeded in deadening the tree preparatory to the repast." Sound and healthy trees he troubles not, and seeks his food where nature has provided it, thus rendering himself of incalculable service to man, who, in return, ungratefully seeks his destruction.

Our engraving (No. 34) is a striking representation of a variety of the *Spotted Woodpecker*, a native of Great Britain, and one which gives a good idea of this remarkable family.

We join heartily in the poet's good wishes for this industrious and useful bird:

"Live on and multiply, pursue your work
Of searching out the haunts of insects dire,
And save from death our noble forest trees:
Millions of these, amid this mighty host,
By insect rapine prematurely die;
And hence the wisdom of th' Omnific mind,
Which works by rules unmeasurably good,
In placing here this bird industrious.



With giant strength it drives its ivory bill
Into the trunks of trees that else must die;
Thus makes its meal of the marauding crew
Which would the vital sap ere long destroy,
And saves from ruin many a noble tree.

"Well may they value thee who know thy
worth;
And whether perched on topmost bough erect,
Sitting in state, or moving through the air
In graceful undulations, still intent
Thy prey to seize—wherever thou art traced,
Majestic bird! thou shalt our song inspire."

The *Parrots* are found, in their different varieties, in almost every part of the world, with the exception of Europe, northern Asia, and the colder portions of America. They abound in Brazil, in Guiana, and especially on the African continent, from Senegal to the Cape of Good Hope. In plumage they vary greatly; but for the most part their colors are brilliant. Green is the most common; but blue, red, and yellow are frequent. They bear the same relation to the feathered tribes that the monkeys do to the mammalia; found in the same regions, and apparently possessed of greater intelligence than other birds, they are, like the monkeys, easily tamed, and readily imbibe

instruction. Like them, too, parrots feed upon fruits, and frequently carry their food to their mouth by means of their feet.

Except during incubation, the parrots congregate in flocks; but they are said to be strictly monogamous, each bird being confined during life to one partner. They have been known, in a state of domestication, to attain the great age of ninety, and even a hundred years. They have much affection for those by whom they have been tamed, and very quickly discern a friend from an enemy. M. Viellot assures us, from his own experience, that the male birds attach themselves most readily to women, while with the females the reverse is the case. He had a male bird in his own possession which he could never approach without thick gloves, while he was perfectly kind and docile to Madame V., and showed great fondness for that lady; and, on the other hand, a female of the same species showed great attachment to the naturalist.

Many well-authenticated stories are told which show in a striking light the capacity of these birds to receive instruction. Even as early as A. D. 1500, we read of a parrot at Rome which had been taught to repeat, with clearness, and without a single mistake, the whole of the Apostles' Creed. It was purchased by a cardinal for one hundred gold pieces.

At a sea-port town in England a parrot, hanging in his cage by a window, and observing a horse and cart near the edge of the dock, called out lustily, in tones resembling those of the carter, "Back! back! back!" The horse, obedient to the voice, continued backing until he was precipitated into the water and drowned. At the request of a celebrated naturalist in England, the following account of one of these singular birds was written by a lady. Its entire truthfulness may be relied upon.

"As you wished me to write down whatever I could collect about my sister's wonderful parrot, I proceed to do so, only promising that I will tell you nothing but what I can vouch for having myself heard. Her laugh is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible not to help joining in it one's self, more especially when in the midst of it she cries out, 'Don't make me laugh so; I shall die, I shall die;' and then continues laughing more violently than before. Her crying and sobbing are curious; and if you say, 'Poor Poll, what is the matter?' she says, 'So bad, so bad; got such a cold;' and after

crying for some time, will gradually cease, and, making a noise, like drawing a long breath, say, 'Better now,' and begin to laugh.

"The first time I ever heard her speak was one day when I was talking to the maid at the bottom of the stairs, and heard what I then considered to be a child call out, 'Payne,' (the maid's name,) 'I am not well, I am not well;' and on my saying, 'What is the matter with that child?' she replied, 'It is only the parrot; she always does so, when I leave her alone, to make me come back;' and so it proved, for on her going into the room the parrot stopped, and then began laughing quite in a jeering way.

"It is singular enough that, whenever she is affronted in any way, she begins to cry, and when pleased to laugh. If any one happens to cough or sneeze, she says, 'What a bad cold.' One day, when the children were playing with her, the maid came into the room, and on their repeating to her several times things which the parrot had said, Poll looked up and said quite plainly, 'No, I didn't.' Sometimes, when she is inclined to be mischievous, the maid threatens to beat her, and she often says, 'No you won't.' She calls the cat very plainly, saying, 'Puss, puss,' and then answers, 'Mew;' but the most amusing part is, that whenever I want to make her call it, and to that purpose say, 'Puss, puss,' myself, she always answers, 'Mew,' till I begin mewling; and then she begins calling 'Puss' as quick as possible. She imitates every kind of noise, and barks so naturally that I have known her to set all the dogs on the parade at Hampton Court barking; and I dare say, if the truth was known, wondering what was barking at them; and the consternation I have seen her cause in a party of cocks and hens, by her crowing and chuckling, has been the most ludicrous thing possible. She sings just like a child; and I have more than once thought it was a human being; and it is most ludicrous to hear her make what one should call a false note, and then say, 'O la,' and burst out laughing at herself, beginning again quite in another key. She is very fond of singing, 'Buy a Broom,' which she says quite plainly; but in the same spirit as in calling the cat, if we say, with a view to make her repeat it, 'Buy a broom,' she always says, 'Buy a broom,' and then laughs as a child might do when mischievous. She often performs a kind of exercise, which I do not know how to describe, except by saying, that it is like the lance exercise. She puts her claw behind her, first on one side and then on the other, then in front, and round over her head, and while doing so keeps saying, 'Come on, come on;' and when finished, says, 'Bravo, beautiful!' and draws herself up. Before I was as well acquainted with her as I am now, she would stare in my face, and then say, 'How d'ye do, ma'am.' This she invariably does to strangers. One day I went into the room where she was, and said, to try her, 'Poll, where is Payne gone?' and to my astonishment, and almost dismay, she said, 'Down stairs.' I cannot at this moment recollect anything more that I can vouch for myself, and I do not choose to trust to what I am told; but from what I have myself seen and heard, she has almost made me a believer in transmigration."



Of the same general habits as the parrots, properly so called, are the *Parrakeets*, *Lories*, and *Lorikeets*. They are, however, unable to articulate human sounds. The most noteworthy is the Carolina parrakeet, of which both Wilson and Audubon give interesting accounts. The former, on one of his excursions, slightly wounded a bird of this species, which he carried a great distance in his pocket. It soon became familiarized to confinement, learned to know its name, to come when called, to sit on his shoulder, to climb up his clothes, and even to eat from his mouth. It is a bird of exceedingly rich plumage; but, owing to its inability to articulate, and its loud and

disagreeable scream, is seldom found in cages. Of its habits, in a wild state, it is said that one nest suffices for a great many females, each laying two eggs, which, by some mutual agreement, of which we know nothing, are brooded over and hatched by one, who assumes to be the mother of the whole.

Of the *Macaw*, the two most striking varieties are the *Great Scarlet*, a native of South America, and the *Blue and Yellow*, found most plentifully on the banks of the Amazon, in Guiana, and in Surinam. The former, when in full plumage, is one of the most gorgeous of the feathered tribes. It measures, including the tail,

about three feet in length. Its prevailing color is a bright scarlet, the wings a glossy blue, varied with a lively yellow. To see them in their wild state is, says Waterton, "a grand sight." Little inferior in appearance, and a trifle smaller in size, is the blue and yellow variety, of which it is said that both sexes sit alternately upon

the eggs, and are equally assiduous in cherishing and conveying food to their young. When taken at an early age they are easily tamed, and are sometimes enabled to articulate a few words.

Nearly allied to the Parrots are the *Cockatoos*. Our engraving (No. 35) represents a group of the *rose-crested* variety



of this beautiful bird. It is a native of Australia and the Indian islands, feeds upon fruits and seeds, and is easily tamed when taken young. Its imitative powers are not equal to those of the parrot, although in many other respects there is a very great similarity. "It is," says Cassell, "particularly fond of making a noise, and assuming a variety of antic postures."

Of the *Toucan* there are found, in Demerara, three varieties, and as many of a smaller species, to which have been given the name of *Toucanets*. They are remarkable for the enormously disproportioned size of their bills. Mr. Jesse, who has paid much attention to this class of birds, in endeavoring to ascertain the utility of their large beaks, refers to the enemies it has to encounter, and the pecu-

arious animals of the they are found. The woodpecker, makes its trees, and is peculiarly sed in its person, and s, by mischievous and

Its beak is a formidable, and it knows right it. And not merely for toucan is, in his sphere,

He relishes all kinds of eggs of other birds; but unity offers, he has no hesi upon flesh. Of one in a ity, it is said that a gold-duced into his cage. The it in a moment, and the gster had only time to utter k before it was dead, with its ruding. The toucan then it to another perch, and be-off its feathers. When it was

ed it broke the bones of the legs, taking them in its bill, and m a strong lateral wrench. educed the little victim to a mass, it first swallowed the and then the remaining parts, or piece, not even rejecting the d bill.

oucan kept in a state of domesti-ny years, its owner has given nteresting particulars. Being o thrive well on a vegetable diet, it t allowed to indulge its appetite for food. It delighted in fruit of all

During the period when these fresh, it fed almost exclusively on

Even in winter it exhibited great ication in being offered pieces of s, oranges, or preserved fruits of any

These it generally held, for a short at the extremity of its bill, touching a with apparent delight with its slen- and feathered tongue, and then con- ing them by a sudden jerk to its oat, where they were caught and in- ntly swallowed. Its natural propensity prey upon animals, though not indulged, as still strongly conspicuous. When nother bird approached its cage, or even skin, or preserved specimen, was presented to it, considerable excitement was exhibited. It raised itself up, erected its feathers, and uttered the hollow, clattering ound which seems to be the usual ex- pression of delight of these birds; at the me time the irides of the eyes expanded,

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and the toucan seemed ready to dart at its prey, if the bars of its cage permitted its approach.

Our engraving (No. 36) is a very life-like delineation of the *Double-collared Toucan*, (the *Pteroglossus bitorquatus* of some naturalists,) and gives a very good idea of the striking peculiarities of this most singular tribe.

IS IT COME?

Is it come? they said on the banks of the Nile
Who look'd for the world's long-promised
day,

And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil
With the desert's sands and the granite
gray.

From the pyramid, temple, and treasured dead
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;
They tell of the slave and tyrant's dread—
Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came with his starry lore,
That built up Babylon's crown and creed:
And bricks were stamp'd on the Tigris' shore
With signs which our sages scarce can read.
From Niueus' Temple and Nimrod's Tower
The rule of the old East's empire spread
Unreasoning faith and unquestion'd power—
But still, Is it come? the Watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worship'd flame
The ancient bondage its splendor threw;
And once on the West a sunrise came,
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true.
With dreams to the utmost ages dear,
With human gods and with godlike men,
No marvel the far-off day seem'd near
To eyes that look'd through her laurels then.

The Romans conquer'd and revel'd, too,
Till honor, and faith, and power were gone,
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew
As wave after wave the Goth came on:
The gown was learning, the sword was law,
The people served in the oxen's stead,
But ever some gleam the Watcher saw,
And evermore, Is it come? they said.

Poet and seer that question caught
Above the din of life's fears and frets;
It march'd with letters—it toil'd with thought
Through schools and creeds which the earth
forgets;
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
And traders barter our world away;
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
And still, at times, Is it come? they say.

The days of the nation bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—
The age is weary with work and gold;
And higher hopes wither and memories wane—
On hearths and altars the fires are dead;
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain;
And this is all that our Watcher said.

A TRIP TO THE PYRAMIDS.

ABOUT four o'clock, one November morning, there was an unusual stir at Shepherd's, the Oriental Transit Company's hotel, in Grand Cairo. Sleepy Arab servants were rattling upon the doors of certain travelers, who, in conclave the previous evening, on the cool porch below, had determined upon a trip to the Pyramids, and bustling dragomen were filling baskets with cold joints, fowls, and the like, from the flesh-pots of Egypt. In front of the hotel, the head-quarters of Napoleon in Cairo, had already collected a group of donkey-boys with their donkeys, the former being busily engaged in their usual morning exercise of Arabic slang, interspersed with blows. This *terrain*, O reader! is the theater of a perpetual conflict between the donkey-boys and the imp of a Nubian janitor. When the former approach too near the portal of the hotel, in the hope of tripping up pedestrians, and compelling them to take donkeys—for men and women, pachas and beggars, are donkeyed through the streets of Grand Cairo—he of the long whip and shuffling babouche, sallies forth, and puts to flight the nimble quadrupeds and boys. The long-eared host, however, soon assembles for another repulse, to return again almost upon the heels of their Nubian persecutor. Many a laugh does the howadji enjoy, as, seated on the porch of Shepherd's, and realizing the seventh heaven of Latakieh, (O Elysium of eastern memory!) he looks down upon this ever-varying conflict, and, should his imagination be sufficiently vivid, sees in it



PALM TREES.

a continuation of the fabled combat of Typhon and Osiris.

Scarcely a richer tablean of nationalities could be presented than that exhibited when the Arab servants had succeeded in bringing together the members of the expedition to the Pyramids. A German *philosoph*, a French *savan*, and two or three American travelers *per se*, as might have been judged from their cosmopolitan air and conversation, formed the more characteristic part of the company. There were also three merchants from Canton, and a couple of superannuated majors of the Company's service—men with veins shriveled, and livers enlarged under a tropical sun. Though of Anglo-Saxon origin, they had become exceedingly protean in taste and Oriental in language, and be-

fore we set out desired Ibrahim not to forget the fluid known in the East as *French water*, designed in this particular instance to counteract the calorific influences of the desert. The complement consisted of several young men, on their way out to assist in shaking the rupee trees of India, delayed accidentally a few days in Egypt, and giving us thereby the inestimable treasure of their company and stunning conversation. "*A cheval*," at last shouted Ibrahim, the prince of Caireen dragomen, but whose imperfect knowledge of the French idiom had led him to confound the equine and asinine races. The company mounted, and amid the shouts of the donkey-men, and the flourish of their batons, set off on a gallop for the city gate.

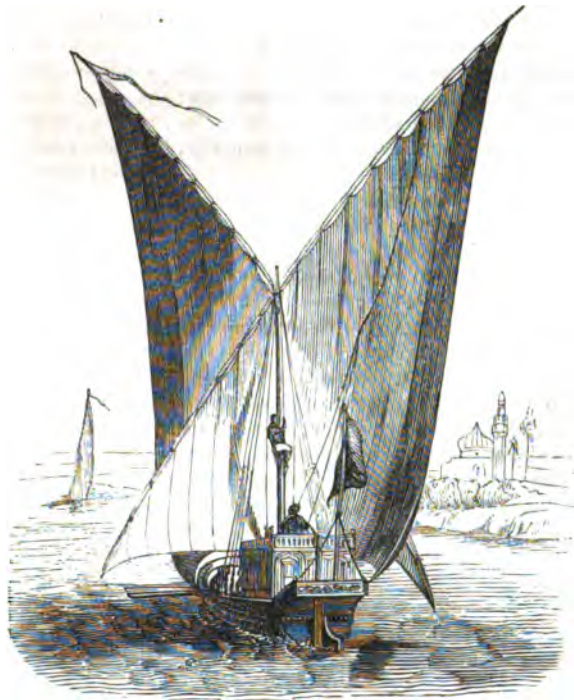
Except for those who have the password, the janitor does not turn the ponderous key until Phœbus whirls his flaming chariot above the Arabian desert. With that magical word we were not provided. *Backsheesh* was tried; *backsheesh*, which here accomplishes miracles; which introduces the howadji to pachas and princes; opens the doors and hearts of all, and even unveils the face of beauty; but in vain. We waited, much like foolish virgins, until Ibrahim returned, when, at a single word from him, the bolts flew back, as if by magic, and the party, issuing through the gate, galloped away in the direction of Masr-el-Atikeh, some three miles distant up the Nile. The road, lined on either side with tall hedges of cactus, runs through the extensive "Gardens" of Ibrahim Pacha, the forced result of Fellah labor, at one piaster per day. The fields of sugar-cane were interspersed with groves of the ailanthus, acacia, and Indian fire tree. The Nile lay, like a sleeping serpent, beneath the tufted palms in the distance; and as the morning breeze crept softly and slowly up the

valley, wafting along the breath of flowers and the song of birds, the stately trees did gently bow to each other, and their myriad leaves shake hands and whisper in the general jubilee of awakening morn.

Never did Aurora's fingers tinge the east with a finer flush than on the morning we left Cairo. It was as if an angel of light had been hastening to embrace the dewy earth, and she, awakening with her myriad eyes of flowers, had smiled, and blushed, and wept at his royal coming.

At our right lay Boulak, the port of Cairo. I also noticed the dim outlines of several large conical elevations, which, on my arrival at Cairo, I had taken to be hills, but afterward discovered to be mounds of government grain, gathered in from the villages along the Nile, and thus exposed to the influences of the heavens, as also to the inroads of innumerable grain-eating birds.

We reached Masr-el-Atikeh, or Old Cairo, just as the muezzin ascended the minaret of the ancient mosque, and chanted thrice, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Arise, ye faithful, and pray: prayer is better



A BOAT ON THE NILE.

than sleep." The immense mounds of rubbish indicated that we were standing on the site of a once flourishing city. Near at hand were the colossal remains of an ancient Roman fortress, and the many-columned ruins of the oldest mosque of the caliphs in Egypt.

The dwellings of the plebeian multitude, the pulses of whose life once throbbed along the Nile, had passed away. The pious Moslems, like the ancient Egyptians, reserve marble and granite for the habitations of God, and leave to mortal man mere cabins of wood and clay, no more enduring than himself. Within the somber walls of an adjacent convent the guides point out a spring from which the Holy Family is said to have drunk while in Egypt; and to the Mussulman Téké, near at hand, travelers repair, on certain days, to witness the *Zirs* of the whirling Dervishes, performances which procure piasters for those pious devotees, if they do not contribute to the praises of Allah.

At Masr-el-Atikeh commences the lofty aqueduct, which conveys the water of the Nile to Joseph's well, in the citadel of Cairo. In a characteristic story concerning the same, it is related that the architect constructed the winding stairway too narrow for the passage of the oxen designed to raise the water. To remedy this mistake several calves were taken up; but in what manner the water was elevated until the bovines came to maturity, we are not informed.

In the meantime Ibrahim had chartered a couple of boats to convey us to Ghizeh, on the opposite side of the Nile. The *élite* of the party, namely, travelers and dragomen, occupied one; into the other crowded, promiscuously, donkeys and the adjuvant donkey-boys. The immense sails, resembling the wings of a bird, were given to the morning breeze, and, amid the shouts of the Arab boatmen, our primitive craft slowly crossed the Nile, at that point more than one third of a mile in width. We passed a short distance above the Island of Rhoda, where the day previous I had visited the Nilometer, and plucked a few roses on the spot where tradition says the infant Moses was found by the daughter of Pharaoh. At the height of the inundations the water now rises entirely above the Nilometer. An accumulation of centuries has elevated the bed of the river, and, in fact, the entire

surface of the valley, several feet, the deposited strata of Nilotic earth having kept pace with the expiring strata of Egyptian civilization.

Ghizeh, on the left bank of the Nile, is a place of far less importance than in former times. It is, in fact, merely a large Arab village, but illustrates well the type of the Oriental city—streets narrow, crooked, and unnamed; a multitude of unnumbered houses, (mud hovels in Egypt,) interspersed with a few more imposing edifices, as mosques, caravansaries, and tombs.

The few moments to be spared, before the donkeys could be landed, were spent in visiting one of the numerous chicken-hatching establishments, which have existed in Egypt from the earliest times. A government *chaoushe*—for even the hatching of chickens is a royal monopoly in the land of the Pharaohs—conducted us into a low building, with clay walls, whose mephitic rooms and passages were kept at the proper temperature by a manure fire. The eggs, of which there must have been at least one hundred thousand, were arranged in strata upon shelves. For a hundred eggs brought in, the Fellaah receives fifty newly-hatched chickens, leaving, consequently, a large margin for expenses, accidents, and the piasters accruing to the pacha's treasury. Bad eggs are quickly detected by the cunning divinities of these places, and cast out. It was interesting to watch the myriads of ovules bursting into life, and to step from stone to stone over a sea of unbrooded chicks.

As far as incubation is concerned, a vast amount of sedentary labor is dispensed with, or, rather, is diverted into an active and more productive channel. The eggs of Egypt appear to be as infinite in number as they are infinitesimal in size. Poultry is abundant and cheap; but it struck me as singular that chickens should be sold by measure, when eggs, dates, and pomegranates are sold by weight. *Tant des pays, tant des Moeres*. The quality, however, is very inferior, and, like Hadrian, I can wish the Egyptians no greater evil than to be compelled to eat their own chickens, hatched in a manner that the Roman emperor was ashamed to describe.

"Eggs are hatched by the incubation of birds," says Aristotle, "but they are also hatched spontaneously by being

placed among dung, as in Egypt. And a certain Syracusan wine-bibber, having buried a number of eggs beneath a mat in the ground, is said to have continued drinking, without intermission, until they were hatched. Nay, even when placed in warm vessels, they are quickened into life without the process of incubation."

We tarried a few minutes in an open place, where a market was being held, in order to witness the feats of a *gaëidi*, or serpent-charmer. He carried a sack upon his shoulder filled with serpents, several of which leaped forth at the signal of a hissing sound, coiled themselves around the neck of the *gaëidi*, and permitted him to handle them at pleasure, though not without some manifestations of anger, when he purposely irritated them. They were the *hooded serpents*, called *hajé* by the Arabs, and represented in the hieroglyphical sculptures of the ancient Egyptians under the name of *Urei*. The hooded serpent, or *cobra di capello*, so called from the expansion of the skin of the neck when irritated, is of a bright pink color, about four feet in length, and when enraged, raises and balances its body, darts forth a forked tongue, and leaps, with flaming eyes and horrible hisses, upon its enemy, inflicting a wound that is almost certain to be followed by death. Yet these frightful reptiles are completely under the control of the *gaëidi*, so named by the Caireens, from a tribe whose principal occupation is to destroy venomous animals in the houses. These charmers of serpents are the *psylles* of the ancients, the secret of their marvelous power over the most venomous reptiles being acquired, doubtless, by a patient study of their habits. They are of the race called *Bayoum* in Egypt, but are known under different names in different places, as *Dharbut* at Aleppo, and *Zaath* in Damascus. It is more than probable that they belong to the great Gipsy family, whom they closely resemble in language, appearance, and mysterious customs. Like the Gitanos and Tsigans of Europe, they are expert thieves and miserable vagabonds, earning a wretched subsistence by fortune-telling, music, and the practice of secret arts. They occupy a distinct but wretched quarter, in a suburb of Grand Cairo, and are occasionally found living in tombs, in different parts of Egypt, where, by way of contempt, the Arabs and Copts call them *heathen dogs*.

M. de Beaumont, relates that, having questioned one of the serpent-charmers upon his power to attract reptiles, he offered to give him a practical demonstration of the same. "To render deception impossible, I conducted him into a large garden, after having made him strip himself naked, and locked up his bag of serpents in a chest. The *gaëidi* began by kneeling at the side of a little brook. After he had pronounced a few words, and hissed several times in a strange manner, I saw, in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, a large viper come up to him, and presently another, both of which he handled with impunity. I was obliged to acknowledge that he really possessed the power of which he boasted. For a certain sum of money he offered to initiate me into the secret; but I humbly confess that I had not the courage to submit to the required formality. In order to communicate the charm to me, it was necessary that the *gaëidi* should spit in my mouth, and my love of science did not go so far as that."

When the Nile is low, travelers go directly across the plain of Ghizeh to the base of the Pyramids, a ride of between two and three hours. But at the time of our visit the river had fallen but three feet from the greatest height during the inundation. We were obliged to make a circuitous route, by following an ancient dyke, which rendered the distance twice as great as it would otherwise have been. Having ridden some distance, we came to a small arm of the Nile, where boats were again called into requisition for both men and beasts. Remounting, we set off at a full gallop for a larger arm of the river, several miles distant, where, as Ibrahim informed us, we were to leave the animals and perform the remainder of the distance by water. The morning air was cool and fresh, and we pushed on at a rapid rate. Were I at all inclined to the heroic in action, or the poetical in description, I might say of my diminutive donkey,

"Thick from the hoofs of the thundering steed
Flew the flashing pebbles with lightning speed."

Finding, in a short time, that I had greatly distanced my companions, I halted for Ibrahim to come up, when we rode on together. He had a splendid figure, set off by the picturesque and graceful Arab costume. The loss of a finger, inten-



THE SERPENT-CHARMER.

tional, I presume, had exempted him from military service, and from his youth he had followed the profession of a dragoman, which is, to a certain extent, that of a gentleman and a scholar, in the Eastern acceptance of the latter term. Dragging the traveler through places from which he escapes as soon as possible, and purposely avoiding others that he has traversed oceans and continents to visit, these literary *ciceroni* deal out marvelous stores of knowledge, both topographical and

antiquarian, illustrated with a fertility of imagination peculiar to the Orient. It may be said of dragomen that they stand between the Occident and the Orient, and if they do not communicate to the nomadic children of the former the wisdom and mystic spirit of the East, they at least abduct their piasters, and give them an idea of "Oriental exaggeration." Under their indispensable guidance, the traveler is ever floating in an undefined limbo of uncertain things. I was fond of conversa-

ing with Ibrahim. He communicated with me in bad English and tolerable French. The destruction of the Alexandrian library, by the great propagator of the Moslem faith in Egypt, was a fortunate circumstance for him, as also for all dragomen; and I am certain that he would have exulted in that catastrophe had he been acquainted with the fact of its occurrence. If not perfectly honest in all his dealings, I must say of my dragoman that, at least, he allowed no one to cheat *me* but himself and his particular friends.

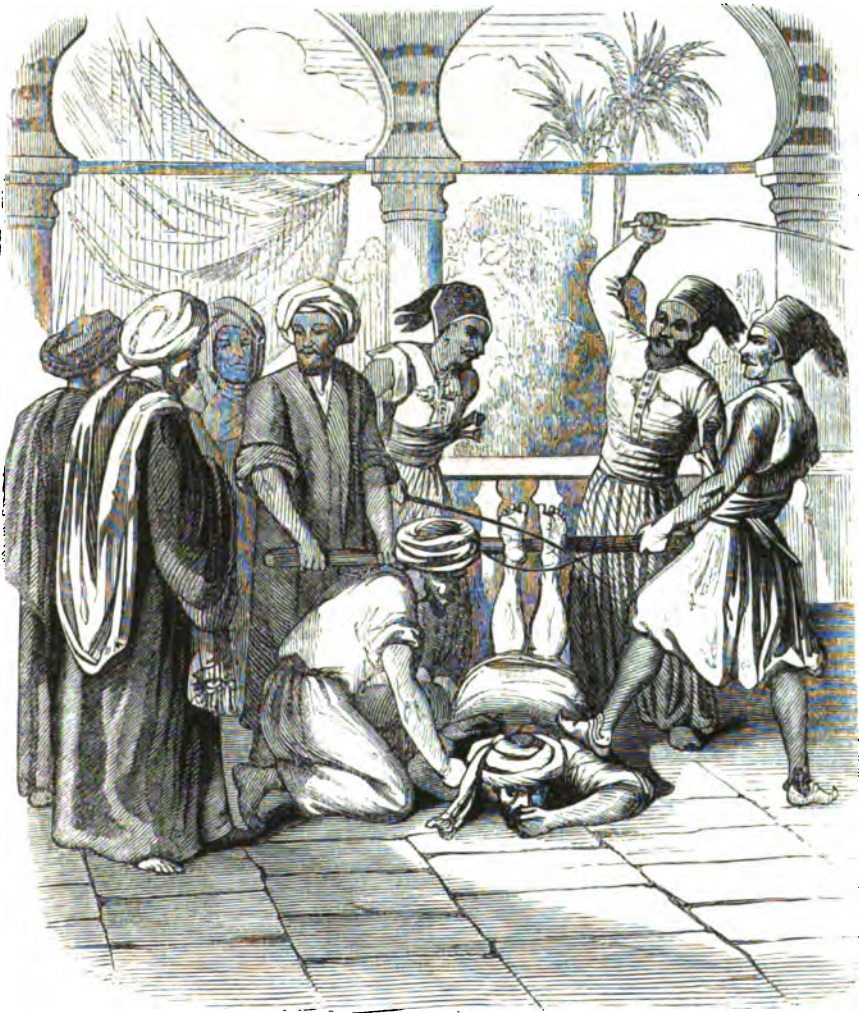
"Are you married, Ibrahim?" I in-

quired, as our donkeys ambled on together toward the Pyramids.

"Married? yes: I have two wives, and shall have two more as soon as I can support them."

"You are about my own age, Ibrahim; I hardly know what I should do with one wife, to say nothing of four."

"*Mashalla!* When I was a Christian I had but one wife. Her little finger was worth more than all the other women of Cairo together. She died. *Allah kerim!* (God is merciful!) I became a Mussulman, knowing that it would give me a higher position and increase my income;



BASTINADOING IN THE CADI'S COURT.



ABDALLAH AND BEGGAR.

and now I am equally fond of my two wives."

"What, Ibrahim, are the comparative merits of the Moslem and Coptic ladies with respect to beauty?"

"The Christian women of Cairo are the pearl of infidelity; but by the beard of the Prophet! one Mussulman maiden is worth more than seven of the most beautiful daughters of the unbelievers."

"As a good Mussulman, Ibrahim, do you believe that women will be admitted to the joys of heaven?"

"*Inshalla!* (Please God.) Our Prophet hath promised them the eternal beatitudes of paradise, on condition that they marry."

"What, then, will become of widows and those who remain single during life, from inclination or other reasons?"

"*Bokallum!* (We shall see!) By the law of the Prophet, they live in a state of continual transgression; but"—and Ibrahim turned toward Mecca to repeat an orison for those erring mortals. "*Allah kerim! Allah kerim!* (God is merciful! God is merciful!) and through his mercy they may at last be saved."

"Granting that women have souls, do you allow them to worship in your mosques?"

"They assemble with us only on certain occasions. The Prophet enjoins them to pray at home, as their presence at places of worship would disturb the pious meditations of the faithful, and inspire a different kind of devotion from that to Allah."

"But, Ibrahim, are there not many among you who have but one wife?"

"Yes; persons belonging to the middling class usually take but a single wife. The very rich and the very poor have from two up to seven."

"Then you can gain an idea of the rich man's wealth, and of the poor man's poverty, from the number of

wives who share the one or the other with him; as we in America judge of a family's wealth from the number of servants; of its poverty from the number of children and dogs?"

"*Mashalla!* You Americans are a wonderful people! With the children of the Prophet the wealthy have many wives, because they have the means to support them; the indigent also take many for the reason that in such cases the wives can support themselves."

"Is it possible for you to divide your affections equally among the numerous inmates of the harem? Is it possible for half a dozen Fatimas and Zuleikas, the wives of one man, to love each other as they are supposed to love their husband? In other words, is the harem a happy institution?"

"No," replied Ibrahim, sorrowfully. "When one man becomes angry with another it is common to ask, in derision, 'Are you a co-wife of this person that you should hate him thus?'" And Ibrahim, although he loved his Zuleika and Fatima, was cast down at the remembrance of some domestic intrigue and discord.

I could not forbear telling him of a march stolen upon me only the day previous by

one of the daughters of the faithful. It was during a visit to the tombs of the Mamelukes. A group of laughing girls met me, and, as often happens in the East, held out their hands timidly for the present from the *howadji*. To the one who promised most in the matter of good looks, I offered liberal *backsheesh* if she would show me her entire face. The Arab girl looked at the shining piasters, arranged her veil so as to show one side of her face, and then turning round, adjusted it on the other side so as in all to show me her entire countenance. Partial views were not in accordance with my original intention; but the thing was done so cleverly, and, moreover, the sight of a female face was so refreshing after months of travel among semi-barbarians, that I could not withhold the promised piasters.

The rest of the company overtook us, and we scampered on together as fast as the donkey-boys could urge forward our long-eared quadrupeds. Donkey-boys is the generic name of these useful assistants of the traveler in Cairo, although many of them have the years and the stature of men. Compared with the donkeys themselves, they are "the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself," a proposition to which my English *compagnons de voyage* could not demur. Abdallah was the name of the sprightly young Arab who served me in that capacity during my stay in the capital of Egypt, while the four-footed partner of his joys and sorrows rejoiced in the appellation of Beggar.

Abdallah served me faithfully. When we visited the *cadi's* court together, justice had on that day been so tempered with mercy, that there was no culprit to be punished. But that I might not fail to see the practical working of an Egyptian institution, Abdallah promptly offered to be tied down and bastinadoed for *only* three piasters. To that vicarious punishment I did not consent; but when I gave him the three piasters as *backsheesh*, his dark eye rolled with as fine a frenzy as that of the New-York newsboy or the London boot-black.

Where man remains semi-barbarous, the very beasts appear to become humanized, as if to shame him of his folly. Of Beggar himself I cannot forbear making particular mention in this connection. He combined all the seventy points of

ugliness classified by the Arabs; brayed in the most spasmodic and excruciating manner, and evinced, at times, a disposition vicious beyond that of most donkeys. He possessed neither the soft eyes and tender, womanish ways of the camel, nor the mysterious water sacks, and the still more mysterious hump of oxydizable substance; but in his humble way, Beggar served me as well as the patient ship of the desert.

Our route, though circuitous, was not without interest. Several villages were to be seen in the distance, built upon slight elevations, so as not to be swept away during the inundation of the river, and guarded by lofty palm trees, the silent sentries of the plain. Now and then we passed by groups of Fellahs, engaged in the labors of the field; or met a company of Bedouins, on one of those periodical visits which they make to the city for the purchase of ammunition, to return again in haste to the tented life of the desert. I noticed many white ibises. Though no longer numbered among Egypt's gods, they are still regarded with a certain degree of reverence by the superstitious Fellah, the descendant of the ancient Egyptian.

Egypt is the land of striking contrasts. It owes its very existence to the periodical overflowing of a river, a circumstance regarded elsewhere as the greatest of calamities. The desert and the fertile land, the Typhon and Osiris of fabulous times, are here contending in an everlasting conflict for the mastery.

Of the most recent geological origin, Egypt became the theater of a civilization ranking among the earliest developments of the human race, if not prior to any other, so ancient, indeed, as to extend far beyond historical times, into that dim antiquity whence, save the records on her own imperishable monuments, no fragmentary knowledge has floated down to us, even on the sea of tradition. She was great and glorious centuries before the children of Israel carried civilization into the wilds of Judea. The early philosophers of Greece and Rome, repairing hither to drink at original fountains of knowledge, stood by those mysterious Pyramids, with note-book in hand, like the pilgrim of to-day from a far-off Atlantis, but even more ignorant than he of their origin and purpose.

A tropical sun looks down from a sky, rarely obscured by clouds, upon a soil never yielding, except on the oasis, or in the valleys of the Nile, to the sweet influences of the falling rain and of the infinitesimal dew.

We passed by many fields of ripening Dhoura Sefi, or Egyptian corn, while in other and less elevated places Fellah peasants were "sowing their bread upon the waters, to reap a harvest after many days." It is customary to scatter seeds upon the retiring waters, when, after a few more days of evaporation, they are deposited in the soft mud left behind by the river, and speedily take root. Now and then, also, the traveler sees the Fellah treading in his seed with oxen, the same as in the days of Herodotus. The valley of the Nile is the emblem of fertility, but the sable wing of despotism has settled over unhappy Egypt. The entire soil belongs to the viceroy, and the inhabitants are his "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Most of the reforms introduced by Mohammed Ali have been abandoned by his successors. Aside from the improvements in the army and the fleet, the hospital near Cairo, and a small polytechnic school at Boulak, are the only existing institutions calling to mind the reign of Egypt's greatest sovereign in modern times.

To the former of these is attached a medical school, which I took occasion to visit while stopping in Cairo. The following conversation between one of the professors, a native Arab, and myself, will show how far the darkness of Egypt has been penetrated by the light of our free institutions.

"Is America in New-York, or New-York in America?" inquired of me the sapient professor of the theory and practice of medicine, in French.

"New-York is an integral part of the American Union."

"Has the American language any resemblance to the English?"

"A decided resemblance."

"How much longer will you remain subject to Great Britain?" continued the Arab professor.

"We have already been independent more than three-fourths of a century."

"Who, then, is your emperor?"

"Franklin Pierce, Esq."

The memory of Abas Pacha, the last

viceroy, is held in universal detestation. To him fell all the vices, with none of the redeeming virtues, of the illustrious Mohammed Ali. The guide conducts the traveler to the room where Abas, at once the Nero and Caligula of Egypt, is supposed to have been strangled by the two Circassian guards whom he always kept standing by his bedside during his sleeping hours.

The Pacha, while viceroy, visited Alexandria twice, but could not be induced to approach the city afterward, from a superstitious idea that the third visit would prove fatal to him.

His favorite occupation was to make large collections of dogs and cats—animals which he cherished much as the ancient sovereigns of Egypt did Apis and the sacred Ibis. The *Lares* and *Penates* of Abas Pacha were quartered in different parts of Egypt, where they enjoyed his periodical visits. After the death of the Pacha, however, these canine and feline recipients of the royal favor were turned loose, and are now the most pitiable of objects.

Ibrahim related to me, that on a certain day a Frenchman appeared in the streets of Cairo leading a dog possessed of two tails. Information of this rare phenomenon was conveyed to Abas Pacha, and the fortunate Frenchman was at once summoned to wait upon his highness at the palace. The Pacha was in ecstasies. The *apotheosis* of Anubis, after having exhausted the cycle of the metempsychosis, and appeared again in his original form, could not have given him greater delight. The Frenchman would not part with the creature for less than twelve thousand five hundred Turkish piasters, (\$500,) a sum which the Pacha at last consented to give, not suspecting for a moment that the extra tail was a product of French civilization.

The latter became disengaged the same evening, while the Pacha of two tails was exhibiting his paragon of canine wonders to a circle of admiring friends. Abas was infuriated. The Frenchman was nowhere to be found, and the unfortunate possessor of the bifurcated caudal appendage was forthwith ordered to be *curtailed* one inch behind his ears.

Alas for Egypt! the land of sunny skies and all the soft delights of the great-eyed Orient.

THE LITTLE DAUPHIN:*

A TALE OF SORROW.

ESCORTED by the six commissaries and a porter, young Louis was conducted to that part of the Tower formerly occupied by his father, where there was a person in attendance, who appeared to have been long waiting. The municipals spoke for a few moments with this man, gave him some instructions in a low tone of voice, and then retired. The child found himself alone, in the presence of an individual whose features he did not at first recognize, but whose easy gait, gruff, short manner of talking, and eccentric gestures, soon brought him to remembrance. Among the six commissaries originally charged to inspect the works and expenses at the Temple, there was one named Simon, a shoemaker, who alone of the whole number, under pretense of scrupulously doing his duty, remained constantly in the Tower. He never approached the royal family without giving utterance to some offensive speech. Often he would say to Cléry, the king's valet, within hearing of the king, "Cléry, ask Capet if he wants anything, that I may not be troubled to come up again!" This was the man whom little Louis now beheld before him.

One of the municipals had told the queen, when taking away her son, that the nation, "always great and generous," would provide for his education; and M. Simon was the tutor whom the representative powers for the time being had provided. Marat and Robespierre had helped to get him the situation. He had a salary of five hundred francs a month, on condition that he was never to leave his prisoner, or on any pretense whatever to quit the Tower.

He found his pupil rather unmanageable the first night, for the poor boy sat weeping in the darkest corner of the room for several hours; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Simon could obtain a few brief answers to the questions which he put to him, as he sat smoking and swearing with a steadfast self-complacency. The next morning Madame Simon came to assist her husband in his duties; and it was soon apparent that the two were very well assorted. The young prince remained for two days without accepting any other food than a morsel of bread. In his new

situation he was utterly dejected. Sometimes he mourned in silence; at other times, through his large tears there gleamed a fire of indignation, which upon occasion would burst forth in earnest and angry words. "I wish to know," said he, imperiously, to the municipals, on their coming to see him—"I wish to know what law it is by which you are ordered to separate me from my mother, and keep me in prison. Show me the law; I wish to see it!" The officers, it is said, stood confused before the child; out of surprise at his kingly manner of expressing his indignation. Simon, however, soon silenced him, by commanding him to hold his tongue. Two days passed before the captive child could be prevailed upon to go to bed; but at length he resigned himself to do so with a good grace, and the next morning rose and dressed of his own accord. He no longer wept; but he persisted in maintaining a most persevering silence. Simon could make nothing of him. "Ah ha! little Capet," said he; "so you are dumb, are you? I shall have to teach you to talk, and to sing the *Carmagnole*, and cry *Vive la République!* Ah! it's dumb you are, are you?"

"If I were to speak out what I think," said the boy, "you would call me mad. I am silent, lest I should say too much."

"O! O!" retorted Simon; "Monsieur Capet would have too much to say; that smacks rather strongly of the aristocrat. But it does not do for me, do you understand? You are young, and so, to be sure, you are excusable; but I, being your master, must not let you remain in ignorance. I must bring you on—give you new ideas."

In this way, from day to day, he would continually taunt the child; deeming it, apparently, his business to render him as miserable as possible. Whether to please or to annoy him, he one day brought him a Jews-harp, saying it would do to accompany his "she-wolf of a mother" when she played on the piano. "And what a fine row that will make," he added. The child felt there was nothing but mockery in the gift, and he therefore resolutely refused it. This roused Simon to rage, and he thereupon dealt the young descendant of a line of kings the first blows which he had ever in his life received. For every little act of insubordination, blows soon came to be regularly inflicted. One day, in deprecation of this treatment, the boy

* Continued from the May number.

said: "You may punish me, if I don't obey you; but you ought not to beat me—you are stronger than I."

"I am here to command you, animal!" returned the ruffian. "My duty is just what I please to do. *Vive la liberté, l'égalité!*"

Such was the manner in which M. Simon began to train and discipline his pupil. As he proceeded, his system lost nothing in point of decision or severity. He even improved upon it, until it became, in its kind, almost unexceptionable. At first he did not exactly know the course of management he was expected to pursue, but taking the earliest opportunity of inquiring, he got presently enlightened. Not many days after young Louis had been intrusted to his charge, a report was circulated in Paris that the "son of the tyrant" had been carried off from the Tower, by means of a conspiracy entered into by General Dillon and others for the purpose. To put a stop to this rumor, which created much excitement, a numerous deputation from the Committee of Public Safety was sent in haste to the Temple, to see that the little prisoner was really there, and make an official report of the fact. On this occasion, M. Simon, feeling the vagueness of his original instructions, put a few pointed questions to his superiors, with a view to ascertain their actual wishes and intentions in regard to the treatment of his pupil. "Citizens," said he, "what do you decide about the wolf-cub? He has been taught to be insolent; but I shall know how to tame him. So much the worse if he sinks under it! I don't answer for that. After all, what do you want done with him? Do you want him transported?"

Answer: "No."

"Killed?"

"No."

"Poisoned?"

"No."

"But what then?"

"We want to get rid of him!"

Simon now comprehended the object of his work, and appears to have done his utmost to perform it. From that day he redoubled his severity toward his victim. He even manifested a superior rigor on the instant. The dauphin had been carried down into the garden, that he might be seen from the streets by the crowd which had followed the deputation; and while undergoing the inspection, he cried loudly

for his mother. Some of the men on guard tried to quiet him; when, pointing to Simon, who, along with several persons, was coming out of the Tower, he said indignantly, "They will not, they cannot show me the law which orders that I should be separated from my mother!"

Affected by his distress, the men began to question Simon, who now approached.

In reply to them he said: "The wolf-cub is hard to muzzle; he would like to know the law, like yourselves; he is always asking the reasons of things, as if reasons were made for him! Come, come; silence, Capet, or I'll show the citizens how I *work* you when you deserve it."

The little prisoner appealed to the municipals for protection. But they were unable to do anything for his relief; and he was left with Simon, to be "worked" according to that person's caprices.

This patriotic tutor was a great admirer of Marat, who, it may be remembered, was about this time assassinated by Charlotte Corday. The day after the event—14th July, 1793—the news reached Simon in the Temple, and plunged him into a state of extraordinary excitement. He sent for wine and brandy, and began to drink, making his wife sit down to join him. Being unable to settle himself indoors, he dragged both wife and pupil up to the platform of the Tower, to catch an echo of the homage that was then being paid to his departed idol. "Capet," said he, "do you hear these noises down there? It is the groans of the people round the death-bed of their friend. I did intend to have made you leave off your black clothes to-morrow, but you shall keep them on now. Capet shall wear mourning for Marat!" Then turning round, and swearing furiously, he proceeded: "You don't look distressed at all; you are *glad* of his death!" And full of this absurd impression, he laid his hand heavily on the prince's head, forcing it down violently upon his shoulder.

"I did not know the person who is dead," replied the child. "Don't think that I am glad of it; we do not wish for the death of any one."

"Ah! *we* do not wish, don't *we*! Do you pretend to talk to *us* in the style of your tyrants of fathers!"

"I said *we* in the plural," rejoined the boy; "for my family and myself."

Simon seemed to accept this grammatical excuse; but as he walked up and down

smoking, he kept constantly repeating, with a chuckle, as though he had hit upon a rare device: "Capet shall wear mourning for Marat!" Not many days after, it was the master's whim to dress him out in red, observing: "If I make you leave off mourning for Marat, at least you shall wear his livery—that will befit his memory." As yet, however, the scarlet cap was wanting: Simon had forgot to order it. This was soon obtained; but on its arrival the little prince refused to wear it. He had become the servant of his jailers, borne their violent abuse and blows, endured continual privations, but he seemed determined not to adopt the head-dress of his father's murderers. Simon, for the present, was even obliged to let him have his way. Tired with scolding and beating, he gave in at Madame Simon's solicitation. The good woman, though nowise very amiable, several times took part with the little oppressed boy. One day she said to an acquaintance of hers, "The little fellow is a very amiable and charming child; he cleans and polishes my shoes, and he brings me my foot-stove to my bedside when I get up." From this one perceives the sort of offices to which the son of a king was trained! Meanwhile, the affair of the red cap was not allowed to rest. Madame Simon had said, "Let him alone; he'll come to reason;" and in order to bring him to such a desirable state of mind, she cut off his beautiful hair, when, shamed by the shearing, he yielded, and accepted the detested covering. Simon was rejoiced at the victory. "Capet," said he, "after all you're a Jacobin."

But how fares it all this time with the anxious mother and her companions in another part of the Temple? Never had she ceased to interrogate the jailers and municipals on guard about the welfare of her son; never ceased imploring them to grant her the privilege of seeing him. Utterly without success. No interview might be allowed. Nevertheless, one of the jailers—Tison—was prevailed on to furnish her with information; and by and by there was a plan devised whereby she might get sight of him. The walk on the platform that has been mentioned was divided by wooden partitions, not so closely arranged but that the prisoners on each side might see each other at a distance, if they were all out for exercise at the same time. Henceforth, the mother, aunt, and

sister had but one thought—that of making their walk upon the Tower coincide with that of "the little one." "We went up to the Tower very often," relates the princess royal, "because my brother also went there; and my mother's sole pleasure was to see him pass by through a little crevice." But it was only by a lucky chance that the presence of the prisoners on one side of the partition happened to be coincident with that of the child on the other. Nevertheless, the queen and her companions always went up when they were permitted to take the air; they were not sure that the young prince *would* come; but he *might*. How many long hours were thus passed in watching! With ears pressed against the planks, the poor recluses, all alert and silent, listened for the slightest movement on the stair; and O! what beating hearts were theirs when they heard the sound of footsteps coming up! Many, very many times they had to retire disappointed. And what they saw sometimes, it were better they had not seen. One day, after long watching, the queen beheld her child; he passed before her eyes, and she looked after him with a maternal longing; but from what she saw, and what she heard, she shrank back with horror and amazement, as before some ghastly and intolerable presence. The boy had left off wearing mourning for his father, and was arrayed in the most unseemly habiliments, with the odious bonnet rouge upon his head; and by the side of him there was the insolent Simon, giving utterance to incessant oaths and blasphemies! Eventually, she learned all his deplorable condition; learned that he was always spoken to with oaths, commanded by threats and blows, and that his tormentors wanted to force him to sing regicide songs and obscene parodies. As yet his mind was not much debased; but later on, that also was effected. They made him drunk with wine and brandy; they ruined his health by stifling confinement and improper food; they harassed him with endless toils; they taught him to sing at last a number of infamous and revolting songs; and, worst treachery of all, they made him subscribe his name to the most abominable slanders against his mother!

Poor, dishonored, overburdened mother! The world has dealt very hardly with thee; and for thy devoted head there are yet harder things in store. Wait a little, and

thou shalt be led through the fiery gates of pain and ignominy, which he whom thou lamentest has passed without returning! Why linger over the well-known fate of this beautiful and noble woman? We will not dwell upon the horrible details of her doom. It is doubtless known to you, O reader, that by the great French nation, "always just and generous," she was guillotined on the 16th of October, 1793. Let us rather pity than execrate the deed; for, misled by blinding passions and desperation, the people knew not what they did.

We have not space to crowd in half the anecdotes and incidents which have been collected, illustrative of the atrocities of Simon's discipline. Let it suffice to say, that they were all of the same character as those we have already given; and their effect, as we have seen, was to crush and debase his victim. Simon held his situation from the 3d of July, 1793, to the 19th of January of the succeeding year, when he was dismissed in consequence of a decree of the Council-General of the Commune. The Committee of Public Safety had come to regard the man's services as useless, and were of opinion that the members of the Council ought alone to superintend the prisoners of the Temple. Four of them were, accordingly, appointed to the charge; and the little dauphin was thenceforth subjected to a different system of management.

The new arrangements were concerted by Hébert and Chaumette—two of the most hateful characters that appear in the Revolution—and were such as reflected the merciless savagery of their natures. They restricted the prisoner's habitation to a single room—a back-chamber, without outlooks or connection, save with another room in front. The door of communication between the two was cut down, so as to leave it breast high, fastened with nails and screws, and grated from top to bottom with bars of iron. Half-way up was placed a shelf, on which the bars opened, forming a sort of wicket, closed by other movable bars, and fastened with an enormous padlock. By this wicket his coarse food was passed in to little Capet, and it was on the ledge that he had to put whatever he wanted to send away. It was the system of solitary confinement. He had room to walk in, a bed to lie upon; he had bread and water, and linen and clothes; but he had neither fire nor candle. His room

was warmed only by a stove-pipe, the stove being placed in the outer-room; it was lighted only by the gleam of a lamp suspended opposite the grating, through the bars of which, also, it was that the stove-pipe passed. By a fatal coincidence, the royal orphan was transferred to his new prison on the anniversary of the day of his father's execution.

But there was neither date nor anniversary for him thenceforth; months and weeks, day and night, the dancing hours as they sped round in their rotation—all were confused together in his mind, and produced only the impression of a continuous, unvarying perpetuity of suffering. Shut up in dim seclusion, with nothing but his thoughts and the most painful remembrances to dwell upon, the heavy hours rolled on in slow succession, prolonging and intensifying only a monotonous sensation of abandonment and isolation. The fresh air of heaven never came into his chamber; the light was dim that entered through the gratings; the victim did not see the hand that passed his food through the grated door; often he was left to shiver in the coldest weather without heat; and at other times his prison was like a furnace, from the reckless heaping of too much fuel in the stove. He heard no sound but the clang of bolts; no one came to cleanse his room; no one visited him when he was sick, or ministered to him in the helplessness of his prostration. Only, as the day closed in, a stern voice would call to him, and command him to go to bed, that the municipality might not be burdened by providing him with a light!

The day was weary, but the night was more intolerable. Darkness and silence came down with shuddering wings, and wrapped him in the folds of an insufferable embrace. In the long hours that preceded sleep, what crowding fears, what minatory apprehensions, did his quickened imagination summon up around his bed! The forms he knew of old came back to him; but not as he used to see them in the remembered foretime, with compassionate, loving eyes, and looks of approving gentleness; they rushed in with affrightened faces, forlorn and woe-worn, with beckoning fingers pointing to abysses of prospective wretchedness. In his dreams again he saw them; shadowy, gliding shapes, that sorrowed over him, but whose troubled countenances, and despairing gestures,

seemed evermore to tell him that hope had been banished from his life, and there was nothing left but the dungeoned grave in which he had been cast to perish. Then other forms came in—scowling, hideous, and malignant; with scoffing laugh, and menacing derision, bearing instruments of cruelty upon their shoulders—emissaries, as it seemed, of a terrible, inscrutable power which no faculty of his could comprehend—the omnipotent, remorseless Commune, that dethroned and beheaded kings, and doomed women and children to perpetual captivity; and in his fright, and in the agony thus produced, he would start up in his sleep, and quail to find himself awake. And there he lay, in his dread loneliness, through the long watches of the night, sleepless and unresting, till the dawn sent in some fragments of its beams through the grated and shuttered casement, and gave token that the beneficent daylight was resumming its empire over the earth.

And so the nights and days revolved with him, for weeks and months which he could not number; bringing no return of liberty, no hint or gleam of human sympathy or compassion. He lived the life of a caged animal, but was worse tended, inasmuch as his existence was esteemed of no account. His food was a watery soup, with some bits of bread in it, of which he received only two little portions in a day, along with a morsel of beef, a loaf, and a pitcher of water. His bed—a palliase and a mattress—which he was left to manage as he pleased, soon became unfit to sleep in, and no one cared to restore it to a state of wholesomeness and order. The commissaries of the Commune, who were removed daily, were almost all men of that ignoble class which the heavings of the Revolution had now raised to the surface of society. The food, the health, the existence of the child, were of no concern to them; their vigilance was limited to the watching of his person, that they might give an account of him from day to day, and pass him over to the charge of those that succeeded them in the duty. Most of them were cruel by nature, and the rest were rendered so by fear; the least mercy or misgiving being certain to be construed into defective patriotism or sympathy with tyrants. Thus the invariable treatment of the little prisoner was one of unpromising harshness. No one for a moment was affected by any consideration

for his comfort or convenience. Often the new commissaries appointed by the Council-General did not arrive at the Temple before midnight; when, preceded by a turnkey, they straightway went up to the "wolf-cub's" kennel, and a pitiless voice would call to him to make sure that he had not been carried off. If, on some occasions, plunged in the forgetfulness of sleep, he delayed a moment in replying, an arm, moved by disquietude, would open the turning wicket with a great noise, and the voice would cry, "Capet! Capet! are you asleep? Where are you? Young viper, get up!"

The child, waking with a start, would get out of bed and come trembling to the grating; "I am here, citizens," he would answer, as he feebly crawled along.

"Come here, that I may see you," exclaims the voice.

"Here I am; what do you want with me?"

"To see you," says Ceberus, turning his lantern on the opening. "All right. Get to bed. In! Down!"

Perhaps two or three hours afterward the enormous keys grated harshly again, and the iron door moved on its hinges: it was the turn of some commissaries who had been delayed, and who, no less zealous or curious than the first arrivals, wished to see the prisoner; thus bringing disturbance to a rest that was just again commencing, and terror to an imagination that was beginning to grow calm. The child was again obliged to get up and be inspected. During these visits the conversation between the municipals on guard, and those who were coming to relieve them, was oftentimes prolonged; a hundred idle questions were exchanged, bringing on a long interrogatory, in the course of which the child, half-naked, bathed in the perspiration of sleep, and shivering from the night air, was forced to stand and hear their cruel language, with the blazing lantern dazzling his eyes, injured and almost blinded by the effects of his dusky solitude. Under so much harassing and suffering, his frame became emaciated, his mind stupified and deadened, and all the springs of his affections were utterly dried up.

But still the lagging hours dragged round their heaviness, by night and day, through unnoted weeks and months, bringing only the same old burden of dull

inaction, dreary lassitude, noisome and unchanging isolation. Long ago he had ceased to sweep his room; ceased to move the palliase of his bed; abandoned all attempt to lift his mattress. His sheets were never changed; his blanket was worn to rags; he could not change his linen, nor repair his tattered clothes; nor even perform for himself the commonest acts of cleanliness. He ceased taking off his clothes when he crept to rest upon his bed, and lay down in his forlorn misery, like a leper in his loathsomeness. In his complete prostration he took no measure of his sufferings; his very instincts scarcely sufficed for the sustaining of his life. Remnants of unswallowed food were scattered over the floor, or lay festering among the rags upon his bed. Mice and rats came to share with him the possession of his room, and to feast upon the spoils, or the remains of his scant rations. Then great hideous black spiders—such as are only seen in dungeons—would crawl over his bed, and often in such numbers that he was fain to yield it up to them, and pass the remainder of the night upon his chair, with his elbows resting on the table. Everywhere there were dust, and dirt, and noisome filth; putrid vapors formed the atmosphere of the room, the windows whereof were never opened; his bed, the floor, the walls, were always damp; and vermin, in multitudes innumerable, swarmed and crawled continually about the place. "Everything is *alive* in that room!" said the scullion-boy, one day, as he took away the crockery, and glanced into the frightful den. Hideous and disgusting shapes of life verily infested everything therein, and preyed on the forlorn child, whose own life was given up to them! Never, perhaps, in any barbarous and benighted land, was there a sacrifice more merciless to the victim, or more revolting or disgraceful to humanity.

All this while the general citizens of Paris had no definite conception of what was going on within the Temple; the only rumor that reached them being to the effect that the health of the dauphin was visibly declining, and that he had become at length so much reduced as to be unable to stand or sit from weakness. Such was the state of matters when, after the fall of Robespierre, Barras, the new dictator, with several members of the

committees and deputies of the Convention, visited the Temple, to double the guard there, and receive from the troops the oath of fidelity to the new government. From some motive of interest or policy, Barras conceived that independently of the municipals, who relieved each other every day at the Tower, it would be desirable to have a permanent agent stationed there, in whom the government could repose entire confidence. Accordingly, on his proposition, the Committee afterward appointed Citizen Laurent to be official keeper to the royal children, and forthwith installed him in the Temple.

Laurent arrived there on the evening of the 29th of July, 1794, the day after the execution of our old friend Simon, who went with Robespierre and his associates to the scaffold. The new keeper was received by the municipals in the council-room, but it was not until two o'clock in the morning that they conducted him to the apartment of little Capet. One of the municipals called loudly to the prisoner, and after calling many times without an answer, there came at last a feeble 'Yes' from the interior, unaccompanied, however, by any movement on the part of the prostrate speaker. No amount of threatening could make him rise and come to the wicket; and it was, therefore, at a distance of twenty feet from him, and by the light of a candle turned upon his pallet, that the new keeper obtained his first glimpse of the little prisoner. He saw enough, however, to excite his feelings of horror and disgust at the poor child's condition. The very next day he addressed the Committee of Public Safety, requesting them to make a formal examination of the prison. Several members of the Committee, accordingly, repaired to the Temple for that purpose, and witnessed such a spectacle as made several of them shudder. In a dark room, exhaling an odor of corruption, on a dirty, unmade bed, barely covered with a filthy cloth and a ragged pair of trowsers, a child of nine years old was lying motionless; his back bent, his face wan and wasted, and all his features exhibiting an expression of mournful apathy and rigid unintelligence. They found his head and neck fretted by purulent sores; his legs and arms disproportionately lengthened; his knees and wrists covered with blue and yellow swellings; his feet and hands dis-

figured, so as to have no resemblance to human flesh; and his nails grown long and horny, like the claws of a wild animal. On his temples, his once beautiful fair hair was stuck fast, for want of combing, by an inveterate scurf-like pitch; and from head to foot his whole body was covered with vermin. On the table was his last meal, scarcely touched; and on being asked, several times, why he did not eat, he at length answered briefly, "I wish to die!" The visitors ordered the grated door to be taken down, and gave some other trivial directions; and then went their way, leaving Laurent with no definite instructions respecting how he was to proceed.

Laurent, however, being a man of benevolent feelings, and of some audacity, began at once to do what seemed to be required by the urgency of the case. He sent for water to wash the poor child's sores, and called a surgeon in to dress them; had the room thoroughly cleansed and purified; procured a fresh bed and clean linen; and obtained permission for a tailor to come and measure the boy for a new suit of clothes. In the course of a day or two, young Louis was restored to something like a state of wholesomeness, and supplied with nearly every common necessary. He was for some time indifferent to these attentions; but eventually understanding the design of them, he grew grateful and sensible to kindness, and became affectionately attached to his protector.

There were other good men, too, in this sad business, whom we have scarcely room to name. Let us not, however, quite look over thee, O brave Commissary Delboy! thou rusty blade of honor, who, with blunt manner and brief speech, camest one day into the Temple—14th November, 1794—and there produced a singular sensation! It is written of thee: "He had everything opened for his examination with fierce dispatch; but under this disagreeable and arrogant outside, there was soon visible an elevation of sentiment which very greatly astonished both keepers and the prisoner." Rough sans-culotte as he seemed, there was a dashing, audacious chivalry in his words and conduct. "Why this bad food?" said he. "If they were in the Tuileries, we might, indeed, contend against their having any food; but here, in our own hands, we should show clemency toward

them—the nation is generous! Why exclude the light? Under the reign of equality the sun shines for all, and they ought to be allowed their share of it. Why prevent them from seeing each other under the reign of fraternity?" Well might the little prince "open his eyes wide," as he watched every motion of the vehement visitor, whose expressions were so strong a contrast to his manners. "Would you not like, my boy," said he; "would you not be very glad to go and play with your sister? I don't see why the nation should recollect your origin, if you forget it yourself." Then turning toward Laurent and Gomin, he went on: "It is not his fault that he is the son of his father; he is nothing now but an unfortunate child; therefore, do not be hard upon him. The unfortunate belong to humanity, and the country is the mother of all her children." After going in this style through his turn of duty, Citizen Delboy quits the Temple, giving place to other commissaries, and appears no more in connection with our history.

Laurent and Gomin took courage from his behavior, and availed themselves of his example, to give their prisoner more advantages. When Laurent left the Temple, in March, 1795, to look after his own family affairs, which then required his attention, he was succeeded by Etienne Lanse, a house-painter, formerly of the French Guards, and more recently captain of a company of grenadiers. The man was obliged to leave his business, to undertake the duty thrust upon him by the Commune. Nevertheless, he proved himself a firm and benevolent guardian to little Louis; attending to him, conversing with him, and amusing him, so as materially to lighten the protracted dreariness of his confinement. The poor boy grew very fond of him, and was very thankful for his kindness, and resigned and docile under his generous control. To any humane mind, it cannot be otherwise than pleasing to learn that all the latter months of the long-neglected orphan's duration were rendered as mild and endurable as men of noble minds and willing hands could make them, under the restraints of a jealous and unsympathizing supervision. Honored, to all posterity, be the names of Laurent, Lanse, and Gomin!

But no amount of kindness, no assiduity of attention, could bring back health

to the frame, or befitting elasticity to the spirits, which had been so long and so cruelly depressed. The little prisoner was gradually, but obviously, sinking under the enormous burden which had been laid upon him to bear. In the month of May, 1795, Gomin and Lanse became really alarmed at his condition. They straightway informed the government that "little Capet was dangerously ill." Finding no attention paid to their statement, they added, in their next report: "It is feared he will not live;" and after a three days' delay, a physician was sent to give the invalid such assistance as his art could afford. His prescriptions had small effect upon the patient, who was, indeed, too far gone to be ever again restored, unless under the influences of country air and liberty. "The progress of the disease was shown by very alarming symptoms; his weakness was excessive; his keepers could scarcely drag him to the top of the Tower; the walking hurt his tender feet, and at every step he stopped to press the arm of Lanse with both hands upon his breast, as if he felt his heart sinking within him. At last, he suffered so much that it was no longer possible for him to walk, and his keeper carried him about, sometimes on the platform, and sometimes in the Little Tower where the royal family had lived at first. But the slight improvement to his health, occasioned by the change of air, scarcely compensated for the pain which the fatigue gave him."

He was removed to a more airy room; but though the change was pleasant to him, it had no permanent effect. Nothing, indeed, could revive an existence worn out by so much suffering; and all that the medical art could do for him, was to soften the last stages of his incurable disease. He sank day by day, till at last he had no strength left. Nevertheless, his mind retained its faculties in perfect clearness. He evidently pondered much on the hardships and miseries of his life. There was a mysteriousness about them which he sought in vain to comprehend. On the night of the 7th of June, while Gomin was with him in his chamber, his eye alternately dimmed and sparkled, and a large tear rolled slowly down his cheek.

"What is the matter?" asked Gomin.

"Always alone!" replied the child. "My dear mother remains in the other Tower!"

He had never been informed of his mother's death, nor of his Aunt Elizabeth's, who was guillotined shortly afterward. There was now no one of his family in the Tower except his sister.

On the morning of the 8th of June the physicians—there were now two of them—issued bulletins to the effect that the prince's life was in unquestionable peril. As Gomin was afterward watching by his bed, he remarked to the little patient, "I am very unhappy to see you suffering so much."

"Take comfort," said the child; "I shall not suffer always!"

Gomin knelt down, that he might be nearer to him. The child took his hand, and pressed it to his lips. The pious heart of Gomin prompted an ardent prayer—one of those prayers that misery wrings from man, and love sends up to God. The child did not let go the faithful hand that still remained to him, and raised his eyes to heaven while Gomin prayed for him. Some hours afterward, Lanse was present alone, sitting near the bed, when suddenly the prince looked at him with a fixed and dreamy eye. A little while before he had fancied he heard music, and he asked his attendant whether he thought it had been heard also by his sister. Lanse could not answer. The anguished glance of the dying boy turned eagerly to the window; and then turning toward his keeper, and looking intently in his face, he exclaimed abruptly, "I have something to tell you!" Lanse came close to him, and took his hand; the prisoner's little hand leaned on the good man's shoulder, who listened; but no further word was uttered. The lips that spoke were silent; the throbbing heart no longer beat; the heir of all the Capets had gone over to the immortals! He was just ten years, two months, and twelve days old.

Two days afterward the body was buried in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, by the Rue Saint Bernard. No mound was raised over the grave; no stone or other memorial erected to mark the spot; it was the desire of the revolutionary rulers to conceal it; and to this day no one has ever been able to find it out. The only monument or shrine he has ever had, is that which his innocence and his sufferings have built up in the mystical and expansive sanctuary of a remembering human pity!

IMPROPRIETY OF BEING UNWELL.

THE elder D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, devotes an essay to the subject of "Medicine and Morals," in which he enlarges, after his manner, on the conjecture of Descartes, that as the mind seems so dependent on the disposition of the bodily organs, if any means can be found to render men wiser and cleverer than before, such a method should be sought from the assistance of medicine. "Our domestic happiness," says the essayist, "often depends on the state of our biliary and digestive organs, and the little disturbances of conjugal life may be more efficaciously cured by the physician than by the moralist; for a sermon misapplied will never act so directly as a sharp medicine." Dryden, we are reminded, was neither whimsical nor peculiar when he adopted a strict regimen as a *sine quâ non* to successful authorship: a fact ridiculed in the *Rehearsal*, where he is made to declare, in the person of Bayes, "When I have a grand design, I ever take physic and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part." For such a trifle, indeed, as "a sonnet to Amanda, and the like," Mr. Bayes finds he need go no further than "stewed prunes only;" but for "a grand design," nothing less will serve than the blood-letting and the radical aperient process. So Lord Byron confesses: "The thing that gives me the highest spirits (it seems absurd, but true) is a dose of salts; but one can't take *them* like champagne." And Carneades, we are assured—an inveterate polemic of ancient days—used to take wholesale doses of white hellebore, a strong drastic medicine.

Reason or speculate as we may about mind and matter, about soul and body—their interaction and co-relation—the fact of their intimate union remains, amid all the conjectural variations of physiology and of metaphysics, a "constant quantity," a "chief that winna ding." As remarked by Jerome Cardan's latest biographer—and Cardan is certainly himself a memorable example in point—the physical life of a man cannot be dissociated fairly from his intellectual and moral life, when we attempt to judge him by the story of his actions. "The day may come when somebody shall teach us how to estimate

the sum of human kindness that proceeds from good digestion and a pure state of the blood—the disputes and jealousies that owe their rise entirely to the liver of a number of the disputants—or how much fretfulness, how many outbursts of impatience, how much quick restlessness of action, are produced by the condition of the nervous matter." There is a rather humiliating truth in Sir James Stephens's saying, that an acid on Cæsar's stomach would have rendered vain what was Cæsar's boast—that he could address each of his legionaries by name.

"Distemper'd nerves
Infect the thoughts: the languor of the frame
Depresses the soul's vigor."

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" is a question not to be hastily followed by the resolve, "Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none on't!" so often may it be found that hours of mental disturbance, growing from a transient and acute to a deep chronic form—hours during which the mind is heaping up charges against itself, and is perhaps severely or piteously scrutinized by others, as though it were the one and efficient cause of its own malady—are, in reality, due to some derangement of a simple bodily kind. The most luridly blue of blue devils may often be laid by a blue pill, long after pastoral visitation has failed, and good books been found weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable; and in hosts of cases of every-day occurrence, the blackest of black horrors, storming the soul and shaking it to its foundations, may be wonderfully relieved of their blackness of darkness by the judicious "exhibition" of a timely black draught.

Sydney Smith declared that the longer he lived, the more he was convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca; and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages—from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place, &c. "The deception," he says, "as practised upon human creatures, is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late; he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these esculent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in the city, and to retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's

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[Faint, mostly illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. Some words like "observed for many" and "day to the excess" are partially visible.]

you would ride every morning ten or twelve miles before breakfast, and fling yourself into a profuse perspiration. No man ever stopped in a speech that had lasted so long and copiously that day."

Sydney Smith's initials stand for Sound Sense, and he does seem at times the embodiment of it. We cannot refrain from another draught upon his *Practical Essays*—the one in which he insists on the infinite importance, in order to be healthy, of studying the body, since unpleasant feelings of the body produce corresponding sensations in the mind, insofar as that a great scene of wretchedness can be sketched out by a "morsel of intemperate and misguided food." True, he sets no new rules, no original or revolutionary hints upon bodily regimen; but as he says, the common rules are the best—exercise without fatigue; generous diet without excess; early rising; and moderation in sleeping. "These are the maxims of old women; but if they are not attended to, happiness becomes so extremely difficult, that very few persons are able to attain to it." In which point of view, he is right in contending that the health of the body becomes a subject of great attention and importance. He refers to Johnson's saying, that every man is a fool when he is sick; meaning, it may be supposed, that he has no benevolent dispositions at that period toward his fellow-creatures, but that his notions become narrow of his bodily feelings, and that, *feeling ill*, he becomes malevolent, which, if a part of great diseases, is true in a less degree of the smaller ailments of the body. Carlyle draws a piquant contrast between Johnson's biographer, "one day flaunting the ring of vanity, tarrying by the wine-pipe, and crying, 'Aha! the wine is red;' the next day deploring his down-pressed, right-shaded, quite poor estate, and thinking it unkind that the whole movement of the universe should go on, while *his* digestive apparatus had stopped!" Set Emerson's digestive apparatus agoing again, and he will take quite kindly the movement of the universe, and watch with good-will the wanderings of the planets, and listen, all attention, to the music of the spheres.

Sir Francis Head states his firm belief, that almost every malady of the human frame is, either by high-ways or by-ways, connected with the stomach:

"The woes of every other member
Are founded on your belly-timber;"

and he owns that never does he see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, or, with a silver spoon on his tongue, importantly peering down his throat, without feeling a desire to exclaim: "Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, 'Sir, you've eaten too much—you've drunk too much—and you've not taken exercise enough?'" That these are the real causes of every one's illness, he considers proved by the fact, "that those savage nations who live actively and temperately, have only one disorder—death!" The human frame, he maintains, was not created imperfect; it is we ourselves who have made it so. "There exists no donkey in creation so overladen as our stomachs; and it is because they groan under the weight so cruelly imposed upon them, that we are seen driving them before us in such herds to one little brunnen." Sydney Smith, again, in a letter to Lady Holland, emphatically contends that all people above the condition of laborers are ruined by excess of stimulus and nourishment. "I never yet," he says, "saw any gentleman who ate and drank as little as was reasonable."

He once made an elaborate calculation about eating and drinking, the result showing that he himself, between the ages of ten and seventy, had eaten and drunk forty-four horse wagon-loads more than would have kept him alive and well; a mass of nourishment which he rates at the value of £7000 sterling. Writing to his old friend, Lord Murray, he observes: "You are, I hear, attending more to diet than heretofore. If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half what you *could* eat and drink." And again he tells Sir G. Phillips: "I have had no gout, nor any symptom of it: by eating little, and drinking only water, I keep body and mind in a serene state, and spare the great toe. Looking back at my past life, I find that all my miseries of body and mind have proceeded from indigestion. Young people in early life should be thoroughly taught the moral, intellectual, and physical evils of indigestion." "How frantic," exclaims an honest old (long-forgotten, but lately restored) poet, John Oldham—

"How frantic is the wanton epicure,
Who a perpetual surfeit will endure,
Who places all his chiefest happiness
In the extravagances of excess,
Which wise sobriety esteems but a disease!"

"Long sittings at meat," says Montaigne, "both trouble me and do me harm; for perhaps from having, for want of something better to do, accustomed myself to it from a child, I eat all the while I sit." Hence he found it expedient to keep out of the way of meals altogether whenever he wished to preserve his vigor for the service of some action of body or mind; "for both the one and the other," he confesses, "are cruelly dulled in me by repletion." In Dr. Chalmers's diary, again, are not unfrequently to be seen entries to the same purport as this: "Incapable of study, and in great physical discomfort. How shameful; and let me here record my humbling sense of it, that this was in great part due to excess at table, which has made me bilious, and alive to all sorts of plague and persecution." And others in poor Haydon's, of this kind: "My spirits light from pure digestion. I am now convinced that depression of spirits is owing to repletion. [This was written in 1811; and in 1843 he added to the entry this note of confirmation: 'Thirty-two years' experience confirms this impression.'] I have curtailed my allowance of animal food, and find myself able to work after dinner without interruption," &c.

The study of health, in short, is a matter of importance, whether considered on selfish grounds of personal comfort, or on higher principles of duty, as a means toward our doing and being good in our generation. "Be temperate and sober," says Sir Thomas Browne—treating it as a question of *Christian Morals*—"not to spare your purse, nor simply to enjoy health; but, in one word, that thereby you may truly serve God, which every sickness will tell you you cannot well do without health." But need we, then, interrupt our daily business for the sake of studying medicine? By no means; for the laws of health have been proved to be as simple as the elements of arithmetic or geometry: it being only requisite that a man should open his eyes to perceive the three great forces which support health, namely, sleep, diet, exercise; and the three great laws of health—namely, motion, temperance, and rest—are, in effect, taught to

every man by his personal experience. "The difficulty is—as in so many other cases, not for the understanding, but for the will—not to know, but to execute." And here steps in casuistry, and shows that in every case of duty unfulfilled, or duty imperfectly fulfilled, in consequence of illness, languor, decaying spirits, &c., there is a high probability—under the age of sixty-five, almost a certainty—that a part of the obstacle is due to self-neglect. "Many men fancy that the slight injuries done by each act of intemperance, are like the glomerations of moonbeams upon moonbeams—myriads will not amount to a positive value. Perhaps they are wrong: possibly every act, nay, every separate pulse or throb of intemperate sensation, is numbered in our own future actions; reproduces itself in some future perplexity; comes back in some reversionary shape that injures the freedom for action of all men, and makes good men afflicted." Hence casuistry urges the care of health as the basis of all moral action; because, in fact, of all *perfectly voluntary* action. For the casuist shows that every impulse of bad health jars or untunes some string in the fine harp of the human will; and since a man cannot be a moral being but in the proportion of his free action, therefore is it clear that no man can be in a high sense moral, except in so far as through health he commands his bodily powers, and is not commanded by them. It is thus the good man's life-long effort to bring both body and mind into a state in which, as Isaac Taylor expresses it, "the utmost possible may be done and borne."

ALIENATION FROM GOD.—There is a vast curiosity in the mind of man, and the world abounds with objects to gratify it. The heavens, the earth, the sea, are full of wonders; and had not man sinned, he might always have read the book of nature with new delight, and have seen the glory of God in every line. But now, unhappy fallen man turns his back upon God, while he surveys his works, and thinks every trifle better worth his notice than his Maker. In infancy, in youth, in middle life, in old age, a constant succession of vanities courts his attention, and he seldom, perhaps never, thinks of beholding Christ till he dies and appears before his awful tribunal.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE GRAVE.

THE grave! the grave! Slow does that dread word come stealing in, unbidden, in the pause of thought, like the muffled tread of ghostly footsteps! How like a knell it smites on the unwilling ear; in vain we seek to close its portals against the unwelcome sound: it is already reverberating in sullen echoes through all the chambers of the soul. We turn our thoughts outward for relief. We call up all smiling pictures, all bright and jocund scenes, that they may beguile us of our sadness. But, ever and anon, when our pulses begin to beat lightly, and we are almost glad again, that dreadful sound rolls back with a tenfold power over our weak and trembling spirit.

O the grave, the *inevitable* grave! Shall we, indeed, sleep within its cold bosom? Must these limbs, now so active and buoyant, be confined at last? Will the husband, the wife, or the child, bend over us *for the last time*, in agony, and we lying all unconscious there? Will there come no aid, no deliverance, before the coffin-lid shuts darkly down? Is it closed, sealed, *sealed forever*? Must they bear us heavenly forth from these rooms, our friends and neighbors all sitting in silence there? Shall we pass, so helplessly, through these familiar doors, and thus travel, in sad and slow procession, to the burial-ground? That fresh-heaped earth—does it mark *our* grave? Are they lowering us gently, but still down, down into the dismal pit? And now will they withdraw those friendly cords, our last hold on the blessed air and light above? That handful of earth, does it fall, with its dull, leaden sound, on *our* bosom?

What! have they left us already—those holy words from the pastor's lips still trembling on the coffin-lid? Is it the rattle of retreating wheels? the sexton, is he, too, gone? *Could they not watch one hour?*

Yes; they are all gone. The gate has shut on its creaking hinges, the key has turned in its rusty wards, *and we are alone*. Alone! dreadful word! Could they not at least leave us one little torch, whose friendly beam should bear us mute, but welcome company; something whose daily tendance should compel them hither?

And now the dreary twilight comes swiftly on; the damp mists creep up from the valley, and the old tree-tops rock, and moan, and toss their withered arms in the chill night wind. There sits that solitary owl, on the white tomb-stone, blinking dismally on our fresh-made grave. The shadows fall faster and more chill. Ah! sad and lonely is our narrow bed.

Yonder, in the distance, beams the cheerful house light. It is the light of *home*; but it beams not for us; for look! those doors which *yawned* to-day to let us forth, are now shut and barred against us. Yet there is grief within; silent and sad they sit before the fire, and watch the blue smoke as it creeps up from the smoldering pile. Our vacant chair is there; but they turn from it, as from a ghostly presence.

It will not always be thus. The eye, now heavy with weeping, will grow bright again; the wan cheek will wear the smile of joy; *the empty chair will be taken away*; years will pass on; children will prattle in other ears; these shrouded rooms, these silent halls, will resound with festive mirth; the death-chamber, even that will thoughtless footsteps press; bridal hymns will be sung; holy hands will rest in blessing on infant brows; the dead will be again borne forth—but *we shall not be there*.

Those nearest and dearest, those whose love never loses its morning freshness, will come and lie by our side. Our friends and neighbors will, for a little time, recall our looks and tones with cordial words; but they, too, will pass away. Soon there will not remain, in all the earth, one who ever looked on our face, or took us by the hand, and our very name will fade from human remembrance.

Is the grave then so lonely? Is there no healing balm that distills, like dew, on the soul, "when thoughts of the last bitter hour come like a blight over thy spirit, and sad images of the stern agony, and shroud and pall, and breathless darkness, and the narrow house, make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart? Will not the green grass spring again over thy grave? Will not loving hands plant violets there, and soft showers water them? Will not the eastern sun fleck it with rosy light, and sunset clouds pour over it a crimson glory? Will not the trees weave

their protecting boughs above, and birds sing among the branches? More than all, will not the sad mourner, who hung in mute agony over thy dying couch, here, kneeling under the open sky, learn to mingle hope with sighs, and praise with tears?

Yes; peaceful is the grave, where the old man, whose frosted locks are whitened by many winters, drops his pilgrim staff, and lies down to rest. There the young mother lays again in his bosom the innocent babe, on whose pure brow death left but smiling tokens. There sleeps the Christian pastor, and, one by one, his flock gather by his side. There high and low, rich and poor, the stranger and the outcast, and the cherished of many hearts, all rest peacefully together in God's holy sepulcher.

Will they always sleep thus? Tell me, O grave! thou that hidest our treasures from us, wilt thou never restore? Will the earth garner her seed forever? Will no sound ever awaken

"Dull death's heavy ear?"

Lo! a soft, penetrating light steals through the air; it comes hitherward; it dispels the shadows; it covers the graves. Look! it streams from yonder mound; there stand the Shining Ones; they bend reverently; they gaze into the open sepulcher: "He is not here; he is risen."

O, holy sound! O, blessed words! The white-winged angels hear them, and hasten hither; and as they hover over the sacred spot, they take up the glad refrain, "He is risen! He is risen!" Earth, too, hears the mighty anthem, and repeats it to the multitudes that slumber in her bosom.

Eastward stands, wide open, the golden gate, still bright with the luster of the ascended Redeemer. It shall no more be shut, day nor night; but it shall be a highway for the angels, as they pass and re-pass from heaven to earth, and all the blessed shall go through it up to the Eternal City.

And now, since Christ hath lain in the grave, it is a sweet and holy spot; light from the eternal battlements rests ever upon it; spire-laden breezes from the heavenly hills are wafted hither; the murmur of the River of Life is in our ears; and the earth-worn spirit rests in peace till the resurrection morn; "for so He giveth his beloved sleep."

SALEM HEREPATH:

A PURITAN STORY.

IT was New Year's Eve. The log-fire burning on the broad hearth of Recompense Herepath cheerfully contrasted with the snow and ice outside. It was a cold, dreary, bleak winter's day in America, when America was two hundred years younger than it is now, and when from England and from Holland, the Nonconformists were beginning to find a home where they might worship God in peace. Recompense Herepath was the staid mother of many children. She loved them all dearly—her daughters Joy and Makepeace, her niece Patience, and none better than her youngest son, Salem, a well-made, handsome boy, used to rough work and a rough life, "being weaned," as Recompense was wont to say, "from the delicacies of the old country."

Besides being New Year's Eve, it was the Sabbath, and these old Puritan colonists never forgot the sacred duties of that day, though they had to assemble in the open fields, or beneath the forest trees. God was felt to be ever present with them; and one of their chroniclers says, "Little children, in the hour of death, became transfigured, as it were, and testifying of their faith and their assurance of immortality, became a marvel to all."

They had worshiped God that day, and after prayer and reading, and after they had raised a psalm in the wilderness, singing the Lord's song in a strange land, the preacher had directed their thoughts to God's wondrous mercy towards them since the day when the Pilgrim Fathers first kept Sabbath in the new land. He had told them (for he remembered it well) how thick and fast the snow was falling on that January day; how the Lord's hand was heavy upon them, and they seemed to have come from a paradise of plenty into a wilderness of wants, but how they had been sustained, like Paul of old; and how still, trusting in God's mercy, and humbly bearing his corrections, they had reason to make melody in their hearts, and say the Lord had done great things for them, whereof they were glad.

Now, Recompense Herepath and her family had been talking about all this. She, like a God-fearing woman as she was, had been what we should call catechising them about the sermon; and her

niece Patience, and her daughters Joy and Makepeace, and her son Salem, all had shown that they remembered much of what the pastor said. Salem, especially, recollected the discourse, and was able to point out texts with wonderful facility; and Recompense thought in her heart that her son would one day be a gospel preacher that should help to spread the light of truth over the darkened land. So she thought, and so she prayed in her heart; and as she looked fixedly at the burning embers on the hearth, saw many a fanciful picture, perhaps, that she would fain have realized if God would.

Suddenly the latch of the door was raised, and an old man entered. He was a very old man, and his hair was white as snow, and his face wrinkled: he wore a stout coat, and a black velvet cap, and supported his weight on a thick oak staff.

Recompense Herepath and her children rose up as the old man entered. He uttered words of peace and blessing, and sat down on a green log that served for a bench.

"Sister," he said, "there is bad news for us all, and the great God only knows what may come of it."

They looked on the old man, and waited, standing, for him to proceed. He was their pastor, and they honored him as Christ's minister.

"Some of the young men," he went on, "have come into contact with the Indians. They started forth yesterday to return before night, but they have only now returned, and not all—one has been slain. They have trespassed on Indian ground, have fished in Indian waters, have quarreled and fought with the Red men, and roused up all the old angry feelings which we had hoped were dead and buried, and would know no resurrection."

"We are in God's hands," said Recompense. "He can make a wall of fire round about us to deliver us; he can save us from the violence of the spoiler; and he can also preserve us from the axe of the Red man."

"Would we could convert these Indians, instead of slaying them. We might well give them something better than death in return for these rivers and green hills—this grass, these meadows, and fresh water. Truly, I would rather labor, day and night, at the hoe or at the oar, than wrong these wild, untutored children of our common

Father; and I fear me, Recompense, I fear me, we settlers have done so."

"We are in God's hands," said Recompense again.

"Truly; and in God must be our defense. I have been round the settlement to certify of our danger, and bade the people pray. Mind you, Mistress Recompense, when Governor Winthrop gave away his last handful of meal, the provision ship was espied at the mouth of the harbor. How, when the corn withered in blade and stalk, we called upon our God; and as we cried, the rain-clouds gathered, and the showers fell, and a plentiful harvest crowned the year. Yes, let us look to God: 'The poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his trouble.'"

"Hark!" cried little Salem. They listened. The wind was blowing strongly, nothing else but that. Hark! Was that the wind? No; it was the bark of a watch-dog. The old man arose, and leaning on his staff, prayed silently. After a few moments' pause, he spoke:

"The setting up of God's church in the wilderness," he said, "which should have been so pure and glorious, has been stained with blood. Would God we had no settlement here, no right from England to hold this land. When the rocks were our pillows our rest was pleasant."

The wind bore on the sound of many feet. Then came the sharp crack of firearms, then a shout—they knew too well to be raised by Indian voices—"Owanox! Owanox!" ("The English! the English!")

The quiet Puritan settlement was now a scene of violence and bloodshed. Settlers and Indians fought desperately; but from the first it was evident that the Indians would prevail. The houses were fired. The village was in flames. The Indians formed a ring around it to shoot with their arrows, or cut down and scalp, all who attempted to escape. Some few did escape. Two or three were taken prisoners, among them a boy eleven years old, or thereabouts, who was seized by an Indian and dragged out of the flames. This boy was Salem.

When the work of destruction was complete, the Indians retreated. Of the Puritan settlement they left but a heap of smoldering ruins. The boy Salem was tightly bound, and placed between two tall,

strong Indians. If he had been a good deal stronger, wiser, and older than he was, he could not have escaped. So he was marched on and on, through the thick tangled forests, over the high hills, down into the deep green valleys, out and away into the wilderness. He was weary; his blistered feet would scarcely support him; but he was hurried on till they reached an Indian village. He was then shut up in an unoccupied wigwam, and left without any victuals till the morning. It was a sorrowful New Year's night for him. But Salem trusted in God that he would deliver him. Next day the Indians gave the boy a piece of broiled meat and a drink of water. After that they brought him out to the center of the village. There he found the Indians, with their high feathers and painted faces, sitting in a group smoking, while the Indian women and children sat in another group, at a short distance off. Now the Indians had resolved to put the boy to death, but they wanted to obtain information about the settlers before they did so; one, therefore, of their number, who understood a little English, was to question the child and report his answers to the rest.

"Let the pale-face tell us his name and his age." This was the first question, and without hesitation the boy replied. They then asked him about the white settlers at another English village, not far off. The child suspected mischief, and refused to tell. The Indians grew angry. They no longer used soft words. They threatened frightful punishments, cruelties such as it seems hardly possible any men would inflict on a defenseless child, but which they were only too ready to perform.

"Are you not afraid, little one, of the torment?" asked the Indian who acted as interpreter for the rest.

"I am not afraid of those that can kill the body," the boy said; "I fear Him who can kill the soul."

When his reply was made known to the Indians, they were surprised at his firmness, and thought, at first, he bore some magical charm which would save him; so they asked in what he trusted, and he answered, "In the great God of heaven and earth, that is, the Father of both the pale-face and the red-skin."

Then the Indians sent the child back to the wigwam, and he knelt down and

thanked God for his deliverance. For eighteen years little Salem continued with the Indians. He became a favorite with the tribe, and dwelt with them happily. The child-talker was a wonder to them all, and the wisdom which he had learned from the Book of Wisdom, child as he was, he was made able to communicate to them. His religion was the means of his preservation, and that religion was soon seen in its influence on the Indian tribe. They journeyed on toward the Far West, and the child went with them. He saw the mighty rivers and the broad prairies long before any other European beheld them. He mingled with the tribe freely, and grew beloved by all. He was a friend to them, though he never seemed as one of them—the pale-face was a marvel and a blessing to the red-skin.

After eighteen years, Salem died, and they buried him. But the influence of his life did not die with him. Years afterward a Puritan preacher fell in with the tribe, and he told them the story of the cross. But they knew it already. His surprise was great, and so was theirs, that these Indians and himself should know, and hold, and love the same creed. And when he asked them how and why it was, they told him of the pale-faced child, and the religion that he had taught them; and tears were on the cheeks of the red-skins as they spake of his death. So the tribe was known as the Praying Indians. Out of the mouth of a babe God had perfected praise, and from the lips of a child these proud Indians had given up the faith of their fathers.

"Out of small beginnings," said Governor Bradford, "great things have been produced;" and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea, to a whole nation.

TIME is like a ship which never anchors: while I am on board I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing, than practise such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore. Whatever I do, I would think what will become of it when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it; if bad, I will either leave off where I am, or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrif, sells away the inheritance, while it is but in reversion: but virtue, husbanding all things well, is a purchaser.—*Feltham*.

[For the National Magazine.]

AN EARNEST MINISTRY.

IT is said that a clergyman once proposed a question to the celebrated actor, Garrick, why it is that the stage produces a stronger impression than the pulpit, when the pulpit deals in *truth*, and the stage in *fiction*? to which the actor replied: "Because the stage deals in *fiction* as if it were *truth*, while the pulpit deals in *truth* as if it were *fiction*."

It is an interesting question, how the actor of a farce is able to give it the air of truth. It may be supposed that it is by an affectation of emotions and passions that he does not feel—an exact counterfeit of the outward expression of feeling. This solution of the question is not to us entirely satisfactory, and we shall, therefore, venture to propose another.

The actor possesses himself of the truthfulness of the plot and details of a story. The imagination becomes excited, and so completely overrules the reasoning powers, that the circumstances of the tale—the conflicts, the reverses, the escapes, the catastrophe—pass before the mind, not merely as veritable history, but as present to the senses. The actor seems to himself to be the hero whom he represents. Hence he performs his part with heart, with power, with a tragic effect which makes his audience feel, in spite of themselves, that they see the real character before them, suffering or rejoicing, weeping or laughing, triumphing or dying; and the same feelings are excited which the facts themselves would inspire. An actor must reproduce surprising scenes in such a manner as to surprise; he must so represent pleasant scenes as to delight; he must so present tales of woe as to make his audience weep. If he fails in these objects, his performance itself turns out a failure; and fail he will, unless he has an imagination, and emotional power, which take him away from himself, and from the real objects and scenes around him, and impart to him the very being of his hero; surrounding him by the companions with whom he conversed, and the circumstances which molded his character and framed his destiny.

This we take to be the true explanation of the truthful and striking exhibitions of the benevolent and the malevolent

passions made upon the stage. The actor is sad or joyous; confiding or jealous; loves or hates; is forgiving or revengeful; is reconciled or murders; breaks out into ecstasies, or commits suicide, as the case may be, living the life and being moved by the passions of his hero. Mere imitators never attain to this sublime elevation of the imagination. Their efforts want truth to nature, and, consequently, they fail to produce tragic effect. They produce a mere representation, a mere shadow, of the persons and scenes they represent, and, consequently, they fail to reach the great deep of the heart, and are set down as third or fourth rate actors.

Such we take to be the true philosophy of the impressiveness of the stage. And, if we are not mistaken, it differs in nothing essential from the philosophy of the power and impressiveness of the pulpit.

A minister of the Gospel must imbibe the spirit of the great Teacher, and *feel* the truth and the power of what he teaches. His zeal must arise from conviction, and his utterances must proceed from an inward force that no outward pressure can repress or retard. He must be able to say, with St. Paul, "Necessity is laid upon me, and woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." It is not the necessity of physical force, or the mere necessity of authority or of fear, but the necessity of responsibility, the necessity of love.

A *divine call* is indispensably necessary to the inward moral force and impulses of a preacher of the Gospel. This call will be followed by a high sense of responsibility to God. It will be both preceded and attended by a profound sense of the worth of souls; a sympathy for fallen humanity; a love for the race, and a strong desire to promote human happiness upon the largest possible scale. The awful fact that man is a *sinner*, and the astonishing and glorious truth that Christ died for sinners, must stand out before him, not as mere abstractions, but as truths of high import. What a fearful thing sin is, in its nature and consequences; and what mighty love it was that moved the Son of God to give his life for sinners, must not merely be matters of reflection, but they must stir up the great deep of the soul, bring into activity all its powers and passions, and set it into a blaze of holy enthusiasm. The convictions of a true minister of the Lord Jesus amount to in-

piration; his inward feelings are a divine afflatus.

The imagination is sanctified, and the realization of the sublime truths which he unfolds, is as perfect as is consistent with this mortal state. The divinely authorized preacher feels himself standing "in Christ's stead," beseeching men to "be reconciled to God." He is David sweeping the strings of Zion's harp, and striking the highest, sweetest notes of praise. He is Isaiah crying, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." He is Daniel bending the knee, in profound reverence, before the mighty God, foretelling the universal triumph of Messiah's kingdom, and foreseeing the Ancient of days seated upon his fiery throne of judgment. He is Peter preaching, on the day of Pentecost, repentance, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. He is Paul, standing up "in the midst of Mars Hill," and crying, "God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent; because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead;" and declaring before King Agrippa, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds;" and before Felix, the Roman governor, reasoning "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." He is the beloved disciple, breaking out, with heavenly sweetness, "Little children, love one another."

Thus the spirit of prophets and apostles is perpetuated in the church; we live in the ages of inspiration, and the glorious days of the old confessors and martyrs are realized in our own times. It is this spirit that constitutes an earnest ministry. It is "feeling the powers of the world to come." St. John says, "That which we have seen with our eyes, and our hands have handled of the word of life." It is seeing, tasting, and handling the word of life, that baptizes the soul with its vital power, and makes the living ministry a true expression of its great ideal. It is breathing the atmosphere of heaven; bathing in the stream of redeeming love; hold-

ing communion with apostles and prophets, until we imbibe their spirit, and live their life, which will prepare us to wake up the slumbering, raise the dead, and set the world in a blaze.

The true earnestness of the Christian ministry has a striking illustration in the great apostle of the Gentiles. We see it not only in his public addresses, but in his whole life. That life was one of labor and sacrifice. He endured hardships and perils almost without number. He traveled to distant countries; wrought with his own hands to supply his physical wants; was in perils among robbers and among false brethren; suffered shipwrecks; was a night and a day in the deep; experienced hunger and nakedness, and counted all things but loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ. He was a voluntary debtor to the Jews and to the Greeks; to barbarians and Scythians; to the wise and to the unwise; to the bond and to the free. With him the Gospel was everything; the end of his life was the conversion of sinners; the great idea completely subjected his powers, and constantly held them under its dominion.

The earnestness of which we speak is not necessarily noisy, and is never extravagant and fanatical. It may have inequalities and irregularities which would scarcely bear cold criticism. So have the mountain heights their crags and chasms; but so long as it is the outburst of inward feeling, inspired by the Holy Ghost, and the expression of deep and honest convictions, it is neither madness nor extravagance. The counterfeit of true earnestness of spirit is that affected, forced, ostentatious, extravagant, made-up excitement, which stuns the senses and bewilders the understanding, while it leaves behind it no good moral impression. It is noisy, but hollow; it is merely the show of great zeal, where there is nothing at the bottom but an unaccountable pride of appearances, and an obstinate purpose to force the world into an acknowledgment of superior religious attainments.

Bishop Asbury was a most shrewd observer and critic of men and manners. He studied his men; observed all their movements; pondered every casual remark he heard made about them, and often asked questions about them, calculated to elicit remarks which might help him in forming

a right estimate of the precise points, both of strength and of weakness of character, which was most prominently developed. An old preacher once related to us a circumstance which is illustrative of this fact, and also of the subject in hand. Coming into the district of a certain presiding elder, he met a plain, common-sense local preacher. "Is Brother — much engaged?" asked the bishop. The shrewd old brother answered, "He hollars!" "He! he!" was all the bishop's reply. In his "Journal," this discriminating old sage, speaking of the religious exercises of the people in a certain place, says, "We have the form of the power of godliness." A grand distinction is here indicated. There is a mighty difference between "the power of godliness," and the mere *form*, or the *outward show* of the power of godliness.

Noisy, boisterous preachers, are not always earnest preachers. A man who makes a great noise in the pulpit, and in social meetings; who thunders and storms until he stuns the ears of his hearers, and nearly splits his own throat, and everywhere else wears the air of levity and worldliness, may be called a *noisy preacher*, or a *loud professor* of religion; but he really is not a truly *earnest* preacher, nor an *earnest Christian*. Boisterous mirth is no evidence of feelings of pleasure; nor are extravagant demonstrations of excited feelings any evidence of real earnestness.

Is such a ministry still needed? Is there anything in the temper of the times which bears upon this question? It is sometimes supposed that *zeal* has had its day, and done its work, and that now *knowledge* is to take its place; that the gifts of the earnest old preachers were suited to a state of society which no longer exists, and, consequently, it is erroneous to suppose that their labors would now be as successful as they were in the new settlements, among the rustic inhabitants upon the frontier. There is, doubtless, some truth in this view; but we doubt if it is true to the extent which is often claimed. We see no necessity of making zeal and knowledge antagonisms. They are entirely consistent with each other, and each necessary in its place. In some directions ministerial education and improvement have been urged at the expense of the more important qualifications of the heart. What we insist upon is, that all other

qualifications of a minister, however necessary in their place, cannot compensate for the want of an earnest spirit. It always was, is now, and always will be, absolutely indispensable to success. Moreover, there are reasons why this qualification should now be especially insisted upon.

This is a fast age, and we Americans, are a fast people. We are in hot pursuit of wealth, honor, dominion, and glory. We work in earnest, and we play in earnest; we love in earnest, and we hate in earnest; we support our own party in earnest, and we abuse the opposition in earnest; we pray in earnest, and we fight in earnest. Every interest which is worth saving is driven as by steam, and half-way measures are scouted by all parties.

The devil is driving on his car with tremendous power. He is never idle, and he is not slow. He pushes on his subjects, in the way to hell, with vastly greater rapidity than he drove the swine down a steep place into the sea. There are giants in wickedness in these days, and there is a haste made in the ways of sin that is alarming, because it threatens to strip the message of salvation, and to lay waste the heritage of God. Sinners of all classes are zealous, scheming knaves, and hardened villains; licentious libertines and blasphemous infidels; narrow-hearted misers and reckless speculators; mammon worshipers, gamblers, swindlers, thieves and robbers; adulterers and murderers; rum sellers and rum drinkers; swearers and liars; Sabbath breakers and Bible burners; all, all are full of zeal—as full as the devil can fill them.

Now do not the maxims of wisdom and sound philosophy dictate that, in our conflicts with sin and Satan, we oppose zeal with zeal; that while the powers of hell are marching on with such terrible strides, the machinery of the Church should move with celerity? Such mighty forces are to be opposed; such fearful velocity is acquired in the movements of the enemy, that, of all things, tardy movements are the most absurd—a cool, hesitating policy, is suicidal. The Church must be broad awake, and her ministers must be "full of power by the Spirit of the Lord." Dreaming over the condition of the world will not answer now. If ever the earnestness and self-sacrifice of the martyrs were necessary to a minister of Christ, this is the time. If ever hesitating upon questions of

prudence and policy was madness, such is the case now. No man now can be considered entitled to the credit of sincerity if he be found pursuing a great enterprise without heart. And what shall be said of the minister of the Lord Jesus who, amid such fearful emergencies and perils, falls to sleep upon his post? A sad state of things is that which the prophet describes: "His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber." What a picture is this of the watchman placed upon the walls in time of danger. War rages without; the enemy is upon the city; and the watchman is sunk down into a dead sleep. Well will it be for him, if it does not fare with him far worse than it did with a sentinel, who was found, by Alexander the Great, sleeping upon his post; the great chief exclaiming, "Dead I found thee, and dead I leave thee," thrust him through the heart.

The enemies of the Church and of the truth are earnestly engaged in the dissemination of error. It was while men slept that the enemy sowed tares. If the Church and the ministry sleep, the enemy does not. He is ever wakeful and ever active. Heretics manifest an ardor in the cause of error, which should admonish ministers of Christ, and should reprove their supineness in the cause of truth. As in the days of Christ, they "compass sea and land to make one proselyte," while too often the heralds of the cross leave the cause of truth to take care of itself, or give it but a feeble support. While the abettors of a spurious Christianity are upon the alert—entering every open door, and seeking opportunities, by all possible means, to sow the seeds of error—while they seize upon the pulpit and the press; insinuate themselves into our schools and colleges; labor to corrupt the rising generation, and to take from us our children, who that has the zeal of God in his soul can hold his peace? Where are the Elijahs to cry out, "I am jealous for the Lord God of hosts," and to meet the priests of Baal in stern controversy?

Witness the earnestness and sacrifices of Jesuit and Mormon missionaries. They penetrate the most distant and inaccessible regions; elude the most jealous and vigilant governments; they endure hardships and privations; they sacrifice the comforts of home and friendship; and all for the purpose of propagating fatal delusions.

The Mormons are found in South America; among the nations of northern Europe; in Africa, in China, and in Japan. The Jesuits are everywhere. They are to-day laboring to supplant the doctrines of the Reformation, in Great Britain and in the United States. The pope has found a few tools among those who were educated in the Protestant faith—sad instances of perversion, through Jesuitical agency, and of the depths to which men may fall from the faith of their fathers. Who is more earnest than *Brownson*, the editor of the *Roman Catholic Quarterly*, in Boston; and *McMaster*, the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, in New-York? both educated in the Protestant faith, and both *perverts* to Romanism.

The foregoing facts are often urged, with great force, in favor of an educated and an *intelligent* ministry. But they may be urged with the same, or even with greater force, in favor of an *earnest* ministry. The fact is, merely human appliances are inadequate to the emergencies of the great conflict which is now raging between truth and error, sin and holiness. Science and education fight on both sides; but the great heart of Christianity is on one side alone, never being divided against itself. There is warmth on both sides; sustained zeal and energy on both sides; but true religious earnestness is only to be found upon the side of God and truth. And this principle is a great wonder-worker. God is in it, and nothing can successfully resist it. It takes the citadel of the human heart by storm. We may not understand the secret of its power. The scorner may curl his lip and swear, and we need address to him no other reply than that which an apostle addressed to the contemptuous Jews: "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in nowise believe, though a man declare it unto you." When Joash, king of Israel, came to the prophet Elisha, under terror of a threatened invasion from the Syrians, the old prophet directed him to take arrows and strike upon the ground. "And he smote thrice and stayed; and the man of God was wroth with him, and said, Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it." It seems that the want of earnestness, in this symbolical act, was the precursor of failure. A warm

heart brought to the work puts us upon vantage ground. It touches a sympathetic chord in the hearts of others, and enlists the spirit and power of God on its side.

Earnestness—heaven-inspired, divinely-guided, God-sustained earnestness—in the ministry, is the great want of the Church at the present time. We have few large circuits and districts which require the physical strength of a giant to encompass them; but we have numerous small fields of labor to be expanded and enlarged, and this is not to be done without earnest and sustained effort. The influence of a small field of labor, and of small congregations, upon the mind of a minister, is most deleterious. It has a tendency to cool his ardor and to circumscribe his thoughts. Extraordinary earnestness will be necessary to overcome this tendency. And unless it is counteracted, we ourselves are likely to become very much like the *small patches* we are sent to cultivate; that is, *very small preachers*. Our gifts and graces will decline; our small circuits, stations, and districts, will wax less and less; and the ways of Zion will mourn, and the cause of God languish. If a preacher, with an earnest soul, is shut up within a small, feeble charge, he will set himself to improve things. His language will be, "The place is too straight for me; give me where to stand." He will throw into the camp of the enemy red-hot shot, until he burns him out, or provokes him to open fight, when he is sure of victory.

There is almost a universal call for young men in our charges. Of this "the fathers" sometimes complain. Surely, say they, age and experience ought to qualify a man better to serve the Church, and should be a recommendation instead of a prejudice. How is the mystery to be explained? Why is it that we old preachers wear out our welcome among the people? Some say because we cease to read and study, neglect our intellect, and preach over our *old sermons*. In many instances this may be the true explanation of the case; but we doubt if this meets all the cases, or even a majority of them. It may be fairly doubted whether the fathers do not read about as much as their promising sons, and, as a class, we are mistaken if they are really behind the young generation, which is crowding them out of their places, either in theological knowledge or general information; and as for repeating

their sermons, it is likely that the old men have as little occasion for it as their younger brethren. Sometimes young men vapor about *progress*, when they themselves are standing still; and speak of the fathers as "behind the time," when they are vastly better posted up in the modern improvements than themselves. "Modern ideas" is a catch phrase in certain quarters; but we are not sure that we know precisely what it means. Taking the "ideas" of some "modern" men as examples, we should be inclined to think that it indicates *old "ideas" diltuted*.

In the great majority of cases, we opine that the secret of our trouble is to be found in *the decline of our enthusiasm*. We lose the fire of youth, and it is a wonder if we do not, in the same proportion, lose the fire of the Holy Ghost. The consequence is, that the people freeze to death under our ministry. What ought we to expect but that we would be superseded by the young brood which come up full of life and vigor?

Two principal dangers threaten the Church at the present time. One is, that the ardor of the older portion of the ministry will die out. The other is, that the younger will take up with a spurious earnestness. Both these evils must be guarded against. So far as they prevail they spread blasting and mildew around them. The prosy common-places of a stereotyped old man, and the gilded emptiness, and noise about nothing, of a young caterer for fame, are about equally fatal in their influence upon the Church. If there is any excuse for either, perhaps the old men are entitled to the most forbearance; but really both are at fault. As a man comes up toward the end of his career, his hopes should beat higher; as he nears the shore, the breezes from the green hills of Paradise should fan the fire within him to a fiercer flame; as he has the fewer sermons to preach, and it becomes the more doubtful whether each one is not his last, he should assume the earnestness of a dying man; his last warnings should be full of earnestness and vigor. Happy, indeed, and worthy of double honor, are the fathers, who, as their natural form abates, increase in the strength of their faith, the power of their religious sympathies, the earnestness of their spirit, and the energy of their pulpit efforts. They may wear out, or burn out, but they will never become stale.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LA TRAPPE.

LET my readers imagine my friend and myself in the act of descending the hill of a rugged road, on the edge of a dense forest of Normandy, which stretched far away into an, as yet, untrodden distance of dark foliage of ancient trees, round which ever and anon flashes of lightning played fitfully with an effect grandly gloomy, such as I have never before or since witnessed. We had often, in the course of our rambles, been exposed to many a storm, many a strait, and many dispiriting incidents; but never had we felt so strong a yearning for house and home comforts as on that same dull, sultry afternoon of August, when we rode on our sluggish mules, with the drenching rain in our teeth, along—or rather up and down—the rugged road aforesaid. At last, in much thankfulness, we reached a rugged hut, built, if I remember rightly, of equal parts of mud and fern, which, however picturesque from association, and however welcome to weary travelers, was not exactly calculated to make the most ardent of sentimentalists exclaim with Moore,

“If there’s peace to be found in this world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here.”

To alight from our jaded mules, and knock loudly at the door of this cheerless tenement, was with us the work of a moment; nor was the summons thus unceremoniously given long unheeded. A picturesque-looking vagabond, with unkempt locks, tangled beard, and mustache guiltless, from the boyhood of its wearer, of tonsure of any kind, presented himself at a hole in the wall, which served the double purpose of letting in light and letting out an unpleasant cloud of wood-smoke, rising from a heap of smoldering boughs and charred leaves employed by our chosen host for a fire. In justice to Pierre Houdet, we must, however, admit that his greeting was unexpectedly cordial. “Perhaps messieurs would not object to a poor man’s hut in a storm; there is little to offer, save dry bread, a seat by the hearthside, and some tobacco, with a poor man’s welcome,” &c.

Thus invited, we wasted few words on our entrance, when we found ourselves in a long, low room, whose sole furniture was a chair, a stool, and a table. As for

a bed, mine host assured us that he had long since dispensed with any other than a couch of dry grass, with his daily apparel rolled up under his head for a pillow. We ate of the simple fare set before us—food sweetened by a knowledge of the honest welcome of our worthy host, whose philosophic content and unlettered *naïveté* excited the envy and admiration of my friend. We smoked till the room grew more murky with the exhalations of that so-called “pernicious weed, whose scent the fair annoys;” we listened, in a state of drowsy, self-contented lassitude, to “the short and simple annals of the poor,” as enunciated by that untutored “hewer of wood” at our side, till the increasing light of the sky, and golden tints of the fast-fleeting clouds, visible by reason of the chinks which time had made through the lowly roof, warned us that the storm was over, and that day was fast merging into twilight. We had told our host that we were going to visit the Abbey of La Trappe; if he would accompany us as a guide, we would pay him liberally, so that he would have no reason to regret a short absence from home. He was willing; our mules, which on our arrival he had led into the hut that had sheltered us from the pitiless rain, were saddled; and we started, with dry habiliments and lighter hearts, on our weary way. It led us through intricate paths, tangled with a stunted undergrowth of brushwood, and we met no incident worthy of record to break the monotony of our route. Here and there a few lonely huts met the eye, and occasionally we caught glimpses of some sequestered chapel of our Lady, with its fast crumbling cross, gray and moss-grown; ever and anon we were startled by the discordant scream of the jay, or the hoarse croak of the raven, perched aloft on his home—a hollow tree, swaying and creaking mournfully in the soft evening breeze. After we had advanced three or four miles we came to a clump of trees, in itself dense enough to deserve the name of a wood in any other locality, situated on a green rise of the road, whence we had a full view of the utter dreariness of the scene; nothing but trees—everywhere dark green desolation, in a silence unbroken by the sound of aught human. Thence we threaded our way through devious turnings, which, winding for a mile or more with every variety of rough and

smooth ascent and descent, brought us to the brow of a rugged hill. Here we halted, while our guide sat down to rest on the root of an "unwedgeable and gnarled oak."

Twilight was now slowly turning to darkness. The birds were flying home across the saffron-colored sky; the silvery mists were floating over the long, dreary valley beneath us, with its expanse of dusky foliage, interspersed with several lakes of "liquid darkness." Our guide arose, and, standing on that hill, untrodden save by occasional tourists and wood-cutting rustics, pointed out to us, with a grave demeanor which, at that time and place, excited no attention and needed little comment, the ancient Abbey of La Trappe, lying in the heart of a valley. The scene seems, to jaundiced minds, a fit retreat for men who have worn out their hearts in our busy world of conflicting interests and cold anomalies. The hour was now somewhat late, "too late," said our guide, "for us to disturb the holy men." They were, perhaps, even then returned, under the kindly guidance of sleep, to the past, with its dead hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, and could not, with propriety, be aroused from their sojournings in dream-land by the clear boom of their abbey bell. Therefore we determined to pass the night at a small house in the vicinity of the Abbey. Thence, after a refreshing sleep, we early on the following day sought the monastic gate.

On our knocking, a hoary monk—if a man can be termed hoary whose head is disfigured by the "regulation pattern" tonsure of his order—opened the massive door, dark with age. On our entrance, he fell on his knees, and having, with exemplary fervor, repeated a benediction, he beckoned us to follow him. Thence, passing through a narrow and gloomy passage, which would have enchanted Mrs. Radcliffe or "Monk Lewis," we were ushered into a rude apartment. Its walls were ornamented with prints relating to the Crucifixion, with divers inscriptions taken from Scripture and the works of the Fathers. In a corner of this room were two uncomfortable-looking beds, each of which would have served an ingenious tyrant for a model of a second "little ease;" and over each hung a delf vessel, filled with holy water. Our conductor then bowed low, shut the door on

us, and withdrew. In a short time the monk returned, having obtained permission to speak, a privilege he seemed in no way likely to abuse, when, with a Spartan brevity, he said, "Will you go to mass?" We assented, and were then conducted, by this "living statue," into the Tribune, a gallery for visitors built over the west end of the chapel.

As we entered, the monks were singing. I was peculiarly struck by the stern sorrow visible in their demeanour, and by the mournful energy with which, in deep, strong tone, they lifted up their voices to God. They were clad in long, white choral robes, descending from head to foot. At half-past ten the prayers were finished. A hand beckoned us from the chapel, and we followed, not knowing whither the uplifted arm would guide us. We reached a door of the inner cloisters, where two brothers awaited us, with a vessel of holy water placed on a ledge before them. Over this we held our hands, while one brother poured water thereon, and the other wiped them with a coarse towel. This ceremony, after taxing our command of the risible muscles most severely, being concluded, one of these austere Trappists unlocked a large door, over which might have been fitly written Dante's inscription for the gates of the infernal regions, "Banish all hope, ye who enter here!" We entered the cloisters, which were then—and doubtless are still—glazed on one side only, and provided with benches for the Society, who, during summer, here hold their public conferences. We then advanced toward the Refectory, a long and low room, somewhat resembling a college-hall, but for the quality of the fare therein discussed, with a recess on the left set apart for the lay brethren and poor strangers. Down the middle ran three long tables, one being at the bottom for the abbot and the prior, who dined apart from the rest, while over their heads hung a picture of the Crucifixion, before which all bowed on entrance and exit. A hand was waved as a signal for our entrance, and a small table pointed out for us by the door, to which we silently retired. The monks were marshaled in two rows, and were chanting the *Benedicite*. At the *Gloria Patri* they bent till their heads were but a few inches from the floor, and continued in that wearying attitude for some seconds, when the "Amen" was pronounced, in a sepulchral

voice, by the superior. They then simultaneously arose, and retired in perfect order to their respective seats.

Our repast consisted of bread, butter, milk, herbs, and fruit; our beverage was equally simple, and far less palatable, being a liquid somewhat like a "half-and-half" mixture of ditch-water and purest Day and Martin in appearance, and in taste resembling nothing so much as "flat" beer, rendered tart by injudicious doses of vinegar. However, there was a jug of excellent water, so that we found no difficulty in conducting our meal on quasi-vegetarian principles. The only difference we observed as existing between the meal of the monks and our own was simply this—that, while we were favored with apples, as a slight rarity at that season, and butter as a luxurious superfluity, they had none of the former, and are forbidden by the rules of their order to touch the latter. The use of eggs and fish, whereby the other monastic orders convert Friday's fast into a day of good living, is likewise forbidden; so that, except at some particular seasons, when they are allowed a little milk to flavor their herb-soup, their diet is rigidly vegetarian. During our repast, we observed a monk rise from his seat, and fall prostrate before each of the brethren, kissing their feet in all humility. This was enjoined as a penance for some slight breach of discipline. The unbroken silence which reigns supreme at La Trappe, produces in itself an effect somewhat weird and other-worldly; (if I may be pardoned the use of a newly-coined and expressive phrase;) but we were almost inclined to break it, by committing "a bull," and blurring out Flecknoe's powerful lines:

"Still-born Silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind,
Frost o' the mouth and thaw o' the mind,
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery!"

Silence is so stringently inculcated by the rules of this order, that the slightest infringement of established laws is never suffered to pass unpunished. This point is pushed to the verge of the ridiculous; so much so, that if any monk rattles his plate, or drops his fork, &c., he is obliged to do instant penance. An instance of this absurd severity occurred on the second day of our visit to the Abbey. A monk, for some slight offense of this kind, was obliged

to fall prostrate in the middle of the refectory, till the abbot, by knocking with his knife on the table, gave the signal for the ill-starred delinquent to rise. Each member of the society waits on the others at table in turn, bowing whenever he places anything on, or removes anything from the table. Thus, doubtless, officiated the D'Orsay, of Paris, the Beau Brummell of his time, Baron Geramb, who, from being the most elegant sinner in the *salons* of Paris, afterward, in a fit of spleen, became the most austere anchorite at La Trappe.

While we were discussing our dinner of herbs and fruits, a monk, from a pulpit jutting out from the wall, favored us with some choice extracts from the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, whose nice subtleties of doctrine, I blush to confess, were, for the most part, lost on us, as our gross understandings could perceive no particular profit, spiritual or temporal, likely to accrue from "the angelic" doctor's perverted ingenuity in blending the real facts before him with much of the unreal fancies of his heated brain, till his readers, after much circumlocution, have too often found themselves just as far from truth as at the commencement of their self-imposed labor of love. *Mais revenons à nos moutons*, as the sheep-stealer observed to his advocate, who, more intent after self-glorification on the score of eloquence than his client's chance of life on the score of facts, was inclined to wander from the evidence. The same uplifted hand which had beckoned us in, performed the like office on our exit. When dinner was over, which was about eleven o'clock, the abbot struck up a Grace in Latin.

On our departure, we scanned the very appropriate motto inscribed over the door of the refectory, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox with hatred therewith." We then retired to an outer-room, whither, in a short time, came our monastic guide, who had obtained further permission to speak. From him I gathered a few facts touching the rules and customs of the society. He and another brother were at that time, in their turn, assigned for the reception of strangers, to whom they were allowed to speak but at certain intervals, and even then but with extreme brevity, and only to edification, or in matters of necessity or charity. As for the rest, they were as silent as the grave, or as the would-be

disciples of Pythagoras, concerning whose marvelous restraint of tongue we had read and doubted, after the manner of school-boys, at that abode of learning entitled by us striplings of fourteen, "Tophet Academy."

Whenever a brother accidentally meets a brother Trappist in the cloisters, they both are forbidden to raise their eyes from the ground, on the principle, I suppose, that the first step toward abolition of offenses is the removal of temptation. From Easter till the 10th or 14th of September, the Trappists are allowed to eat, beside their morning meal, a little cheese, and three ounces of bread at five o'clock; as for the rest of the year, they have only two ounces of bread daily. There are six days, out of the three hundred and sixty-five, on which permission is given them to walk in the neighboring forest for an hour and a half; such, at least, were the regulations during my visit; I do not suppose that they have been in any way altered since then. During these times of so-called recreation, whether the weather be foul or fair, they sally out of their gloomy abbey in pairs, with their abbot at their head; when they have advanced a short distance, the abbot bows, leaving each soul-sick man to retire, book in hand, wherever he pleases. I have heard that during these forest rambles many a Trappist has been seen, by curious rustics, in tears, as he lay moralizing under the greenwood tree. Who may know how the strong, grief-warped heart of the poor Trappist yearns toward the broad expanse before him? Who can tell how long, too, faithful memory plays with the heart-strings of these exiles from the world? Long ago, in the pleasant past, ere he had learned, over the ruins of his heart, how love flatters and is false; how friendship wanes into a selfish, cold conventionality; how "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," but bring bitter satiety; how soon, before the icy touch of adversity, joy's brightest flowers wither, leaving behind a life-long memory as a sting, as a stern Nemesis, avenging the sins and frailties of the dear, error-blinded past, or the remorseful, tear-dimmed present—long ago, many a time on days brighter than this day of scanty liberty, has that poor, weary, and wayward fanatic, walked under trees, dearer than the dark foliage of La Trappe, with her who was

his life, his every hope, o'er whose grave was quenched the vestal light of love, leaving that poor, serge-clad victim of stern superstition, to grope despairingly, in utter darkness of spirit, through his narrow world, too wide for peace—too real for oblivion! Therefore is that dark forest dear to the men of La Trappe. They may have spent happy hours in childhood under a far-distant greenwood tree. Memory is a grand enchantress! By a thought she can cast the reflected light of long-lost scenes even on the silent dreariness of La Trappe, turning that earthly purgatory of mortified ambition, blighted hopes, and worn-out hearts, into the pure, peaceful, dream-visited home of their earlier and less tearful days. "*Naturam furcâ repellas tamen usque recurret*"—a Trappist is, after all, but a man who has been, perhaps, a happy child; a happy lover, pure in early truth; a fond father; a dotting husband; like yourself, gentlest of readers; therefore you will not wonder how I, meeting a solitary monk under a dark pine shade, and marking the undried tears in his sunken eyes, mingled my tears with his; thanking God, in deep, voiceless prayer, that he had been pleased to bestow on me, unworthy, all those earthly boons which were denied to the bitter ascetic, wasting his brief span of liberty in vain regrets and blinding tears, by the margin of a dark lake, in a gloomy forest, encircling the hope-abandoned Abbey of La Trappe.

A brief notice of the manner in which these solitaries wear away their lives in self-mortification and prayer, may not be distasteful. Soon after midnight, at a quarter before two, as nearly as I remember, the abbot rises from his coarse bed of straw, repairs to the chapel, and tolls the bell. At two, the brethren go to prayers, and continue till a quarter past four; from this time till nearly six o'clock they read and pray in private; then begin the Primes; after this they assemble before the abbot, to whom they may speak and accuse each other of any breach of discipline, &c. This being over, they occupy themselves in any laborious work at hand for an hour and a half, when they go to chapel again, and administer High Mass, which ends about ten, the hour of repast; after this meal they spend the time in devotion till noon, when they repeat the "Angelus" in chapel, from whence they retire to their cells, and repose till one

o'clock; thence they return to Nones; from Nones they are called to laborious work till three, when they once more retire for private devotion, preparatory to Vespers, and they end at five, the supper-hour at La Trappe. After this meager meal they pray in private until six, when they are called to public reading, and thence to Complines. They conclude at eight o'clock, when the brethren retire to rest, and all is still in their venerable monastery. Their beds are coarse pallets of straw, with single blankets as a covering; the furniture is simply a chair, a ledge, an earthen vessel containing holy water, and a skull.

On the third morning we left La Trappe in the cold, gray dawn, and having shaken hands with Pierre Houdet, who was little inclined to receive any gratuity for his services as our guide, we struck into the main road, and in due time arrived at our starting-point, a pretty little *auberge* on the side of a hill, where, as a board intimated, truly in this solitary instance, there was "Good entertainment for horse and man." And now, most patient of readers, I have told you all I know of La Trappe. I have endeavored to set before your eyes, by a simple, unadorned narrative, the daily life of the recluses of that dreary forest. Little more remains to tell. The erring monk whom I saw doing penance in the refectory, for breaking the general silence, by dropping his plate, or some such *bagatelle*, was no other than a *ci-devant* marquis of the old *regime*, whose witty profligacy had, in the early part of the present century, formed a staple topic of conversation for the *savants* and *quid nuncs* of the brilliant coteries of the Faubourg St. Honore, till, worn out by dissipation, with a broken constitution, and a remnant of a princely fortune, he sought the gloomy "*refugium peccatorum*" which is his home, and will be, in all human probability, his unregretted grave. Oblivion has long blotted out his name from the list of the fools of fashion. Alas! poor foolish votary of dissipation! The parasites who drank thy wine, and hung with fawning, feigned eagerness on thy every light *bon mot*, have long forgotten thee, weak butterfly of a passing moment, who art even now, in thine unhonored old age, reaping the bitter harvest of satiety in thy cold cell, on thy straw pallet, with the grinning skull for thy sole companion!

THE SNOW-STORM.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN OF FOURSKINE.

ABOUT the year 1811—a period so memorable in the history of Russia—there lived on his domain of Nenardaof a rich proprietor named Gabrilovitch. He was noted for his kind disposition and hospitable habits. His house was at all times open to his friends and neighbors, who resorted there in the evenings—the elder ones in order to enjoy a quiet game of cards with their host and his wife Petrowna; the younger, in the hope of gaining the good graces of Mari, a fair girl of seventeen, the only child and heiress of Gabrilovitch.

Mari used to read French romances, and, as the natural and necessary consequence, was deeply in love. The object of her affection was an almost penniless young ensign belonging to the neighborhood, and then at home on leave, who returned her love with equal ardor. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the young lady's parents had strictly forbidden her to think of such an alliance; and whenever they met the lover, they received him with about that amount of friendliness which they would have bestowed on an ex-collector of taxes. Our young lovers, however, managed to keep up a correspondence, and used to meet in secret beneath the shadow of the pine-grove or the old chapel. On these occasions, they, of course, vowed eternal constancy, accused fate of unjust rigor, and formed various projects. At length they naturally came to the conclusion that, as the will of cruel parents opposed their marriage, they might very well accomplish it in secret. It was the young gentleman who first propounded this proposition, and it was most favorably received by the young lady.

The approach of winter put a stop to their interviews, but their correspondence went on with increased frequency and fervor. In each of his letters, Vladimir Nicolevitch conjured his beloved to leave her home, and consent to a private marriage. "We will disappear," he said, "for a short time; then, one day, we will go and throw ourselves at your parents' feet, who, touched by our heroic constancy, will exclaim, 'Children, come to our arms!'" For a long time Mari hesitated. At length it was agreed, that on

a certain day she should not appear at supper, but retire early to her room, on the pretext of a violent headache. Her waiting-maid was in the secret, and they were both to slip out through a back-door, near which they would find sledges waiting to convey them to the chapel of Jadрино, about five versts' distance, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a long letter of excuse to her parents, Mari retired at an early hour to her room. During the day she had complained of a headache, which was certainly more than a pretext, for nervous excitement had made her really ill. Her father and mother watched her tenderly, and constantly asked her, "How do you feel now, Mari? are you still suffering?" Their fond solicitude went to the young girl's heart, and with the approach of evening her agitation increased. At dinner she ate nothing, and soon afterward rose to take leave of her parents. They embraced her, and, according to their usual custom, gave her their blessing. Mari could scarcely refrain from sobbing. When she reached her chamber, she threw herself into an arm-chair, and wept aloud. Her waiting-maid tried to console and cheer her, and at length succeeded.

There was a snow-storm that night: the wind howled outside the house, and shook the windows. The young girl, however, as soon as the household had retired to rest, wrapped herself up in thick muffings, and, followed by her maid, carrying a valise, gained the outer door. They found a sledge, drawn by three horses, awaiting them; and having got into it, they started off at a rapid pace. We will leave them to pursue their journey, while we return to Vladimir.

All that day he had been actively employed. In the morning he had visited the priest of Jadрино, in order to arrange with him about performing the ceremony; and then he set off to procure the necessary witnesses. The first acquaintance to whom he addressed himself was a half-pay officer, who willingly consented to what he wished. "Such an adventure," he said, "reminded him pleasantly of the days of his youth." He prevailed on Vladimir to remain with him, promising to procure for him the other two witnesses. Accordingly, there appeared at dinner the

geometrician Schmidt, with his mustaches and spurs; and the son of Captain Ispravnik, a lad of seventeen, who had just entered the Uhlan corps. Both promised Vladimir to stand by him to the last; and the happy lover, having cordially embraced his three friends, returned to his dwelling, in order to complete his preparations. Having dispatched a servant on whom he could rely with the sledge for Mari, he himself got into a one-horse sledge, and started for Jadрино. Scarcely had he set out, when the storm commenced with violence; and soon every trace of the road disappeared. The entire horizon was covered with a thick yellow cloud, whence fell masses rather than flakes of snow; and soon all distinction between land and sky was lost. In vain did Vladimir try to find his way. His horse went on at random, sometimes climbing over heaps of snow, sometimes falling into ravines. Every moment the sledge was in imminent danger of being upset; and, in addition, the pleasant conviction forced itself on Vladimir that he had lost his way. The wood of Jadрино was nowhere to be seen; and after two hours of this sort of work, the poor horse was ready to drop from fatigue.

At length a sort of dark line became visible in front; he urged his horse onward, and found himself on the borders of a forest. "O," he exclaimed, "I am all right now; I shall easily find my way to Jadрино." He entered the forest, of which the branches were so thickly interlaced that the snow had not penetrated through them, and the road was easy to follow. The horse pricked up his ears, and went on readily, while Vladimir felt his spirits revive.

However, as they say in the fairy tales, he went on, and on, and on, and yet could not find Jadрино. His poor tired steed with the utmost difficulty dragged him to the other side of the forest; and by the time he arrived there, the storm had ceased, and the moon shone out. No appearance, however, of Jadрино: before him lay extended a large plain, toward the center of which the poor traveler descried a cluster of four or five houses. He hastened toward the nearest, and, descending from the sledge, knocked at the window. A small door in the shutter opened, and the white beard of an old man appeared.

"What do you want?"

"Is it far to Jadrino?"

"Jadrino! About ten versts."

At this reply, Vladimir felt like a criminal condemned to execution.

"Can you," said he, "furnish me with horses to go there?"

"We have no horses."

"Well, then, a guide: I will give him whatever he asks."

"Wait, then," said the old man; "I'll send you my son."

The window was carefully closed, and a considerable time elapsed. Vladimir, whose impatience became quite uncontrollable, knocked again loudly at the shutter.

The old man re-appeared.

"What do you want?"

"Your son."

"He's coming: he is dressing himself. Are you cold? Come in and warm yourself."

"No, no; send out your son."

At length a young lad, with a stout stick in his hand, made his appearance, and led the way across the snow-covered plain.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Vladimir.

"Day will soon break."

The sun's rays, indeed, had begun to gild the east, and the village cocks were crowing when they arrived at Jadrino. The church door was closed. Vladimir, having paid and dismissed his guide, hastened toward the priest's dwelling. What was he about to hear?

Let us first inquire what was going on in the mansion of the master of Nenaradof. Just nothing at all. In the morning, the husband and wife got up as usual and went into the eating-room, Gabriel Gabrilovitch in his woollen vest and his night-cap, and Petrowna in her dressing-gown.

Tea was served, and Gabriel sent a maid to inquire for Mari. The girl returned with a message that her young mistress had passed a restless night, but that she now felt better, and was coming down. In a few minutes Mari entered and embraced her parents.

"How do you feel, my poor little one?" asked her father.

"Better," was the answer.

The day passed on as usual; but toward evening Mari became very ill and feverish. The family physician was sum-

moned from the nearest town, and when he arrived he found his patient in a high fever. During fourteen days she continued on the brink of the grave.

Nothing was known of her nocturnal flight, as the waiting-maid, for her own sake, was prudently silent on the subject; nor did any of the other accomplices, even after having drunk wine, breathe a word on the subject, so much did all parties dread the wrath of Gabriel. Mari, however, during her delirium, raved so incessantly about Vladimir, that her mother could not doubt that her illness was caused by love. She and her husband consulted some of their friends on the subject; and, as the result of the conference, it was unanimously decided that Mari was destined to marry the ensign; that one cannot avoid one's fate; that riches do not insure happiness; and other fine maxims of the same kind.

The invalid recovered. Vladimir, during her illness, had never appeared at the house; and it was determined that his unexpected good fortune should be announced to him; that he should be told he was now free to marry his beloved. What was the astonishment of the proud owners of Nenaradof, when they received in reply a letter from the young ensign, in which he declared that he would never enter their dwelling again, and prayed them to forget an unhappy being, for whom death was the only refuge!

A few days afterward, they learned that Vladimir had rejoined the army. It was in 1812. No one ever mentioned his name to Mari, nor did she herself allude to him in any way. Two or three months elapsed, and one day she saw his name mentioned among the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino, and who were mortally wounded. She fainted, and had a relapse of fever, from which she slowly recovered.

Not long afterward her father died, leaving her the reversion of his whole property. Wealth, however, brought her no consolation; she wept with her mother, and vowed never to leave her. They left their residence at Nenaradof, and took up their abode on another estate. Numerous suitors thronged around the rich and lovely heiress, but to none of them did she vouchsafe the smallest encouragement. Her mother often implored her to choose a husband; but she silently

shook her head. Vladimir was no more: he expired at Moscow on the eve of the day the French entered that city. To Mari his memory seemed sacred: she treasured up the books they had read together, his drawings, and the notes he had written to her—everything that could perpetuate her remembrance of the unhappy young man.

About that time a war, glorious for our country, ended. The triumphant regiments returned from the frontiers, and the people rushed in crowds to greet them. The officers who had set out as mere striplings, came back with stern martial countenance, their brave breasts covered with orders. Time of ineffaceable glory! How the heart of the Russian then bounded at the name of his country.

A colonel of hussars, named Vourmin, wearing in his button-hole the Cross of St. George, and on his face an interesting paleness, came to spend a few months' leave of absence on his estate, which joined that where Mari was residing. The young girl received him with far more show of favor than she had hitherto bestowed on any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many particulars: both were handsome, pleasing, intellectual, silent, and reserved. There was a species of mystery in the demeanor of Vourmin, which piqued the curiosity and excited the interest of the heiress. He evidently admired her, paid her every possible attention; why did he never speak of love? He had acquired a habit of fixing his bright dark eyes on hers, half in reverie, and half with an expression that seemed to declare the approach of a decisive explanation. Already the neighbors spoke of the marriage as a decided business; and Petrowna rejoiced at the thought that her daughter would at length have a husband worthy of her.

One morning, when the good lady was seated in her drawing-room, Vourmin entered and inquired for Mari.

"She is in the garden," replied Petrowna. "You will find her there, if you wish to see her."

The colonel went out hastily; and Petrowna, making the sign of the cross, murmured to herself, "God be praised! I hope everything will be arranged to-day."

Vourmin found his lady-love dressed in white, seated beneath a tree, close by a lake, with a book on her knee, like any

heroine of romance. After the interchange of a few commonplace sentences, Vourmin, with considerable agitation, told her that for a long time he had been desirous of opening his mind to her, and now prayed her to listen to him for a few moments. She closed her book, and cast down her eyes in token of assent.

"I love you!" exclaimed Vourmin—"I love you ardently!"

Mari bent down her head a little more.

"I have committed the imprudence of seeing you, of listening to you, every day." (Mari recollected the first letter of St. Preux.) "Now it is too late to resist my destiny. The memory of your sweet face and gentle voice will form henceforward the joy and the torture of my existence; but I have a duty to fulfill toward you. I must reveal to you a strange secret, which places between us an insurmountable barrier."

"That barrier," murmured Mari, "has always existed. I could never have become your wife."

"I know," replied Vourmin in a low voice, "that you have loved; but death, and three years of mourning—dearest Mari, do not take from me my last consolation; do not deprive me of the happiness of thinking that you might have been mine, if not—"

"Hush!" cried Mari. "Cease, I conjure you; you pierce me to the heart."

"Yes, I have the consoling thought that you would have been mine. But I am the most unfortunate of men—I am married!"

Mari raised her eyes with a look of amazement.

"I am married," resumed the colonel—"married these four years, and I neither know *who* my wife is, nor *where* she is, nor whether I shall ever meet her."

"What can you mean? What is the mystery? But go on, I beg of you; I will tell you afterward—"

"Here, then," said the colonel, "are the facts. In the year 1812, I was going to Wilna, to join my regiment. I arrived late one evening at a station, and had just given orders to have the horses immediately harnessed, when suddenly there arose a violent snow-storm. The master of the house and the postillion both strongly advised me to defer my journey; but, tempest or no tempest, I was resolved to push on. The postillion took it into his head

that he could shorten the way by crossing a river whose banks he knew very well. However, he missed the right ford, and brought me to a place which was totally strange to him. The storm continued to rage, but at length we descried a distant light. I hastened toward it, and found myself outside a church, whence the light proceeded. The door was open. Sledges were waiting outside, and several persons were standing in the porch. One of them called to me, 'This way! This way!' I got out of my sledge, and entered the church. One of the people in the porch said:

"In the name of Heaven, what has delayed you? The bride has fainted, and we were all on the point of returning home."

"Half bewildered and half amused, I resolved to follow up the adventure. Indeed, I was allowed no time to deliberate, for my impatient friends hurried me into the interior of the church, which was faintly lit up by two or three torches. A girl was seated on a bench in the shadow, while another standing beside her was rubbing her temples.

"At length," said the latter; "God be praised that you are come! My mistress was near dying."

"An old priest approached, and said, 'Shall we begin?'"

"O, begin by all means, my reverend father!" replied I, giddily.

"They assisted the young girl to rise; she seemed very pretty. Through a levity quite unpardonable, and, as it now seems to me, inconceivable, I advanced beside her to the altar. Her servant and the three men who were present were so much occupied about her that they scarcely glanced at me; besides, the light, as I have said, was very dim, and my head was enveloped in the fur hood of my traveling pelisse.

"In a few moments we were married.

"Embrace each other," said one of the witnesses. My wife turned her pale face toward me. For an instant she gazed as if petrified, then, falling backward, she exclaimed,

"It is not he! It is not he!"

"Out of the church I rushed, before the astounded priest and the bridal party had time to think of arresting my flight. I jumped into the sledge, and soon left all pursuit behind."

"And," said Mari, "did you never ascertain what became of that poor woman?"

"Never. I do not know the name of the village where I was married, nor can I recollect that of the station where I last stopped. At that time, so little importance did I attach to my criminal levity, that, when all danger of pursuit was over, I fell asleep in the sledge, and did not awake until I found myself at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle, so that every clew seems lost by which I might discover the scene of that folly which I now expiate so dearly."

Mari turned her pale face fully toward him, and seized his hands.

"What!" cried Vourmin, "was it you?"

"Don't you recognize me?"

A long and close embrace was the reply.

DEATH OF THE POET.

"Dead, dead!"

So the old nurse careless said,
Letting fall his lifeless head;
There were shadows round the bed,
But not one mourner for the dead.
Dead, dead.

Fame, fame!

The old clock's ticking just the same,
The ceiling reddens with the flame,
The wind sinks back from whence it came,
Moaning as if in very shame,
Fame, fame.

"Gone to rest!"

Said the nurse, and cross'd her breast,
Groping in the dusty chest,
While the rat squeal'd from its nest,
"Nothing but a threadbare vest,
Verses, verses—all the rest."

Write, write!

He would scribble all the night,
Was it wonder he grew white?
Crazed his brain, and dim his sight,
Scarcely knowing day from night.
Write, write.

"Bread, bread!"

Moan'd the master who is dead,
"Though my pen is heavy lead,
And my lungs this morning fed,
I have children must be fed.
Bread, bread."

Debt, debt!

Money, money! owing yet,
Many nights of wind and wet,
Many weary vigils set,
This is all I ever get.

Debt, debt!

THE LIFE OF A SNAIL.

IN THE NATIONAL for May, one of our correspondents discoursed most learnedly of the Bed-bug. Some fastidious reader, perhaps, turned up his nose at the title of the article, and skipped it, let us say in a whisper, to his own loss. And now, "Can there be anything to interest, amuse, or instruct, connected with the history of a snail?" may, not improbably, be the exclamation, mental or expressed, of many whose eye glances at the heading of this paper. Herein the reader must be left to form his own conclusions; yet we cannot help anticipating a favorable verdict.

As it is customary for the writers of the lives of characters rendered famous by their good or ill deeds, to commence with a detail of circumstances attaching to the earliest period of the existence of their heroes—to their advance from the cradle to boyhood, and thence onward through the stages of their career—so we shall not, in our narrative, depart from this time-honored rule. At the outset, however, it must be confessed that a snail has, so to speak, less of an individual life than a hero; that is, the routine of one snail's life is that of another, which cannot be said of those who figure on the stage of human strife and turmoil. Hence, we must speak of the snail collectively, since what applies to a single individual, setting accidents aside, applies to the whole race.

Let us, then, premise that it is of the garden snail (*Helix aspersa*) that we shall chiefly treat, not without allusion to others, however—as the common belted snail of the hedgerow bank, and the edible snail, originally introduced from Italy into certain spots of our island.

No doubt some of our readers, while turning up the mold of the garden with a spade, have brought to light a cluster of round, pellucid eggs, consisting of some hundreds, each about the size of sparrow-shot, of a clear horny or whitish color, and with a glossy surface. Often has the inquiry been made of us, as to the nature of these singular pellet-like bodies, of which the observer could form no certain conjecture; and great has been his surprise, not untinged with a feeling of vexation, to learn that they were the eggs of that annoyance to the gardener, the snail; for the increase of which, in such multi-

tudes as these egg-hoards promised, they were not prepared. The impossibility of extirpating these pests in the garden was at once appreciated, and the difficulty of keeping them within numerical bounds acknowledged. No wonder at their increase, when each snail lays hundreds of eggs!

It is in the later months of summer that the garden snail sets about the business of egg-laying, and it displays no trifling measure of instinct in its mode of operation. It searches for a convenient spot, under the edge of a stone, amid the crevices of artificial rock-work, about the roots of bushes, under the shelter of old walls, or in out-of-the-way corners where refuse vegetable matter is cast aside; and then, having fixed upon the exact site, it commences its labors. Spreading out its body, so as to extend the space of its foot, or disc, by means of the vermicular working of the muscles, it throws out the soil, so as to heap it up on each side; it thus forms beneath its body a sort of pit or hollow, into which it sinks, and this more and more deeply as the earth is more and more removed from beneath it, until not only the body, but even a portion of the shell is covered. This earth is moistened by the mucous exudation which is abundantly poured out, and thus tempered, serves as a covering for the eggs. When a sufficient depth, perhaps an inch or more, is attained, the eggs are deposited and covered up, the snail, by means of the muscular action of the disc, returning the earth to the spot whence it had been dislodged. When all is over, the snail crawls away, and seeks a place of rest. Old empty flower-pots are favorite places of resort; and there attaching itself, it rests housed in its shell.

The eggs, thus carefully stored, remain during the winter, and even until spring has considerably advanced, without any perceptible alteration. But the genial rains and the warm sun rays soon call into activity the vital germ within. It increases, it moves, and ere long the minute mollusk is already invested with a filmy, fragile, transparent shell, the product of its own secretion. The young now emerge from their prison, and creep about in search of food, and often collect in great numbers on the underside of the leaves of their favorite plants. As yet, and for some time, even after they have considerably increased in size, the shell is very brittle

and thin, especially along the edge of the opening, where it breaks down under the slightest touch. But this accident is of no consequence, for the mischief is soon repaired and the edge advanced. It is, in fact, by this advance of the edge that the shell grows in proportion to the growth of the mollusk.

The garden snail is a choice feeder; it is epicurean, and at the same time voracious in its appetite, and will travel far, though at a leisurely pace, in quest of delicacies. It is fond of succulent vegetables, and, as we can testify, of the cactus; and we have seen fine healthy plants in green-houses seriously disfigured by its ravages. During last winter, a fine cactus kept in a warm room and exposed to the light, attracted our attention by the irregular incisions along the edges of the leaves, (if we may so call them,) as if cut with a pair of scissors. On close examination, we thought we saw marks of a snail's track, and, on searching, found concealed on the plant two small snails, products of the preceding summer, which had effected all the vexatious mischief. These snails had been carried indoors, concealed upon the plant, in the autumn; they revived before their usual time, under the action of warmth and moisture, and commenced their depredations.

Of the fondness of the snail for strawberries, peaches, nectarines, cucumbers, &c., nothing need be said. We may observe, however, that their ravages are carried on chiefly during the night; for during the middle of the day, especially in dry weather, they take their siesta. Those who are acquainted with the habits of snails in a garden, cannot but have observed how numbers are simultaneously attracted toward any delicacy within their powers of attainment. We cannot doubt that the snail is thus directed rather by the sense of smell than of sight; for the sphere of its vision seems very limited. At the same time, we are in ignorance as to the precise organ in which this sense is situated. It may reside in the mouth, conjointly with taste, or be diffused conjointly with feeling over the whole surface of the body; nor, when we consider that some creatures, low in the scale of being, feel light, and yet are insensible to pain, would it be surprising that the aromatic essence of fruits, &c., should in like manner be appreciated.

With regard to sight and taste, we may observe that, in the garden snail and its allies, the two black eyes are seated each on the top of the two larger horns; the two shorter horns being exclusively feelers. These four horns are capable of being drawn within the body in the same inverted manner as the finger of a glove when drawn into its palm; in the same manner, by muscular action, they are protruded and everted. In aquatic snails, the situation of the eyes and the number of the horns are different.

The snail not only tastes, but bites and subdivides its food. Its mouth is placed on the under part of its head, and is provided, on what we may term the palate, with a horny plate, the lower edge of which is free, and extremely sharp, like the edge of a minute chisel. The opposite part, or floor of the mouth, is provided with a small gristly tongue, adapted by its action for transferring the food into the gullet, as the knife of the palate is for cutting into soft fruits worked against it by the action of the lips.

A celebrated writer, the late Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, in a humorous little poem for children ("The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast") says, if our memory fail us not:

"With pace most majestic the snail did advance,
And proffer'd the party a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his
head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed."

These lines lead us to consider two points in the history of a garden snail. Its mode of progression and its hibernation.

Snails, and, indeed, all the molluscous tenants of univalve shells, are termed *gastropods*, from two Greek words, meaning creatures whose under surface performs the service of a foot. It is upon its under surface that the slimy snail crawls along. This portion, when the animal is fairly protruded, is flat, and on being examined will be found to consist of a tissue of delicate muscular fibers, regularly arranged, in different directions. It is by the action of these muscles that progression is effected, which, if slow, is steady and persevering; so that the snail, although carrying its house upon its back, gets over more ground than might at first seem possible. The action or working of these muscles bring to mind those of the little

but multitudinous limbs of a millepede, or of the ribs of a snake, and may be easily seen when the animal crawls over a clean pane of glass.

It once happened that a snail, thus traversing the window of a drawing-room, caused the glass so to vibrate as to give out a perceptible musical sound. A lady heard this, and listened; she fancied she had made a discovery; she attributed the music to the snail itself, forgetting that wet fingers can draw out tones from bell-shaped glasses, and actually sent a communication on the musical powers of the snail to one of the scientific journals. It was inserted, with the addition of a series of caustic remarks by the editor, who, instead of kindly pointing out the error of her deduction, and the true cause of the "music," showered upon her a torrent of undeserved sarcasm.

The snail belongs to hibernating creatures. In intertropical regions, the land snail, like the snake and other reptiles, retires and sleeps during the hot, dry season, to revive on the setting in of the rainy months. In our country it retreats, on the approach of winter, to its place of shelter, and there, contracted within its shell, becomes inanimate. Yet, even in our climate, during seasons of drought and heat, the snail seeks refuge, glues up the opening of its shell, and sinks into a torpidity from which the welcome showers restore it.

The mode in which the garden snail prepares for hibernation is very simple. It seeks a sheltered spot, amid stones, timber, or garden pots, in outhouses, under palings, &c. It then attaches its shell by the margin to the chosen surface, having previously moistened it with glue. This done, it spreads a thin drum of the same material over the whole of the opening, which causes a still more secure adhesion. As this hardens, it slightly draws itself back, and spreads over the latter another layer, then another and another, till the membrane is of the requisite thickness. It now draws itself back to the utmost, and remains quiescent till spring, when it moistens the edges of the closing membrane, disengages its previously fixed shell, protrudes itself, and slowly crawls away.

In the edible snail, (*Helix pomatia*), which buries itself in autumn under moss, grass, and dead leaves, making, by means

of its foot, a deep excavation in the ground for the reception of the shell, the process is different. Having completed the excavation, mixing, at the same time, a quantity of mucus (which flows abundantly from its foot) with the turned-up particles of earth, it changes its position so as to place the mouth of the shell uppermost. It then adds the dome or covering, by drawing together particles of earth, similarly tempered, so that the sides and roof of the cell are both smooth and compact. This is a work of time and labor. Continuing in the same position, the foot is now contracted within the shell; but the collar of the mantle is protruded, and secretes a film of thick cream-like mucus across the opening, like a drum. This film soon hardens, or sets like plaster of Paris. In a few hours the animal again contracts, expelling the air into the fore part of the shell. It now forms another layer of mucus, at a little distance beyond the first, and when this has set, it retires still further, and forms another partition, then a third, a fourth, and even a fifth, the intermediate places being filled with air. Thus the edible snail effectually blocks itself up, after a labor of two or three days. This takes place in October. In April the snail revives, and bursts its gates asunder. This is also a gradual process. After pressing open the last-formed barrier, it breathes the air of the chamber, and rests. It then forces the next barrier, and takes in still more air, and so on, till it arrives at the external gate, which is stronger and more calcareous than the others. Here it employs the whole strength of its foot, and the obstruction gives way at its most obtuse angle. It then insinuates the edge of its foot through the breach thus effected. The work is soon finished, and the prisoner is free.

We may here observe that the edible snail is rare in England, and to be found only in a few localities. We have taken it about the lime-pits at Dorking, and have heard that it is plentiful around Horsham in Kent. In our country, snails are not used as food, although they are sometimes taken by delicate or consumptive persons, in consideration of their nutritive qualities. That we should feel any repugnance toward these mollusks, seeing that oysters, whelks, and periwinkles are acceptable, is the more surprising, as on many parts of

the continent the edible species is a common article of diet.

Snails, indeed, formed a favorite dish among the ancient Romans; they were fattened in pens or *cochelarea*, upon meal boiled in new wine, and were thus sometimes brought to an enormous size. *Escargatoires*, or snaileries, for fattening these creatures, are still in use on the continent.

Setting man aside, snails have many natural enemies, by whose operation their numbers are greatly kept under. Their eggs, and even young snails themselves, are eaten by carnivorous insects, among which we may enumerate the larvæ of the glow-worm. Birds also contribute their share in the work; nor is it uninteresting to watch the thrush or blackbird on the lawn, intent upon the extrication of the snail from its shell, ingenuity being conjoined with perseverance. These birds often resort to chosen quiet spots under the shelter of bushes or hedges, to which they convey their captives, and where they leave the empty shells, which in a very short time accumulate into a considerable hoard.

Tranquil and noiseless is the tenor of the snail's existence. It roams abroad, and eats, and lays its eggs during the summer, and heeds not the grumbings of the gardener, nor anticipates the attacks of the birds. Its enjoyments are limited, its desires few and simple, and in the winter even these are suspended, for it is then inert, torpid, and dead to every sensation. If it displays some curious results of an instinctive principle, it is destitute of those qualities which render so many animals attractive. It may exhibit a degree of personal fear and shrink from the touch; but it knows neither anger nor resentment. It indulges in no freaks of playfulness—there is nothing of the kitten in its disposition; but if not playful, it is neither vain, nor proud, nor ambitious. It is a compound of negatives; and herein it is the representative of a class of beings of a very high order, whose life, like that of the snail, is passed in doing little, in thinking less, in forgetfulness of the past, and in carelessness as to the future, provided only that the sordid desires of the present may be gratified, and that without care or trouble. It is only when these are prostrated that they manifest sensitiveness.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.

THE invention of printing for the blind marks a new era in the history of literature. The whole credit of this invention, so simple yet so marvelous in its results, belongs to France. It was M. Valentine Haüy who, in 1784, at Paris, produced the first book printed with letters in relief, and soon after proved to the world that children might easily be taught to read with their fingers. It has been said by his biographer that he took his idea of embossed typography from seeing that Mademoiselle Parodis, a blind pianist of Vienna, who visited Paris that year, distinguished the keys of her instrument by the sense of touch, and also readily comprehended the maps in relief which a short time before had been invented by M. Weisembourg of Mannheim. After employing letters of different forms and sizes, and experimenting with the blind, as to the precise shape of the letter that could be the most readily distinguished by the touch, he at length fixed upon a character differing very slightly from the ordinary Roman letter, or perhaps a little approaching *italics*. There was the usual mixture of the upper and lower case, the capitals taking more of the *script* form than the small letters. He submitted his first efforts and experiments to the Academy of Sciences of Paris. A committee was appointed to examine them, and their favorable report on the 18th of February, 1785, rendered his success a triumph. Great *éclat* attended the public announcement of this invention. A new institution was established, called the "Institution Royale des Jeunes Aveugles," and M. Haüy was placed at the head of it. Among the books which he embossed were a grammar, a catechism, and small portions of the Church service, and also several pieces of music. The printing of the music was inferior. The abbreviations which he introduced into his grammar, it has been said, did not afford sufficient advantages to counterbalance their inconvenience. His principal work is entitled, "Exposé de différens moyens vérifiés par l'expérience pour les mettre en état de lire à l'aide du tact, d'imprimer des livres dans lesquels ils puissent prendre des connaissances de langues, d'histoire, de géographie, de musique, &c.; d'exécuter différens travaux relatifs aux métiers. Imprimé par les Enfants Aveu-

gles. Paris, 1786, 4to." This celebrated essay was translated into English by Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, and in 1793 was published in London with his poems in quarto. On the 26th of December, 1786, twenty-four of M. Haüy's pupils exhibited their attainments in reading, writing, arithmetic, music, and geography, before the king and the royal family at Versailles, who were delighted with the wonderful results. For a while all went on prosperously, but M. Haüy's friends soon began to give him credit for zeal rather than discretion in the management of his institution, and, consequently, as the novelty wore away, their admiration cooled, the funds fell off, and the institution languished, until it was put upon a government foundation. The blind really received but little advantage from an invention that at first promised so much. The fault, however, seems to have been not so much in the plan, as in the execution of it. The books were bulky and expensive, and the letters, though beautiful to the eye and clearly embossed, wanted that sharpness and permanence so essential to perfect tangibility; besides that, though the letters filled three spaces, they were too small to be well adapted to the sense of touch. Large editions of the few books printed were published, the idea having taken a strong hold of the public mind; so that, though the evil was soon perceived, it was not easy to abandon the defective alphabet and assume a better, for that step involved a sacrifice of all the previous labor. Hence this noble invention, except, perhaps, within the walls of the institution, soon sank into oblivion, and very little more was heard of it until 1814, when Haüy, having fallen into disrepute, was pensioned off on two thousand francs a year, and Dr. Guillié, an active and enterprising gentleman, was made "Directeur-Général" in his place. Dr. Guillié soon revived the printing, and having considerably modified the letters, commenced the publication of a series of elementary and other works. The mechanical execution of these volumes was exceedingly heavy. Most of them were ponderous folios, and very expensive; still they formed for many years almost the only literature of the blind, not alone in France, but in other countries.

•L'Institut des Jeunes Aveugles de Paris," since its foundation in 1784, has at times been in a deplorable condition, but

about the year 1840 it underwent a thorough re-organization, and is now, under the able management of M. Dufau, justly entitled to the front rank of institutions of this class in Europe, from its usefulness no less than its age. A radical reform in the printing department has been made: M. Dufau has devised a system of types consisting of capitals and lower case Roman letters, and has greatly improved the character of the embossing. The French books are now well embossed—sharp, clear, and durable. They have also been so much reduced in bulk that they are offered at a moderate price. M. Dufau has proposed to print a *standard library* for the blind, to consist of ten volumes, in quarto, for elementary instruction, and ten volumes for higher instruction. The first series is nearly completed. The second series of this library, not yet printed, it is to be hoped will soon follow.

At Vienna, an institution for the blind was established in 1804, but we are not aware of any printing having been executed in Austria before the year 1830 or 1831. About this date the intelligent publishers Treusinsky, of Vienna, embossed sheets with the Lord's Prayer in various languages, in Roman letters, and afterward printed works for elementary instruction. The subject has been recently taken up by the Imperial printing-office, and several volumes have been published.

In 1806, M. Haüy was invited to establish institutions for the blind at Berlin and St. Petersburg. His system of instruction was adopted in each of these institutions, and the books used were for a considerable time supplied from the press of Paris. Both of these institutions, in a pecuniary point of view, were unsuccessful to M. Haüy, and in 1808 he returned to Paris, and for a while resided in quiet with his brother, the celebrated Abbé Haüy.

It was in Great Britain and in the United States that the first improvements were made in embossed typography; and only within the last fifteen years that the blind generally have derived any considerable advantages from books. Before 1826, when Mr. James Gall, of Edinburgh, first began to turn his attention to the intellectual and moral education of the blind, it is believed that not a single blind person in any public institution of England or America could read by means of embossed characters. To Mr. Gall is due the credit

of reviving this art. With the most commendable zeal, patience, and perseverance, he canvassed the form of every letter, until at length he adopted his angular alphabet. He seems, from his own "Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Literature of the Blind. Edinburgh, 1834, 8vo, pp. 398," to have experimented long and patiently with a great variety of *arbitrary* and Roman alphabets, with the view of finding one sufficiently simple and tangible for finger-reading. On the 28th of September, 1827, he published "A First Book for teaching the Art of Reading to the Blind; with a short statement of the Principles of the Art of Printing as here applied to the Sense of Touch." This is believed to be the first book printed for the blind in the English language. It is a small oblong octavo volume, of nine pages, price sixpence, with four preliminary leaves, in which the author sets forth his "principles." The embossing is in high relief, and though it presents rather a rude appearance, from the fact of its having been printed from wooden types, yet it soon rendered the practicability of reading by the blind a matter of experience in Great Britain. Mr. Gall then issued sheets printed by metallic type, which were easily read by the pupils in the Asylum at Edinburgh. Encouraged by his success, in March, 1828, he issued his prospectus for the publication, by subscription, of the "Gospel by St. John;" but it was not until about the middle of 1829 that he perfected his alphabet to his own satisfaction. He tried three different fonts of type: first, the *double English* size; second, the *double pica*; and third, the *great primer*; and, after printing and canceling sheets in each of these three fonts, he at length, in January, 1832, finished the printing of his great work. The blind must ever feel indebted to Mr. Gall for the zeal and honest endeavor which he displayed in accomplishing what he thought would most benefit this unfortunate class. Notwithstanding the last sheet of his work was printed in January, 1832, yet it was not till October, 1834, that he was enabled to publish it. It is entitled, "The Gospel by St. John, for the Blind: with an Introduction, containing some Historical Notices regarding the Origin of a tangible Literature for their Use." The introduction, in common type, comprises eighteen pages. The text, in

embossed characters, consists of a hundred and forty-one pages, with twenty-seven lines on a page of seventy square inches. The leaves are not pasted together. The subscription price of the volume was one guinea, but it was subsequently sold for 6s. Gall was very sanguine of the entire success of his noble enterprise, and probably, had he chosen a less angular character, and one a little more resembling our common alphabet, as he has since done, he would soon have seen his books used in every institution in the country. His alphabet was the chief objection raised to his system. His printing was clear, sharp, and permanent, and his books in every respect were a great improvement on Haüy's and Guillié's. He published five or six other little elementary books in 1834, at the time he issued his chief work; but his system seems not to have come into extensive use. It is to Mr. Gall, perhaps, more than to any other man, that the interest in the education of the blind was awakened throughout Great Britain and America. Nor has he allowed his exertions to flag. In 1837 he published "The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Ephesians, printed for the Blind, on the largest type." The shape of the characters is similar to that upon which the "Gospel of St. John" was printed, but, instead of being smooth, the letters are fretted or serrated. It is a small octavo volume of seventy-two pages, seventeen lines to a page; two hundred and fifty copies were printed, at the price of 1s. 6d. It is printed in the lower case letters, without capitals. The "Epistle to the Philippians" was also printed, in octavo, price 1s. 6d. The following year he again modified and improved his alphabet by bringing it back to a still greater resemblance to the common alphabet; but, unfortunately, he yielded to the suggestion of the Society of Arts at Edinburgh, and introduced the use of capital letters at the beginning of sentences and proper names. His next book was "The Gospel according to St. Luke, printed on the common alphabet, for the use of the Blind, and capable of being read by any blind person. Printed for the British and Foreign Bible Society, London. 1838." This is a well-printed volume of one hundred and fifty-eight pages, twenty-eight lines on a page of seventy square inches, price 5s. The same year "The Acts of the Apostles" was printed, in the

same serrated letter, in one hundred and fifty pages, price 5s. Besides these books, Mr. Gall printed a series of tracts for the blind for the London Tract Society, in 1837, price 6d. each. It is a matter of surprise that these excellent and well-printed books of Mr. Gall are not more generally used. With the exception of the school at Abbey Hill, Edinburgh, it is believed that they are adopted by no public institution in Great Britain. It is still a question if the roughness of the serrated character possesses any advantage over the smooth, sharp embossing. Old and used books are frequently preferred by the blind to new and fresh ones.

While Mr. Gall was thus engaged at Edinburgh, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of York, displayed an intelligent and active interest in the education of the blind. In 1828 he published the "Diagrams of Euclid's Elements of Geometry," in embossed or tangible form, in 8vo. This was done on Bristol board, but was found too expensive. His mode of embossing, we believe, was forcing the paper, by means of heavy pressure, into the deep cut lines of a copper plate. It was not successful. He published also a map of England and Wales. In 1836 he printed, in raised characters, "Selections of Psalm Tunes and Chants," in oblong 4to. Also a short history of "Elijah the Prophet," and of "Naaman the Syrian," and the "History of Joseph."

The efforts of Mr. Alexander Hay, in the cause of embossed typography, deserve mention, although a failure. He devised an alphabet of twenty-six arbitrary characters, which by certain combinations could represent the abbreviations and double letters; so that in all he had fifty-eight characters. He procured types and other printing apparatus, and in 1828 or 1829 issued a prospectus for publishing the "Gospel of St. Matthew," at 7s. 6d. The book was never published.

The public interest in the blind became so great, that in 1832 the Society of Arts of Edinburgh offered a gold medal of the value of £20, "for the best communication on a method of printing for the blind;" and the result was, that between the 9th of January, 1832, and the 25th of February, 1835, nineteen different alphabets were submitted, of which sixteen were in a purely arbitrary character. The grand problem was to produce an alphabet that would unite cheapness and legibility.

While the puzzling question of an alphabet best adapted both to the fingers of the blind and the eyes of their friends, was under warm discussion in Europe, Dr. Howe was developing his system. In 1833 the Perkins Institution for the Blind was established at Boston, and Dr. S. G. Howe, a gentleman distinguished through a long series of years for his philanthropic labors, was placed at its head. As Mr. Gall had done, Dr. Howe took Haüy's invention as the basis of his system, and soon made those improvements and modifications which have rendered the Boston press so famous. He adopted the common Roman letter of the lower case. His first aim was to compress the letter into a comparatively compact and cheap form. This he accomplished by cutting off all the flourishes and points about the letters, and reducing them to the minimum size and elevation which could be distinguished by the generality of the blind. He so managed the letters that they occupied but a little more than one space and a half instead of three. A few of the circular letters were modified into angular shapes, yet preserving the original forms sufficiently to be easily read by all. So great was this reduction, that the entire New Testament, which, according to Haüy's type, would have filled nine volumes, and cost \$100, could be printed in two volumes for \$5. Early in the summer of 1834 he published the "Acts of the Apostles." Indeed, such rapid progress did he make in his enterprise, that by the end of 1835 he printed in relief the whole of the New Testament for the first time in any language, in four handsome small quarto volumes, comprising six hundred and twenty-four pages, for four dollars. These were published altogether in 1836. The alphabet thus contrived by Dr. Howe in 1833, it appears, has never since been changed. It was immediately adopted, and subsequently became extensively and almost exclusively used by the seven principal public institutions throughout the country. It is now the only system taught or tolerated in the United States, and deserves only to be better known in Great Britain and elsewhere, to be appreciated. In this country, seventeen of the states have made provision for the education of their blind, and as universal education is the policy of the country, as well as its proudest boast, these books for the blind soon became in

great demand. Dr. Howe some time since proposed a library for the blind, and with a view of increasing the number of books as rapidly as possible, arrangements have been made between the several institutions and presses to exchange books with each other, and not to print any work already belonging to the library of the blind.

About the same time that the Perkins Institution was established at Boston, another was commenced in Philadelphia, under the direction of Mr. J. R. Friedlander. To this gentleman the blind owe much for the Philadelphia contributions to their literature. To the American Bible Society, also, at New-York, much praise is due for their commendable efforts in the circulation of the Holy Scriptures among the blind.

THE SEA-FLOOD—A LEGEND OF THE NORTH.

THERE is a spot on the northern coast of Great Britain, where the billows of the broad Moray Frith roll their whitened ridges on a long line of dreary sand. This tract extends for miles, as it would appear, and far inland, till the prospect is lost among the bare heathy swells that rise beyond, and close, with their unshapely heights, the distant horizon. I have been told that once the surges of the ocean ran to the very edge of this heath-clad expanse; and still may be seen, in their desolate solitude, the ruins of ancient cots that fishermen had inhabited, now far from the sounding beach, and standing out like specters of the past, but once, no doubt, having the ripple of the sunlit waves rushing to their very threshold. Here there has been dark and wild fluctuation. Tales are told of the great tides rolling, as if borne in from the utmost polar verge, and overwhelming great tracts of country in their mighty flood. Miles, thus wasted, became the bed of ocean; till, at another era, the turbulent surges would give back, and leave the tracts they had overwhelmed as suddenly, a dreary waste of sand. Thus it had been with the spot in question. It was now the home of desolation, and had its traditions of two periods of change—that when first the waves had broken loose, and raged in a vast sea over a hitherto

peopled district, and that in which the spoiling element had given up its prey, after having marked it for a howling, uninhabitable shore.

Of the former of these periods there is a tale of some interest related, in which it is asserted that a green and fertile coast extended out as far as the present sea-margin at least; and that, on the beach, there was a fishing hamlet, called Garvoch, consisting of about a dozen huts. This colony had been perched here from immemorial time; but, latterly, vague alarms had arisen that the great sea, which the amphibious hamleteers had so often taken by the mane, was moving awfully in his deep caverns, and was about to send out a swell that would flood the country to the base of the nearest hills. No one could tell whence this vague rumor had arisen: some supposed it was in the feigned prophecy of a weird native, who had passed nearly a century there in listening to the mysterious voices of the ocean; others conceived, with greater likelihood, that certain irruptions already made at a point to the eastward, and plain indications of encroachments nearer at hand, had given ground for the whisper of alarm. However that may be, it is certain Garvoch became gradually deserted; one after another of the old tribe of fishermen left the foredoomed place, and the cots, that had sheltered their hardy race for generations, began to fall into rapid and melancholy ruin. Tangled grass and weeds grew round them; moss stains fell upon the rocks where the nets had been hung to dry in the sun; and the echoes that had once been invoked by the fisherman's song or the chime of his busy toil, were now awakened only by the wailing of the sea-bird, as it sailed over the broad bosom of the frith.

One hut, amid all this ruin and solitude, continued to send up from its little wooden chimney the curling blue vapor, that told it still was tenanted. The occupant was the last of his race, as truly he might be called, by name Peter Erickson. He was descended from a long line of fishers, and was presumed, indeed, to have the blood of the old Scandinavian Erlkings in his veins. His life, like the lives of his forefathers, had been spent on the wild northern seas. At the period of which I write he was advanced in years, but still hale and ruddy in his

aspect, and every muscle, as it seemed, trained and vehement as whipcord. His hair was of silvery whiteness, and streamed in long locks round his broad, open features; his eyes, piercing blue, could yet range the horizon undimmed. Habited in his fishing integuments, he presented no mean idea of that daring old race, who made the northern main at its wildest but their pillow, and who eagerly coveted to sink into its bosom as their last bed of repose. That Peter should abandon his time-honored roof—that he should be terrified by the phantom that had scared all his neighbors from the place—that he should fear, in any shape, the green billows that had daily rocked him from infancy till now, was not for a moment to be supposed. When every other tumbling roof-tree was deserted, therefore, Peter clung obstinately to his, and avowed that, even if the sea-ripples should murmur above his grave, it would be the dirge that would soonest soothe his spirit; he coveting no other burial than beneath the waves.

He was left, then, to his weary solitude; but yet that solitude was shared by one other, his only child Katie. Her beauty has been heard of, in the traditions of these coasts, as something little less than marvelous. She was small in stature, but of proportions just and exquisite, as if she had come from the hand of that sculptor whose fame so ennobles elder Greece. The light on her fair countenance was like a gleam of golden sunshine. Her blue eyes, soft and deep, told of her descent from the old Norse race; and these were matched by the long, waving tresses of light sunny brown that fell about her throat. The sun and the sea-breeze had given a tint to her skin; but this only added a freshened glow to its loveliness. The whispering wavelet, as it kissed the sand, was not lighter than the spring of her airy step, and its clear music fell short in sweetness of the music that was heard from Katie's voice and laugh. Beyond Peter's old cabin, his coble, and his lug-sailed barge, she was his sole treasure on earth; and beyond the tending of his silver-hairs, the industry required in their humble dwelling, and occasionally, it might be, the sale of a few fish at the little market town of P——, Katie had no other care or pleasure.

Katie was now seventeen, and beginning to bud into the charms of woman-

hood. It was a strange, wild life this ancient fisherman and his daughter led—perched upon the beach then, it might be, in the dark howling blasts that racked the winter nights, and sent sheets of spray hissing over their cabin; or, it might be, in the still, sunny days of summer, when the azure heavens were without a cloud, the calm, slumbering sea stretching away northward, till sky and waters met and mingled, and leftward, the blue masses of the far-off hills seen as if floating on the waves. But Katie never felt weary; even if her parent was for days absent on the deep seas, she never knew the hush of terror; her spirit was fearless as it was innocent and simple; and as she sat by the little lamp she kept burning like a star at the open window, as the beacon that should guide her father through the murky night, she cowered not for the hoarse music of the billows; but in every swell dreamed of hearing the voices of the stern Vikingr, whose spirits she could not help thinking were yet ranging on their ancient tracks. Her father, indeed, often, when the blast was at its highest, made the cabin ring with their rude sea-songs; and would startle the imagination of the awed and wondering girl with the tales of their daring, their stern, unbending virtues, and the mystic lore of their bards and heroes.

A few paces to the right of the ruined hamlet a small creek was formed by a mountain stream issuing there into the sea. Peter used to bring in his craft, and in this haven moor them in security, and without the need of much personal exertion. It was Katie's wont, when she had note of her father's return, to speed hither with all the vivacity and glee of her simple love; and it was a touching spectacle, when the great rugged fisherman leaped on the yellow sand, to see him clasp the gentle little girl within his arms, and kiss her sweet face a score of times, at least, in succession. This had occurred many times without further incident; but at last, after a year of their solitude had passed, Katie, on hastening one sunny afternoon to the creek, found, to her exceeding surprise, that, for the first time, there was a stranger with her father in the little boat. He was a young gentleman of so handsome an exterior, so pale and comely a face, so full, dark-flashing an eye, and hair so richly curling beneath

his cap, that Katie stopped, at first, in sheer admiration. Then, as her father leaped out, and the stranger followed, she hung back in deep bashfulness, and the blood rose richly to her forehead. She heard them talk; but she knew not clearly what was said. The youth was mentioned by her father as Mr. Arthur Trower; but this only increased poor Katie's confusion, for the only one of that name she had ever heard of was a nobleman, whose great castle was situated about four miles in the interior, and had been the awful object of her contemplation on more than one occasion. When the stranger spoke then, she could reply only at random, and hardly above a whispered tone; and when she raised her look timidly to his face, it fast sunk again, for he had fixed on her an ardent gaze.

He accompanied them to the little cot, and appeared to have acquired over old Peter the influence of an open, frank, joyous manner, a hearty laugh, quick wit, and the kindest humor. It made Katie marvel to listen to his rich musical voice—nay, to hear him sing, as the evening advanced, such songs as made the heart beat and the eyes overflow. His talk about far-off places, also, could not but charm her simple fancy; and not less did his deep lustrous glance gain a mysterious influence, the readiness with which he joined their simple board, and the mirth with which he inspired his old Triton host. Even, at length, Katie lost somewhat of her shyness, and was tempted to ask such questions as an untaught maiden might suggest. It was not the least of his triumph that his answers spoke to her heart as well as her ear. But at length, late in the night, he arose to depart.

"I am here only for the vacation, as we call it," said he. "I have to return to Oxford again in the end of the season; but, in the mean time, I shall have a couple of months, and I mean we shall be constant and almost daily friends. My father, Lord Trower, has a great many guests coming north, but I shall easily escape them." And with this remark, he took Katie's little hand, gently and gracefully carried it to his lips, wrung old Peter's horny fist, and was off, with a light step, to pursue his way over the moor.

Evening, as Katie read the chap-

ter from the large Bible, (as was her pious wont,) while Peter drew on his furred nightcap, and smoked his ancient pipe by the low hearth, she could not, alas! command her thoughts from a guilty wandering on the track of the dark-haired stranger; and when she laid her head on what had hitherto been the pillow of calm and innocent thought, it was to dream of the pale, noble face, and the pressure of those lips of gentleness. She was restless and thoughtful again when day dawned, and often was she, half-unconsciously, at the gable of the cot, shading her eyes from the sun, as she gazed across the moor, and wished for the apparition of the slight, bounding figure of her father's guest. At length, in the evening, he did come, and nervously did she flutter as she heard his voice at the threshold, and deeply did she blush, as, whispering apart from her father, he first called her by her name, and expressed his happiness in returning to her side. He from that night became Peter's pupil in the construction of nets and other mysteries; and day after day was he at the little cabin, his ardor unabated, and his welcome happier than even at the first. It was a dangerous charm for poor Katie. Her old peace had utterly departed; she gazed often with an absent and deeply-clouded eye, her bosom heaved with many a long-drawn breath, and a changing color often stole across her cheek. Peter at length could not shut his eyes to these tokens. It occurred to him, after many hours of deep pondering, what might be his daughter's peril. His strong heart beat vehemently at the flashing thought, but it might not yet be too late: he would, without delay, rescue her from temptation.

Accordingly, frankness being the chief trait in his composition, next day, when Arthur Trower was half-way between his father's castle and Garvoch, Peter met him in the path, and, causing him to sit down upon a knoll, honestly opened to him his mind. Arthur was generous and noble in his nature; and the deep distress of that old father's eye, the tones of anguish in which his love for his child found utterance, the trouble and the beads of sweat upon his storm-beaten brow, all resistlessly appealed to a heart that gave instant response. He grasped Peter's hand with a warm pressure, gave him the sacred promise that he would not visit

Garvoch again, and, with heartfelt regrets, both parted to go back on their several ways. Peter's heart was much lightened. Nevertheless, he watched Katie with keenness for the next few days. He ceased to mention Arthur's name in her presence, after telling her he had suddenly departed for England. At this the poor girl's heart sank, and to her father's eye a shade of pallor began, day by day, to be seen marking the fair cheek, and the brilliant light of the large eye was downcast and dimmed. The vivacity of step, the lightness of the laugh, the mirth of the song, was likewise gone. Everything was silently done, and Katie's greeting was as warm and soft as ever; but, how it was he could not specially define, there seemed to be a ray of sunshine lost, a charm about the little cabin wholly gone. However, he trusted in the infallible cure of time; and in this confidence returned cheerily to his toils, for the winter was fast approaching.

A fortnight had nearly passed since Arthur Trower's last visit, and Katie, left alone, was cheerless and weary enough. Many a long sigh made her gentle bosom heave; and if she opened her lips to chant a song, it was the saddest melody that first arose, and was breathed from her tongue. She was no whit suspicious that any extraordinary cause had made Arthur's visits cease; she only loved to dwell upon the moment when his approaching step would ring on her ear, and to think that he was many long miles from their dreary home, and would never turn a thought on the lot of the cabin girl. It was a day of clear sunshine; and that she might see her father's boat afar on its return, she was seated on the stone bench at the cottage gable, weaving the tissues of a net, and her head sadly drooping, when, all at once, a shadow came between her and the sunshine; she heard a heavy foot-fall on the sod, and, looking up, beheld Arthur Trower, mounted on a steed of glossy black. He had in a moment leaped down, fastened the reins to the wall, and half inclosed her in a warm embrace. How poor Katie blushed and fluttered, and was half alarmed, and knew not how to find her tongue!

Arthur seated himself by her side, and took her little hand. He had a great deal to pour into her ear, as he sought to pierce the depths of her blue eyes with

his gaze. He told her of his sadness while absent for so long a time, the misery it caused him to withstand the temptation again to visit her, and how at last he had yielded to what could no longer be resisted. Twice had he come to the brow of the hill that overlooked the shore, and as often had his courage faltered, and he had gone back. But this time he had watched her father's receding sail, and seized the chance.

"And why not come when my father would be here to give you welcome?" inquired the maiden, manifesting some surprise.

"Because," replied Arthur, as a blush rose upon his face, "he would reproach me with acting falsely. He took from me a pledge that I would never more visit his roof, that I would never more see you or him. And why? you think, dearest Katie. Why, because he feared I might *love* you. I gave the promise, but I had not then learned that I loved you, indeed, and far too dearly to sacrifice you thus for a word. I did, indeed, strive earnestly against the thought, for I was bound to make an effort that my word be kept; but, Katie, who can tell the torment I have suffered, and who can wonder if at last I gave way, and risked everything again to see you thus? You know now why it is that, in your father's presence, I would not be a welcome guest."

Katie put one hand upon her brow, for she felt her thoughts somewhat confused. The impetuous youth at her side gave her, however, no time to think.

"I love Katie more dearly than my own existence," said he, drawing her close in his embrace; "but fearful am I that you heed not one who has known you so briefly. Is it so, sweet girl? I will make any sacrifice for your sake; you are to me richer in beauty and in graces than the fairest dames I have seen in my father's halls; and whisper but the word, and one day you shall be queen among them. Even thus do I love you, Katie. Tell me, darling, if you have thought of me in my absence, and if I may think to win your love."

And with such pleading wiles did he win from the simple maiden the story of her heart's misgivings, its vacant wanderings, and its longings for his presence. Her innocence had loved unconsciously

and deeply. As she yielded for the first time to breathe the name of Arthur in his ear, and confess that he was dear to every beating of her breast, he clasped her fervently, and pressed her lips with kisses. And this he did without unholy thought. His language was the utterance of sincerity, his love pure as the maiden's simple trust. Hour after hour flew on wings of light, while thus they sat, till at last the falling shadows reminded Arthur of the approach of evening, and the chance that Peter's sail might be near. He promised then a visit on an early day, and, springing lightly to his saddle, he waved a gallant adieu, and rode off at a gallop across the moor. Katie stood watching his handsome figure as it rapidly lessened in the distance, till she saw him doff his cap in a last farewell, and vanish round a heathy swell. With flushed cheek she then hurried to overtake her household duties. While in the midst of these, her father's call sounded from the shore; she dropped an earthenware platter into twenty pieces at her feet, and stood still, with a loudly-beating heart; for the first time she feared that voice and her father's step. Hastening away, nevertheless, she met him as he stepped ashore. She dared not meet his eye, and her fluttering confusion otherwise did not escape his notice. This was even the case, while his own aspect was pale and haggard, and, for the first time in a long life of health and hardship, he appeared laboring under illness. His heaviness of gait also appealed to the eye, but poor Katie observed it not. In silence they proceeded to the cabin. Peter dared not question his hitherto open and guileless girl, and dreadful was the pang with which he divined, as by instinct, the reason of her altered demeanor—the more dreadful that, fearing to inspire a lack of confidence between two souls hitherto open to each other as daylight, he dared not give his suspicion utterance. It was noticeable, however, that, as he hung up his net upon the gable of the cot, his eye caught the cuts of a horse's hoof in the turf, and where the animal had pawed the ground. As this confirmation flashed upon him, he groaned aloud. Katie heard, and, fearfully running out, threw her arms about his neck. He took her in his embrace, gazed sorrowfully and without speaking, in reply to her anxious

questions, till her eyes sank, abashed and affrighted; and then, putting her gently away from him, he entered his home in silence. Katie trembled at the shadow of she knew not what. Peter ate his meal in silence; by the side of the iron lamp he sat all the evening, moody and thoughtful, his eyes fixed on the peat embers, or glancing covertly at his humbled and tearful daughter; and when the hour of devotion came, he took the Bible out of Katie's hands, and, instead of hearing its sublime lessons from her simple lips, he undid the clasp with solemnity, and was himself the reader.

Having finished this task, he arose from his seat, and seemed as if about to address his daughter, when, all at once, a thrill made his frame shudder, and he fell to the floor, heavily as a stone. Katie shrieked in terror; but, finding resources in the very instinct of her love, she undid his neckcloth, rubbed and bathed his temples, and made use of what other simple remedies she could, in the awful moment. By dint of her own little strength, she was able partially to raise her parent; and as he seemed not totally insensible or devoid of power, he began gradually to afford some aid of himself, and thus did she succeed in laying him upon his couch. She was horrified to behold his ghastly countenance, the eyes closed as in death, on one side the muscles hideously drawn down, and his tongue muttering, without being able to syllable a completed word. She had heard of palsy, and its awful monitions; and when she could gather up her thoughts after the first shock, and sit down to tend her father's heavy slumbering, she began to think that she was gazing on the mysterious disease. Hour after hour passed, and still he lay breathing heavily, until, at length, the morning light broke in upon the wretched maiden, and, offering up a prayer to God, she assumed her plaid, and departed across the moor to the town of P——, where alone medical aid could be procured. As she wandered into the village in the early morning, pallid and worn, and the dew streaming down her disheveled hair, the few inhabitants she met gazed after her in pity, and shook their heads. But, at last, she found a sense of exquisite relief, when she had gained the surgeon's door, and he had heard her tale. Then it was her pent emotions found relief in a flood

of tears. He was a man of benevolence; and, having ordered a light-cart, he gave the poor girl a refreshing draught, and then, placing her by his side, drove away rapidly to Garvoch. Arrived there, his aspect was serious when first he beheld Peter's condition; but, cheerfully bidding Katie be of courage, he tasked all his remedies, and a few hours witnessed a manifest improvement in the patient's state.

Faithfully did Katie watch by her parent's couch, day after day, hardly even allowing her own wearied senses a few hours' slumber. As she became used to looking on the helpless aspect of his terrible disease, she acquired patient thought, and the resources as of one who had striven long with the world's troubles. Then, too, knitting by his couch, while he lay breathing heavily, and hardly otherwise evincing life, her thoughts could not but wander sometimes after Arthur Trower's image. She surmised many things regarding his absence, and yet she feared to think his shadow might again unexpectedly darken the threshold; for, in some mysterious way, she could not but connect her father's heavy calamity with her guilty act of disobedience, and she dreaded what, on another such act, an angry heaven might not send. She grew restless, notwithstanding, and longed wearily to hear but a single intimation of her noble lover. Could it be that he had heard aught of this heavy distress? If so, then, she felt assured, he would have been at the cabin without an hour's delay. He had either then gone far to the south, according to his purpose, or there were attractions in his father's halls that kept him from thinking of the poor, forlorn maiden by the sea-shore. If either supposition be correct, what hope was there for Katie's happiness? Day by day did she anxiously look and long for the apparition of the jet-black steed and the gallant youth; but he never came; and her heart at length died in despondency within her. More than ever devoted to her parent, however, there was nothing outwardly that indicated the ceaseless gnawing at her heart, but the pallid aspect, the unbidden tear brushed from her cheek, and the long, deep-fetched sigh. Peter had wakened into gradual consciousness; by signs he could converse with his daughter; he could follow her with obvious clearness,

as she read the page of inspiration; and by every token, although his faculties had much decayed, still had his faith and hope brightened, and the spirit within him was at rest. Many simple, fervent prayers did poor Katie breathe in the intervals of her troubled throng of emotions; and for a season would she rest, as it were, comforted by the eye of heaven and the tempter gone; but again would that tempter's whisper rise, and, hastening from her father's side, she would seek her own little chamber, and weep out the sorrows of her breaking heart.

Thus had several weeks passed away; and it was now early in January. She recollected that Arthur had promised a visit to Scotland at this season, during what he called the Christmas holidays; and, spite of all her watching, her heart beat often to think, that now, perhaps, he was within a few miles' distance, and haply every morning would bring the ringing step of his horse to the cottage-door. Day after day, however, passed, night fell, and still no step was heard; and again the hopes excited within Katie's breast sank and died. Never had Arthur's image risen more vividly, never had she so freshly remembered his embrace, the sweet smile of his lips, his gentle kiss, and his beaming glance! If now he should not come, she felt that she might never more look upon his face, and that all the world henceforth would be to her a wretched blank. On her sleepless pallet, night after night, did she thus endure a weary struggle, till at last, in her despair, the fearful suggestion pierced her maiden heart, that haply she might seek Arthur's home, if he had forgotten how he might find the path to hers. It was a wild fancy, and she hastened to destroy it; but it had entered once, and the more she strove to forget, and treat it with abhorrence, the more pertinaciously did it return and cleave to her. At last, what seemed a happy thought of compromise dawned upon her. She remembered once, in the little church of P—, having seen Lord Trower in his great rich pew, and now did she think that, if she ventured thither on the ensuing Sabbath day, Arthur might be there. When the hallowed morn came, then, she intimated to her father, though with face turned away, that she would leave him for a few hours, while she should be absent at the church, where for so many weeks her

foot had been a stranger. Eagerly, then, robing her beautiful form in its simple finery, she took the hill-path. She was early at church; and, entering the empty house, she sought the deep retreat of a place where, while concealed herself, she might command Lord Trower's richly-decked pew. The worshipers presently began to enter; every footstep on the gallery stair caused her bosom to throb, and the blood to rush to her face, and then flow violently back to her heart. But the service began, and still the great pew remained empty. By degrees her tortured thoughts were calming in dejection, when at length, however, the doors opened again, thronging steps mounted the stair, and Katie's eyes and head swam in giddiness, as she beheld, first, the tall, princely figure of the white-haired Lord Trower enter, then a succession of fair and noble dames—and, yes! there, last, came the handsome Arthur, bright in his youthful beauty, and his eye beaming with its own splendid luster. How poor Katie shrank away more deeply into shadow, and yet how she gazed on that unconscious face! Alas! what was she, compared with these girls of beauty and nobility who were ranged beside him! what was her madness, in thinking that she could for a moment dwell in his thoughts! As thus she mourned bitterly, the crowd of emotion within her was such, that she feared every instant her reeling senses might leave her. But the service closed; the doors were flung open, and the congregation rapidly dispersed. The rush of cold fresh air revived her, and, one of the last, she arose to depart also. But she feared to meet Arthur in the crowd, and, raising her eyes, she beheld the noble occupants within their pew still. She paused then another minute, that they might have time to depart. But shame and terror arose, when, looking round, she saw that all others were gone—among the empty pews below she was alone. How, then, could she longer stay? She was reduced to desperation; and, rising and creeping under the shadow, she won the open door; but here again she trembled in dismay, for she heard Lord Trower's voice, as he descended the stair, and the others followed. His carriage and several saddled horses were drawn up before the door. She paused in an agony of terror; then, wound up through despair, she rushed

through the open doorway. Ere she could make her way beyond the grooms and horses, however, the party behind were close on her steps, and as, unable to resist, she looked back, Arthur's eyes flashed on hers in the moment of his vaulting to his saddle. Next instant, to her terrified imagination, she heard his horse's foot-step close at her side; this winged her with a crowning alarm; and, darting through the gate, she passed the half dispersed and wondering crowd without, at a running pace; and turning instinctively down a hidden path, she halted not, till far away and in solitude she stopped to still the heavings of her breast, and weep over her shame.

All that night was one, indeed, of grievous self-torture. She shunned the glance of her poor father's eye, that she might sit away as much in solitude as possible, and there brood on what had happened. Many times did she beat her breast, as she thought how unlike was this to the simple innocence of former times; and much was she harassed with self-reproach, as she looked at her helpless parent, and asked if she had not verily sinned against him and against Heaven, that she should so have yielded to temptation? Pale and shivering, as, if a cold wind shook her, she sat, with her head bowed upon her knees, and thus bitterly lamenting her departed peace. She sought to pray, but the words refused to come, and her heart was willfully rebellious. The imprint of Arthur's face, freshened and deepened, was there, and, in despite of every effort, did she dwell upon its fatal charm. It had not been expressive of aversion, or of cold disdain. She dreamed wildly that, in its surprise, there was the flash of eager, tender recollection. She was not then forgot! And was he forever to depart, without more than that transient glance exchanged between them? O, that she could but once more touch his hand or see his face! Shamed as she was, this wish of perverse love importuned her ceaselessly. All night, as she tossed upon her couch, it was whispering its temptation; when she slept for a few minutes, it suggested her dreams; and with the rising dawn, it conjured her to make haste while the opportunity was hers. Arthur might that very day take his departure southward, and her eyes might never see his face again. She wept copiously, and moaned aloud, that this temptation might

pass from her, or that her strength might overcome it; but, alas! it was unavailing that thus she struggled. From her pallet she arose, under the desperate influence, resolved once again to see Arthur, if haply her peace might not be forever parted and crushed.

As hour after hour passed away, she found her courage quailing. Nervous, and almost hysterical, it was a hard thing, she felt, to abandon her helpless father. But then a treacherous whisper came to her aid, suggesting that Trower Castle was not more than a few miles across the heath; a couple of hours would suffice for her absence. The day was wild, dark, and blustering; and as she looked out on the sea, it was one vast field of hoarse, foam-strewn waves. She spoke little that day to old Peter; but what she said was tenderly and softly spoken. This one time would she yield; but henceforth her devotion to her parent would be deep and unremitting. Alas! how little is it remembered that such a yielding to temptation often leads to deadly and irreparable woe! After the hour of noonday, then, did she finally venture on the step of peril. She dressed with neatness, smoothed her long golden tresses, and thus set off the sadly-worn and pallid face of beauty. Then, casting her plaid lightly round her head, she took one last look past the half-opened door at the venerable man, as helplessly he sat in a half-slumber near the hearth of peace, the open Bible spread upon his knees, and his hands clasped across his chest.

The heavens frowned in gloom and threatening storm upon her, as, leaving the threshold of the cabin, she took her way across the moor. Undefined terror oppressed and shook her, and would have driven her back, but a strong infatuation drew her on; and with eager steps did she advance. On the brow of the first swell, where she would lose sight of the little ruined hamlet on the shore, she paused, and looked lingeringly back. In the north, the heavens and sea appeared to be gathered in one vast, dense, inky mass, and bellowed in foam and thunder. The sea-birds flew wildly, and screamed ominously. Against such a background, the ruins of the old huts upon the sand stood out in spectral vividness. Katie's heart sadly misgave her; and, standing, uncertain what course to take, she wept aloud.

Would she even yet return to her father's side, and pray Heaven to aid her in tearing Arthur Trower forever from her recollection? It was a cruel necessity. One look, at least, upon his father's towers could not be wrong. Love thus once more conquered; and, setting her teeth steadfastly, she turned away from the sea and cottages, and, as she descended the height on the opposite side, they were lost to her view. One mile after another vanished under her footsteps, and, by certain landmarks, she could tell that the end of her journey approached. Another winding, and her eager eyes straining forward, she beheld the turrets of Trower Castle rising over a dark wood in the plain. At the sight her simple heart sank in dismay; for now it flashed full upon her, how she could ever dare approach this dread mansion—how she could ever sue at its door—and how, even arrived there, any hope could be given her that Arthur would be seen! She sat down upon a stone, and gazed in mute despair. The tears rolled fast down her cheeks, and the intense misery that filled her heart was almost too great to bear.

As thus she sat, two riders, unnoticed, approached her from behind, and not till they were within a few paces did the ring of their horse's feet alarm her, so that she hastily drew up the plaid that had fallen to her neck. Under the cover of its fold she then sat still, but glancing toward the riders with a thrill of terror. One who rode on the side next her was a young, handsome girl, of countenance beautiful as ever poet conjured up. Deeply flashed the jet eyes, and richly streamed the black silken tresses, as, with a noble gesture, she managed her proud steed, and bending toward her companion, gaily spoke and laughed aloud. *Him* Katie did not at first see, but her heart too truly divined it, for his voice had struck on her ear. It was Arthur, in all the pride of his distinguished aspect; and to the fair creature at his side he was answering with a smile and voice that repaid the love and ardor of her own. So to poor Katie did it seem, though she had *not* noted, that, ere she had covered up her head at first, Arthur's eye had recognized her, and he started. He passed her with a look askance, but stop or look behind he dared not. In that moment, however, his smile and voice became me-

chanical, and if he might, he would gladly have left his fair companion to pursue her way alone, and have leaped down at Katie's side. It was with a thick beating heart and chafing patience that he rode away.

But Katie, seeing and believing only that he was under the charm of far other beauty than she could ever boast, sat still in statue-like despair. She was alive only to the thought, that Arthur was lost to her evermore; and she longed to be by the side of her poor cottage hearth again, and there to bury her grief and her love in darkness and solitude. The riders had disappeared in the wood, and their voices had died upon the wind, and then, rising, and binding her plaid fast around her bosom, she turned her steps on her homeward path. She loathed herself that thus she had been degraded by her own heart; but this only inspired her to fly back with a swifter pace. She was tearless now: only a quick sobbing in her breast told the hopeless anguish that was crowded there. She sped onward at a running pace, insensible to every object and thought, but that of earnest desire to be again under the shelter of her father's cot.

Meanwhile the gloom of the heavens was palpably increasing, as the night approached. Howling voices were heard above and around, and many wailings, like human cries, floated past on the dreary heath, and were echoed from the hills. The wind, too, had risen, and was coming in wild gusts, and laden with sleet, right in the maiden's face, as she held on her way. Suddenly to these were added the sound of swift trampling behind her over the broken path, and her name was shouted on the gale; but she heeded not the summons; she was drawn onward as by an ominous charm, that warned her, by supernatural tokens, of unknown disaster; and, without ever turning her head, onward she rushed. A few paces more, and the roar of the distant sea was heard, audibly predominating. How once she had loved that long rolling sound! but now it conjured up every picture of terror. And too truly. As she reached the heathy crest, where first she could see its foam, there was the dark mass of sea and heavens, as if dispersed and driven by the arms of many giants, rushing and breaking far over the land, in hideous tumult! The lightning played in fitful streaks on the

pitchy background; and, to the voice of the awakened sea, the thunder added its majestic peals. There, at last, had the spirits of the deep, that had been moving so long in their ocean caves, arisen, and were flinging from them the billows of destruction. The sea had burst its barriers, and the menaced flood had come! The maiden stood aghast, and at that moment there was a pause in the hurricane. In the momentary lull, the thunder of a horse's tread, that had long been on her track, was brought more distinctly to her ear, and, by a spectral glare of fire, the jet animal was seen, foaming, and with distended nostril, bearing its unbonneted rider, hoarsely shouting Katie's name, and savagely exulting, as it seemed, that at length he had reached her side. But she was gone, almost as swift as the fire-flash. She thought but once of her helpless father; and the picture of his gray hairs, the salt waves lashing at his threshold, his gray hairs dragged in the brine, shot across her brain, and she beheld in all the hand of Heaven against her guilt and disobedience. She could not save him now, but she might find and lay hold of his gray hairs, even in the mysterious caverns where the troubled spirits of the deep were raging. If so, she would pillow his head even there upon her bosom, ere she died. Onward then, with a long, despairing cry, she sped. The plaid flew from her shoulders; her tresses streamed. dank and tangled, on the gale; the salt spray, showering far on the land, dashed on her face; but, blinded, sobbing, as never human breast had sobbed before, onward she sped! Many times she fell, and the stones cruelly cut her limbs and face; and the whirlwind, taking her like a child in its arms, lifted her up and threw her to the ground; but still, shrieking "My father!" onward she sped! Behind her the horseman, like an attendant spirit, madly rode, and ever and anon he mingled her name with the blast; but what cared she for the summons?

The sea-flood came rushing on. Long since it had swept over the ruined cabins. Next morning the black steed was seen riderless on the hills; and two forms, locked in each other's embrace, were washed ashore on the new sea-beach—the golden locks of the maiden wreathed with the dark ringlets of the youth she had loved too well!



SCENES FROM COWPER'S "TASK."

THE GARDEN.

As ONE who, long in thickets and in brakes
Entangled, winds now this way and now that
His devious course uncertain, seeking home ;
Or, having long in miry ways been foil'd,
And sore discomfited, from slough to slough
Plunging, and half-despairing of escape ;
If chance at length he finds a greensward
smooth

And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
He chirrup brisk his ear-erecting steed,
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease ;
So I, designing other themes, and call'd
To adorn the sofa with eulogium due,
To tell its slumbers, and to paint its dreams,
Have rambl'd wide. In country, city, seat
Of academic fame, (howe'er deserved,)
Long held, and scarcely disengaged at last.
But now with pleasant pace a cleaner road
I mean to tread. I feel myself at large,
Courageous, and refresh'd for future toil,
If toil awaits me, or if dangers new.

Since pulpits fail, and sounding-boards reflect
Most part an empty, ineffectual sound,
What chance that I, to fame so little known,
Nor conversant with men or manners much,
Should speak to purpose, or with better hope
Crack the satiric thong? 'Twere wiser far
For me, enamor'd of sequester'd scenes,
And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose,
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or
vine,

My languid limbs, when summer sears the
plains ;

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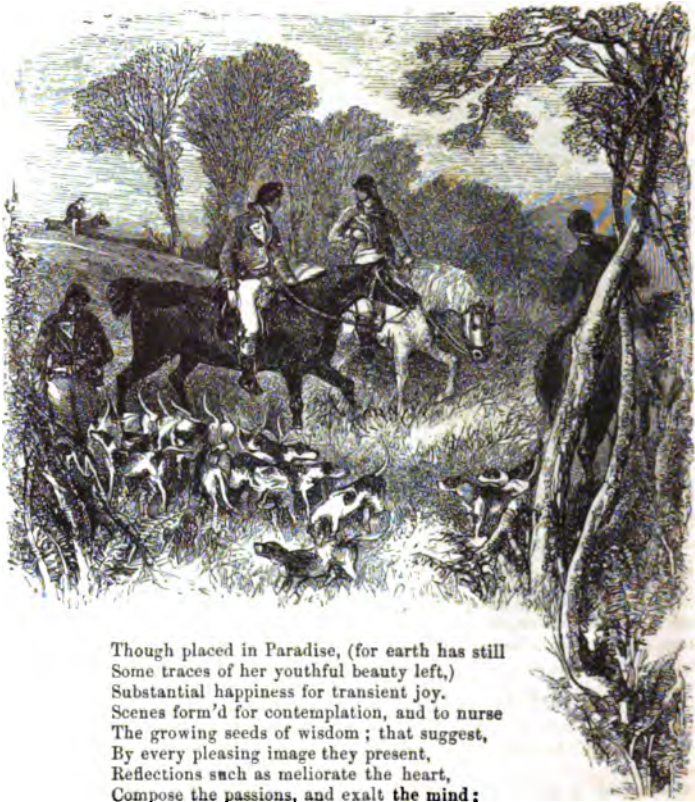
Or, when rough winter rages on the soft
And shelter'd sofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful
hearth ;

There, undisturb'd by folly, and apprised
How great the danger of disturbing her,
To muse in silence, or at least confine
Remarks that gail so many to the few,
My partners in retreat. Disgust conceal'd
Is ofttimes proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the fall !
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or tasting, long enjoy thee ! too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup ;
Thou art the nurse of Virtue, in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.

THE CHASE.

O FRIENDLY to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasure pass'd !
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets ;
Though many boast thy favors, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.
But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,
E'en as his first progenitor, and quits,



Though placed in Paradise, (for earth has still
 Some traces of her youthful beauty left,)
 Substantial happiness for transient joy.
 Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse
 The growing seeds of wisdom ; that suggest,
 By every pleasing image they present,
 Reflections such as meliorate the heart,
 Compose the passions, and exalt the mind ;
 Scenes such as these 'tis supreme delight
 To fill with riot, and defile with blood.
 Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes
 We persecute, annihilate the tribes
 That draw the sportsman over hill and dale,
 Fearless and rapt away from all his cares ;
 Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again ;
 Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye ;
 Could pageantry, and dance, and feast, and song,
 Be quell'd in all our summer-months' retreat ;
 How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,
 Who dream they have a taste for fields and
 groves,
 Would find them hideous nurseries of the spleen,
 And crowd the roads, impatient for the town !
 They love the country, and none else, who
 seek
 For their own sake its silence and its shade.
 Delights which who would leave, that has a
 heart





Susceptible of pity, or a mind
 Cultured and capable of sober thought,
 For all the savage din of the swift pack,
 And clamors of the field? Detested sport,
 That owes its pleasures to another's pain;
 That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
 Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endued
 With eloquence, that agonies inspire,
 Of silent tears, and heart-distending sighs?
 Vain tears, alas! and sighs that never find
 A corresponding tone in jovial souls!
 Well—one at least is safe. One shelter'd
 here

Has never heard the sanguinary yell
 Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
 Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
 Whom ten long years' experience of my care
 Has made at last familiar; she has lost
 Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,
 Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
 Yes—thou mayst eat thy bread, and lick the
 hand

That feeds thee; thou mayst frolic on the
 floor

At evening, at night retire secure
 To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd;
 For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledged
 All that is human in me to protect
 Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.
 If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
 And, when I place thee in it, sighing say
 I knew at least one here that had a friend.

THE CHURCH.

THE pulpit, therefore, (and I name it fill'd
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
 With what intent I touch that holy thing)—
 The pulpit (when the satirist has at last,
 Strutting and vaporing in an empty school,
 Spent all his force, and made no proselyte)—
 I say the pulpit (in the sober use
 Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
 Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall
 stand,

The most important and effectual guard,
 Support, and ornament of virtue's cause:
 There stands the messenger of truth: there
 stands

The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.
 By him the violated law speaks out
 Its thunders; and by him, in strains as
 sweet

As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
 He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
 Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken
 heart,

And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
 Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
 Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
 Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
 The sacramental host of God's elect!
 Are all such teachers? would to heaven all
 were!

But hark—the doctor's voice! fast wedged
 between

Two empires he stands, and with swollen
 cheeks

Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
 Than all invective is his bold harangue,
 While through that public organ of report
 He hails the clergy; and, defying shame,
 Announces to the world his own and theirs!
 He teaches those to read, whom schools dis-
 miss'd,

And colleges, untaught; sells accent, tone,
 And emphasis in score, and gives to prayer
 The adagio and andante it demands.

He grinds divinity of other days
 Down into modern use; transforms old print
 To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
 Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.

Are there who purchase of the doctor's
 ware?

O, name it not in Gath! it cannot be,
 That grave and learned clerks should need
 such aid.

He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
 Assuming thus a rank unknown before—
 Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church!



AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD.

AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD is the descendant of French Protestant refugees. His family seems to have long been distinguished for mental talent and independence: some branches of it were among the earliest supporters of the persecuted Albigenses; but, notwithstanding their known leaning toward unorthodox religious opinions, they appear to have received both honors and profitable grants from the kings of France. But when the day of trial arrived, they had their share of miseries. In the slaughter of the Huguenots, two members of the family perished; but a third, more fortunate, succeeded in escaping to Holland, where the Layards commenced a new career.

Their first appearance in England was under William of Orange; and in the list of those who held command under that Protestant prince, when he fought the battle of the Boyne, will be found the name of the father of the English branch of the family.

Previous to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the name had been Raymond; but Layard was taken as a *sobriquet*, when its owner fled from France, and has

since been retained by the descendants of the religious exile. The mental characteristics that secured them distinction in Holland, prepare us to find that the family thrived in their adopted country; and the grandfather of the discoverer of Nineveh, the Rev. Dr. Layard, became Dean of Bristol. The dean had two sons; the second, Henry Peter John Layard, held an important civil post in Ceylon, where, between the years 1820 and 1830, he distinguished himself by his great activity in the dissemination of the Scriptures among the savage tribes of that part of the world. He is described as a man of much classical learning and of cultivated taste. Like all persons engaged in official occupations in the East, Mr. Layard required an occasional recourse to the more genial climate of Europe. During a visit to Paris in 1817, his wife gave birth, on the 5th of March, to Austen Henry Layard, the man whose name will henceforth be identified with Nineveh.

Mr. Layard's family having fixed their abode in Italy, the future traveler became acquainted, at a very early period of his life, both with the finest specimens of art,

and also with those facts and data which belong more particularly to the province of the antiquary. It would have been impossible to select a spot better calculated in every respect to train the young man for the work which he was, in the course of time, to accomplish with such signal success.

When of sufficient age to start upon the business of life, Austen Layard was intended for the law, and he began its study under the most favorable circumstances. But he had, as it seems, already contracted a passion for travels, which could not very well be satisfied by excursions from Lincoln's Inn to Westminster Hall. Blackstone was soon relinquished, briefs soon left to be filed by more ambitious legists, and in 1839, the votary of Themis set out with a friend on a course of travel, which led him to various points in the North of Europe. He wandered about Germany, marking the languages of the different states through which he passed; he spent some time in Dalmatia, and at last, directing his course to Montenegro, he came to Constantinople by way of Roumelia and Albania. It was quite natural that he should feel anxious to cross the Bosphorus, and to explore the vast field which unfolds itself before the steps of Oriental travelers. He accordingly set to work; learned the languages of Turkey and Arabia, familiarized himself with the manners and habits of the Eastern world, and started upon a new expedition. He is said to have been often mistaken for an Arab of the desert, such was the ease with which he had overcome every difficulty that stood in his way. He visited Persia, Mesopotamia, Khuzistan, and other districts, chiefly directing his attention to those spots which were of historic interest. He published, from time to time, some records of his wanderings, and the journals of the London Geographical Society contain particulars on that subject, full of useful information in more than one respect. In all his journeys, Mr. Layard contrived to live with the strictest economy, eating and drinking cheerfully what the country afforded, however rough it might be. When he first found himself at Mosul, near the mound of Nimroud, he felt an irresistible desire to make researches of some kind on the spot to which history and tradition point as "the birthplace of the wisdom of the West."

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These were the localities where Babylon and Nineveh were supposed to lie. Within a short distance Xenophon had, twenty centuries before, led the ten thousand Greeks through all the perils of an enemy's country, back to their native land. Mr. Layard had seen the monuments which are scattered over the *Romana campagna*; he had admired the noble *debris* of ancient Athens; but never had he felt coming upon him "the serious thought and earnest reflections," which seem to arise from the ruins of Assyrian grandeur.

In the summer of 1843 he made the acquaintance of M. Botta, who, located at Mosul as French consul, had commenced excavations in the great mound of Kouyunjik. This occurrence, and the success M. Botta met with, roused to its highest pitch the energy of the Englishman. He set out for Constantinople in order to secure, if possible, the means of carrying on a system of investigation which might produce results similar to those obtained by M. Botta. For a long time Mr. Layard's application received no encouragement. At last, in the autumn of 1845, through the munificence of Sir Stratford Canning, he was enabled to commence his long-desired labors. He accomplished in twelve days the voyage from Constantinople to Mosul.

The difficulties which Mr. Layard had to cope with at the outset of his endeavors were of a nature to have discouraged any one but the real enthusiast in the cause of science. Accompanied by Mr. Ross, a British merchant in Mosul, his own cawass, and a servant, he descended the Tigris to Nimroud in five hours, and at sunset reached the Arab village of Naifa-Awad. A sheikh of the Jehesh, in whose house he lodged, entered his service, and speedily engaged six Arabs to assist in the excavations. In the principal mound, only twenty minutes' walk from the village, about eighteen hundred feet long, nine hundred broad, and sixty-five high, supposed to be the pyramid of Xenophon, they found fragments with cuneiform inscriptions; and in the course of the morning *ten* large slabs, forming a square, were uncovered, being the top of a chamber, with an entrance at the northwest corner, where a slab was wanting. Cuneiform inscriptions filled the center of all the slabs, which were in the highest preservation. The amount of the discoveries thus

made, their importance, and the fact that they constituted evidently a very small portion only of treasures yet to be brought to light—all this was well calculated to repay Mr. Layard for his anxiety, his zeal, and his unremitting efforts. But the tyranny of Keritli Oglu, (the son of the Cretan,) pasha of Mosul, his duplicity, his greediness, had well-nigh proved an obstacle more serious than any of those which the traveler found in the whole course of his expedition. "The appearance of his excellency," says Mr. Layard, "was not prepossessing, but it matched his temper and conduct. Nature had placed hypocrisy beyond his reach. He had one eye and one ear; he was short and fat, deeply marked by the small-pox, uncouth in gestures, and harsh in voice. His fame had reached the seat of his government before him. On the road he had revived many good old customs and impositions, which the reforming spirit of the age had suffered to fall into decay. He particularly insisted on *dish-parassi*, or a compensation in money, levied upon all villages in which a man of such rank is entertained, for the wear and tear of his teeth in masticating the food he condescends to receive from the inhabitants."

The great object of this man was to procure money from the *Giaour* by all possible means. Various objections were made by him to the continuance of the excavations; the Europeans were profaning the graves of true believers, violating the Koran, &c., &c. Mr. Layard, at last, had to obtain, through Sir Stratford Canning's influence, a firman from the Porte, authorizing him to proceed with his labors, and it was only then that he could do so in safety. Very fortunately, Keritli Oglu incurred the displeasure of his government. He was dismissed; and the new official, Ishmael Pasha, adopted a system of policy which proved both honest in itself and favorable to the important work now actively carried on at Nimroud.

When the first gigantic figure brought to light out of the ruins made its appearance, the whole town of Mosul was thrown into commotion. The Arabs cried out that Nimroud himself had been found. "There is no God but God," cried they, "and Mohammed is his prophet!" The *cadi*, the *mufti*, and the *ulema* complained to the pasha, that these excavations were contrary to the Koran; the pasha re-

quested, therefore, their discontinuance till the sensation in the town had subsided. But this new incident had no unpleasant consequences. The poor Arabs, when they heard of Nimroud's sudden appearance, might well fear, for they consider "the mighty hunter" as one of the greatest and most abandoned among God's enemies. Disappointed in his design of making war with the Almighty, he turned his arms against Abraham, who, being a powerful prince, raised forces to defend himself; but God dividing Nimroud's subjects, and confounding their language, deprived him of the greater part of his people, and plagued those who adhered to him by swarms of gnats, which destroyed almost all of them. One of those gnats having entered into the nostril or ear of Nimroud, penetrated to one of the membranes of his brain, where, growing bigger every day, it gave him such intolerable pain that he was obliged to cause his head to be beaten with a mallet, in order to procure some ease; which torture he suffered four hundred years. And, at last, there he was, the great tyrant, the sworn enemy of everything good. "Certainly," exclaimed the terrified Arabs, "this is not the work of men's hands, but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood."

While such were the ejaculations of Mr. Layard's workmen, he himself mused over the mutilated remains of the Assyrian monarchy. At length, as the hot season drew nigh, and his health began to fail, he felt the necessity of renouncing for a while his labors at Nimroud. After inspecting and covering up for future examination a number of sculptured slabs, he caused the remainder to be packed up and transported to Bombay, by way of Bagdad. On the 28th of August he started, with a party of friends, on a visit to the Chaldean and Nestorian Christians who inhabit the Tiyari mountains, intending to return in September for the purpose of continuing the excavations. After inspecting the French *diggings* at Khorsabad, on his way to the mountains, he passed through the town of Amadiyah, and reached the village of Asheetha, where he was most hospitably received by the Chaldeans. A Kurdish chief, the cruel Beder Khan Bey,

had at that time commenced putting into execution a plan for the entire destruction of those unfortunate Christians. Ten thousand of them were, by his orders, massacred in cold blood, and the inhabitants of one of the villages which Mr. Layard visited, Ikoma Gowaia, daily expected an invasion of the Kurds. The Governor of Mosul attempted to avert the calamity; yet a few days after the English traveler had reached Mosul, the deed of slaughter was perpetrated. The Porte, at last, saw the necessity of putting a stop to these atrocious crimes; an army marched against the rebellious Kurd, who, after sustaining several defeats, was taken prisoner, brought to Constantinople, and banished to the island of Candia.

The next locality in which we find Mr. Layard is the district of the Yezidis, or worshipers of the Devil; rather queer associates, one would fancy, for an orthodox Christian. However, those votaries of the Evil Spirit turned out to be far from fiendish in their dispositions, and they entertained their visitors with the greatest eagerness. This short season of relaxation produced the desired effect; Mr. Layard returned to Mosul both refreshed and eager to resume his labors. There he received letters from England, informing him that Sir Stratford Canning had presented to the nation the sculptures discovered in Assyria, and that a grant from government had been obtained toward the expenses arising from fresh investigations. The allowance could hardly suffice to defray the most essential outlay, and it was far inferior to the one made to M. Botta by the French cabinet, for the excavations at Khorsabad; yet Mr. Layard resolved to do his best, and by undertaking the multifarious occupations of draughtsman, sculpture-packer, cast-taker, and overseer, he succeeded. By the end of October new excavations were begun; and on the 24th of June following, after having covered up the sculptures which he could not remove, and transported to Busrah the valuable results of his labors, Mr. Layard left Mosul for Constantinople, on his way to England.

In reviewing the principal facts connected with this first expedition, we must acknowledge that the encouragement which the illustrious explorer received at the hands of his government, was such as to reflect the greatest disgrace upon those

who have the management of the public money. Not only did the grant voted amount to a very trifling sum, compared with the work to be accomplished, but it was with the utmost difficulty that advances could be obtained in cases of absolute necessity. The subject was earnestly taken up at the time, by the majority of the English journals, especially by the "Athenæum." "When we reflect," says this paper, "that the highly interesting and extensive collection of Assyrian marbles and ivories, now in the British Museum, were obtained by government at a merely nominal price, and that, if sold at Sotheby and Wilkinson's, they would probably have realized a very large sum—ten times, perhaps, what was given for them—we must confess to some surprise that government should have been so niggardly in its second advance. The fine spirit of research displayed by Mr. Layard, and his known unwillingness to profit in pocket by his discoveries, when the British nation is a purchaser, should have been met by a nobler return from the representatives of the British people."

But the results Mr. Layard had obtained, when once fully made known and rendered, as it were, palpable, were too characteristic, too important, to remain absolutely unacknowledged. He received from the University of Oxford a doctor's degree, and was appointed to the embassy at the Porte. On the retirement of Lord Palmerston from the foreign office, and the accession of Earl Granville, he was named Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In 1852 he took his seat in Parliament, and in the following year was presented with the freedom of the city of London, in consideration of his discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh.

Let us now retrace our steps, and devote a paragraph to Mr. Layard's second expedition. "After a few months' residence in England, during the year 1848, to recruit a constitution worn by long exposure to the extremes of an Eastern climate, I received orders to proceed to my post as her majesty's embassy in Turkey. The trustees of the British Museum did not, at that time, contemplate further excavations on the site of ancient Nineveh. Ill health and limited time had prevented me from placing before the public, previous to my return to the East, the result of my first researches, with the

illustrations of the monuments and copies of the inscriptions recovered from the ruins of Assyria. They were not published till some time after my departure, and did not, consequently, receive that careful superintendence and revision necessary to works of this nature. It was at Constantinople that I first learned the general interest felt in England in the discoveries, and that they had been universally received as fresh illustrations of Scripture and prophecy, as well as of ancient history, sacred and profane."

It seems perfectly clear that the decided manifestations of public opinion *alone* roused the authorities of the British Museum to a sense of their duty. Mr. Layard was consequently requested to undertake the superintendence of a second expedition into Assyria. "Being asked to furnish a plan of operations, I stated what appeared to me to be the course best calculated to produce interesting and important results, and to enable us to obtain the most accurate information on the ancient history, language, and arts, not only of Assyria, but of its sister kingdom, Babylonia. Perhaps my plan was too vast and general to admit of performance or warrant adoption. I was merely directed to return to the site of Nineveh, and to continue the researches commenced among its ruins."

Ten persons, Mr. Layard included, composed the corps of *savants* who started upon this new journey; an experienced artist was appointed to secure designs of such monuments as could not be removed, either from injury or decay; a physician also gave to the party the benefit of his skill; and most of the workmen or attendants who had helped on a previous occasion to carry on the work were very willing to accept further employment under the direction of so intelligent, so generous, and so considerate a master as Mr. Layard. The caravan left the Bosphorus for Trebizond on August 28th, 1849, and in the space of less than two years discoveries were made which have rendered the collection of Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum the most complete in the world.

After a series of successful excavations at Nineveh, Mr. Layard commenced an examination of the ruins of Babylon. Vast heaps of earth and rubbish, which often could not be removed without danger, im-

peded his progress; but it was reserved for later explorers to trace the general plan of the city.

We have spoken of Mr. Layard as a scientific traveler; as a *writer*, it is hardly possible to overrate his merits. The facility with which he unites interesting narratives and travels with the details of his remarks is extraordinary; and this peculiarity of style being preëminently suited to general readers, will no doubt have the effect of widely disseminating the information his works contain.

The value of his researches in all their consequences cannot yet be estimated. Now that the track is open, explorers have hastened into it, and nearly every day brings us, on the subject of Assyrian history, new conclusions, or new materials for investigation. It is well known that an English society is now engaged in making systematic excavations in the localities already visited by Mr. Layard; and we are authorized to expect great things from the combined resources furnished by money, social influence, and scholarship. The interpretation of the cuneiform inscriptions promises still more important additions to history and chronology; and in the restoration of ancient palaces and monuments, art may profit by the comparison of its earlier and later stages.

To the illustration of Scripture and prophecy, we must, at least, allude, as associated with the labors of Dr. Layard. Less than half a century ago, one of the most learned Deists of France, a man of great energy and talent, earnestly sought for a theme, in the development of which he might, as he vainly hoped, destroy the authority of Scripture, and subvert the doctrine of the Gospel. Having selected his post, he carefully inspected venerable mounds, ruined architecture, and the remains of ancient cities. This labored effort failed; nor is it probable that it will ever be repeated. On the contrary, let the man who may have learned to doubt at the school of rationalistic theology, carry his Bible with him to the Assyrian room of the British Museum; let him there study, impartially and completely, the histories of Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, and Sennacherib; and the result must be his conviction, that on the field of ancient history, as on every other, the infidel has lost his boasted power.

The National Magazine.

JUNE, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

OUR PROSPECTS.—It is due to those who have interested themselves in the circulation of THE NATIONAL, to say that their efforts are appreciated, and that our subscription list is growing steadily. One gentleman, a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has obtained for us seven hundred new subscribers since the first of January last, and intends, he tells us, to add three hundred more to commence with the number for July, which will be the first of the ninth volume. Other agents are also doing well, and the prospect for the future is encouraging. It will be the aim of the publishers, and of those to whom the editorial supervision may be intrusted, to make THE NATIONAL still more attractive, being well satisfied that to deserve will be to secure success, and that circulation will be in direct proportion to desert.

TO PREVENT STEALING.—A little incident, which ought to have had a place in our "Recollections in Ornithology," is mentioned in a recent number of the *London Times*. We suggest to those of our readers who have been troubled in a similar way to try the experiment. The writer was annoyed by the depredations of the feathered tribes, and being rather fond of gardening, he did not like to see the young shoots of his pinks and other plants carefully picked out. He says:

"Upon examining the question dispassionately, (the writer had evidently been greatly incensed against the sparrows.) I came to the conclusion that this depredation, on the part of my pugnacious and querulous friends, was one of necessity, and that they were compelled to it by hunger. I accordingly did what was as efficacious as it was astonishing. It was simply this: every morning before breakfast I soaked a few hard crusts and stale pieces of bread, and throw them out on the walk in my back garden, and gave three distinct whistles. After the first week they understood the signal, and came regularly when called, and if I happened to be a little after my time, I found them quietly perched on the branches of the trees and shrubs nearest the window, waiting their daily meal. From that moment I have never had reason to complain of their conduct; not a shoot or a seed has been touched by them, and I have now continued the experiment for upward of five years.' We must say this testimony does great credit to the sparrow fraternity. Impudent, thievish, and quarrelsome, most people are inclined to regard them as altogether a disreputable gang; but they have evidently the principle of honor in them, and when enabled to live honestly, are quite inclined to do so. Let all complainants give them a trial."

While on this ornithological theme, we may add that the lings to a Bob-o'-link, in our April number, were first published in *Putnam's Monthly*, one of the most vigorous and meritorious of our cotemporaries.

THE BANKER POET.—Here are a few more extracts from the "Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers." Speaking of Shakespeare's truth to nature he says:

"You remember the passage in *King Lear*, a passage which Mrs. Siddons said that she never could read without shedding tears,

'Do not laugh at me;
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.'

Something of the same kind happened in my own family. A gentleman, a near relation of mine, was on his death-bed, and his intellect much impaired, when his daughter, whom he had not seen for a considerable time, entered the room. He looked at her with the greatest earnestness, and then exclaimed, 'I think I should know *this lady*;' but his recognition went no further."

"Topham Beauclerk (Johnson's friend) was a strangely absent person. One day he had a party coming to dinner; and just before their arrival, he went up stairs to change his dress. He forgot all about them; thought that it was bed-time, pulled off his clothes, and got into bed. A servant, who presently entered the room to tell him that his guests were waiting for him, found him fast asleep."

The Duellists.—Humphrey Howarth, the surgeon, was called out, and made his appearance in the field stark naked, to the astonishment of the challenger, who asked him what he meant. 'I know,' said H., 'that if any part of the clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound, festering ensues; and therefore I have met you thus.' His antagonist declared that fighting with a man in *puris naturalibus* would be quite ridiculous; and, accordingly, they parted without further discussion."

"Lord Alvanley, on returning home after his duel with young O'Connell, gave a guinea to the hackney-coachman who had driven him out and brought him back. The man, surprised at the largeness of the sum, said, 'My lord, I only took you to—'. Alvanley interrupted him, 'My friend, the guinea is for bringing me back, not for taking me out.'"

His Early Poetry.—"The first poetry I published was 'The Ode to Superstition,' in 1736. I wrote it while I was in my teens, and afterward touched it up. I paid down to the publisher thirty pounds to insure him from being a loser by it. At the end of four years I found that he had sold about twenty copies. However, I was consoled by reading in a critique on the ode that I was 'an able writer, or some such expression. The short copy of verses entitled 'Captivity' was also composed when I was a very young man. It was a favorite with Hookham Frere, who said that it resembled a Greek epigram."

"On the publication of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' I sent a copy to Mason, who never acknowledged it. I learned, however, from Gilpin, and to my great satisfaction, that Mason, in a letter to him, had spoken well of it; he pronounced it to be very different from the poetry of the day."

"I was engaged on 'The Pleasures of Memory' for nine years; on 'Human Life' for nearly the same space of time; and 'Italy' was not completed in less than sixteen years."

Gray was a chief favorite with Rogers when young, and from him he may have partly learned the value of care in composition:

"I was a mere lad when Mason's 'Gray' was published. I read it in my young days with delight, and have done so ever since: the Letters have for me an inexpressible charm; they are as witty as Walpole's, and have, what his want, true wisdom. I used to take a pocket edition of Gray's poems with me every morning during my walks to town to my father's banking-house, where I was a clerk, and read them by the way. I can repeat them all."

Evening Parties.—"A friend of mine in Portland Place has a wife who inflicts upon him every season two or three immense evening parties. At one of those parties he was standing, in a very forlorn condition, leaning against the chimney-piece, when a gentleman, coming up to him, said, 'Sir, as neither of us is acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home.'"

Sheridan.—"During his last illness, the medical attendants, apprehending that they would be obliged to perform an operation on him, asked him 'if he had ever undergone one.' 'Never,' replied Sheridan, 'except when sitting for my picture, or having my hair cut.'"

The Iron Duke.—"Of the duke's perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Colonel Gurwood gave me this instance. He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed-time, when the captain of the vessel came to him, and said, 'It will soon be all over with us.' 'Very well,' answered the duke; 'then I shall not take off my boots.'"

"Some years ago, walking with the duke in Hyde

Park, I observed, 'What a powerful band Lord John Russell will have to contend with! there's Peel, Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham,' &c. The duke interrupted me by saying, 'Lord John Russell is a host in himself.'

CROTON AQUEDUCT.—Taking into the account the magnitude and durability of the work, and the immense benefits resulting from it, we incline to the opinion that the Croton Aqueduct exceeds anything ever achieved on our globe by human ingenuity and labor. For the following summary and statistics of this great work, we are indebted to W. H. Dikeman, Esq., of the comptroller's office, in this city.

The Croton River rises in Putnam County, the springs at the head of which form three branches, known as the East, Middle, and West branches of the Croton; the first of which has its supply increased by the overflow of Crean's, Stone's, and Peach Ponds, the superficial areas of which are about five hundred acres; the middle branch is supplied almost solely by the spring at its source, while the western concentrates the surplus from White's, Barrel's, Brown's, Cole's, Lockland, Court House, Crosby, and Crane's Ponds, the united area of which is about eight hundred and seventy acres. These branches unite their supply a little south of Owentown, near the boundary line between Putnam and West Chester Counties, forming the Croton River, which, at Mechanicsville, receives, by Cross and Beaver Dam Rivers, the overflow supplies from Long Pond, four miles north of Bedford, and which has an area of eight hundred acres. About a mile below Mechanicsville the Croton is further augmented (by the Muscot River) with the supplies of Lake Mahopac, Kirk, Berry, and Yorktown Ponds, the united areas of which are estimated at fifteen hundred acres. The supply is therefore from natural formed lakes, covering a surface of over three thousand six hundred acres, which, at a small outlay, may be converted into *natural reservoirs* for the accumulation of thousands of millions of gallons of water, to be used as the exigencies of coming centuries may require. The supplies to these lakes and branches are almost exclusively from the elevated land of West Chester and Putnam Counties, furnished by springs which are characteristic of granite formations. The water is soft and pure, the quantity of saline matter (according to the analysis of Dr. Chilton) not exceeding two and eight-tenths grains in the gallon.

The dam across the river is situated about six miles from its mouth, where it empties into the Hudson, and is built in the most substantial manner. It rises to the height of forty feet above the level of the river, which at this point is two hundred and eighty feet wide. The face of the dam, built of cut granite, is in two sections, the east of which is ninety feet, and the west one hundred and eighty feet long, having a fall of forty feet. Between these sections a pier is constructed, which forms the foundation for the gate-house and sluice-way.

The lake caused by the dam is four miles in length, and covers an area of four hundred acres. It contains an *available* supply of five hundred millions of gallons, which will allow the aqueduct to discharge thirty-five millions of gallons per day.

The elevation, at the point where the water passes from the dam into the aqueduct, is one hundred and fifty-three feet, and the top of the water line in the Distributing Reservoir is one hundred and fifteen feet above mean tide water.

The length of the aqueduct, from the dam to the Receiving Reservoir, (including the High Bridge and pipes at Manhattan Valley,) is thirty-eight miles.

The High Bridge, over the Harlem River, is a magnificent work, one thousand four hundred and fifty feet long, twenty-one feet wide, and of such a height as not to obstruct the navigation of the river.

The Receiving Reservoir covers an area of thirty-five acres, and will contain one hundred and fifty millions of gallons.

The Distributing Reservoir covers an area of four acres, and will contain twenty millions of gallons.

The pipes laid in the streets of the city of New-York, for the general distribution of the Croton Water, to December 31, 1855, exceed *two hundred and forty-nine miles* in length.

The "Croton Water Works" have been constructed at an expense of about *fourteen millions of dollars*, and constitute one of the most important and indispensable public improvements connected with the city, the advantages of which to our population cannot be estimated.

TENNYSON AND LONGFELLOW.—The leading article of *Blackwood*, for February, is an able critique on modern light literature, in which the poetic claims of the British laureate are weighed in an even balance and found wanting. He admits, indeed, that Tennyson is the first in his generation, but out of his generation he does not bear comparison with any person of note and fame equal to his own, and says:

"He is small in the presence of Wordsworth, a very inferior magician indeed by the side of Coleridge; his very music—parlon us, all poets and all critics!—does not *flow*. It may be melodious, but it is not winged; one stanza will not float into another. It is a rosary of golden beads, some of them gemmed and radium, fit to be set in a king's crown; but you must tall them one by one, and take leisure for your comment while they drop from your fingers. They are beautiful, but they leave you perfectly cool and self-possessed in the midst of your admiration. To linger over them is a necessity; it becomes them to be read with criticism; you go over the costly bead-roll, and choose your single favorites here and there, as you might do in a gallery of sculpture. And thus the poet chooses to make you master of his song; it does not seize upon you.

"We remember to have heard a very skillful painter of still life describe how the composition, the light and shade, and arrangement of one of his pictures, was taken from a great old picture of a Scriptural scene. Instead of men and women, the story and the action of the original, our friend had only things inanimate to group upon his canvas, but he kept the arrangement, the sunshine and the shadow, the same. One can suppose that some such artistic whim had seized upon Mr. Tennyson. In the wantonness of conscious power, he has been looking about him for some feat to do, when, lo! the crash of a traveling orchestra smote upon the ears of the poet. Are there German bands in the Isle of Wight? or was it the sublimer music of some provincial opera which woke the laureate's soul to this deed of high emprise? Yea, *Maud* is an overture done into words; beginning with a jar and thunder, all the breath of all the players drawn out in lengthened suspiration upon the noisy notes; then bits of humaner interlude—soft flutes—voices—here and there a momentary silvery trumpet-note, or the tinkle of a harp, and then a concluding crash of all the instruments, a tumult of notes fast and

ferious, an assault upon our ears and our patience, only enduring because we see the end. Such is this poem, which, indeed, it is sad to call a poem, especially in these hard days."

Of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, which, it seems, has sold well, and has professed admirers in England as well as here, the critic truthfully observes:

"*Hiawatha* contains a morsel of a love-story, and a glimpse of a grief; but these do not occupy more than a few pages, and are by no means important in the song. The consequence is, of course, that we listen to it entirely unmoved. It was not meant to move us. The poet intends only that we should admire him, and be attracted by the novelty of his subject; and so we do admire him; and so we are amused by the novel syllables, attracted by the chime of the rhythm, and the quaint conventionalities of the savage life. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that it is conventional, though it is savage; and that, in reality, we see rather less of the actual human life and nature under the war-paint of the Indian than is to be beheld every day under the English broadcloth. The muse is absolute in her conditions; we cannot restrain her actual footsteps; from the highest ideal to the plainest matter of fact there is no forbidden ground to the wandering minstrel; but it is the very secret of her individuality, that wherever she goes she sounds upon the chords of her special harp, the heart; vibrations of human feeling ring about her in her wayfaring; the appeal of the broken heart, and the shout of the glad one thrust in to the very pathway where her loftiest abstraction walks in profounder calm; and though it may please her to amuse herself among social vanities now and then, we are always reminded of her identity by a deeper touch, a sudden glance aside into the soul of things, a glimpse of that nature which makes the whole world kin. It is this perpetual returning, suddenly, involuntarily, and almost unaware, to the closest emotions of the human life, which distinguishes among his fellows the true poet. It is the charm of his art that he startles us in an instant, and when we least expected it, out of mere admiration into tears; but such an effect, unfortunately, can never be produced by customs, or improvements, or social reforms. The greatest powers of the external world are as inadequate to this as are the vanities of a village; and even a combination of both is a fruitless expedient. No, Mr. Longfellow has not shot his arrow this time into the heart of the oak; the dart has glanced aside, and fallen idly among the brushwood. His *song* is a quaint chant, a happy illustration of manners; but it lacks all the important elements which go to the making of a poem. We are interested, pleased, attracted, yet perfectly indifferent; the measure haunts our ear, but not the matter; and we care no more for *Hiawatha*, and are still as little concerned for the land of the Ojibbeways, as if America's best minstrel had never made a song."

MISS MURRAY'S silly book of travels is handled more roughly by the critics of England than by those of this country. The *Eclectic Review* says:

"Young ladies have an unquestionable right to travel to whatever part of the globe they see fit, and to seek to improve their minds by a more extended observation of human nature than is afforded by evening parties in Belgravia, Tyburnia, &c. As unquestionable, also, is the right of the said young ladies to commit their impressions to paper, and transmit them from distant climes for the entertainment of their brothers and sisters at home; but to publish their diaries, and thus to challenge the attention of the public, is a very different and a much more hazardous affair. To a family circle the tame adventures, and still tamer remarks and disquisitions of the Honorable Miss Murray would, doubtless, be tolerable enough; but, destitute as they are of all originality and of all intellectual force, they are to the public absolutely insupportable. What matters it to any intelligent reader, male or female, whether Miss Murray got her feet wet at New-Orleans; that Mr. G. met her unexpectedly at the railway station at Utica; that the children of Mrs. W. are pretty, and apparently well brought up; and that a trip on such and such a river was taken by Miss Murray alone, because her female companions were afraid of rheumatism? All this is silly enough; but there is worse behind. Among the many matters with which a Belgravian education has studded the surface of this

lady's mind, one important principle seems to have been omitted. She does not seem to have learned that a human being, whether male or female, does not hold the rights of parentage, marriage, education, or personal freedom on the tenure of the color either of skin or hair. Hence, she is, as far as a cursory recollection serves us, the only English lady, at least of modern times, who has advocated negro slavery; indeed, she appears to regard it as a most beneficent institution, appointed by Providence for the purpose of making good Christians of an indefinite number of men, women, and children. Indeed, Miss Murray has undertaken out and out the defense of slavery. 'The buying and selling operation,' she says, 'is certainly very unpleasant and revolting to our ideas, and the whites here dislike it; but it is curious how very little is thought of the matter by the blacks themselves.' Nay, Miss Murray informs us that the most intelligent free black whom she has met expressed his sorrow that he had not been born a slave. The sheer silliness of the authoress may be estimated by these citations."

HEINE.—At the poet Heine's funeral, in accordance with the expressed wishes of the deceased, no speeches were delivered. In a little poem, "Memento Mori," he expresses the wish somewhat thus:

"O! let no mass be sung,
No ritual read;
In silence lay me down
Among the dead.

"Enough, if, when returns
My burial day,
Methide, in mourning clad,
Shall come to pray.

"Enough, if, while her cheeks
The tear-drops lave,
With fresh immortals
She shall deck my grave."

The opening lines are not particularly original. *Vide Horace, Lib. II., Carmen xx.*

"Abant inani funere nenia,
Luctusque tarpes et querimonie;
Compescere clamorem, ac sepulcri
Mitte supervacuos honores."

JOAN OF ARC.—Some of the French clergy are taking steps to obtain the canonization of Joan of Arc. Assuredly the great heroine, in a natural and even a religious point of view, deserves the honor better than many of the saints of the Roman calendar; but, unfortunately, she was solemnly burned to death, by order of churchmen; for magic, sorcery, and heresy.

DARK CHURCHES.—There is a growing propensity to imitate, in our American churches, what is called "the dim religious light" of European cathedrals. Blinds and stained glass, dark-colored drapery, and somber-hued upholstery, are growing in favor. In the times of our fathers, says the *Christian Register*, they perched their meeting-houses on the tops of the hills, and made them like lanterns in a bold and generous scorn of any possible window-tax that might be imposed, being particularly careful to have a good wide window or two at the pulpit end of the church. All this is changed now. The light of heaven is shut out as if it were lurid beams from another source. Pulpit windows are pretty much obsolete as to the new churches, and in the old ones they are carefully closed by blinds, or some heavy exemplifications of our favorite "worship of God by upholstery." Our laity must be growing weak in the eyes. They now darken the windows in front of them, those within the pulpit half of the church, and keep open only those behind

them, near the door; so that the preacher suffers the double disadvantage of straining his eyes in darkness, and at the same time facing the light. No wonder they have to patronize the optician so generally. O that our affectionate hearers would favor us with a little light from above, a small skylight illumining just the central dot of the sermon. It would not incommode them, and might avert blindness from us.

IRISH BALLADS.—A volume of Irish ballads has just been published in London. Mr. Hayes, the editor, has given about four hundred pieces, and the richness and variety of the collection will surprise many of our readers. Almost all the ballads are the productions of cotemporary or of recent writers, although many of them relate to old Celtic periods of the island's history, as in the translations of Mangan from early Irish minstrelsy. Excepting the abundant use of Celtic proper names, and the occasional occurrence of vernacular words and phrases, the ballads are in their language altogether modern and English. Some of the best of the ballads are anonymous; those with the signature of "Mary" are as remarkable for their literary merit as they are pleasing for their plaintive tenderness and warm feeling. Here is one of these, entitled

"WELCOME HOME TO YOU.

"A hundred thousand welcomes, and 'tis time for you to come

From the far land of the foreigner, to your country and your home.

O! long as we are parted, ever since you went away, I never pass'd a dreamless night or knew an easy day.

"Do you think I would reproach you with the sorrows that I bore?

Sure the sorrow is all over, now I have you here once more—

And there's nothing but the gladness and the love within my heart,

And the hope, so sweet and certain, that again we'll never part.

"Did the strangers come around you, with true heart and loving hand?

Did they comfort and console you when you sicken'd in their land?

Had they pleasant smiles to court you, and silver words to bind?

Had they hearts more fond and loyal than the hearts you left behind?

"There's a quiver on your proud lip, and a paleness on your brow;

Maybe if they had so loved you, you would not be near me now.

O! cruel was the coldness which my darling's heart could pain!

O! blessed was whatever sent him back to me again!

"A hundred thousand welcomes!—how my heart is gushing o'er

With the love, and joy, and wonder, thus to see you face once more;

How did I live without you through these long, long years of woe?

It seems as if 'twould kill me to be parted from you now.

"You'll never part me, darling—there's a promise in your eye

I may tend you while I'm living—you will watch me when I die;

And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed home on high.

What a hundred thousand welcomes shall await you in the sky!"

A SYRIAN SALE.—An English traveler, Mr. Wortabet, who has been traveling for the past few years in the East, has written a very interesting work, entitled Syria and the Syrians, in which we find the following:

"A shopkeeper comes to buy a bale of goods from the merchant; he is accompanied by a broker. The merchant, understanding the object of their visit, invites them, with all the compliments of the East, to be seated, and dispatches his servant to fetch them pipes and coffee from a neighboring café, (these are found in every street.) See the broker now approach the merchant and whisper to him—they whisper—their faces serving as an index to what is going on between them. The broker now returns to the shopkeeper, and whispers to him, as he did to the merchant; he goes and comes between them till he has brought them near to each other's mark. All this time not an audible word is uttered, and looking upon the merchant and the shopkeeper, you would suppose they were bent upon out-smoking each other. Having come near to the point, the broker *drags* the shopkeeper to the merchant, and, *volens volens*, links their hands in each other's grasp; he, at the same time, holding their hands within his own, lest they should be separated, in which case the sale is supposed not to be legal. He now calls upon the merchant to make the sale, or, as in the Arabic, 'to make the sale a blessing to the purchaser, at twenty piasters the piece.' 'No!' grunts the merchant. He wants twenty-one piasters, and draws his hand back in token that he will not sell at that price. The ever-ready broker joins them again, whispers something to both, and finally screams aloud, 'Cut the difference, and let the price be twenty piasters and a half.' This being agreed to, the broker again calls upon the merchant to make the sale. This he does in this wise: while the hands of merchant and shopkeeper are grasped the broker utters the finale, '*Alá una*;' here he stops to breathe. '*ALA DUB*;' here he coughs. '*ALA TRE*;' here he stops, and the sale is made by a silent but *Aearty* shake of the hand."

THE TRUE WOMAN.—The following pretty picture of the duties of the true woman, from the pen of Dickens, we commend to the careful consideration of fast young ladies, who sneer at religion, eschew the petticoat, hate little children, pant for legislative honors, and look on fond mothers and faithful wives with horror, as creatures unsuited for this progressive age:

"The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative abilities exercise themselves in making laws for her house; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtues of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who scorns rents and raveled edges, slip-shod shoes, and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, intellectual, and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and rarely argues, but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past."

PLACE FOR OLD WOMEN.—Very few of the judges of the inferior courts in early colonial times were learned in the law, or in anything else, as to that matter, except politics, and hence did not always inspire respect. Mr. Ruggles, generally known in Massachusetts as the "Brigadier," in consequence of his services at Crown Point and Lake George, was born in Rochester, Mass., and commenced practice in his native town about 1785. He was a very able lawyer, but somewhat rough and uncouth in his

manners. He was one day trying a case at Plymouth, and a very aged woman was on the stand as a witness. Being feeble, she asked Mr. Ruggles if she could not sit down. He told her "Yes," and seeing no other convenient place, motioned to her to take a seat on the bench with the judges. She accordingly went hobbling up to where the judges were, and they asked her who sent her there. She said Mr. Ruggles. The court then turned to Mr. Ruggles, and inquired what he meant by sending her there. "Why," said he, "I beg your honors' pardon, but really, I—I thought it was a place made for old women."

A BRICK WITHOUT STRAW.—Those who have been pestered with applications to "write in my *Album*," and are too jealous of their literary reputation to fob off the fair applicant with a mere signature, or a verse from the Bible, will appreciate the following, from the pen of Alfred A. Watts:

"I fear of the 'self' they call 'Attie,'
I can claim such a limited vein,
If I tried something epigrammatic,
I should certainly have to explain;
If I pillaged a verse from a poet,
Or begg'd a few lines of a friend,
Some one would be certain to know it,
Though I put my own name at the end.

"Stay! I think, by the way, that but few go
In search of their reading to France,
So, from Dudevant, Balzac, or Hugo,
I might, after all, steal a romance.
But no, some objection seems fated
All my brightest suggestions to thwart;
They have all been so often translated,
That every one knows them by heart.

"Then why should I puzzle my head? I
Can't hit on a topic that's new;
I have prosed through five verses already,
Quite as much as you'll ever get through.
And yours is, I'm sure, not the heart of
Mold so stern as could ask any more
Of a bondman who's not learn'd the art
Manufacturing Bricks without Straw."

THE WOMEN.—Heine, the German wit, thus satirizes the gentler sex:

"O the women! We must forgive them much, for they love much—and many. Their hate is probably only love turned inside out. Sometimes they attribute some delinquency to us, because they think they can in this way gratify another man. When they write, they have always one eye on the paper and the other on a man; and this is true of all authoresses, except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye."

FINE PREACHING.—The curse of the age is fine preaching; it is morbid and pestilential. The want of the age is plain, intelligent preaching—preaching suggestive and illustrative—preaching absorbing all that eloquence can offer, but eloquence adapting itself (without which it ceases to be eloquence) to the wants and states of the people, availing itself of the lights of history for illustration, or of science for confirmation, or of philology for elucidation, and holding all so aloft that they may reflect their rays upon the genius of Christianity, and develop its superior luster, adaptability, and power. To attempt to say fine things in the pulpit is a solemn sin; and fine sermons (like all other finery) are very evanescent in their influence. Let the fine-sermon system die out as soon as possible,

useless as it is to God and man. It devolves upon a few men to show to those not gifted with so much moral courage, that there is everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by the adoption of a more honest system of instruction. Intelligence will ever hie away to the man able to teach.

NEAT EPIGRAM.—On the marriage of Dr. Webb with Miss Gould a classical friend sent him the following:

"Tela fuit simplex statuens decus addere telæ,
Fecit hymen geminam puroque intextit auro."

Which was thus Englished by the author himself:

"Single no more, a double Webb behold;
Hymen embroider'd it with virgin Gould."

TURNING THE TABLES.—A professional gentleman of our acquaintance has hanging in his room a fine, large, colored engraving of the head of a quadruped, vulgarly known as a jack-ass. Not long since a friend dropped in, and stopped before the picture, gazing intently upon it for a few moments, and then sung out abruptly, as he thought very wittily, "Halloo, doctor, is that your portrait?" "O, no," replied the doctor, coolly, "that's simply a looking-glass."

O JERUSALEM!—The number of Jews in the great cities of the world is thus stated: New-York, 12,000; Philadelphia, 2,500; Baltimore, 1,800; Charleston, 1,500; London, 120,000; Amsterdam, 25,000; Hamburg, 9,000; Berlin, 5,000; Cracow, 20,000; Warsaw, 30,000; Rome, 6,000; Leghorn, 10,000; Constantinople, 80,000; Smyrna, 9,000; Jerusalem, 6,000; Hebron, 800.

MALOUN, physician to the Queen of France, was so fond of drugging, that it is told of him that once, having a most patient patient, who diligently and punctually swallowed all the stuffs he ordered, he was so delighted in seeing all the vials and pill-boxes cleaned out, that he shook him by the hand, exclaiming, "My dear sir, it really affords me pleasure to attend you, and you *deserve* to be ill."

DOG WHIPPERS.—A clerical correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says:

"The office of *dog-whipper* is not extinct, though the necessity for its exercise may no longer exist. 'Dog-whipping, 2s. 6d.' still forms a regular item in the annual accounts of the sexton of the Collegiate Church of Middleham, and is no less regularly paid.

A GERMAN MARTIN CHUEKLEWIT.—A certain Wialicenus, a native of Halle, Germany, who emigrated to this country some time ago, and at present resides in New-Jersey, has written the following Jeremiade to his friends in Europe, which we translate from the *Trieste Zeitung*:

"I remain near the coast, having no desire to penetrate into the interior, but, on the contrary, cleave to the ocean that laves Europe's shores; for that is still our home, while this is the land of the stranger. I came here possessed of no illusions, and yet found it worse than I anticipated. Human progress is here in its infancy. I find nothing but a republican Russia—barbarism in every point of view—real humanity confined to a select few, who bear the cross."

Book Notices.

The Elements of Natural Philosophy, copiously Illustrated by familiar Experiments, and containing Descriptions of Instruments, with Directions for Using. Designed for the use of Schools and Academies. By A. W. Sprague, A. M. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.) In no department of literature is the hand of improvement more visible than in the preparation of elementary treatises for the use of students, and this volume, on the interesting subject of natural philosophy, is a decided advance upon all preceding publications with which we are acquainted. Mr. Sprague, proceeding upon the acknowledged fact that the principles of natural science are most readily comprehended by visible illustrations, has embellished his book with two hundred and eighty engravings, which greatly enhance its value, and will facilitate the labors of the student. The explanations are written in a clear and intelligible style, and the work is creditable to American scholarship.

Stevenson & Owen have published, at the book establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, an edition of *Elgar's Variations of Popery*, in one octavo volume of six hundred pages. It is a work too well known and appreciated to need an introduction to that portion of our readers who have leisure for polemical theology. It is precisely what the author intended it to be, an unmitigated and unrelenting exposure of anti-Christian abominations. The present edition is carefully printed from the latest corrections of the author.

Lectures on the Life, Genius, and Insanity of Cowper. By George B. Cheever. *Carter & Brothers* publish these lectures in a duodecimo of about four hundred pages, with several appropriate wood engravings. As to the life of the poet, it is pretty well known from his published letters and his autobiography. Of his genius the public long since formed a correct estimate. It is upon his insanity more especially that our author dwells, aiming, very successfully, as we think, to remove the injustice done to the memory of the poet by the graceful pen of Southey, who treated Cowper pretty much as he did John Wesley. In fact, the laureate had very erroneous ideas of personal religion, and is aptly likened to Dante's guide, who was quite at home in purgatory, and could bravely lead the way through hell, but was totally unacquainted with the realms of the blessed and the path thitherward. Dr. Cheever's style is sprightly and vigorous, and the preparation of these lectures, evidently a labor of love, evinces patient research and truth-seeking earnestness.

The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague make up the second volume of "The Library of Standard Letters," edited by Mrs. S. J. Hale, and published by *Mason & Brothers*. The editor (editress is an uncouth barbarism) has prefixed to the volume an appreciative and gracefully-written memoir of this charming letter-writer, who justly ranks in the first class of learned women. Her letters have been frequently published and are here so classified and arranged as

to afford not only amusement in the perusal, but instruction relative to men and manners in that most interesting era, the first half of the eighteenth century. Independently of her literary merits, Lady Montague deserves to be gratefully remembered as having been the first, amid opposition, ridicule, and persecution, to introduce into England the practice of vaccination as a preventive of that terrible scourge, the small-pox. She died in 1762, in the seventy-third year of her age.

Hood's Poetical Works.—A second volume of the mirth-provoking rhymes of poor Tom Hood has been published by *Phillips, Sampson & Co.* It is the seventh in the series issued by these enterprising publishers—a series which is intended to cover the whole field of British poetry. The editorial supervision has been intrusted to *Epes Sargent, Esq.*, who has thus far performed his task with taste and good judgment. The series already embraces Campbell, Rogers, Coleridge, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith—the last three in one volume—and Hood. Brief, but reliable biographical sketches are prefixed to each author, and Mr. Sargent has succeeded in making these editions more perfect than any which have appeared in Great Britain. More than fifty of Campbell's shorter poems are now, for the first time, included in a volume bearing his name; and Goldsmith's poems are enriched by a new discovery of a translation from the Italian of Vida, entitled "The Game of Chess." We are not sure that the editor, in his zeal for completeness, has not given, in the volume before us, some poetry that is not Hood's; but there is so much gleaned from various sources, that no one else could have written, that we wonder how it could have been omitted from former collections. The thanks of the community are due to the publishers for this neat and exceedingly low-priced edition of the British poets. They are sold at one dollar a volume.

The Astrologer of Chaldea; or, the Life of Faith, is the title of an interesting volume, blending the charm of imagination with the facts of the Bible relative to the family of the patriarch Abraham. It is from the pen of *W. P. Strickland, D. D.*

Reginald Heber is a name suggestive of everything pure and of good report. A scholar and a poet, a Christian, a missionary, and a bishop, his life, brief as it was, is full of interest, and its record is a precious legacy to the universal Church of Christ. The memoirs published by his widow, soon after his death, contained a great deal of irrelevant matter, filling two large octavo volumes, which, we believe, are now out of print. An abridgment, prepared by a clergyman, who withholds his name, has been issued, in a style of peculiar neatness, from the press of *Jewett & Company*. It is a duodecimo, of three hundred and fifty pages, contains everything essential to the biography, and is enriched with several specimens of the bishop's poetry, which had no place in the original memoirs. A few verses, which we copy, evince the versa-

tility of a genius which, while able to grapple with subjects the most solemn and momentous, disported itself, occasionally, with graceful playfulness :

"SYMPATHY.

"A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!
'O, never was maid so deserted before!"
'From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company.'

"They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble and there was a weed.
'How thresome it is!' said the fair with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

"They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height.
'One mournful embrace,' sobbed the youth, 'ere we die!"

So, kissing and crying, they kept company.

"O, had I but loved such an angel as you!"
'O, had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
'To miss such perfection, how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company.

"At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear:
'The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die;
Till then let us sorrow in company."

Pioneers of the West. By W. P. Strickland. Full of romantic interest growing out of truthful narratives relative to the earlier settlement of the great West; we have seldom met with a more attractive volume. Hair-breadth escapes, disasters, sufferings, and successes, are depicted in a style vivid and picturesque. The publishers (*Messrs. Carlton & Phillips*) have done themselves credit by presenting this volume in a style worthy of the work. The embellishments are appropriate, and the typography faultless. We should like to quote largely, but our space allows but a short extract. It is from the chapter entitled "*The Squatter Family*," which consisted of himself, wife, and three children. They lived in a secluded hut on the banks of the Illinois River:

"One day there came to the squatter's cabin three Indians, professing to be friendly, who invited him to go out on a hunting excursion with them. As the family subsisted mostly upon game, he finally concluded to accompany them, taking with him his eldest son. They expected to be absent about a week, as they intended to take a somewhat extensive range. After three days had passed away, one of the Indians returned to the squatter's house, and deliberately lighting his pipe and taking his seat by the fire, he commenced smoking in silence. The wife was not startled at his appearance, as it was frequently the case that one, and sometimes more, of a party of Indian hunters, getting discouraged, would leave the rest and return. This was usually the case when they imagined they discovered some bad sign, and it would not only be useless, but disastrous, for them to hunt under such circumstances.

"The Indian sat for some time in sullen silence, and at length, removing his pipe from his mouth, he gave a significant grunt to awaken attention, and said, 'White man die.' The squatter's wife at this replied, 'What is the matter?'
'He sick, tree fall on him, he die. You go see him.'

"Her suspicions being somewhat aroused at the manner of the savage, she asked him a number of questions. The evasiveness and evident want of consistency in the answers, at length convinced her that something was wrong. She judged it best not to go herself, but sent her youngest son, the eldest, as we have seen, having gone on the hunt with his father. Night came, but it brought not the son or the Indian. All its

gloomy hours were spent in that lone cabin by the mother and daughter; but morning came without their return. The whole day passed in the same fruitless look-out for the boy; the mother felt grieved that she had sent her child on the errand, but it was now too late. Her suspicions were now confirmed that the Indians had decoyed away her husband and sons. She felt that they would not stop in their evil designs, and that, if they had slain the father and his boys, they would next attack the mother and her daughter.

"No time was to be lost; and she and her daughter, as night was approaching, went to work to barricade the door and windows of the cabin in the best manner they could. The rifle of the youngest boy was all the weapon in the house, as he did not take it when he went to seek his father. This was taken from its hangings, and carefully examined to see that it was well loaded and primed. To her daughter she gave the ax, and thus armed, they determined to watch all night, and, if attacked by the savages, to fight to the last.

"About midnight they made their appearance, expecting to find the mother and daughter asleep, but in this they were disappointed. They approached stealthily, and one of the number knocked loudly at the door, crying, 'Mother! mother!"

"The mother's ear was too acute to be deceived by the wily savage, and she replied, 'Where are the Indians, my son?"

"The answer, 'Um gone,' would have satisfied her, if she had not been before aware of the deceit.

"Come up, my son, and put your ear to the latch-hole. I want to tell you something before I open the door."

"The Indian applied his ear to the latch-hole. The crack of the rifle followed, and he fell dead.

"As soon as she fired, she stepped on one side of the door, and immediately two rifle balls passed through it, either of which would have killed her.

"Thank God," said the mother in a whisper to her daughter, 'there are but two. They are the three that went to hunt with your father, and one of them is dead. If we can only kill or cripple another, we shall be safe. Take courage, my child; God will not forsake us in this trying hour. We must both be still after they fire again. Supposing they have killed us, they will break down the door. I may be able to shoot another one; for in the mean time she had re-loaded the rifle; 'but if I miss, you must use the ax with all your might.'

"The daughter, equally courageous with her mother, assured her that she would do her best.

"The conversation had scarcely ceased when two more rifle balls came crashing through the window. A death-like stillness ensued for the space of several minutes, when two more balls, in quick succession, came through the door, followed by tremendous strokes against it with a heavy stake. At length the door gave way, and an Indian, with a fiendish yell, was in the act of springing into the house; but a ball from the boy's rifle, in the mother's hand, pierced his heart, and he fell dead across the threshold. The surviving Indian, daring not to venture—and it was well for his skull that he did not—fired at random, and ran away.

"Now," said the mother to the daughter, 'we must leave,' and taking the rifle and the ax, they hastened to the river, jumped into the canoe, and without a morsel of provision, except a wild duck, and two blackbirds which the mother shot on the voyage, and which they ate raw, they paddled their canoe down the river until they reached the residence of the French settlers at St. Louis."

The Catholic. Letters addressed to a young Kineman proposing to join the Church of Rome. By E. H. Derby. (Boston: Jewett & Co.) The writer is a lawyer, who has found time to turn his attention to the absurdities of the papal superstition, which in these letters he sets before his young friend, and exposes with logical acuteness. The volume is well calculated for the object for which it has been given to the public, and will produce the same result upon the mind of any candid reader, as it did upon the youth for whose special benefit the letters are said to have been originally written. We commend the volume to those who have not the time or the inclination to peruse more elaborate treatises upon the same subject.

Krummacker is known by his writings throughout Christendom. His books have had a wide circulation in his own country, and have been translated into the English, French, Swedish, and Danish languages. One of these, *Wisha the Tsebite*, has appeared also in Chinese. His latest contribution to Christian literature is a series of discourses on the suffering and death of Christ, which have been translated, with his sanction, and are published in a neat volume, entitled *The Suffering Saviour; or, Meditations on the last Days of Christ*. Mr. Samuel Jackson, the translator, has executed his task skillfully, omitting whatever appeared of an extraneous nature, and weaving the whole into a continuous narrative. (Boston: Gould & Lincoln.)

The Heroes of Methodism: containing Sketches of eminent Methodist Ministers, and characteristic Anecdotes of their Personal History. By the Rev. J. B. Wakeley. (New-York: Carlton & Phillips.) With laudible industry, Mr. Wakeley has gleaned, from a great variety of sources, anecdotes and illustrations of the life and character of men to whom not only the Church of which they were ministers, but the world at large, and more especially these United States, are largely indebted. They were the pioneers of Christianity, men of burning zeal and of undaunted perseverance; spending their lives for the welfare of their fellow-men—in journeymen's often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by their own countrymen, in perils in the city, and most especially in perils in the wilderness. With equal truth may it be said also of these heralds of salvation, that they were "In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." The perusal of this volume cannot fail to kindle anew the flagging zeal of the successors of these

truly great men. We have entered into their labors, and it is owing to the blessing of the great Head of the Church upon their toil that we have such a goodly heritage. Mr. Wakeley has executed his task with ability, and his beautifully-printed volume, illustrated with portraits of Asbury, Coke, and M'Kendree, will doubtless have, as it deserves, a wide circulation. By the way, the author is a little in error in his hymnological criticisms. Of course we do not object to his agreement with Jacob Gruber, who "did not like the hymn which commences,

"I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer."

Tastes differ. The hymn is found in the standard collections of the Presbyterian, the Dutch Reformed, and the Baptist Churches. In the Methodist collection it is placed in the department entitled *The Closet*; and it appears to us, that to object to the entire hymn because somebody is said to have made a pause in the middle of the first line, is about as sensible as it would be to find fault with the Apostle Paul, and quote him thus: "Let him that stole steal—" Mr. Wakeley is grieved, too, by the omission of a favorite stanza in one of Charles Wesley's hymns. "Above all," he says, "I regret the omission of the stanza,

"This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching ere o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more."

Happy man, if he has no greater cause for regret, seeing that the omission exists only in his imagination. The stanza has not been omitted in any edition of the Methodist Hymn Book.

Literary Record.

The Indians.—In 1854, a Spanish manuscript was discovered at Guatemala, containing a complete history of the first Indian population of that part of the continent of America, and an account of their religion, laws, and manners. In a recent sitting of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna, Dr. Scherzer read a paper on this manuscript. The author of the manuscript is, it appears, a Dominican monk, named Francisco Ximenes, who was missionary to the Indians about a hundred and thirty years ago; but as he is known to have written on the Indians in the native Guichey language, it is probably only a translation. It is, however, not the less the most valuable account of that interesting race which exists, all previous records having been lost or destroyed. It was for many years found that all the writings of Ximenes, which were very voluminous, had been lost also; indeed, it was believed that the religious order to which he belonged had caused them to be burned, because he did not hesitate to blame in them the cruel means which the Dominicans employed to convert the Indians;

but the manuscript in question was preserved in some convent, and from it was transferred to the University of Guatemala, where it remained until brought to light some eighteen months ago. In the account of the Indian religions it mentions two curious facts: the first, that the Indian notion of the Creator was, that God created eight couples at the same time; the second, that the first of their race in America came from "the East, beyond the sea," (*de la otra parte de la mar, del Oriente*.)

A German translation has just been published of Longfellow's "*Hawatha*," by Freiligrath, an intimate friend of the poet; the translation is said to be very well and carefully done.

The biography of Fox, by M. Villemain, in the "*Biographie Universelle*" of Michaud, is, as was to be expected, from the eminence of its author, exciting great interest in the literary and political circles of Paris. It is written with that sustained eloquence, and statesmanlike measure and sagacity, which M. Villemain has warranted the public in expecting in all that

falls from his pen. His conclusion respecting him is, that "his name remains great among his countrymen both in Europe and America;" and that, "in spite of his faults and his weaknesses, he was a noble example of the civic character in a free state, and a model of the most generous instincts, and most amiable qualities, in his family and in private life."

The first volume of a new life of *Mozart* has just appeared, and will be found a valuable addition to German biographical literature. Otto Jahn, the author, has been employed for years in collecting materials, among the most important of which are the *Mozart* letters, preserved in Salzburg, which, extending over the years from 1777 to 1784, embrace the most important part of his life.

M. de Lamartine has commenced, at Paris, the publication of a new periodical work, under the title "Entretiens." In the first number he makes confessions which will be read with pain by every one who in him admires the poet and respects the man. He exclaims:

"Alas! whoever envies me is greatly in the wrong. I succumb under my labor, and am dying from fatigue! . . . I have no reason to smile at the past, and still less at the future. . . . I should have died a thousand times the death of Cato if I were of the religion of Cato. I defy Cato himself to feel as much as I do disgust at the times. I count one by one the stones of my own dilapidation, but curse none of them. I do not accuse men—that would be unjust or silly—but I accuse Fate. I have found men good, but my lot has been a cruel one."

He complains that the very house in which he lives, and in which he was brought up, is not his own:

"I only sit at a borrowed hearth, which may be overthrown at any moment. And this is why," he adds, "I am condemned to labor beyond my strength. And yet I am often reproached with my constant labor, as if it were only caused by a vain thirst of noise and vanity. But why, O inconsistent men, do you not also reproach the stone-breaker for encumbering the highway? Because you know well that he works to take home at night the wages which maintain his wife, and child, and aged parents!"

In this sad account of the French poet's position, we are strongly reminded of Sir Walter Scott's affecting lamentations at having "sat for the last time in the halls he had built, and walked his last in the woods he had planted."

Since the above was written, we learn that a project has been set on foot here to relieve this illustrious writer from the embarrassments in which his pecuniary sacrifices in the cause of liberty in 1848, and his philanthropic efforts since then, have unfortunately involved him. The consequence has been, that all the profits which M. Lamartine has derived from his literary exertions have been swallowed up, and now, in his old age, the poet finds himself involved heavily in debt, and reduced to almost as great poverty as those for whom he has so generously sacrificed himself. His friends, feeling that this was an occasion on which the sympathy of the people of the United States might be tested in behalf of a man who has all his life disinterestedly devoted himself to the advocacy of the political principles on which their institutions are based, have urged him to consent to the republication in this country of an English version of the work. Having given his consent to it, M. J. B. Desplace, formerly one

of the editors of the *Courrier de L'Europe*, in London, and a devoted personal friend of the poet, has come out here to make the necessary arrangements for that purpose, in conjunction with a committee of some of our leading literary men, such as Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Washington Irving, &c. M. Desplace bears letters of introduction from Lamartine to several of our most distinguished men, making known his circumstances. To Mr. Bancroft the poet writes:

"I introduce to you one of my best friends, Mr. J. B. Desplace, who, out of pure love for me, goes to America, exclusively for the purpose of forwarding my interests. His success is, with me, a matter of life or death."

Lamartine rises at four o'clock every morning, and continues to write till late in the day. A hard task for a man in his sixty-fifth year.

A Paris literary journal announces a discovery of considerable interest. It is known that Molière published at the head of one of the earliest editions of his famous comedy, *Tartuffe*, three petitions to Louis XIV., praying for authorization to have the play represented in spite of the vehement opposition of the clergy. In one of these he tells the king that though his majesty himself had declared the piece innocent, "the curé of ——" had published a work in which he denounced him as a "demon clothed in flesh and dressed as a man," as a "libertine," as an "impious wretch," and as many other bad things, for having written it. Some years back, M. Taschereau, author of an esteemed life of Molière, found out, what since the time of the great comic poet had been a perfect mystery, that this "curé of ——" was one Pierre Roullés, or Roullé, a doctor of the Sorbonne, that he was priest of the parish of St. Barthélemy, in Paris, and that the opprobrious language in question figured in a work written by him, called "*Le Roy glorieux au Monde*." But it was not possible to obtain anywhere a copy of this book, and every trace of one was believed to have entirely perished. Quite recently, however, M. Taschereau, who has been charged to draw up a catalogue of the contents of the imperial library in the Rue Richelieu at Paris, found, to his delight, in that institution a copy of the identical work, apparently, from the red binding and the royal arms and lilies, the very one which was presented to the king by the author. The exact title of it is, "*Le Roy glorieux au Monde, ou Louis XIV. le plus glorieux de tous les Rois du Monde*." Not fewer than four pages of it are devoted to a denunciation of Molière and his *Tartuffe*, and in the course of it are the very words quoted by the poet; all the rest is in the same strain of savage ecclesiastical virulence.

A celebrated *Bowyer Bible* was sold last month at auction in London. It was folio, morocco, and illustrated with many thousands of engravings, contained in a richly-carved antique oak cabinet. In the year 1800, Bowyer determined to publish a copy of the Bible, which, for cost and magnificence, should stand unrivaled in the annals of literature. He produced two folio copies: one of these was in the British Museum, in seven volumes; the other he resolved to illustrate in a manner far surpassing anything of the kind ever attempted. He was

engaged on the work over twenty-four years, and nearly every chapter was illustrated. There were forty-five volumes, and they contained six thousand engravings, collected from the works of eminent artists from the year 1450 to the time of its completion. The book, therefore, was the work of a life. The cost of the engravings was £3,300; to which there was to be added the printing and binding, and £150 for the oak cabinet, making a total cost of 4,000 guineas. It was knocked down for £580.

A correspondent of one of our exchanges, writing from London, says :

"The penny press is becoming of vast importance, and is eagerly sought after by men who never before bought a paper. We have quite a number of them already, and I see announced that we are to have the *Morning Star*, and its evening sister. The *Morning Chronicle* proprietors intend to start the *Morning News*, for which a circulation of twenty thousand is expected; and the *Morning Post*, not to be outdone, announces the *London Morning Paper*. The *Evening Express* is a bantering of the *Daily News*. It is sold for twopence, and is a paying concern. I hear of still further changes, to take place immediately; but enough for the present."

Herr Holland, a professor in the University of Tübingen, has just published a work, entitled "Crestien von Troies; or, Literary and Historical Researches," which will be interesting to all lovers of the poetic literature of the middle ages. Crestien de Troies was one of the early French writers whose works served as a model to the Germans of that period.

Official Gazette of Sweden.—One of the oldest newspapers in northern Europe is the *Official Gazette of Sweden*, the *Pestoch Inrikes Tidning*. It was founded in 1644, during the reign of Queen Christina, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus the Great; and the present year is, without interruption, its two hundred and eleventh anniversary.

Prof. Schlosser, of Heidelberg, the veteran historian, is on the eve of completing his "Weltgeschichte für das Deutsche Volk," a work which he began in 1844, at the advanced age of sixty-eight, and which he now brings to its close as an octogenarian. The hitherto published volumes have found a wide circulation, and there is no doubt but that the work, when finished, will become as popular as the author's other works, his "History of Antiquity," and his "History of the Nineteenth Century." Alexander von Humboldt, too, is busy with the completion of "Cosmos." What freshness of mind, and what noble activity for men who are past eighty! If we also mention Professor Arndt, of Bonn, and Baron Hammer-Purgstall, of Vienna, both of them likewise octogenarians, full of mental vigor and productiveness, we may well say that Germany has reason to be proud of its Nestors of Science.

A valuable collection of autographs, the property of the late *Herr von Falkenstein*, librarian to the King of Saxony, was brought to the hammer last month, at the house of *Herr Weigel*, in Leipzig. The first part of the catalogue contained upward of five thousand lots, including letters of poets, artists, and savants; German, English, French, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Swiss, and American statesmen, are all here represented, scarcely a name of note being missing. The

second part consisted of autographs of the great men of the Reformation, the Thirty Years' War, of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, the Seven Years' War, and the French Revolution, besides perfect collections of many of the lines of princes and statesmen of all times.

The complete works of *Galileo* have just been edited, for the first time, in fifteen volumes, by Professor Eugenio Alberti, under the title, "Opera de Galileo Galilei, prima edizione completa, condotta sugli autentiche Manoscritte Palatini." The work was commenced in 1842, but a stop was put to its progress by the troubles of 1848; resumed again in 1851. We have now, in the first five volumes, the astronomical works of Galileo; in the next five, his extended correspondence; the four following contain the mathematic-physical treatises; and the concluding one, essays on general literature, including an essay on the "Divina Comedia" of Dante, and the memoir on the "Orlando Furioso," as well as on Tasso's "Gierusalemme Liberata," with a defense of its authenticity, which has been doubted, by the editor.

The papers of *Sir Robert Peel*, including part of an autobiography, will shortly appear. Lord Stanhope, one of the literary executors of the great statesman, has had the chief labor of preparing these valuable papers for the press; and the work could not have been in wiser hands. The first part will contain a vindication of the part taken by Sir Robert Peel in the passing of the Act for Catholic Emancipation.

One thousand copies of the *Life of Washington* are about to be published in the modern Greek, at Athens.

Biography of American Clergymen.—We learn that the Rev. Dr. Sprague has been for a long time engaged upon a "History of American Divines," and that he intends to complete it in about a year from this time.

M. Busemacker, editor of the works of Aristotle in the "Bibliothèque des Auteurs Grecs," now in course of publication by Messrs Didot, of Paris, has lately made a minute examination of the rare collection of Greek manuscripts in the Royal Library at Madrid, and the result of it is, that he has found that, as stated by Iriarte, in his Catalogue of 1789, it contains a series of unpublished problems by Aristotle. This discovery led him to make researches in the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris, and there he brought to light a manuscript older than that at Madrid, containing the greater part of the said problems and some new ones. The consequence is, that his next volume of Aristotle will contain a new series of two hundred and fourteen problems, taken from Madrid and Paris manuscripts, and forty-six unpublished problems taken from the Paris manuscripts. Nor is this all: accompanying these precious *trouvailles* were seven unpublished problems in manuscript, containing problems ascribed to Alexander of Aphrodisium; two other problems in Greek of Aristotle, which hitherto have only been known by a Latin translation; a long and interesting unpublished paper on Optics, by Cassius; an unpublished fragment of some comic poet, most likely Aristophanes; and others of Empedocles and Heraclitus.

Arts and Sciences.

Lithotyping is the name of a new invention which bids fair to supersede the ordinary process of stereotyping or electrotyping. It is the discovery of a poor man, a resident of the wilds of Indiana, and is said to be at once economical and elegant in its results. The memoir of Bishop Heber, noticed in our present number, has been *lithotyped*, and as a specimen of typography is fully equal to anything we have seen recently. All the materials used, we are told, are cheap and abundant, and the process is simple and easily learned.

Exhibition of American Manufactures.—The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association will hold its eighth triennial exhibition of American manufactures and arts in Boston, next September, commencing on the 10th and closing on the 27th of the month. The exhibition will occupy Faneuil Hall, and extend the entire length of Quincy Hall, the two buildings being united by a bridge, thus furnishing peculiar advantages for the display of every variety of industrial art. A board of competent judges will be appointed for each class of manufactures, who will examine and report upon all articles submitted for competition. Medals of gold, silver, and bronze, and a new diploma designed by Billings, now in the hands of the engraver, will be given to those whose contributions merit such awards. The Association invites every mechanic, manufacturer, artist, and inventor, throughout the United States, to offer for competition and premium a specimen of their several works, of whatever nature or kind.

African Exploring Expedition.—The Geographical Society of this city have lately projected an expedition for the exploration of the western section of the broad belt of Central Africa lying to the east of Liberia. It is well known that Liberia is extremely unhealthy for emigrants newly arrived from the United States. All the travelers who have visited Central Africa, Barth, Livingston, Krapf, and others, agree, however, in the opinion that some forty miles east of Liberia commences a tract of country eminently healthy and productive, and admirably adapted for the purposes of settlement, and for the foundation of a most desirable commerce. To procure a survey of this country, and such reliable information of its resources as would justify the application of means to hasten its settlement, is the purpose of an appeal addressed to the public by a committee of the Geographical Society of this city. For more than a hundred years it has been asserted in high quarters that Central Africa is occupied by an intelligent and industrious race of people; whether that be true or not will doubtless be settled by this commission.

Cole's Voyage of Life.—The series of engravings by Smillie, from Cole's "Voyage of Life," is now complete, the last of them, which bears the title "Old Age," having been published. This picture has been engraved very successfully, the effect depending rather on the lights

and shadows than upon color. The dark rocks of the shore, the glassy waves of the ocean upon which the boat bearing the aged voyager has just entered, the heavy shadows brooding over sea and land, and curtaining the horizon, are well rendered, and not less so is the glorious light, streaming from above, in which celestial forms are faintly seen. This engraving is, in our judgment, one of the most impressive of the series, which, taken altogether, are the most splendid effort of the art of engraving yet made in this country. The *London Art Journal* says of the series, or rather of the three first engravings which compose it:

"These compositions afford evidence of a most poetic mind, of one whose inspirations have been nursed on the banks of the mighty Ohio, and amid the giant forests of the artist's adopted country; the rocks, trees, plants, and flowers, belong to the New World, though many appear of primeval growth; all is essentially American in its vastness and in its grandeur."

After a description of the engravings, the *Art Journal* proceeds:

"The series of plates is, we should consider, the most important publication ever attempted in America; the character of the work, no less than the way in which it is produced, must do a great deal toward improving the tastes and elevating the minds of the people for whom it is more especially intended. We are truly glad to see American art in so advanced a state; and must congratulate the reverend gentleman whose name appears on the prints as publisher and proprietor, on the successful completion of his costly undertaking thus far. The pictures are in his possession, and he has caused them to be engraved, far less from any desire to derive pecuniary benefit from the work, than in the hope the engravings will conduce to the intellectual benefit of his fellow-countrymen."

Gustavus Heine, a newspaper editor in Vienna, and brother of Heine the poet, is about to expend ten thousand francs in erecting a monument to him in Paris.

The new cable of the *New-York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company* will be laid by Mr. Canning, engineer for Messrs. Kuper & Co., London, manufacturers. The first cable weighed five tons to the mile, and had three conducting wires, each about as thick as a knitting-needle, and a flaw in either of these was sufficient to stop the electric current from one end to the other. The new cable will have one conductor made of small-sized copper wires twisted together, is less than half the thickness of the three-wire cable, is more pliable, and can be laid with less difficulty. It will be twenty-four thousand miles long.

A gentleman in Philadelphia has invented a process of *embossing veneers* for any kind of ornamental wood work to represent elaborate carvings on wood, and dispensing with that comparatively slow and expensive process. The veneers are prepared by the inventor's peculiar process, then placed between dies moderately heated, and submitted to pressure. One of the faces of the wood receives the pattern in relief, and gives it the appearance of elaborated wood carving. The depressions caused by the dies on the opposite side of the veneer are filled up with a suitable plastic substance. This being dried, the embossed veneer is ready to be glued

or otherwise attached to furniture. The veneer will neither split nor collapse, and the figures impressed upon it are so solidified by the pressure that they may safely be rubbed and cleaned.

Mechanical Genius.—One of the scientific journals says:

"We have seen, lately, as a specimen of rare American mechanical genius, a machine, costing not over \$500, invented by a working man, which takes hold of a sheet of brass, copper, or iron, and turns off complete hinges at the rate of a gross in ten minutes—hinges, too, neater than are made by any other process; also, a machine that takes hold of an iron rod, and whips it into perfect bit-pointed screws with wonderful rapidity and by a single process. This latter is also the invention of a working man; and both of the machines are superior to anything of the kind in the world."

The Sources of the Nile.—The French count, Escayrac de Lauture, who has already gained a world-wide celebrity by his travels in Central Africa, has been intrusted by the Viceroy of Egypt with the command of an expedition for the discovery of the sources of the Nile.

A patent has been issued to *Mr. H. H. Fultz*, of Lexington, Mississippi, for an improvement in cotton gins, consisting in giving the cotton to be ginned a spiral motion in the feed box, over the saws, so that the cotton is made to pass from one end of the feed box to the other, to present a fresh surface of it to the action of the saws as it passes along; also to prevent the staples from being cut off by the saws.

The Chemical Journal states that the proper mode of obtaining a preparation of powdered iron, is to heat proto-oxalate of iron in a stream of hydrogen gas to a very low red heat. This salt, so distinct by its lemon color, is very easily procured by precipitating a concentrated solution of proto-sulphate of iron (green vitriol), by means of a hot, saturated solution of free oxalic acid. The dried salt is reduced, in a stream of hydrogen gas, to a metallic powder in a very short time, and at a heat so moderate that the operation may be accomplished immediately in a glass tube. The heating must, however, be carried up to apparent glowing, lest the iron powder should become pyrophoric. If, when poured out, it is yet warm, it is apt to ignite.

A French gentleman, named *Sauvageot*, having presented the Museum of the Louvre with a valuable collection of objects of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, and especially of pottery by Bernard de Palissy, has had the dignity of Honorary Conservator of the Museum conferred upon him. *M. Sauvageot* was thirty years in making his collection, and some English speculators offered him not less than £20,000 for it on the very day preceding his donation of it to the Louvre.

We learn that the famous hemicycle of *Paul Delaroche*, in the Palace of the Beaux Arts, in Paris, which was damaged by fire some months back, is being restored under the direction of that eminent artist, with every prospect of completeness.

The Cincinnati Enquirer speaks of a noble work of sculptural art in that city, which is destined to add to the fame of the whole country, and especially to the city which has produced a Powers. It is by *Frankenstein*, and

represents an infant in a kneeling posture. So true to nature is it, and so beautifully executed, that many good judges pronounce it equal, if not superior, to the celebrated "Greek Slave." It is the work of many months, and *Mr. Frankenstein* has infused into his model a life-like expression that is truly wonderful.

Mozart.—A musical festival is to be given in Salzburg, in September next, in honor of Mozart, to which all the artists of Europe are to be invited. For the Mozart Festival in Berlin, in the hall of the "Sing-Academie," Professor Kim modeled a colossal bust of the great artist, which, with its pedestal, was fourteen feet high: the time allotted to the work was so short that *Kiss* was obliged to work night and day at it. The bust, rising from a perfect grove of oleanders, laurels, and other shrubs, produced a beautiful effect. A committee has been formed in Vienna to set on foot a subscription for the purpose of purchasing the house Mozart inhabited on the *Kahlenberg*. It is almost in ruins, having been used for some time past as a garden-tool house.

A new process for extracting gold has been tried by the Colonial Gold Company, at their works in the east of London. They melt the quartz containing the gold in furnaces; the precious metal falls to the bottom, and is separated in a mass, and the molten rock, when cast in molds, is said to be useful for building purposes.

Railways.—A hydraulic railway has been tried near Turin. The rails are laid by the side of a swift canal, in which the paddle-wheel of the locomotive rotates, and so draws the train up an incline. The inventor thinks it would answer for the passage of Mont Cenis. The Sardinian government talk of piercing a tunnel through Mount St. Bernard, to establish a connection with the railways of Switzerland; and the Greeks are actually making a railway from Athens to the Piræus!

Fossils.—A fossilized jaw has been discovered in Indiana, which *Agassiz* describes as of a kind heretofore unknown, of peculiar structure, belonging to an extraordinary family of sharks, allied to the sword-fish. He regards the discovery "as of as great importance almost, in fossil ichthyology, as was that of the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus in fossil erpetology." A new species of fossil footmarks has been found in the Connecticut Valley, made by an animal not less extraordinary than the newly-discovered shark. Professor Hitchcock calls it the *Giganbipes caudatus*—the tailed giant biped. The length of the footmark is sixteen inches, and the distance between the steps thirty-nine or forty inches; and the furrow made by the tail is distinct and unbroken.


M. Le Verrier, director of the Paris Observatory, has, with the consent of the Academy of Sciences, given the name of *Leutitia* to the planet (39) discovered by *M. Chacornac* in that city, on the 8th of February last.

The Marseilles papers announce that, in digging foundations for a new cathedral in that city, the ruins of a temple of *Diana* have been discovered.



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