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OLD IRONSIDES.

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[The following piece of naval biography is the last literary work upon which the pen of our great novelist was engaged, and we understand it is the only posthumous publication of his writings which will be given to the world. It is printed verbatim from his manuscript, except in a few instances where dates and names are filled into the vacancies, according to his directions, and the narrative of the chase of the Constitution, which is copied, according to direction, from his Naval History.]

IN the course of the events connected with the naval history and the naval glory of the country, this ship has become so renowned by her services and her success as to be entitled to have her biography written, as well as those who have gained distinction on her deck. Half a century has endeared her to the nation, and her career may be said to be coexistent, as well as coequal in fame, with that of the service to which she belongs. It is seldom, indeed, that men have ever come to love and respect a mere machine as this vessel is loved and respected among the Americans, and we hope the day may be far distant when this noble frigate will cease to occupy her place on the list of the marine of the republic. It is getting to be an honor, of itself, to have commanded her, and a long catalogue of names belonging to gallant and skilful seamen, has already been gathered into the records of the past, that claim this enviable distinction. Among them we find those of Talbot, Nicholson, Preble, Decatur, Rogers, Hull, Bainbridge, and others, sea captains renowned for their courage, enterprise, and devotion to the flag. Neither disaster nor disgrace ever befell any man who filled this honorable station, though the keel of this bold craft has ploughed nearly every sea, and her pennant has been seen abroad in its pride, in the hostile presence equally of the Briton, the Frenchman, and the Turk.

The celebrated craft, of which we are now about to furnish a historical sketch, was built under a law that was approved by Washington himself, as President, March 27th, 1794. This law, which authorized the construction of six frigates, the commencement of an entirely new marine, that of the Revolution having been altogether laid aside, was a consequence of the depredations of the Dey of Algiers upon the commerce of the nation. The keel of one of the four largest of these frigates was laid down at Boston, and was named The Constitution. Her rate was that of a forty-four, though she was to be what is called a single-decked ship, or to possess but one gun deck, in addition to her forecastle and quarter deck. In the last century, it was not unusual to construct vessels of this rate, which carried batteries on two gun decks in addition to those which were mounted on their quarter decks and forecastles; but, in this instance, it was intended to introduce a new style of frigate-built ship, that should be more than equal to cope with the old-fashioned ships of the same rate, besides possessing the advantage of sailing faster on a wind and of stowing much more freely. The gun deck batteries of these four ships were intended to be composed of thirty long twenty-four pound guns, while it was then very unusual for a frigate to carry metal heavier than an eighteen. This plan was carried out in three of the six new vessels; but, owing to some mistake in getting out the frame, that laid down at Norfolk, which was also

intended for a forty-four, was, in the end, the smallest of the thirty-sixes. This was the ill-fated Chesapeake, a ship of which the career in the navy was almost as disastrous as that of the subject of our present memoir has been glorious and successful. The unfortunate Chesapeake would seem to have been commenced in error, and to have terminated her course much as it was begun.

The credit of presenting the plans for the three twenty-four pounder frigates that were built under the law of 1794, belongs of right to Mr. Joshua Humphreys, ship-builder, of Philadelphia, and the father of the gentleman of the same name, who is now the chief naval constructor. We are not certain, however, that the idea of placing such heavy metal in frigate-built ships is due to him, for the *Indien*, a ship built by order of Congress, at Amsterdam, during the war of the Revolution, had Swedish thirty-sixes in her, though she was not so long a vessel as either of those now built at home. As Mr. Humphreys was a builder of eminence at that time, however, it is possible his suggestions may have been attended to, even in that early day. The English certainly began to construct twenty-four pounder frigates at the close of the last, and near the commencement of the present centuries, as is seen in the Cambrian, Acasta, Endymion, &c. Let these facts be as they may, there is no question that the plans of Mr. Humphreys produced three as fine single-decked ships as were ever put into the water, and it would be difficult to say which was the preferable vessel of the whole number. Two of them, after a lapse of half a century, still remain in service, and both are favorite cruisers with those who like fast, comfortable, and efficient ships. The new frigates are all heavier, but this is almost the only superior quality of which they can properly boast.

The builder who had charge of the Constitution, while on the stocks, was Mr. Cleghorn; but the foreman, and the person who was supposed to be the efficient mechanic, was Mr. Hartly, the father of the present naval constructor, and the builder of the Argus brig, one of the finest vessels of her class that ever sailed under the American ensign.

Captains were appointed to each of the six frigates, as soon as their keels were laid, as indeed were several other subordinate officers. We may as well mention here, that the following rule for regulating the rank of the inferior officers was adopted. The captains having ranks assigned them by the dates or numbers of their commissions, in the usual way, it was ordered that the senior lieutenant of the ship to which the senior captain was attached should rank all the other first lieutenants, and the others should follow in the same order, down to the junior lieutenant of them all. The officer to whom the original command of the Constitution was confided was Capt. Samuel Nicholson, a gentleman who had served with credit throughout the war of the Revolution, and once had worn a broad pennant. This gentleman, however, is not to be confounded with his elder brother, Capt. James Nicholson, who was at the head of the list of captains in the old navy, after Com. Hopkins was laid aside. Capt. Samuel Nicholson was the second in rank among the six captains appointed by the law of 1794, and all the Constitution's officers subsequently obtained similar rank in consequence. Barry alone ranked Nicholson, and the United States may be said to have ranked the Constitution.

The keel of the Constitution was laid on Charlestown Neck, and some progress had been made in her construction, when a treaty of peace was signed with the Dey of Algiers without firing a shot. Of course this reconciliation was purchased by tribute. Congress now directed that the work on three of the six new frigates should be stopped, while the remainder were to be slowly completed. The three it was determined to complete were The States, Old Ironsides, and The Constellation. These three ships happened to be the most advanced, and the loss would be the heaviest by arresting the work on them.

Owing to these circumstances, the Constitution was more than two years on the stocks, though commenced in haste—a delay that probably had its influence in making her a better ship than she might otherwise have been. Nevertheless the work on her was more advanced than on either ship, and, but for an accident, she would have added the distinction of being the very first vessel of the new and permanent navy that was got into the water, to her other claims for renown. She stuck on the ways, and the States and Constellation were both launched before her. As it was, she was launched Sept. 20th, 1797.

In the course of the session of Congress that succeeded, the relations of the country with France became so seriously complicated, that it was determined to repel the maritime aggressions of the sister republic by force. The sudden armament of 1795 was the consequence, and vessels of war were equipped and sent to sea as fast as circumstances would allow. Although one law was passed July 1st, 1797, "to

man and employ the three frigates," and another was passed March 27th, 1798, appropriating a considerable sum with a similar object, neither was the first vessel got to sea, though the Constellation was one of the first, and the States was not far behind her. This occurred in June and July, 1798. In the latter month, and on the 20th of the month, Old Ironsides was first moved under her canvas. She did not go to sea, however, until the succeeding month, the orders of Captain Nicholson to that effect having been dated Aug. 13th.

On this, her first cruise, the officers attached to the ship appear to have been as follows, viz.:—The celebrated Preble, since the proudest name in American naval annals, was ordered to the ship as her original first lieutenant, but he got relieved from the duty, in consequence of some dislike of her commander, and never sailed in her until he did so with his broad pennant flying on board her. The complement of the frigate was composed of the following persons, and classes of persons, viz.:—

Captain,	1	Quarter Gunners,	11
Lieutenants,	4	Coxswain,	1
Do. Marines,	2	Sailmaker,	1
Sailing Master,	1	Cooper,	1
Master's Mates,	2	Steward,	1
Midshipmen,	8	Armorer,	1
Purser,	1	Master at Arms,	1
Surgeon,	1	Cook,	1
Do. Mates,	2	Chaplain,	1
Clerk,	1	Able Seamen,	120
Carpenter,	1	Do. Ordinary,	150
Do. Mates,	2	Boys,	30
Boatswain,	1	Marines,	50
Do. Mates,	2		
. . . . . .			400
Gunner,	1		

At that time a captain of such a ship as the Constitution received but $100 per month, pay, and eight rations, or $2, per diem; a lieutenant received $40 a month and three rations; midshipmen, $19 and one ration; able seamen, $17 a month and ordinaries, $12.*

It may be well to state here, that in the reports of government, the Constitution was paid for as being 1576, carpenter's measurement, and her cost is stated at $275,000. Considered in reference to ordinary measurement, the first is more than a hundred tons too much; and considered in reference to a complete equipment, the last materially too small. The first cost of such a ship as the Constitution must have exceeded $300,000.

Nicholson sailed in August, 1798, carrying Old Ironsides into blue water for the first time. His cruising ground was on the coast extending from Cape Henry to Florida, with orders to look out for Frenchmen. But the French, who were then at war with England, sent no heavy ships into the American waters, and it was soon found useless to keep a vessel of the Constitution's weight so near home. We find the ship, still under Nicholson, on the West India station at the close of the year, when she formed one of Barry's squadron. If her captain had originally worn a broad pennant in her, which we much doubt, although he appears to have had several small craft under his orders, it was now struck, Barry being the only commodore of the windward squadron, while Truxton, Nicholson's junior by four, having the leeward. Little connected with the Constitution occurred during this cruise, or indeed throughout that war, of an importance to be noted. The luck of the ship had not commenced, nor was there much chance of any thing being done of *éclat* by a vessel of her force, under all the circumstances. The English were every where, while the French had lost so many ships already, that it was of rare occurrence to fall in with one of their frigates. By a singular fortune, the only two frigate actions that took place in the whole of the quasi war with France fell to the share of one and the same ship, the Constellation, which took the Insurgente and beat off La Vengeance. The Constitution returned to Boston . . . . and her command was transferred to Talbot, who hoisted a broad pennant in her, as commodore of what was called the St. Domingo station. On this cruise Hull sailed as first lieutenant.

The second cruise of Old Ironsides commenced in August, 1799. Her orders were to go off Cayenne, in the first place, where she was to remain until near the close of September, when she was to proceed viâ Guadaloupe to Cape François, at which point, Talbot was to assume the command of all the vessels he found on the station. In the course of the season, this squadron grew to be six sail, three frigates and as many sloops, or brigs.

Two incidents occurred to Old Ironsides, while on the St. Domingo station, that are worthy of being noticed, the first being of an amicable, and the second of a particularly hostile character.

While cruising to windward the island, a strange sail was made, which, on closing proved to be the English frigate, the ——. The commander of this ship and Com.

* The writer of this sketch was once asked by a French admiral, "how much America paid her seamen?" The answer was, "$12, $10, and $8, according to class." "You never can have a large marine, then, on account of the cost." "That is not so clear. What does France pay for the support of the kingly office?" "About $8,000,000," said Lafayette, who was present. "and America pays $25,000 to her king, or $100,000, if you will, including all expenses" "I think, Admiral, the difference would man a good many ships."

Talbot were acquaintances, and the Englishman had the curiosity to take a full survey of the new Yankee craft. He praised her, as no unprejudiced seaman could fail to do, but insisted that his own ship could beat her on a wind. After some pleasantry on the subject, the English captain made the following proposition; he had touched at Madeira on his way out, and taken on board a few casks of wine for his own use. This wine stood him in so much a cask—now, he was going into port to refit, and clean his bottom, which was a little foul; but, if he could depend on finding the Constitution on that station, a few weeks later, he would join her, when there should be a trial of speed between the two ships, the loser to pay a cask of the wine, or its price to the winner. The bet was made, and the vessels parted.

At the appointed time, the ——— reappeared; her rigging overhauled, new sails bent, her sides painted, her bottom cleaned, and, as Jack expressed it, looking like a new fiddle. The two frigates closed, and their commanders dined together, arranging the terms of the cartel for the next day's proceedings. That night, the vessels kept near each other, on the same line of sailing, and under short canvas.

The following morning, as the day dawned, the Constitution and the ——— each turned up their hands, in readiness for what was to follow. Just as the lower limb of the sun rose clear of the waves, each fired a gun, and made sail on a bowline. Throughout the whole of that day, did these two gallant ships continue turning to windward, on tacks of a few leagues in length, and endeavoring to avail themselves of every advantage which skill could confer on seamen. Hull sailed the Constitution on this interesting occasion, and the admirable manner in which he did it, was long the subject of eulogy. All hands were kept on deck all day, and there were tacks on which the people were made to place themselves to windward, in order to keep the vessel as near upright as possible, so as to hold a better wind.

Just as the sun dipped, in the evening, the Constitution fired a gun, as did her competitor. At that moment the English frigate was precisely hull down dead to leeward; so much having Old Ironsides, or young Ironsides, as she was then, gained in the race, which lasted about eleven hours! The manner in which the Constitution eat her competitor out of the wind, was not the least striking feature of this trial, and it must in a great degree be ascribed to Hull, whose dexterity in handling a craft under her canvas, was ever remarkable. In this particular, he was perhaps one of the most skilful seamen of his time, as he was also for coolness in moments of hazard. When the evening gun was fired and acknowledged, the Constitution put up her helm, and squared away to join her friend. The vessels joined a little after dark, the Englishman as the leeward ship, first rounding to. The Constitution passed under her lee, and threw her main-topsail to the mast. There was a boat out from the ———, which soon came alongside, and in it was the English Captain and his cask of wine; the former being just as prompt to "pay" as to "play."

The other occurrence was the cutting out of the Sandwich, a French letter of marque, which was lying in Port Platte, a small harbor on the Spanish side of St. Domingo. While cruising along the coast, the Constitution had seized an American sloop called the Sally, which had been selling supplies to the enemy. Hearing that the Sandwich, formerly an English packet, but which had fallen into the hands of the French, was filling up with coffee, and was nearly full, Talbot determined to send Hull in, with the Sally, in order to cut her out. The sloop had not long before come out of that very haven, with an avowed intention to return, and offered every desirable facility to the success of the enterprise. The great and insuperable objection to its ultimate advantage, was the material circumstance that the Frenchman was lying in a neutral port, as respects ourselves, though watchful of the English who were swarming in those seas.

The Constitution manned the Sally at sea, near sunset, on the tenth of May, 1800, a considerable distance from Port Platte, and the vessels separated, Hull so timing his movements, as to reach his point of destination about mid-day of a Sunday, when it was rightly enough supposed many of the French, officers as well as men, would be ashore keeping holiday. Short sail was carried that night on board the Sally, and while she was quietly jogging along, thinking no harm, a gun was suddenly heard, and a shot came whistling over the sloop. On looking around, a large ship was seen in chase, and so near, as to render escape impossible. The Sally rounded to, and presently, an English frigate ranged alongside. The boarding officer was astonished when he found himself among ninety armed men, with officers in naval uniform at their head. On demanding an explanation, Hull told him his business, when the English lieutenant expressed his disappointment, candidly acknowledging that his own ship was waiting on the coast to let the Sandwich

fill up, and get her sails bent, in order to send a party in, also, in order to cut her out! It was too late, however, as the Sally could not be, and would not be detained, and Hull proceeded.

There have been many more brilliant exploits than this of the Constitution, in sending in a party against the Sandwich, but very few that were more neatly executed, or ingeniously planned. The Sally arrived off the port, at the appointed hour, and stood directly in, showing the customary number of hands on deck, until coming near the letter of marque, she ran her aboard forward, and the Constitution's clambered in over the Sandwich's bows, led by Hull in person. In two minutes, the Americans had possession of their prize, a smart brig, armed with four sixes and two nines, with a pretty strong crew, without the loss of a man. A party of marines, led by Capt. Cormick, landed, drove the Spaniards from a battery that commanded the anchorage, and spiked the guns. All this was against law and right, but it was very ingeniously arranged, and as gallantly executed. The most serious part of the affair remained to be achieved. The Sandwich was stripped to a girt line, and the wind blew directly into the harbor. As it was unsafe for the marines to remain in the battery any time, it was necessarily abandoned, leaving to the people of the place every opportunity of annoying their invaders by all the means they possessed. The battery was reoccupied, and the guns cleared of the spikes as well and as fast as they could be, while the Americans set about swaying up topmasts and yards and bending sails. After some smart exertion, the brig got royal yards across, and, at sunset, after remaining several hours in front of the town, Hull scaled his guns, by way of letting it be known they could be used, weighed, and began to beat out of the harbor. The Spaniards fired a few shot after him, but with no effect.

Although this was one of the best executed enterprises of the sort on record, and did infinite credit to the coolness and spirit of all concerned, it was not quite an illustration of international law or of justice in general. This was the first victory of Old Ironsides in a certain sense, but all men must regret it was ever achieved, since it was a wrong act, committed with an exaggerated, if not an altogether mistaken notion of duty. America was not even at war with France, in the more formal meaning of the term, nor were all the legal consequences of war connected with the peculiar hostilities that certainly did exist; but with Spain she had no quarrel whatever, and the Sandwich was entitled to receive all the protection and immunities that of right belonged to her, anchored in the neutral harbor of Port-au-Platte. In the end not only was the condemnation of the Sandwich resisted successfully, but all the other prize-money made by Old Ironsides in the cruise went to pay damages. The reason why the exploit itself never received the public commendation to which, as a mere military achievement, it was so justly entitled, was connected with the illegality and recklessness of the enterprise in its inception. It follows that this, which may be termed the Constitution's earliest victory, was obtained in the face of law and right. Fortunately the old craft has lived long enough to atone for this error of her youth by many a noble deed achieved in defence of principles and rights that the most fastidious will not hesitate to defend.

The Constitution returned to Boston in Aug. 1800, her cruise being up, not only on account of her orders, but on account of the short period for which men were then enlisted in the navy, which was one year. On the 18th Nov., however, she was ordered to sail again for the old station, still wearing the broad pennant of Talbot. Nothing occurred of interest in the course of this cruise; and, early in the spring, orders were sent to recall all the cruisers from the West Indies, in consequence of an arrangement of the difficulties with France.

It is certain that the good fortune of Old Ironsides did not appear in the course of this, her original service. While Nicholson had her, she does not seem to have captured any thing; and, in Goldsborough's list of armed French vessels taken during the years 1798–9, and 1801, a period of near three years, during quite two years of which the ship must have been actively on her cruising grounds, he gives but four to the Constitution. These four vessels—La Tullie and L'Esther, two small privateers, the Sandwich and the Sally—the last of which, by the way, was an American, seized for illegal intercourse with the enemy.

By the peace establishment law, approved March 3d, 1801, all the frigates regularly constructed for the service were permanently retained in the navy. Old Ironsides enjoyed an excellent character among them, and was kept, of course, there being no other use for such a craft, indeed, in the country, than those connected with a military marine. Our frigate, however, was paid off and dismantled at Boston, where she remained unemployed from the spring of 1801 until the summer of 1803, rather more than two

years, when Preble was ordered to her, with a broad pennant, in order to repair to the Mediterranean. As this was the commencement of the brilliant portion of Old Ironsides' career, it may be well to give a list of the officers who were now attached to, and who actually sailed in, her. It was the following:—

Commodore.
Edward Preble,

Lieutenants.

Thomas Robinson.	Jos. Tarbell.
W. C. Jenckes.	Sam. Elbert.

Master.
Nathaniel Haraden.
This gentleman was known in the service by the sobriquet of "Jumping Billy."

Midshipmen.

D. S. Dexter.	W. Burrows.
J. M. Haswell.	D. Deacon.
Ralph Izard.	Heathcote Reed.
Charles Morris.	T. Baldwin.
John Roe.	Leonard Hunnewell.
A. Laws.	Jos. Nicholson.
F. C. Hall.	John Thompson, act'g.
I. Davis.	

Of all these gentlemen, the present Commodore Morris and Mr. Hall, who is at present in the Marine corps, are now in the navy, and very few of the others still survive. They were not selected from the part of the country where the ship happened to lie, for by this time the navy had assumed so much of a fixed character that the officers were regarded as being at home in any portion of the republic. At Gibraltar, however, some important changes were made. Lt. Jenckes left the ship, and Lts. Dent and Gordon joined her, the former doing duty as acting captain. Midshipman Baldwin resigned, and Midshipmen Wadsworth, Alexis, Gadsden, Lewis, Israel, Ridgley, Carey, Robert Henly, and McDonough joined. With these alterations and additions the ship had five lieutenants and no less than twenty-three midshipmen. But changes soon occurred, which will be noticed in their places, the results of promotions and other causes.*

The Constitution sailed from Boston, on this new service, August 14th, 1803, and anchored at Gibraltar, Sept. 12th succeeding, making her passage in twenty-nine days. This was the first time our craft had ever shown herself in the European waters, her previous cruisings being confined to the West Indies and our own coast. It may as well be said here, that wherever she went, her mould and the fine order in which she was kept attracted general admiration.

The first service in which the gallant ship was employed in the other hemisphere, was to go off Tangiers, in a squadron composed of the Constitution 44, New-York 36, John Adams 28, and Nautilus 12, in order to make a new treaty with the Emperor of Morocco. This important service successfully effected, Preble remained in and about the Straits, until the middle of November, employed in duties connected with his command. On the 23d October the ship sailed from Gibraltar for Cadiz, the Enterprise in company, and returned in a few days. While on this service, and when near the Straits, a large strange sail was made in the night, when the Constitution cleared, went to quarters and ran alongside of her. Preble hailed, and got no answer, but a hail in return. After some sharp hailing on both sides, Preble took a trumpet himself and gave the name of his ship, asking that of the stranger, with an intimation that he would give him a shot unless he replied. "If you give me a shot, I'll give you a broadside," returned the stranger, in English. Preble now jumped into the mizzen-rigging, and called out distinctly, "This is the United States frigate Constitution, a 44, Edward Preble, commodore; I am now about to hail you for the last time—what ship is that?—Blow your matches, boys." "This is His Britannic Majesty's ship, Donnegal, a razee of 60 guns," was the answer. Preble told the stranger, in pretty plain terms, he doubted his statement, and that he should lie by him, until daylight, in order to ascertain his true character. Before things could be carried any further, however, a boat arrived from the stranger, who, as it

* Mr. Robinson is still living, having resigned a commander; Mr. Jenckes left the service; Tarbell died a captain, and Elbert a commander; Haswell resigned a lieutenant, and is dead; Dexter died a commander; Morris is now a commodore; Davis is out of service, and believed to be dead; Izard resigned a lieutenant, and is dead; Burrows was killed in battle, a lt. com.; Deacon died a captain; Laws resigned; Reed died a lieutenant; Rowe died, having been a lieutenant; Hall is now in the marine corps; Hunnewell out of service; Nicholson died a lieutenant. Of those who joined at Gibraltar or shortly after, Dent died a captain; Gordon died a captain; Wadsworth was blown up, a lieutenant; Gadsden died a lt. com.; Lewis was lost at sea a commander; Israel was blown up a lieutenant; Ridgley is the present commodore; Henly died a captain; McDonough died at sea a commodore. The fortune of Alexis has been singular; he was born of a French noble family, and was sent, when quite young, to this country, to save his life, during the excesses of the French revolution. His real name was Louis Alexis de Courmont. As Lewis Alexis he rose to be a commander in the navy; but, at the restoration of the Bourbons, he was summoned to rejoin his family in France. He continued in the service notwithstanding, until about the year 1827 or 1828, as Capt. Alexis, when he was compelled to quit his family or resign. He preferred the latter, and is believed to be still living, as Mons. de Courmont. He was amiable, and much liked in the navy, and served gallantly at the defence of New Orleans.

McDonough had been left, by Bainbridge, as a prize-master, at Gibraltar, and thus escaped capture in the Philadelphia. He was early transferred to the Enterprise, Lt.-Com. Decatur, and was with that officer in all his battles off Tripoli. Morris, Ridgley, Wadsworth, Israel, Reed, Dexter, Haswell, and Izard, were all promoted in 1804.

now appeared, was the Maidstone 36, Captain Burdett. The delay in answering arose from a wish to gain time to clear for action, and get to quarters, Old Ironsides having got alongside so quietly that she had been taken by surprise.

After passing the time mentioned, in the vicinity of the Straits, the Constitution sailed in quest of declared enemies. She left Gibraltar on the 13th November 1813, and proceeded first to Algiers, where she landed Colonel Lear, who had come out as Consul General. On the 20th she left Algiers, and on the 24th, while standing up the Mediterranean, on her way to Malta, she spoke an English frigate, which communicated a rumor, that the Philadelphia had run ashore, off Tripoli, and had fallen into the hands of the enemy. On reaching Malta, the 27th, while lying off the port, the unpleasant rumor was confirmed. The ship stood on without anchoring, and arrived at Syracuse next day.

Here, then, was Old Ironsides, for the first time, in the centre of the Mediterranean, and with something serious to do; more, indeed, than could easily be accomplished in a single ship. Her commander was as active a seaman as ever undertook an enterprise, and the career of the good ship, for the next seven months, though she did not fire a shot in anger during the whole time, was probably as remarkable as that of any vessel which ever floated, and which encountered neither enemies, shipwreck, nor accident of any sort.

The Constitution lay until the 17th December at Syracuse, when she sailed for Tripoli to look at her enemy, and to communicate with the unfortunate commander of the Philadelphia. On the 23d the Enterprise, Lieutenant Decatur, which was in company, captured a Tripolitan ketch, called the Mastico, or Mistico, with seventy Turks of one sort and another on board her, the prize being sent in. While lying off Tripoli, on the 26th, it came on to flow fiercely, and the stout ship had need of all her excellent qualities to claw off shore. Her escape was somewhat narrow, but she went clear, and returned to Syracuse.

February 3d, 1804, Preble sent the Mastico, now named the Intrepid, to Tripoli, on the well-known expedition to cut out the Philadelphia. All the connection our ship had with this successful and brilliant exploit, arose from the fact that her commander ordered it, and four of her midshipmen were of the party. These young gentlemen were Messrs. Izard, Morris, Laws, and Davis, all of whom returned safely, after their victory, to the steerage of Old Ironsides. Mr. Morris was shortly after promoted for being the first man on the Philadelphia's decks, as was Mr. Izard, for other good and sufficient claims. The last of these officers resigned about six years later, when first lieutenant of the old craft, and we shall have occasion hereafter to speak of Morris's service on board her, in the same character.

Having effected this important preliminary step, Preble set the ship in motion, in good earnest. On the 2d of March she sailed for Malta, arrived on the 3d, and returned on the 17th. On the 20th she sailed again for Tripoli, where she arrived in time to send in a flag on the 27th; a day or two later she sailed for Tunis, encountering a heavy gale on the passage, and anchored in the bay on the 4th of April. She left Tunis on the 7th, it blowing a gale from the northwest at the time, and reached Malta on the 12th; sailed for Syracuse on the 14th, and arrived on the 15th. All these movements were made necessary, in order to keep Tunis quiet, ascertain the state of things at Tripoli and obtain supplies at Malta. Business detained the ship at Syracuse until the 20th, when she was again off. On the 29th the busy craft again touched at Malta, having scoured along the enemy's coast, and on the 2d of May, less than a month from her appearance, the Bey of Tunis had the equivocal gratification of again seeing her in his harbor. War had been menaced, but peace succeeded this demonstration, and next day the ship was off for Naples, where she arrived on the 9th. The slow movements of the Neapolitans kept the active vessel ten days in that magnificent gulf, when away she went for Messina, with an order to get some of the king's gun-boats on board her. On the 25th she was at Messina, and on the 30th she left that place, going round to Syracuse, where she anchored next day. On the 4th of June, the Constitution was away once more for Malta, where she anchored on the 6th, and on the 9th she went to take another look at Tripoli. A flag was sent in on the 13th to know the Bashaw's ultimatum, but that dignitary refusing to accede to the terms offered, the Constitution got her anchor next day, and went to Tunis the third and last time, accompanied by two of the small vessels, as a hint to the Bey to remain quiet. The demonstration succeeded, and having reached Tunis on the 19th, the ship left it on the 22d for Syracuse, touched at Malta on the 24th, and reached her post on the 25th. On the 29th, away the frigate went again for Messina, arriving the 1st July, and sailing again

on the 9th for Syracuse and getting in the same day.

Here was an activity almost without a parallel. Nor did it end here. On the 14th the good old craft lifted her anchor and went to sea; was in Malta on the 16th; left Malta on the 21st, and appeared off Tripoli, in company with all the force that had by this time been collected, in readiness to commence the war in earnest. We know very well that Preble's extraordinary energy was at the bottom of all these ceaseless movements; but the good old ship must come in for all that share of the credit, which properly belongs to a most admirably constructed machine. If the reader will recur to our dates he will find what was really done. Between the 2d March and the 25th July, there are 145 days, or less than five months. Between these dates, Old Ironsides left port eighteen times, without counting visits to different places where she did not anchor. The distances run were necessarily short, in some instances quite so, but the Mediterranean Sea was actually crossed in its entire breadth twice, and several of the passages were hundreds of miles in length. The ship that is in and out of port three times a month—and four times would be nearer the true proportion of the Constitution's movements—cannot be called idle; and our good craft, on all occasions, did her part of the duty admirably well.

It was not favorable weather for anchoring until the 28th, when Preble fetched up with all his squadron, which now consisted of fifteen sail, of one sort and another of fighting craft, with Old Ironsides at their head. The good frigate lay about a league from Tripoli, and the parties had now a good opportunity of looking at each other. The same day, however, a gale came on, and sent every thing out into the offing again; and it was August 3d before Preble brought his force in again.

The 3d August, 1804, will ever be memorable in American naval annals. It was the day on which Preble first attacked the batteries of Tripoli, and on which Decatur made his celebrated hand-to-hand assault on the gun-boats, that had ventured to take up an anchorage outside the rocks. It does not come within the scope of our plan to give the particulars of the whole of this desperate engagement, and we shall confine ourselves principally to the part that was borne in it by the subject of our sketch. The battle itself began at three-quarters past two P. M., but it was a little later before Old Ironsides took a part in the fray. It ought to be mentioned here, that this ship had taken on board six long twenty-sixes at Syracuse, which had been mounted in her waist, and which were now manned by the marines, under Captain Hall; musketry being of no account in the service she was on. These six additional guns must have increased her entire armament to — guns in broadside, and all long; viz., —— twenty-four twenty-fours below, ——— twelves on the quarter-deck and forecastle, and the six twenty-sixes just mentioned.

The manner in which the Constitution went into action that day has often been the theme of praise. As she stood down to range along the rocks and batteries, and a harbor filled with armed craft, her people were aloft rolling up the light canvas as coolly as if about to come to in peaceable times, nor was a gun fired until as near the rocks as was deemed prudent, when she let the Turks have her larboard broadside, sending the shot home as far as the Bashaw's Castle. That was the first shotted broadside that Old Ironsides ever discharged at an enemy. As she was launched Sept. 20th, 1797, it follows that the good craft was just six years, ten months, and fourteen days old, ere she fired what may be called a shot in anger. No occasion had occurred on her previous service to bring the vessel herself alongside of an enemy, and here she was now commencing the brilliant part of her career, on the coast of Barbary, the very service for which she had been originally designed, though against a different prince. The ship kept ranging along the rocks, mole and batteries, often as near as within two cables' length of the first, and three of the last, silencing every thing that she could get fairly under her guns, so long as she lay opposed to it. The flotilla within the rocks, in particular, was the object of her attentions, and she made great havoc among its people by means of grape. It was when tacking or wearing, that the Constitution was most exposed, having no vessel of any size to cover her. It will be remembered that Tripoli mounted one hundred and forty-five pieces of heavy ordnance, behind stone walls, in addition to a large number of guns she had afloat, many of which were of as heavy calibre as any possessed by the Americans. At half-past four, the smaller vessels began to retire, covered by a blazing fire from the Constitution; and a quarter of an hour later, the frigate herself hauled off the land, and went out of action. In this, which may be termed her *début* in active warfare, our favorite ship escaped singularly well, considering the odds with which she had to contend, and the circumstances under which she fought. In all that service before Tripoli, she fought at great disadvantage, being held at precisely

the distance that batteries wish to keep ships, by the rocks, within which it would have been madness for a single frigate to enter. The nearer a vessel can get to batteries the better; not only on account of the greater effect of their shot on walls, but on account of the advantages it gives by placing them within her range of fewer guns.

Although Old Ironsides was two full hours under fire, on the 3d August, time enough to have cut her into splinters, at the distance at which she was fought, and the number of guns that were brought to bear on her, had the Turkish gunnery been better than it was, she suffered very little, and not at all in her hull. One twenty-four pound shot passed through the centre of her mainmast, thirty feet above the deck; her main-royal-yard was shot away altogether; two lower shrouds and two back-stays were also shot away; and the running rigging, and sails generally, were a good deal cut. One heavy shot, supposed to have been a thirty-two, entered a stern port as the ship was wearing, and when she was most exposed, passed quite near to Preble, some accounts say actually beneath his leg, as he stood with it raised on the port sill, struck the breech of one of the quarter-deck twelves, which it damaged materially, and broke into fragments, that flew forward into the waist, along a deck crowded with men, of whom only one was injured. Here was the old ship's luck!—a good fortune or a providential care, as men may choose to regard the spirit of providential interferences, that has more or less attended the craft in all her subsequent battles and adventures. The man who was first wounded in battle, on the deck of Old Ironsides, deserves to have his name recorded. It was Charles Young, a marine, who had his elbow shattered by one of the fragments of the shot just mentioned. On this occasion, both Mr. Dent and Mr. Robinson were out of the ship. The former had been transferred to the Scourge, but commanded one of the bomb-ketches in the attacks; while the other, who had succeeded, as acting-captain of the frigate, commanded the other. Charles Gordon was now the first lieutenant, and did duty as such in the action, while Jumping Billy handled Old Ironsides under fire as he would have handled her in an American port.

The Constitution herself had no particular agency in the affairs which occurred between the 3d and the 28th August, though many of her officers and people were engaged. On the 7th, she lifted her anchor and stood in with an intention to mingle in the combat, but the wind coming out from the northward, it was thought imprudent to carry her as near the rocks as would be necessary to render her fire efficient, since the loss of a mast might have thrown her ashore. The 7th was the day on which Caldwell was blown up. Although the ship herself did not fire a shot that day, many of her people were in the thickest of the fight. The gun-boats and ketches received crews from the other vessels whenever they went into action, and that day, besides having her boats out in numbers, the Constitution put Mr. Wadsworth in No. 6, Trippe's boat, as her commander. The lateen yard of this boat was shot away in the action. Although the frigate did not engage, she kept so close in, directly to windward, as to overawe the Tripolitan flotilla, and keep them within the rocks. On the evening of the 7th, Chauncy joined from America, in the John Adams, armed *en flute*. The 28th was intended to be a day of special attack. All the boats of the squadron were manned and armed and sent to remain by the small vessels, in case the flotilla, which had shown some signs of a determination of coming to close quarters again, should put the intention in execution. To supply the places of those who left the ship, Chauncy joined her with several officers and about seventy seamen of the John Adams, and did duty as Preble's captain. Lieut.-Com. Dent also came on board—the ketches not engaging—and took charge of the quarter-deck. Izard, too, then a lieutenant on board the Scourge, which was not engaged, came on board his old ship. Wadsworth continued in No. 6, and Gordon took charge of No. 2, for the occasion. These changes made, the vessel was ready to engage.

The 28th was the day, when the attack commenced early in the morning; before it was light, indeed. For this purpose the American flotilla went quite close to the rocks, and began their fire through the openings. The brigs and schooners kept under way, near at hand, to cover them against any assaults from the enemy's boats, galleys, &c. All the Constitution's boats went in with the gun-boats, and were under fire from the first. As the day dawned, Old Ironsides weighed anchor, and stood in towards the town. Her approach was in the most admirable style, and Fort English, the Bashaw's Castle, the Crown, and Mole Batteries, all opened upon her, as soon as she came within range. The signal was now made for the gun-boats to withdraw, and for the brigs and schooners to take them in tow. Old Ironsides then took the game into her own hands, to cover the retreat, and may be

said to have fought Tripoli single-handed. She ranged along within two cables' length of the rocks, and opened with round and grape on thirteen of the Turkish galleys and gun-boats, which had just been pretty closely engaged with the American. For a few minutes the good old craft was a perfect blaze of fire, and she soon sunk one boat, drove two more ashore to keep from sinking, and scattered all the rest. Not satisfied with this, on went the frigate, until she got off the Mole, and within musket shot, when she hove to and sent ten broadsides into the different works. Three hundred round shot alone were fired, to say nothing of large quantities of grape and canister. After having been warmly engaged for near an hour, the flotilla being by this time out of danger, the gallant frigate herself filled and hauled proudly off the land, disdaining to fire any longer than she chose to engage.

Such work as this ought not to have been done by any single ship that ever floated, without her being cut to pieces. Nevertheless Old Ironsides was not really hulled; or if hulled at all, it was in a way so slight and peculiar as to induce Preble to report her as not having been hulled. Not a man on board her was injured, though grape was sticking in her side, and had passed through her sails in considerable quantities. Three lower shrouds, two spring-stays, two topmast back-stays, and the trusses, chains and lifts of the main-yard were all shot away, the running rigging suffered materially, and several round shot went through the canvas, but not a man was hurt. An anchor stock was shot away, and the larboard bower cable was cut. We think it probable that this last shot was the one which hit her figure-head. As Preble reports she was not hulled, meaning doubtless struck fairly in her main body by a round shot, and both an anchor stock and a cable were hit, it follows that the shot or shots which did this mischief must have passed ahead. Owing to the manner in which the ship lay exposed to guns at different points, nothing was more likely to occur than this. At all events it is known that Old Ironsides then carried an image of Hercules, with his club, as her figure-head, and that the head of this figure was knocked away, or materially injured before Tripoli. A canvas covering was put on to conceal the blemish, and continued there for some months. Chauncy did good service that day, and has thus left his name connected with the history of the gallant ship. At 11 in the forenoon, after such a morning's work, the Constitution anchored safely about five miles from the town, with all the squadron around her, when all hands went to work to repair damages.

On the 2d September, Preble got the whole squadron under way at 4 P. M., and kept it so all night. A little before midnight, the Constitution made a general signal to clear for action. At half past two next day, another signal was made to the gun-boats, then in tow of different vessels, to cast off, advance upon the enemy and commence an attack, which was done, in the direction of Fort English, or well to windward, while the ketches went nearer the town, and further to the westward, and opened with their mortars. All the brigs and schooners were pressing the enemy, at the harbor's mouth, or cannonading Fort English, while the Bashaw's Castle, the Crown, Mole and other batteries kept up a heavy fire on the ketches, which were in great danger; that commanded by Lieut.-Com. Robinson, being with difficulty kept from sinking. In order to cover these vessels, Old Ironsides now ran down inside of them and brought to, within range of grape as before, where she let fly eleven broadsides into the works. The berth of the good frigate was a warm one, as no less than seventy guns, or more than double her own number in broadside, bore on her at the same time, and they, too, all mounted behind stone walls. At half past 4, the wind had commenced hauling to the northward, when Preble made a signal for every thing to get away the land, and he hauled off into offing with his own ship. On this occasion the Turks threw a good many shells, besides round and grape, at Old Ironsides. One of these shells hit the back of the main-topsail, and nearly tore the sail in two. It was got into the top, however, and the sail-makers went to work on it, in the midst of the fray. Another shell went through the fore-topsail, and a third through the jib; making big holes, but doing no more harm. All the sails were much cut up, as was the running rigging, by round shot. The mainsheet, foretack, lifts, braces and bowlines were all hit, but nothing larger than grape touched the hull. As on the 7th, not a man was hurt!

When grape shot nearly bury themselves in the bends of such a ship as the Constitution, and she is fairly within the range of batteries, it is almost marvellous to think, that a vessel could be thus exposed, on three several occasions, and have but one man hurt. This was the last action in which the frigate was engaged in that war, however, and it is certain that in her three engagements with the batteries, and fighting not only against such odds, but under such disadvantages, she had but the

single marine already named, Charles Young, injured on her decks.

The attempt with the Infernal came next, and in her went Wadsworth and Israel, with six of the Constitution's crew, to man the cutter. Somers had the Nautilus' boat, and four of his own men. All were lost of course, which made the total loss of the frigate out of her proper crew, while engaged before Tripoli, only two lieutenants and six men killed, and one marine wounded. The whole of the important service, indeed, effected by Preble, in his memorable forty days of active operations before the town, cost the country but thirty killed, and twenty-four wounded. Among those who fell, were one commander, four lieutenants, and one midshipman; and among the wounded, one captain (Decatur), and one lieutenant.

On the 10th, Com. Barron arrived with the President and Constellation, to relieve Preble. On the 12th, the Constitution captured two Greek ships, loaded with wheat, that were trying to force the blockade, and Barron sent the frigate to Malta, with her prizes, where she arrived December 17th. Soon after reaching Malta, the command of Old Ironsides was transferred to Decatur, Preble returning home in the John Adams.

The active service of the war, so far as the larger vessels were concerned, had now terminated, though the blockade was maintained by different vessels. Decatur's command of the Constitution was of short continuance, Rodgers claiming her, on account of rank, and exchanging her for his old ship, the Congress. The transfer was made at Syracuse on the 6th November.

By this time Old Ironsides had used up, transferred, or lost, one way with another, about eighty of her original crew, and Barron ordered her to Lisbon, to pick up others there, if possible, assigning important duties to her near the Straits. The ship left Syracuse, November 27th, and having touched at Gibraltar and Tangiers, anchored before the town of Lisbon, December 28th. It was February 5th, before the men were picked up, when the ship sailed from Lisbon, and remaining off Tangiers, and about the Straits, for a few days, she proceeded aloft, again, and joined the squadron at Malta, on the 25th of the same month. Soon after she went off Tripoli, her old scene of glory, but returned by orders within the month. By this time the health of Barron was so bad, as to render Rodgers the efficient commander of the squadron, and the ship went off Tripoli, once more, coming in sight of the place, April 5th, 1805. The President, under Commander Cox, soon afterwards joined her, and on the 24th, Old Ironsides took an armed xebeck, and two Neapolitans her prizes, that were endeavoring to enter the port. Not long after, the ship went to Malta.

On the 22d May, Commodore Barron formally transferred the command of the squadron to Rodgers, who hoisted a pennant once more on board Old Ironsides. Commodore Rodgers had now the choice between the sister vessels, the President and Constitution, but he chose to keep the one he was in.

As the active season was at hand, it became necessary now to treat, or to prepare for another series of offensive operations. Col. Lear had been sent for by the Essex, and the Constitution going off Tripoli, the negotiations commenced which terminated in the desired peace, the end of all war. Nations go to war because they are at peace, and they make peace because they are at war! The negotiations that terminated the war with Tripoli, took place in the cabin of Old Ironsides. She had come late into the conflict, but had done more to bring it to a conclusion, than all the frigates that had preceded her, and was fated to see the end. It is said that this was the first treaty ever concluded with one of the States of Barbary, on shipboard. It was certainly a striking event for a hostile vessel to be thus employed, and proved the impressions which recent occurrences had made on the usually haughty Turk. The treaty was signed on shore by the Bashaw, however, and June 3d a copy was brought by the Danish Consul, Nissen, on board the Constitution, and delivered to Col. Lear and Rodgers. Old Ironsides now exchanged salutes with the town, and thus ended the war with Tripoli, after more than four years' continuance.

The occupation of the good craft did not cease, however, with the arrangement with the Bashaw, nor was she destined to return to this hemisphere for some time longer. The Bey of Tunis had manifested a warlike disposition for a long time, and a strong force being now in the Mediterranean, Rodgers saw that the present was a good occasion to bring that difficulty to a conclusion also. He had collected most of his vessels at Syracuse, where the Constitution arrived about the middle of June. At a later day the squadron passed over to Malta, and July 23d, 1805, Old Ironsides sailed from Malta, leading a squadron, composed of three other frigates, a brig, two schooners, a sloop, and several large, American-built gun-boats, that had actually crossed the ocean that summer. The Congress and Vixen were already off the port, making, when every thing was

collected, a force of five frigates, two brigs, two schooners, a sloop and four gun-boats. The Constitution led this respectable armament into Tunis Bay, July 30th, where it anchored on the 1st of August.

This demonstration had the desired result, and an arrangement of all the difficulties was happily effected by the middle of the month. The squadron lay in the bay thirty-two days, in order to make all sure, when it separated; some going one way, and some another, most returning home. Old Ironsides, nevertheless, was too much of a favorite to be easily given up. Rodgers continued in her until the succeeding year, when he gave her up, with the command of the squadron, to Campbell, who remained out for a considerable period longer, almost alone. It would be of little interest to turn over log-books, in order to record how often the ship went in and out of the different ports of the Mediterranean, but nothing of consequence occurred until near the close of 1807, when the ship had been from home quite four years.

By this time the relations between this country and England became much embroiled, and, in the midst of all the other difficulties, occurred the attack on the Chesapeake, by the Leopard. The Chesapeake had been intended for the relief ship on the Mediterranean station, and she sailed near the close of June, on that duty. After the attack her cruise was abandoned, and in expectation of hostilities which threatened to be of early occurrence, this station itself was broken up. There were but two ships on it, the Constitution and the Wasp, and the times of many of the people of the former had long been up. There were a good many of the original crew of Old Ironsides still on board her, and these men had now been out four years, when they had shipped for only three. It is true, new engagements had been made with many of the men, but others had declined making any. In this state of things, Campbell brought the ship down to Gibraltar, and waited anxiously for the appearance of his relief. She did not come, but, in her stead arrived the report of what had occurred to her. It now became necessary for some one to go aloft, and Campbell determined to move the good ship, once more, in that direction. All hands were called to get the anchors, when the men refused to man the bars unless the ship sailed for home. There was a moment when things looked very serious, but Campbell was nobly sustained by his officers, with Ludlow at their head, and after a crisis, in which force was used in seizing individuals, and the marines were paraded, and found to be true, the insubordinate spirit was quelled. No one was ever punished for this attempt at mutiny, for it was felt that, on principle, the men had a great deal of right on their side. A law has since been passed to prevent the possibility of setting up a claim for discharges, until a ship is properly relieved.

At length the station was abandoned, and Old Ironsides sailed for her native place, Boston. On her arrival in that port, it was found necessary, however, to send her to New-York, in order to be paid off. She reached the last port in November 1807, and was dismantled for repairs.

Thus terminated the fourth of the Constitution's cruises, which had been twice as long as the three others put together, and a hundred times more momentous. She had now seen enemies, had fought them again and again, had witnessed the signing of treaties under her pennant, besides their dictation. In a word the good craft had been *magna pars* in many an important event. She was in some measure entitled to the character of a statesman, as well as that of a warrior.

The Constitution was now more than ten years old, and some serious repairs had become necessary. America did not then possess a single dry-dock, and preparations were made for heaving her out. This was done, at Brooklyn Yard, in the spring of 1808, when her copper was examined and repaired. All this time the ship was not properly out of commission; many officers were attached to her; and as soon as she was righted, and got her spars aloft, Rodgers, who commanded on the station afloat, as Chauncy did the yard, showed his broad pennant in her again. For a time, Lawrence acted as her first lieutenant, as did Izard, his successor, when Lawrence was transferred to the command of a brig. Nevertheless, the ship lay near, if not quite, a twelvemonth at the yard, before she received a full crew, and began to cruise.

This was a period when all the active naval force of the country was kept on the coast. The Mediterranean had been the only foreign station, after the peace with France, and that was broken up. Two home squadrons were maintained—one to the northward, under Rodgers, and one to the southward, under a different commander. The broad pennant of the commander-in-chief afloat, was flying on board Old Ironsides. This gave the old craft an opportunity of showing herself, and making acquaintances, in various of the home ports. Until Campbell brought her round to New-York, in 1807, to be paid off, it is believed she had never entered any American harbor but

that of Boston. Yankee born, and Yankee bred, she had had Yankee commanders, until Decatur got her; and in that day there was more of provincial feeling among us than there is at present. This was probably the reason that the Constitution was so often taken to Boston; out of which port she has sailed, owing to peculiar circumstances, on every one of her most successful cruises.

When Nicholson went on the southern coast, there was no port, in that quarter, into which he would be likely to go with so heavy a ship; and unless he did, we do not see when Old Ironsides could have been in any haven of the country, except Boston, until the close of the year 1807. This visit to New-York, however, broke the charm, and since that, nearly every important point of the coast, that has sufficient water to receive her, has had a visit. Rodgers kept Old Ironsides, until 18 , when he shifted his pennant to the President, under the impression that the last was the faster ship. Some persons fancied the good craft had lost her sailing.

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Deaths and resignations had made Rodgers the oldest officer afloat, and he did very much as he chose in these matters. Off the wind, the President was unquestionably one of the fastest ships that ever floated, but *on* a wind, the Constitution was her match, any day, especially if the vessels were brought to double-reefed topsails. The President was a more roomy ship, perhaps, tumbling home the least, but Old Ironsides was confessedly of the stoutest frame, and the best ribbed.

The sailing of many of the vessels fell off about this time, and we think an intelligent inquiry would show that it was owing to a cause common to them all. The commanders were anxious to make their vessels as efficient as possible, by loading them with guns, and filling them with men. The spars, too, were somewhat increased in weight, which produced an increase in ballast. The guns and spars were not of so much moment, but the additional men required additional provisions and water, and this sunk the hull deeper in the water, and demanded a greater moving power. When Barry first took the States out to the West Indies, she was one of the fastest frigates that ever floated, though the Constitution was thought to be her equal. About the year 1810, nevertheless, the States had got so bad a name for sailing, that she went by the *soubriquet* of the Old Waggoner, and was held quite cheap by all who were in a hurry. The Macedonian, her prize, certainly beat her under a jury mizzenmast; but some one took the trouble to overhaul the hold of the States one day, and to lighten her, and now she defies the world!

Rodgers had a good and a deserved reputation for fitting out a ship; but he was fond of men, and usually filled his vessels too full of one thing and another. Owing to this, or some other reason, he lost his first love for Old Ironsides, and deserted her for the President.

It is a great mistake to try to give a puissant battery to a vessel that was never meant to carry one. One cannot make a frigate of a sloop-of-war, by any expedient; and the uses of an active sloop may be injured by an abortive attempt so to do. This is particularly true of very small, sharp vessels, which lose their trim by slight variations, and which, at the best, can be nothing but *small*, sharp vessels, and if properly stowed, of great efficiency, on account of their speed; if not, of very little, on account of an unavoidable want of force.

Hull succeeded Rodgers in the command of the Constitution, and the good ship was compelled to strike her broad pennant. As for Hull, he knew his ship well—having been a lieutenant in her, and her first lieutenant besides. Morris, too, who had sailed in her as a midshipman, under Preble, and who had been promoted *out* of her into the Argus, Hull's old brig, before Tripoli, now joined her, as her new first lieutenant. The transfer was made at Hampton Roads, in the summer of 1810. During the remainder of the season, the ship cruised on the coast, and she wintered at New London.

Nothing worthy of being recorded occurred under this new state of things, until the Constitution was ordered to Europe, in the course of the year 1811, with Mr. Barlow on board, and with money to pay the interest on the Dutch debt. In that day, it was a common thing to send vessels of war across the Atlantic, on the errands of the public, though this was the first time, since 1800, that a ship as heavy as the Constitution was thus employed. Under Hull, while thus employed, the Constitution's lieutenants appear to have been, Messrs. Morris, Page, Wadsworth, Read, * * * * * * and Morgan. Of those officers, Messrs. Morris, Wadsworth, Read, and Morgan, are still living, and have all carried broad pennants.

The ship sailed for Cherbourg direct. Off that port she found a strong British squadron, under the late Sir Pultney Malcolm, who was in the Royal Oak seventy-four. Old Ironsides, on this occasion, was nearly surrounded by Englishmen, all of

whom came up on her quarters, one, a frigate, speaking her, first telling her own name, as is usual between vessels of war, and then asking hers. When the last was given, permission was asked to send a boat on board, which was readily granted. The English commodore now sent a request to see Captain Hull, on board the Royal Oak, if it were his intention to go into Cherbourg. The answer was, it was contrary to usage for an American captain to leave his vessel at sea, unless to wait on his own immediate superior. A second request followed, that he would not go in until a certain hour next morning. To this Hull replied, that he was bound into Cherbourg, with a minister on board, and he felt it to be his duty to enter the port the moment circumstances permitted. These were ticklish times—the affair of the Chesapeake, and the generally high pretensions of the English marine, placing every American commander strictly on the alert. No further communications passed, however, and the ship went into her port, as soon as circumstances would allow.

Having landed Mr. Barton, the Constitution sailed for the Downs, where she obtained a pilot, and proceeded to the Texel. Here she sent ashore about $200,000 in specie, and returned to the Downs, whence she stood on to Portsmouth, anchoring at Spithead, among a force of between thirty and forty English cruisers. Hull now went up to London, leaving Morris in command. After lying at Spithead near a fortnight, an incident occurred that is well worthy of being mentioned. Nearly in a line with Old Ironsides, following the course of the tides, lay the Havannah, 36, one of the frigates then in port. One night, near the close of the first watch, Mr. Read having the deck, a man of the name of Holland contrived to get out of the ship, and to swim down to the Havannah, where he caught hold of something, and held on until he could make himself heard, when he was picked up greatly exhausted. The first lieutenant of the Havannah, knowing that Holland was a deserter from the Constitution, under his first professional impulse, sent the boat alongside of the American ship to report the occurrence, adding that the man was too much exhausted to be moved then, but that he should be sent back in the morning. Mr. Morris waited until ten o'clock, when he sent a boat alongside of the Havannah to procure the deserter. The first lieutenant of that ship, however, had seen the propriety of reporting the whole affair to the admiral (Sir Roger Curtis), who had ordered him to send the man on board his flag ship, the Royal William. Thither, then, it was necessary to proceed, and Mr. Read was despatched to that vessel with a renewal of the demand. This officer met with a very polite reception from the captain of the Royal William, who acquainted him with the fact, that no British officer could give up a man who claimed protection as a British subject. Holland was an Irishman, and had put in his claim to the protection of the British flag. To this Mr. Read replied, it might be true that the man was born in Ireland, but he had entered voluntarily into the American service, and was bound to adhere to his bargain, until the term of his enlistment had expired. The English officer could only regret that the respective duties of the two services seemed to conflict, and adhered to his first decision. Mr. Read then remarked that since the Constitution had lain at Spithead several letters had been received on board her from men professing to be Americans, who stated that they had been impressed into the English service, and should any of these men run and get on board the Constitution, that her commanding officer might feel himself bound to protect them. The captain of the Royal William hoped nothing of the kind would occur, and here the conversation ended.

That night a man was heard in the water alongside of the Constitution, and a boat was immediately lowered to bring him on board. It was a seaman of the Havannah, who had fastened some shells of blocks beneath his arms, lowered himself into the water, and floated with the tide down to the American frigate, which he hailed. A boat was lowered and he was taken on board. A few minutes later a boat came from the Havannah to claim him. "You cannot have the man," said Morris; "he says he is an American, and claims our protection." "Can I see him?" asked the English lieutenant. "No sir." "We will have him, as you will find out," said the young man, as he descended the ship's side and got into his own boat.

There was a good deal of negotiation, and some correspondence the next day. Morris had visited the admiral himself, and Hull arrived in the course of the day. The last approved of all that had been done. The deserter from the Havannah, whose name was Byrne, or Burns, had insisted that he was a native of New-York, and had been impressed, and it is not unlikely his story may have been true, as an English subject would hardly have ventured on the experiment he had tried. But true or not, the principle was the same, and Hull was determined not to give him up unless Holland was sent back. In

each case the assertion of the man himself was all the testimony as to nationality, while Hull could show his deserter had shipped voluntarily, whereas Burns had been impressed.

The occurrence of such a transaction, in the roads of Spithead, in the height of a war, and among forty English cruisers, could not but produce a great excitement at Portsmouth. Every boat that came off to the Constitution brought rumors of a hostile character from the shore. "It was impossible," these rumors said, "that a foreign man-of-war could be permitted to quit the roads under such circumstances, carrying off an English deserter in her." Hull meant to do it, nevertheless, and Old Ironsides manifested every disposition to do her duty. A frigate anchored near her, and Hull took his ship outside of the fleet, where he was followed by the heaviest frigate in the roads. "This will do well enough," said Hull, to one of his lieutenants; "if they don't send any more I think I can manage that chap, and 'twill be a pretty fair fight." The Constitution went to quarters and lighted up her batteries, exercising guns for a quarter of an hour. The frigate came close to her, but no hostilities were offered, and the Constitution carried off her man unmolested.

Off Cherbourg the Constitution again fell in with the English blockading force. After communicating with one of the vessels she began to beat in towards the harbor. It was raining a little, and the day was clouded, though clear enough for all the purposes of war. The English vessels formed in a line ahead, and beat up a short distance to leeward of the American frigate, tacking as she tacked, while one of their light cruisers kept close under her lee. Hull, on quitting Cherbourg, had agreed on a signal, by which his ship might be known on her return; but some peculiar circumstances prevented the signal being shown just at that moment, and the batteries mistaking her for an enemy, began to fire. This was a most critical situation for Old Ironsides, as she was now near enough to be torn to pieces if she bore up, and the French commenced in earnest on her. As it was, every, or nearly every shot fired, hit her. Hull was standing in one of her gangways with Read near him, just as a gun was fired. Read was looking towards the battery that was firing, and Hull was looking inboard at that moment. As soon as the shot was clear of the smoke Read saw it, and he spoke to his captain, requesting him to move. Hull did not move, however, or even look round, and the shot passed through the hammocks, within two or three feet of the place where he stood, knocked the stern of the launch into pieces, and damaged another boat that was stowed alongside her. Another shot struck in the bend, just below the gangway, but did not pass through. Notwithstanding all this, Old Ironsides stood steadily on, and the signal was soon after shown, though not from the part of the ship agreed on. It was the nerve manifested on board that caused the French to cease firing, and the ship shortly after passed inside. This was the only occasion on which our gallant frigate ever received a French shot in her ribs, although she had been used in a French war.

After lying some time at Cherbourg, the Constitution sailed for home, reaching Hampton Roads late in the winter of 1812, or early in the spring. The ship was soon after carried up to Washington, and most of her people were discharged. Morris and Page left her, but some of her lieutenants continued attached to her —it being intended to fit her out again. Hull also continued his command. He told the Secretary of the bad sailing of the ship, and advised that she should be hove out that her copper might be examined. Harraden, her old master, under Preble, was then master of the Washington Yard, and he offered to put the ship in sailing trim, if Hull would give her up to him for that purpose. The arrangement was made, and Jumping Billy* went to work, like a true seaman as he was. After repairing the ship's copper, she was restowed with about two-thirds of her former ballast, and the effect was magical. Her old officers, when they came to try her, scarce knew the ship, she proved to be so much lighter and livelier than before. There is little question that Jumping Billy's precaution served Old Ironsides in the arduous trial she was now so soon to undergo.

[To be concluded in our next.]

* This soubriquet came from the name of a purchase that is called a "Jumping Billy," and which was a great favorite with this officer. Harraden passed with many persons as an Englishman; but, in truth, he was a native of Massachusetts, who had been impressed, and had served a long time in the English Navy.

A RAILROAD LYRIC.

"The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And filled the air with barbarous dissonance."
Comus.

"From those deep-throated engines belched, whose roar
Embowelled with outrageous noise the air."
Paradise Lost.

I.

O'er the cloudy station-house
Of the western mountains cold,
Where the sun withdraws his gold,
Stooping his attentive brows,
Stars of signal light are set,
Trains of waiting vapor met,
And the day is darkly done.
In the car of night reclining,
Life awaits the morrow's shining—
Dreams until the morrow's sun—
Deeply dreams, and dimly sees
Troops of travelling fantasies.

Life is more than half in seeming,
And the visions of its sleep
Are but shadows of the dreaming
That its waking moments keep.

II.

Time, time, time.
And the night is past the prime;
But here we stand,
And wait for the wave of the signal hand.

Water boil and fire burn
In the oily steaming urn.
Let the fire and water waste.
They that tarry wind and tide
Safely to the harbor ride;
Ruin cracks the skull of Haste.
Best though life may be in action,
Action is not all in all,
Till the track is clear for traction,
Stand we, though the heavens fall;
Stand we, still and steady, though
From the valve the vapor blow,
From the fire the fuel go.
Who shall dare to antedate,
By a step, the step of Fate?
Fate must traverse, and be shunned
In the train of things beyond;
And to wait may be to do—
Waiting won a Waterloo.

III.

Even so!
Now we go.
Slip the throttle, lock th' eccentrics,
Heap the fire with tinder-sticks.
Try the water—all is well!
Beat the quick alarum bell.
Slowly, slowly,
Wheels rumbling lowly,
Off we struggle, gathering motion
Like a wave upon the ocean.

Now our rapid che, che, che,
Beats a quick tune merrily.
Nighted travellers beware
Of our engine have a care,
Smooth and swift the death behind thee
Will not spare if it shall find thee.
Past the shops, whose iron clangor
Through the daylight hours resounds,
With a hoarse and roaring anger,
Speed we from the city's bounds;
Onward, through the cave of night,
Boring with our signal light.
Though the sky is gloaming o'er us
We will trust the track before us—
We will trust the iron bands,
Laid and kept by other hands.

So within us and without us
Runs and opens life about us.
Reason shoots a slender light
Through an awful world of night.
Not a star in all the spheres
Shows us of our onward years—
Shows us of the gullied ditch,
Fallen rock, nor open switch.
But, by Faith, we trust the bands,
Laid and kept by other hands.
Faith, alone, in act, succeeds—
Faith in fixed and ordered parts,
Faith in other hands and hearts;
Faithful follows, faithful leads.

IV.

Crowd the fire, we'll be belated
Ere our flight is consummated,
Tread about and toss the wood in,
Urge the water like a flood in,
Strain the gleaming flues and rivets,
Strain the tugging pins and pivots.

Life is short, and time uncertain;
Work or idle as we may,
Death will rise and drop the curtain
On the windows of our day;
Then our fire will be extinguished,
And our vaporing nostril cold,
And our breathless locomotive
To the engine-house be rolled.

V.

Now our tread is like the thunder,
And the earth rolls off from under.
Level and low
The sparkles fly
Behind and by,
Giving the lagging wind the lie.
To and fro
The shackle bars go.

Ha! you sons of Nature founded—
Built and shored with fickle bones,
Know you how your feats are bounded
By the limits Nature owns?
All the turmoil you can keep
Soon must be allayed in sleep.

But approach this iron portal,
   Look upon these prisoned fires,
Here behold a force immortal,
Here a strength that never tires—
Strength that shook its loins gigantic,
   Ages past, before the prime,
Gored the globe in lusty antic,
   Ere the coming in of time.
Shaping now our human race,
As it shaped their dwelling-place.

VI.

Touch the whistle quick and sharp,
   Choke the fierce propelling steam,
Starting from the shadowy warp,
   In the searching signal gleam,
See the midnight stalker's back!
      Whirl the bell!
Life's in danger on the track.
      All is well!
Passed he is, and let our eyes,
Inward turning, moralize.

Brakes were hugged about the wheels,
All the cranks a stillness kept,
   Shadows on the polish slept,
   And the demon under seals.
Quiet lulled the murmuring ire
Of our iron heart of fire,
Till we chafed it into toil,
Gave it blast and gave it oil.
Now we nurse a mad delight,
   Dash the iron leagues behind,
   Horse a wrath, and drink a wind,
Run, outrageous through the night.
What shall start before us now,
With defiance on its brow?
Think you, on our thunder track,
Even a king could frown us back?
Could he—were our train a State,
   After ages of delay,
Plunged towards an onward fate
   Leagues of progress in a day—
Onward plunged, in all its parts,
By a million earnest hearts—
Camp and council, court and press,
By the steam of strong distress!
Kings have stood in such an hour,
In the full conceit of power;
Stood and faced a coming wrath,
Till it brushed them from the path;
Till their optics might behold
Wreck and redness manifold—
Fury, and a lust to kill;
   Stars and orders, robes and thrones,
   Reverend and anointed bones
Crunched amid a roaring mill—
Till they saw, and cried to see,
      Fatal is necessity.
Powers there are in governments,
Passions, principles, events,
Break whose checks and counter-checks,
And you break a thousand necks.

More the power, the deeper need
In the eyes that check and lead.
Powers without forerunning eyes—
Blind cyclopean energies—
Roar along an aimless track,
Tear the world and go to wrack.
Powers there are that, fed and fanned,
Burst the rein of all command.

VII.

Past the forest, past the grange,
Past the misty mountain range,
Past the ledges gleaming dank,
Past the hovel, past the tank,
Past the shaggy gorge profound,
Echoes over doubtful ground,
Kennelled in the far morass,
Baying at us as we pass,
O'er the bridge, and through the tunnel,
Shoots our comet-bearing funnel;
Past the village dimly lighted,
  Laid away in curtained rest,
Onward, howsoe'er benighted,
  Burns our iron-hearted breast.

Ever thus, O noble heart,
Thou must do a noble part.
While the ways are wild and deep,
While the world is gone to sleep,
Run thy race and do thine own,
Even in darkness and alone.

VIII.

Hark! what means yon fearful humming,
  Hurtling on the midnight air?
'Tis—it is a vengeance coming!
  Back! Reverse! Bind hard the breaks there.
      Light, a light!—
      Hard and tight!
      Ruin and death!
      Clang the bell.
      From our iron lungs
      Give the whistle breath,
      With an open throat,
      And a wrath beneath—
      Smite the air
      With a huge despair.
Vain it is—give o'er endeavor—
  Yonder see the sparkles flashing.
  Quick! Avaunt! avoid the crashing.

Clutch your time, or sleep for ever.
      Now or never!

VIRGINIA IN A NOVEL FORM.

Concluded from page 426.

CHAPTER IX.

IN the course of time, Tom Farren became unfortunate. He had proposed six times to Louise, and exactly six times had he been rejected. He was anxious to marry, and to marry well. He thought Louise a most estimable, well bred young lady, who would show to decided advantage as Mrs. Farren. He particularly admired her hauteur, and reserve. She could not have employed a more effectual method of binding young Farren's heart, than by indulging in her natural imperturbable dignity and hauteur. He did not think she was less kind to him than she was to others. He was quite sure Dashwood had never won more smiles than he had. But Tom Farren could not fathom such a heart. He knew not the depth of the still waters. He knew not of the fairy palace reared beneath the polished surface, and of the gem-like hopes all shining there. What could *he* know of the gorgeous dream-land in which this placid beauty revelled?

Meantime Dashwood's beautiful book was insinuating its smoothly flowing sentiments into every heart. People were speaking of him as of a genius. Young ladies, of romantic temperaments, were inditing odorous epistles to him, and some leading men were determined to take him by the hand. Our *attaché* was on the wing, and sustaining himself beautifully, like a young eagle born to fly in the very eye of the sun.

Dashwood had written that he was coming home. Miss Ellen McGregor had written very many times, exulting in her nephew's success, thanking us for all our kindness to him, and predicting still more wonderful things, of this most gifted of mortals.

Mrs. Braxley, highly offended at her *protegée's* want of taste in refusing Tom Farren six times, made a will out of spite, and left me every dollar she had in the world. This sudden change in her temporal affairs alarmed me very much, inasmuch as Mr. Farren began to talk to me one evening, after dinner, about a model bee-hive. Grandma—when Mr. Farren took a chair, strode across the room, and planted himself upright in front of me—was visibly affected.

I, who knew that Aunt Braxley made half a dozen wills per annum, was very much shocked at this rash proceeding. Nobody enjoyed Mr. Farren's demonstrations more than Uncle Joe, whose vein of fun was not yet exhausted. Grandma would have had me—the fastidious authoress—the destined historian of the Feejees—the light of the nineteenth century—fairly to jump at such a proposal. She implored me not to be so foolishly blind to my own interests. She promised to keep Aunt Braxley to that last will and testament, but I could not consent to any such uncertainty. At last, Grandma gave over her persuasions, and bade me go and be an old maid, she did not care.

The subject now uppermost in our thoughts was Dashwood's return. My brother was so impatient to see his friend, that he must needs go a hundred miles to meet him. Louise, with glittering eye and high lifted head, went on in the even tenor of her way—and on the very day she expected her lover, the daring girl managed to have an engagement to dine out. Her heart was certainly pitched an octave higher than other people's. She ordered the carriage and drove off about an hour before the ardent lover was expected. On her way, she met Tom Farren, who was doubtless coming over to see the meeting, and I need not say, she left that orderly, systematic young man, completely petrified on the highway.

Dashwood and Robert came, driven home triumphantly by Sap, and drawn by the ponies. As soon as Dashwood descended lightly from the open carriage, Grandma squeaked out in a high treble, "Oh, gracious! what a sweet, love of a fellow!"

Papa met him with a hearty welcome. Mamma brushed away a tear, and the noble fellow took both her hands in his own, and kissed her. He greeted Grandma with elaborate and chivalrous respect, and Mrs. Braxley with profound obedience. But Uncle Joe—kind-hearted, beaming Uncle Joe—he took in his arms, whirled him around, and such a meeting as they had, somewhat opened Mrs. Braxley's eyes, and caused Grandma to guess there was a spy in the camp. Dashwood's eye now sought Louise, and there was a slight shade perceptible in his face.

Louise could not complain of demonstrations now, or fear an *exposé*. His *hardiesse* was quite equal to her own. He was as pleasant and entertaining as though her royal eye had been upon him. A malicious person would have said he was not so much in love after all. That he could, at least, exist without her.

Late in the evening, the young lady, accompanied by Mr. Farren, arrived.

Dashwood encountered her, purposely I dare say, before she expected it; and he had the satisfaction to see the pearly cheek flush in a moment, and the eye, with its jealous lash, glisten, as he took her hand. He had scarcely time to mark the tremor and the blush, ere Louise had recovered, and welcomed him in her clear silver tones. But my sister looked more beautiful that evening, than ever before. There was a tinge upon her cheek which was not always there, and a light in her magnificent eyes which was seldom seen. She smiled several times on Mr. Farren, but not once on Dashwood. It was so like her, Dashwood said, to go off when she expected him. She did not wish to meet him in the portico, when all were clamoring a welcome. She was so exquisitely refined, that she dreaded the shock, and feared for her boasted self-possession.

"Now when we met," he said, after Mr. Farren had left, and he could summon the boldness to draw very near to Louise — "now, dear Jenny, when we met, this young lady was almost tempted to scream."

"Indeed!" said Louise, for the first time raising her eyes to his.

"She wanted very much to faint," continued Dashwood, "and, with all her placidity, she has yet to conquer some very rebellious emotions."

Louise smiled, and Dashwood seemed to be never tired of looking at her. Robert hung about this beautiful pair. He seemed to exult in their happiness, and to watch their countenances with vivid delight.

Papa saw the change in Louise. He saw his beautiful child, as if by magic, looking her former self. He saw her lovely and serene, in the fulness of her happiness. He saw mamma too, as she unconsciously betrayed, in every action, her love for the poet. He saw us all clustering around him, listening to him, devouring him with our eyes, enjoying his anecdotes, electrified by his happy sallies, and forgetting every thing but the bliss of our reunion; and papa was almost conquered.

Even grandma was drawn within this magic circle, around which uncle Joe fluttered, like a man whose judgment could not always control the limbs of his body, even in a certain person's awful presence.

Finally, after a long conversation with mamma, Robert, and myself, papa came into measures.

"To confess the truth," said papa to us, "when a man has such dutiful and respectful children, he can scarcely find it in his heart to deny them any thing. He must not allow his prejudices and preferences to interfere with their happiness. There is something due from me to my children, as well as from them to me. It is my duty to be reasonable with so respectful and gentlemanly a fellow as my son Robert; and it also beomes me to yield a point to a young lady who has proved herself so noble as my daughter Louise. This I do proudly; because it is my duty and privilege thus to reward such respect and such obedience."

"Ha! ha!" cried Robert, "I knew how it would all end!"

"A very weak father, a vastly weak father," was Mrs. Barbara's comment, on learning the state of affairs.

"A man after my own heart, by Jove!" cried uncle Joe.

"My own dear papa!" cried Louise, rushing to his arms.

"Why, Dabney!" remarked Mrs. Braxley, with elevated brows.

"God bless him!" interrupted uncle Joe, snapping his fingers under the very eyes of his sovereign mistress.

"Why, Joseph!" ejaculated the astonished lady.

Hearing that Miss Willianna was no longer in the market, and that there was no danger of his being caught by that cunning angler, while Robert was devoting himself to Therese, Dashwood consented to accompany Mr. Rushton, junior, to see his lady love. My brother was himself again with Dashwood. He forgot all trouble and care in his gay presence. Never were two gallants so perfectly congenial; Robert was always piquant and original to Dashwood, and Dashwood was always gloriously brilliant to Robert. Louise became really merry in their society. Fairy Hill acknowledged the presence of its master spirit in Dashwood. Papa, too, yielded to the irresistible charm of his manner, and grew excessively fond of his society. Dashwood had many adventures to relate, and talked of every thing but his book. His success, his few laurels so recently won, his increasing popularity, his high standing among men of letters—all this was a sealed volume with him. He was ever the unselfish and elegant gentleman, pleasing all, but never vaunting himself. Never boasting in word, or look, but wearing his new honors with a modest grace. But what was new to us was not so to him. It was nothing new to him that he could write charmingly—that he was master of all the intricacies of the language—that poetry flowed spontaneously from his pen, and that he had the material within him of which great men are formed. He must have felt a consciousness of this from boyhood. He must have known this amid all his vagaries, and therefore he was not unduly

exalted when the world acknowledged it. He was a thorough artist, humbled at his own success, and evading any allusion which might lead to the subject of his honors.

The two friends went off together to see Therese. She ran out, and greeted them before they reached the steps. Dashwood said some gentle words to her, and pressed his lips upon her hand; and she bravely conquered all her emotion, and put her arm in Robert's, in her trusting, childlike way, and looked up to her handsome lover with sweet and winning pride. She showed them into a cosy morning room, where the happy Willianna was sitting sewing. Dashwood said the dear little woman was so changed. All her bewildering little coquetries were gone; her pleasant wiles and pretty, artless fascinations completely subdued. She was tearful, but brave. She kept close to Robert. She felt the need of some one to cling to; and he was proud of the delicate, trusting creature at his side.

Dashwood said it was the most beautiful tableau he ever saw—Therese and Robert. And while he rattled away to Miss Blanton, he had yet an eye for them. Robert, so manly and tender, and Therese, so chastened and purified, turning her soft eye upon him with coy confidingness; and then forgetting herself, and betraying unconsciously her deep devotion, and her woman's pride in him she had chosen. It was beautiful, most refreshingly beautiful, said Dashwood, with an "ah!" as he related all this to Louise, in the vain hope of softening his obdurate fair one.

"I wonder," he continued, half soliloquizing, "if Louise will ever lay her hand upon my shoulder, and say, Frank, or, indeed, any thing else; I would give all I have to hear."

Uncle Joe accidentally overheard this remark, and he immediately hobbled up to the desponding lover, to inform him, that he might depend upon it Louise could say enough when she chose.

"I have heard her —— dear me! You don't know Louise. I think she's rash at times; indeed I do."

Dashwood turned to Louise, and she was blushing beautifully.

My sister, with all her composure, was excessively diffident—too diffident, in fact, to let people know what she really was; and Dashwood would not have had her otherwise. He was a most jealous lover, and could not have borne what poor Robert endured at the Black Mountain Springs.

It was very well for the lives of all her lovers that Louise was thus chary of her smiles. Had she been one shade less prudish and disdainful, I should have had some heartrending murders and bloody duels to relate. These dull pages would have been garnished with exploits on Mr. Dashwood's part almost exceeding belief. Othello would have been an angel to my hero. Happily for me—for I have no talent for such gloomy details—my sister gave him no cause for jealousy. Her rigid propriety and uncompromising fidelity were the anchor of his life. Loving so intensely, it was fortunate that she was so firm. Had she rejected him once, or wavered in the least, this intrepid fellow, after doing serious damage, would have cut his own throat.

The Dandy scheme was now about to be consummated. Miss Blanton was soon to be led to the Hymeneal altar by her Black Mountain Captive. Weddings were rare in the Blanton family; and this was to be a prodigious affair. The note of preparation was sounded months before the happy day. Mrs. Braxley was invited over to the Grove to matronize the fair Willianna, and to act as generalissimo of the Blanton forces. Mrs. Braxley, proud of her reputation, and delighting in power, took possession of the Grove. She very unceremoniously turned the house out of the windows and the astonished Blanton and menagerie out of doors, and commenced operations on an alarming and Phœbean scale. Sappingwood, who was occasionally sent over with messages and injunctions from Mrs. Barbara to her daughter, reported that Mrs. Braxley was turning up Jack at the Grove, and making the Blanton servants "hop linky."

The lovely Willianna, in "maiden meditation fancy free," while the house was apparently being pulled down over her ears, awaited the auspicious day. The wedding day arrived; and beaux and belles, and old and young, were congregated together at the Grove to witness the ceremony, and partake of the good cheer so lavishly provided. The amount of jewelry worn by Miss Blanton on this interesting occasion had better not be specified. My readers would not believe me if I were to tell them. Poor Dandy was terribly scared, and shockingly dressed. I should say he was happy the evening Blanton encountered him in the badly-ventilated corner, compared to what he was on the evening of his marriage. He took Willianna upon the wrong arm, and could scarcely be made to understand that the wedding ring was not intended for that lovely creature's thumb. Even after the ceremony, when one would naturally expect to see him somewhat composed, this Black Mountain Captive seemed in

an awkward trance. In dancing he managed to wind his feet in several yards of *thule* belonging to his bride's apparel, and to get a dreadful fall. At supper, he got choked with a chicken's wing, and had several stout fellows thumping him on the back before he could recover his breath. None of this escaped Dashwood's eye. My brother had commissioned him to use all his comic powers upon Therese. Robert was pining to see her revive, and Dashwood strove zealously to bring back the coquettish smiles, and their attendant dimples, which had first ensnared his susceptible friend. Therese could not resist Dashwood's drollery. She laughed when he called her attention to Dandy wound up in *thule*, and struggling on the floor, while the band paused for his release, and bid her behold the Dandy of the day! Robert was ever near her, catching her smiles and watching the old light of early summer days, as it broke beautifully on her brow.

Grandma was at the wedding. A gay illusion cap, and a new velvet, with many new airs and graces, were brought out for the occasion. No swan ever curved her neck more complacently, than did this triumphant belle of old, as she circled about the illuminated rooms. These were the weddings for her, she informed her friends. None of your blue-nosed morning affairs for her, she never attended them at all. She loved the real old Virginia "break downs," when the masters' heads swam in champagne, and the servants' in apple toddy.

"The Blarntons are old Virginia aristocrats," she remarked. "The family never do things by halves. A relative of theirs, Col. William Blarnton of Reedy Creek, gave a party on one occasion which finally drove him to prison."

"That costly and magnificent entertainment," said Mrs. Barbara, who was in one of her happiest moods, "was given to me when I was married, and I always larfed and told Mr. Rushton that Col. Blarnton had given me his estate." In this delightful manner that brilliant conversationist, Mrs. Barbara, beguiled many a weary wall flower on that memorable evening.

Sappingwood, illustrious valet, also distinguished himself here. It seemed that since Dashwood's return, that remarkable servant had dropped his master, and taken the poet for his model, in dress, manner, carriage, and the small courtesies generally. Knowing that our *ex attaché* was just returned from the seat of grace and fashion, Sappingwood kept his eye upon him, and was often seen practising the last tip before a large mirror in my brother's dressing-room. Now there was at the wedding a notorious exquisite, who imagined himself partially eclipsed by Dashwood, and who had not failed to observe Sap's fidelity in all his movements to his illustrious original. In the gentlemen's dressing-room Sap figured largely, and being an adept in matters of taste and style, was, of course, in great demand. The exquisite, wishing to throw some ridicule on Dashwood, gave his valet an order in French. To his surprise, Sap approached him with a bow, and said:

"Que voulez-vous, monsieur?" with the very air and accent of Dashwood true to the life.

Highly pleased at his success, the exquisite, in order to stimulate him to further displays, languidly extended a banknote, and asked Sap in drawling tones if he would be kind enough to recognize a V?

Sap, having exhausted his French, replied in his vernacular, "Certainly, sir," remarking with a very low bow, as he put up the note in his red morocco pocketbook, that he always made it a point to recognize a friend in any company, though he would do the V's the justice to say that he had never heard of their being seen with the gentleman before.

After the marriage ceremony, grandma came majestically to me, and gave it as her deliberate and unalterable opinion, that Mrs. Dandy was still an old maid!

"Nothing under the sun," said Mrs. Barbara solemnly, "no ring—no priest—no ceremony—can prevent that unfortunate woman from being an old maid."

"If she were to marry forty times," continued the dowager in a chilling whisper, which made the blood run cold, "she would still be an old maid! And she might remove from here, and settle with that truly remarkable creature, Dandy, in Texas if she chose, and every man, woman and child would know her to be an old maid. Old maid is written on her forehead—is heard in her voice—is legible on the very finger on which she wears her wedding ring. You might blindfold me, and only let me hear her voice, and I should immediately exclaim, 'There speaks an old maid of forty!' You might take me to Jericho, and just by way of experiment show me one single ringlet—the smallest tip of one of her corkscrew curls, and what would I say? Why I would immediately exclaim, 'This belonged to an old maid of forty!' I should, upon my word. Therefore, I repeat it, what hope is there for her? Can she escape? No—emphatically no. She is, Dandy or no Dandy—priest or no priest—an old maid until doomsday!"

Uncle Joe forgot his rheumatism at this

wedding. I am inclined to think that he was even oblivious of his rash alliance with Mrs. Barbara's daughter. I was informed that uncle Joe coaxed a company of chosen spirits into a remote room, and having carefully closed the door, sang to them in dulcet tones two of his favorite songs, "Oh no, I never mention her," and "Meet me by moonlight alone, in the grove at the end of the vale." They say uncle Joe's inimitable singing brought tears into his own eyes, but failed similarly to affect his jolly hearers.

The next event I have to record is the double wedding—Dashwood and Louise—Robert and Therese. I am sorry to say that this was a blue-nosed morning affair, and of course the reader knows Mrs. Barbara kept her room. When she learned that breakfast was to be eaten at one o'clock, she slammed the door in the face of her informer, and said she did not care if they ate it at midnight.

Therese, in her half-mourning, looked beautiful but sad. She could not forget, even in her happiness, the darling boy in Heaven. She missed, even then, the prattling tongue and childish caresses of the little one she mourned, and she would stealthily seek some quiet place to weep alone. Robert, pained to see her thus, was almost jealous of her sorrow. Once he found her sitting alone in a back room, crying bitterly. In her hand she held a little blue shoe, all crumpled and worn, and a coral necklace. She threw her soft arms around her tender husband's neck, and begged him to forgive her for crying so much—and then she held up the little wrinkled shoe, with its broken strings, and wept again.

Now, if my readers would like to know this dear Therese in her own fairy home, they must come to Virginia; nay, they must come to me, and I will show them, Robert and Therese, still young, and still loving, and still happy. And I will take great pleasure also in showing them a little round-faced, bald-headed boy, who, I regret to say, cries very much, and makes very wry faces. My readers, particularly my sentimental ones, would be astonished to see my careless, fastidious brother, with this round-faced boy in his arms, walking him backwards and forwards, tossing him, jumping him, until my good brother is worn out with walking, tossing, and jumping. This boy of Robert's is considered a paragon of boys in the family. He is certainly a most remarkable boy. To convince my readers of this, I have only to mention that he cries for the candle—and yells terrifically because prudent persons oppose his putting his fingers in the blaze! Then he has been known to cry himself hoarse for the new moon! He also cries to pull his papa's hair—and most wonderful to relate, cries for his uncle Blanton every time he sees him! Such a compliment from such a source astonishes Mr. Blanton—he having been all his life as a dreadful raw-head-and-bloody-bones to juveniles. But this wonderful baby of Robert's invariably sets up a yell to get to his uncle Blanton; and Mr. Blanton, with a grave face, takes the unaccountable infant in his arms, handling him pretty much as he would a rare and fragile specimen of Bohemian ware; keeping him at arm's length, and in such a unique and uncomfortable position that baby squalls and Therese laughs.

This boy is a subject of profound investigation to Mr. Blanton. He has neglected his menagerie to study this human problem. He has examined him phrenologically, physiologically, and psychologically, and says he has some extraordinary developments. He lectures Robert and Therese on the manner in which so astonishing a subject should be trained. He lays down rules for his behavior, for which baby has evidently no earthly respect.

Uncle Joe comes twice a week to see the boy, and seems to think with Mr. Blanton, that it is a wonderful child.

The Dandys live in great splendor, and entertain magnificently. Mrs. Dandy and Mrs. Braxley are inseparable. They are most congenial spirits, and I think poor Dandy has a fellow-feeling for uncle Joe.

Dashwood and Louise went to Europe immediately after their marriage. My sister returned from her travels improved in manner and person. Her diffidence and hauteur had given place to a charming graciousness of manner, most fascinating and delightful. Dashwood is now living in a large city, and his lady is one of the leaders of the ton. She is the centre of a circle unsurpassed for wit and refinement, and Mrs. Barbara, who is a judge in these matters, says the hospitalities of her house are dispensed with a grace and elegance she never saw equalled. My sister is one of the married belles, and Dashwood the leader of the literati. She is chaperoned by Miss Ellen McGregor Dashwood, who has left her home in Kent to devote her days to these beloved relatives. Mrs. Dashwood comes to Fairy Hill every summer, on her way to the Springs. Mrs. Barbara evidently looks up to her with great deference, and always speaks of her granddaughter, Mrs. Dashwood, when she wishes to impress people with a proper sense of her dignity and importance.

Dashwood is always busy. He comes in great haste to Fairy Hill, calls a little while at Robert's, looks in upon the Dandys, and devotes a few odd hours to uncle Joe. He is in such demand. People want him every where. He has not even time to accompany his own wife to the sea-side. My sister, who is a lady of fashion and independence, makes up her own parties, and goes any where, leaving her husband to pursue his business, or his pleasure, as a fashionable lady should do.

Therese, once so fond of admiration, is completely domesticated, and devoted to Robert and her boy. Louise, who was a type of indomitable constancy, is now a lady of ton, somewhat inclined to dissipation, Dashwood says, and exulting in the quantity and quality of her admirers.

Our glorious poet is still brilliant and handsome, and jocund, and delightful. He has a pleasant word and a beaming smile for all. He has the art of dispensing a few words to great profit. He has something to say to every old family servant, and a happy jest for dependants of all grades. His way through the world is but a triumphant march. And all this is the effect of his most happy and irresistible manner. His manner has made him great among men—has won golden opinions from the highest to the lowest—has filled his once empty purse—has gathered around his elegant wife the most refined circle in Virginia—has riveted his friends to him under all circumstances—has brought him honor upon honor, and will, ultimately, give him any position he may demand. All this has been accomplished by a happiness of address which it is impossible to describe. Without it, he might have been honorable and good, and gifted, and sincere, but he would never have been what he is. I need not here dilate on the importance of tact, and manner. Plato, himself, never lost an opportunity to impress his pupils with the great importance of a conciliatory address. It can achieve more than is dreamed of in the cynic's philosophy. It has raised many a man to the highest honors in our great Democracy, while the want of it has caused talents of the first order to remain unnoticed and unpreferred.

But moralizing is not my *forte*, as the sagacious reader has doubtless perceived. I will not sift from these dull pages the morals which lie therein embedded, as the precious metal in California's barren sands. I will not repeat that patience and perseverance overcometh all things—nor the commandment with promise, wherein we are told to honor our fathers and mothers, etc. Time will teach all this—for as he goes noiselessly on, he leaves his footprints in his wake.

He leaves (the stern old teacher) a few more shining locks—steals a little lightness from the lightest foot—tinges the gayest hearts—casts a shadow where the sun has ever shone—throws a quaintness over the old hill house—peers in upon the auburn curls—lifts the little boy upon his round, rolling feet—lays the faithful servant in his grave—checks the jocund laugh—lends a cane to the once fleet of foot—and thus he goes, and sprinkles lesson upon lesson in his path.

And may he deal gently with thee, oh martyr reader mine! may he not lag heavily with thee over these pages. May you close the book as the dinner-bell rings, and say, "Ha! I did not think it was so late!" And may you consult your watch, and find old Time has stolen a march upon you while you have been with me.

And at dinner may you sip the choicest wines, and astonish with your wit and brilliancy, oh martyr reader mine!

May you hold up the dainty glass and say, "Here's to the writer of the book with which I have beguiled the morning!" And may you in the overflowing goodness of your heart, do violence to your conscience, and say, "She wields a graceful pen (!) upon my word—so here's to her!"

Bless thee, reader mine! One word from thee were worth all the vintage in the world! One word from thee, would give wings unto my pen and tranquillity to my heart! One word from thee, would lighten the family nose which I am doomed to carry—would cause the Feejees to be served up in a piquant style—would set me to daguerreotyping Old Virginia for life—would infuse new vigor into the style and imagination of a lady doomed to all the horrors of single-blessedness, unless, with thy approval, she be wedded to Immortality.

NINEVEH AND BABYLON

Discoveries among the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon; with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan and the Desert: being the result of a second Expedition undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum. By AUSTEN H. LAYARD, M. P., Author of "Nineveh and its Remains." With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. 8vo., pp. 686.

SUCH of our readers as have made themselves acquainted with the former explorations of Mr. Layard (and the number we presume is not small), will scarcely need more than the title-page of the book lying before us, to induce them cheerfully to renew their acquaintance with a traveller so truthful, instructive, and entertaining as Mr. Layard. The abundant success of our author in his first efforts at Nineveh, induced the Trustees of the British Museum to request of him a renewal of his labors in the same field; and we have here the results of a compliance with that request, together with an account of further researches made at Babylon. We have no hesitation in saying that we think the intelligent reader will pronounce this work more deeply interesting than Mr. Layard's first publication; and this alone we hold to be very high commendation. The former book betrayed, at times, the timidity of an unpractised author, though very clever man, who, in the uncertainty of the reception he might meet with, modestly made his bow to the public, and quietly awaited its judgment: that judgment was, as it should have been, decidedly favorable, and inspired a confidence, the effect of which, we think, is visible in the publication before us. While it is quite free from dogmatism, it yet exhibits more freedom both of thought and expression; and irrespective of the valuable discoveries it records, is an exceedingly lively and interesting narrative of travels, agreeably diversified with glowing descriptions of natural scenery, and pleasant incidents of an Eastern traveller's personal adventures.

We observe that to his name Mr. Layard now appends the letters M. P.; and we have such respect for his understanding as leads us readily to believe that he will prove neither an unwise nor unsafe legislator for his country: but whatever may be his parliamentary career; as men devoted to letters, we cannot help thinking that in his contributions already made to the cause of religion and learning, he has reared memorials as enduring and honorable as any to be found in the ordinary records of statesmanship.

Our limited space, however, admonishes us that we must devote our notice to the book rather than to its author; and as we cannot give even an abridgment of his detailed account of exploration and travel, we must content ourselves with such excerpts arranged under different heads, as will convey to the reader a general idea of the work.

And first, what does it bring to the notice of the Biblical scholar? How far do recent discoveries afford confirmation of historical facts recorded in the sacred writings? To this we answer that the discoveries made at Nineveh, in their illustration and confirmation of the later portions of Bible history, appear to be performing a work similar to that which the monuments of Egypt have done for the earliest portions of the same venerable record. The Nile, the Euphrates, and the Tigris, all seem to be yielding their testimony to the truth of the Bible. We saw it, indeed, stated in a newspaper, not long since, that the recent explorations of Mr. Layard had thrown discredit on the prophet Daniel; and our curiosity was accordingly excited to a diligent search for the statements on which rested an assertion, that, to us at least, savored more of confidence than of learning. We have sought in vain in Mr. Layard for one word that discredits either Daniel or any other book in the Scriptures. But in our search, we have met with testimony of a different kind, full of interest. We found that the king who built the palace of Kouyunjik (opposite the present Mosul on the Tigris) was, beyond all question, the Sennacherib of Scripture. The Book of Kings informs us that the King of Assyria, in the fourteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah, "came up against all the fenced cities of Judah and took them." (2 Kings, xviii. 13.)

This King of Assyria was Sennacherib, and in his disinterred palace, Mr. Layard found sculptured representations with inscriptions containing the annals of six years of his reign. These afford remarkable confirmation to history sacred and profane. In the first year of his reign he defeated, according to the inscriptions, Merodach Baladan, a name familiar to us, for he was the king, it will be remembered, who is mentioned in the Old Testament, as sending letters and a present to Hezekiah, (2 Kings, xx. 12.—Isaiah.

xxxix. 1,) when the latter ostentatiously displayed all his treasures, and was reproved for it by Isaiah, who predicted that all this treasure, together with the descendants of its owner, should be carried away as spoil to the very city whence these ambassadors of Merodach Baladan came.

But the third year of Sennacherib's reign, as recorded in the inscriptions, is most interesting; for in it he overran all Syria. In the annals of that year, this is a part of the inscription:

"Hezekiah, King of Judah, who had not submitted to my authority, forty-six of his principal cities, and fortresses and villages depending upon them, of which I took no account, I captured; and carried away their spoil. I shut up himself within Jerusalem, his capital city. The fortified towns, and the rest of his towns, which I spoiled, I severed from his country, and gave to the Kings of Ascalon, Ekron, and Gaza, so as to make his country small. In addition to the former tribute imposed upon their countries, I added a tribute, the nature of which I fixed."—pp. 143, 144.

On this, Mr. Layard remarks:

"There can be little doubt that the campaign against the cities of Palestine recorded in the inscriptions of Sennacherib at Kouyunjik, is that described in the Old Testament. The events agree with considerable accuracy. We are told in the Book of Kings, that the King of Assyria, in the fourteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah, 'came up against all the fenced cities of Judah and took them,' as he declares himself to have done in his annals. And, what is most important, and perhaps one of the most remarkable coincidences of historic testimony on record, the amount of the treasure in gold taken from Hezekiah, thirty talents, agrees in the two perfectly independent accounts. Too much stress cannot be laid on this singular fact, as it tends to prove the general accuracy of the historical details contained in the Assyrian inscriptions. There is a difference of 500 talents, as it will be observed, in the amount of silver. It is probable that Hezekiah was much pressed by Sennacherib, and compelled to give him all the wealth that he could collect, as we find him actually taking the silver from the house of the Lord, as well as from his own treasury, and cutting off the gold from the doors and pillars of the temple, to satisfy the demands of the Assyrian king. The Bible may therefore only include the actual amount of money in the 300 talents of silver, whilst the Assyrian records comprise all the precious metal taken away.

"It is natural to suppose that Sennacherib would not perpetuate the memory of his own overthrow; and that, having been unsuccessful in an attempt upon Jerusalem, his army being visited by the plague described in Scripture, he should gloss over his defeat by describing the tribute he had previously received from Hezekiah as the general result of his campaign."—pp. 144, 145.

But further still, sculptured on the walls of one of the chambers, Mr. Layard found a representation of a city besieged, and vanquished, captives taken, etc., and the conquering monarch sitting on his throne, while the vanquished chief, crouched and knelt before him. Over his head was this inscription: "Sennacherib, the mighty king, king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment, before (or at the entrance of) the city of Lachish. I give permission for its slaughter."

"Here, therefore (says our author), was the actual picture of the taking of Lachish, the city, as we know from the Bible, besieged by Sennacherib, when he sent his generals to demand tribute of Hezekiah, and which he had captured before their return. 2 Kings, xviii. 14. Isaiah xxxvi. 2. Evidence of the most remarkable character to confirm the interpretation of the inscriptions, and to identify the king who caused them to be engraved with the Sennacherib of Scripture. This highly interesting series of bass-reliefs contained, moreover, an undoubted representation of a king, a city, and a people, with whose names we are acquainted, and of an event described in Holy Writ. They furnish us, therefore, with illustrations of the Bible of very great importance. The captives were undoubtedly Jews, their physiognomy was strikingly indicated in the sculptures, but they had been stripped of their ornaments and their fine raiment, and were left barefooted and half-clothed."—pp. 152, 153.

We might here, in further confirmation of Bible history, advert to the discovery of a treaty, attested by the seals, respectively, of the Egyptian king, Sabaco, the Ethiopian, of the 25th dynasty, and of the Assyrian monarch. Sabaco is probably the So, mentioned in 2 Kings, xvii. 4, as having received ambassadors from Hoshea, King of Israel, who, by entering into a league with the Egyptians, drew down the vengeance of Shalmaneser, whose tributary he was, and led to the first great captivity of the people of Samaria. Shalmaneser, we know, was the immediate predecessor of Sennacherib, and Sabaco, or So, was on the throne of Egypt during the reign of both Shalmaneser and Sennacherib. But we must proceed.

In Ezekiel iii. 15, we read, "Then I came to them of the captivity at *Tel-Abib*, that dwelt by the river of Chebar." In Kings, the river is called *Khabour*, and such is the name used by the Arabs at this day. To this river, Mr. Layard

went, and found certain sculptures in mounds opened at Arban which he supposed to be very ancient, and thus speaks:

"To the Chebar were transported by the Assyrian king, after the destruction of Samaria, the captive children of Israel, and on its banks 'the heavens were opened' to Ezekiel, and 'he saw visions of God,' and spake his prophecies to his brother exiles. Around Arban may have been pitched the tents of the sorrowing Jews, as those of the Arabs were during my visit. To the same pastures they led their sheep, and they drank of the same waters. Then the banks of the river were covered with towns and villages, and a palace-temple still stood on the mound, reflected in the transparent stream. We have, however, but one name connected with the Khabour recorded in Scripture, that of Tel-Abib, the 'mound of Abib, or, of the heaps of ears of corn,' but whether it applied to a town, or to a simple artificial elevation, such as still abound, and are still called 'tels,' is a matter of doubt. I sought in vain for some trace of the word amongst the names now given by the wandering Arab to the various ruins on the Khabour and its confluents.

"We know that Jews still lingered in the cities of the Khabour until long after the Arab invasion; and we may perhaps recognize in the Jewish communities of Ras-al-Ain, at the sources of the river, and of Karkisia, or Carchemish, at its confluence with the Euphrates, visited and described by Benjamin of Tudela, in the latter end of the twelfth century of the Christian era, the descendants of the captive Israelites.

"But the hand of time has long since swept even this remnant away, with the busy crowds which thronged the banks of the river. From its mouth to its source, from Carchemish to Ras-al-Ain, there is now no single permanent human habitation on the Khabour. Its rich meadows and its deserted ruins are alike become the encamping places of the wandering Arab."—pp. 283, 284.

Again, in his researches at Babylon, our author found certain bowls with inscriptions which, in the judgment of the learned, connect themselves, by means of the character used in the writing, with the Jews of the Babylonish captivity. These bowls, it would seem, were designed to be used for healing purposes, and were supposed to act by way of charm. They were filled with water or some other fluid, by which the writing became obliterated as the ink dissolved, and the patient then drank the contents of the bowl. Mr. Thomas Ellis, of the manuscript department in the British Museum, thus speaks of them:

"A discovery relating to the Jews of the captivity in Babylon, and consequently of great interest to Oriental scholars, and especially to biblical students, was made by Mr. Layard during his second expedition to Assyria. Amongst the various curious objects found on the banks of the Euphrates, and in the ruins of ancient Babylonia, were several bowls or cups of terracotta, round the inner surface of which were inscriptions in the ancient Chaldæan language, written in characters wholly unknown, and, I believe, never before seen in Europe. The letters appear to be an admixture of the Syriac and Palmyrine, and in some instances resemble the ancient Phœnician. The subjects of these inscriptions are amulets or charms against evil spirits, diseases, and every kind of misfortune. They must have been written long prior to any existing manuscripts of the ancient Hebrew and Chaldæan languages that we now know of, there being no divisions between words (except in one instance, No. 5, where the forms of the letters would seem to indicate a later date), nor are there any vowel points. But the most remarkable circumstance connected with these inscriptions is, that the characters used on the bowl marked No. 1. answer precisely to the description given of the most ancient Hebrew letters in the Babylonian Talmud, which contains an account of the nature and origin of the letters used by the Jews. In the tract *Sanhedrin* we are told that the Jews called their characters *Assyrian*, אשורית, and *that they were brought with them from Assyria.* Abraham de Balmis in his Hebrew grammar states, that the characters called Assyrian were composed of straight lines: his words are, באותיותיה ויצאה עמנו מאשור שהיא מיושרת; the Latin version of this in the same grammar is, '*Quia est recta in suis literis et exivit nobiscum ex Assyriâ.*' The orthography of these inscriptions is very defective, and sometimes pure Hebrew sentences are found mixed with the Chaldee, especially in No. 5.; and the words 'Halleluiah' and 'Selah' occur in nearly every one of them. All this tends to confirm the opinion that the writers were Jews; for it is well known that the early Christians were utterly ignorant of Hebrew, nor is there any proof that it was cultivated at Babylon; on the contrary, it was at Babylon that the Hebrew ceased to be a spoken language, the Jews being compelled, by their lengthened captivity, to adopt the Chaldæan, whilst at the same time they were corrupted by the idolatry and superstitions of the Babylonians."—pp. 509, 510.

To this, Mr. Layard adds—

"Little doubt can, I think, exist as to their Jewish origin: and such being the case, there is no reason to question their having belonged to the descendants of those Jews who were carried captive by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon and the surrounding cities. These strangers appear to have clung with a tenacity peculiar to their race to the land of their exile. We can trace

them about Babylon from almost the time of their deportation down to the twelfth century of the Christian era, when the Hebrew traveller, Benjamin of Tudela, wandered over the regions of the East and among the cities of the captivity to seek the remnant of his ancient nation.

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"As early as the third century Hebrew travellers visited Babylon, and some of them have left records of the state of their countrymen. The Babylonian Talmud, compiled in the beginning of the sixth century, contains many valuable notices of the condition of the Jewish colonies in Babylonia, and enumerates more than two hundred Babylonian towns then under the Persian rule, inhabited by Jewish families. In manuscripts of the eighth and ninth centuries we have further mention of these colonies.

"In the twelfth century, Benjamin of Tudela found no less than twenty thousand Jews dwelling within twenty miles of Babylon, and worshipping in the synagogue, built, according to tradition, by the prophet Daniel himself. In Hillah alone were ten thousand persons and four synagogues, and he gives the number of families and of their places of worship, in every town he visited, keeping during his journey an exact daily itinerary, which includes nearly all the stations on the modern caravan routes. Allowing for some exaggeration on the part of this traveller, it is still evident that a very considerable Jewish population lived in the cities of Babylonia. It has greatly diminished, and in some places has entirely disappeared. A few families still linger at Hillah, and in Baghdad the principal native trade and money transactions are carried on by Jews, who are the bankers and brokers of the governors of the city, as they no doubt anciently were of the Abasside Caliphs.

"According to their own tradition these Hebrew families were descended from the Jews of the captivity. They still preserved their pedigrees, and traced their lineage to the princes and prophets of Judah. Their chief resided at Baghdad, and his title was 'Lord Prince of the Captivity.' He was lineally descended, according to his people, from king David himself. Even Mohammedans acknowledged his claim to his noble birth, and called him 'Our Lord, the son of David.' His authority extended over the countries of the East as far as Thibet and Hindostan. He was treated on all occasions with the greatest honor and respect, and when he appeared in public he wore robes of embroidered silk, and a white turban encircled by a diadem of gold."—pp. 523, 524.

And having thus hastily glanced at matters of interest to the Oriental scholar and biblical student, we must refer him to the volume itself for much more that our limits compel us to pass by unnoticed: and proceed to the consideration of another topic, in which the Christian of our day cannot but feel a lively concern. What is the present state of Christianity among the Nestorian and Armenian Christians? Here is first Mr. Layard's picture of the Nestorian patriarch, for the full understanding of which, recent events in the history of the Nestorians (familiar enough, we presume, to Christians in America) must be recalled.

"Following a precipitous pathway, and mounted on a tall and sturdy mule, we spied an aged man with long robes, black turban, and a white beard which fell almost to his girdle. A few lusty mountaineers, in the striped dress and conical felt cap of the Christian tribes, walked by his side and supported him on the animal, which with difficulty scrambled over the loose stones. We at once recognized the features of Mar Shamoun, the Patriarch of the Nestorians, or, as he proudly terms himself, "of the Chaldeans of the East." He had not known of our coming, and he shed tears of joy as he embraced us. Kochhannes, his residence, was not far distant, and he turned back with us to the village. Since I had seen him, misfortune and grief, more than age, had worn deep furrows on his brow, and had turned his hair and beard to silvery grey. We had last met at Mosul, the day previous to his escape from confinement into Persia. Since that time he had been wandering on the confines of the two border countries, but had now sought repose once more in the old seat of the patriarchs of the mountain tribes.

"We soon reached his dwelling. It is solidly built of hewn stone, and stands on the very edge of a precipice overhanging a ravine, through which winds a branch of the Zab. A dark vaulted passage led us into the room, scarcely better lighted by a small window, closed by a greased sheet of coarse paper. The tattered remains of a felt carpet, spread in a corner, was the whole of its furniture. The garments of the Patriarch were hardly less worn and ragged. Even the miserable allowance of 300 piastres (about 2*l.* 10*s.*), which the Porte had promised to pay him monthly on his return to the mountains was long in arrears, and he was supported entirely by the contributions of his faithful but poverty-stricken flock. Kochhannes was, moreover, still a heap of ruins. At the time of the massacre Mar Shamoun scarcely saved himself by a precipitous flight before the ferocious Kurds of Beder Khan Bey entered the village and slew those who still lingered in it, and were from age or infirmities unable to escape.

"Mar Shamoun, at the time of my visit, had no less cause to bewail the misfortunes of his people than his personal sufferings. The latter were perhaps partly to be attributed to his own want of prudence and foresight. Old influences, which I could not but deeply deplore, and to which I do

not in Christian charity wish further to allude, had been at work, and I found him even more bitter in his speech against the American missionaries than against his Turkish or Kurdish oppressors. He had been taught, and it is to be regretted that his teachers were of the Church of England, that those who were endeavoring to civilize and instruct his flock were seceders from the orthodox community of Christians, heretical in doctrine, rejecting all the sacraments and ordinances of the true faith, and intent upon reducing the Nestorians to their own hopeless condition of infidelity. His fears were worked on by the assurance that, ere long, through their means and teaching, his spiritual as well as his temporal authority would be entirely destroyed. I found him bent upon deeds of violence and intolerant persecution, which might have endangered, for the second time, the safety of this people as well as his own. I strove, and not without success, to calm his unreasonable violence. I pointed out to him his true position with regard to the American missions, trying to remove the calumnies which had been heaped upon them, and to show in what respects they could benefit and improve the condition of the Nestorians. I could not disguise from him that in education and the free circulation of the Scriptures, there could alone be found any hope for his people. I showed him that, if he wished to foster an interest which had been naturally felt amongst Protestants for the remains of a primitive Church, exposed to great oppression and great sufferings, he must reform the abuses which had unfortunately crept into it, and endeavor to render his clergy equal to the task of instructing and guiding their flocks. He answered, as might have been expected, that he wished to be helped in that labor by priests of the Episcopal Church of England, whose doctrines and discipline were more in conformity with the Nestorian, than those of the American missionaries. If such men would join him, he was ready, he declared, to co-operate with them in reforming abuses, and educating the community. It was almost in vain I observed to him that, as the Church of England had hitherto not listened to his appeals, and as there was no immediate prospect of help from her, it was his duty, as well as his true interest, to assist in the good work so zealously and disinterestedly begun by the American missionaries, and which they were desirous of carrying on with his sanction and support."—pp. 423, 425.

We next have the following sketch of a Nestorian bishop.

"A ride of three quarters of an hour brought us to the episcopal residence. Mar Isho, the bishop, met me at some distance from it. He was shabbily dressed, and not of prepossessing appearance; but he appeared to be good-natured, and to have a fair stock of common sense. After we had exchanged the common salutations, seated on a bank of wild thyme, he led the way to the porch of the church. Ragged carpets and felts had been spread in the dark vestibule, in the midst of sacks of corn, bourghoul, and other provisions for the bishop's establishment. Various rude agricultural instruments, and spinning wheels, almost filled up the rest of the room; for these primitive Christians rely on the sanctity of their places of worship for the protection of their temporal stores.

"The church itself was entered by a low doorway, through which a man of moderate size could scarcely squeeze himself, and was even darker than the ante-room. It is an ancient building, and the bishop knew nothing of the date of its foundation. Although service is occasionally performed, the communion is not administered in it. One or two tattered parchment folios, whose title-pages were unfortunately wanting, but which were evidently of an early period, were heaped up in a corner with a few modern manuscripts on paper, the prey of mildew and insects. The title of the bishop is "Metropolitan of Roustak," a name of which I could not learn the origin. His jurisdiction extends over many Nestorian villages, chiefly in the valley of Shemisden. Half of this district is within the Persian territories, and from the convent we could see the frontier dominions of the Shah. It is in the high road of the periodical migrations of the great tribe of Herki, who pass like a locust-cloud twice a year over the settlements of the unfortunate Christians, driving before them the flocks, spoiling the granaries, and carrying away even the miserable furniture of the hovels. It is in vain that the sufferers carry their complaints to their Kurdish master; *he* takes from them double the lawful taxes and tithes. The Turkish government has in this part of the mountains no power, if it had the inclination, to protect its Christian subjects."—pp. 377, 378.

At the ancient city of Wan, founded, according to Armenian history, by the Assyrian Queen, Semiramis, Mr. Layard encountered the Armenian bishop: here things wore a more favorable aspect. Under the mild rule of Mehemet Pacha, Wan was becoming prosperous:

"The protection he had given to the Armenians had encouraged that enterprising and industrious people to enlarge their commerce, and to build warehouses for trade. Two handsome khans, with bazars attached, were nearly finished. Shops for the sale of European articles of clothing and of luxury had been opened; and, what was of still more importance, several native schools had already been established. These improvements were chiefly due to one Sharân, an Armenian merchant, and a man of liberal and enlightened views, who had seconded with energy and liberality the desire of

the Pasha to ameliorate the social condition of the Christian population.

"Shortly after my arrival, the Armenian bishop called upon me. He was dressed in the peculiar costume of his order,—long black robes and a capacious black hood almost concealing his head,—and was accompanied by the priests and principal laymen of his diocese. On his breast he wore the rich diamond crescent and star of the Turkish order of merit, of which he was justly proud. It had been asked for him of the Sultan by the Pasha, as an encouragement to the Christians, and as a proof of the spirit of tolerance which animated the government. If such principles were fully carried out in Turkey, there would be good hope for the empire. Although he had been duly elected several years before to his episcopal dignity, he still wanted the formal consecration of the patriarch of his church. This ceremony had hitherto been omitted on account of differences which had estranged the Armenian clergy residing in the Turkish dominions from the head of their sect, whose seat is the convent of Echmiadsin, made over to Russia at the close of the last war. These differences, arising from political interference in the management of the affairs of the Church, had for some time threatened a division in the community, that portion of it which acknowledges the authority of the Sultan wishing to place itself under a patriarch who resides at Cis, in Cilicia, and, consequently, beyond foreign control. The quarrel had now, however, been settled, and the bishop was on the eve of his departure to receive that consecration which was essential to his due admission into the Armenian hierarchy."—pp. 391, 392.

The picture of the Armenian clergy, however, seems to hold out but little prospect of usefulness in their ministrations.

"The church, a substantial modern edifice, stands within the court-yard. Its walls are covered with pictures as primitive in design as in execution. There is a victorious St. George blowing out the brains of a formidable dragon with a bright brass blunderbuss, and saints, attired in the traditionary garments of Europe, performing extravagant miracles. The intelligence of the good priest at the head of the convent was pretty well on a par with his illustrated church history. He was a specimen of the Armenian clergy of Asia Minor. As he described each subject to me, he spoke of the Nestorians as heretics, because they were allowed, by the canons of their church, to marry their mothers and grandmothers; of the Protestants as freemasons or atheists; and of the great nations of Europe as the Portuguese, the Inglese, the Muscovs, and the Abbash (Abyssinians)."—pp. 409, 410.

But Mr. Layard anticipates better things for the Armenian Christians; and though the extract be long, we must let him speak his own words. We have been so long accustomed to hear ourselves denounced by the English press, as an all-grasping, unprincipled, and "annexing" race, wandering over the face of the earth for no purpose but that of plunder or traffic; that it is quite refreshing to encounter a story told by an English gentleman of what he has seen done by Americans, who, in a holy cause, have entered upon, and successfully labored in, a field to which English philanthropy in the East has not even found its way. Let us hear what Mr. Layard has to say of our American missions in the East. He thus writes of occurrences at Wan.

"I called in the evening on the bishop, and next morning, at his invitation, visited the principal schools. Five have been established since the fall of the Kurdish Beys, and the enjoyment of comparative protection by the Christian population. Only one had been opened within the walls; the rest were in the gardens, which are thickly inhabited by Armenians, and form extensive suburbs to Wan. The school in the town was held in a spacious building newly erected, and at that time scarcely finished. More than two hundred children of all ages were assembled. They went through their exercises and devotions at the sound of a bell with great order and precision, alternately standing and squatting on their hams on small cushions placed in rows across the hall. An outer room held basins and towels for washing, and the cloaks and shoes taken off on entering. Books were scarce. There were not more than a score in the whole school. The first class, which had made some progress, had a few elementary works on astronomy and history, published by the Armenian press at Constantinople and Smyrna, but only one copy of each. The boys, at my request, sang and chanted their prayers, and repeated their simple lessons.

"Such schools, imperfect though they be, are proofs of a great and increasing improvement in the Christian communities of Turkey. A change of considerable importance, and which, it is to be hoped, may lead to the most beneficial results, is now taking place in the Armenian Church. It is undoubtedly to be attributed to the judicious, earnest, and zealous exertions of the American missionaries; their establishments, scattered over nearly the whole Turkish empire, have awakened amongst the Christians, and principally amongst the Armenians, a spirit of inquiry and a desire for the reform of abuses, and for the cultivation of their minds, which must ultimately tend to raise their political, as well as their social, position in the human scale. It is scarcely fifteen years since the first institution for Christian instruction on Protestant (independent) principles was opened

by those excellent men in Constantinople. By a wise selection of youths from different parts of the empire, who from their character and abilities were deemed worthy of the choice, they were shortly enabled to send into the provinces those who could sow the seeds of truth and knowledge, without incurring the suspicions attaching to strangers, and without laboring under that ignorance of the manners and languages of those amongst whom they mix, which must always prove so serious an obstacle to foreigners in their intercourse with the natives. A movement of this nature could scarcely escape persecution. The Armenian clergy, not unfavorable to the darkness and bigotry which had for centuries disgraced their Church, and exercising an uncontrolled power over an ignorant and simple people, soon raised a cry against the 'Evangelists,' as they were contemptuously called. By such misrepresentations and calumnies as are always ready at hand to the enemies of progress and reform, they were able to enlist in their favor the Turkish authorities at the capital and in the provinces. Unfortunately, four sects alone, the Roman Catholic, the Armenian, the Greek, and the Copt, were recognized by the Porte amongst their Christian subjects. The reformed Armenian Church was consequently without an acknowledged head, and unable to communicate directly or indirectly with the government, to make known its tenets, or to complain of the acts of injustice and persecution to which it was exposed. Many persons fell victims to their opinions. Some were cruelly tortured in the house of the Patriarch himself, and others were imprisoned or utterly ruined in Constantinople and the provinces. Sir Stratford Canning at length exerted his powerful influence to protect the injured sect from these wanton cruelties. Through his exertions and those of Lord Cowley, when minister, a firman was obtained from the Sultan, placing the new Protestant community on the same footing as the other Churches of the empire, assigning to it a head, or agent, through whom it could apply directly to the ministers, and extending to it other privileges enjoyed by the Roman Catholics and Greeks. This act of toleration and justice has given fresh vigor to the spirit of inquiry bred by the American missionaries. There is now scarcely a town of any importance in Turkey without a Protestant community, and in most of the principal cities the American mission has opened schools, and is educating youths for the priesthood. Fortunately for the cause, many men of irreproachable character and of undoubted sincerity from the Armenian nation have been associated with it, and its success has not been endangered, like that of so many other movements of the same kind, by interested, or hasty conversions. Those who have watched the effect that this desire for improvement and for religious freedom is gradually producing upon a large and important section of the Christian population of Turkey, may reasonably hope that the time is not far distant when it may exercise a marked influence upon other Christian sects, as well as upon those who surround them; preparing them for the enjoyment of extended political privileges, and for the restoration of a pure and rational faith to the East.

"The influence of this spirit of inquiry, fostered by the American missions, has not been alone confined to those who have been cut off from their own community. The Armenian clergy, no longer able to coerce their flocks, or to persecute those who left them, have found that the only mode of checking the schism is to reform the abuses of their own Church, and to educate and instruct their people. Schools in opposition to the American establishments have been opened in the capital and in most of the large towns of Asia Minor; and elementary and theological works, of a far more liberal character than any hitherto published in Turkey, have been printed by Armenian printing-presses in Constantinople and Smyrna, or introduced into the country from Venice. This is another, though an indirect, result of their labors, which the American missionaries may justly contemplate with satisfaction, unmingled with any feelings of jealousy or ill-will.

"Whilst on this subject, and connected as I have been with the Nestorians, I must not omit a tribute of praise to the admirable establishments of the American missions amongst the Chaldæans of Ooroomiyah in Persia, under the able direction of the Rev. Mr. Perkins. It was with much regret that I was compelled to give up the plan I had formed of visiting that small colony from the New World. The Rev. Mr. Bowen, who crossed the frontiers from Wan, has in a true Christian spirit borne witness in the English Cuurch to the enlightened and liberal spirit in which their labors are carried on. Forty or fifty schools have been opened in the town of Ooroomiyah and surrounding villages. The abuses that have crept into this primitive and highly interesting Church are being reformed, and the ignorance of its simple clergy gradually dispelled. A printing-press, for which type has been purposely cut, now publishes for general circulation the Scriptures and works of education in the dialect and character peculiar to the mountain tribes. The English language has been planted in the heart of Asia, and the benefits of knowledge are extended to a race which, a few years ago, was almost unknown even by name to Europe."—pp. 404—407.

To this let us add the testimony he bears to the personal character of the missionaries themselves.

"I cannot refrain from recording the names of the Rev. Messrs. Goodall, Dwight, Holmes, Hamlin, and Schauffler, of the Constantinople missionary station; the late excellent

and enterprising Dr. Smith, who, like the estimable Dr. Grant, his fellow-laborer in the same field, and many others of his countrymen, has recently fallen a victim to his zeal and devotion; the Rev. Eli Smith, of Beyrout, and Perkins of Ooroomiyah; men who will ever be connected with the first spread of knowledge and truth amongst the Christians of the East, and of whom their country may justly be proud. Personally I must express my gratitude to them for many acts of kindness and friendship. The American mission has now establishments in Smyrna, Brousa, Trebizond, Erzeroom, Diarbekir, Mosul, Aintab, Aleppo, and many other cities in Asia Minor, together with native agents all over Turkey."—p. 406, Note.

We turn now to personal incidents and illustrations of the Arab character and customs, of which, we assure our readers, the book contains a most pleasant variety. And first let us introduce to their acquaintance a Sheikh of the Boraij. When Mr. Layard was about to make his excursion from Mosul to Arban on the river Khabour, as the Shammar Bedouins were scouring the plains for plunder, he found it necessary to seek the protection and company of one of the influential chiefs of the Shammar tribe; and for this purpose selected *Suttum*, who was well known to him, and on whom he could rely.

"The Sheikh had the general direction and superintendence of our march. The Mesopotamian desert had been his home from his birth, and he knew every spring and pasture. He was of the Saadi, one of the most illustrious families of the Shammar, and he possessed great personal influence in the tribe. His intelligence was of a very high order, and he was as well known for his skill in Bedouin intrigue, as for his courage and daring in war. In person he was of middle height, of spare habit, but well made, and of noble and dignified carriage; although a musket wound in the thigh, from which the ball had not been abstracted, gave him a slight lameness in his gait. His features were regular and well-proportioned, and of that delicate character so frequently found amongst the nomades of the desert. A restless and sparkling eye of the deepest black spoke the inner man, and seemed to scan and penetrate every thing within its ken. His dark hair was platted into many long tails; his beard, like that of the Arabs in general, was scanty. He wore the usual Arab shirt, and over it a cloak of blue cloth, trimmed with red silk and lined with fur, a present from some Pasha as he pretended, but more probably a part of some great man's wardrobe that had been appropriated without its owner's consent. A colored kerchief, or keffieh, was thrown loosely over his head, and confined above the temples by a rope of twisted camel's hair. At his side hung a scimitar, an antique horse-pistol was held by a rope tied as a girdle round his waist, and a long spear, tufted with black ostrich feathers, and ornamented with scarlet streamers, rested on his shoulder. He was the very picture of a true Bedouin Sheikh, and his liveliness, his wit, and his singular powers of conversation, which made him the most agreeable companion, did not belie his race."—pp. 238—240.

Necessity has made the Bedouin, like our American Indian, a most observant animal; and the sagacity with which both reach correct results from data seemingly insignificant to the civilized man, is often matter of surprise even to those familiar with their acuteness.

"We again visited the remarkable volcanic cone of Koukab. As we drew near to it, Mijwell detected, in the loose soil, the footprints of two men, which he immediately recognized to be those of Shammar thieves returning from the Kurdish encampments. The sagacity of the Bedouin in determining from such marks, whether of man or beast, and, from similar indications, the tribe, time of passing, and business, of those who may have left them, with many other particulars, is well known. In this respect he resembles the American Indian, though the circumstances differ under which the two are called upon to exercise this peculiar faculty. The one seeks or avoids his enemy in vast plains, which, for three-fourths of the year, are without any vegetation; the other tracks his prey through thick woods and high grass. This quickness of perception is the result of continual observation and of caution encouraged from earliest youth. When the warriors of a tribe are engaged in distant forays or in war, their tents and flocks are frequently left to the care of a mere child. He must receive strangers, amongst whom may be those having claims of blood upon his family, and must guard against marauders, who may be lurking about the encampment. Every unknown sign and mark must be examined and accounted for. If he should see the track of a horseman he must ask himself why one so near the dwellings did not stop to eat bread or drink water? was he a spy; one of a party meditating an attack? or a traveller, who did not know the site of the tents? When did he pass? From whence did he come? Whilst the child in a civilized country is still under the care of its nurse, the Bedouin boy is compelled to exercise his highest faculties, and on his prudence and sagacity may sometimes depend the safety of his tribe.

"The expert Bedouin can draw conclusions from the footprints and dung of animals that would excite the astonishment of an European. He will tell whether the camel was loaded or unloaded, whether recently

fed or suffering from hunger, whether fatigued or fresh, the time when it passed by, whether the owner was a man of the desert or of the town, whether a friend or foe, and sometimes even the name of his tribe. I have frequently been cautioned by my Bedouin companions, not to dismount from my dromedary, that my footsteps might not be recognized as those of a stranger; and my deloul has even been led by my guide to prevent those who might cross our path detecting that it was ridden by one not thoroughly accustomed to the management of the animal. It would be easy to explain the means, simple enough indeed, by which the Arab of the desert arrives at these results. In each case there is a train of logical deduction, merely requiring common acuteness and great experience."—pp. 322, 323.

Long practice has given to them a keenness and quickness of vision utterly unknown in polished life: the distant speck, indistinct or even invisible to the ordinary observer, becomes to their naked eyes a clearly defined object, when scarcely distinguishable to the European with his telescope.

"Whilst I was examining the ruins, Suttum, from the highest mound, had been scanning the plain with his eagle eye. At length it rested upon a distant moving object. Although with a telescope I could scarcely distinguish that to which he pointed, the Sheikh saw that it was a rider on a dromedary. He now, therefore, began to watch the stranger with that eager curiosity and suspicion always shown by a Bedouin when the solitude of the desert is broken by a human being of whose condition and business he is ignorant. Suttum soon satisfied himself as to the character of the solitary wanderer. He declared him to be a messenger from his own tribe, who had been sent to lead us to his father's tents. Mounting his horse, he galloped towards him. The Arab soon perceived the approaching horseman, and then commenced on both sides a series of manœuvres practised by those who meet in the desert, and are as yet distrustful of each other. I marked them from the ruin as they cautiously approached, now halting, now drawing nigh, and then pretending to ride away in an opposite direction. At length, recognizing one another, they met, and, having first dismounted to embrace, came together towards us. As Suttum had conjectured, a messenger had been sent to him from his father's tribe. The Boraij were now moving towards the north in search of the spring pastures, and their tents would be pitched in three or four days beneath the Sinjar hill. Suttum at once understood the order of their march, and made arrangements to meet them accordingly."—p. 244.

Of their fidelity and hospitality our author recounts numerous instances, for which we must refer to his book; and there is a delicacy not unworthy of imitation in their mode of communicating sad tidings. Mr. Layard chanced to be the guest of one of the Jebour tribe when intelligence was brought to him of the death of a favorite sister.

"An Arab of the tribe, weary and wayworn, entered the tent and seated himself without giving the usual salutation; all present knew that he had come from the Khabour and from distant friends. His silence argued evil tidings. By an indirect remark, immediately understood, he told his errand to one who sat next to him, and who in turn whispered it to Sheikh Ibrahim, the chief's uncle. The old man said aloud, with a sigh, 'It is the will and mercy of God; she is not dead but released!' Abdrubbou at once understood of whom he spake. He arose and went forth, and the wailing of the mother and of the women soon issued from the inner recesses of the tent."—p. 275.

But with all the evidences afforded us of the possession of some of the nobler and better qualities of our kind; there is also proof that some of the weaknesses of our common humanity develope themselves pretty much in the same mode among Arabs and Christians. The story of Suttum's domestic troubles affords an apt illustration, and a pleasant episode in Mr. Layard's narrative. He was about leaving Mosul for the river Khabour, under the protection of Suttum, when the Arab came to prefer a request.

"As he was to be for some time absent from his tents, he asked to take his wife with him, and I willingly consented. Rathaiyah was the sister of Suttâm el Meekh, chief of the powerful tribe of the Abde, one of the principal divisions of the Shammar. Although no longer young, she still retained much of her early beauty. There was more than the usual Bedouin fire in her large black eyes, and her hair fell in many ringlets on her shoulders. Her temper was haughty and imperious, and she evidently held more sway over Suttum than he liked to acknowledge, or was quite consistent with his character as a warrior. He had married her from motives of policy, as cementing an useful alliance with a powerful tribe. She appears to have soon carried matters with a high hand, for poor Suttum had been compelled, almost immediately after his marriage, to send back a young and beautiful wife to her father's tent. This prior claimant upon his affections was now on the Khabour with her tribe, and it was probably on this account that Rathaiyah, knowing the direction he was about to take, was so anxious to accompany her husband. She rode on the dromedary behind her lord, a comfortable seat having been made for her with a rug and a coverlet."—p. 264.

We confess this little circumstance does not make on us an impression very favorable to Mrs. Suttum; more particularly as we learn from Mijwell, a brother of Suttum, that she was the wooer and not the wooed:

"He entertained me, as we returned home, with the domestic affairs of his family. Rathaiyah had offered herself in marriage to Suttum, and not he to her; a common proceeding, it would appear, among the Bedouins. Suttum had consented, because he thought it politic to be thus allied with the Abde, one of the most powerful branches of the Shammar, generally at war with the rest of the tribe. But his new wife, besides having sent away her rival, had already offended his family by her pride and haughtiness. Mijwell rather looked upon his brother with pity, as a hen-pecked husband."—p. 316.

The cavalcade had not proceeded far on its way to the Khabour, before another interesting illustration of conjugal amiability was furnished by this proud lady.

Mr. Layard, speaking of Suttum, says,

"He came to me before nightfall, somewhat downcast in look, as if a heavy weight were on his mind. At length, after various circumlocutions, he said that his wife would not sleep under the white tent which I had lent her, such luxuries being, she declared, only worthy of city ladies, and altogether unbecoming the wife and daughter of a Bedouin. 'So determined is she,' said Suttum, "in the matter, that, Billah! she deserted my bed last night and slept on the grass in the open air; and now she swears she will leave me and return on foot to her kindred, unless I save her from the indignity of sleeping under a white tent." It was inconvenient to humor the fancies of the Arab lady, but as she was inexorable, I gave her a black Arab tent, used by the servants for a kitchen. Under this sheet of goat-hair canvass, open on all sides to the air, she said that she could breathe freely, and feel again that she was a Bedouin."—pp. 267, 268.

Presently they reached Arban on the Khabour, and then comes the interview between the rival wives.

"Soon after our arrival at the Khabour, Adla, Suttum's first wife, came to us with her child. After the Sheikh's marriage with Rathaiyah, she had been driven from her husband's tent by the imperious temper of his new bride, and had returned to Moghamis her father. Her eldest sister was the wife of Suttum's eldest brother Sahiman, and her youngest, Maizi, was betrothed to Suttum's youngest brother Mijwell. The three were remarkable for their beauty; their dark eyes had the true Bedouin fire, and their long black hair fell in clusters on their shoulders. Their cousins, the three brothers, had claimed them as their brides according to Bedouin law. Adla now sought to be reconciled through me to her husband. Rathaiyah, the new wife, whose beauty was already on the wane, dreaded her young rival's share in the affections of her lord, over whom she had established more influence than a lady might be supposed to exercise over her spouse amongst independent Arabs. The Sheikh was afraid to meet Adla, until, after much negotiation, Hormuzd acting as ambassador, the proud Rathaiyah consented to receive her in her tent. Then the injured lady refused to accept these terms, and the matter was only finished by Hormuzd taking her by the arm and dragging her by force over the grass to her rival. There all the outward forms of perfect reconciliation were satisfactorily gone through, although Suttum evidently saw that there was a different reception in store for himself when there was no European eye-witnesses. Such are the trials of married life in the desert!"—pp. 293, 294.

Alas! can it be that there are Mrs. Caudles all over the world? Is not even the Desert exempt from them? Who can blame poor Suttum for seeking, as he did, to alleviate his cares and dissipate his troubles in the exciting sport of falconry? And here we touch a topic which, for the sake of our home sportsmen, we may not pass unnoticed. There is probably no part of the globe where the hawk is better trained than on the Tigris and Euphrates. It is easy to see that Mr. Layard himself entered into the sport with no little ardor and he seems to write about it *con amore*. He is on the lower Euphrates, and thus speaks:

"I spent the following day with Abde Pasha, who was an ardent sportsman, and entertained me with hawking. The Arab and Kurdish chiefs, who were in his camp, were summoned at dawn to accompany him. Most of them had their own falcons and huntsmen—an indispensable part of the establishment of an eastern nobleman. We formed altogether a very gay and goodly company. Bustards, hares, gazelles, francolins, and several wild animals abounded in the jungle and the plains, and before we returned in the afternoon scarcely a horseman was without some trophy of the chase dangling from his saddle.

"Two of the hereditary Pashas of Kurdistan, claiming descent from the ancient Arab tribe of Beni Khaled, were with us. Deprived of their family possessions, and living as exiles in Baghdad, no longer able to wage war or to go on marauding expeditions, their chief employment was hunting. They were formerly renowned for their well-trained falcons.

"The Bedouins, too, of whom there were many in the camp, are, as I have already remarked, much given to the chase, and especially to hawking. Unable to obtain a

variety of falcons, they generally use the species called *Chark*, a bird found in the Sinjar, in the hills near Arbil, and in the rocky ravines of northern Mesopotamia. They educate them with care; but the great trainers in the East are the Persians and Kurds. The Turks are seldom sufficiently active to engage in these manly pursuits.

"The hawk most valued by Eastern sportsmen is the *Shaheen*, a variety of the northern peregrine falcon, and esteemed the most noble of the race. Although the smallest in size, it is celebrated for its courage and daring, and is constantly the theme of Persian verse. There are several kinds of Shaheen, each distinguished by its size and plumage; those from the Gebel Shammar, in Nedjd, are the most prized, but being only brought by occasional pilgrims from Mecca, are very rare. The next best are said to come from Tokat, in Asia Minor. The Shaheen should be caught and trained when young. It strikes its quarry in the air, and may be taught to attack even the largest eagle, which it will boldly seize, and, checking its flight, fall with it to the ground. The sportsman should, however, be at hand to release the falcon immediately, or it will soon fall a victim to its temerity. It is usually flown at the crane, the middle bustard (houbara), geese, and francolins. There is a variety called the *Bahree*, found on the borders of the Persian Gulf, which can be taught to catch geese, ducks, and all manner of waterfowl; but it is difficult to keep and train.

"The next in value is the *Balaban*, which can be trained to strike its quarry either in the air or on the ground. It is found in the neighborhood of Baghdad and in other parts of Mesopotamia; is caught and trained when full grown, and is flown at gazelles, hares, cranes, bustards, partridges, and francolins.

"The *Baz* and *Shah Baz* (? Astur plumbarius, the goshawk, and the Falco lanarius) is remarkable for the beauty of its speckled plumage and for its size. It strikes in the air and on the ground, and, if well trained, may take cranes and other large game. The Balaban and Baz, when used by the Persians for hunting hares, are sometimes dressed in a kind of leather breeches; otherwise, as they seize their prey with one talon, and a shrub or some other object with the other, they might have their limbs torn asunder.

"The *Chark* (? Falco cervialis), the usual falcon of the Bedouins, always strikes its quarry to the ground, except the eagle, which it may be trained to fly at in the air. It is chiefly used for gazelles and bustards, but will also take hares and other game.

"The bird usually hawked by the Arabs is the middle-sized bustard, or houbara. It is almost always captured on the ground, and defends itself vigorously with wings and beak against its assailant, which is often disabled in the encounter. The falcon is generally trained to this quarry with a fowl. The method pursued is very simple. It is first taught to take its raw meat from a man, or from the ground, the distance being daily increased by the falconer. When the habit is acquired, the flesh is tied to the back of a fowl; the falcon will at once seize its usual food, and receives also the liver of the fowl, which is immediately killed. A bustard is then, if possible, captured alive, and used in the same way. In a few days the training is complete, and the hawk may be flown at any large bird on the ground.

"The falconry, however, in which Easterns take most delight, is that of the gazelle. For this very noble and exciting sport, the falcon and greyhound must be trained to hunt together by a process unfortunately somewhat cruel. In the first place, the bird is taught to eat its daily ration of raw meat fastened on the stuffed head of a gazelle. The next step is to accustom it to look for its food between the horns of a tame gazelle. The distance between the animal and the falconer is daily increased, until the hawk will seek its meat when about half a mile off. A greyhound is now loosed upon the gazelle, the falcon being flown at the same time. When the animal is seized, which of course soon takes place, its throat is cut, and the hawk is fed with a part of its flesh. After thus sacrificing three gazelles, the education of the falcon and greyhound is declared to be complete. The chief art in the training is to teach the two to single out the same gazelle, and the dog not to injure the falcon when struggling on the ground with the quarry.' The greyhound, however, soon learns to watch the movements of its companion, without whose assistance it could not capture its prey.

"The falcon, when loosed from its jesses, flies steadily and near the ground towards the retreating gazelles, and marking one, soon separates it from the herd. It then darts at the head of the affrighted animal, throws it to the ground, or only checks it in its rapid course. The greyhound rarely comes up before the blow has been more than once repeated. The falconer then hastens to secure the quarry. Should the dog not succeed in capturing the gazelle after it has been struck for the third or fourth time, the hawk will generally sulk and refuse to hunt any longer. I once saw a very powerful falcon belonging to the Abde Pasha hold a gazelle until the horsemen succeeded in spearing the animal. The fleetness of the gazelle is so great, that, without the aid of the hawk, very few dogs can overtake it, unless the ground be heavy after rain.

"The pursuit of the gazelle with the falcon and hound over the boundless plains of Assyria and Babylonia is one of the most exhilarating and graceful of sports, displaying equally the noble qualities of the horse, the dog, and the bird.

"The time of day best suited for hawking is very early in the morning, before the

eagles and kites are soaring in the sky. The falcon should not be fed for several hours before it is taken to the chase. When not hunting, the Arabs give it meat only once a day. Some hawks require to be hooded, such as the Chark and the Shaheen; others need no covering for the eyes. The hood is generally made of colored leather, with eyes worked on it in beads, and gold and variegated threads. Tassels and ornaments of various kinds are added, and the great chiefs frequently adorn a favorite bird with pearls and precious stones. To the legs are sometimes fastened small bells. Few hawks will return to the falconer without the lure, which consists of the wing of a bustard or fowl, or of a piece of meat attached to a string, and swung round in the air. The Eastern huntsman has a different call for each variety of Falcon. A good chark will sometimes take as many as eight or ten bustards or five or six gazelles in the course of a morning.

"I have introduced these remarks on falconry, founded on personal experience, as this noble science is probably of the greatest antiquity, and is still the favorite pursuit of the Eastern warrior."—pp. 480—483.

But even sport has its sorrows. Suttum had a favorite hawk, Hattab, whose unhappy fate is thus recorded.

"The plain, like all the country watered by the Khabour, was one vast meadow teeming with flowers. Game abounded, and the Falcon soon flew towards a bustard, which his piercing eye had seen lurking in the long grass. The sun was high in the heavens; already soaring in the sky, was the enemy of the trained hawk, the 'agab' a kind of kite or eagle, whose name, signifying 'butcher,' denotes his bloody propensities. Although far beyond our ken, he soon saw Hattab, and darted upon him in one swoop. The affrighted falcon immediately turned from his quarry, and with shrill cries of distress flew towards us. After circling round, unable from fear to alight, he turned towards the Desert, still followed by his relentless enemy. In vain his master, following as long as his mare could carry him, waved the lure, and called the hawk by his name; he saw him no more. Whether the noble bird escaped, or fell a victim to the 'butcher,' we never knew.

"Suttum was inconsolable at his loss. He wept when he returned without his falcon on his wrist, and for days he would suddenly exclaim, 'O Bej! Billah! Hattab was not a bird, he was my brother.' He was one of the best trained hawks I ever saw amongst the Bedouins, and was of some substantial value to his owner, as he would daily catch six or seven bustards, except during the hottest part of the summer, when the falcon is unable to hunt."—pp. 298, 299.

Doubtless the poor fellow sighed to think that Allah had not taken his wife instead of his "brother."

But it is time to pause, though ample material is before us wherewith to entertain the reader on Arab weddings, and snake charmings, and incidents of desert travelling, with a voyage down the Tigris so graphic in description, that one might paint a panorama from it. Then, too, we have a picture of summer heat at Nineveh that almost makes one gasp for breath, and cry out for iced water; and old Bagdad and older Babylon stand out before us; and we travel with Mr. Layard over the pathway of the memorable retreat of the Ten Thousand, and in short become for a time quite orientalized. But the extracts we have given will suffice to indicate the general character of the book, which will be found to contain much that will interest alike the Christian and the scholar, the archæologist and the architect, the man of letters who reads for amusement, and the man of learning who reads for more.

THE ST. NICHOLAS AND THE FIVE POINTS.

YESTERDAY I dined with a friend at the St. Nicholas Hotel. I had never seen it before, and, as we approached it, I could not but admire its spacious white marble front, heavy with carving, as it rises over the street and contrasts with the low, dark buildings on each side. It is all freshness and polish and clearness now; so new, indeed, that it looks like the palace of the genii on the morning of the night in which it was built up. This suits a hotel perhaps, but an over new look does not properly become a palace. Magnificence, to be complete, needs a glory which comes only with antiquity and the associations that belong to age. A block of white marble glittering from the quarry is not so beautiful,—for beauty lies much in the imagination,—as the same block, after the rain and the sun of centuries have given to it the mellow tint that says, "Behold, I have stood here so long, and borne so much, and have gained new worth with all I have endured."

Any one who has been at Pisa must remember an old marble palace on the sunny side of the river bank, just opposite the little river chapel of the Spina. It is stained with time, and the mysterious chain is rusted, that hangs over the entrance, from the block, bearing two words which no one can explain *Alla giornata*,

and which *day by day* grow more inexplicable as the time when they were cut there becomes more and more hidden in the mist of tradition. Now, who would exchange that strange palace, old and worn, and no longer brilliant, for the same palace in all the pride of its first completion? And is it not finer to wonder and guess at the hidden meaning of those words and that chain, than to have seen them at the time when every little idle boy on the Lung' Arno would have looked up if you had asked him what they meant, and said, *Ma, Signore è cosa simplicissima?* Yes, *Alla giornata*, day by day, all that is truly lovely and beautiful grows more lovely and beautiful. Even if it perishes to the sight it lives in remembrance, and memory gives to it its perfect and ideal charm.

In age, too, lies the best of art and of books. Many a bright reputation has sunk before a second generation has seen its lustre.

But we are waiting at the door of the St. Nicholas. The wide hall, with its walls of white and gold, brings us to the broad staircase with its oaken and Italian balustrade, and going up, we tread on crimson carpets where the foot makes no noise. We enter the drawing-rooms, where the light comes through invisible glass, and breaks against satin curtains, where couches covered with velvets, and tables and chairs lavishly carved, leave little for luxury to desire. As we pass the splendid mirror, we start with something of surprise to find the familiar image of ourselves thrown back, quite commonplace and inelegant; for it would have seemed but natural that in such splendor we too should be splendid, and we should have thought it only consonant with what was about us, to see ourselves robed in Tyrian purple, with gold chains around our necks, and rich caps upon our perfumed heads.

We passed on, and looked in vain for the Duchesses who ought to have received us and bade us welcome. We ourselves had something, I imagine, of the air of strangers in the place, for every one else looked like intruders; there was no one fit for it. Instead of imperial and stately women, there were some elderly ladies with spectacles and neat caps, who looked in vain to find in us the princes to whom this magnificence belonged. There were young girls who ought to have been equal to any surrounding, beautiful in any setting, but who, alas, showed too plainly by artificial manners and overlabored dress, and by that fatal air of consciousness which betrays the absence of maidenly dignity and simplicity, that they were not the true Cinderellas of the place, and were trying in vain to fit the glass slipper on a clumsy foot.

But the dinner was worthy of the palace. Lucullus would have rejoiced to come to life for its sake, and Brillat-Savarin might have been contented. The great hall overflowing with light that poured from golden chandeliers, the fine coloring of the glass and porcelain, the heavy plate, the lavish meats, and game, and jellies, and fruits, the iced and sparkling wines, the troops of servants, the obsequious and quiet attention, were all fitly corresponding in sumptuous display. And after coffee, carrying out its Oriental suggestion, seated in luxurious chairs, a little aside in the great hall, we smoked, and watched the crowd of idlers and passers by, and moralized a little on the show. We saw men, who, not yet in the vigor of life, were *blasé* with its pleasures; men with the poisoned youth, Vathek-like to find themselves some day with fires, unquenchable and agonizing, in the place of those hearts they had silenced, perverted, and destroyed. We saw men of disappointed hopes, and, by their side, men whose hopes had never failed. There were men with no signs of care, and others, perhaps not less happy, with cares written on their foreheads. At last it grew tiresome, and we went away.

We neither of us wondered as we came out on the street, and looked up at the clear strip of night sky, that the same *cui bono* query in regard to what we had left came into our minds. As I walked alone to my lodging, I thought whether this was the finest exhibition of our American civilization; whether this was our vaunted practical socialism; whether palaces for the people were any way better than palaces for kings; whether tasteless display, and lavish, reckless wastefulness were the same with real magnificence and thorough taste, and great expense proportioned to a great end.

To-day, with another companion, I went down to the Five Points. Here too I had never been before. We went at first to one of its worst recesses, called by the strange, humorous name of Cow Bay. A filthy, arched passage-way leads into the little bay, round which wretched houses are crowded, as if afraid of the entrance of sunshine and fresh air. A drunken black woman, with a can in her hand, came reeling into the place behind us. From the dirty windows other women were looking out, and at the dirty Cow door stood three or four men, some with the devil-may-care, and others with the pale, exhausted look that equally belong to such places.

I have no liking to detail such scenes in words. I distrust descriptions where horrors are heaped together, and as most people turn away from them as exaggerations, they often serve the bad end of blunting the keen edge of sympathy. I will not describe here.

In the open part of the Five Points, there were men and women standing about the door of the grocery where rum was sold; children were playing around, all dirty, and some of them sickly in appearance, and there were other figures amongst whom were such as might have just stepped out of Hogarth's Gin Lane. Throughout the place there was an indescribable air of confusion, dirt and misery. But at the base of the triangular space where the Five Points meet, stood a large brick house, on which was painted in great letters, "Five Points House of Industry." I had often of late heard of this house, and as our visit to the place was chiefly for the sake of seeing it, we went in. I heard its history this afternoon for the first time. It was a story worth hearing and repeating. It began thus:

You know how full of despair this Five Points seemed for years, how nobody had the courage to attack it; how vice increased here with the increasing misery; how the gulf between this place and Broadway, grew wider every year; how in the centre and very heart of this Christian city was a shame worse than barbarism, and an evil worse than adversity. There were plenty of kindly and excellent people who meant to do their duty, and gave away much in charity, but who only thought of this place as an evil not to be remedied by any efforts of theirs, and indeed perhaps a necessary part of the social system of a great city. It was a dangerous and detestable error; dangerous in any country, but more than in any other, in our own. Happily it was not universal.

Three years ago some good people determined that something must be done to better this state of things. A young clergyman was engaged to go down and work here. He had not been at work long before he found that it was of little avail to preach, and to give away Bibles and tracts to those, who were so destitute of the means of comfort, as to be reckless of good or of evil. "Why preach virtue to us, who cannot be virtuous, unless we are ready to starve?" said poor forlorn women to him. "Why tell us to be good," asked the children, "when we must steal or be whipped? it is better to be bad than to be good." Such questions were too pathetic, too earnest, to be disregarded. These women, driven by want to vice and misery,

> "Paint on their beautiless cheeks,
> And hunger and shame in their bosoms;"

the last light of loveliness quenched in their wan hard eyes, were women even in their ruin, and as such appealed with the thoughts of what they might have been, with the force of precious remembrances and the present influence of all noble love, to every worthy man. These children too, with none of the grace, the beauty, or the divine glory of childhood, still, by the uncertainty of the future, by its double prospect, claimed every effort for their aid. Undisheartened, undismayed by the sight of so much to be done by inadequate means, the missionary determined that he would get work and instruction for all that came to him, and help them, that they might learn to help themselves. In order to do this more effectually, he procured the indictment of one of the vilest houses of the place, the keeper was turned out of it, he had it cleaned and set in order, and then went into it with his wife to live. An heroic act this seems to me; it was a brave, faithful thing, for that husband and wife to go down here to live among such neighbors, surrounded by such sights, exposed to all the unwholesome influences of the place. It was a deed for New-York to be proud of.

Reserving one or two rooms for themselves, the missionary and his wife turned the others into school-rooms, work-rooms, and bed-rooms for the vagrant and homeless. Work was obtained from tradespeople. Old cast-off clothes were sought. A bakery was opened in a lower room, where the bread was sold cheap. A school was opened, and the children who came in were washed and made comfortable. Those who had no care elsewhere, were kept and clothed. Young girls and women were sheltered and taught to labor. Places in the country were sought for where they could be safely established. A Sunday school was held, and all the means which earnest, benevolent ingenuity could devise, were employed in this work for the vagabond, the forsaken, the outcast. And for these two years it has been going on, struggling with difficulties, with want of means and want of help, fighting against the opposition of those who were accustomed to make money out of the sins and poverty of others, against foolish prejudice, and against the thousand depressing, often recurring, obstacles that arise from the very characters of those whom it was meant to serve. Still, it has gone on steadily, and is daily spreading its gracious influences.

Such in brief was the story as I heard it. It is not often that we hear nowadays of self-devotion thorough as this, of

benevolence as practical or charity as complete.

When, after going over the house, we came again out upon the dirty street, it was already twilight. I looked back at it, before we turned, and it seemed to me as if it stood apart, sanctified amid all that was unholy around it. The loud, coarse talk of the group clustered at the door of Crown's grog-shop near by, was silenced to my ears in the sound which still rang through them of the hymn I had heard the children singing,

"The Lord is my shepherd: no want shall I know,
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest."

It seemed to me as if that house, ill built, ill arranged, narrow, crowded as it was, might stand a worthy opposite to the palace I had seen the night before. The lustre and brilliancy which shone from that, would serve to display the depth of the contrast.

There is a story told on the pious pages of the Legenda Aurea of St. Thomas, of which these scenes reminded me. Here is a translation of it. "It is said that when Thomas, the Apostle, was at Cesarea, our Lord appeared to him and said, 'The king of the Indies, Gondoforus, hath sent his provost, Arbanes, to seek for men skilled in the art of architecture: arise, for I will send thee to him.' And Thomas said, 'Lord, send me any where except to the Indies.' And our Lord said to him, 'Go, for I watch over you.' And, after this, Thomas went with Arbanes, till they came to the king of the Indies, and the king gave to the Apostle the plan of a magnificent palace, and placed in his hands great treasures wherewith to build it: then the king went to another province, and the Apostle gave all these treasures to the poor, and was constantly occupied with preaching for the space of two years, while the king remained absent, and he converted to the faith an innumerable multitude. And when the king came back and knew what St. Thomas had done, he had him cast into a terrible dungeon, and condemned him to be flayed and burned. Meanwhile Sud, the brother of the king, died. And the king ordered for him a magnificent sepulchre. But on the fourth day the dead man rose, whereat all were astonished. And the dead man said to the king, 'This man whom you mean to torture and to kill, is the friend of God, and the angels of God serve him. And they have led me in Paradise, and they have shown me a marvellous palace of gold and silver, and precious stones, and when I admired its beauty, they said to me, 'It is the palace that Thomas built for thy brother, but he is unworthy of it.'

"Then the Apostle was delivered from prison, and the king fell at his feet, and besought that he would pardon him. And the Apostle said, 'There are in heaven palaces without number, which were prepared from the beginning of the world, and they are to be bought with faith and charity. Your riches, O king, may go before you to heaven, but they cannot follow you there.'"

GALGANO.

A TALE OF GIOVANNI FIORENTINO.

YOU will not see, in many lands,
A region that is so divine
As that which, from the Apennine,
Studded with hamlet, tower, and town,
Sweeps in long undulations down
To the Maremma and the sea.
And in its midst Siena stands,
With all its busy hearts and hands,
The home of love and gallantry.

Within that city, rich and fair,
Once dwelt the lady of my story,
The wife of good Count Salvatore,
In their palazzo on the square.
But he was older than became
The husband of so young a dame;
And she was known through all the land
For the rare beauty of her hand,
And bore the name of Bella Mano.
This hand it was that almost crazed
A youth, whom all men loved and praised,
The noble, handsome, rich Galgano.

They both were young, they both were fair.
And love, whose presence, like the air,
Unseen by all, is everywhere,
Was mingled with the breath of May,
So mingled, it was hard to say
Which was the air, and which was love,
And he inhaled it day by day!

At tourneys and at joustings gay,
Upon his helmet, as a crest,
He wore her delicate, small glove,
That filled his brain with subtile flame,
And fired him with the love of fame.
But when the noisy banquet came,
And he concealed it in his vest,
It seemed as if her hand were pressed
Upon his palpitating heart,
And, sitting silent and apart,
He drank unto himself her name!

They both were fair, they both were young,
And every whisper, every word,
That from her lovely lips he heard,
Seemed to his ear less said than sung.
But she was distant, she was cold,
And he, not being over-bold,
Walked evermore in humble guise,
And hardly dared to lift his eyes
To her, who thus his life controlled;
For she, Siena's pride and glory,
Over each act kept watch and ward,
And, loyal to her wedded lord,
Smiled only on old Salvatore.

A league beyond the city's gate
Lay the fair lands of his estate,
Embracing in their ample arms
Dark woods and pleasant Tuscan farms.
And yearly to those green retreats
The husband and the wife went down,
Leaving, with all the summer heats
Of blazing square and stifled streets,
Galgano in the empty town.

Once, when the day was nearly done,
And from the west the level sun
Struck the white towns of Tuscany,
And, slowly sinking down the sea,
Filled the whole atmosphere with gold,—
In his vast mansion, gray and old,
Once at this hour Count Salvatore
Stood with the lady of his love,
And gazed upon the golden glory
Of land below and sky above.

And by the window as they stood,
A youth came riding through the wood,
Bearing a falcon on his hand,
That hid beneath a crimson hood
Its eye of anger and command,
And as it pecked with crooked bill
In answer to its lord's caresses.
The Milan bells upon its jesses
Tinkled a moment, and were still.
It was Galgano; and the Count
Went forth and greeted him, and pressed
That from his steed he would dismount,

And be that night, at least, their guest.
To this Galgano answered nay;
He was in haste, he could not stay.
But Salvatore, with much grace,
Still urged, and would not be denied,
And still, like one preoccupied,
And wholly bent upon the chase,
Galgano, with a burning face,
And downcast, troubled, restless eye,
Put his entreaties softly by,
As in a grove one puts aside
The branches that impede his way.
So he rode on, and would not stay.

Musing awhile the old man stood,
Then left the shadow of the wood,
And crossed the sunshine on the lawn,
And climbed the gleaming marble stair,
And disappeared within the door,
Pacing along the oaken floor,
With thoughtful, meditative air,
To seek that lovely lady fair,
Who from the window had withdrawn.
Then he discoursed with liberal tongue
Of his dear friend, so brave and young,
And could not cease, but more and more
Counted his rare perfections o'er,
And seemed to seek a thousand ways
To magnify Galgano's praise.
To this the lady scarce replied;
Indeed, she did not care to speak;
But once, half audibly she sighed,
And once she turned away to hide
The blush she felt upon her cheek.

And even as he spake, they heard
The screams of an affrighted bird,
And from the window they beheld
A falcon, with his jesses belled,
Out of a neighboring thicket soar.
Three circles in the air—no more—
He made, with such a sweeping wing,
It seemed a pleasure, not a toil;
Then, like a serpent from his coil,
Or like a stone hurled from a sling,
Down on his prey he came, and tore
Its bosom, so that drops of gore
Fell heavy on the glossy leaves,
As rain-drops from the dripping eaves;
And, with ensanguined beak and feather,
Through the great dome of foliage dark,
Upon the greensward of the park,
Victor and victim fell together!
And all that Salvatore said,
When he perceived the bird was dead,
And saw the gallant falcon spurn
His lifeless quarry, and return,
Soaring above the garden wall,
Unto his master's distant call,—
All that he said was simply this:
"It is Galgano's hawk, I wis,
And much each other they resemble!"
But Salvatore did not see
His gentle lady suddenly
Grow pale, and close her eyes, and tremble.

Ah, strange caprice of human will!
We struggle blindly, but at length
A strength that's greater than our strength,
Or in our weakness seeming so,
Impels us onward to fulfil
Our destiny of weal or woe!
That falcon wounded more than one!
And from the setting of that sun,
The luckless lady Bella Mano
With wayward passion loved Galgano; —
Galgano, who, with hawk on wrist,
Rode onward through the rising mist
Along the great highway, that downward
Ran winding through the valley townward,
And led him, by its thread of white,
Through labyrinthine caves of night,
Until across the landscape brown
He saw the faint lights of the town,
Aud tower and belfry came in sight,
And through the gateway, dark and tall,
He entered the deserted street,
And heard the waters, soft and sweet,
Of Branda's fountain in their fall.
And now, in that old country-seat,
Slow passed the days of drowsy heat,
And each one, as it came and went,
Still added something to the store
Of that fair lady's discontent.
For though Galgano came no more,
Yet was he ever present there,
As he had bribed each gust of air
That flew across the flowery mead
To breathe his name, and urge his prayer,
And with the lady intercede.

At length — it was a luckless day —
It chanced, that on some state affair
Old Salvatore went away,
And left her, restless and alone,
In that great, sombre house of stone.
But when the lonely day was spent,
And lonelier night was drawing near,
Her restlessness and discontent
Assumed the guise of love and fear;
And to Galgano's house she sent
A messenger of trust, to say
She had been waiting all that day,
And that her heart at last relented,
And that Galgano was her fate!
But ere he reached the garden gate,
The lady's fickle soul repented,
And she recalled him, but too late.
And then she said in vain 't would be
Longer to thwart her destiny!

So said Galgano, when he heard
The lady's soft and gracious word,
And, scarce believing it, with speed
He mounted on his fleetest steed,
And forth into the country spurred,
And reached the dark arcade of limes
Just as the neighboring convent-bells
Called the pale sisters from their cells,
With melancholy, midnight chimes.
The house was dark, and still, and lonely,
And at one chamber-window only
A light illumed the curtained panes;

And, drawing back each bolt and bar,
An unseen hand undid the chains,
And set the portal valves ajar.
He entered the long corridor,
Darkness behind him and before;
No sound he made, no word he spoke,
But, guided by the hand unseen,
Ascended the broad stairs of oak,
And passed alone, out of the night,
Into that chamber full of light,
Of light and loveliness serene!
And as he entered, from her place,
In garments whiter than the snow,
And motion neither quick nor slow,
But full of dignity and grace,
The lady rose to his embrace,
And on his shoulder hid her face,
So that her eyes he could not see,
And murmured in a voice that seemed
Not what he heard, but what he dreamed,
"Welcome, a thousand, thousand times!"
And from the neighboring nunnery
Lond rang the mournful midnight chimes.

Then sat they fondly side by side,
And much they questioned and replied,
And much Galgano wished to know
What had o'ercome the lady's pride,
And changed her and subdued her so.
And she related the whole story;
The story of that summer day,
When he rode down the woodland way,
And, though entreated, would not stay,
And of the falcon and its flight,
And how her husband, Salvatore,
Spoke of him with so much delight,
With so much love and tenderness,
And placed his name so far above
All others, that she could no less
Than listen, and, in listening, love!

And then upon his hand she laid
Her own, that seemed a thing divine,
And in a gentle whisper said,
"Galgano, I am wholly thine!"
But suddenly a sense of guilt
Pierced his sad bosom through and through,
Even as a sword, thrust to the hilt
By some athletic hand, might do.
And, moved by a sublime decision,
He said, in tones of deep contrition,
"May God forbid that I defame
Old Salvatore's honored name,
And pay his noble trust in me
By any act of infamy!"
Then with the instinct of despair
He rushed into the open air!
And homeward riding, through the night,
He felt a wild, but sweet delight
Pervade his breast, with thoughts of peace,
And gratitude for his release,
And joy in triumph of the right!
And from that hour his soul assumed
A nobler attitude and gesture,
And walked with royal look and vesture,
And not as one outcast and doomed!

THE STUDENT LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE history of the early life of Daniel Webster is as instructive to the youth of our land, as that of his mature life is to American statesmen. The events of his student life are imperfectly known. It is the aim of this article to supply some deficiencies, and correct some mistakes, in the published accounts of this period of his life. I have visited the place of his nativity, and conversed with the friends of his boyhood; I have corresponded with most of his surviving classmates and college friends; I have examined some hundreds of his letters; and the facts which I now record, are the result of my investigations.

Daniel Webster performed the ordinary services of a boy upon his father's farm, till the age of fourteen. His taste for agriculture, and his fondness for rural life, grew directly out of the associations of his childhood.

Imagine to yourself a slender, black-eyed boy, with serious mien and raven locks, leading the traveller's horse to water, when he alighted at his father's inn; driving the cows to pasture, at early dawn, and returning them at the gray of evening; riding the horse to harrow between the rows of corn, in weeding-time, and following the mowers with a wooden spreader, in haying-time; and you have the true idea of the lad, and of his duties. In dress, in the means of social and intellectual culture, his condition was far below that of the sons of farmers and mechanics of the present day. Many anecdotes have been published of his incapacity for manual labor, or of his aversion to it. The testimony of his early companions and neighbors contradicts, in general and in particular, all stories of his idleness. He was an industrious boy. He labored to the extent of his strength. He was the youngest son, and, perhaps, on that account, received some indulgences. Men are now living who labored with him, in the field and in the mill—who shared his toils and his sports. They affirm that "he always worked well, and played fair." Boys, in those days, were early trained to hard service. I have heard Mr. Webster say, that he had the charge of his father's saw-mill, and was accustomed to tread back the log-carriage, "when he was not heavier than a robin." An old schoolmate of his told me, that the mill was owned, in shares, by several of the neighbors, who used it in turn. Boys were put into the mill to tend it, when it required the weight of two of them to turn back the "rag-wheel," and bring the log-carriage to its place, to commence a new cut. He informed me, that he had labored many a day with Daniel Webster, in this old mill, and that his companion was ever ready to do his part of the service. The same boy, Daniel, was accustomed to drive the team into the woods, where his elder brother, Ezekiel, cut the logs and assisted in loading them. Daniel's feeble health convinced his father that he could not endure the severe labors of a farmer. He therefore resolved to fit him to *teach*. This fact gave occasion to many facetious remarks from his brother Joe, who, as Mr. Webster said, was "a bit of a wag." His fame still lives, in all that region, as a rustic wit, at raisings and huskings; uttering his jokes in doggerels, which are still said or sung by his admirers; and some of them are found in the literary department of old almanacs. This same Joe loved to represent Dan as weak in body and mind, unfit for labor, and obliged to study that he might become as wise as the rest of the family. There was as much truth in the charge of mental imbecility as in that of his habitual indolence, and no more. Mr. Webster admitted that he could never learn to mow. He was too young to engage in that kind of labor when he left the farm for the school. No reasonable father would expect a slender, sickly boy to swing the scythe with much efficiency or skill before he was fourteen years of age. It has also been reported, that his love of hunting and fishing sometimes made him play truant at school. This is pronounced false by his surviving schoolmates. Their testimony is, that "he was always present when the school kept, and that he was always in advance of his associates." He loved books more than sport. He was not fond of the ordinary plays of boys of his age, and mingled with them in their diversions rather from a desire to please than to be pleased. He often spent the winter evenings in coasting down the long hill near his father's house. In this exercise, he economized his strength; "for," says one of his companions, "he always had a knack of making us draw the sled up the hill."

His fondness for books was very early developed. He could not himself remember the time when he could not read. The travellers who stopped at his father's tavern, used to call on little Dan to read a psalm, when he was too young to be of any service to his parents; and they listened, with delight, to the elocution of the young orator. These psalms he loved to repeat till the day of his death. He loved

to sing them, to the tune of Old Hundred, as he wandered over his farm, and often called John Taylor, at Franklin, to spend an hour in singing Watts's psalms and hymns with him, before the fire "fair blazing" on the old hearth, after his guests had retired. He once expressed his readiness to attempt to repeat any stanza of Watts if any one of the company would repeat the first line. "Wherever you find Watts," said he, "there you find true devotion." At twelve years of age, he could repeat "Pope's Essay on Man" from memory. Being once asked why he learned this philosophic poem by heart at that age, he replied, "I had nothing else to learn." A book was a "rara avis in terris;" even a new almanac was a treasure to him. A dispute once arose between him and Ezekiel, after going to bed, about some passage in the new Almanac of the year. They rose and kindled a light to decide the dispute; in their eagerness to read the record they forgot their lighted tinder, and thus set the house on fire. The few books which his father owned, were faithfully conned; still his attainments were very limited when he entered the academy at Exeter. His manners were unpolished, his dress unfashionable, and his whole appearance and deportment betokened rustic simplicity and honesty. His mind was his only treasure; this did not, at first sight, appear to plead in his behalf. His new associates had enjoyed superior advantages; they judged of the standing of their classmates by their *dress*, rather than by their *intellect*. James H. Bingham, Esq., of Washington, D. C., in a recent letter to me, thus speaks of Mr. Webster at that period: "Our first acquaintance was at the academy at Exeter, in 1796. I went there in July of that year, and found him there. He was then about fourteen; was attending to English Grammar, Arithmetic, etc.; always very prompt and correct in his recitations. He had an independent manner, rather careless in his dress and appearance, with an intelligent look; did not join much in the plays and amusements of the boys of his age, but paid close attention to his studies." Speaking of his residence at Exeter, Mr. Webster said: "I believe that I made tolerable progress in most branches that I attended to in this school; but there was one thing which I could not do—I could not speak before the school." This fact, unexplained, is a perfect enigma in his history. We know that, within one year from this time, he was ready and willing to engage in public declamation in college; that he very soon manifested a fondness for extemporaneous speaking, and often volunteered, in society debates and orations, to supply the place of an absent member. More than fifty years ago, he explained to his room-mate the secret of his diffidence at Exeter. His rustic manners and homespun dress called forth the ridicule of some of his classmates, who happened to have full purses and empty heads. The sensibilities of young Daniel were wounded by their unkind criticism. He therefore withdrew from their plays and shrunk from a public exhibition of himself upon the stage. He was precisely in the condition of the person (supposed to be the poet Virgil) alluded to by the Roman satirist:—

> "Your friend is testy and provokes
> The humors of some waggish folks;
> And fops may laugh;—for why?
> His shoes are loose, his coat awry.
> Yet Maro has a generous soul,
> No man a better on the whole;
> With wit how bright and heart how warm,
> Beneath a rude unpolished form."

His situation was unpleasant to him, and he became discontented and resolved to leave the school at the close of the first term. His usher noticed his depression of spirits, and, by a private interview, restored his self-confidence, and taught him to despise the taunts of young men who cared more for sport than for books. He was assured of his ability not only to lead his class, but to leave those railers so far behind him, that they should never see him again. "These," said Mr. Webster, "were the first truly encouraging words I ever received with reference to my studies."

They, undoubtedly, influenced his whole subsequent life. Judicious commendation is always the best reward of successful study. Daniel Webster remained nine months at Exeter, devoting most of his time to English branches. Latin was a subordinate study. He had learned the paradigms in the Latin grammar, before entering the academy. This he did, by way of occupation, while he sat in the office of Thomas W. Thompson, Esq., to inform his clients where he could be found, when absent from his usual place of business. The means of Judge Webster were limited, and his expenditures for the support of a large family compelled him to practise the most rigid economy. Those who knew him well say that his whole estate was never valued above two thousand dollars. To diminish the expense of his son's education, he placed him under the care of Rev. Samuel Wood, of Boscawen, who received one dollar a week for board and tuition. Here he remained six months, giving his whole time to the Latin and Greek languages. He was exceedingly fond of Virgil, and read the entire Æneid long before he was called

to recite it in the ordinary course of instruction. He also read Cicero with great delight. These were his favorite authors. Their beautiful thoughts he treasured in his memory, and quoted them, with remarkable facility, in after life. The eye of the classical scholar will also detect the influence of these ancient writers in the style, imagery, and costume of his immortal thoughts. He devoted less than two months to the study of Greek. His imperfect preparation, in this language, he always regretted. It made the study of it a task rather than a pleasure in college. As late as January, 1851, he said to a classmate, "would that I had pursued Greek, till I could read and understand Demosthenes, in his own language!" Official duties and professional engagements prevented his obtaining the object he so earnestly desired; and they have also deprived the world of the commentary of a critic, who was as competent to appreciate the Greek orator as any man that has lived since his day. Mr. Webster entered college in August, 1797. The usual mode of travel was on horseback. Of course, his wardrobe and library were very limited. His dress was entirely of domestic manufacture. One of his classmates under date of November 12, 1852, says: "It is singular that I should remember any thing about his dress, respecting which you inquire. This, however, was a matter of conversation in the class. For two years, he dressed like other farmers' sons. But after the commencement of his junior year, he dressed decidedly better than the average of his class, but not foppishly." With respect to his habits of study, respect for law, and devotion to the required exercises of college, Mr. Webster's character has been grossly misrepresented. I have learned this from his own lips, as well as from many of his college associates. Tradition represents him as indifferent to the severer studies of the collegiate course, devoting much time to general reading, and to his favorite amusements of hunting and fishing. I have reason to know that his reputation, as a scholar, was very dear to him; that he felt as keenly the thoughtless misrepresentation propagated by interested idlers, respecting his student life, as he did the malicious assaults of interested partisans, upon his official acts. It has been so commonly reported, about our colleges, that Webster was not a laborious student, that many gentlemen who have written eulogies upon the illustrious statesman and orator, have felt bound to apologize for him as a scholar. This is all wrong. His early life was as strongly characterized by those homely virtues, industry, perseverance, and punctuality, as his subsequent career. It may safely be questioned whether any undergraduate of any of our American colleges ever left behind him so many written and printed proofs of his talents and application as Mr. Webster. He always scorned the imputation of idleness. When informed that such a tradition prevailed among students, he exclaimed: "What fools they must be, to suppose that a man could make any thing of himself without hard study." He then gave an account of his habits of study when in college, and, by it, left the impression upon the minds of those who listened, that he regarded every hour of his student life as sacred to study and reflection; that his first object was a thorough mastery of his daily tasks, and his next purpose was to store his mind with useful knowledge. His solitary wanderings were devoted to reflection, and frequently to the composition of his themes; his social intercourse was rendered profitable by literary conversation. From gentlemen of the highest respectability, who were classmates or college acquaintances of Mr. Webster, I have the most decisive testimony to his high scholarship, his earnest devotion to duty, and his unblemished morals. One classmate writes: "Mr. Webster's habits, at college, were good. He had the highest sense of honor and integrity. He was sure to understand the subject of his recitation; sometimes, I used to think, in a more extended and comprehensive sense than his teacher. He never liked to be confined to small technicalities or views; but seemed to possess an *intuitive* knowledge of whatever subject he was considering. He did not find it necessary, as was the case with most of us, to sit down to hard work three or four hours to make himself master of his lesson, but seemed to comprehend it in a larger view, and would, sometimes, procure other books on the same subject, for further examination, and employ hours in close *thought*, either in his room or in his walks, which would enlarge his views and, at the same time, might with some give him the character of not being a close student. He was a favorite with the class generally; interesting and instructive in conversation; social and very kind in his feelings; not intimate with many. His compositions and college themes, exercises in the society and occasional orations, all showed the marks of great genius, and thorough study of history and politics, for one of his years." This gentleman was an intimate friend of Mr. Webster, and still retains more than fifty letters of his, written during his student life. He often wrote

to his friends in poetry. Some of these epistles are perfect gems of their kind, written in his happiest moods, and with the warm, gushing affections of his great heart. Many of them are confidential, and will never meet the public eye. Others are playful and humorous; and, perhaps, on that account, will be excluded from the biography of the great statesman. Another classmate, under date of November 12, 1852, writes as follows: "In a class of about thirty, Webster, from the beginning, was one of the best scholars. But, for two years, I doubt whether he was singled out as *the best* by any authority. As the class gave more attention to English branches, the latter part of the sophomore year, and the junior year, Webster's character, particularly as a writer and extemporaneous speaker, became developed; and he was unquestionably the best belles-lettres scholar in the class. The fact that when a junior, he was appointed to deliver a Fourth of July oration to the villagers, shows in what estimation he was held as a writer. He also wrote a long dialogue or drama of an hour or two in length, which the society with which he was connected exhibited on the evening of commencement at the close of his junior year." This gentleman also knew him intimately, and corresponded with him for many years. The early letters of Mr. Webster which he has preserved show the depth and sincerity of his friendship, whose fires he never suffered to expire, and even kindled them anew but a short time before his decease. The tone of these early letters is sometimes grave and sometimes gay; but no one of them is destitute of instruction. In all his youthful correspondence are found elevated sentiment and well-digested opinions which would not dishonor his riper years. An extract of two or three sentences from letters written at widely different periods, will show the characteristic sincerity of Mr. Webster's friendship.

In 1803, he wrote to his young friend:

"I thank you for the expressions of friendship your letter contained, and for the assurance that a part of your time is devoted to me. At this period of our acquaintance, I need not tell you what pleasure I received from your letters; nor with what exultation my heart glows under the impression, that our early congenial attachments will never be sundered." To the same gentleman, in 1849, he wrote: "It gives me very true pleasure to hear from you, and to learn that you are well. Years have not abated my affectionate regard. We have been boys together, and men together; and now we are growing old together; but you always occupy the same place in my remembrance and good wishes." Mr. Webster never forgot an early friend. The terms of endearment employed by him, in addressing them, during the last years of his life, are as cordial and affectionate as those employed in his youth. Another classmate of Mr. Webster, in a recent letter to me says: "Mr. Webster's habits of study were good. I never knew him to waste the hours of study. He was constant at the recitation, and always well prepared. You ask, 'how did he recite?' To the best of my recollection, always well—no one before him. He was peculiarly industrious. He read more than any one of his classmates and remembered all. He would accomplish more business in a given time than any one of his associates. You ask, 'how did he rank?' I say the first in his class, and so would four-fifths of the class say. He was good in every branch of study, and as a writer and speaker he had no equal. The truth is, that, by his thorough investigation of every subject and every study, whilst in college, together with his giant mind, he rose to the very pinnacle of fame; and since he left college, all he had to do was to sustain his elevated position and fame would roll in upon him from all quarters; and all his classmates have been compelled to look up high to see him, which I have always been proud to do." This language shows us that the friendship formed, before their majority, between the prospective clergyman and lawyer, has not been broken by lapse of years or diversity of pursuits, nor chilled by the frosts of age. Another eminent divine, who knew Mr. Webster well in college, says: "As a classical and belles-lettres scholar, and as a speaker and debater, he stood far above all the other members in the college. Though young, he gave such unequivocal evidence of a powerful genius, that some, I remember, predicted his future eminence." Another gentleman who has occupied the highest official stations in his native State, and held a seat in the Senate with Mr. Webster, though an opponent in politics, writes from his own knowledge as follows: "He was so decidedly beyond any one else, that no other student in his class was ever spoken of as second to him. The students who knew him best, and judged of his merit impartially, felt that no one connected with the college, at the time of his graduation, deserved to be compared with him. His habits and moral character were entirely stainless. I never heard them questioned, during our college

acquaintance." A gentleman who was connected with the college as a teacher, when Mr. Webster was graduated, says that "he was as regular as the sun; always in his place, and with a decorum suited to it. He had no collision with any one, nor appeared to enter into the concerns of others, but, emphatically, minded his own business." The testimony respecting his contempt of disorder, his reverence for the Sabbath and its solemn services, his respect for authority, and his uniformly dignified deportment at all times, is equally full and explicit. I have not yet found the first witness (and I have questioned many), who can point out a single action, in the student life of Daniel Webster, which would be derogatory to the character of a Christian gentleman. He is represented as being above the suspicion of any the least violation of the rules of decorum; so much so, that one of his classmates says, he should as soon have suspected John Wheelock, the President, of disorderly conduct as Daniel Webster. With this character of the young student, all his early compositions correspond. During the last two years of his college life, he made frequent contributions to a newspaper published at that time in Hanover. His earliest published productions evince an elevation of thought and a solemnity of style above his years. His first printed composition is on "Hope." It is written both in prose and verse. This passage occurs in it: "Through the whole journey of man's life, however deplorable his condition, Hope still irradiates his path and saves him from sinking into wretchedness and despair. Thanks to Heaven, that human nature is endowed with such an animating principle! When man is reduced to the lowest spoke of fortune's wheel; when the hard hand of pinching poverty binds him to the dust; when sickness and disease prey upon his body; yea, when meagre death approaches him, what then supports and buoys him over the abyss of misery? 'Tis Hope." The close is as follows: "But first of all, go ask the dying soul whose all, whose only portion lies beyond the narrow confines of this earthly realm, how thus he can support affliction's weight, and grapple with the mighty foe of man. He says 'tis faith, 'tis Hope.

'By these he penetrates death's dreary vale,
And lo! a blest eternity appears.'"

The next published article is on "Charity." A short extract will show its character.

"Let hate and discord vanish at thy sight,
And every fibre of the human breast
Be tuned to genuine sympathy and love.
When thou in smiles descendest from the skies,
Celestial radiance shines around thy path,
And happiness, attendant on thy steps,
Proclaims, in cheerful accents, thine approach."

His early poetic compositions are all redolent of the truths of God's word. The religious instruction with which his pious parents "trained him up" from infancy, made an indelible impression upon his intellect and heart. One poem of considerable length, in blank verse, contains the whole history of human redemption. Two extracts, one from the opening, and the other from the close, will reveal the character of the entire composition.

"When that grand period in the eternal mind,
Long predetermined, had arrived, behold
The universe, this most stupendous mass
Of things, to instant being rose. This globe,
For light and heat dependent on the sun,
By power supreme was then ordained to roll
And on its surface bear immortal MAN,
Complete in bliss, the image of his GOD.
His soul, to gentle harmonies attuned,
Th' ungovern'd rage of boisterous passions knew not.
Malice, revenge, and hate, were then unknown;
Love held its empire in the human heart—
The voice of love alone escaped the lip,
And gladdening nature echoed back the strain.
Oh, happy state! too happy to remain;
Temptation comes, and man a victim falls!
Farewell to peace, farewell to human bliss,
Farewell, ye kindred virtues, all farewell!
Ye flee the world, and seek sublimer realms.
Passions impetuous now possess the heart,
And hurry every gentler feeling thence.
* * * * *
Is it now asked why man for slaughter pants,
Raves with revenge, and with detraction burns?
Go ask of Ætna why her thunders roar,
Why her volcanoes smoke, and why she pours
In torrents down her side the igneous mass
That hurries men and cities to the tomb!
These but the effects of bursting fires within,
Convulsions that are hidden from our sight,
And bellow under ground. Just so in man;
The love of conquest and the lust of power
Are but the effects of passion unsubdued.
T' avert the effects, then deeply strike the cause,
O'ercome the rage of passion, and obtain
The empire over self. This once achieved,
Impress fair virtue's precepts on the heart,
Teach t' adore his God, and love his brother;
War then no more shall raise the rude alarm,
Widows and orphans then shall sigh no more,
Peace shall return, and man again be bless'd."

Near the commencement of his senior year, Mr. Webster was called to mourn the death of a classmate to whom he was warmly attached. During his illness, he alludes to him with great solicitude. To a friend he said: "My first object is to inquire about Simonds. Oh that I could be assured that he is recovering! But perhaps that is a happiness never to be allowed us. Let our prayers ascend together for his well-being."

After the decease of his friend, he was invited to pronounce his eulogy, which was published. In that he takes occasion to speak in the highest terms of the Christian character of the deceased. "To surviving friends," he said, "gladdening is the reflection, that he died, as he lived, a firm believer in the sublime doctrines of Christianity. * * * Whoever knew him in life, or saw him in death, will cor-

dially address this honorable testimony to his memory,—

'He taught us how to live, and oh, too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die.'"

He then discourses, at length, upon the power of religion to sustain and console the believer, in scenes of sorrow, persecution, and death. The thoughts and style of the whole eulogy are such as might have been expected from the pen of Jeremy Taylor, rather than from a youth of eighteen years. After listening to the warm commendations of a classmate, he remarked, "If the funeral oration be thought decent, I am contented; equal to the subject it is not. The death of Simonds was a theme on which the first writers ought to be proud to point their pens. 'Hei mihi, qualis erat!'"

He loved his young friends with the intensity and sincerity of woman's affection. In his heart there was a native gentleness, which shrunk instinctively from all rudeness to others, or thoughtless trifling with their feelings.

A little incident in his college life happily illustrates this trait in his character. A fellow-student had a fond conceit of his own powers as a poet. He measured his verses with a pair of dividers. The manufacture of an acrostic was quite original, and entirely mechanical. After marking the termini of the lines, he placed at the beginning of them those words whose initial letters would make the required name; and at the end words in pairs, that would rhyme with each other, and then filled (or stuffed, as the phrase was) the intermediate spaces. Of course, such a poet had frequent calls for public recitations. Mr. Webster pitied his simplicity, and, in company with a friend, called on the poet, and revealed to him the true state of public sentiment. The deluded youth very promptly informed them that "they were envious of his fame, and only designed to injure him."

"Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam insumebat inanem,
Quia sine rivali seque, et sua solus amaret."

Mr. Webster early manifested a deep-seated aversion to cruelty, oppression, and war. An extract from an essay published by him, in his seventeenth year, shows how early in life he entertained pacific sentiments.

"'Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war!'

"For what was man created, but to cultivate the arts of peace and friendship, to beam charity and benevolence on all around him, to improve his own mind by study and reflection, to serve his God with all the powers of his soul, and finally, when the days of his years are numbered, to bid adieu to earthly objects with a smile, to close his eyes on the pillow of religious hope, and sink to repose in the bosom of his Maker? Why, then, is the object of our existence unattained? Why does man relentless draw the sword to spill the blood of man? Why are the fairest countries on earth desolated and depopulated with the ravages of war? Why are the annals of the world crowded with the details of murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes, that strike the soul with horror but to name them? Oh, corrupted nature! Oh, depraved man! Those who are delighted with tales of bloodshed and destruction find a rich repast in the daily accounts from Europe, where

'Gigantic slaughter stalks with awful strides,
And vengeful fury pours her copious tides.'

But to the child of humanity, to the man of true benevolence, it is a sad and painful reflection, that iniquity should usurp the reign of justice, that the liberties and the lives of millions should be sacrificed to satiate the ambition of individuals, and that tyrants should wade through seas of blood to empire and dominion. War, under certain circumstances is proper, is just. When men take arms to burst those chains which have bound them in slavery, to assert and maintain those privileges, which they justly claim as natural rights, their object is noble, and we wish them success."

The whole essay is of a like tenor; and in reading it, we are forced to exclaim, for the thousandth time, "How forcible are right words!"

From all the statesmen and patriots of the world, Mr. Webster selected Washington as his model to study and imitate. In one of his earliest poetic compositions, there is found a beautiful apostrophe to "the Father of his Country."

"Ah, Washington! thou once didst guide the helm,
And point each danger to our infant realm;
Didst show the gulf where Faction's tempests sweep,
And the big thunders frolic o'er the deep;
Through the red wave didst lead our bark, nor stood,
Like Moses, on the other side the flood.
But thou art gone—yes, gone—and we deplore
The man, the Washington, we knew before.
But when thy spirit mounted to the sky,
And scarce beneath thee left a tearless eye—
Tell! what Elisha then thy mantle caught,
Warm'd with thy virtue—with thy wisdom fraught?"

The question that interested the youthful poet has been once solved; and we are now prepared to repeat it, with pensive earnestness, over the tomb of Webster. The recorded opinions of his early life furnish abundant proof of his rooted aversion to war, and his warm devotion to peace. He often wrote upon political topics. The young student discoursed ably and eloquently upon those very subjects which afterwards called forth the mightiest energies of the peerless orator and statesman. The *Constitution* and the *Union* were as dear to him at seventeen as at seventy. At the age of eigh-

teen he wrote a political letter to a friend, which was published in the Dartmouth Gazette, from which I will copy a paragraph.

"Internally secure, we have nothing to fear. Let Europe pour her embattled millions around us; let her thronged cohorts cover our shores from the St. Lawrence to the St. Mary's, yet *United Columbia* shall stand unmoved; the manes of her deceased Washington shall still guard the liberties of his country and direct the sword of freedom in the day of battle. Heaven grant that the bonds of our federal union may be strengthened; that Gallic emissaries and Gallic principles may be spurned from our land; that traitors may be abashed, and that the stars and stripes of United Columbia may wave triumphant!" Two years later he wrote as follows:—"Our constitution has left, it is true, a wide field for the exertions of popular *intrigue*, while it has strongly fortified against executive encroachments. This is the general nature and construction of governments perfectly free. They are much better secured against tyranny than against licentiousness. Yet it has been said, with as much truth as eloquence, that 'the thunderbolt of despotism is not more fatal to public liberty than the earthquake of popular commotion.' It would be a phenomenon in history; it would be like a comet which appears but once in a hundred centuries, if there should be found a government advancing to despotism by regular and progressive encroachment. The path of despotism leads through the mire and dirt of uncontrolled democracy. When this government falls, it will owe its destruction to some administration that sets out in its career with much adulation of the *sovereign people*, much profession of economy and reform, and it will then proceed to prostrate the fairest institutions of government by the *pretext* of saving *expense*, but really with the purpose of destroying constitutional checks."

Poetry was a favorite species of composition with Mr. Webster while in college. Besides his contributions to the press and poetic epistles to his friends, he often wrote in verse for public exhibitions. Early in his college course, he wrote his own declamations for the stage, while others were permitted to speak selected pieces. A classmate of his informs me that he remembers one poetic composition which he spoke, of which every line ended in i-o-n.

Mr. Webster also took a prominent part in the exercises of the literary society of which he was a member. There existed at that time an intense rivalry between the "United Fraternity" and "Social Friends." They were then secret societies, and embraced a majority of the members of college. The Fraternity was somewhat depressed. Mr. Webster became its champion, and gave it a more elevated position in the college. The records of that society have been mutilated, and the manuscript oration of Mr. Webster, which was delivered by him at the time of his graduation, before the society, has been purloined by some literary thief, who ought to be disfranchised from the republic of letters.

—— "Is intestabilis et sacer esto."

The records, so far as they exist, contain the following entries respecting Mr. Webster:—

"His initiation occurred Nov. 7, 1797.

"The society met, according to adjournment, at Brother Webster's room, Nov. 21, 1797."

"At the election of officers, Aug. 14, 1798, Freshman Webster was chosen 'Inspector of Books.'"

"May 7, 1799, Sophomore Webster was chosen 'Librarian.'"

"Aug. 20, 1799, Messrs. Webster & Brackett were chosen to write 'a Dialogue' for exhibition at the next commencement."

"Oct. 15, 1799, Voted to deposit in the archives of the United Fraternity an Oration delivered by Junior Webster."

"Nov. 25, 1799. A voluntary oration from Brother Webster closed the exercises."

"Dec. 3, 1799. 'An oration from Brother Webster opened the meeting.'"

"May 27, 1800. At the choosing of officers, Junior Webster was 'Vice-President.'"

"May 19, 1800. Junior Webster was appointed 'Orator' for the ensuing commencement."

"Oct. 7, 1800. An oration on 'ambition,' by Brother Webster, completed the exercises.'"

"Nov. 25, 1800. Daniel Webster was elected President of the Society."

The entire record of Mr. Webster's senior year is lost. His labors during that year are said to have exceeded those of the three preceding years. It should be remembered also, that it was not the custom of the secretary to record the names of the speakers who participated in the extemporaneous debates, which at that period were very frequent. Here Mr. Webster was unanimously admitted to be *facile princeps;* and, so far as the society or college was concerned, it might with truth be said:—

"Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile, aut secundum."

At a public exhibition of his class, in the Sophomore year, "a poem" was assigned to Mr. Webster, which he wrote and recited. My informant further re-

marked, that whenever the class or society had a difficult task to be performed, *it was always laid upon Webster.* His ability as a writer and debater gave rise to the opinion that he was a very extensive reader. He selected his authors with great care, and read with fixed attention. He was, however, no literary gourmand. He devoted very little time to works of fiction. His taste inclined him to works of history, literature, and philosophy. In 1802, he described to a friend, his own method of reading. "So much as I read," said he, "I made my own. When a half hour, or an hour at most, had expired, I closed my book and thought it all over. If there was any thing particularly interesting to me, either in sentiment or language, I endeavored to recall it and lay it up in my memory, and commonly could effect my object. Then, if in debate or conversation afterward, any subject came up on which I had read something, I could talk very easily, so far as my knowledge extended, and then was very careful to stop." In later years, when his knowledge and experience had become more enlarged, he had no occasion to stop till the subject was completely exhausted. His memory, which was very retentive, served as his commonplace book. A college acquaintance says of him: "By reading twenty, or even more pages of poetry twice over, I have heard him repeat their contents almost verbatim." This power of memory he turned to good account, both in retaining the thoughts of others and in fixing the results of his own reflections. He was accustomed to arrange his thoughts for debates and declamations in his solitary rambles upon the borders of neighboring brooks, angling for trout, or while scouring the surrounding forests in quest of game. This practice he continued in subsequent life. When his thoughts were once arranged in his mind, the business of writing was merely mechanical. Amusement and study were so strangely wedded, that careless observers mistook the profound thinker for a heedless trifler. He *composed* his college themes at his leisure, and *wrote* them just before they were due. Accordingly, he was often known to commence the writing of a public declamation after dinner, which he was expected to speak at two o'clock the same day. In one instance, while writing, with open windows, a sudden flaw of wind took away his paper, and it was last seen flying over the meeting-house. He appeared upon the stage, notwithstanding his loss, and spoke with his usual fluency and eloquence.

His recreations were all manly and invigorating. He had little fondness for games of chance, and far less for noisy, convivial entertainments. He looked with ineffable contempt upon that low pleasure which mischievous idlers derive from the annoying of others. In his eulogy upon his deceased classmate, he bestows marked commendation upon his lofty scorn of the vile arts of college demagogues. Even then the youthful student showed the same self-respect and dignified deportment which he afterwards exhibited at the bar and in the senate. He also practised the same untiring industry. In 1846, he wrote to a friend: "I have worked for more than twelve hours a day for fifty years, on an average. I do not know experimentally what wealth is, nor how the bread of idleness tastes." These fifty years would cover his entire college life. There can be little doubt that, while a student, for months together, he devoted more than twelve hours a day to study. During his vacations, for two winters at least, he taught school. Several of his earliest pupils are still living. They affirm that, during the winter of 1797, he taught a school in the house of his uncle, William Webster, in Salisbury, for four dollars a month; and that, after the erection of a new school-house in the same district, "at Shaw's Corner," he taught, in 1798, for six dollars a month. One of his scholars still remembers that he was "*right smart at figures.*" We must not estimate the ability of the teacher by the amount of wages he received. It must be remembered that the country was then sparsely settled; the people were poor, the soil was unsubdued and rugged, personal labor was low, and specie was exceedingly valuable. Mr. Webster, after he was graduated, taught the academy at Fryeburg, Me., for three hundred and fifty dollars a year, and submitted to the drudgery of copying deeds for the register of the county, during his leisure hours, to eke out his scanty support and save something to aid his brother in securing an education. Such was the student life of "the foremost man of all this world." His example rebukes the indolent and disorderly student, while it is full of encouragement and hope to the industrious and faithful. It is worth more than hereditary wealth to the earnest and truthful scholar.

ELEGANT TOM DILLAR.

CHAPTER I.

TO speak of Tom Dillar in any other way than by his pseudonym of Elegant, would be like speaking of Harold Harefoot, Edwin the Fair, the Black Prince, or Louis the Debonnaire, without their distinguishing adjectives. Tom Dillar was known to his acquaintances only as Elegant Tom, and he was well entitled to the epithet, for he was elegant in looks, manners, and style. He was one of those happy persons who seem to have come into the world for the sole purpose of eating the sunny side of ripe peaches. There were no deficiencies in Elegant Tom Dillar, and if one could have the ordering of his own antecedents, they could not be superior to Tom's. On the side of his father, he was connected with the best English families in the State; and, by the mother's side, he could boast of the purest Dutch descent. He inherited a large fortune from his father, and, what was much better, a healthy constitution and a handsome person. Being independent in his circumstances, he was not educated for a profession; but, being apt to learn, he was taught a good many accomplishments that are not generally bestowed upon American youths. He could dance much better than most professors of that elegant art, and in music he was something more than a proficient upon the guitar, the piano, and the violin. Then he had a fine voice, a delicious tenor, and those who had the good fortune to hear him sing used to boast of it, as though a piece of rare luck had befallen them. Tom was good-natured too, and as amiable as though it were necessary for him to conciliate the world, that his presence might not be considered an intrusion. But, of all men, he was least likely to be considered *de trop* in the world.

He went abroad, and came back as amiable and unpretending as he went, but with more accomplishments than he carried away. He was invited every where, and he might have married any girl he chose to honor in that manner; but, as often happens in such cases, he seemed never to have been touched in his heart by any of the beautiful creatures who surrounded him. There was Fanny Ormolu, the only daughter of the great auctioneer, who, they used to say, was dying for him; and it was said that her father was so fearful of the effects of Tom's indifference on his daughter's health, that he was guilty of the indelicacy of offering to settle a hundred thousand dollars on him if he would marry her. But Tom had never known what it was to want money, and, like an honorable, high-minded fellow as he was, refused to sell himself, even at so high a figure, and to so beautiful a purchaser.

They say that old Ormolu was so exasperated and indignant at Tom's refusal, that he swore he would have satisfaction for the insult; and he was as good as his word. He did not challenge Tom, nor, indeed, permit him to know that he entertained any ill-will against him; for, if he had, he probably would not have been able to accomplish his purpose. Ormolu was a commercial gentleman, and his manner of getting satisfaction was a purely business transaction: in fact the old fellow did not understand any thing else. He set himself deliberately to work to ruin Tom by getting away all his money. As this would have been the severest punishment that could have been inflicted upon himself, he naturally and very sensibly, imagined that he could inflict no greater wrong upon another than by making him a bankrupt.

Now, Tom was not a spendthrift, nor a gambler; but then he was the merest child in business matters, and had no idea about money transactions beyond drawing his dividends every six months, and contriving to make his income just meet his expenditure. Tom had often wished that his income was larger, for he had long been ambitious of owning a yacht, but was unable to indulge in that costly enjoyment; so, when his young friend, Pete Van Slicer, of the firm of Van Slicer, Son & Co., the great stockbrokers, of Wall-street, one day said to him, as if by accident, "Tom, how would you like to enter into a little speculation, by which you might make a hundred thousand dollars or so?" Tom opened his eyes, and eagerly replied he would like nothing better.

Pete then carelessly remarked, that Bob So-and-so had made nearly double that sum a few days before, by a corner in Harlem, and that he could put Tom in the way of making at least that amount by a speculation in Pottawattamy Coal Stock. Tom, not being familiar with stock operations, asked how it could be done; whereupon Pete explained to him that certain parties having sold long in the stock were going to get up a corner, which would compel the shorts to buy in, and that the stock would then begin to rise, and there was no knowing where it would stop. What Pete proposed that Tom should do was, to buy in while it was down, and when the rise should reach its height to sell out, and pocket the profits.

"Can I rely on the rise taking place?" asked Tom, who had not a very clear notion of the nature of the transaction.

"Trust to me," replied Pete, with a knowing wink, which seemed to Tom so full of sagacity, that he concluded to trust to him, and accordingly gave an order to the firm of Van Slicer, Son & Co., to purchase, for his account, about ten times as many shares of the Pottawattamy Coal Stock as he had the means to pay for, Pete undertaking to carry the stock, as he called it, for thirty days, in which time the rise was sure to occur.

Having made this little business arrangement with his Wall-street friend, Tom jumped into one of the Dry Dock stages, to go up to the ship-yards and make inquiries about the cost of a yacht; and that night he dreamed of winning the Queen's cup at the Cowes regatta, and of lying at anchor in the harbor of Newport, and other pleasant things connected with the manly sport of yachting.

Tom did not know that his friend, Pete Van Slicer, was paying attention to Fanny Ormolu; and, even if he had, he could never have imagined that old Ormolu was making use of the young stockbroker to ruin his friend. But such was the fact.

The next day Elegant Tom Dillar created a good deal of surprise among the motley throng of Jews and "lame ducks" that hover round the doors of the Stock Board in the third story of the Merchants' Exchange; and when a playful Hebrew knocked Tom's hat over his eyes, as he stood anxiously waiting to hear what Pottawattamy sold at, he was so engrossed in his new speculation, that he never thought of resenting the affront. Pottawattamy went up one per cent. that day, but the next it went down ten, and the next ten more, and Tom received a brief note from Van Slicer, Son & Co., informing him that he was their debtor for losses on Pottawattamy Coal Stock, in a sum that considerably exceeded his entire fortune.

A man who has never felt the actual cautery of poverty, cannot have a very clear idea of what that word really means, and Tom did not, therefore, feel half so badly as he ought to have done, when he had to confess to himself that he was a bankrupt.

There is nothing to be gained by going into the distressing particulars of Tom's settlement with his brokers, and therefore I will merely remark, that on the very day upon which all his available property passed out of his own hands into those of Van Slicer, Son & Co., the junior member of that eminent firm was united in the holy bonds of matrimony, as the papers say, to Fanny Ormolu, only daughter and so forth, of Jefferson Ormolu, Esq., our enterprising and esteemed fellow-citizen, of the eminent firm of Ormolu, Bronze & Co.

CHAPTER II.

The ruin of Thomas Dillar, Esq., was complete. Wall-street never witnessed a more decided cleaning out than in the case of my elegant friend. It was so smoothly and rapidly done, that he was like the man who didn't know he was decapitated until he attempted to nod his head—so sharply, so adroitly, and so quickly, had the blow been dealt. But it does not take long for a person to find out that he is poor, and Elegant Tom Dillar immediately began to have a "realizing sense" of the true state of his case. He had nothing in the world left but his watch, and a few articles of jewelry, by which he could raise money enough to discharge the few debts he owed, and which were demanded with a rude pertinacity that he had never known before. He had to abandon the hotel in Broadway at which he had been living, and take cheap lodgings in Beekman-street; and, instead of having more invitations to dine than he could accept, he suddenly found himself without any invitation at all; as to evening parties, although he had made up his mind not to go to any more, he had the mortification of being cut by all his old friends, and soon ceased to expect any attentions from them. Heretofore Tom had skimmed the cream of human existence; he had visited only in the best circles, eaten the best dinners, drank the best wines, read the most amusing books, worn the best clothes, and had known nothing of the infelicities of human existence, except by hearsay. But now his turn had come to feed on husks, and taste of hyssop.

What Tom had suffered, or how he had struggled, none knew but himself, for he was too proud to complain, and, to all appearances, he was as light-hearted and cheerful as ever he had been in his most prosperous days. But, as the writer of these lines was one evening hurrying down Broadway, to escape from the clouds of blinding dust which a cold, northwest wind was driving along that crowded avenue, he was suddenly arrested, near the corner of Canal-street, by a tap on the shoulder. Turning round, he saw Elegant Tom Dillar, with his coat buttoned closely up to his throat, and looking uncomfortably sharp, serious, and, to make use of a vulgar figure of speech, seedy.

"How are you?" said Tom, in his

usual elegant manner; but, without waiting for a reply, he continued, "you needn't ask me how I am, for I can discern by your looks that you see how I am. I am hungry."

Elegant Tom Dillar hungry!

I was too much shocked by this humiliating confession from a man whom I had known and envied in his happier days, to disguise my feelings. But I put my hand in my pocket to feel for my purse.

"Thank you," said Tom, "it is very generous in you to anticipate my request. It is but a trifle that I need; and I will repay you soon."

I offered him the contents of my purse; but he would not take more than half a dollar. "At least," said I, "allow me to treat you to a supper, since you say you are hungry?"

"I will agree to that," he replied, "upon the condition that you favor me with your company, and allow me to call for what I want."

Of course, I could not refuse his proposition, and, knowing what his former habits had been, I supposed he would go into some of the splendid restaurants on Broadway, and call for such a supper as he had once been accustomed to indulge in. But, on the contrary, he led me into one of the cross streets, and I followed him down into a very humble underground "Saloon," where he ordered a supper of cold meat and bread, and I could not prevail upon him to indulge in any thing more.

"You know something of my history," said Tom, "how I once lived, and how I lost my property; but how I have lived since, you do not know, and I shall not distress you by telling. Look," said he, and he unbuttoned his threadbare coat, when I saw that he had on neither vest nor shirt. "I am actually reduced to this extreme," said he, and his voice quivered as he spoke, "by trying to live honestly. Up to this very hour, until I met you, I have not stooped to beg; but now I was driven to it. I had nothing left by which I could raise a shilling, and I had not tasted food to-day."

"Good Heavens!" said I, "can this be true? What, Elegant Tom Dillar, with all his accomplishments, his rich acquaintances, his knowledge of the world, and in a city like this, where employment is so readily obtained, reduced to starvation! It cannot be true."

"But it is true," said Tom, "impossible as it may seem to you, and all because I was not brought up to a regular profession. My accomplishments were not of a kind to bring me money in an honorable way, and I made up my mind that if I could not live honorably, I would prefer not to live at all. I could easily have sold myself to unworthy or disreputable employments, or my former friends would probably have been glad to have had me sing for them, and have rewarded me by permitting me to live on their bounty, but I could not submit to such a position as that. I could never be a jack-pudding of society; and I would not disgrace my father's name by a dishonorable occupation."

As Tom spoke these words, he looked more elegant in his shabby suit than ever he had done in his happier days; and, in spite of his poverty, I could not but still admire his manly spirit and self-reliance. I actually felt poor beside him.

"But," said I, "why will you not allow me to lend you a larger sum than you have taken? You shall be heartily welcome to more."

"Because," replied Tom, "it is all I need. I think I have found a placer, and after this, I shall be rich again."

I wished his expectations might be realized, and, shaking his hand, I gave him my card, and begged he would send to me, if he should need any further assistance.

CHAPTER III.

It was about three months after I parted from Tom in the cheap restaurant, that, as I entered the vestibule of the Astor House, I met him coming out of that hotel. I started back with amazement as I saw him, for Tom was now dressed with greater splendor than I had ever before seen him; not obtrusively made up, but with an air of studied elegance that was new to him. Certainly he never looked better, nor better deserved to be called Elegant Tom Dillar. He appeared a little embarrassed when he first caught my eye, but his old manner soon returned. "I owe you a trifle, I think," said he; "let me pay it." And he pulled out a silk purse which seemed to be full of gold and silver, and reached me a half-dollar.

"That is the principal," said he; "now do me the favor to accept this for interest;" and he took a handsome seal ring from his finger, which he put upon mine. As our initials were the same, I do not know whether he had had it cut for me or not; but, seeing my cipher on the agate, I fancied he had, and did not refuse it. I keep it among my most precious mementoes of past friendships, for Tom Dillar is one of those persons whose acquaintance I regard as a feather in my cap.

CHAPTER IV.

The reappearance of Elegant Tom Dillar in what is called society, was a topic of

universal conversation in fashionable circles, and once more invitations began to pour in upon him, so that he might, if he had had the capacity, have eaten three dinners daily at the very best houses in town, and have danced in the most brilliant company that New-York could afford, nearly every night. But a great change was perceptible in Tom's manner. He was the same Elegant Tom Dillar he had ever been; faultless in his manner, refined in his conversation, incredible in dress, and handsomer, if possible, than before his retirement. "But he is so subdued in his style," was the remark of every body. He never danced, and when he was pressed to sing, he always evaded the request by pleading a slight hoarseness. There used to be a slight dash of frivolity in Tom's conversation and conduct, and he would abandon himself to all kinds of merriment; but now he was rather grave, quiet, and dignified, and several ambitious young men made most melancholy attempts to form themselves upon his style. Another of his changes was, that he wore his hair cut very short, and his fine classical head was improved by it. In fact, Tom's new style was infinitely more interesting, becoming, and distinguê than his old. Certain pious ladies got their heads together, and, after discussing the matter, came to the conclusion that Tom Dillar was preparing himself for the ministry. This suspicion even gave a new interest to him, and he became more than ever an object of observation. But this theory was soon exploded; for, if Tom were engaged in so pious an occupation, under whose auspices was he studying? On hearing the report, Tom smiled sarcastically, and raised his eyebrows as people do when they are both surprised and amused, but did not deny it. But, if he was not studying for the ministry, what was he doing, and how did he live? Where did he get his money? for it was known that Tom paid as he went, and not a soul of his acquaintance could accuse him of borrowing.

These questions began to grow extremely interesting and puzzling, for the manner in which Tom had been cleaned out by his speculation in Pottawattamy Coal Stock, by his friend, Pete Van Slicer, was as notorious as his subsequent poverty, and retirement from the world. All sorts of expedients were resorted to for the purpose of discovering the secret of Tom's income; but the mystery baffled the keenest investigation, and the consequence was, that the wildest conceivable stories were told about him, and he was regarded with looks of suspicion, and treated with cold disdain by certain ladies who had marriageable daughters. The excitement at last reached its calenture when it was discovered that Julia Laurens, daughter of the celebrated and wealthy physician of that name, and granddaughter of old Ormolu the auctioneer, one of the most beautiful and fascinating girls in society, had actually fallen in love with Tom, and that he had been forbidden her father's house because he refused to tell how he gained his income.

The report of this interesting circumstance invested the mystery of Tom's prosperity with a romantic interest, and the excitement became absolutely furious. It was impossible to enter a house without hearing the subject discussed, and even merchants talked about it on 'Change. The different theories which were broached were highly instructive, inasmuch as they revealed the many different methods by which a man may contrive to live without labor; but it so happened, that not one of them came within a thousand miles of the truth. Tom had, in fact, discovered a placer, as he termed it, which he alone knew how to work; and most discreetly did he keep his secret, until, in a luckless moment, the merest accident revealed it.

The women, poor simple-minded creatures, knowing but little of the world, had their own innocent surmises about Tom, the most plausible of which was, that he had entered into a league with the ——; some other ladies, who had a less practical acquaintance with human possibilities, believed that he got his money by writing poems for the magazines; while others said that he gambled. But Tom's regular habits and his placidity of temper were adverse to the last supposition. The men, of course, gave shrewder guesses; and one party maintained, with some plausibility, that Tom Dillar was employed as a Russian spy. The difficulty in this case was, that he never received any foreign letters, was notoriously ignorant of political movements, and never mingled in any society where he would be likely to pick up any information that would interest the Emperor of Russia. Another party maintained that he speculated in stocks; but that theory was easily knocked in the head: Tom had not been in Wall-street since his speculation in the Pottawattamy Coal Stock. Some ill-natured people hinted that he was employed in circulating counterfeit money; but he was closely watched, and was never known to pass off a bad bill. He was accused of picking pockets, of buying lottery tickets, and other disreputable practices; but the strict integrity of Tom's conduct, and his perfect frankness on all subjects concerning himself, except that impenetrable mystery of

the source of his income, put every ungenerous suspicion to rest. He was watched when he went from a party, or the opera, and was always found to go directly to his lodgings, and there, too, would he be sound in the morning. Julia Laurens's father had employed a police officer to dodge Tom's footsteps, and discover what his haunts were; but the man could learn nothing more than was already known. There was one rather striking peculiarity, however, about Tom's movements, which might lead to the discovery of the mystery. Nobody had seen him, except on Sunday nights, between the hours of seven and ten. Every place of amusement in the city was ransacked in vain, during these hours, but no sign of Tom Dillar could any where be found, and he continued to be a subject of talk in society, where he was still well received in spite of all the evil things that were surmised about him.

Julia Laurens was a spirited girl, and she loved Tom the better, perhaps, because he was the object of so much unjust suspicion; and her father, the doctor, was charmed by Tom's intelligence, his gentlemanly manners, his fine taste, and his amiability; and most happy would he have been to acknowledge him as his son-in-law, but for the mysterious silence which he observed in respect to his income. But, as Tom was resolute in his silence, the father of Julia was inexorable, and there was nothing left for them but a clandestine marriage. The lady hinted at her willingness, but Tom told her, dearly as he loved her, he would not be guilty of a dishonorable act to obtain her. He would wait a little longer, and perhaps her father would relent.

To fully appreciate Tom's noble conduct, it should be known that Julia, in addition to her expectations from her father's property, which was already large, and rapidly increasing, had property of her own, valued at fifty thousand dollars, which had been bequeathed her by an aunt. All this Tom might have had, and the woman he loved besides, but for his high-minded sense of honor.

CHAPTER V.

Doctor Laurens, Julia's father, was a most passionate lover of music, and you were always sure of seeing him in his box at the opera, in his bright-buttoned coat, with lorgnette in hand, listening to the prima donna as though she were a patient, and he anticipated a fee at the close of the performance. He was so catholic in his tastes that he could enjoy one kind of music as well as another, and, when there was no opera, and his patients would permit it, he would go to hear the Ethiopian Minstrels, and sit through the entire performance. In fact, the banjo was one of the Doctor's weaknesses, and there were some people, who were uncharitable enough to say that negro minstrelsy was much better adapted to his musical taste, than the Italian opera. But that was mere scandal, of course, for the Doctor had been in Europe, and had brought back with him, like many other gentlemen who go abroad, a taste for music and the fine arts, which he did not carry with him.

There was one member of the Ethiopian band, where the Doctor was in the habit of going, who had completely fascinated him, which was not much to be wondered at, for he had fascinated every body else who heard him; and when he appeared, there was sure to be an overflowing house. The name of this incomparable singer was Higgins, and his talents, as a banjo player, as a dancer, and a personator of the negro character, particularly as the negro dandy, were equal to his splendid abilities as a singer. The Doctor never failed to drop into the Ethiopian opera, as it was called, whenever this public favorite appeared, which was nearly every night, and seeing his name up on the bills for a benefit, the Doctor resolved to go. On reaching the hall he found the house so crowded, that he could not even get his nose inside, but the door-keeper recognized him, and wishing to gratify so distinguished a patron of the establishment, offered to show him round by a private entrance, so that he would be near the stage, and might retire at his leisure.

The Doctor was delighted, and put something handsome into the hand of the door-keeper, as an acknowledgment for the favor. He got a comfortable seat near the stage, and waited with impatience for the appearance of the incomparable Higgins. The sham darkey was in splendid voice, and filled the audience with ecstatic pleasure by his happy imitations of Dandy Jim. But his most brilliant performance was in the plantation break-down, in which he ravished the spectator by his unparalleled heeling and toeing. In the midst of the performance, when the frenzy of the spectators was at its height, a boy in the gallery threw a piece of orange-peel on the stage, and Higgins, by an unlucky step put his foot upon it, and fell with a tremendous crash. The audience at first thought it a part of the dance, and applauded tremendously, but it was soon discovered that the poor man had met with a serious accident. He was taken up by his companions and borne off the stage; directly after, the

leader of the band came on, and asked if there was a surgeon in the house, as Mr. Higgins was badly hurt by his fall. Doctor Laurens was but too happy to have an opportunity of rendering any professional assistance to so distinguished an artist as Higgins; so he stepped promptly forward and offered his services. The artist had struck his head, but was only stunned. The Doctor, however, did as all doctors do on such occasions, whipped out his lancet and bled the patient, while one of his companions, with a bowl of water and a sponge wiped the burnt cork from the face of the unconscious minstrel.

Higgins presently opened his eyes, and stared wildly about him, while the Doctor shrieked out,

"Good gracious, it is Elegant Tom Dillar!"

Tom was bewildered by the sudden change of the scene, and faint and sick from the loss of the blood which Doctor Laurens had been letting out of his veins; but, bewildered and weak as he was, the sound of the Doctor's voice, and the sight of his astonished countenance, brought Tom to his senses. He knew at once that his secret was discovered, and comprehended in a moment the consequences that must follow its revelation to society.

"Doctor," said he, faintly, "it is no use to dissemble further. You know my secret; let me request you to keep it to yourself."

"O! my dear fellow," said the Doctor, "you are perfectly safe in my hands; don't be uneasy. For the credit of my own family, at least, I shall not be likely to proclaim to society that a gentleman who has visited at my house, is a member of a troupe of Ethiopian minstrels. I wish you a good evening, sir."

It very oddly happened that, before midnight, all the members of the Manhattan Club, to which the Doctor belonged, knew that Elegant Tom Dillar had retrieved his fortunes by joining the Ethiopian minstrels, and the news was spread all through society before the next day at noon.

Tom received a package early in the morning from Julia, inclosing all the billets-doux and trinkets he had sent her, and requesting a return of all she had ever sent him. The note was as devoid of feeling or sentiment as a lawyer's dunning letter; and Tom wrote one in reply, which was quite as cold and business-like.

"Well," said I to Tom, on meeting him a few days after his accident, which would very likely have proved fatal to him but for his woolly wig; "Do you intend to give up society or the minstrels?"

"Society!" exclaimed Elegant Tom Dillar, with a sarcastic curve of his finely chiselled lip; "Society be ——."

I will not repeat the very coarse expression he used; for, since his new associations, he had grown rather rude and low in his language.

"What should an honest man care for society?" said he. "When I was an idler, living on the property which my father's industry had procured me, society petted me and cherished me. When I lost my property, society turned a cold shoulder to me, but petted the villain who had robbed me of it. When by an honest exercise of the only accomplishments I had been taught, I was enabled to appear like a gentleman, society again received me with open arms, although it imagined I was a gambler or a pickpocket; but, when it was found that my money was honestly obtained—that I wronged no one, nor owed any one—society rejects me again, and the girl who was willing to marry me as a swindler, turns her back upon me as an honest man."

I am afraid that Tom was misanthropical; for, as he soon after became possessed of a considerable fortune by the death of a relative, he quitted the minstrels and went to Paris, where, I have heard, he still lives in great splendor, and is famous for his dinners, to which none of his countrymen are ever invited.

THE CAT'S FUGUE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

FANCY a small house, half hidden in dark green myrtle bushes, fringed with vines, surrounded and shaded by wild roses and orange-trees—in the background, on its glorious site, Naples, the queen of all cities, and overarching all, the ever-laughing Italian sky. A scene so rich in colors as this, is really an enchanting one for eyes half blinded by winter snows and ice, and our longing souls dream over all this luxuriance of beauty, until we at last get to speak of Italy's clear,

dark blue sky, as if we, too, had felt the inspiriting, gladdening sun's kiss, and had gazed, with our own eyes, upon the strange, bewitching splendor of the South. And now that you have refreshed yourselves for a moment by the contemplation of this picture, turn your eyes towards an old, negligently dressed man, who sits before the door of the house, and gazes, lost in thought, into the distance. An orange-tree strews, now and then, a few fragrant blossoms over him, but he doesn't notice it; roses coquettishly kiss his forehead; gayly-colored butterflies flutter sportively about him—to no purpose; the signs of life and stir make no impression upon him;—and still there was passion and sensibility in his dark, nobly-cut features, and the burning Italian eyes contrasted strangely with the northern snows on his head.

It was the Maestro, Alessandro Scarlatti. A harp was leaning upon his chair, in front of which, with an indescribably earnest mien and inimitable dignity, was a large black cat. He was occupying himself with flourishing the tip of his tail, which, as well as his left ear, was of a dazzling whiteness, gently over the chords, which singular experiment, very naturally, brought forth all manner of strange sounds. It was his habit, in fact, since his lord and master never took his musical studies amiss, to abandon himself, every morning, with utter recklessness, to his genius, accompanying the movement of his tail with the most absurd gestures; and sometimes, in the overflow of his feelings, he sang one of those ancient melancholy strains of his forefathers, which, as has been asserted, have power to soften the hardest stone, and drive the calmest of men to madness. All this caused not the least disturbance to Master Scarlatti; on the contrary, he laughed like a good-natured devil, whenever the cat fell into his musical ecstasies. In the evening, however, the cat always sat in a corner of his beloved master's room, with an expression like that of a sentimental privy counsellor, and then it was the Master who played the harp; and that must have been gloriously worth listening to; for all the little birds who sang among the orange-trees and myrtles came flying to the open window, to hear it, and the roses crowded in their little heads, one after the other, in such haste and impatience, that many a tender bud lost its young life.

The Master, on these occasions, looked like that wonderful old bard Ossian, only not so shattered by pain and grief. What wonder if these magic tones caused the sensitive soul of the cat, who was still mourning, withal, for the death of a beloved bride, to melt, and his green eyes to overflow, like the King of Thule's! Whenever Scarlatti perceived this, he took up his faithful four-legged companion into his lap, and stroked, caressed, and kissed him, until he had recovered his mad, romping humor. On the whole, the cat led a perfectly charming life with his gentle master, to whom he was all in all—friend, wife, and child, whom he never left by day or by night. When the old Master was engaged in composing something, Ponto sat quietly upon his left shoulder, and brushed his forehead softly with his famous white-tipped tail. Sometimes Scarlatti would get impatient and vexed, when an idea was not clear, when his hand got wearied, or the malicious ink spread out upon the paper in a shapeless blotch; at such times, upon a sudden angry shrug of his master's shoulders, the cat would spring down from his lofty seat, into the middle of the room. He never took offence at this rough treatment, but continued placidly affectionate, like a sensible wife with a scolding husband, and always stole quietly back, after a few minutes of grievous banishment, and mounted again, with a comfortable purr, upon the forsaken throne. For this, too, he got a thousand caressing words, when his master, at length, thrust pen and paper, and other things, aside, which put him into a state of boundless ecstasy.

All this was very nice and comfortable, if it had not been for the Sunday, the only dark day that Ponto experienced; for, every Sunday, a jovial, mad fellow, was in the habit of beating up Master Scarlatti's quarters, and staying with him until the still night had enveloped the earth, exhausted by the day's heat and brightness, in her mantle of stars. The young Sunday guest was a favorite scholar of the Master's, who had come a long distance, from Germany, and was named *Hasse;* this the cat had remarked, as well as his red and white complexion, and his brown locks. Now there could not possibly be, in the whole wide world, a bolder, jollier fellow, than this same young German, who tormented and insulted the venerable Ponto in every imaginable way;—now he would fasten a little bell to his tail, now put baby-shoes on his feet, now crown him with a wreath of roses, or strew orange-blossoms over him, whose strong scent the cat's nasal organs could by no means tolerate, and against which he struggled with incessant convulsive sneezing. To cap the climax, the young German possessed a little frolicking dog, of whom even Ponto, his sworn enemy, had to confess, that he was

enchanting, dazzlingly white, nimble, and graceful, with intelligent brown eyes. This spoiled pet was, if possible, more mad, wanton, and reckless than his owner, and the cat grieved, even to emaciation, over his impudence.

And it was Sunday, as the cat, springing up and down, was drawing forth wild, fantastic strains from the harp, and his master was gazing so full of thought into the distance, as I have described him, —and behold! the dreaded visitor appeared, in the middle of the first prelude. With a light, joyous step, he drew near, this youth, with the beautiful locks and fresh cheeks, at whose side was springing and dancing his darling companion. "Good morning, Master Scarlatti," cried the new comer, with a friendly tone and look, "how I rejoice to see you again!" Scarlatti nodded and smiled, half in kindly reciprocation of the affectionate greeting, and half in mockery at the queer German accent of the speaker, and replied:—"I am but a sorry companion and friend, to-day, Hasse. I have a great deal in my head—all sorts of tones are buzzing confusedly in my ears, and I can form no melody out of them; I am searching for something very especially original, and that I can't find—it throws me into despair. I beg of you leave me at peace, with your nonsense, or I shall twist off your little spoilt puppy's head." "Hold, hold, Master Scarlatti!" cried the guest, "not so fast. You are in a bad humor—that I can well see—but you shall not lay a finger on my little Truelove; you know he was the parting gift of my lovely, blond, German sweetheart, and accompanies me always, like her love and truth."

The master turned toward the young man, with a tender smile, and gazed at his clear, and almost childlike countenance. There stood the young enthusiast, leaning against an orange-tree, shaded by its luxuriant southern foliage, his eyes directed to heaven; he seemed to be dreaming of his distant, beloved home, of lovely Germany, with her clear sky, green trees, beautiful flowers, and snow-capped mountains; or, were his longing thoughts given to his faithful, distant bride, the loveliest of all flowers? But the clouds which had gathered over his youthful brow soon vanished; Truelove jumped upon him and kissed his hand. The Master lost himself again in deep thought, and left it to his pupil to take measures for the preservation of peace and order in his little commonwealth. This the young man did, for a time, preaching a most excellent and reasonable sermon to both animals—at the close of which, however, he drew out of his pocket a little wig and pair of spectacles, with which, in spite of all resistance, to decorate the silently indignant Ponto. This seemed to cause especial delight to the little Truelove; he barked loudly, and sprang about the despairing sufferer with the agility and elegance of a ballet-dancer. Scarlatti cast a glance at the group, and could not help, secretly, smiling, though he took good care not to betray this sign of weakness to his mad pupil, but, on the contrary, he growled out something in no very gentle tones, so that Hasse, dreading a volcanic outbreak, snatched up both animals, and carried them hastily into the Master's little room.

The old piano stood open, the young man's hands glided over the keys—he played a furious Witches' Dance. Truelove jumped about as if possessed, and at last, in the excess of his excitement, threw himself, with a yell of joy, upon the wretched Ponto's back, clinging tenderly with his fore-paws to the cat's neck. Then, at last, the tough thread of patience in the cat's heroic soul was broken. With the thought, "to be or not to be," he began, with the light burden on his back, to race, nay, to fly around the room, trying to run up all the walls, sprang, sputtering and squalling, over chairs and tables, till the Master's papers were scattered about like chaff, and the room was filled with clouds of dust. Hasse started up, but his calls and scolding were to no purpose. At length Ponto was exhausted. Shame at the disgrace which had been inflicted upon him, anger at his own weakness, inspired him with a sublime idea. He wanted to summon his master to the rescue. Without hesitation, he sprang upon the keys of the piano, whirled about, ran twice wildly up and down, at the same time that he sounded his tribe's bone-and-marrow-piercing cry for help. At the first strange tones, Truelove tumbled half senseless from the back of the inspired cat. A hollow accord marked his fall. The cat's spectacles followed—only the wig remained. The confused tones grew into a melody. Hasse looked round —the Master's face appeared at the open window, in the midst of the grape-leaves and wild roses, illumined with the most passionate joy, while he cried, "Come to my heart, Puss, *thou* hast found it!" And Ponto threw himself, almost fainting, into his master's arms. Scarlatti sent off his mad pupil, straightway, until the following morning.

When the young man appeared, the next morning, before his master, Scarlatti showed him, with a brilliant, triumphant look, a sheet thickly covered with notes, over which was printed, in large letters, the title, "Katzenfuge." Master Scar-

latti placed himself at the piano, and played; in the artistically woven and constructed theme, the youth recognized instantly, with a joyful astonishment, the singular cries of distress, and the hellish melodies of the wild hunt, which had rushed over the keys of the piano, the day before, in the form of a despairing cat. When the performance was ended, master and pupil laughed as if for a wager. The cat sat upon Scarlatti's left shoulder; and the latter maintained, to the day of his death, that Ponto had laughed with them, like any human being.

OUR OWN,

HIS WANDERINGS AND PERSONAL ADVENTURES.

Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδην ἄστεα, καὶ νοον ἔγνω.

Quae regio in terris Nostri non plena laboris?

Full many cities he hath seen and many great men known:
What place on earth but testifies the labors of OUR OWN?

Continued from page 408.

Progression C.

Our Own displays him just the man
To do the thing proposed,
Though what that thing is, nor his plan,
He hath not yet disclosed.

TRAVEL (my theory is) suits least the race called Anglo-Saxon,
They come back loaded from each land they set their foolish tracks on
With every folly they can pile their mental and bodily backs on;
So at the outset let me state I do not mean to budge
And see the persons, places, things, I shall describe and judge,
Because when men have cheated you, or when they've tea'd and fed you, 'tis
The hardest thing to feel unbribed and clear the mind of prejudice;
Therefore, 'tis wasting honest time, this squandering round the earth,
And I, who once sold wooden clocks, should know what time is worth.
Next as to how I'm qualified,—but let us first agree
What things deserve a wise man's eyes and ears across the sea;
Persons: I'm forty, and have led, as you will see ere long,
A multifarious Yankee life, so there I'm rather strong;
I've tended bar, worked farms to halves, been twice to the South seas,
Sold clocks (I mentioned that before), done something in herb teas,
Hawked books, kept district school (and thus, inspired with thirst for knowledge,
Pegged shoes till I had saved enough to put me through Yale College),
Invented a cheap stove (the famed *Antidotum Gehennæ*,
So fuel-saving that no skill could coax it to burn any—
If you have lectured in small towns, you've probably seen many),
Driven stage, sold patent strops, by dint of interest at the White House,
Got nominated keeper of the Finback Island Light-house,
Where, just before a Northeast blow, the clockwork got ungeared,
And I revolved the light myself nine nights until it cleared;
(I took it as a quiet place to invent perpetual motion,—
This large dose of the real thing quite cured me of the notion;
It was, perhaps, the bitterest drop e'er mingled in my cup,
I rowed ashore so thoroughly sick, I threw the light-house up;)
Then I went through the Bankrupt Act, merely from general caution—
For, if you're prudent, you'll take heed, and every chance's claws shun,
Nor leave old blankets lying about for adverse fates to toss ye on;
Then I stood round a spell, and then bought out an Indian Doctor,
Then—but I have a faint surmise your credence may be shocked, or
I might go on, but I have said enough, no doubt, to show
That, to judge characters and men, I need not wait to grow;—
Persons thus well provided for, the next thing is the strictures
On works of Art in general; and first, we'll take the pictures.
Even here you cannot turn my flank,—I began life a painter,
Worked 'prentice first, then journeyman, with Major-General Taintor,

And did, myself, the sausages and the great round of beef
On the new market-house's sign, still prized for bold relief;—
SCULPTURE: I think that more than half the Sculptors that have risen
Should hammer stone to some good end, sent all to Sing Sing prison;
I'm sick of endless copyings of what were always bores,
Their dreary women on one toe, their Venuses by scores;
(That's in the ignorant, slashing style,—if you prefer a judge
Mildly appreciative, deep,—just give my tap a nudge,
'Twill run æsthetic folderol, and best high-German fudge;)—
MUSIC: when cousin Arad Cox at muster hurt his hand,
I played the bass-drum twice or more in the East Haddam band;—
BUILDINGS: I saved them till the last, for there I feel at home—
Perhaps you never heard about the city of New Rome?
'Twould not disgrace you deeply if you hadn't, for, you see,
It stayed in the potential mood, and was but going to be;
We merely staked a pasture out, christened the poor thing Forum,
And chose two natural architects—OUR OWN was *unus horum;*
'Twas he who planned the Meeting-house, a structure pure and winning,
With specimens of every style 'twixt vane and underpinning;
Unhappily it ne'er was built; New Rome, with nine good hills,
Remains unsettled to this day,—so do, alas! its bills,—
But the experience thus obtained entitles me to hope
My architectural criticism will be allowed full scope.

PROGRESSION D.

Our Own, his various qualities
And aptitudes defined,
Descends, and makes more close replies
To the inquiring mind.

But what, in these your voyagings, do you propose to do?
I might retort, O, highborn Smythe, with—what is that to you?
These twenty times I've bit my nails, and my left ear-tip scratched,
Wondering why *you* should wish to count *my* chickens ere they're hatched;
But, if you further will insist, I'll answer (if I can);
My plan is—let me see—my plan is just to have no plan;
In laying out a pleasure-ground (the rule is not in Price),
Be tipsy when you mark the paths, or you'll be too precise;
And do it upon Burgundy, 'twill give a curvi-line
More sure of gentlemanly grace than any thinner wine;
Precision is a right good thing, like olives, in its place,
But (still like olives) it comes in a long way after Grace.
Suppose I told you that I meant (as vines do, when they climb)
To wander where my clasp was wooed by any jutting rhyme?
Or said that, like a river deep, lost first in bogs and sedges,
I soon should march to meet the sea with cities on my edges?
(This seemingly mixed simile, at which the Highborn frowns,
Refers to sketches I shall give of European towns;)
However, you shall have a peep; come, children, form a ring,
I'll lift the crust, and let you see the birds are there to sing;
Now then—I shall appear to go from capital to capital,
Pick up what's worth the picking up, and in my letters clap it all;
When aught of interest shall occur, as certain as a star,
I, in our happy western phrase, shall be precisely *thar;*
If Paris, for example, which is very likely, chooses
To have the periodic fit she's subject to—the Blouses,
And there should be a general row, I, from the very thick of it,
Shall send home thrilling narratives till you are fairly sick of it;
I shall have interviews with kings and men of lower stations,
(Authors—of course,) and send reports of all the conversations;
Shall visit the cathedrals, and, for fear of any blunder,
Call each the finest in the world, a mountain of carved wonder;
Of every building, thing, and scene, that comes within my view,
I shall say something different, something so simply new,
The very Is upon my page shall with surprise grow round,—
And, by the way, lest any one should base enough be found

To steal the phrases got by me at cost of thought profuse,
I here put in a *caveat*, for some I mean to use,—

As—*Architecture's music cooled to zero point of Reaumur;*

A statue is a song in stone (the chisel was its Homer);

St. Peter's has an epic dome, beneath whose deeps profound
The papal choir, on Easter eve, build up a dome of sound;

Art is the soul's horizon broad, and, as we onward go,
It moves with us and still recedes, until life's sun is low;

You call those rather goodish thoughts? I have them by the score,
Ne'er yet by mortal man or maid put into words before;
Life's sun I feel quite sure is new; I got it by hard thinking
Only last night at half-past five, just as the sun was sinking;
With these and other ornaments I shall enrich my text,
When, far across the Atlantic wave, I have to write my next.

To be continued.

VILLETTE AND RUTH.

THE whole force of English romance-writing has been deployed during the last six months. Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer, the chiefs of that department of literature, have been in full play, and Miss Bronte (Jane Eyre), Mrs. Gaskell (Mary Barton), Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Gore, Miss Julia Kavanagh, and lesser ladies, have advanced almost simultaneously, and platoon-wise, discharged each a new novel. They have all, at least, achieved what Frenchmen, with their facile flattery, call a *succès d'estime*. A *succès*, by the bye, with which no man nor woman was ever known to be content. We are not sure that Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" was more ardently anticipated, than Miss Bronte's "Villette." "Jane Eyre"—a novel with a heroine neither beautiful nor rich, an entirely abnormal creation among the conventional heroines—came directly upon "Vanity Fair, a Novel without a hero," and made friends as warm, and foes as bitter, as that noted book. "Shirley" disappointed. It is in fact entirely overshadowed by its predecessor. But now, after six years, "Villette" appears, and takes rank at once with "Jane Eyre," displaying the same vigor—the same exuberant power—the same bold outline—the same dramatic conception—and the same invincible mastery and fusion of elements usually considered repugnant to romance. The great success of "Jane Eyre" as a work of art, and apart from the interest of the story, which is very great, consists in its rejection of all the stage-appointments of novels—all the Adonis-Dukes and Lady Florimels in satin boudoirs, which puerile phantoms still haunt the pages of Bulwer (although he is rapidly laying them) and the remorseless James, and are, of course, the staple of the swarm of "the last new novels" which monthly inundate the circulating libraries in England. The author takes the reader among a crowd of ordinary human beings, and declares proudly, "Here you shall find as much romance and thrilling interest, as in the perfumed purlieus of palaces." And she keeps her word. It is as if we were dragged to a lonely common, jagged with sad trees, and confronted with the splendor of a sunset. Is it less gorgeous than when seen from your palace window streaming through the green-house? asks the bold painter who has drawn us thither, because he knew that the unutterable glories of nature needed no architectural nor upholstering setting.

This *actuality* is the very genius and spirit of modern English fiction, and this is its humane and prodigious triumph. The democratic principle has ordered romance to descend from thrones and evacuate the palace. Romance is one of the indefeasible "rights of man." Disraeli's "Young Duke," and Bulwer's "Harley L'Estrange" and "Pelham" are tailor's blocks and fashion-plates. Give us *men*, scarred and seamed as you please, that we may feel the thrill of sympathy: and learn, if we may, from their thought and action, how we should think and act. Discrown the "Lady Arabella" and the "haughty Countess" sacred in satin from warm emotion, give us no "impossible she," but,

> "A creature not too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food."

So cries the age, with stentorian lungs,

And they come, thick-thronging poetry and prose, the women around whose heads glance the loveliest lights of human sympathy, in whose pictured forms we recognize the image of our sweetest hopes—whose characters, fair and feminine, play amid the press of life like flowers in the wind. Or they come, as in Lucy Snowe and Jane Eyre, more brave than beautiful, but inspiring deeper reverence for integrity, and strength, and devotion. We open our novels, and there is our life mirrored, —dimly sometimes, and insufficiently—but not impossibly nor incredibly.

This actuality we conceive to be the healthy principle of contemporary fiction. We will not now stop to say that it may very easily run, on the right hand, into a want of that sufficient stimulus which belongs to "ideal" portraitures, and which, by the charm of an almost fabulous virtue, allures us to excellence; and on the left, into that sermonizing and romance of reform which is the quick destruction of story-telling. No man bidden to a feast of fiction expects to sit down to a sermon. Vinegar is good—under restrictions—but when you are smilingly turning a glass of supposed Steinberger-Cabinet, suddenly to taste vinegar, is to be angry with your host, to spoil your dinner, and to run the risk of an indigestion. If the novelist do really hold the mirror up to nature, he need not fear that any delicate reader will too finely scent a moral. But if he attempt to pin the moral to the picture,—to say that Johnny being good had a gooseberry tart and naughty Tommy was put into a dark closet,—he simply assumes an accident as a consequent, and treats resolution. What intelligent Johnny wouldn't be good for a nice tart, and general approbation, and a front seat at the theatre? The true thing would be, if you wanted to show character, to feed naughty Tommy with illimitable tarts, and then permit him to incarcerate Johnny who had been longingly watching the operation, in the dark closet. Then we should see whether Johnny were really good, and heroic, and enduring, or simply greedy for gooseberry pie. The tart theory is not true. If goodness were always served with gooseberry sauce, who would be bad?

Thackeray is the most ponderous protestant against this nursery and primer view of human nature and human life, and close upon him, comes Miss Bronte. Jane Eyre was a governess, and a strong-minded woman. She was by no means the lady with whom Harley L'Estrange in or out of "My Novel" would ever fall in love. There were great doubts whether she knew how to dress, and none at all that she had no "style." She moved up and down the novel totally regardless of nerves and the "tea-table proprieties." She was a woman bullied by circumstances and coping bravely with a hard lot, and finally proving her genuine force of character by winning the respect and love of a man who had exhausted the world and been exhausted by it; a man in whom the noble instincts were so deeply sunk, that they could only respond to a ray so penetrant and pure that it would not be dispersed in fogs—but which instinctively, when they *were* touched, would respond and rule the life. Of course a novel of this kind, full of the truthful and rapid play of character, and from which rustling silks and satins are rigorously excluded—except once, when they sweep, cloud-like, down the stairs, in one of the most picturesque passages of the book—has no interest for those who are snuffing in the air for perfumes. It wears an almost repulsive sternness to those who quiz it daintily through tortoise-shell eye-glasses.

"Villette" has the same virtues. It is a novel of absorbing interest as a story. It is somewhat less severe than "Jane Eyre." Paulina is a strain of grace and tenderness that does not occur in the other book. Paul has many traits like Rochester. Lucy Snowe is a governess like Jane Eyre herself—neither very young, nor lovely, nor fascinating, as we can easily see from the impression she makes upon Grahame Bretton. He is such a hero as daily experience supplies. We have all seen many Grahame Brettons, free, joyous natures, bounding through life; and therefore we are the better for meeting him in "Villette." Harley L'Estrange, on the contrary, is a boarding-school girl's "Mortimer," and therefore of no use to us, though we do meet him in "My Novel." Grahame Bretton loves Paulina, who loves him from her childhood. The opening pages of the book, depicting Paulina as a child, are remarkable. She is the "creation" of the book. We have not met her in other stories, and her picture is like an alto-relievo, it is so strongly carved. Lucy Snowe fancies a little that she loves Grahame; but Lucy Snowe, in her situation, would have loved any chivalrous man with whom she was intimately thrown. Certain flowers require a southern exposure; and it is no fault of Bretton's that his nature demanded in a mistress something more tropical than Lucy Snowe. He was always noble to her. She had doubted him sometimes; but unjustly, as the event always proved. When Paulina first saw Grahame, she loved him, although she was but six years old. He

liked her as a child, but when he met the woman, he loved her. This part of the book is what is called "natural;" and it is certainly very fascinating, for we all love beauty, and grace, and excellence. It is pleasanter to sit in the sun than in the rain. A beautiful queen is more lovely than a dirty beggar-girl. This we fully admit. But our quarrel with the novelists—to which we have referred—is, that by making all their days sunny, they spoil the nature in their pictures; and by making all queens beautiful, they defy experience.

When Paul first comes upon the stage, the reader does not like him. He has, however, like Rochester, the fascination of power, and when, later in the book, that power is developed, not grotesquely, but nobly, the reader smiles, and willingly puts Lucy's hand in Paul's, with the same blessing he has invoked upon Grahame and Paulina. The skill of the treatment is shown in the gradual melting of the dislike of Paul, until it is entirely replaced by esteem; and this, by no means which seem forced, and which are not quite naturally and easily evolved from character and circumstance. The difficulty with the book as a work of art is, that the interest does not sufficiently concentrate upon the two chief figures. Grahame and Paulina are disproportionately interesting. In fact, we are not sure that most readers are not more anxious to marry Grahame than to follow the destiny of Lucy Snowe. There is a pause over his marriage, and a glance into the future, which properly belong only to the close of the book, and which materially affect the sequence of interest.

Yet it is a legitimate novel, a story told for the pleasure of telling it, with only such moral as is necessarily contained in the circumstances—a cheerful, inspiring confidence in integrity and valor. The book overflows with exuberant power. Its scenery is vivid and grim, like the pictures in "Jane Eyre." But it is also more ambitious in style, and more evidently so, which is a great fault. The personifications of passion are unnatural, and clumsily patched upon the tale. They are the disagreeable rents in the scenery, making you aware that it is a drama, and not a fact; that it is an author writing a very fine book, and not scenes of life developing themselves before you. To be *désillusioné* in this manner is disagreeable. The finest passages in the book are the descriptions of the dreary vacation. The portrait of Rachel is sketched in the lurid gloom of the French melo-dramatic style. It partakes of the fault of the personification to which we alluded. "Villette" has less variety, but more grace than "Jane Eyre." It is quite as bold, original, and interesting, allowing always for the fact that we have had the type in the earlier book.

The sad and sweet story of "Ruth," the new novel by Mrs. Gaskell, the author of "Mary Barton," contrasts strangely with the gusty tumult of "Villette." As a story it is tearfully interesting. It is more simple, more concentrated, more intense than "Villette." It has a rare unity, and the whole moves resistlessly forward towards the end. There are no superfluous characters, and each character has a marked *rôle* to play. The profound pathos of the story searches out the tears that hide away from men's eyes in their hearts. And those tears moisten the sympathy that generally dries up in the whirl of events, and, pulverized into the dust of sentimentality, blows blindingly away. The book has an obvious aim; but it is a general and not a particular aim. It does not tilt against a single institution, as "Bleak House" against Chancery: nor expose the iniquity of peculiar social arrangements, like "Alton Locke;" nor extol the beauty of the present state of things, like "My Novel;" nor is it, on the other hand, a tale told for the telling, like "Villette;" nor a general display of sins and wickednesses, like "Vanity Fair." The story is the history of an orphan girl exposed in the work-room of a dressmaker, seduced by her lover when she is sixteen or seventeen years old, and, for the next ten years, doing weary penance for her unconscious sin; not excusing herself, not condemning her judges, nor growing bitter and misanthropical, but more and more purified and exalted by her suffering and endurance—feeding the hungry, binding up the wounded, nursing the sick, until she is transfigured before our eyes; and meekly and humbly dying, after a brief life of unbroken sorrow, leaves us more meek and humble as we close the pages.

The story is managed with the utmost delicacy and skill. Ruth does not overestimate nor under-estimate her sorrow. The young girl knew no wrong, felt no wrong; but the woman and mother knows and feels it. It is this balanced fineness of perception which is so very winning in the book. It is not urged that society is too fast in its condemnation, but that it is too slow in its sympathy. The deep moral meaning of "Ruth" is precisely that of the story of Mary Magdalene. It is, that, sinners as we are, we undertake to hunt down the young who fall, careless whether there was any explanation, alleviation, or ignorance, and that, in so doing, we only harden our hearts and imbrute our souls;

that our hardness begets deceit in the worthy but weak who, through our self-righteousness, fall into error and sow infinite confusion—it is, that, instead of seeking, like Jesus Christ, to save, we are only earnest, like the Jews, to crucify—it is, that our stiffnecked, cold, and inhuman sanctity appears less beautiful than the weakness which sins, and is therefore treasonable to God, and truth, and beauty; in fine, the moral of "Ruth" is, that being miserable offenders, we should not hurry to spit upon those who offend; and that, being impure, we should take heed how we cry "unclean, unclean!"

There is one argument which is always brought to bear against such views, and to which we do not wish to seem indifferent. Laws, it is urged, can only look at results, and not at modifying circumstances. Laws must decree that murder shall be punished with death; but if you can show that it was not murder, so much the better. Society depends upon certain regulations, and female chastity is, in some sort, a legal necessity. Tolerance toward the sinner breeds sin. The London *Times*, thundering against "Alton Locke," sums up this view as follows:—"Because the whole family of man have lost sight of the commandment and example of God, we cannot permit a blind and general onslaught to be made upon legislative enactments which seek, as far as they are able, to regulate the imperfect mass, and to reconcile conflicting interests and desires." It is well said. If a writer attacks the laws, let him show better. But—and here is the point, which the thundering *Times* & Co. never see—if a man conceives that certain laws are founded in a wrong principle, then it is not only legitimate for him, but it is his duty, to endeavor in all ways to affect public opinion by showing the falsity of the principle in the operation of the laws based upon it. A man, for instance, may not be justified in railing at a soup society as a mode of charity, while he professes faith in the principle involved, without offering another method as a better. But if he disbelieves in the whole system of alleviative charities, and considers that they do no good, even if they are not founded upon a false view of social duty and relations, then he may, evidently, in song, novel, or sermon, attack the system over the soup societies, or at any part which he considers especially weak.

"Ruth" is not liable to the objection involved in the *Times's* thunder. Its aim is that of all Christian teaching, to inculcate a kindliness, a forbearance, a seventy times seven forgiveness, and for the very reason that was above alleged: "because the whole family of man have lost sight of the commandment and example of God." We are all in the same ship. If a man, being in some way a sinner, has any feeling but that of sympathy for his fellow-sinners—then that feeling is pharisaical, is of the "holier than thou" kind, and is of itself, another sin. If, for instance, a man or woman, feels, in the presence of an unfortunate woman, that he is entitled to frown, and fly, and condemn,—his emotion indicates a spiritual pride, as hateful as the sin of wantonness. There is nothing so anti-christian, so shocking and monstrous, as the attitude assumed by what are called "professing Christians" toward other Christian men and women. The "elect" act, as if profession had absolved them from sin, as if they considered themselves cleaner than those who have not professed,—and, regardless of character and facts, the rest are pitied and denounced as if they were wallowing in wrath and destruction. A recent work, under the affected title of "Interviews, memorable and useful, from Diary and Memory reproduced," is the most salient instance of this pharisaical superciliousness on record. The author assumes that all the front seats are taken for himself and his friends, and condemns the rest of the world to the pit. Yet, he says, it is not necessary to curse them too hard. *We* are safe, high and dry, of course, and they are given over to Satan. Religion and morality protest against this melancholy and fatal delusion; and "Ruth" bears its earnest, mournful testimony against it, in the figure of Mr. Bradshaw—one of these *soi-disant* saints. The calm self-gratulation of the rigid, bloodless anatomy of rectitude, which is called Mr. Bradshaw, and the weeping, toiling, struggling, and suffering Christian heart, called Ruth, offer a contrast which reveals to the reader the difference between truth, and the mask of truth.

Now what is the moral of all this, but that inflexible formality is not virtue nor Christianity, however rigidly it may wash, and fast, and pray; and that an error, or a sin, does not necessarily ruin a character, but may be the very occasion of its development into the greatest beauty? and by consequence, it teaches that whatever "Law," or "Society," or "Arrangements," or "Order and Decency," or whatever other fine name, may require, yet the law of Christ requires of every man and woman professing his faith, that obedience to the spirit of his faith, which is shown in long suffering, in sympathy, in sorrow and prayer for the tempted and fallen,—in short, which is manifested by the mood of Christian charity, in which "Ruth" leaves the reader. There is no escape

from this. The reader is not invited nor taught to resist human laws, nor to encourage frailty—but to save sinners. And if any man turns away from the tale to frown even upon the most abandoned of offenders, that man seems to us as far from heaven as Dives when his dogs shamed him, and licked the sores of Lazarus.

We have grown serious in considering the scope and influence of this book, because it is so very sad. Like an autumn day, full of a low wailing wind, and a nameless sorrow, the tale sweeps on with its wan sunlights and long mournful shadows to the end. We have not space to indicate the exquisite handling, the skilful discrimination, which shows Mr. Bradshaw hurrying over bribes and insincerities in elections, while branding "Ruth" as a Jezebel; and of the natural result of such a character and training as his upon a son who forges, and upon an amiable, devoted, and suffering pastor, who is frightened into deceit, that Mr. Bradshaw's suffocating sanctity may not overpower Ruth. The treatment is thoughtful and tender. There is no exaggeration, no impassioned denunciation, which would destroy its own effect by a wild enthusiasm. The book is mellow, mature and sober. Its landscape painting is equally beautiful and characteristic. Those who know the woods, and waters, and country life, and small town life, and the lonely sea-shore life, will recognize in the descriptions of this book the heart and hand of one who has also felt them as they are.

It must not be supposed that "Ruth" is a mere sermon. It is only such a sermon as "Vanity Fair." In both stories the moral is insinuated, not obtruded. You receive it as you do oxygen in breathing. It mingles warm and soft with the blood. The heart beats, the cheeks tingle, the eyes quiver and fill. "Villette" is written from curious study of character; "Ruth" from profound sympathy with it. "Villette" is a joyful cry of conscious power from the thick heart of the struggle; "Ruth" is a tear, washing the eyes clear, so that they see the way out of it. They are both admirable and remarkable books. We do not wonder that old Caxton told his son Pisistratus that he must write a novel if he wanted the public to heed him. It is the present highway to the profoundest influence. We rush to see our possible selves fighting the good fight. We can test our sincerity by the tone of our emotions, as we watch the spectacle. We can privately determine whether our hearts adhere unreservedly to the tart theory, or whether we do really feel a secret sympathy with goodness, unaccompanied by gooseberries.

MISS PECK'S FRIEND.

A NOVEL IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE ORCHESTRA TAKE THEIR SEATS.

WE all know, as a general thing, that we are to grow old; that the day must arrive, if we live long enough, when, if old beaux, we will be supplanted by youngsters whom we remember in frocks in the Park; if authors, laid on the shelf in every sense, unread by the public, superseded by fresher pens, forgotten by the publishers, whose interest it no longer is to print our half-century productions. To all who outlive their prime, a season of blight must come sooner or later, to belles as well as to beaux, to readers not less than to those who are read; for each in his own way, and in his proper turn, must look to be voted *passé*—and alas! we all forget, we set our hearts on forgetting, that so dreadful a thing can ever be brought about.

Even Mde Mere de Trubleu (*née* Babiolé), who remembers the Bourbons and the first Revolution, and has danced in her time with tri-colored ribbons in her hair, has come to this at last, and resigns herself with the air of a martyr to rheumatic limbs and obesity, and such other usual companions of gray hairs which have once wagged over good cheer, and rolled home to take to the pillow when busier heads are meditating rising from it. Madame lives in easy retirement; complains of her nerves as only a Frenchwoman can, and takes snuff in extraordinary quantities from a gold snuff-box—the gift of *Mde la comtesse sa tante*—lying on the little table at her elbow, where lies also an old toothbrush, with which she introduces the dust from time to time into her mouth ostensibly to cleanse her teeth. "*Ma foi!*" Madame is accustomed to say with a sigh, "what an amount of obligation *les demoiselles* owe me, an old woman, as you observe, with this fright of a cap, and no energy

left to devise another. *Helas!* the days were when I had but to wish and it was done."

But those were days when Madame de Trubleu had prizes to distribute to her flock, and kept a book from which, at each vacation, a report was made in French to the parents, to most of whom French and low Dutch were the same; there was something to be gained by keeping in Madame's good graces then, and the inmates of a boarding-school are not the least assiduous courtiers in the world. Trubleu Priory, Goslington, during that auspicious period, enjoyed a reputation for being the abode not only of all the Muses and Graces, but of the Virtues also, and young ladies who had hummed over their tasks under shelter of the fine old trees whose tops show above the walls, were looked upon by their mammas as so many paragons of learning and discretion.

Madame had a little speech, very pretty and complimentary, which she addressed to most of the papas and mammas who brought daughters to the Priory at the beginning of a new term; among these was Peck, the wealthy ex-grocer, who had recently purchased an estate, as he called it, and wished his trading relatives lost sight of as soon as possible. Miss Peck, Miss Amelia Peck, accompanied him and remained behind when the great capitalist went away, expressing himself entirely satisfied with Madame's system of education. "Look sharp, now, Mely," was his parting injunction to his daughter; "keep ahead, get your money's worth of learning, but spend your pocket-money too; there's plenty more where this comes from; and be sure you keep good company; your mother was a Parrott, and you're entitled to the best." After which valedictory, at the lodge-gate of the Seminary, he saw little of Miss Amelia except at vacations, until that young lady returned home, thoroughly accomplished and prepared to dazzle, as the final French letter affirmed, which she was called upon to translate aloud after dinner, the very day of her arrival. Of course nothing that could be said of a laudatory kind was omitted by Madame, it being her policy to part on such excellent terms with her withdrawing patrons, as to secure their services in a recommendatory way for ever after. Miss Peck, however, recited her manifold perfections with the air of simplicity, distinguishing all she did, and which was in character with the rather milk-and-waterish appearance young ladies of fair hair and complexion and slender proportions too often possess; and Peck listened, and smirked, and nodded across the table to Mrs. P., who, comfortable soul, smiled and nodded back approval, to the best of her ability.

"By Jingo! she'll do," the proud father cried at the end, rapping the table with his wine glass, and no longer able to restrain his delight. "She'll turn the heads of the young bucks, if they don't keep shy of a lady that talks French like a native. You mind, my dear, how near I came to clawing off when I heard you sing an Italian song, but you made it all right by declaring you knew it by memory—not a word of the English of it, ha, ha!" In which loud laugh the remonstrances of both ladies were drowned.

"We must have Madum down here," the Major went on to say—they had actually made him a Major in the Fox-brush Dragoons, though he could not ride—"and—and—what's the name of the young lady you've written two letters to since yesterday, Mely?" And Miss Amelia, who was enthusiastic in her friendships, though she had proved their bitterness more than once,—but it was the last who was always the best, and it was Mademoiselle Rosette Bonair, who was now in highest favor—answered papa: "You are such a tease, sir. I haven't written more than once to dear Rosette since I came home, and that was yesterday; not a word to-day, have I, now, ma? And if I had, she is the truest, best friend that ever breathed!" On which old Peck cried, "whew!" knowingly, and walked out with a chuckle, to smoke his after-dinner cigar in the back porch, and contemplate from a safe distance his fox-hounds, of whom he was secretly afraid, leaving the pair of gossips, mamma to listen, and Amelia to recite her friend's various recommendations and virtues in the most glowing colors language could afford; for if ever there was a *perfect* being on earth, Miss Peck was accustomed to asseverate, in her enthusiastic way, whenever Mlle. Bonair happened to be the topic, it was the sweet, dear, darling Rosette. And to her Rosette, somewhat later in the afternoon, when the Major had rejoined them in the drawing-room, and was snoring in an easy chair, and Mrs. Peck was quietly netting, as she almost always was, our present heroine opened her new rosewood desk in front of the fire, and penned a letter of invitation, inclosing a note from mamma to Madame herself.

It was in consequence of this invitation, something more than a week after the date of Miss Amelia's note, that the Pecks were one afternoon what the Major called on the quee weeve, looking for the arrival of Madame Mere and her charming niece. Mrs. P. had personally seen to the arrangement of the guest's chamber for the

former lady, whom she regarded as a very sphinx of learning, and of great worth and integrity, as one to whose care the completion of Miss Amelia's education had been confided, must necessarily have been; and Mam'selle was to sleep with her dearest friend, not that room was wanting elsewhere, but because Miss Peck would not hear of any proposal for separation. She had spent the morning in gathering flowers and arranging them in numberless bouquets in their common chamber, and made it quite a sweet little Eden of a place before dinner, at which meal cruel papa failed not to joke her unmercifully on the subject of her friendship, and asked if they intended using one nightcap for their pair of heads, or would dine off a single plate at table; for the old merchant was more jocular than witty or refined, in familiar intercourse.

The Major was still taking his usual after-dinner nap, when roused by the announcement of the anticipated arrival, and bustled down the front piazza steps to hand out Madame, who was in the act of emerging from her carriage, with her bandbox in one hand and the other holding close the skirt of her dress from contact with the wheels. With which cares she was so preoccupied conjointly with the caution necessary in descending a narrow flight of steps, that it was not until she stood on terra firma, the Major succeeded in attracting her attention. "*Ma foi!*" she then said, stretching out to him the hand lately occupied with the skirt, and looking down on her ruddy host, who was a head at least shorter, "ah, and yonder's Madam, and—*embrassez moi, ma fille—allons!*—An old woman like me has old bones to move about, Monsieur, and old eyes to see with."

"Old, Madum! Mrs. P. would make two of your looks!"—the merchant said, with a polite bow and smirk, and handed the tall lady up his marble steps by the tips of his fingers, in by no means a graceful fashion, however well meant. Meanwhile Amelia had flown from the formal kiss of her late preceptress, to embrace the other occupant of the carriage, who was still within, tugging apparently at something under the seat; and what demonstrations of undying affection were interchanged at that reunion of hearts, Sambo, grinning furtively on the box, knew more than any one, for Rosette's friend had thrown herself upon her knees on the top step, and there they had it out. And after having it out, what a smiling pair walked towards the house together, each with an arm about the other's waist, Amelia blushing up to the roots of her hair with pleasure and boarding-school *mauvaise honte*, and a like red spot in either French cheek of Mam'selle, and quite a happy sparkle in those sloe black eyes of hers; Miss Peck looking taller and slimmer than ever, by contrast, lent her ear to the volatilities of her chum with much honest delight apparent in her countenance. "And Madame would have him brought, because he is sure to be starved if left—so I pushed him under the seat, where he wouldn't stay until I had covered him over with my emptied bandbox, and here I've been obliged to ride with my bonnet in my lap all the way. And just now I was afraid he'd run away if any body else took him out, but when I tried to get at him he wouldn't come, but growled terribly,—as if he had any teeth left him to bite—which prevented my flying to the arms of my Amy—now be quiet, sir!" was what Mam'selle rattled off with abundance of Gallicisms, ending with a tap on the nose of a shaggy poodle, she hugged with some difficulty under her arm. "Let me carry him, the pretty dear," Amelia said, offering her help, and there was a yelp and struggle, and—"you bad, ugly Bijou," Mam'selle exclaimed; "there, sir, you may walk now!" "Suppose we tie our handkerchiefs to his collar," Amelia suggested, Bijou having seated himself on the gravel; but Madame, with her finger up, cried "*Méchantes!*" from the top of the steps, and the Major hastened to their assistance, and presently ushered them into the drawing-room, where Mrs. P. was doing the honors of the mansion in her chatty way.

"Miss Rosette, Amelia's dearest friend, I'm very glad to see you, my dear, and hope you will spend a very merry time with us; that's your pet, I suppose?" was what she said on Mam'selle's entrance. "Thank you, ma'am," Miss Rosette returned, receiving a kiss from the lady with excellent grace. "Bijou is Madame's."

"And to Madum I restore what's-his-name," the gallant Major cried; he had rescued the dog from "them madcaps," he said, and made his appearance with it in his arms.

"*Ces misérables* are always worrying poor Bijou," Madame returned, shaking the pensionniere's present, then on duty, at the girls. "They don't like him because he's cross and old; they'll take to worrying old Madame for the same reason before very long."

"*Fi donc!*" the brunette cried, reproachfully, taking one hand, and the blonde pupil clasped the other, with less dramatic effect, perhaps, than sincerity, for Madame complained that dust was

troublesome in travelling, and wiped it out of the corners of her eyes with her handkerchief, after which she smoothed either head, and remarked smilingly, they were not bad girls on the whole.

"Come into the piazza, where we can talk over our secrets," Amelia said aside to Rosette, after this little tableau was over, and the friends went forth in their usual loving fashion, and commenced promenading. "And you've been here a week," Mademoiselle said, after they had made a turn or two; "how strange he hasn't been here."

"Oh, he has been here twice, you know," Amelia returned. "One forenoon when he stayed so short a time that he was gone when I came down stairs, though I don't think I was half my usual time before the glass. I was dressed in the sprigged muslin you went with me to buy in town, and with a neat little apron on, and a watering pot in my hand. I made believe I wasn't aware of any body being in the drawing-room, and was only going to water my flowers, humming a French air as I went; but when I glanced in, opposite the door, I saw nobody but pa, who bawled out, 'Hey, Mely! such a handsome beau as was here minute ago!' as if I didn't know it!"

"But he came back?"—asked Rosette.

"No, that is, not to make a call. This morning, indeed, I heard the horns blowing in the yard, and all in curl-papers as I was, I rushed to the window and peeped between the curtains to catch a glimpse of the sportsmen, who had come, by appointment, to borrow pa's hounds; but, oh me! I saw only the back of his hunting coat, as he pranced away, enveloped in a cloud of dust. I'm so glad you've come, for I have wanted some one to confide in so much; of course, I tell ma every thing else I have on my mind, but it would never do to confide that, for there's nothing *definite* yet, you know, and besides, ma would be as likely as not to think I place too much value on such a trifle as a camellia, presented at the close of an evening party. As indeed she naturally might, knowing nothing of the glance which accompanied it, and of what transpired afterwards, every syllable of which I told you next day, my dear."

"Yes, and don't you recollect how I recognized Monsieur from your description, even before he took off his hat, the day we met him, when walking with Madame," Mam'selle returned. "What a splendid figure he made on his love of a white horse, that would go down the street sideways, when he smiled, as much as to say, there was no fear of his being thrown, you remember? And then how we stopped behind Madame a moment, as if to see something in a shop window, but really to whisper, 'Is he not handsome?' And Miss Amelia, clasping her friend's hand and blushing as usual—it required very little to set her blushing, indeed—cried, "I do believe I could talk about him without stopping, for ever, the handsome fellow. Hush! there's pa calling."

The Major, from a gable window commanding a view of the avenue, had spied two young gentlemen approaching the house at a canter, and summoned Miss Amelia and her friend from the piazza, "Here's a pair of dashing blades—look out, now, girls!" he said; and Rosette at the other window, where the friends had flown to reconnoitre, whispered, "It's *Monsieur*—I know those loves of whiskers," and ran off hand in hand with Amelia, as the visitors drew rein at the foot of the steps. The confidants were quite breathless when they reached their chamber in the second story, and stood together peeping through the blinds.

"Gracious!" Amelia said, "I can scarcely breathe. There's pa shaking hands with—with *him;* and now he's introduced to the other; what a stupe! why didn't he look up and let us see his face?" "Why, he *is* looking up," Rosette exclaimed, emphasizing in her little French way, "don't you see he's *louche*, and must have been looking at us under the brim of his hat."

"What a funny beau he'll make for you—you must fall in love with him, so I mayn't be jealous, Rosy, dear," Amelia returned. "Lor, how provoking, they won't talk loud enough to let us overhear what they're saying; I do wonder what they're talking about. There, now, they're all coming up the steps together, clamp, clamp. I would not have had him catch me running away for the world—would you?"

"No, indeed!" her chum of course made answer, and applied herself to making her toilette, during which the Major's oily voice was heard from below. "Hollo, Mely! come down and let's make up a party for a frolic here," it said, "and bring down your friend. Somebody wants to be introduced to both of you." A speech which equally disconcerted those in the drawing-room and chamber, whom the unsuspecting host wished to serve. "I declare I feel like having a hearty cry. Pa is always doing something of the sort. I wonder what *he* will think of us!" was what Amelia uttered, with tears almost in her eyes.

"Confound the old fellow!" the gentleman, designated as *he*, was responding at the same moment, in the depths of his

satin-vested breast. And his friend, with the slightly oblique vision, stammered and colored a great deal in the midst of a commonplace he was uttering to Madame, now arrayed in all the splendors of a new pearl silk, and much bebowed cap, one of the best of the collection, without which, in those halcyon days, she never stirred from home.

It happened that Bijou had posted himself on a footstool in front of the ladies, and Mr. Augustus Twitty (who was *louche*) presently drew him into the conversation. "Pretty dog, pretty dog! what curly hair he has!" he said, and stooped forward to smooth the favorite's head, who responded to the attention by disclosing his upper teeth. "He's snappish, sir," Madame remarked. "Bijou, come here. I carry a capital sedative with me, or his manners would exclude him from good company;" and Bijou, after a futile attempt at escape, submitted to a pinch of snuff from Madame's fingers, and fell to sneezing violently, after which he retired under a chair with a growl of satisfaction, and coiled himself up.

"Ha, ha!—why, he takes snuff like any little Frenchman," Mr. Augustus cried, inconsiderately; and Madame regarded the speaker with disfavor. "It always serves the purpose—will you take a pinch, sir?" she asked grimly. "*Avec plaisir*," Twit returned—he prided himself on his accent; and helped himself with a flourish, without perceiving the connection.

The young ladies appeared in due season, ushered in by the Major, who had been a second time to summon them down from the foot of the stair, and were received with a specially low bow by one of the visitors. And Miss Amelia was in such sweet confusion that she did not notice what her little friend did, that the reverence was not addressed to her. "Ah, Monsieur *la barbe!*—he wants to mislead us," was Mademoiselle's conclusion.

The Major had been conversing apart with this young gentleman, previous to the appearance of the young ladies, and had expressed himself greatly delighted at what he heard; he had made an unreserved offer of his servants and horses, to assist in certain preparations then in progress for a neighborhood fête, and exhibited some chagrin when told there was no immediate call for his services. But not to be baffled, he added, "By George! I've a odd volume of Fros—Frossart though, Mr. Rutridge, and you might get a wrinkle from it, you know;" at which Rutridge, who had read Froissart twice over, I believe, laughed and replied, "Thank you, Major, I'll send for it some day when I want it."

Mr. Edward Rutridge was familiar with other books, ancient and modern, not found in the course prescribed in the college of which he was a graduate of three or four months standing; he had indulged a taste for rather miscellaneous reading, at the expense of his class honors, and lost the Valedictory, although twice as well informed as the man who got it. "And I wouldn't accept the second honor, sir, of course—indeed I am not sure I deserved it," he had said afterwards to the pompous Colonel, his father; who told him, he liked his pride—"first or none, should be the motto of every Rutridge, Ned;" a sentiment the Colonel had illustrated in his own life, by remaining a cipher.

It is as human to be vain as to err, and our hero returned home with a rather false idea of the worth of a course of irregular reading, and a general, and not over clear perception of his attainments; but his vanity was not greater, perhaps, than that of some of his neighbors, and certainly not as openly paraded, and was coupled with, what is at the bottom of much good as well as evil, in this life, although supposed to have no part in heaven—namely, ambition. He had eagerly accepted an offer to run him for one of the representatives of the parish in the next Legislature, and had canvassed with flattering success, the influence of the family name being not yet worn threadbare. Young fellows of undoubted respectability themselves, liked to have a Rutridge among their pals, and while papa, who professed himself of as good stock as the best, "liked to keep up good feeling between the two families," mamma fondly imagined her Amanda or Felicia mistress of the fine old house at Cypress-hall; so it happened wherever he went he was courted, and could afford to despise the efforts of his sole opponent, young Gossimer, son and heir of no especial house. Canvassing, however, occupied no great part of our friend's time and thoughts; he had pleasanter food for reflection, and loved a stroll through the woods with his cigar, and the twilight hours consecrated to the thought of a little brunette angel (a brunette angel, oh ye Powers!) who pronounced with the slightest possible French accent, and had certainly the most beautiful black eyes, any one had ever beheld. He had encountered them not oftener than twice or thrice, and on each occasion had felt his breast transfixed afresh. No doubt the opinionated Colonel would have stormed and remained deaf to reason, and the Misses Rutridge were not wanting

in pride either; for which reasons he chose to keep his own counsel for the present, and winced whenever unequal matches were made the topic of conversation; for all which, Mr. Edward made himself amends, by unqualified private devotion, and the visit to Cornhill was not so accidental as the Major believed.

That dapper host had rubbed his hands briskly, on the entrance of the young ladies, and cried, "Here we are—now about the toonament (so he pronounced it). I ain't too old to have a dance myself. I think we must show the young folks what we did in our day, ha, Mrs. Mere?" and Madame, having rejoined with animation, "*Vive la danse!*" affably addressed our hero. "What an old thing Madame is to break out in that style, eh Monsieur?" "I—I beg pardon," Rutridge stammered, he had been all ears to Rosette, who had been saying, she doated on dancing—one, two, three, tara-la! "*Don't* you remember, Amy dear, our funny little dancing master, Monsieur Tipto? we used to infuriate him by waltzing faster than his time," and Amelia had assented with a blush; "If I could only talk like Rosette," was her secret aspiration.

"Madame Mere asks if you think her too old to dance," that unlucky Twitty repeated to Rutridge, wishing to be obliging.

"*Ma foi!* what common sense and common politeness the young men of the present day possess!" Madame exclaimed; and Twitty muttered indignantly, "The old — has a tongue like a tomahawk; deuce take me, if I make myself agreeable to her any more," at which by-play his friend would have laughed if Madame had not been concerned.

"French ladies have the reputation of appearing youthful to the last," Rutridge said; and the old Frenchwoman took it as a compliment, although it may have covered a sarcasm. "We will all dance after the games," he added, "and that reminds me, Mrs. Peck, we rode over expressly to solicit Madame's attendance, and yours, next Wednesday; my sisters will call first of course." "Was you waiting for them at the gate?" the Major, who was listening, blurted out,—upon which our hero laughed and colored a little, perhaps—and protested Mr. Twitty and he had seen the carriage turn into the avenue, from a distance; "We guessed who were in it, and thought it best to canter after, and give early notice at the risk of intruding a little, eh Major?" "No intrusion, sir,—always glad to see my cust—my friends, by George!" the ex-merchant cried. "We are to have a Tournament at the Oaks—that is Henrietta and Harriet started the ball, and like a shell (Major), it will end in a grand explosion next Wednesday. Of course your names were written on their list among the first. I hope you got your invitation?" Rutridge said, who would have cared very little about it—but for a certain contingency.

The invitations had not yet been received, but Mrs. P. thought there was some mistake, and that they would all enjoy themselves very much, if it was to be like a pic-nic. She also gave the company present a history of her first pic-nic, she was in her teens then, and how the ice-cake she had made for the occasion turned out. "I'll warrant it wont be so bad this time," the Major's lady cried, delightedly, nodding her head at the end. "Bring only Madame, and the young ladies with you, ma'am," Mr. Rutridge said, good-humoredly, "and we will provide every thing else." Now although our hero spoke of young ladies in the plural, it happened that when his glance took the direction of his words, it went no farther than Miss Rosette's face, and did not include Miss Amelia; and it likewise chanced that Rosette's eyes were at that moment taking note of our hero's face. What a handsome nose he has, and waving black hair, and neat whiskers—they quite become him, and he could easily have a moustache! the French girl thought, and wondered if he were really in love with Amelia; at which juncture Mr. Edward chanced to look down and their eyes met, and both colored a great deal for so simple an event; and Madame saw the blush too, and clapping to her snuff-box with more noise than customary, thrust it into the depths of her pocket, and cleared her throat in so imperative a manner, that Mademoiselle felt she was under surveillance, and colored still deeper. "Will you let me lead you to the piano?" Mr. Edward asked, looking on admiringly, and Rosette took his arm after a little hesitation.

"So Amelia has a beau already, eh?" Madame asked carelessly, when the visitors had consented to stay to tea, and Amelia, after singing a duet with her dearest friend at the piano, backed by the gentlemen, had retired to a neighboring couch. "No, —who do you think? I hope you haven't heard any thing in the city," mamma said, for the query took her by surprise; but Madame raising her eyebrows sententiously, and taking snuff, merely supposed Mr. Rutridge had known her before, by his calling in advance of Mesdemoiselles, his sisters.

"Oh he's been here before, he comes to see the Major. He will have a very handsome property in time, and his family's very high and proud; but he would never think of marrying so young. If I thought

he was courting Amelia, I'd be very unhappy," mamma replied; "My poor mother was, when the first lover I had came to see me four nights out of every week; which was all the time he was in town. I recollect the very dress she wore—an old-fashioned brocade with purple stripes, —the evening she put her handkerchief to her eyes and told me he had proposed through her. Of course he should have come to me first, and I never forgave him, at least not for a long time. It was very foolish in me, and so I've often told Amelia since; and I hope any gentleman who may be attentive to her, will consult me beforehand and ask my sanction, which would of course be better than after her affections are enlisted." "*Eh bien*," Madame said with a shrug, glancing towards the party mentioned, "Mademoiselle Amelia is enlisting nobody's affections at present."

Indeed Mademoiselle Amelia was at that moment, as she had been to Madame's secret disapproval for some minutes past, seated on the sofa, toying with the tassel of the cushion, and looking shyly at Twitty, who, never very conversable with ladies, took time to ponder any new subject before bringing it fairly out, and received only monosyllable answers—those stumbling-blocks to gossip—in return. But what does it matter to a man enamored, if the loved one be chary of words at the first interview? "So much modesty!" Twitty said in his fluttered heart, and fell deeper in love than ever. As has just been hinted, this was Mr. Augustus Twitty's first opportunity for feeding that passion, which had held secret dominion over him for upwards of a twelvemonth; which had induced him to parade Regent-street daily at shopping hours, (on which occasions the sight of a bonnet with blue streamers seen afar off, had made his heart leap into his mouth time and again!) and which in addition to leading to the composition of numberless verses to Miss P. A., and to printing them too, in the poetic column of the Transcript, had tempted him into flinging over the high wall, bounding Madame Mere's premises, bordering on Goslington, one fine summer evening a manuscript poem of the most imposing nature. It must not be supposed however, a young gentleman, of the modest exterior of Mr. Augustus, would have the courage to walk straight down from his garret opposite, from which commanding post he had taken note of the approach of Miss Peck, lovingly encircled by the arm of Mam'selle Rosette, to the portion of the grounds adjacent, and fling his insidious bouquet over the parapet. Before the afternoon just referred to, he had sallied out—the street being an old-fashioned quiet one—an incredible number of times, but his courage failing at the proper spot, had brought home his flowers and verses again in his hat, very miserable and self-reproachful.

Madame's lynx eyes were every where, and though she had failed to catch Twitty in the act, she had seen enough of his figure and face across the way—his habit being to walk with the latter turned to the convent-like windows when passing on the other side—to suspect something, and form no flattering opinion of our misguided friend; and in accordance with her rule in such cases, had taken the earliest opportunity of snubbing the love-sick poet of the Transcript, and convincing him, if he aimed at a conquest of any of her little flock, to look for every hostility from *her*. It was almost as bad, the old Frenchwoman thought, later in the evening, to make such a brazen-faced avowal of his affections as he was doing there on the sofa, looking in her face, and simpering like a tame monkey—faugh! But Amelia wasn't in her charge now, and if he were to carry her bodily off, and be married without a *sous* to live on, no discredit could result to the Goslington Establishment. She would just good-naturedly call Mrs. P.'s attention to what was going on, and leave the matter, which was none of her business, where she found it. But Amelia's unsuspicious mamma replied to her guest's hint by assuring her, her Mely would talk well enough when she came to know Mr. Twitty longer, and would show him what she was worth. "He's a nice young man," she added, "and I must get Mr. Peck to ask him to dinner. I shouldn't wonder too if he'd be glad to pay us a visit for a while, as the Major has got hounds, and never uses them himself;" a speech which Madame listened to with much *sang froid*, considering her astonishment, and took snuff prodigiously at the end, to cover a pitying smile. But what cared Augustus Twitty for all the eyes and tongues of all the Madames Mere in the world! Was he not conversing with the object of his worship, unchallenged? by every look and modulation of his voice imparting the secret of his unutterable attachment, and had he not already thrown out such broad allusions, that any one, with half their wits about them, must have perceived how gifted with poetic talent the correspondent of the Transcript was, and who had tossed the bouquet and verses into the shrubbery? And alas! for the window fault-finding Momus would have placed in the breast of all mankind—poor Twit was happy in his ignorance of the aversion that last admission had stirred in the bosom of Miss

Amelia. "It *wasn't* Mr. Rutridge then that dropped them," she said to herself, ready to cry with vexation, "but this stupid—stupid—!" and from that night the favorite verses were no more repeated on her pillow.

Other eyes than Madame's took cognizance of the pair on the sofa; not the Major's, for that doughty officer was taking his usual nap in the opposite apartment, politeness having compelled him to postpone it until tea was served, when he left Rutridge believing a press of business awaited his host in the dining-room. It was Rosette herself who called attention to Miss Amelia's sheepish looks. Rutridge and the little brunette were on excellent terms by this time, the disposition of neither rendering them inaccessible to a pleasant address, and it is not saying too much, that Mr. Edward was every bit as deeply in love as his friend Augustus, although he had never thrown a bouquet over the wall in Goslington, nor written a couplet in her praise, nor had he once thought of doing either. In Madame's barouche, and at long intervals in the streets, when he chanced to be in town, were the sole opportunities enjoyed for fostering his passion, which, like Twit's, was of a one-sided kind, and until the present afternoon, unsanctioned by acquaintance with its unconscious object.

A man loving less ardently, under the difficulties of the case, might have abandoned the pursuit; or perhaps the argument lies on the other side, and it may be predicated with moderate certainty, that if the obstacles to be surmounted in the way of merely obtaining an introduction, to say nothing of communicating the state of his affections, to a young lady immured in a fold, which that dreadful wolf, man, was never suffered to set foot in, had been fewer, his fever might have materially cooled. But let it be clearly understood, this is not written to the prejudice of our hero, nor advanced as any thing new; every coquette understands it, and how many of us—innocents that we are—have been enslaved by its practice!

Once only in the course of his attachment, Rutridge had taken a decided step forward, and so incalculable is all human endeavor, that it resulted in doing him more harm than good. Miss Amelia Peck, having completed her course with Madame, and only awaiting the day appointed for her return home, had been graciously permitted to attend an evening party, given by a cousin, and our hero, recognizing the invariable companion of his inamorata, said and did so many flattering things,—partly out of involuntary esteem for the friend of Miss Rosette, and partly, it must be conceded, with the self-aggrandizing purpose in view of securing a favorable report of himself in a certain quarter; and, perhaps, of paving the way to a future introduction, opportunity permitting,—that Amelia's inexperienced head was quite turned, and she appropriated with good enough reason, the efforts to please, addressed at second hand to her dearest Rosette at home.

Rutridge's place—a small one portioned off by his father from the ancient estate, for that young gentleman's maintenance and profit, in an agricultural sense, until the fit time should arrive for his taking the entire estate in charge—was removed by not many miles from the Major's purchase, and lay next door to Col. Watch, a lively old bachelor, with whom our hero consorted much. From the Colonel—who had it from the Major, whose wife and he had discussed the matter before Amelia's arrival—he learned that a French lady from the city, a Madame somebody, was expected daily to pay the Pecks a visit, and to bring a devilish nice little lady with her—a fast friend of Miss Amelia's. And from that forenoon to the halcyon one which crowned his perseverance with success, Edward Rutridge of Ponpon, was never known to be at home between two and six post-meridian on any account. He went hunting, he said carelessly; and when some one rejoined, "The deuce you did, Ned!—why I met you cantering along the road without a dog in sight," answered, "It was this side of Major Peck's, wasn't it?" It was there he usually picked up a pack, as he kept none himself.

To be continued.

LOWELL, THE POET.

WE have often noticed the superiority, in point of truthfulness, of those criticisms which escape from readers in conversation, over those intended by writers for the public eye. The reader is honest, he has no ulterior motive in the remarks which he makes; the writer, on the other hand, is prevented from telling his mind by various influences. In the first place, there is his personal like or dislike; and though some ingenious friend may observe that this bias is as likely to exist in the one case as in the other, it should be remembered that the position of a critic is an unusual and unnatural one, and prompts the occupant of it to think over his chances for gratifying his good will or his spite, and to avail himself of them. So that the same man who, in the humble position of reader, would spontaneously do his enemy some justice, when he reaches the giddy elevation of critic, is disposed to be fierce, and considers himself called on to annihilate. He is further influenced in his decisions according as his author is associated with him in the same mutual admiration society, or connected with its rival; or, it may even be, a base fear of a publisher, which gives the tone to his judgment.

But, after all, the principal cause of the difference we have pointed out between written and spoken criticism is this: few can have failed to notice how the reviewer, disdaining to echo the sentiments of intelligent people around him, even though he shares in those sentiments, seems to run about the subject in anxious search for new and original views—for something never discovered by any reader before, and seldom recognized by any reader after. If we mistake not, we have here one secret of the worthlessness of criticism in general: an anxiety to appear profound; to give the reader the impression that he sees further into the millstone than the rest of mankind. With what special powers of divination, we should like to ask, is the critic endowed? Why should he think that, because he writes upon a subject, he knows more about it than the man of equal discrimination who only reads? The chances are decidedly against him. A critical stool is not a cloud-capt Olympus; and a critic himself is only a man and a brother like the rest of us; and, even if he does hide himself in a fog, that does not make him a Jupiter Tonans. The cockney critic may seat himself in the tripod, and be as unintelligible in his Orphic sayings as the divinity itself, without deceiving any one as to his origin.

It seems to us that, instead of all this, a criticism might be more valuable, and more readable too, if it attempted less, and came up more fully to its pretensions. If a criticism were the unaffected and plain-spoken judgment of a sensible and well-informed man, the public would no longer wonder at an incomprehensible review of a familiar subject. The critic who calls things by their right names, and provokes from the understanding reader the remark, "just what I thought," showing that his half-formed notions have been expressed for him, and extorts such approbation from those whose opinions he may be making rather than expressing—leading, in fact, while seeming to follow—has reached the height of his art. Without expecting complete success, but hoping to avoid some of the faults which have been pointed out, we desire to speak a few plain words upon the author whose name heads this article.

Mr. Lowell is a young man still. He has not reached his prime; and we are yet to have the ripe fruits of his genius. He was born in Cambridge, and educated at Harvard College in that town; and we rejoice to see that he shares in the affection entertained by all whose privilege it is to call themselves sons of that institution, as we read in one of his best poems:—

"Though lightly prized the ribboned parchments three,
Yet, *collegisse juvat*, I am glad
That here what colleging was mine I had."

His only public performance during his college life was, we believe, an elaborate and exhausting parallel between the two great epic poets of antiquity, Homer and Virgil (delivered at that extraordinary literary festival, a College Exhibition)—the time allotted for its declamation being exactly four minutes. We have not heard that our author ever deemed this youthful effort worthy of preservation. After college came the law, though only for a season; nor have our imperfect readings in this department disclosed to us his name in the printed reports of his native State. From this we are led to suppose that the burden of professional cares did not wholly withdraw him from the amenities of life, or from those studies for which he has since shown a preference. In fact, the life of a young lawyer does not usually present many opportunities for startling demonstrations; and, at all events, Mr. Lowell did not follow his first profession long enough to reach its highest honors. He deserted law to devote himself to literature as a pursuit, and soon became interested in the antislavery movement, a

circumstance which has had a marked effect upon his writings; but further than this, we do not know that the incidents of his life are material to our present purpose.

A few years ago, an effort was made, almost simultaneously, in England and in this country, to revive the taste for Spenser and the poets of Queen Elizabeth's time. Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Browning, R. H. Horne, and others, were interested in it. Editions of the poets of that time, and also of Chaucer, appeared under the superintendence of distinguished literary gentlemen. The consequence was, that these writers began to be much read and more talked of in literary circles. This "well of English undefiled" was opened again, and our poets began to drink deeply of it. It had previously given a tone to the verses of Keats and Tennyson, and through them to those of their imitators. It infused into poetry an unwonted freshness and vigor, but brought with it at the same time an unpleasant mannerism. This experiment served to illustrate the danger of too exclusive a cultivation of any one style of poetical composition, whether it be the unchecked luxuriance of the Elizabethan age, the more polished and artificial school of the time of Queen Anne, or the metaphysico-natural style of the Lake poets. Mr. Lowell shared this newly awakened enthusiasm for Spenser, and formed his style, consciously or unconsciously, upon a careful study of this early writer; and the results of it were apparent in the first volume which he published, entitled, "A Year's Life," only a small part of which he has judged fit to retain in the revised edition of his poems. This volume attracted some attention at the time of its appearance, as having features which distinguished it from any thing in the way of verse which had previously appeared in this country. We must say of this book, that it possessed a certain robustness and freshness of thought and an occasional grandeur and delicacy of expression and imagery, which told of the author's commerce with his great masters. There was in it something of what Mrs. Barrett calls Chaucer's

> "infantine,
> Familiar clasp of things divine."

But there was also a like long drawn and tiresome prattling, only to be excused in an infant; a like undue expansion of commonplace and unpoetical ideas, admitting of considerable compression without injury; and a harshness of rhythm none the less censurable because seemingly intentional. There is always danger in the conscious or unconscious imitation of a great original. Every body has heard the old story of a luckless admirer of an orator, distinguished for his eloquence and his wry face, who caught the wry face, but missed the eloquence.

We notice also in this volume Mr. Lowell's habit of taking the reader unnecessarily into his confidence, and making communications, which might be dispensed with advantageously, to all parties. Love letters are an excellent device, provided they are kept in their proper place, and not paraded before the public eye. We understand, that they generally receive the most indulgent criticism from their recipients, and from the few which have been submitted to our inspection, we judge that their actual merits always stand in need of such charitable regard. To be sure, Shakspeare and Spenser did not disdain to sonnetize their love affairs, but it is well known, that this is the least read and least readable part of their writings. When the indiscreet lover, too much elated by the "soft applause" of his mistress, gives to these effusions the same publicity as to his others, he must expect them to be received by the critic with an equal austerity. We, therefore, ask no one's pardon for alluding to what Mr. Lowell has printed. He is indeed very far from perpetrating such stuff as the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," with which Mrs. Barrett, lately, presented her husband and the public, detailing the minutiæ of her courtship, and its consequences. The plain-spoken Dean Swift in his "Letter to a Young Lady, on her Marriage," warning against a similar display, says truly, "This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgustful to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it." No matter what the reasons are.

In truth, Mr. Lowell's Love Sonnets contain some uncommonly good lines, though this—

> "My love, I have no fear that thou shouldst die:
> Albeit I ask no fairer life than this,
> *Whose numbering clock is still thy gentle kiss*," &c.,

is not an instance. Nor are the lines "To —— on her Birthday." Milton, with a similar purpose, wrote verses "To a Virtuous Young Lady," but they are better. Lowell's early sonnets are mostly of love, and are pervaded by a Platonic mysticism, which runs through the similar productions of the old English poets, and he uses the word "love" in the same indefinite and universal sense, in which they employ it. Of those, not of an amatory character, one "To the Spirit of Keats" is worthy of the author, as is also a slightly misanthropic one entitled "The Street." There are also six wearisome sonnets, provoked by the reading of Wordsworth's

in defence of capital punishment, in one of which the word "fadeless" occurs—which, whatever may be its authority, Mr. Lowell did not find in his readings of Spenser. The sonnet to Mr. Giddings, though it ends well, begins thus curiously,

"Giddings, far rougher names than thine have grown
Smoother than honey on the lips of men."

Though not particularly pleased with these performances, we will do the author the justice to say, that take them as a whole, they are fully equal to Wordsworth's.

We have observed in "A Year's Life," and in truth in all our author's poetry, quite a Miltonic fondness for stately imagery drawn from the sea, the sky, and the great objects of nature — and a disregard for those finical ornaments, which become the poetry of the boudoir. It is hardly fair to take single lines, but we venture the following:

"Without thee I were naked, bleak and bare
As yon dead cedar, on the sea cliff's brow."

Here is a very happy line,

"The twilight warmth of ruddy ember-gloom."

He speaks finely of Keats'

"——— few words which, like great thunder drops,
Thy large heart down to earth shook doubtfully."

Our author is not always so compact as in these lines, in the sonnet to Mr. Giddings —

"Fear nothing and hope all things, as the Right
Alone may do securely; every hour
The thrones of Ignorance and ancient Night
Lose somewhat of their long-usurpéd power,
And Freedom's lightest word can make them shiver
With a base dread that clings to them forever."

Mr. Lowell has written nothing more beautifully tender than this:

"O mother of our angel-child! twice dear!
Death knits as well as parts, and still, I wis,
Her tender radiance shall enfold us here,
Even as the light, borne up by inward bliss,
Threads the void glooms of space without a fear,
To print on farthest stars her pitying kiss."

The last few lines are uncommonly poetical in their conception and expression.

The form of the sonnet, though liable to the objection of inducing obscurity, at least insures conciseness (unless the impatient poet choose to launch out into more than one on the same subject), a great desideratum of modern poetry. The long poems in "A Year's Life," are inordinately spun out, and the reader sometimes wanders over two or three pages to find as many good lines. They seem to us like some of the youthful attempts of Tennyson and others—mere fancy work of words—experiments upon the capabilities and flexibility of the language—and not the compact and well rounded poems of the same men at a maturer age.

Three years after the publication of "A Year's Life" (in 1844), Mr. Lowell issued another volume. We do not recall any of his serious poems better than those therein contained. In it we find "The Legend of Brittany," the longest of our author's poems, and in our opinion, the best of its kind that has appeared in this country. It is one of that "sensuous" class to which "The Eve of St. Agnes" of Keats belongs—where the poet seems to riot in the luxuriance of his imagery and allows his fancy to wander on unrestricted, at her own sweet will. It is in the genuine spirit of Spenser, and Spenser himself need not have been ashamed of it. The story is nothing, the old and ever new one of love and desertion. But there is a warmth and regal splendor of coloring and a delicate voluptuousness, reminding us of what we have heard of Titian's paintings. The poem is so crowded with beauties that we find it impossible to quote what we intended, and chafe under the self-imposed limitation of two passages only. The first describes Margaret's love and its effect upon the dark, proud nature of the ambitious Templar.

"So, from her skylike spirit, gentleness
Dropped ever like a sunlit fall of rain,
And his beneath drank in the bright caress
As thirstily as would a parchéd plain,
That long hath watched the *showers of sloping gray*
For ever, ever, falling far away."

The repetition of the word "ever" in the last line has a fine effect. This device is adopted by the best poets, and when successfully employed is one of the ultimate niceties of the poetical art. The next passage (rather a long one to quote) is, in its way, the greatest achievement of our author, and describes the effect of the music of an organ and choir in a cathedral.

"Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur: * * * * * * * *

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,
As the huge bass kept gathering heavily,
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,
And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky:
It grew up like a darkness every where,
Filling the vast Cathedral;—Suddenly,
From the dense mass a boy's clear treble broke
Like lightning, and the full toned choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun aslant,
Brimming the church with gold and purple mist,
Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chant,
Where fifty voices in one strand did twist
Their varicolored tones, and left no want
To the delighted soul, which sank abyssed
In the warm music cloud, while far below,
The organ heaved its surges to and fro."

And when the spirit of Margaret is heard, the music stops,

"As if a lark should suddenly drop dead
While the blue air yet trembled with its song."

Until we discovered this passage, we had not found in our readings any adequate description of the effect of organ music. We used to think the poem marred by the too great length of the speech

of Margaret's spirit—but, in the last edition, we observe that the author has judiciously omitted four stanzas. We leave the Legend of Brittany with the conviction that it is the work which will do most credit to its author as a poet, and which he will not surpass unless he recall his muse from the direction which she has of late years taken. He speaks now with contempt of the empty rhymer

"Who lies with idle elbow on the grass,"

but if, while in that easy attitude, he composes such verses as those we have quoted, we do not see how he can be better employed. Up to this time we detect in Mr. Lowell the influence of Spenser and the early English poets; but henceforward we shall have to notice a change.

There is a marked difference between the poets of Cowper's time and those who have succeeded him. The French Revolution and the anarchy consequent upon it seem to have revolutionized among other things, the spirit of poetry. It might perhaps be more accurate to represent Cowper as standing between the old school and the new. The ideas then introduced in regard to politics and social life seem to have set the poets wild. How could the truculent odes of Southey and Coleridge have been written under the state of things which existed a few years before? All the poets since, if we except only Scott and perhaps Byron, have shared in the enthusiasm of the time. Let us here advert to a curious fact. In this new-born zeal for freedom and human rights, the English poets were in advance of our own. When Wordsworth and Coleridge began to "blow the harsh trumpet of reform," our poets were tamely imitating the masters of a hundred years before in the shape of Columbiads, MacFingals etc. This state of things continued longer than would have been expected; in fact, until very recently. Communication between this country and England being comparatively difficult and infrequent, and the republication of late English works being seldom attempted, the American reader was confined to the study of those English authors whose works had been stamped with the approval of several generations. Now, when every pulsation of the popular mind of England is felt here at once, and the works of distinguished men are printed simultaneously in both countries, we almost forget the isolation from the mother country in which we then were. At present, any prevailing taste or fashion, in literature in England, is sure to have its run here. The best man in London speaks to a larger circle here than he has at home, and the last prodigies of the opera or the stage come here while they are in their prime. We wonder if it ever occurred to Mr. Cunard that the greatest influence he would acquire by his ocean steamers would be an influence on American Literature.

We think we may say that Mr. Lowell was the first American littérateur who fully caught this new inspiration that was having such an effect in England. As for Longfellow, his travels on the Continent gave the tone to his early writings. With Bryant, it did not have a controlling influence—and Whittier caught, it is true, the spirit, but without that philosophical form in which Lowell received it, and without making it so entirely the end and aim of his writings. It is this humanitary philosophy which first disturbed and then nearly destroyed the Spenserian harmony of Lowell's verses. It pervades and unites every thing which he has since written. You cannot read any thing of his without discovering it. Even his miscellaneous poems are somewhat infected. We trace its beginnings in this volume of 1844 of which we are speaking, and the symptoms have been becoming more aggravated ever since. If any one wishes to discover the key-note of Mr. Lowell's poetry at present, let him read the last poem in his collection of 1844, entitled "L'Envoi," in which he professes a change of opinion and expounds at length his views of the nature and aim of poetry, especially American, for he makes this distinction, the justice and propriety of which we are not prepared to admit. Stripped of its poetical form, his train of thought is something like this: Less of love is now to be found in my verses—for poetry is not to jingle words, or prate about the surfaces of things, but to expound and popularize for each nation that peculiar central thought of which I begin by assuming that each nation is the Messiah. The central thought of our nation is the Freedom and Divinity of Man; therefore, for the future, I sing only of these. Hudson and Niagara may occur to some as proper themes of verse—but to speak of these as man spake never yet, would effect nothing for Freedom or the Divinity of Man. Some charitable person may then suggest Indians—but their divinity is doubtful, and their speedy extermination nearly certain. The black man, on the contrary, is firmly fixed here, and the climate well adapted to his subsistence —I shall sing then of him, not, however, from any abstract preference for that color, but because I may so best promote Freedom and the Divinity of Man. We submit to any one who has read, or will read "L'Envoi," if this be not a tolerably fair

statement of the argument therein contained. Under a like delusion, our friend Simpkins conceives it to be his mission to expound to the very youthful mind the central thought of geography, by devoting himself exclusively to rendering into liquid verse that noble science, and our darling boy on his return from school lisps in numbers to his doting parent, names

"That would have made Quinctilian stare and gasp."

The argument in "L'Envoi" does not convince us. We admit that much of the life of modern English poetry is owing to this reformatory spirit; and that, consequently, it for a time did great good. It never can, and never ought to disappear from our poetry. Certainly even its excess is far less to be dreaded than its opposite of Byronic misanthropy and exclusiveness. We wish to be understood as by no means foolishly taking up the cudgels against human brotherhood and the rights of man, but only as asserting the lawful claims of poetry. We never regarded these doctrines as chimeras. We should be the last to reproach a poet for embalming a noble and humane sentiment in immortal verse. But poetry is not necessarily the handmaid of reform. Poets are not necessarily Professors of the Humanities, in the cant sense of the word. Poetry suffers by it, and Reform suffers. Poetry is overworked when every word must be a blow. The demands of these great moral causes are too exacting. Antislavery, Temperance, Peace have each their separate claim; and Poetry, subjected to such hard labor, becomes ungainly, and loses its attractiveness which is its life and the secret of its power. Let him who has thoughts to offer upon such subjects, offer them in manly, sonorous prose, which is their appropriate vehicle. A declamatory harangue, however smoothly put into rhyme, is not poetry, and will not be listened to as such. The authority of great poets has generally been against any such practice. No one estimated the rights of man higher than Milton, yet he did not bring his republicanism into Paradise Lost, but reserved that for a prose as durable as his poetry. It is a striking characteristic of the utilitarianism of our time, that it seeks to turn this faculty divine, hitherto consecrated to the delight and amusement of mankind, to some practical use; sentences it, in fact, to hard labor for life. This policy, however, defeats itself, for poetry then is poetry no longer, but versified prose.

Take temperance verses for instance. The best of them we have seen are weak parodies on bacchanalian songs; as, for example, "Sparkling and bright in its liquid light is the water in our glasses." We temperance people have the best of the argument, but in the matter of poetry we had better give up. It is not long since that we heard a temperance song adapted to the music of a distressing love-ballad, once popular; and it began:

"Rum! Rum! how I despise thee!"

Such lines as that will hardly serve as an antidote to the seductive strains of Anacreon, Horace, and Moore.

It is astonishing what bad poetry a man will write, when laboring under the conviction that he has "a great social evil to discover and to remedy." He acts as if he thought that the character of the poetry is elevated by the cause which it supports, or, in other words, as if the end justified the means. We by no means affirm that all Mr. Lowell's reform poetry is bad. On the contrary, he has often embodied there stirring thoughts in his strong and compact Saxon, the excellence of which is proved by the frequent quoting of them by those interested in such matters; though we should hardly do justice to them here by quoting them in cold blood. At the same time, those verses, thought by many to be among his finest—we mean "Anti-Texas" and "The Present Crisis"—do not please us. The thoughts contained in them are by no means new to the readers of the weekly newspapers of reform. Long before these poems were written, they had passed into the common places of reform literature and oratory. When vehemence ceases to be an outburst, and turns into a philosophical analysis of itself, it becomes flat and dull. Genuine indignation should make better verses than these:

"Is water running in our veins? Do we remember still
Old Plymouth rock, and Lexington, and glorious Bunker Hill?"

Take from "The Present Crisis" this piece of Brobdingnagian imagery:

"Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with blood;
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey;
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children play?"

These are the contortions of the Sibyl without the inspiration. It is foaming without fits. "The Present Crisis" is objectionable on account of its length, and, in these comparatively calm times, we cannot sublime ourselves to a pitch of elevation high enough to recognize the propriety or necessity of such a crying in the

wilderness. The time is not sufficiently out of joint to need such wrenching. A resolute and unostentatious persistence in well-doing cures such evils as are curable; and the occasion of these poems—the annexation of Texas—being over, the truths of universal application which they contain are not so well expressed as to entitle them to preservation. The metre, too, is a dangerous one; tempting the author to draw out the images until they become weak and attenuated; and a fault to which he is prone—prolixity, we mean—is thereby increased.

Much superior to the above is the rude and terse vigor of the poem entitled "Kossuth," the last two stanzas of which fairly reach the sublime. We believe brevity to be the soul of sublimity as well as of wit. Milton could not have added to the passage—

> "Far off his coming shone—"

one word, without injuring it. In "The Present Crisis," the sublimity is protracted until the reader actually yawns. The lines "On the death of Charles T. Torrey" are "strong without rage." There is in them a quiet power and impressiveness, unusual in reformatory effusions. The poem, entitled "Above and Below," is a good one. The exhortation of the Reformer, who stands above, calling on all men to come up to his level, is satisfactorily answered by the more practical crowd, who stand below. The best excuse Reformers have for the language they sometimes indulge in, is thus expressed in "A Glance behind the Curtain,"

> "For men in earnest have no time to waste
> In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth."

Mr. Lowell, in one of his books, ridicules and caricatures the notion of a great soul "ever climbing hopefully toward the peaceful summits of an Infinite Sorrow," but we regret to find in his poetry the same cant seriously expressed, in different places, with more or less felicity—as here

> "High natures must be thunder scarred
> With many a searing wrong."

Mr. Lowell must have been misled here by the analogy between a high object in nature, and a high intellect, an analogy, not necessarily perfect in every particular. We are all to a certain extent "thunder scarred," nor do we see how the relative height of our natures, determines the amount of searing wrong, by which we may have been damaged. High natures are not only not thunder scarred, according to their height, but taking them together, they are not more thunder scarred than other people, in proportion to their numbers.

"Prometheus" and "Columbus" are the names of two long, and quite ambitious attempts. They are monologues by the two "Representative Men," whose names they bear, and are made to personify favorite abstractions of the author. Prometheus is not entirely Greek. Both he and Columbus are in advance of their time, and as might be expected teach nearly the same lesson. Columbus feels urged forward by some impulse outside of himself, and perseveres alone despite the world's unsympathizing incredulity. Prometheus endures patiently the worst that tyranny can inflict, sustained by the consciousness that he has done service to the world. Both philosophize somewhat diffusely upon their present condition and coming fate. There are scattered through their reflections noble lines; and there is a simplicity and strength in parts of the Prometheus, indicating a familiarity with the Greek model. We hope we have expressed the author's idea, but he has not individualized the two characters with sufficient distinctness, to make us feel altogether sure.

We have now examined the reformatory poetry of Mr. Lowell, and shown how it has been the result of his recent course of life and study, and the interest he has taken in the Antislavery Reform. In so doing, we have traced his poetry down to the present time. This we have done for the purpose of presenting clearly what we conceive to be his literary career, since he deserted his old Masters. His other publications now claim our attention.

Mr. Lowell's prose we can praise heartily. He writes English with manly freedom and directness. From the unaffected and beautiful dedication of his poems to his friend, William Page, we extract this passage, "As the swiftly diverging channels of life bear wider and wider apart from us the friends who hoisted sail with us as fellow-mariners, when we cast off for the voyage, and as some, even, who are yet side by side with us, no longer send back to us an answering cheer, we are drawn the more closely to those that remain." The models upon which he has formed his prose, so far as a man does form his style upon models, are the old and best writers of Saxon English.

In 1845 "Conversations on some of the Old Poets" appeared. This was a tribute to the subjects of his early studies, of whom he speaks with discriminating admiration. It contained many subtle criticisms, and called attention to many beauties not usually commented on, which showed an intimate familiarity with them. He seems, however, to us to have hazarded some very questionable assertions. The consummate art of Pope's *Cæsura*, is sneered at as if it were a blemish, and

called an "immitigable seesaw." He reproaches Queen Anne's reign for producing no better writer of English, than Swift—as if any age had produced a better. We are informed that Pope mixes water with the good old mother's milk of our tongue, rubs it down till there is no muscular expression left, and that a straightforward speech cannot be got out of him. It seems to us there is enough that is straightforward in "The Dunciad," and the "Prologue to the Satires," addressed to Arbuthnot, with its pungent characterization of Addison. What poet has more instances of the complete correspondence of the sense with the sound? It was a surprise to us to hear Mr. Lowell declaring Keats to be "the rival, and, I will dare to say, the sometimes superior of Milton." He no doubt speaks from an intimate knowledge of the two. But we opine that Milton was all of Keats and something more; and that no comparison ought to be instituted between them. The more natural comparison would be between Keats and Spenser.

The "Conversations" purporting to be on Old Poets, one would have thought, that with Mr. Lowell's old love for them, he would have been able to keep among them. But so strong a hold upon him had his new love, Reform, taken, that he insists upon introducing her into all sorts of company. We are not at all thin-skinned —yet we were a little shocked in a conversation on the Old Dramatists, after the announcement that the poetical sentiment and natural religion are identical, to be told that "Both of them are life members of the New England Antislavery Society"—that "You are, at heart, as much an Abolitionist as I"—that it is a capital merit in a poem "that the poor slave is not forgotten," etc. Would it be imposing undue restraint on the freedom of conversation to rule such remarks, in such a connection, out of order? We may say before leaving this book, that we doubt if the author's mature judgment would now sanction all the opinions embraced in it. And so far as it is any excuse for a printed book that it was hastily written, this book is entitled to it, as the author remarks in his preface.

We are naturally led to take up after the "Conversations on the Old Poets," a work, which our author published anonymously, entitled "A Fable for Critics," because it contains some comments, in rhyme, on the merits of American authors of the present day. Much of this book did not deserve to be published in a permanent form, but it contains many exceedingly clever and palpable hits. It showed a most sovereign command of rhyme, and a reckless profusion of ingenious puns, just not good enough to be printed. The first part of it bears the appearance of being written for the diversion of private friends, and handles personages with whom the public are not particularly familiar. That bore of a pedantic bookworm, "fond as an Arab of dates," can be fully appreciated only by the inhabitants of Cambridge and the vicinity. And those imitators of Emerson, whose names are charitably concealed under a "———," have no very wide circle of acquaintance. The tribute to Mr. Longfellow's genius and goodness of heart, by his townsman and neighbor, is altogether just and generous. How beautiful are these lines upon Mrs. Child!

> "If her heart at high floods swamps her brain now and then,
> 'Tis but richer for that when the tide ebbs agen,
> As, after old Nile has subsided, his plain
> Overflows with a second broad deluge of grain."

The book abounds with touches equally felicitous. His recognition of the merits of his contemporaries, among whom he stands as a rival, not to be despised by the best of them, is always hearty and sincere, and, in our view, singularly discriminating. The passage on Irving is, perhaps, the best in the book. After alluding to the "warm heart and fine brain," and the "gravest sweet humor," he continues:—

> "But allow me to speak what I honestly feel.
> To a true poet heart add the fun of Dick Steele;
> Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,
> With the whole of that partnership's stock and good will;
> Mix well, and while stirring hum o'er, as a spell,
> The fine *Old* English Gentleman; simmer it well;
> Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
> From the warm lazy sun, loitering down through green leaves,
> And you'll find a choice nature not wholly deserving
> A name either English or Yankee—just Irving."

A more thoroughly appreciative summing up of Irving's excellencies never was written. We wish we could say as much of his notice of Bryant. To be sure he enumerates his merits, but with too many qualifications, so that the impression gained by no means does justice to that great poet. When he calls him "a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignified," he does not bear in mind the poem entitled "The Battle Field," embracing the sublime stanza—

> "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," &c.;

or the "Lines in Memory of William Leggett," and others which we need not mention.

Fault has been found with Mr. Lowell for the severity of his castigation of Miranda. But we do not see why, if a woman chooses to enter the arena, and join in the athletic sports of men, she should object to being roughly handled. What right has she to claim the privileges

of both sexes and the liabilities of neither? As the editor of a newspaper well remarked, in reference to the encroachments of Bloomerism: "We are willing to grant to these women all our distinctive immunities; but, after that, if they insult us, we will tweak their noses." Acting to some extent on this reasonable doctrine, Mr. Lowell has said of Miranda what few will deny to be true, and what we think she richly deserved. So far, then, from joining in the deprecatory outcry of "Unprotected Female!" we tender Mr. Lowell our respectful sympathy.

The author's notice of himself is not the least ingenious:

> "There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb,
> With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme.
> * * * * * * * *
> His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
> But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
> And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
> At the head of a march to the last New Jerusalem."

If our memory serves us, the old patriarch's name was not *Methusalem;* but the inexorable necessity of rhyme demanded the change. At all events, the description is good; and whether the author was ironical or not, his sentiments on the subject accord pretty well with our own.

We have objected to Mr. Lowell's reformatory poetry, but only because what was reformatory generally swamped what was poetical. But this does not apply to all his writings of this kind; as, for instance, his inimitable "Biglow Papers." This is an unmistakably American performance. Whether the foreign reader could fully enjoy it, we know not. But whoever knows any thing of New England rustic life will find in it food for laughter on every page. The book is also a valuable repository of the dialectic peculiarities of New England, and worth resorting to, to discover its tone of thought and mode of viewing political affairs, such as the Mexican war and slavery. Percy's Reliques of the early English Ballads, and Jasmin's Ballads in the *Langue d'Oc*, are, probably, not more infused with the spirit and characteristics of their times. The personages introduced are few, and perfectly sustained, and suggest to every reader acquainted with New England village life, their originals. The Rev. Homer Wilbur, A. M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam, is an "elderly gentleman, with infinite faculty of sermonizing, muscularized by long practice"—a modern Parson Adams. The productions of his young parishioner, Mr. Biglow, are edited by him with a grave delight and an evident desire to be in keeping with the requirements of his own sober calling. In him is admirably represented a state of mind very prevalent in Massachusetts during the Mexican war—half protesting against the existing state of things, and half conforming. He takes a pastoral pride in following the audacious and frolicsome flights of his young parishioner's muse, yet feels called on to administer an occasional solemn rebuke to his levity and ultraism, with which he more than half sympathizes. There is a grave, dry humor of his own in his remarks upon passing affairs, which, in its way, is as good as Mr. Biglow's, and seems all the more ludicrous from its contrast with that, and with the more elaborate formality of his own style. The sturdy rectitude of his principles, and the independence of his judgment, show him to be of the stuff of which the old Puritan divines were made, and is so much added to Parson Adams. We love and admire the old man, and the admirable pedantry he displays in his profusion of Latin and recondite allusions to the Fathers does not at all detract from the charm. His valuable contributions to the papers consist of an Introduction, containing some account of Mr. Biglow and a Pedigree of the Wilburs, tracing a possible "connection with the Earls of Wilbraham (*quasi* wild boar ham)." He evinces the genuine Dryasdust enthusiasm of the antiquary, and mourns over the ancient mutilated tombstone of "Mr. Ihon Willber" in this manner: "How odious an animosity which pauses not at the grave!" We are treated to two choice extracts from his sermons, and very good sermons they are too. The old gentleman has a fine image at command when he wishes it, as here: "I have taught my flock (under God) to esteem our human institutions as but tents of a night, to be stricken whenever Truth puts the bugle to her lips and sounds a march to the heights of wider-viewed intelligence and more perfect organization." The parson sits well upon Mr. Lowell, and his exhuming of theological lore is a wonder to us.

Hosea Biglow is the Rev. Mr. Wilbur's parishioner, properly called Meliboeus-Hipponax, for the meaning of which the reader is referred to the Classical Dictionary. He is a shrewd Yankee with a touch of poetry in him, "a cross between Apollo and Sam Slick," with quite a preponderance of the latter element. But the reader must not suppose that he is at all on a par with Judge Haliburton's Yankee peddler. To him belong a poet's insight into human nature and a practical shrewdness of observation, which place him far above the ordinary level. His tendency to ultraism is just what is natural to an intelligent, reflecting man, who thinks for himself, in rustic seclusion from

the jostle of the world; but his humor is mixed with a sound sense that enables him to see through a sophism and state it so that its absurdity is manifest. Take this for an example:

"I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer that kind o' wrong
Is ollers unpop'lar and never gits pitied,
Because it's a crime no one never committed;
But he mus'n't be hard on partickler sins,
Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins."

When Mr. Biglow began to poetize, Parson Wilbur says he "was inclined to discourage his attempts, as knowing that the desire to poetize is one of the diseases naturally incident to adolescence, which, if the fitting remedies be not at once, and with a bold hand, applied, may become chronic, and render one who might else have become in due time an ornament of the social circle, a painful object even to nearest friends and relatives." Finding this to be vain, he recommended him to devote his evenings to Pope and Goldsmith; and Mr. Biglow attempted some verses on these models, to which the Parson put the finishing touches. One specimen described his school days and the boys' pronunciation of Bible names.

"The vibrant accent skipping here and there,
Just as it pleased invention or despair."

Mr. Biglow, during the Mexican war, addressed a letter to a candidate for the presidency, requesting him to define his position, and versified his answer. We are tempted to take a few lines from it, descriptive of what is usually termed by politicians, "sitting on the fence." We needn't ask how many politicians can see their likeness here. He begins by asserting that his only desire is to express his mind fully and fairly, and he does it as follows:—

"Ez fer the war, I go agin it—
I mean to say I kind o' du—
Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
The best way wuz to fight it thru."
* * * * * *
"My love fer north an' south is equil,
So I'll jest answer plump an' frank,
No matter wut may be the sequil—
Yes, sir, I *am* agin a bank."

Then, in a private postscript, is added:—

"Tell 'em thet on the slavery question
I'm RIGHT, although to speak I'm lawth;
This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
An' leaves me frontin' south by north."

This will suffice to show the quality of Mr. Biglow's political verses. But he is something more than a satirist. We have a precious fragment of a pastoral of his, entitled, "The Courtin'," from which we take two verses, hardly knowing which two to take. Huldy is sitting in the kitchen all alone, peeling apples:—

"Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted."

Zekle, after peeking through the window, comes to the door,

"She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A raspin' on the scraper.
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt up paper."

The first stanza we have quoted is a perfect Dutch painting; and the entire piece, though perhaps carelessly thrown off by its author, has never been surpassed by him. It is a confirmation of our assertion that Mr. Lowell is disposed unduly to elevate his reformatory strains over his others, that he ironically remarks of this fragment, that he laments to see Mr. Biglow "thus mingling in the heated contests of party politics," since he has talents "which, if properly directed, might give an innocent pleasure to many." The reader will not fail to notice the sneer in the expression "innocent pleasure."

The only other prominent character is Birdofredum Sawin, a rustic youth, whose moral perceptions, never very clear, have been obscured by a residence in Mexico. He is not a parishioner of Mr. Wilbur's; on the contrary, that worthy divine takes pains to declare that "Mr. Sawin, though a native of Jaalam, has never been a stated attendant on the religious exercises of my congregation." He writes three letters from Mexico, which Mr. Biglow, though despising their sentiments, has versified, and "intusspussed with a few reflecksnuns hear and thair, though kind o' prest with Hayin'." His letters are a dismal recapitulation of his sufferings from the weather, the vermin (whose names Mr. Wilbur has carefully rendered into Latin, that the educated people in Boston might not be shocked) and other causes. He describes the variable weather, now a drought and now a deluge, like a native:

"The clymit seems to me jest like a teapot made o' pewter,
Our Prudence hed, that wouldn't pour (all she could du) to suit her,
Fust place the leaves 'ould choke the spout, so's not a drop 'ould dreen out,
Then Prude 'ould tip, an' tip, an' tip, till the holl kit bust clean out,
The kiver hinge pin bein' lost, tea-leaves, an' tea, an' kiver,
'Ould all come down *kerswosh!* ez though the dam broke in a river."

What a picture of female perplexity is that of Prude managing her teapot. Poor Sawin loses a leg and an eye in the service of his country, and hopes, after his arrival home, that his misfortunes, and the popular names of "Timbertoes," "One-eyed Slaughterer," and Bloody Birdofredum," may elevate him to the Presidency, and so nominates himself, but his hopes are wofully dashed by the following misadventure:

"Wy, into Bellers's we notched the votes down on three sticks,
'T wuz Budofredum *one*, Cass *aught*, an' Taylor twenty-six.
An' bein' the on'y canderdate thet wuz upon the ground,
They said 'twas no more'n right thet I should pay the drinks all round;
Ef I'd expected sech a trick, I wouldn't cut my foot
By goin' an' votin' fer myself like a consumed coot;
It didn't make no diff'rence though; I wish I may be cust,
Ef Bellers wasn't slim enough to say he wouldn't trust!"

Mr. Wilbur has contributed to the papers, in his capacity as editor, an ingenious and really valuable essay on the Yankee dialect, which those to whom the subject is new would do well to peruse. The niceties of the pronunciation are minutely followed; as, "cal'late" for calculate, "nimepunce" for ninepence. He has also furnished a Glossary and an Index, which constitute not the least amusing part of the work. His notes are furnished wherever there is a chance, and, in fact, he has omitted nothing which the most diligent editor could do.

The first edition of the book appeared with copious burlesque "Notices of an Independent Press," which are admirable specimens of the comments to which new books are subjected at the hands of the newspapers. "From the Bungtown Copper—'Altogether an admirable work. Full of humor, boisterous but delicate,'" etc. "From the Salt River Flag of Freedom—'A volume in bad grammar and worse taste. The *Reverend* Homer Wilbur is a disgrace to his cloth.'" The best of all is from "The World-Harmonic-Æolian-Attachment;" but to quote from it would lead us too far.

We have said nothing derogatory to "The Biglow Papers," because we have nothing to say. The design was a happy one, and it has been completely carried out. There is nothing in it we could wish to see omitted, which is more than we have been able to say of any other one of his volumes. As Parson Wilbur might say, *O, si sic omnia!*

In this way we have noticed the several styles of Mr. Lowell's composition in the volumes which he has from time to time issued. This we have done with reference to our notion of his course of life and study, and the progress of his ideas. But we should fail to satisfy ourselves without going back to glean from his writings some passages which could not be introduced before consistently with our plan. Otherwise the reader would not gather from what has been said an adequate idea of his merits. Foremost among those we wish to notice, stands "The Vision of Sir Launfal." A knight in quest of the Holy Grail furnishes the slight groundwork of the story. From this is evolved a beautiful moral, beautifully told. But it is not for its moral only, but for the exquisite passages scattered through it, that it is to be read. The imagery is taken directly from nature, and the summer and winter scenes are not surpassed in their way for minuteness and delicacy of description. The introduction, together with the glorious description of organ music in "The Legend of Brittany" which we have quoted, shows a decided *penchant* in our poet for that magnificent instrument—no unfit accompaniment for some of his loftier strains, and at least indicating the ambition of their author.

"Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream."

Mr. Lowell seems to have taken no images from natural objects, except those which he has seen and with which he is familiar. As a proof that he goes to Nature herself, we observe that no nightingale is introduced, that stranger to New-England which he probably never heard—and no daisies, for which our white weed is so poor a substitute—instead of them we have bobolinks and dandelions

"Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold."

This is a negative merit, to be sure; but an important one. Mr. Longfellow gives us a slave in a rice field whose

——"matted hair
Was buried in the *sand.*"

Buried in the *mud*, would be nearer the truth; but it wouldn't rhyme with "hand" and "land." Again, in "Kavanagh," he gives us a dove pursued by a *kingfisher*. But in Mr. Lowell's poetry, we are satisfied of the genuineness of all the illustrations from nature which he sees fit to introduce. We might refer the reader of Sir Launfal to the description of the day in June, in the first part, or the delicate ice work of the winter brook in the second, or the Christmas fire

"Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide."

In illustration of the bare simplicity of Mr. Lowell's language, and its effectiveness in the expression of a beautiful and natural thought, we extract two verses from the allegory of "The Shepherd of King Admetus," vindicating the dignity and usefulness of the poet:

"They knew not how he learned at all,
For, long hour after hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

* * *

> Yet after he was dead and gone,
> And e'en his memory dim,
> Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
> More full of love, because of him."

Or these rugged lines in "An Incident in a Railroad Car," describing a reading of Burns:

> "And when he read they forward leaned,
> Drinking with thirsty hearts and ears,
> His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
> From humble smiles and tears."

The poems entitled "Rosaline," "The Forlorn," and "She came and went," are especially worthy of notice, and more highly finished than most of the poems. Of his odes we may remark that there is no style of poetical composition more uninviting than a long-lined Ode. The freedom allowed in the metre offers great opportunities for prolixity and diffuseness, which are our author's besetting sins. To our thinking the best of them are the Odes, "To the Past" and "To the Future."

The poem entitled "Extreme Unction," is quite remarkable. It gives us a death-bed attended with no unusual outward circumstances of horror; which is yet invested with a fearful solemnity beyond the reach of ordinary genius.

> "Go! leave me, Priest; my soul would be
> Alone with the consoler, Death;
> Far sadder eyes than thine will see
> This crumbling clay yield up its breath;
> These shrivelled hands have deeper stains
> Than holy oil can cleanse away,—
> Hands that have plucked the world's coarse gains
> As erst they plucked the flowers of May.
> * * * * *
>
> "Men think it is an awful sight
> To see a soul just set adrift
> On that drear voyage from whose night
> The ominous shadows never lift;
> But 't is more awful to behold
> A helpless infant newly born,
> Whose little hands unconscious hold
> The keys of darkness and of morn;—
>
> "Mine held them once; I flung away
> Those keys that might have open set
> The golden sluices of the day,
> But clutch the keys of darkness yet."

The last verse is equally impressive, but we refrain from quoting it.

Lowell is a truly American poet. Those patriotic sticklers for an ultra national literature, who show their nationality by constant allusions to the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, may not find in him what they desire. Here is a man who is willing to recognize the existence of other natural objects, yet infuses into his writings the spirit of our times and our institutions, so unmistakably, that no one could be deceived as to his birth-place. An American must have written them. He is distinguished among our poets for his originality (a somewhat indefinite word by the way). It is true that the extent and intimacy of his acquaintance with the old poets is traceable in his poems —but less now than formerly. Hence his early fondness for the obsolete terminations of the verbs in "eth" and "ed" accented—hence his use of such words as "gossamere," "marinere." But this affectation he has happily got rid of. Hence, also, his transferring in some cases, we fear, both the words and the ideas of his old favorites. We have detected one good thing of Tennyson's, an old acquaintance, doing duty in his poem, "The Falconer:"

> "No bee nestles deeper in the flower
> Than he in the bursting *rose of dawn*."

This is a fine picture of the exultant joy of a falcon in his distant morning flight —but in Tennyson's "Vision of Sin" we read the same striking image more than once repeated:

> "And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
> God made Himself an awful *rose of dawn*."

We have no idea of impeaching Mr. Lowell's originality however, and it is certainly true that he has enlarged and made more appropriate the image he has taken.

Mr. Lowell is also distinguished among American poets for his strength. This is shown by the utterance of great thoughts in language simple and majestic. It is true that he sometimes mistakes ruggedness for strength, and has written some rough lines which jolt the reader as he goes over them. But he is straightforward, and does not fear to call things by their right names. He does not avoid a good, homely, Saxon word by a useless circumlocution; and he disdains those finical elegancies which might secure to any one the applause of the readers of those "Gems of Poesy" which lie so gracefully on the centre-table.

The variety of the works which we have gone over shows the versatility of Mr. Lowell's genius. His Yankee humor is genuine, and does not depend for its success upon mere slang and misspelling, which is all that there is to recommend the works of some adventurers in this department. It is at times broad, almost farcical—and again delicate and penetrating, and in either case irresistible. It indicates in its author unbounded frankness, heartiness and geniality, and cannot fail to win those who can appreciate such qualities. It would be worth while to inquire whether the perfection of the poetical faculty does not necessarily include wit and humor. One manifestation of that faculty, is a bringing together of ideas apparently unconnected; and humor is at least useful to the poet in restraining him from falling from the sublime to the ridiculous, and pushing his fancies to extravagance. What we have found it necessary to say of Mr. Lowell's reformatory

poetry, applies to it only as poetry, and we are not prevented from acknowledging the generosity of the man as displayed in his works, and his kindly feelings and liberal sympathies.

When the meaning of the words "imagination" and "fancy" shall have been distinctly settled, it will be easier for us to determine the amount of each which he possesses. As it is, we should say that his imagination was vigorous and of great compass, though somewhat untutored, and his fancy fertile and lively to an unusual degree. He can sustain a lofty flight without falling, and he has a wonderful opulence of imagery. He lacks only care and judgment in its direction and disposal. The school to which he belongs is so modern and in many respects so peculiar that it may be some time before he attains a general popularity. But we think that, on the whole, his influence will increase with time, and that he may look forward to a permanent and entire success. We feel sure that he is greater than any of his books.

As it is nearly two years since Mr. Lowell's last publication appeared, it may seem that, during his retirement, no notice was called for even of a poet so prominent; if an apology be necessary, we have only to say that, more than a year ago, the "Nooning" was announced as "nearly ready." Since then we have been hungrily waiting for the repast to be announced; and being entirely ready ourselves we have not deemed it necessary to wait any longer.

REMINISCENCES OF HONOLULU.

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

A FEW years ago a visit to the Sandwich Islands was regarded as something so unusual, that the adventurous traveller who could talk to you about the bread-fruit, and describe the place where Captain Cook was killed, was looked up to and esteemed a person "not to be trifled with." Now, alas, it has become so ordinary, *so* commonplace an affair, that a trip to Newport scarcely excites more attention.

Every body goes to California, and one Californian in fifty visits "the Islands" either for business or pleasure, or for both. The run from San Francisco to Oahu is but a pleasant sail of some thirteen or fourteen days, scarcely enough to afford an actual taste of the sea to the merchant seeking relaxation, the gentle Pacific being more easily wooed than her unruly sister. We, however, sailed there legitimately, in the good old way deemed essential, from time immemorial, to the gravity and decorum of a man of war. No steaming it or "clipping" it, as if six months more or less were of any material consequence. We crept lazily round to the Pacific, now being baked under the Equator, then rolled and tumbled about off bluff Cape Horn. We surfeited ourselves with oranges at Rio Janeiro, stared at the "Sama-Crûca" in Valparaiso, flirted in Lima, and polka'd into a collapse our well starched shirt-collars in Guayaquil. San Francisco had chilled us, and Acapulco scorched us up (or rather melted us down), when the welcome announcement was made, gladdening many a heart aboard, that we were "bound to the Islands."

Did I contemplate a sea story I would of course say something of the "gallant ship," &c.; indeed, that term had been applied to our corvette more than once by fair South Americans, though I must admit that unnecessary emphasis was laid upon the *last* syllable of the adjective.

We visited Hawaii with its waterfalls and never-to-be-forgotten naiads; we paid our respects to Kirauea, the monster crater, the mightiest volcano in the world, and at last proceeded to our station for the next six months, Honolulu, the capital of the Island Kingdom; a spot beloved by adventurous "down-Easters," where the rich harvests of bone and oil are garnered from the Arctic Seas, and carefully stowed in their huge floating store-houses, for the long weary voyage home.

Any one who imagines, from what he remembers of the geography at school, that he will here find some obscure Indian village, is most agreeably disappointed. Honolulu is a large, thriving, and handsome *American* town, with wealthy merchants, spacious streets, creditable hotels, pleasant society, and any amount of scandal. Whether or not the Islanders proper have been benefited by the introduction of civilization, is a question which has been so warmly discussed by many

recent writers, that I am content to "hear each man's judgment and reserve my censure."

And now for "the reminiscence:"—

On the afternoon of a day only known to a Hawaiian winter or an American autumn, I found myself engaged in an animated discussion with "a friend I had and his adoption tried" (whom I shall call Lieut. B.), as to the origin of some of the festivals and ceremonies of the Chinese; the subject being suggested by the great number of Celestials, who had recently settled themselves in Honolulu. An engagement to a "cocked-hat" dinner (i. e. full dress), carried B. away in the heat of the argument, leaving me to my quiet chop at a restaurant, with the glorious gallop afterwards to the cocoa-nut grove, which becomes, as a matter of duty, the evening exercise of all at Oahu. My rooms had been, for some time past, a rendezvous for shipmates as well as citizen acquaintances of Honolulu; but, though expecting to find, upon my return, some goodly company there, I was scarcely prepared for the vast gathering that welcomed me. Having returned and passed the usual how-d'ye-do's, I discovered that the choice spirits of the place had, with one consent, selected that evening for a visit, bringing with them a piquant sprinkling of Californians, very nice but very "fast" young men. It appeared that all were somewhat at a loss what to do, to get through the evening agreeably to themselves and in keeping with their rapid character. Cards had been tabooed; parties that night there were none; the theatre was voted a bore, and mere carousing, of course, too low to be thought of.

Many of the voices present being really fine and skilfully managed, a serenade was proposed, and as a Californian remarked, "when the chorus came we'd all be *around*," the idea was received with favor; but then the proposed affair lost its spiciness to many, in the quiet and order which it was insisted upon, must accompany such a performance. Oahu, though in the tropics, possesses a climate often so bracing and invigorating, that to the young and healthy, it is difficult, at times, to repress a feeling of almost boyish exhilaration. This feeling seemed to inspire the assembled multitude that night. Riding, the usual resource of the Islanders, was, from the lateness of the hour, out of the question: a dozen things were proposed and rejected, when a happy thought at last occurred to me.

Recollecting my controversy with Lt. B., and unwilling to abandon the idea of the serenade (as it appeared the least preposterous of the many pranks suggested), I modestly stated that a large invoice of Chinese lanterns had that day been offered for sale, and that by purchasing and lighting them, I thought we could give a very effective serenade, the illumination investing it with all the whimsicality which seemed to be needed. In five words we'd have "a Feast of the Lanterns." This brilliant idea was received with universal acclamation: one party was at once dispatched for the gaudily painted paper globes, another was deputed to purchase the proper stock of sperm candles, whilst the remainder of the company proceeded to array themselves in every kind of grotesque attire at hand, from a Peruvian poncho to an Island calabash. By eleven o'clock all the preparations were completed, and I shall never forget the really beautiful effect of the almost interminable line of lights, as this procession started on its hopeful expedition.

Many private houses were visited by us, and their sleeping inmates awakened by very creditable music, the only difficulty, at first, being in keeping silent the host of chattering Kanakas, who, attracted by the unusual glare, gathered from every quarter of Honolulu. The hospitable but injudicious custom of inviting the serenaders in-doors at the conclusion of the vocal offering, was, in almost every instance, carefully observed, and as most of our party accepted the too often proffered "cold without," I was not a little amused (being in this respect *but* a looker on), to observe the occasional huskiness and discord which accompanied the seventh or eighth performance. A stray lantern or two began now to be seen in the distance, dancing about in the unsteady hands of its bearer like some Will-o'-the-wisp, which had made up its mind not to go home till morning. At two o'clock I quietly extinguished mine, so as to insure a retreat, should the fun, as it threatened, eventually become too boisterous, and shortly after went in search of my friend Lt. B., leaving the party preparing to give the serenade, which it was originally intended should be the grand feature of the evening, viz., at the residence of the American Consul. I had urged that this might be the first performance, but had been overruled, whether with wisdom or not will be seen. Many of the warblers here seemed intent upon carefully "holding up" the pillars of the Consul's portico; others, mistaking their lanterns for garden seats, attempted to sit down upon them, and extinguished the lamps and themselves together. One gentleman, with expressions of the most intense misery, buried his head in his lantern, became *light*

headed for a moment, then put himself out and was seen no more. As the tapers began to glimmer in the Consul's windows, I departed on my errand, enjoying, as I turned the corner, the full effect of the first concerted piece: time and harmony seemed entirely abandoned or forgotten, and never before had I heard, from human throats, such dismal howls, such melancholy and heart-rending wails, as now broke the stillness of night. The air selected (Rosa Lee), an Ethiopian melody, was in itself any thing but cheerful and enlivening, but now rendered an hundred fold more dismal and unendurable by the deep despondency and apparent wretchedness of some of the choristers. The "cold without" had begun to react upon them, and my very teeth were set on edge. I did not succeed in finding my friend, being told that he had shortly before left the house of his entertainer to go aboard his ship, and thinking it high time for prudent men to be in bed, I started for my domicil. I was compelled to pass the main street to reach it, and as the glare and laughter from an adjoining lane, announced the revellers near at hand, I could not resist the temptation of taking a parting glance at the mock Celestials. Never shall I forget the absurd scene that presented itself to me. Further serenading had apparently been abandoned as impossible, and whilst a number of the party were busily employed in illuminating an old white horse which they had confiscated, the remainder were dancing a solemn war dance round my poor friend B., (taken captive by them, while on his way to the boat), and who, bewildered by the lights and no doubt confused by the last bottle of peculiar old port, seemed utterly at a loss to comprehend the strange proceeding. "Yes," muttered he, gazing at them with sleepy eyes, "it *is* a dream;" and now "Ching," shrieked a voice from one end of the crowd; "Chang," roared another; "Chow," chorussed the multitude, as a sort of maniac ladies' chain terminated the dance. And now it was a delicious sight to behold him unwillingly mounted, with a lantern in each hand, upon the milk-white charger, the animal tastefully decorated with one light at his head, another at the tail, and some six or eight incidental lamps distributed all over his body. Vain and useless were B.'s protestations that "he was no mandarin;" that "he had never before been in China, and felt himself altogether unworthy of the great honor proffered him." The crowd hearkened to him not, but leading the horse, moved gravely along in solemn procession, chanting a most unearthly chorus, in which each gentleman wisely sang to please himself, without troubling his mind about the key or even the air selected by his neighbor. Arrived at the wharf where B. was to embark, another insane and frantic war dance was performed as a parting offering, when he, gravely raising himself to his feet, upon the back of the noble steed, and holding aloft his lanterns, gave vent to this beautiful and touching address.

"Fellow cit—— I mean, Celestials! brothers of the moon and sisters of the sun, I know you can't understand a word I say, but if this is not the proudest moment of my existence, shave *my* crown!" Here, thinking he had made use of a most happy and appropriate form of Eastern adjuration, he attempted a salaam, lost his footing, and disappeared. Exhausted with laughter, I sought my lodgings, passing on the way more than one lantern carefully stuck upon a gate-post, or quaintly ornamenting a barber's pole.

Eight bells found me on my way aboard to breakfast, the debris of the late festival being visible on every side. Wrecks of Chinese lanterns strewed the streets, more than one clearly indicating, from its crushed and flattened appearance, that it had been made to serve the purpose of a pillow to some wearied reveller. In rowing past the ship to which my friend was attached, I stopped on board for a moment to wish him good morrow. I found him still courting the drowsy god, but aroused by my salutation, he cheerfully welcomed me. Complaining of a slight headache (the consequence, he said, of that interminable dinner), he exclaimed, "Do you remember our argument of last evening? 'Tis strange how, even in sleep, the mind will sometimes dwell upon some recent trifling event, even as unimportant as that conversation. I had a dream last night, so vivid and distinct, that did I not know that I am now here and awake, I could swear that all my fancies had been real." "What was the nature of it?" I gravely asked. "'Twas most absurd," he answered, "for I dreamed I was the Emperor of China."

I heard next day of pranks innumerable which had been perpetrated in the small hours, and of the terror and dismay of the good citizens, towards the winding up of that impromptu affair. Honolulu was all astonishment, and many were the rumors abroad of a well-disguised attempt at revolution by Californian filibusters, and the resident Chinese, and which had only been put down by the strong and energetic measures of the government. I wisely said nothing, except to agree with the ladies, that whatever it meant, or by whom suggested, it was certainly a most extraordinary, unprecedented, and ridicu-

lous proceeding. Gradually the excitement died away, as, wonderful to relate, no one could be found who had been in any way connected with it; yet long will it be ere the people of Honolulu forget that eventful night, or cease to talk to strangers of that mysterious affair, *The Feast of the Lanterns.*

ALISON'S HISTORIES.

The History of Europe, from the commencement of the French Revolution, in 1789, *to the Battle of Waterloo.* By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart.: 8 vols., 1843.

The History of Europe, from the fall of Napoleon, in 1815, *to the accession of Louis Napoleon, in* 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart.: Vol. 1, 1852.

DR. JOHNSON, in one of his ursine growls, is reported to have expressed a very contemptuous opinion of the writers of History; for, if they narrate what is false, said he, they are not historians, but liars; and if they narrate what is true, they have no field for the display of ability, because, as truth is necessarily one, it must be told by every body alike.

But this dilemma of the Leviathan is a superficial one, or rather no dilemma at all, for the reason that the historian does not deal with absolute truth, with naked or abstract propositions of logic, nor yet with mere individual and disconnected facts, but with phenomena that may be variously interpreted, with living complicated and warring movements, that spring from violent passions in the actors concerned with them, and that excite similar passions in the beholders of them; and with institutions and usages which represent vast and irreconcilable differences of political and social faith. His art, therefore, like that of any other artist, consists in the selection of his topics, and in his method of treatment. He must have his principles and his processes, his color and form, his foreground and background, his light and shade, and his variety as well as unity of composition. Thus there will be an ample scope afforded him for the display of any ability that he may possess, for the nicest judgment, the most profound and active imagination and consummate skill; and, so far from finding him either a liar on one side, or the utterer of bald truisms on the other, we shall see that his function is allied in the powers of the mind which it demands, no less than in the dignity of its objects, to the loftiest forms of intellectual expression. But the historian, besides his descriptions of the scenes and characters of the drama of life, in which, like the artist, he strives to produce the best general effects—effects infinitely more true than the most microscopic minuteness of detail would be without this artistic management—is required to refer these scenes and characters to great general principles, and to evolve comprehensive and permanent laws of development, out of the kaleidoscope of ever-shifting and variable appearances. He is, therefore, the philosopher as well as the artist, and needs the penetration and insight of the clearest reason, in addition to the finest qualities of the rhetorician and the poet.

We have thought it well to premise thus much, in order to show that it is with no low or narrow conceptions of the province of history, and of the endowments of the historian, that we approach a survey of the labors of Mr. Alison. He holds a prominent place among the historians of his day; is a leading writer in the leading journals of the British Empire; has put forth voluminous books, very widely accepted as authorities; traverses periods of time which are among the most important in the annals of our race; utters positive judgments on important men and important things; in short, aspires to the highest character in the department of literature to which he is devoted, and is, therefore, entitled, both by his position and pretensions, to be judged according to the most elevated standards of criticism. In an inferior walk of art, with a more humble aim, or a less ambitious style of execution, we might dismiss him in a few passing strictures, to find his level as he could among the multitude of authors.

The period which Mr. Alison has chosen for the subject of his researches, extends from the time of the first French Revolution to the accession of Napoleon the Third, if we must call that desperate adventurer by a dynastic name. It covers a space of about sixty years—a little more than a jubilee of the Jews—perhaps the most busy, brilliant, and pregnant years that the world has known—full of grand events and crowded with great characters—and, in many respects, an era decisive of the destinies of mankind for a long time to come. Indeed, we do not suppose that

any six decades that have fallen upon man, scarcely excepting the most glorious age of Greece, the epoch of the advent of Christianity, or that of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, have been more prolific of great men, more agitated by great thoughts, more splendid in great discoveries, or more marked by signal and tremendous changes in the condition of society, than the sixty years embraced in the design of Mr. Alison's volumes.

Let us then take a rapid glance at some of the principal occurrences and leading characteristics of this era, before we pass to a consideration of the method in which he has treated it, or to such observations as the nature of the subject may suggest.

The period we refer to begins with the first French Revolution, which, strictly speaking, was the end of the previous, rather than the beginning of the present age; or, more strictly still, the transition between the two, the Phenix birth, and fire consummation, as a German would say,—in which an old economy passed away in flames, and a new one sprang from its ashes. But whatever it was, in this respect, it was confessedly one of the most stupendous events in the history of our race. Huge, astounding, uproarious, it was made memorable to all men, and to the end of time, alike in the causes which led to it, in the unparalleled scenes that attended its progress, and in the far-reaching consequences of which it sowed the seeds. No event in the annals of mankind has been more frequently and more voluminously written about, and yet there is none more fresh or full of an absorbing interest. Covering in its duration only a few rapid years, confined for the most part to a single city and its adjacent provinces, costing, amid all its terrors, less bloodshed than often marks a single pitched battle—it still stands apart, from all other occurrences, in certain wild and portentous proportions,—as the grandest and fearfullest product of any age. But its mere external phenomena would be insufficient to account for the peculiar and lasting impression which it has made and still makes on the human mind, were it not for those great and novel ideas out of which it arose.

Timid and unreflecting minds are accustomed to consider the French Revolution as a mere wanton explosion and whirlwind of frantic passions, and to stigmatize the chief actors in it as reckless fiends; a holiday of malignant merriment to which all the devils of the earth had rushed as the witches rushed to the mad midnight revels of the Blochsberg; but other minds which strive to pierce deeper into things, which believe that no effect exists without a cause, and a justifying cause, which cannot suppose that God ever abandons a whole people to sheer imbecility and madness, or that he has no deeper design in allowing the errors and crimes of men, than that they may serve as a bugaboo, or death's-head and cross-bones, for the use of conservative moralists,—find in the excesses and riots of this wonderful event a vital truth and significance, however terrible. They discern a law of Providence amid its sad dislocations and irregularities, a rhythmic order in its wild Bacchic dances, a spark of genuine fire through its meteor lights, a noble and great thought pervading even its most monstrous throes. Now it is this thought, and not alone the carnage, which has been greatly exaggerated, nor the ferocity which is more or less incident to all civil wars, nor the sudden overthrow of government, of which we before have had many examples, that fastens our attention to the external events as it was never before fastened, as if we were bound by some magic spell. We stand in the presence of any one who proposes to recite its story, like the wedding guest, pierced by the glittering eye of the Ancient Mariner, and "cannot choose but hear."

For the first time, in the history of man, had the conviction of the divine rights of men, as opposed to the pretensions of governments, institutions, and society itself, taken possession of the hearts of a whole people, to be proclaimed as a vital and inextinguishable fact. Revolutions there had been before, but none so deep, thorough, and radical as this—none which penetrated so directly into the very core of the relations of the individual to the State. The contests in England, during the reign of James the First, and the earlier years of that of his successor, were parliamentary contests, carried on mainly by learned lawyers, and ending only in a change of dynasty. The Revolution of 1688, conducted by the appointed organs of the corporations, the landed aristocracy, the town magistrates and borough proprietors, scarcely touched the frame of the government, and did not ask, as it had no need, of the popular interference. Again, the American Revolution was at first but a strife between revolted colonies and an imperious mother country, and only in the minds of its more exalted spirits, looked to that final and broad assertion of the supremacy of the people which it afterwards uttered. It was, even in the end, a conflict of state with state. But the French Revolution, prepared from afar by the whole course of European thought and experience, ani-

mated and encouraged too, doubtless, by the success of the American experiment, was a solemn and unqualified proclamation of the rights of man as man; the protest of the individual against every form of domination, whether it pretended to be human or divine. It was a matter of course, therefore, that a position so extreme, provoking every conservative resentment, and arousing every aspiring passion, should issue in actions equally extreme. The mean and petty squabbles of cabinets, the windy debates of political factions, were no longer in place, because the questions which had come to be debated, involving the very foundations of government, the basis of Society, were the deepest and most searching inquiries that the mind could entertain. Nor were they to be debated with the cold and formal logic of the schools, but with the fiery vehemence of the forum, where the people, roused to an intense sense of the oppression, the injustice, and the licentiousness by which they had been governed for ages, had rushed, not to listen and deliberate, but to act. Twenty four millions of them, courageously casting off the trammels of centuries, dislodging temporal and spiritual tyranny from its strongholds, elevating the multitudes from servile and superstitious submission, and assuming the control of their own destiny, presented a spectacle, which, in the midst of its bloodshed, terror, and atrocity, was so original and magnificent, that we admire it, while we tremble before it. Ah! we may condemn and denounce those millions as we please; but it cannot be denied that they struck a blow with which humanity still vibrates, while the echoes of their wild screams will go down as jubilant harmonies to the end of time.

Thus, the opening incident of the age we are considering was a transcendently great one, and yet only superior to the national convulsions and movements by which it was followed. The waves of the tumult had scarcely subsided, when a majestic figure appears, emerging from the ooze and slime of the deluge, like Milton's postdiluvian lion,

> "pawing to get free
> His hinder parts; then springs as broke from bonds,
> And rampant shakes his brinded mane."

The year 1799—the last of the last century—saw Napoleon Bonaparte First Consul of France. A subaltern in the armies of the republic, he had rapidly risen in rank; he had given a *coup de grace* to the factious debris of the revolution, had finished a campaign in Italy, which recalled the most brilliant exploits of Cæsar, had baffled the sagacity of veteran intriguers at home, and now saw himself the chief man, as he was consciously the greatest man, of his nation. Europe, in league against the encroachments of the aspiring democrats, threatened France with annihilation; but, throwing himself into the conflict, with a power of combination and a rapidity of movement that in a less enlightened period would have seemed miraculous, he set the whole at defiance. Then followed those shocks of war, in which the thrones of the world trembled like the trees of the forest when a tempest is passing. A multitude of armed men, more numerous than the hosts of Persia, more impetuous than the fierce tribes of the Asiatic steppes, but endowed with all the skill and energy of the ancient Romans, and led by a master mind, with a genius for war surpassing Alexander's, and not inferior to that of the great Julius, were precipitated on the field of battle, and in twelve short years, by a series of unexampled victories, scattered every enemy, and laid mankind under tribute. At the same time, the imperial intellect which had overcome the combined forces of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Italy, and Spain, and distributed sceptres among his brothers, as a housewife distributes portions of bread to her dependents, had organized order at home, had remodelled the constitution and reconstructed society, and given an impulse to the trade, the literature and the science of his people, with a comprehensiveness of view and decision of purpose, which raised him to the highest rank among legislators, as he was already the acknowledged first among warriors.

His unexampled successes, however, were followed by unprecedented disasters. While he bent the energies of his mighty brain to the prosecution of those progressive ideas which had been the impulse of the Revolution, and which were still effective after the Revolution was closed, he was carried forward without a break in the triumphs of his prodigious career; but when personal aggrandizement usurped the place of his original inspiration, when the "armed soldier of democracy" dwindled into the usurper and the tyrant, more eager to found a family than to perpetuate the liberties of the people, the divine hand which had seemed to lead him was withdrawn, he floundered into insanities of ambition, and fell, with a more stupendous éclat, even, than he had risen. The invasion of Russia, conceived in the mad dream of universal dominion, when the flower of his veteran armies, in numbers rivalling the bands which the frantic Persian led across the Libyan deserts, were wasted, like the hosts of Sennacherib, by no repelling foe, but, by "the breath of the Lord;" the

fearful retreat, when the ground for thousands of miles was covered with the victims of fire, frost, and famine; the decisive overthrow at Waterloo, and the lonely imprisonment of St. Helena, were the successive acts in a drama of gigantic grandeur of movement and equally gigantic pathos of catastrophe.

Much has been said of the character and career of Napoleon; and much remains to be said; but whatever may be the final verdict of the world, it will be conceded that the immense adventures of which he was the moving cause, unsettled and deranged permanently the despotic system of Europe, and prepared the way for the ultimate emancipation of the people. The conspiracies at Carlsbad, Vienna, Verona, and Laybach, which took the name of the Holy Alliance, and which appeared to fasten the chains of absolutism more firmly on the necks of the subject nations, were, in fact, a short-sighted policy, and by their unwise "distribution of souls and soils," as a late writer names it, laid the train of that series of incessant civil explosions which has agitated the last thirty years, falsely called years of peace. The disorders of Spain, the revolution of Poland, the insurrections of Piedmont and Naples, the revolt of Belgium, the dethronement of Charles X., and the universal uprising of 1848, from Paris to Comorn, were as much the fruits of the absurd arrangement of 1815, as they were of democratic aspiration. It has provoked an uneasiness and discontent among the masses in which the orators of progress find their readiest material, and surest ground of appeal.

But while these grander movements were going forward, two new and disturbing influences were silently spreading in Europe, until they came to be felt as among the most powerful that were likely to affect the destiny of mankind. We refer to the growing importance of Russia and the United States. What the Popes of the Middle Age dreamed of in the overflowings of their rapacity, what Charlemagne, Louis, and Napoleon, wasted the treasures and blood of empires in the vain endeavor to acquire—the dominion of Europe, and, through Europe, of the world—the descendants of the Dukes of Muscovy have prosecuted with a steady tread and the most certain aim; while, on the other hand, the young Republic of the West, master already of the new continent, is not indifferent to the struggles of the old, and may yet fling itself with all its unkempt strength and its invincible prowess, into the arms of the people, with whom alone it has a common sympathy. The appearance of these two nations, consequently, on the theatre of politics, is a fact to be noted in the history of the age.

Coeval also with these larger perturbations and changes in the political world, the most remarkable developments in other spheres have taken place, any one of which might have distinguished the Nineteenth Century, but the whole of which combined give to it a signal prominence. Among these, we can only refer to the great legislative and law reforms which have taken place in England; the sudden diffusion and almost universal spread of every form of literature; the prodigious acquisitions made in the fields of natural science; the rapid improvements in mechanical skill and the practical arts; the expansion of benevolent enterprise; the rise of socialism as an active theory; the extension of commerce, the discoveries of gold in Australia and California, and the vast movements of populations, compared by Alison to the original dispersion of mankind, and surpassing the changes that followed the oceanic enterprises of the Fifteenth century. In literature, for instance, how many and what brilliant names pass before us, when we recall the history of the last fifty years! It seems as if we were sweeping the heavens with a telescope, when the night was glorious with stars. Göthe, Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Schiller, Tieck, Sismondi, Jean Paul, Lamartine, Hugo, Carlyle, Thackeray, George Sand, Emerson, are only a few among many illustrious names. Or, in science again, what a thought it is that, with the exception of Astronomy and the Fixed Sciences, nearly all that is entitled to the name of Science has been the product of the Era before us; that Chemistry and Geology and Comparative and Fossil Anatomy, and Palæontology, and Magnetism and Electricity, may be said to have been created under our eyes, while all that was before known has been enlarged and certified by the wider and more accurate observations of Humboldt, Cuvier, Arago, Audubon, Faraday, Dumas, and Henry! Or, still more, what grand facts are connected in our minds with the words, steam, electricity, caloric, which to our great-grandsires were either utterly unknown, or which, had they been told them, would have seemed nothing less than miracles! Railroads, steamships, electric telegraphs, daguerreotypes, the cotton trade, have been the contemporaries of the youngest of us, endowing us with new power, bringing us into closer relations with the whole earth and with each other, and yet, so far from absorbing us in material pursuits, and dazzling us with material splendors, have given a new impulse to every form of intellectual activity and

every kind of benevolent solicitude. How wise and liberal now, compared with what it was sixty years since, the guardianship exercised, both by states and individuals, over the unfortunate classes of our race, those deprived by nature or circumstance of the common blessings of life—the idiotic, the blind, the mute, and the depraved? How much more comprehensive our sympathies, and gentle and benignant our ministrations, and judicious and truthful our treatment? But above all, what searching inquiries we send into the causes of social malady, and how resolute we are getting towards every effective application of the remedy, though it costs us many time-honored institutions, and perhaps the very form and body of our existing social state?

These, then, are the characteristics of the period of which Mr. Alison has made himself the historian; a period, as we see even in the hasty sketch we have given of it, of tremendous activity and expansiveness, marked by great events on every side, not only in politics and war, but in literature, science, social improvement, and in practical as well as moral enterprise; and it now remains for us to look in what manner he has treated the rich materials placed in his hand. Hegel, one of the profoundest and acutest, as well as most brilliant of the Germans, has divided history—by which he means history as an art, and not the course of events—into the primitive, the systematic, and the philosophical; and we shall borrow his method, without limiting ourselves to his meaning, however, in our estimate of Mr. Alison.

By primitive history Hegel meant, we suppose—for it is long since we read his work—a simple narrative or chronicle of events, as they might be described by an actual witness of them, and of which we have specimens in Herodotus, Thucydides, Cæsar, and at a later age and in a more ambitious style, in Carlyle. Systematic history aspires to a slightly higher character, and records the life of a nation, or of nations, according to some general scheme of thought in the author's mind, not founded, however, upon any profound view of the logical order of events, so much as upon external relations of time and place, or the rhetorical requirements of the subject, and is exemplified in history, as it is commonly written in Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, Macaulay, and Prescott. But philosophical history takes a more connected and deeper, as well as wider view; looks upon human actions and their developments as illustrations of a foregone design, or as the manifestations of some universal tendency, bringing out in one place one aspect of itself, and in another place another aspect, because the whole is the work of the Divine Providence, or Supreme Reason realizing its grand purposes towards humanity. In this style Guizot, Thierry, Louis Blanc, and, to some extent, our own Bancroft, are capital examples. For a higher order of historians still, the scientific order, which would blend perfect accuracy of narrative with a deduction of absolute scientific principles, the time has not come, for the reason that the science of history is not yet known, and cannot be known except as the crown and summit of every other science.

Now, Mr. Alison, who modulates variously through all the different styles, has attained a brilliant success in none, and only a mediocre success in either; and, in any large view of the historical function, must be content to take a very humble place.

As a narrator of events, he has the two very important merits—of patient and laborious industry, and of considerable animation and vigor of description. He shrinks from no effort of research in collecting his crude materials, and he puts them together with a ponderous diligence. His works, therefore as repositories of certain selected facts, save the inquirer a deal of pains that he would otherwise be at, in reading newspapers, debates, bulletins, memoirs, and letters. He depicts occasional scenes, too, especially the movements of battle, in strong and vivid colors. But, in the ordinary current of his narrative, he betrays constantly the want of the most simple and obvious qualities that are necessary to either a skilful or an interesting story-teller. His vocabulary, in the first place, is remarkably deficient; he cannot handle words which are the most elementary tools of his art, with any masterly facility or power; for he perpetually repeats the same turns of expression. His diction, in the second place, is equally poverty-stricken; his sentences are often heavy, confused, straggling, and ill-joined; he commits blunders in grammar that a child would be punished for at school; and, being utterly destitute alike of fancy or imagination, his metaphors are the stereotyped phrases of literary commerce or the commonplaces of the street. We all remember the "Alexander and Clytus" illustration of Coleridge's school friends, who lugged it in on all occasions; and we are reminded of it in almost every page of Alison, by the constant recurrence, *usque ad nauseam*, of his pet similes and comparisons. But what is worse of his figures is, that they do not run on all-fours, but are both halt and blind, and, like the monsters in Horace's Art of Poetry, have

joined a horse's neck to a human head, or spread the plumage of birds over the limbs of beasts.

As proofs of these defects we refer to expressions such as these: "the *vast* and varied inhabitants" of the French empire, as if Frenchmen were vaster than any other people; "an acquisition which speedily *recoiled upon the heads* of those who acquired them;" "Murat, who made 1800 of their wearied *columns* prisoners," which would have been more prisoners than the whole Austrian army contained of men; a narrative "tinged with undue bias;" and a historical work "closing with a ray of glory;" "*it could hardly have been* anticipated that it *would have been attended* by effects," &c., with innumerable other similar carelessnesses. In respect to sentences, take this: "In 1789, Göthe, profound and imaginative, was reflecting on the destiny of man on earth, *like a cloud which turns up its silver lining to the moon;*" or this astronomical glorification of the age of George III., "Bright as were the *stars* of its morning-light, more brilliant still was the *constellation* which shone forth at its meridian splendor, or cast a glow over the twilight of its evening shades," which is neither poetry nor science. Again, he says, speaking of modern enterprise and emigration, which he capriciously calls the second dispersion of mankind: "No such powerful causes, producing the dispersion of the species, have come into operation since mankind were originally separated on the Assyrian plains; and it took place"—what took place?—"from an attempt springing from the pride and ambition of man, as vain as the building of the tower of Babel." The first three sentences of the Preface to his New Series read thus: "During a period of peace, the eras of history cannot be so clearly perceived, on a first and superficial glance, as when they are marked by the *decisive* events of war; but they are not on that account the less obvious when their respective limits have been once ascertained. The triumphs of parties in the Senate-house or Forum are not, in general, followed by the same immediate and *decisive* results as those of armies in the field; * * * but they are equally real and *decisive.*" The triple duty imposed upon *decisive*, in these three sentences, is a characteristic that we may pick out of almost any page of Mr. Alison's writings.

It is because these secondary defects are so habitual with him, marring his most studied and elaborate passages, that we speak of them at length; but they should not be allowed to detain us from the consideration of those more grievous faults which mark his works as a systematic historian, or one who writes according to an avowed scheme. Mr. Alison's arrangement comprehends the history of Europe from 1789 to 1852; the first part, already published, closed in 1815; and the second part, of which the first volume only is issued, is intended to carry on the narrative to our own day. Now, what will be the surprise of the reader to learn that, in the proposed systematic view of Europe, there is scarcely more than a reference to those great movements of thought, to those grand discoveries in science, to those magnificent moral enterprises, of which we have spoken in the outset of this article, as so characteristic of the period? The whole ten volumes of his first series are exclusively occupied with the French revolution and the wars that grew out of it, while "the literature, the manners, the arts, and the social changes," which he admits are far more permanently interesting and important than the doings of statesmen in general, are quite omitted! A critic has well objected to Niebuhr, in his History of Rome, that he should have exhausted his efforts in clearing up and rendering intelligible the merely civic life of the Roman people, while he told us little or nothing besides of the people themselves, of their ideas and feelings, their religious morality and domestic relations, of their women as well as their men, of their children and their education, and of their slaves and the treatment of slaves. "The central idea of the Roman religion and polity," he says, "the family, scarcely shows itself in his voluminous works, except in connection with the classification of the citizens; nor are we made to perceive in what the beliefs and modes of conduct of the Romans, respecting things in general, agreed, and in what disagreed, with those of the rest of the ancient world. Yet the mysteries of the Romans and their fortunes must be there." But with how much more pertinency and force may we apply similar objections to the oversights of Alison, who speaks of wars, and battles, and intrigues, as if Europe, for the last half century, had done nothing but fight. Were all the Europeans ministers, or generals, or diplomats, or monarchs, that no other characters are permitted to figure on the scene?

Were there no other movements but those of armies, no words uttered but those of protocols, no letters written but the cipher of secret agents, or the dispatches of commissaries? Had not those thirty millions of Frenchmen, and those other millions of Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Russians, English, &c., who make up the noun of multitude Europe, like Shylock, "eyes, organs, senses, affections,

passions," or had they only hands to handle swords, and bodies that were targets for cannon? If we were left to Mr. Alison's accounts alone, for our sources of information, we should be compelled to give a most abhorrent answer to these questions, and to suppose that Christendom, for a quarter of a century, had been surrendered to Milton's apostate angels, who "only in destruction took delight." His pages remind us of the *Salon des Batailles*, at Versailles, where every picture is some grand state ceremonial, or a battle-piece, covered with charging troops, and the carcasses of the slain, with noisy trumpeters in the foreground, and vast masses of lurid smoke blotting out the green earth and the skies. We are not unaware, as we trust we have shown, of the surpassing greatness of the external events of which his history is composed, nor do we complain of the minute and laborious zeal with which he has gathered every particular concerning them, ransacking archives and measuring fields of slaughter; but we do complain that he has allowed the tumult and dust of these vast contests to stop his ears and blind his eyes to every object but themselves.

Mr. Alison acknowledges this serious deficiency in the preface to his second series, and attempts to supply it by a promise to present "subjects of study more generally interesting than the weightier matters of social and political change," giving a chapter of the literary history of England in the body of the work, by way of specimen; but the reparation comes too late; for we cannot see with what propriety he begins in 1815, an exposition that ought to have commenced in 1789, or how he can be so weak as to suppose that desultory sketches of certain prominent writers and discoveries, is a history of Arts, Manners, Literature and Society. These have as much a connected life, interdependent relations, and an order of development, as the "weightier matters of social and political change," and, in any consistent historical survey, ought to be treated with the same abounding completeness and accuracy. A few scraps of commonplace criticism, such as one reads in the book notices of Ladies' Magazines, or in the essays of young collegians, scraps loosely strung together by mere contemporaneousness or sequence of time, and as if their subjects had no relation, either to the spirit of the age, or to the condition and movements of society, cannot be called history, even in the lowest sense of the term; much less can they be called systematic history. Yet it is precisely such scraps that he has set before us in the chapter entitled "The Progress of Literature, Science, the Arts and Manners in Great Britain after the Peace," a chapter designed to shadow forth his intentions as to the future treatment of the Literature, Art, &c., of the rest of Europe.

Preluding with a brief reference to the rapid growth of steam navigation and of cotton manufactures, and to the impulse given to intellectual activity by great wars, he sketches the literary or artistic characters of Scott, Byron, Rogers, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Paley, Malthus, Herschell, and others, down to Miss O'Neil, and Helen Faucett. We say, sketches, though a meagre term like that even can hardly be applied to the wretched skeletons he parades as life. Not to remark upon the singular anachronism that many of his personages, such as Paley, Sir Thomas Lawrence Scott, Crabbe, Dugald Stewart, Davy, Kemble, Herschell, &c., attained their chief celebrity before, instead of "after the Peace"; nor upon the still more singular oversight, of omitting utterly Shelley and Keats from his list of poets, and Faraday from that of philosophers, and Godwin from the novelists, and De Quincey and Leigh Hunt from the critics, and Sheridan Knowles from the dramatists; we must say that his characterizations of the men he names are the most puerile, vague, and unsatisfactory that we ever read in a book of any pretension. As to any distinct, positive, or discriminating description of the distinguishing peculiarities of these worthies, there is none; "charming," "delightful," "fine," "brilliant," "graphic," "interesting," are the epithets that exhaust his thesaurus, and which are applied equally to all, with a slight change of posture, in each different sentence. Take Tennyson, whose merits and defects as a poet are alike salient, and seizable, for an example of Mr. Alison's method of estimating literary character. "Tennyson," he says, "has opened a new vein in English poetry, and shown that real genius, even in the most advanced stages of society, can strike a fresh chord, and, departing from the hackneyed ways of imitation, charm the world by the conceptions of original thought. His imagination, wide and discursive as the dreams of fancy, wanders at will, not over the real so much as the ideal world. The grottoes of the sea, the caves of the mermaid, the realms of heaven, are alternately the scenes of his song. His versification, wild as the song of the elfin king, is broken and irregular, but often inexpressibly charming. Sometimes, however, this tendency leads him into conceit; in the endeavor to be original, he becomes fantastic; there is a freshness and originality, however, about his conceptions,

which contrast strangely, with the practical and interested views, which influenced the age in which he lived, and contributed not a little to their deserved success. They were felt to be the more charming, because they were so much at variance with the prevailing ideas around him, and reopened those fountains of romance, which nature had planted in every bosom, but which are so often closed by the cares, the anxieties, and the rivalry of the world."

Now this mass of verbiage, this feebleness, nonsense, and mixed metaphor, might have been written, if any one but Mr. Alison could have written it, about any poet that has flourished since Pope, and would have given a reader ignorant of him, just as clear an idea of his qualities as it does of those of Mr. Tennyson. That is, it would have given him just no idea at all. Tennyson's subtle insight, intellectual intensity, deep mystical imagination, refined spiritual fancy, elaborate sculptural art, and pervading melody, or any other traits that separate him from the rest of his tribe, are *terra incognita* to the "great historian," who seems, also, quite as innocent of any real knowledge of all the other two or three score personages whom he attempts to delineate.

We meet once more, too, in this literary patchwork, with Mr. Alison's fondness for repetition, and read, not without amusement, of Scott's "widespread reputation," Byron's "most widespread reputation in the world," the "widespread interest of Moore's lines," Campbell's "widespread fame," Dickens's "widespread reputation,"—phrases that recur on every second page—on the very pages, indeed, in which we are informed truly enough, that "repetition and monotony are the bane of literature and imagination." We are also told, on one page, that Moore is "the greatest lyric poet in the English language;" on the next, that Campbell is "the greatest lyric poet of England," and in a third, that Gray "has made the most popular poem in the English language." Again, Joanna Baillie's dramas are said to be written "in sonorous Alexandrine verses," which is a new measure for dramas, and Mrs. Hemans is called "a rival to Coleridge, if not in depth of thought, in tenderness of feeling, and beauty of expression."

"Lalla Rookh" is made to "*clothe* oriental images and adventures with the genius and refinement of the Western world;" and Alison, who wrote the most jejune of books on Taste, is said to have been "inspired by a genuine taste for the sublime and beautiful." Mr. Macaulay is spoken of as one whose "imagination often snatches the reins from his reason," whose "ardor dims his equanimity," whose "views, always ingenious, are not uniformly just," whose "powers as a rhetorician make him forget his duties as a judge," who is "splendid rather than impartial;" while in the same passage we are told that "his fascinating volumes" cause us "to regret that the first pleader at the bar of posterity has not yet been raised to the bench." Fine qualities these for a judge!

Nor are we less amused in hearing that Wilson, the truculent editor of *Blackwood*, "wields his aerial flights through the heavens, without alighting, or caring for the concerns of the lower world," i. e. Wilson of the *Noctes*—and whose criticisms, "if they have any imperfections, it is that they are too indulgent;" or that Mitford's dull and bigoted history of Greece, "combines the interest of the romance of Quintus Curtius, with the authenticity and accuracy of Arrian." Thackeray, the greatest satirist of England, since the days of Swift, is dismissed as a writer of Mr. Dickens's school, i. e. the school which "aimed at the representation of the manners, customs, ideas and habits of middle and low life,"—"distinguished by great talents and graphic powers," but not "destined to be durable," because "imagination is a winged deity, whose flight, to be commanding, must ever be upward," and because "Ridicule is valued only by those who know the *persons* ridiculed." We might fill a volume with such crude and preposterous judgments, if we had space to waste in copying them,—judgments formed without principles, and expressed in the loose language of the newspapers.

Of criticism as an art—an art which treats the great products of literature and science, as the vital growth of genius, having their deep inward laws of being, and related to the age in which they were produced, by the profoundest ties and influences—Mr. Alison appears to have no more conception than a common house-painter has of the chemistry of the colors he uses. When he has given us the title of a writer's principal works, adduced a few facts of his external life, told us that he was charming, widely celebrated, and enduringly known, and that he was a man of some moral convictions, he fancies that he has written a history of that writer. But of his individuality, as distinguished from other writers, from what standpoint or under what circumstances, he looked on life and nature, and interpreted their lessons, or of his relations to great contemporaneous developments in the same sphere, as well as in

other spheres, we are taught literally nothing. Sir Walter Scott, as a novelist, for instance, was an altogether peculiar and significant phenomenon, making its appearance in the midst of English literature, to revive the images of feudal life, at a time when the whole current of the world was agitated, and rushing on to an unknown future. What then did he express, what were his uses, what his value to the age? Can a thoughtful mind consider him, without asking questions such as these? Has he any real interest to us, as a fact of history, except in his relations to the general course of literature, and to the general life of society? Yet Mr. Alison is satisfied with a few personal details, and a very vague talk about his "brilliancy of fancy," his "poetic conceptions," his "great and varied powers," and that poetic temperament which "threw over the pictures of memory, the radiance of the imagination;" adding, as a proof, both of his morality and immortality, in true Alisonian style, that "nothing ever permanently floated down the stream of time but what was buoyant from its elevating tendency!"

Coleridge was no less than Scott a notable man, not in himself merely, but in the important influence which he exercised upon the poetic taste of his generation, and the new era which he may be said to have created in the speculative tendencies of the English mind. More than any man of his age, therefore, he deserves at the hands of the historian, a rigid analysis of his splendid powers, and a careful estimate of his bearing upon contemporary thought. At the least, he should have been described as something more than a considerable poet, and an excellent translator, "with a strongly metaphysical turn of mind," less "abstract and philosophical," though "more pictorial and dramatic" than Wordsworth, and not destined to "lasting celebrity," because his "ideas and images are too abstract."

Our readers may, perhaps, object that it is too much to expect of Alison any philosophical view, either of men or things; and we should admit the force of the objection if he were not constantly thrusting his reflections, which are meant to be philosophical, into the course of his narrative. For not content with his verbose details of incidents, and his attempted portraitures of character, he deals sweeping judgments "round the land," uttering them with the most positive confidence, and claiming for them at times the authority of Heaven. We are bound, consequently, to look a little into his right to assume this lofty judicial attitude, and to ask ourselves on what principles he proceeds in his elaborate philosophical reflections.

It is difficult, we confess, to ascertain distinctly what his philosophical views are; but as near as we can gather them from the maxims and theories he is fond of sporting, they amount to this: that man is universally corrupt, destitute alike of the goodness which should prompt him into the right path, and of the intellect always to discern it; and as an inevitable result, running perpetually into lamentable errors, from which he is alone saved by an inscrutable Providence. Thus, when a French Revolution comes, in a sudden access of frenzy, to spread its wickedness over the continent, a sober and constitutional England is raised up to stay the deluge of Jacobinism; thus when a wicked Mr. Peel contracts the currency or establishes free trade, to the infinite damage of the landed aristocracy, Providence opens the way to California, to supply the precious metals and give an impulse to emigration: thus, on every occasion when the iniquity and short-sightedness of mortals get them into hopeless straits, Providence steps in with its methods of relief! Now, we have as much faith in Providence as Mr. Alison, but we differ from him in believing that it works, through human agency and according to a fixed and intelligible order, which is no further inscrutable than we are ignorant, and which shows no favor either "to the just or unjust," but proceeds in every respect rationally, because it is itself the Supreme Reason. There was a class of talewrights and dramatists in German literature, which somebody called the Need-and-Help-School, because it was their habit to allow their characters to fall into all manner of dangers and difficulties, in order at the critical moment to come to their aid, either by providing some unexpected rescue, or killing them all off at once. They very well illustrate the kind of Providence to which Mr. Alison seems to commit the universe, —a Providence which creates a certain number of ninnies and villains, places them in the midst of the scenery in which they are to move, sets them at work until they are all at loggerheads and begin to throttle the life out of each other, and then, at last, interposes to make a display of its own adroitness and compassion.

We say this *seems* to be his theory of the course of providential guidance, inasmuch as he is not always consistent in his expositions, accounting for the French Revolution, in one place, for example, by alleging that it was a part of "the universal frenzy which at times seizes mankind from causes inscrutable to hu-

man wisdom;" and yet, in another place, assigning a dozen natural causes, in the oppressions of the previous reigns, for all its sanguinary violence; or again, insisting on the radical depravity of man, and his inevitable tendency to all sorts of self-destruction, while at the same time he tries to make out that there is, after all, a steady progress and general improvement of the race. But, it is evident that both these views cannot be true; for if there is progress, there must be a law of progress, and consequently, no incessant proclivity to evil; or if there is that uniform proclivity to evil, then there can be no general progress, only a capricious, occasional, and useless fluctuation between good and evil. We must do Mr. Alison the justice, however, to confess that for the most part he adopts the obscurant theory, or that view of human affairs which, when it cannot confirm its own prejudices by the actual facts of the case, refers the whole to inscrutable wisdom.

As a matter of course, then, he distrusts all popular movements, even to the extent of doubting whether popular education does any good; regards representative government every where as a failure, detesting the United States especially, because it is an illustrious example of its success; imagines England to be on the verge of bankruptcy and dissolution, because free-trade has been carried there, and the popular element of the constitution is coming into the ascendant; is filled with consternation by every proposal of change, and vaticinates like another Jeremiah over the entire future. In short, we do not know a philosopher on the face of the earth, who, if his own philosophic essays on man and nature are correct, ought to feel more uncomfortable than he, in the present advancing condition and brightening prospects of mankind. We shall not, therefore, quarrel with him for his inveterate, silly, and miserable toryism; nor take him to task, as we might, for those reiterated misrepresentations in which he chooses to indulge in respect to the character and progress of Democracy, particularly as it has developed itself in this country (for he appears quite incorrigible in both respects, being either insensible to the force of facts, or meanly unwilling to admit them), but, on the contrary, we shall proffer him our sincerest compassion for the difficulties of his position. A man who writes the history of the nineteenth century, under a serious conviction that its experiences are a solemn warning against liberalism, is one of the saddest spectacles that can be presented to our eyes. The labor of Sisyphus was nothing to his: the fruitless experiments of the Danaides were nothing. in short, nothing but that swimming pig, by which Southey in the Devil's Walk, illustrates England's commercial prosperity, can be his parallel. Every stroke that he makes only cuts his own throat,—every fact that he records upsets his theory. Or, rather, he is obliged to read the riddle of things backwards. We ought not consequently to have been surprised, as we were a little way back, that Mr. Alison should give such sterile and incomplete accounts of the great movements in literature, science and practical art, which have distinguished the years of which he writes. If he had done so, with any completeness, he would have been compelled to abandon his obscurantism, and to adopt a view of the progress of human affairs quite damaging to his pet notions of the extreme naughtiness and littleness of God's last creation, Man. He was prudent, if not wise, in time!

Gervinus, one of the most accomplished and profound of German historians, lately sentenced to prison at Baden for the publication of his opinions, taking up the doctrine of Aristotle, that the law of human development was from the participation of the few to that of the many in government, demonstrates and confirms it by the subsequent experience of two thousand years. It is not a fancy, he says, nor an opinion, nor a declamatory phrase, nor a hypothetical judgment, but the absolute, scientific order, as certain as the courses of the stars, or the process of growth in the individual being. But what Gervinus proves, mainly in the political sphere, made still more manifest by the entire course and consequence of the development of literature and science, is particularly striking in the wonderful achievements of the last half century. In the death-blows which it has given to the old feudal and aristocratic maxims and practices, in the ameliorations it has wrought in the spirit of the laws, in the growing political power, moral elevation, and intellectual enlightenment of the masses of the people, in the almost universal diffusion of letters, as well as in their humanitarian tone, in the greater cheapness of all the appliances of everyday life, whereby the luxuries of the past age have become the daily comforts of this, in the prodigious movements imparted to trade, by the discovery of new outlets for population, new fields for labor, new rewards for enterprise; in short, in the indescribably numerous and inexhaustible sources of enjoyment and wealth, bestowed upon all communities by the revelations of science and their practical applications, we find the condition of mankind advanced beyond even the dreams of

the most sanguine enthusiasts of former generations, and we see in them, also, a pledge of the more rapid and surprising conquests of the future. But Mr. Alison finds in them, and sees in them, no such things; finds in their past effects only a disturbance of his cherished notions of law and order, and sees in their future promises only another "dispersion of mankind," like that on the plains of Shinar, produced, too, by the same unholy pride and ambition which raised the vain tower at Babel!

Now it is because he does not find and see these things, or, in other words, because he does not comprehend the spirit of the age he undertakes to describe, but stands in a relation of antagonism to it, that we pronounce him quite incapable of his task. We do not wish any actual specimens of his unskilfulness to convince us of his unfitness. He may string facts together with never so much industry, describe isolated scenes with the animation of a Napier, analyze individual character with the eye of a Scott; but so long as the characters and events he portrays are no more than so many shadows dancing upon the wall,—as they must be to the mind which has no clear and consistent clue to their movements, in a knowledge of their interior spirit,—he cannot become their historian. A Sandwich islander, suddenly placed before the footlights at Niblo's, when Sontag or Alboni is electrifying the intelligent spectators with splendid visions of beauty and enjoyment, might as well hope to write a competent criticism of the performance for the next day's *Tribune*, as a historian of Mr. Alison's sympathies to depict the Nineteenth Century. Granting that he sees the incidents and events with as comprehensive and minute an eye as any other man, he can yet see only the outside of them, like the Otaheitan at the play; he does not see the motives of the performer, nor the scope of the drama. The principle which explains all—the struggle for human freedom—that contest of man for the mastery of nature, of society, of himself, which is the open secret of all history, he winks out of sight, and puts in its place some marrowless, and conservative, high-church dogma.

Nor is it less true of history in general, than it is of the history of the last half century, that without this guiding principle of freedom, it is a vast and innavigable ocean, clouded with mists, and darkness. The historian, who puts his little bark forth into it, moves forward without compass or chart. Innumerable counter-currents of tradition baffle him on all sides; huge sand-banks of authority arrest his course; the coral reefs of prejudice and the wrecks of stranded systems scrape his keel, the storms and winds of fierce war harry the atmosphere, so that he is driven he knows not whither, and makes the shore, when he arrives at all, by the merest chance. But had he carried with him the chart and compass, supplied by even a dim perception of that great law of freedom, which is the principle of all the evolutions of history, he might have defied the tempests and mastered the stormy seas, beholding beyond the chaos of the elements, a beautiful sunshine and the green world of peace.

But, without protracting this discussion, which the amiable editors of *Putnam* warn us already encroaches upon the limits they usually assign to their heavier articles, let us close by saying that this, then, is our estimate of the great English historian: that he is an exceedingly patient collector of facts, and sometimes an animated, but generally a drowsy and bungling narrator of them; that his style is too often slipshod, awkward and ungrammatical; that his statements may be relied upon for the most part, except where the United States and democratic institutions are concerned, when his vehement prejudices bewray him into the grossest misrepresentations; but that his alarming deficiency in any general views, especially in broad and consistent principles of historical philosophy, which would enable him to detect the real inward life of society, renders him quite incompetent to a worthy discharge of the functions of an historian, especially of the period which he has undertaken to describe.

ORNITHOMANES.

THE "BIRD-ENAMORED" DISCOURSETH ANENT EAGLES.

FRIEND of my early days, true poet, who, eagle-like, wouldst soar, in the flushed promise of thy scarce-fledged genius, sunward, undazzled; who, stricken down most sadly from thy pride of place among the empyrean stars of song, like that same eagle sore-imprisoned, now mopest thine uncounted days, with—

> "that noble and most sovereign reason,
> Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,
> That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
> Blasted with ecstacy—"

it was with thee—with thee.

Never, never, shall I now forget that breathless, dewy morning of July, when escaping, or ere the early sun had turned the dusky fleece of summer cloudlets into rose and amber, from the smoke and din and concourse of the awakening city, we sallied forth, well mounted, with hearts as light as our fleet horses' hoofs, with innocent intent, like that Earl Percy, whose rude legend was wont to stir the gentle heart of Sydney more than a trumpet—

> "Our pleasure in the *Highland* woods,
> *That* summer day to take."

How lovely was that sunrise, as we beheld it from the grassy esplanade, which lies along the brink of the storm-scarred Palisades, five hundred feet above the serene bosom of the brimful azure Hudson—an esplanade of smooth green mossy sward, as soft and even as if it had been pruned by the nibbling *bidents* of England's far-famed south-downs, stretching out, mile after mile, a graceful perspective of green undulations, like a velvet ribbon, not wider than an artificial race-course, or the wood-drive in some noble park, between the unshorn natural forest, and the half basaltic columnar precipices.

Broad and red the great sun rose, bloody-colored through the thin transparent sea-mist, over the rounded green hills of Westchester, and lighted up the whole glorious scene; the great rejoicing river, studded with snow-white sails of gliding sloops and graceful schooners; the broad bay glancing like a sea of gold studded with castled islands; the mighty city half veiled in the hazy smoke-wreaths, above which shimmered in the light air the flags and signals of her ten thousand masts, and glanced in the mid azure the slender spire of the elder Trinity.

Around us, the free, fresh underwood sent up a thousand aromatic perfumes, as our horses' flanks dashed the diamond dew-drops from their heavy sprays. The ferns and grasses, crushed by the iron-shod hoofs, had each its peculiar spicy odor; and if old England's primroses and violets were wanting on the thymy banks, and no bush woodbines trailed their honeyed trumpets from the crags, the many-clustered blooms of the white and rose-colored azaleas, and the fragrant spikes of the delicate spirœas, wooed either sense as pleasurably; and the five-pinnated Virginian ivy, and the sweet-scented clematis, festooned the gray rocks, and draped the shadowy junipers with equally luxuriant verdure.

The atmosphere was alive with the hum of the wild bees and hundreds of merry insects, children of summer and the sun; and the sadly-trickling woodnotes of the hermit-thrush were mingled with the livelier whistles of the migratory bird, which, fraught with old time memories, and the regretful longings after the rural homes of the ancestral island, our forefathers surnamed of the bird, dear to the hospitable hearth, sweet robin-red-breast.

The golden orioles flashed to and fro among the thickest verdure, like winged fire-flakes, carrying the insect food to their callow young, swinging safe in their pensile nests from the gnarled branch of the red cedar. The little American hares bounced up from their forms, among the winter-greens and brambles, and cocking up their cottony scuts, dived into the underwood and disappeared; and, here and there, if by chance some rill of cool spring-water, before tossing its silver thread over the verge of the grim rocks, expanded itself into a tiny swamp, and nourished a scattered growth of willow-tufts and alder-bushes, a mother woodcock would flush up on whistling pinions, with her plump, ruddy breast and full black eye, and lead her weakly-fluttering, half-grown young, into some safer covert.

In itself, every thing was beautiful and calm, and rural—more, even, than rural—sylvan. Gazing around us, on this side the river, without a sound or a sight to remind us of man's intrusion on "boon nature's" wild demesne, we might, with no vast stretch of fancy, have imagined ourselves leagues aloof in the old unbroken wilderness—

> Where Indian footsteps rare intrude
> To break the sylvan solitude.

Yet, casting one glance to the farther bank, the trim suburban villas announced the near vicinity of the great hive of men, the voice of whose uproarious bells, and

the muffled roar of whose morning guns, had but now spoken audibly to our fleshy ears of the body, deafening the subtler organs of the soul.

And this contiguity it is of contrasts which lends such a charm to the landscape scenery of America. Despite the newness, the raw, just finished look of the towns, to which Dickens has so humorously alluded in one of his spicy caricatures, there is every where in the country, so soon as the wanderer's foot has left the pavement, and before his ears have lost the din of the city, an aspect of untutored and almost primeval rusticity; a moss-grown charm of sylvan eld, that involuntarily recalls the mind, if not to Arcadian fancies, at least to the stranger realities of the stupendous change which has occurred in these most familiar scenes within the narrow compass of two centuries.

No other country in the world can point to scenes of almost primitive nature, still haunted by some of the shyest and wildest of the animal creation, in so near contiguity to the abodes of a civilization almost super-civilized, and more than Sybarite luxuriousness.

All these things, or many of them—for Boz had not yet spoken to his world-wide audience, and the lucubrations of Martin Chuzzlewit slept yet unformed in the womb of futurity—we babbled of, as we rode along, careless of time, and giving ourselves up wholly to the enjoyment of the pleasant season, and to the impulsive thoughts which sprang from each new object, that presented itself to our admiration or our wonder.

Morning had melted before the fervors of hot noon, as we pursued our way, heedless, if not unconscious, of distance; and at length, as we reached a loftier summit of the Palisades, beyond which the continuous line of columnar ramparts, whence their familiar name, is interrupted by a deep wooded lap or basin, opening softly to a cove of the great river, we paused, drew bridle, and sat still.

At first, we halted, on impulse only, to gaze with earnest eyes on the splendid prospect which greeted us; for we had advanced so far, that we might behold the huge barriers of the Hudson Highlands upheaving themselves in vast, solemn, purple masses before our eyes, while above them, and through the breaks in their undulating outline, the triple summit of the distant Kaatskills slept in a soft, cerulean shadow against the bright horizon. Anon, we might see the fleecy masses of clouds gather, and thicken and grow dark, over the distant mountains, until their form, their dimensions, their very presence, were swallowed up in the great inky shroud, whence issued at intervals a low, hoarse, grumbling moan, preceded by a momentary livid streak veining the blackness; by which we knew that the thunder-spirits had not deserted their old haunts in the Highlands.

Perhaps it was the distant growlings of the storm, perhaps the fidgetiness of our horses—for that animal, as I have often observed, is singularly sensitive to the presence of electricity in the atmosphere—that recalled us from the contemplation of the noble view to more sublunary things. But when we were so awakened, and found our good steeds bathed in dark sweat, and that sweat chafed into white creamy lather, wherever bridle rein or stirrup leather had turned the hair—though we had not in the last five miles exceeded a foot's pace—we resolved to make a brief halt in that pleasant place, both for the refreshment of our animals, and the consolation of our inner selves, with such slight provisions as our sandwich boxes and hunting-flasks might furnish. Nigh twenty years have elapsed since I saw that spot; in all human probability I shall never see it again; and, were I to see it, I should most likely fail to recognize a single feature; but by some strange freak of memory, which has slurred over in oblivion a hundred nearer and more important matters, I remember every small particular of that scene, every accident of light and shade, as clearly as if I had looked upon it yesterday. Yet it was nothing. Nothing but the like of which we all look upon every day, without notice enough, even, that we should say we forget it.

A large white-oak tree shed a wide shadow over the green sward, quite to the edge of the precipice; and above the oak, above all the surrounding trees of the somewhat stunted forest, towered the gigantic skeleton of what had once been a colossal white-pine, now barkless and weather-beaten, but still erect and stately, and pointing with its sapless arms to the four winds of heaven. Above the summit of the pine, again, the work of man's busy hands, rose a tall spear, secured with bolts and braces, and capped by what closely resembled a huge extinguisher of bright tin—the whole forming, strangely out of place in that wild bit of unshorn forest, one of the triangulation stations of the coast survey, which was then laboring, with its unequalled industry and science, on that portion of the Atlantic sea-board. Immediately in front of us, as we sat under the cool freshness of the oak, after picketing our horses duly wa-

tered at the neighboring brook, and carefully rubbed down; at about thirty feet distant lay the sheer brink of the precipice, with its verge undulating and irregular, as the height of the columnar rocks forming its face, varied and fringed by a verdure of ferns, mullens, and other coarse shrubby plants which love to cast anchor in the crevices of any rocky soil. A little way to the left, forming the highest point of the Palisades, just where the verdant gap I have described began to descend abruptly to the northward, one splintered pinnacle of gray stone stood up, some twenty feet above the green sward on the land side, some twice three hundred above its base on the river shore; close to the rock a stunted juniper shot out of a crevice in the cliff's face and twisted itself upward toward the light, mantled and draperied with the most luxuriant profusion of beautiful deciduous ivy; and between the two there protruded, considerably beyond the precipice, what resembled a gigantic spout of massive timber. It was, indeed, no less than the hollowed trunk of a huge tree, polished as smooth as if it had been finished in a lathe, fastened to the rocks by great braces, and extending into the clear space many feet over the sheer walls of basaltic limestone. In a word, reader, it was what I had never seen, at least in that shape, before, a timber slide, prepared for launching the hewn trunks over the brink so that they should fall into the trough fashioned to receive them, two or three hundred feet below, and so rush into the bosom of the receiving river. To contemplate this, which had waked my special wonder, after the edge of our appetites had been appeased by the modicum of ham sandwiches, and the more than modest sip of brown sherry which our flasks afforded, I crawled forth gingerly and cautiously, and, leaning over the trunk, grappling with both hands the tough roots and knotty branches of the stunted shrubs on the edge, gazed down into the abyss.

At about midway of the height, there commenced a series of slopes, a sort of natural glacis, formed by the accumulation of the debris, which had crumbled down, winter after winter, through uncounted ages, from the crags, under the combined action of frost and water; and these were covered, for the most part, by a scattered growth of young wood.

At the water's edge was a little dock, with a small dwelling and storehouse, and a couple of sloops lying at anchor, all dwindled, by the perpendicular distance, into the semblance of baby-houses, and children's cock-boats. The slide had evidently fallen into disuse, owing, doubtless, to the consumption of the woods fitted for its purpose in the vicinity; for the trough below was in a state of disrepair, little removed from ruin, some young green saplings having shot forth between its decayed timbers; and no piles of logs or lumber testified to its present activity.

After a little while, as my eye became accustomed to distances, after the first dizziness had passed over, and the principal features of the spectacle had become familiar, I began somewhat more curiously to examine and pry into details.

The face of the precipice before me was any thing rather than sterile or naked. At every few feet of distance, great perpendicular fissures and crevices ran between the pillared rocks, which time and the gradual decay of vegetable matter had filled with rich, black, fertile soil; and out of this, chance sown, most probably, by the thrush and the blue jay, shrubs and trees had taken root years ago, and now stretched their green garlands and tortuous branches into mid air, the secure home of unnumbered warblers.

As I leaned forward, more and more taken with the view, a clod of earth or block of stone, dislodged by my movements was detached from the brink, dropped plump down, crashing through the branches of a white-oak growing some fifty feet below, and spun away, dwindling in size, and twinkling in the sunlight as it fell.

Not long, however, did my eye dwell on it; for, as the first crash sounded from the oak boughs, an enormous pair of chestnut-colored pinions were unfurled, just in the shadow under it, and, with a shrill, fierce, barking scream, an eagle—a superb, full-plumed, Golden Eagle—shot out from its eyrie in the inaccessible rocks, and soared calmly and fearlessly, as it seemed, over the blue river, upon which the now meridian sun drew a gigantic picture of its wide, expanded vans.

I know not wherefore, or with what intent—for those were the good old days of antique Gotham, when something of the slumberous style, derived from its Dutch Patriarchs, so quaintly pictured by the humorous pen of Irving, still characterized its people, ere the word Rowdy was yet invented, when the B'hoys were innocent babies, and folk would as easily have thought of riding about in complete suits of steel, as of carrying weapons for defence—I know not, I say, wherefore, or to what intent, but we had a pair of pistols with us; I believe we had brought them as a means of awakening the mocking answers of those airy voices, which men are fond to fancy echoes.

At all events, a pistol I had, and thought-

less, on the impulse of the moment I discharged it at the noble bird. The sound attracted his attention; I think, moreover, that the bullet whistled near him, for he made a short cast upward, flapped his wings angrily over his back, and rose in short gyrations directly above my head.

But, even then, neither in his motions nor his manner, was there the least show of haste or perturbation. He sailed slowly round and round; I could see him turn his hooked beak from side to side, as he brought his piercing eyes to bear on the intruder, and I seemed to catch an intelligent glance from those fierce, flame-colored orbs, which can gaze undazzled on the sun at his meridian.

Round and round he floated, with no visible movement of his mighty wings, though one could see that he steered himself with his broad, fan-like tail, scaling the air, ring above ring, in those small concentric circles, as if he were mounting some viewless, winding, Jacob's ladder, until at length he literally vanished from our sight, concealed from vision by no jealous, intervening cloud, nor swallowed up in any blaze of living light too effulgent to be braved by mortal eyes of man, but lost in immeasurable distance.

Once, after our weary eyes had ceased straining themselves in vain, his resonant defying cry came clanging down to us from the depths of the, to him, not intrenchant ether, as if challenging us to meet the radiance of his clear eye, which probably distinguished us with ease, where himself to our utmost powers invisible.

That was the first time of my beholding, on this side the Atlantic ocean, that noblest of the feathered race, bird of poets and emperors, the golden eagle; and but twice, since that day, has his form met my eyes, which ever greet him with something of half-chivalric and loyal devotion, something of half superstitious veneration.

Once, he was wheeling, like the incarnate spirit of the thunderstorm, while the clouds were as mirk as midnight above us, and the lightning was blazing as if at white heat, and the thunder, tearing our ears asunder, rebellowed from Bullhill and Crownest, and the stern heights of Thunderberg triumphant amid the tempest.

The canvas of a superb topsail schooner was split to ribbons in an instant, and a tall sloop was dismasted by a gust that came tearing down a gorge in the hills, and drove a long streak of snowy foam before it across the moaning river; but not a feather did it ruffle of the royal fowl, lending only, as it seemed, new transport to his warrior spirit, new power to his exulting flight.

Once again I beheld him—I say him, for it always seems to me the same eagle, whom I first saw, long years ago,—sailing through the dark mists over the purple moors of Cumberland and Yorkshire, where Pennigant and Ingleborough look down from their misty peaks on the sources of the silver Aire, or the bare crags of Cader Idris afford his chosen eyrie to the nursling of the storm. Once again I beheld him, above a thousand miles aloof, where the untrodden heights of the La Cloche mountains show their almost perennial snows to the voyager on the stormy waters of Lake Huron, and the congenial climate and sublime wilderness of the Northwest acknowledge him for their appropriate sovereign.

I knelt in the bow of a birch canoe, propelled by the silent paddle of an Ojibwa Indian, up the still waters of a winding tributary of the Du François River, the outlet of Lake Nipissing, with a heavy double-barrel in my hand, keeping a bright look-out, as we doubled every headland of the tortuous stream, for the ducks, which kept rising in great flocks before us.

Suddenly there came a low tap against the side of the canoe, and a guttural exclamation—"How! mig-a-zeë. An eagle."

I looked up, and there he sat, erect, majestic, looking supremely proud and bold, on the very pinnacle of a dead pine tree, not above a hundred yards distant from us. He saw us clearly, for he turned his head, and looked at us steadily with both his great bright eyes; I could see, or fancied I could see, their tawny glare at that distance. Then he lifted one large yellow claw, and scratched his head, dropped it again to his perch, drew himself up and shook himself, till every plumelet seemed in its place, even and sleek as the coat of a high conditioned racer, arched his proud neck, and gazed about him, without a sign of alarm, as if he saw and dared us to injure him.

For me, he might defy me with impunity; for I felt in his presence, as Marcellus toward the Ghost of Hamlet, that I should

> "do it wrong, being so majestical,
> "To offer it the show of violence;"

and, even had any shot-gun contained the means of harming him at that distance, which it did not, I should as soon have thought of firing at a friend, as at that dauntless creature.

Not so, however, my Ojibwa. There are, to the Indian, few prizes more esteemed than the tail-feathers of the war-eagle. It is said that, on the prairies, a good horse has been bartered for that precious ornament, worn only, as among

the Scottish Highlanders, by the great chiefs of the people.

Such a temptation as this was to be resisted, at no price; and compensation, such as mine, would to my copper-colored friend have appeared the last descending grade of imbecility.

Seeing, therefore, the long rifle slowly coming up to the level, and knowing how deadly was that aim when once assured, I bided my time, and, just as his finger pressed the trigger, sent forth, from all my lungs, a tremendous whoop. The rifle flashed, and splinters flew from the stem of the tree, immediately behind the spot where, a moment before, the imperial bird was sitting.

But there he sat no longer. The very second before the ball was sped he flapped his wings once, and launched himself into the air with one indignant scream; another instant, and a cannon shot would not have reached him.

Words cannot express the glare of indignation which my Indian comrade launched at me, in reward of that untimely whoop. I verily believe, if he had suspected it to be premeditated with intent to frustrate his shot, he would have tried to take summary vengeance on me; but, as it was, I continued to look so stupid, and pretended to be so much disappointed, that he set it down to the score of impatience and premature exultation, and contented himself with rating me soundly, and involving himself for the remainder of the day in an impenetrable veil of sulkiness, evinced by his not allowing me to get a shot at duck, and by my going in consequence supperless to bed.

And this brings me definitively to my eagles. Of this mighty fowl of the rapacious order, we possess, in the United States, three distinct varieties; perhaps, including Texas and the newly acquired Mexican dominions, we may lay claim to a fourth, in the Brazilian Caracara Eagle, *Polyborus Vulgaris*, which is stated to inhabit regions, as far northward as Florida. This is, however, but a poor devil of a bird, to be dignified by the name of Eagle, not equalling the osprey, or common fish-hawk in size, and in his habits of foul and promiscuous feeding little superior to the squalid tribe of vultures.

Of him we will none. *Sacer Esto*, he and the foul Cathartes, the blackwinged Scavenger of the fowls of air!

Of our own three eagles, one is peculiar to ourselves; the largest and most powerful by far, though not the noblest either in bearing or habit, the magnificent bird, discovered by the immortal Audubon and named of him after the father of his country, *Falco Washingtoni.*

The history of the great forest-naturalist's discovery of this eagle, as related in his own graphic words, is equal in interest to the most exciting romance; while it displays, in the boldest and most vivid light, the extraordinary powers of vision, of comparison, of judgment, of memory, possessed by that eagle-eyed man, that intuitive discerner of great Nature's secret mysteries.

Gliding along in his canoe at sunset, over the placid bosom of one of our mighty western rivers, the poet-painter of the feathered race beholds an unknown wing, of vaster extent than that of any established eagle, gliding immeasurably high above him, painted in dark relief against the sun-illumined sky—the huge crooked bill, the plumage uniform in hue, dark chocolate, tinged with a coppery lustre.

Thus much only, and scarcely thus much. Yet from that one fleeting glimpse, the native genius of the wilderness, with self-confidence equalled only by the perfectness of his intuition, pronounced this half-seen bird, not only a nondescript Eagle, but a nondescript *Fishing*-Eagle, but the greatest of all Eagles, classified it, named it, "the Bird of Washington," the largest and most powerful of the true eagles, and such it has proved to be—for the Condor of the Andes, and the Lamergeyer of the Alps, are obscene carrion-eating vultures, in no sort birds of Jove.

School naturalists and in-door theorists laughed at the woodman-poet, and for many a day, the Bird of Washington was held as much a myth as the *roc* of Sinbad, or the winged hound of the Anmaspians.

Years passed, and still the indomitable explorer wandered far, wandered near, with his portfolio and his gun, braving the hyperborean cold of Newfoundland and Labrador, braving the ague-breeding heat of Mississippian swamps and bayous, in patient search, in exulting fruition of the wonders of God's creation.

Years passed, without his meeting any more that once seen, never to be forgotten, eagle; still his faith was unshaken in the Bird of Washington; and his faith had its reward.

Navigating, leagues and leagues away from the region where he first beheld his nondescript, another mighty river of the West, thinking perhaps at the time of nothing less than the unknown eagle, his all-observant eye fell on the difficult rock-eyrie of some great bird of prey, and the crags spattered with white droppings, and the shores strewn with the scales and exuviæ of half-eaten fishes.

It was not the haunt of our own white-

headed eagle; for he nests in trees, mostly in white pines, where he builds a huge faggot-like pile of branches and dead sticks seven or eight feet long, which he uses not merely as his procreant cradle, but as his usual home and habitation in all seasons.

It was not the haunt of the noble Golden Eagle, the sovereign of the fowls of air; for he, though a rock-dweller, eschews a fish-diet, and feeds, like a royal hunter as he is, on the grouse, the ptarmigan, the varying hare of the mountains, or the fawn and antelope of the prairies.

Conviction flashed upon his mind, and triumph. He had found the dwelling-place of the Bird of Washington. He made inquiries among the more intelligent settlers, and learned—what confirmed his views—the crags he had seen were the haunt of two huge birds of prey, larger than the men had known elsewhere.

He lay in wait; he watched with Indian patience; he got a shot at length; and his theory was verified, his greatest triumph won—turn, reader mine, from this simple record to his inspired pages, for the artless, but, how graphic description, of his own rapture, when he held in his hand at last, the term of so many hopes delayed, the mighty Bird of Washington.

That noble collection, the Lyceum of Natural History at Philadelphia, contains a very fine specimen of this largest of the F[illegible]nidæ.

The male bird measures three feet seven inches in length from the point of his bill to his claws; and no less than ten feet two inches, from tip to tip of his expanded pinions. In all birds of prey it is observable that the female exceeds the male in size and strength, so that even these vast dimensions must not be esteemed the greatest.

The bill of this eagle is very strong and much uncated, of a dark, bluish-black hue, with a dull yellow cere. Its plumage is darker than that of any other eagle, varying from deep chocolate brown to nearly pure black. Its feet are orange yellow. This is a very rare species, and although its *habitation* is laid down in the books as extending throughout the Union, I have heard of no instance in which it has been taken or verified in the Eastern States, or on the sea-board. Its eyrie and nesting place are in cliffs inaccessible to the foot of man; the number of its eggs is not ascertained; and little is known of its habits except that it is a fish-eater of choice, though like all its race it will take quadrupeds and water-fowl when pressed by hunger; whence it is rightly classed in the sub-genus Haliœtus, or Sea Eagle of Savigny. All these large birds of prey are for the most part widely and thinly dispersed over great tracts of territory, especially those which dwell inland and rely on the rivers and the wilderness for their support, since wide hunting grounds are to them, as to their fellow forester, the red Indian, indispensable for subsistence.

The White-headed Eagle is, in this respect, more fortunate than his congeners, that the whole length of the oceanic coasts, of the lake and river shores, wherever surges break and billows foam, is tributary to his wants; and therefore he is much the most frequent of his order, and is in fact as familiar to the inhabitants of our sea-boards as are the other varieties strange and of rare occurrence, except in peculiar districts.

The next species, which like the last is by no means generally familiar to the inhabitants of the United States, and of whose habits little is known except to a few, is the noblest in bearing, the most princely in aspect, the bravest, the fiercest, and in its general attributes—although it will be found to fall far short of Buffon's fanciful imaginings — the most generous of the order.

The Golden Eagle, *Aquila Chrysaëtos*, the fabulous minister of Olympian thunderbolts, to whom the sovereign of the gods permitted sovereignty over all the fowls of air; the warrior bird, and kingly emblem, of all times and nations, from the sensuous and poetic Greek, to the wild Gaël on the Scottish Highlands, or the roving Camanche on the boundless plains of the Southwest, has been perhaps the theme of more noble poetry, and the subject of more extravagant fable than any other of the denizens of ether.

This is he, and not any other, neither Haliœtus, nor foul Polyborus, who has won for the race of eagles, in general, their character of kingly, noble, brave, and generous—this is he, who was elected, elector himself of her first king, the puissant bird of Rome, and was usurped, thereafter, by a greater than the greatest of the Cæsars, the Imperial Corsican. This is he, if we must take an eagle to be our crest at all, who should have sat sublime above the stars of our standard,—not the thieving, rapacious, greedy, carrion-devouring bald-pate, whom we have elevated to undue distinction.

There are not many points in which we cotton to Dr. Franklin, much less sympathize with his unchivalric, unromantic, hardfisted, money-making principles and propensities—with all due deference be it spoken. There was far too little veneration in his nature, to comport with what

we deem the essence of true greatness: but in this we do fully sympathize with him,—that we have no touch of veneration or respect for the white-headed eagle.

Had men known as much about his ways and means in 1760, as they do now-adays, he certainly never would have hailed, fine-looking fellow as he is, as the republican bird of America.

Figuratively, as well as literally, it must out,—our eagle has a white feather in his tail. I am sorry to admit it, but he is a glutton, a foul feeder, lazy, a bully, a coward, and a thief.

He has one good quality, common to all the eagles; he is a constant, faithful, honorable husband. He does not go about, like the tomtits and wrens, and such small fry, sending valentines, and picking up a new mistress every fourteenth of February; nor does he even, like some mortal monarchs whom we wot of, condescend to any morganatic marriage, but takes to himself one lawfully-wedded wife, and cleaves to her, through weal and wo, for thrice the length of ordinary human wedlocks, until when above a hundred years have flown, death, the inevitable, do them part.

But all this does the golden eagle likewise, and fights like a hero, and eats like a gentleman into the bargain.

It is scarcely necessary to state, that of all birds so rare, so shy, dwelling so remote from the abodes of man, seen only at intervals by the narrowest observers, making their nests and rearing their young in places nearly inaccessible to the human foot, living and dying in difficult and distant solitudes, it is no easy task to learn the habits minutely, even to distinguish the usual peculiarities of marking, and still more, the differences of the young birds—which, it is now ascertained, do not attain their full plumage until the sixth or seventh year—from the adults.

"The truth is"—says Wilson, the eloquent pioneer of American ornithology—"the solitary habits of the eagle now before us, the vast inaccessible cliffs to which it usually retires, united with the scarcity of the species in those regions inhabited by man, all combine to render a peculiar knowledge of its manners very difficult to be ascertained. The author has once or twice observed this bird sailing along the Alpine declivities of the White Mountains of New Hampshire early in October, and again, over the Highlands of the Hudson River, not far from West Point. Its flight was easy, in high circuitous sweeps; its broad, white tail, tipped with brown, expanded like a fan. Near the settlement on Hudson's Bay, it is more common, and is said to prey upon hares, and the various species of grouse which abound there. Buffon also observes that, though other eagles also prey upon hares, this species is a more fatal enemy to those timid animals, which are the constant object of their search, and the prey which they prefer."

It is to be observed that the ingenious and delightful author from whom the above is quoted—like Buffon, and indeed all authors, I believe, on natural history, until Temminck, who established them to be identical—has made two varieties, or species, the Ring-tailed and the Golden Eagle, out of one, the latter, bird; of which the former is the young which has not attained its perfect dress.

It is the immature male which is described as the Ring-tailed Eagle in the above passage. The same confusion exists between the adults and young of the White-headed Eagle, the latter of which has been erected into a separate species, under the name of the ossifrage or sea-eagle. Into this error Wilson is likewise betrayed by adherence to authorities, though he evidently half suspects the identity of the two alleged species.

In this connection, it may be observed as peculiar, that of the Golden Eagle, which when mature is uniformly brown, the young is white-tailed, not losing this mark in its wild state until the third, in captivity till the sixth, or even seventh year; while of the White-headed the immature bird is uniformly dark, irregularly clouded with lighter spots, and does not acquire its peculiar markings until the fourth or fifth year.

These facts have been gained by careful observation of the birds in a state of confinement; by which means also the ideas of the ancients, who were much better naturalists, and more minute investigators than is usually supposed, concerning the longevity of eagles, have been fully verified. It has been the fortune of the writer to form a considerable acquaintance with birds of both these noble species in a state of captivity, and to witness personally some solutions to the questions in dispute.

The Golden Eagle, ***Aquila Chrysaëtos***, when mature, measures from beak to claw above three feet, and about seven and a half from wing to wing. The bill is deep blue, the cere yellow. The eyes are large, deep sunk, with a strong projecting brow; the irides of a bright golden yellow, full of clear lustre, which, when the owner is angry or excited, flashes into intolerable light. The feathers on the head and neck are long, narrow and pointed, and erectile into a sort of ruff when the bird is enraged; the general color of the plumage above and below is a rich chesnut brown,

glossed with a golden lustre, the crown of the head, nape, and back, darkening to almost perfect black; the quills are chocolate, with white shafts, the tail black, slightly barred with ash; the legs are feathered to the ankles; the feet bright yellow, with large, strong scales, and powerful, blue claws.

The whole port and demeanor of this bird is truly graceful and majestical; his ordinary position is erect, and his gaze heavenward. He is full of daring courage, entirely apart from his predatory rapacity, and will attack a man, or any animal which offers him an affront or injury when in confinement.

Concerning his longevity, some remarkable facts have come under my own observation; a singularly fine specimen of this bird having been kept, from a time beyond the memory of persons now living, by a more remote branch of my own family, on an old hall on the frontiers of Herefordshire; and being regarded, especially by the servants, with something nearly akin to superstitious awe.

This bird was more or less familiar to me from my seventh to my twentieth year; and I well remember the mingled fear and admiration with which I used to regard his fierce glee, the superb clashing of his great wings, the fire of his eyes, and his exulting shrieks in times of wild, tempestuous weather, in thunderstorms, and hurricanes of wind, especially. At such times, it appeared as if the long, light, but strong, chain could not control his awakened impulses; nor the courtyard, of which he had the undisputed range, contain his mounting spirit.

The heads of the family to which I refer had died young, and no distinct record existed of the period of the eagle's capture. His attendant, however, was an old gardener, who had been born, and lived to his eightieth year, in the house. He remembered no time when the eagle was not as then, and he did remember that his father, to whose office he succeeded, had spoken of the bird as being sent, a scarce fledged nestling, from North Wales, while he was yet a stripling, to the hall.

I saw that eagle last in about the year 1828; and I am well satisfied that he had then passed a century, although he showed no signs of age; and though I cannot assert that he is yet living, I do not doubt it, for I believe I should have heard of his death, had it occurred.

This eagle was fed, for the most part, on rabbits, which he slew himself—not by the way as an especial act of execution, but in process of devouring—and it is remarkable, that though he would clutch and eagerly swallow gobbets of raw meat, if thrown to him, he would not touch dead birds or quadrupeds.

I cannot say, however, that his appetite was ever severely tempted by long fasting.

At another period, I had an opportunity of studying two Golden Eagles, a male and female, with a young year-old bird having the ring-tail plumage, which were kept in a large timber cage, embracing two considerable fir trees in its precincts.

The nest of these birds had been harried, among the crags near Greta Bridge; the young one was taken; and, by his means, the parents had been trapped, by the device well known to game preservers, as the circle.

At the time of my seeing these eagles, they had tasted nothing but water for nearly a week, during the whole of which time, a dead fox had lain untouched in their den. That they were nearly famished was evident from the fury with which they tore and devoured, almost alive, some unhappy pigeons, which were thrown to them. Whether in a free state the Golden Eagle will *never* partake of dead food cannot easily be proved; that he is most reluctant to do so, is certain; and I think it probable that, as most animals of prey are endowed with a power of resistance to the pangs of hunger proportionate to their avidity, this gallant bird would submit to great extremity before he would condescend to carrion.

An excellent sportsman and good naturalist, not nearly so well known in this country as he deserves to be, Colquhoun of Luss, who from his abode in the wildest part of the Scottish Highlands has had great opportunities of observing eagles, confirms, from personal knowledge, many of the facts stated above—especially the cruel mode of killing, the hare-diet, and the peculiarity of the young bird being ring-tailed.

By the way, it is not here unworthy of remark, that, in a country so distant as Greece, an age so remote as that distinguished by the battles of Marathon and Platæa, nearly 500 years B. C., the poet Æschylus had noted the peculiar prey of the warlike birds of Jupiter, and even their distinctive coloring, while it is even open to doubt whether he was not aware of the immature condition of the white-tailed bird, which he assimilates to the younger and less warlike of the Atreid princes.

As the passage is curious, in more ways than one, I have quoted it entire from a recent translation of the fine play which contains it, published in the university press at Harvard.

"What time the impetuous bird sent out
The Achaians' two-throned power,
And Hellas' martial flower,
In league resolved and stout—
Sent them with puissant spear, and potent hand,
Against the Teucrian land,
The king of birds to the king of ships appearing
The royal palace nearing.
On the spear-hand, conspicuous in place,
One black and white-tailed one—
A teeming hare devouring with her race,
Their last course briefly run."

Letting this passage go merely for what it is worth, as the illustration of another and entirely foreign subject, it is at least remarkable, as indicating the perfect identity of appearance, habit and association of the fierce hare slaughterers, at a place and time so remote.

The witness I shall now call to the bar is no poet nor dreamer, but a stalwart kilted Highlander, as apt with the rifle as the pen, and duly qualified, as a Duinhewassal, or Highland gentleman nigh of kin to the chief of Luss, to stick the single feather of the war-eagle in his own blue bonnet.

Hear to the author of "The Moor and the Loch." "The Golden Eagle is not"—he says—"nearly so great a foe to the farmer as to the sportsman; for although a pair having young will occasionally pounce upon very young and unprotected lambs, and continue their depredations until scared away, the more usual prey consists of hares, rabbits, and grouse—a fact sufficiently proved by the feathers and bones found in their eyries. A pair used to build every year in Balquidder, another in Glen Oyle, and a third in Glenartney. The shepherds seldom molested the old ones; but by means of ladders, at considerable risk, took the young and sold them. One of these, brought to Callander, not long ago, when scarcely full fledged, would seize a live cat thrown to it for food, and bearing it away with the greatest ease tear it to pieces, the cat unable to offer any resistance, and uttering most horrid yells.

"When two eagles are in pursuit of a hare, they show great tact—it is exactly as if two well-matched greyhounds were turning a hare; as one rises, the other descends, until poor puss is tired out; when one of them succeeds in catching her, it fixes a claw in her back, and holds by the ground with the other, striking all the time with the beak. I have several times seen eagles coursed in the same way by carrion crows and ravens, whose territory they had invaded; the eagle generally seems to have enough to do in keeping clear of his sable foes, and every now and then gives a shrill whistle or scream.

"If the eagle is at all alarmed when in pursuit of his prey, he instantly bears it off alive. Where Alpine hares are plentiful, it is no unfrequent occurrence, when the sportsman starts one, for an eagle to pounce down and carry it off, struggling, with the greatest ease. In this case, he always allows the hare to run a long way out of shot before he strikes, and is apt to miss altogether. When no enemy is near, he generally adopts the more sure way of tiring out his game.

"The color of the golden-eagle differs much. Some are so dark as almost to justify the name of the "black-eagle,' which they are often called in the Highlands:—in others, the golden tint is very bright, and many are even of a muddy brown. I do not think that the age of the bird has any thing to do with this, as I have seen young and old equally variable. The sure mark of a young one is the degree of white on the tail: the first year the upper half is pure, which gradually becomes less so, by streaks of brown—about the third or fourth year no white is to be seen."

This I presume, with the facts I have adduced concerning the young ring-tail taken from the nest of golden parents, would be in itself sufficient to establish the identity of the species; but I presume this, among ornithologists, is sufficiently done already.

There are a class of people who choose to believe their eyes only, without using what small modicum of brains they may chance to possess, in the endeavor to comprehend what their eyes do actually see—these people, who are of the same breed with the sapient Jerseymen who are ready to swear that the Sora rail become frogs in winter; and with that learned Theban of the Massachusetts legislature, who insisted that snipe and woodcock are the same bird, and after careful examination of Wilson, Audubon, &c., still persisted—these people, I say, will doubtless insist that, inasmuch as one of these birds has a white tail, and the other has not, they are not one, but two.

For geniuses of this order, however, I do not write;—to those, however, who reason as they read, I have a word or two of explanation, lest they attach a meaning, other than that I intended, to one phrase I have used, and which cannot well be altered, although it is in some degree liable to misapprehension. This word said, I shall close a paper which has already come nigh to transcending limits, premising only that if the readers of Putnam wax not weary of Ornithomanes and his, at least, harmless mania, he has yet a few matters to discourse anent the Bald-headed Eagle, and his most unwilling purveyor, the fish-hawk or osprey, of whom more anon.

In speaking of the Golden Eagle, above, in relation to his devouring his prey without previously slaughtering it, I adopted the word *cruel;* I wish it, however, to be understood that I intended the application to the sufferings of the unfortunate victim, and by no means to the disposition of the slaughterer, whose carnivorous instincts and modes of satiating them are alike from on high.

The quality of cruelty—that is to say, of inflicting pain for the pleasure of inflicting it—is unknown to the brute creation; to kill, is the necessity of the carnivora, to torture, the peculiarity of man.

It is no mercy that leads the warbler to kill the caterpillar or worm before swallowing it, but merely a matter of precaution, since, devouring its prey whole, to devour it alive would be at least untoward.

It is no cruelty in the eagle that it dismembers its prey living, instead of fracturing its skull or decapitating it with a single blow, as some of the falcons do, but a peculiarity arising from the fact that the talons of the eagle, which are not necessarily mortal weapons, and not his beak, are his instruments of offence; and, secondly, that the inferior size and power of his victims do not oblige him to kill, in order to conquer them.

No animal, however ferocious, kills wantonly, or beyond the extent of his appetites. If the tiger or the domestic cat seem to torment, it is only that they desire to detain their captive until their hunger shall prompt them to destroy.

In the whole range of God's creation, from the eagle to the humming-bird, from the lion to the lamb, there is neither wickedness nor cruelty but that which arises from perverted reason.

HIDDEN LIGHT.

THE rain is beating sullenly to-night,
  The wild red flowers like flames are drenched away,
Down thro' the gaps of the black woods, the light
  Strikes cold and dismal. Only yesterday
It seems since Spring along the neighboring moor
  Washed up the daisies, and the barks of trees
Cracked with green buds, while at my cabin door
  The brier hung heavy with the yellow bees.

Now all is blank—the wind climbs drearily
  Against the hills, the pastures close are browsed;
Snakes slip in gaps of earth—gray crickets cry,
  Ants cease from running, and the bat is housed.
No planet throbbing thro' the dark, one beam
  Of comfort sends me from its home above;
I only see the splendor of a dream,
  Slowly and sadly fading out of love.

I only see the wild boughs as they blow
  Against my window, see the purple slant
Of twilight shadows into darkness go;—
  And yet again the whistling March will plant
The April meadows—wheat fields will grow bright
  In their own time—the king-cups in their day
Come thro' the grass, and somewhere there is Light,
  If my weak thoughts could strike upon the way.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—Three portly volumes, containining "The Works of WILLIAM H. SEWARD," have just been published by Redfield. They contain nearly every thing that has come from the prolific pen of their author, from his messages as Governor of the State of New-York, and his speeches in the Senate of the United States, down to his addresses to Whig meetings, and his general correspondence. Nor is there any want of variety in the topics of which they treat—politics, internal improvements, farming, education, prison discipline, Ireland and Irishmen, Webster, Clay, Lafayette, Kossuth, slavery, as well as law arguments and letters to dinner committees, are among them; some treated with elaborate carefulness, and others in a more brief and familiar style. A memoir of the author, with an engraving of his face and residence, is prefixed to the whole. As it is our intention to devote a special article to this book, we satisfy ourselves here with a simple announcement of its appearance.

—What a rare instance of almost equal eminence in two brothers, is that of the BROTHERS HUMBOLDT, a sketch of whose biography, translated from the German, has recently been published by the Harpers! ALEXANDER, the man of science, unquestionably takes the precedence of WILLIAM, the statesman and diplomatist; but both are men of the highest intellectual range, and the noblest character. The incidents of their travels and studies given in the volume before us are full of interest and instruction.

—"*The Captive in Patagonia*," by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BOURNE—a gentleman who, going ashore at the Straits of Magellan, fell into the hands of the Giants, whose manners and customs, their cruelty, cowardice and filthiness, he describes with no little animation and apparent fidelity. He was kept too close a prisoner to allow him to add much to our geographical knowledge of the country.

—A valuable work, the "*Correspondence of the Revolution*," to be edited by JARED SPARKS, is announced at Boston. It will contain letters from more than a hundred individuals, who acted a conspicuous part in our revolutionary drama, and who were among the correspondents of Washington. The editor selected and copied them from the original manuscripts while engaged in preparing the "*Writings of Washington*," and they may, therefore, be regarded as a continuation of that work. Illustrative of the life of the Great Chief, and at the same time of the opinions and actions of his friends and acquaintances, they cannot but prove an important addition to our historical literature. Mr. SPARKS is a laborious and generally faithful editor, but we hope that in the forthcoming volumes he has confined his editorial supervision to the work of compilation, and not correction. We fully agree with Lord Mahon, that the writings of eminent historical personages ought to be given to us with all their imperfections on their head.

—*Rural Essays by* A. J. DOWNING, *edited, with a memoir of the author, by Geo. Wm. Curtis; and a letter to his friends by Frederika Bremer*, is the title of a large volume just issued by G. P. Putnam & Co., uniform with Mr. Downing's *Landscape Gardening*. The book comprises his contributions to the *Horticulturist*, and contains a great number of essays upon all departments of rural life, treated with that singular mastery of the subject, and the ability to present the most accurate rural science in a popular, graceful and elegant manner, which so eminently distinguished the author. We have lost few men whom the country could so ill spare as Downing. His influence was universally acknowledged and perceived, and his works will long continue to be our standard authorities in American rural art. The present volume completes his works. It is an entirely original book in its way; a unique collection of essays interesting and instructive not only to those who live in the country, but to all who have any sympathies beyond the city. We remark especially his chivalric courtesy toward women, the graceful hints and cheerful advice he gives them concerning their gardens and flowers, and his great interest in the rural life of English women, to which he alludes in his letters from England,—which form part of the volume,—as well as in several of the essays. The profound regard which he inspired in many women, whose friendship he was fortunate enough to enjoy, is well indicated in the communication of Miss Bremer, which speaks of him, as the Editor observes in the preface, "with the unreserved warmth of a private letter." It is a volume heartily to be commended as a book for summer reading; while its calm and shrewd insight, its various and regulated knowledge, its transparent and simple style, will make it a permanent companion of the thoughtful and refined who believe, with Lord Bacon, that "God Almighty first planted a garden," and, indeed, it is the first of human pleasures.

—We have not heard of Martin Farquhar Tupper's being sent to an insane asylum, or we should suspect him of writing a little book entitled the *New Bond of Love*, which has been politely sent to us, but which is so strictly anonymous that the title-page does not even bear the name of a publisher. The book is extremely Tupperish, but with a certain wildness that the author of Proverbial Philosophy has not displayed in any of his published writings. The new bond of love which the author has invented, consists of the following modest proposal, which is almost equal to Swift's humane suggestion for the alleviation of Irish suffering.

"Let every human being under the broad face of heaven, make up his mind, by his own free will, to work during one month of every year, according to the best of his ability, for the benefit of those who are only less competent, but not less good."

—Stuart's work on the Naval and Mail Steamers of the United States, recently published by Norton, of this city, is one of the very finest examples of book-making that we can boast of. It is not often that a purely scientific and practical work is published as a show-book, like the brilliant works of fancy that are expressly intended for the ornamentation of centre tables in richly furnished drawing-rooms.

—A book published in nearly as handsome style as the above is Bartlett's Commercial and Banking Tables, which comes to us from Cincinnati, and gives a most satisfactory indication of the arts of printing and binding west of the Alleghanies. It is a most serviceable and excellent work.

—"*The Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States Army*," is the title of a rather readable volume which has been recently republished from the London edition by Stringer & Townsend. It is worthy of remark, that while some of our most popular authors graduated in our national and mercantile ships, the army has not furnished us a single writer of eminence; and the fact is the more remarkable, as the officers of the army have nearly all had an academical education, while our navy is composed chiefly of self-educated men. Our English soldier was a Scotch hand-loom weaver, who came to this country to work at his trade, and, not finding employment, enlisted in the army, and served through the Mexican war. It is very well to have the observations of an intelligent soldier, who was a participator in the Mexican campaign, and who is sure of not erring on the favorable side in giving his account of the conduct of our army.

—"*Virginalia; or Songs of my Summer Nights—A Gift of Love for the Beautiful*," is the inexplicable title of a small volume of verse by T. H. Chivers, M. D., which has come to us from Philadelphia, although it is copyrighted in Massachusetts. Dr. Chivers remarks in his preface, that "it is obvious that no true poet ever yet wrote for the Aristarchi of the world—only to show them how little they know—but only for the divine Areopagus of Heaven." And we coincide wholly in the Doctor's opinion. We do not think any true poet ever did any thing of the kind. What possible motive could have induced the author of the book before us, after having written his verses to publish them, we have no means of knowing, although he says in concluding his preface, "Thus have I moulded on the swift circling wheel of my soul some of the manifold members of that Divine Beauty which lives immortal in the shining House of Life." And therein, we imagine, lies the whole mystery.

—An instructive book is the "*Reason and Faith and other Miscellaneous Essays*," of Henry Rodgers. They are extracted mostly from the Edinburgh Review, where they attracted considerable attention at the time by their learning, vigor, and pervading thoughtfulness. Mr. Rodgers can scarcely be regarded as a profound thinker, though he certainly is an acute and careful one, while his writings exhibit unusual cultivation, and the most decided religious principle. His articles on Old Fuller, the church historian, and on the Correspondence of Luther, are as agreeable as they are instructive.

—A complete edition of "*Jefferson's Works*" is said to be in preparation at Washington, the editorship having been committed to the hands of a distinguished gentleman of Virginia. All the collections of Jefferson that we have had heretofore have been incomplete, giving us merely fragments of his voluminous productions. Jefferson was the master-spirit of his day, who left the impress of his genius on the institutions and mind of his country; and every thing that he wrote ought to be in the possession of the public. We should like to see as perfect a record of his existence made, as Charles Francis Adams has given us of his illustrious rival and friend John Adams. But let there be no tampering with his manuscripts: what we have a right to, in the case of all such men, is their own sayings and doings, and not the interpretations of editors, who may conceive it necessary to suppress or alter their writings, to suit the opinions of the day, or of particular localities. If Jefferson had weaknesses, or was chargeable with inconsistencies, or entertained offensive opinions,

let us know what they were, that we may form an intelligent judgment of his character.

—There must be a perennial freshness in the works of Mr. N. P. WILLIS, for they bloom year after year, and seem as fragrant now as when they were first blown. They are, at any rate, a proof that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." We have before us, for instance, a "*Cruise in the Mediterranean*," which we remember to have read a few years since as part of a big book issued by Redfield, and which we then remembered to have read also, some twenty years before, in the old "*Mirror*," but which we have reperused within the last week, with as much eagerness and delight as we expended on the earliest editions. The rose of our Mirror days is still a rose; or, in other words, the travels of Mr. Willis, twenty-five years since, are newer and more agreeable than the travels of many a man with the dust still in his boots. He has such a sharply observant eye for all that is picturesque in scenery, or original and striking in manners, manages with such nice tact to convey his own sensibilities into the mind of his readers, tells a piquant story with so delicate a smack, sentimentalizes with so knowing an air, and yet enters into the real romance of adventure with so rollicking a zest and honest a faith, that it is quite impossible to escape the fascination of his pages. We have no doubt, therefore, that his books will be read for twenty-five years to come, with as much pleasure as they have been during the past twenty-five—which is giving them a half-century of immortality —a large slice.

—The literary world has cracked its jokes, the past month, and indulged in many a hearty guffaw over the *Interviews Memorable and Useful, from Diary and Memory*, by Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D. But the doctor is as unconscious of his amusing pedantry as parson Abraham Adams, and he reminds us strongly of that best of parsons by his sturdy, hearty, and simple-minded boldness in saying what he thinks, in his own way, let the world laugh at him as it will. The Doctor's style is none of the best, and his memory may sometimes play him false in relating his interviews, but he is always self-poised and original, and just as sure of being exactly right in every thing he may choose to do, or believe, as ever Davy Crocket was, when he had determined to go ahead. Let the Doctor appear to others as he may, he always appears to himself with as palpable a nimbus round his head as ever encircled the crown of a saint. To have so comfortable an opinion of one's self is better than a fortune. The state of mind which the author must enjoy who could have written such dedications, and published such poetry, any poor mortal might envy. Those who laugh at the Doctor have all their merriment to themselves; he would as soon suspect the world of laughing at the ponderous tower of his brown stone church, as at his solemnly-intended utterances. Yet the Doctor is by no means lacking in a perception of humor, as his most amusing description of the manner of Dr. Chalmers in the pulpit can testify; but no one who reads the "Interviews" will suspect the author of that strange volume of entertaining a suspicion that there is any thing either peculiar or humorous in his own manner.

ENGLISH.—Some of the London critics fancy that they have found a new poet in the person of Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH,—the name, by the way, under which the great poet and orator of Hungary left the United States. But Alexander Smith, who purports to be the author of a "*Life Drama*," is a real personage possessed of genuine poetical genius, and destined to a high position in the world of letters. That our readers may judge of the style in which he writes, the lady-love of Walter, the chief character of the "Life Drama," charging him with being a book-worm, he replies:

Books written when the soul is at spring-tide,
When it is laden like a groaning sky
Before a thunder-storm, are power and gladness,
And majesty and beauty. They seize the reader
As tempests seize a ship, and bear him on
With a wild joy. Some books are drenchèd sands,
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps,
Like a wrecked argosy. What power in books!
They mingle gloom and splendor, as I've oft,
In thund'rous sunsets, seen the thunder-piles
Seamed with dull fire and fiercest glory-rents.
They awe me to my knees, as if I stood
In presence of a king. They give me tears;
Such glorious tears as Eve's fair daughters shed,
When first they clasped a Son of God all bright
With burning plumes and splendors of the sky,
In zoning heaven of their milky arms.
How few read books aright! Most souls are shut
By sense from grandeur, as a man who snores,
Night-capped and wrapt in blankets to the nose,
Is shut out from the night, which, like a sea,
Breaketh for ever on a strand of stars.

Here is another passage, in which internal nature is penetrated with passion:

Sunset is burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day.—This very hour
Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms
To chase the flying Sun, whose flight has left
Footprints of glory in the clouded west:
Swift is she haled by wingèd swimming steeds,
Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews,
And dews are drizzling from her chariot wheels.
Soft in her lap lies drowsy-lidded Sleep,
Brainful of dreams, as summer hive with bees;
And round her in the pale and spectral light
Flock bats and grisly owls on noiseless wings.
The flying sun goes down the burning west,
Vast night comes noiseless up the eastern slope,
And so the eternal chase goes round the world.
Unrest! unrest! The passion-panting sea
Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars

Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth;
Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;
We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

There is surely great originality and affluence here, which augur a bright future for Mr. Smith.

—*Nelly Armstrong, a story of the day,*" is the pretty name of a novel, by the author of Rose Douglass, which is well received in England. It tells the old tale of country virtue going to the city, to be seduced and wrecked, and then rescued again by the kind-hearted interposition of friends. Its pictures of life in the wynds of Edinburgh are as dark and fearful as any of the scenes in Uncle Tom's Cabin, and if true, exhibit a field for the benevolence of the excellent ladies of Stafford House, quite as ready for the harvest as any to be found on this side of the Atlantic.

FRANCE.—HAWTHORNE'S *Scarlet Letter* has been well translated into French, and is duly admired by the Gallic public. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* says that it is an excellent selection to initiate French readers in the style of the author, as a thinker and romance writer, and that he treats his subject with manly boldness and touching dramatic power.

—M. NESTOR ROQUEPLAN, the manager of the Grand Opera of Paris, has published, under the title of *La Vie Parisienne*, a collection of theatrical reminiscences, sketches of travel, literary fragments, and such other intellectual baggage as he has judged would interest the universe. We are sorry to say that M. Roqueplan's book is not as piquant as it ought to be, and that we would prefer an evening in his magnificent theatre, with one of Meyerbeer's spectacles, and Garcia upon the stage, to all the works he could publish, if he were to keep writing and publishing until France obtains a settled government.

—California and Australia have not only flooded the world with gold, but have also let loose a deluge of newspaper articles, pamphlets, and other disquisitions on the effect which the flood must have on property, commerce and industry in their various relations. In the fulfilment of our duty we have dug through many of these treatises, but none of them with more real instruction than M. TEGOBORSKI'S *Essai sur les conséquences éventuelles de la découverte des gites aurifères en Californie et en Australie.* The author is not only a very able statistician and economist, but from his official position in Russia has made the management and yield of the Siberian gold mines a matter of particular study. He does not anticipate that the product of California and Australia will produce any permanent disturbance of the present relation in the value of gold and silver, for the reason that a largely increased production of the latter may ere long be expected. The silver-producing regions of the world now yield nothing compared with what might be derived from them.

—Apropos to controversies now on foot comes M. DE BREVAL'S *Mazzini jugé par lui-meme et par ses Tiens* (Mazzini judged by himself and by his adherents), a bitter assault upon the Italian leader which goes back for material through the history of the last twenty years. Those who desire to know the worst that may be said of Mazzini, may here find it uttered with skill and hearty hatred.

—The approaching new edition of the writings of the first Napoleon will contain some things fit to shine in any future collection of literary curiosities. Among these are *Giulio*, a Conversation on the Tender Passion, an Oriental Tale, Notes on his Infancy and Youth, and a Plan of Suicide, which on one occasion when still young he actually came near putting in execution. His correspondence with Maria Louisa will also figure in the collection. Rev. J. S. C. Abbott will perhaps find in it some new reason for putting this man along with Washington among the sacred heroes and benefactors of humanity.

—*Les Cesars* (The Cesars), by M. F. CHAMPAGNY, is a series of careful studies, on the different emperors of Rome. The author narrates the life of each of these individuals, and paints with spirit and fidelity the varying phases of Roman society under their successive reigns. An appendix contains a solid mass of statistics with regard to the revenues, resources, and expenditures of the government they administered. The work has passed to a second edition.

—To novel-readers we commend the *Contes de Printemps* (Tales of Spring), by M. CHAMPFLEURY, a book full of youthful genius, and touching interest.

—*La Lotus de la bonne Loi* (The Lotus of the Good Law), is the last work of EUGENE BURNOUF, the deceased philologian. It is a translation from the Sanscrit, with a commentary and essays on different points of the Buddhist system. Philological science has no other recent production to be compared with this in magnitude or importance.

—If Madame de Girardin's new comedy has not obtained the brilliant success to which its title seemed to pretend, she may hold herself compensated by the praise bestowed on *Marguerite*, a new novel from her vigorous and graceful pen. It is a story of love and despair, touching in itself, but doubly fascinating from the delicate feminine good sense, the facile wit, and agreeable, elegant style in which it is narrated.

—*Mont-Reveche*, a new novel by George Sand, has made its appearance, to be sadly beset by some of the French critics. They accuse it of defective artistic management, a meagre plot, impossible characters, and absurd action. Against its moral character not a word have we seen. By some chance a copy of it has not yet reached America, and so we say nothing either to it or its assailants.

Germany.—The publication in numbers of a new *History of the German People from the earliest times to the present*, has just been commenced at Berlin, where two parts have appeared, bringing the subject down to the invasion of Attila in the west of Europe. The author is Mr. Jacob Venedey, a member of the famous Frankfort Parliament, and a man in many respects competent to the Herculean task he has undertaken. It is curious that in the whole wilderness of German books, there is no first-rate work on the history of the German people, though there are many good histories of particular epochs and movements. We mean that there is no history of the Germans which is at once erudite and popular, accurate in fact and eloquent in style and spirit. We hope Mr. Venedey may supply the deficiency.

—Richard Wagner is the poet and musician of the gigantic. His conceptions are enormous. His works are laid out on plans of almost boundless magnitude. Some day he will make an opera, or, as he would call it, a dramatic and musical epic, embracing the entire history of the world. At present he is at work on the *Niebelungen Lied*. The poem is done, and only the music remains to be composed for it. The execution of this immense work will occupy four successive performances. It is called *The Ring of the Niebelungen, a Stage Play of a Preliminary Evening and three Days*. The drama of the preliminary evening is entitled *The Rhine-Gold;* that of the first day, *The Walkyre;* that of the second day, *The Young Sigfrid;* and that of the third, *Sigfrid's Death*. This century—nor any other for that matter—has not witnessed such a literary and artistic undertaking; for it must be understood, that Wagner writes not for the student, but for the public, and for actual performance upon the stage. It is a doubtful matter, however, whether any man can possess a genius grand and potent enough to take the amusement-loving public for four successive days to the theatre, in order to see the beginning, middle and end of a single opera.

— A readable book is Dr. Klopp's *Narratives and Traits of Character in the time of the German Empire from* 843 *to* 1125, just published at Leipzig. It is written in a pleasant flowing style, and with undoubted historical accuracy. For young people especially, the annals of that obscure period, lying as they seem to do midway between history and romance, have a great charm, and we should suppose that a skilful translator might draw from this work the materials of a very popular and useful little volume.

— Hofmann von Fallersleben pursues his literary studies with zeal none the less fruitful, because he has been obliged by circumstances to omit revolutionary politics from their programme. He has just added a very valuable contribution to the means of appreciating the literature of the middle ages in Germany. We refer to *Theophilus*, a Low-German play, which he has discovered in a manuscript of the fifteenth century, and published with an introduction, commentary and glossary. Theophilus is but another name for the mythical Faust of the Germans, and Dr. Hoffmann is of opinion that this play is the first part of a trilogy the remainder of which is lost. His introduction and notes are of the highest value to those whose tastes and investigations run in that direction.

— One of the most attractive recent productions of the German press is the *Symbolik der Menschlichen Gestalt* (Symbolism of the Human Form), published at Leipzig, from the learned and eloquent pen of Dr. Carus. As a specimen of style, few works in German are more admirable, while its combination of profound learning with poetic vitality, its frequent eloquence and brilliant glimpses of new ideas, commend it to the study of all who would appreciate more thoroughly the relations of soul and body. In some respects it may be compared with Wilkinson's book on *Man and his Body*. It is intended for popular rather than professional use. The physiologists accuse it of being inexact and imaginative.

— Dr. Beck of Reutlingen, has a new work on a subject of interest to philoso-

phical students. It is called *Platon's Philosophie im Abriss ihrer genetischen Enwicklung*. (Plato's Philosophy in its genetic Development.) It is a dry, prosaic, formal book, on a theme which, above all others, merits a genial and glowing treatment.

— Dr. JOHN USCHOLD has published, at Ambery, a *Compendium of Psychology* (Grundriss der Psychologie), in which the evangelical theory of the soul, the primitive purity and blessedness of man and his fall from grace, are taught in a very succinct and lucid manner for the use of students.

— *Betrachtungen über den Physischen Weltall* (Considerations on the Physical Structure of the Universe), is a philosophical disquisition by Prof. ESCHENMAYER, a disciple of Schelling, in which we are taught that the entire, boundless complex of worlds, stars, comets, &c., depends upon and is governed by a great universal body (*Allgestirn*), the productive source of all forces and laws, in the centre of the entire concern, wherever that may be. It is fanciful and vague, and will suit those who like to take their science bathed in the mists of imagination, rather than in the clear and distinct light of exact knowledge.

— LIEBIG's famous *Chemical Letters* have received a reply in a book by JACOB MOLESCHOTT, called *Der Kreislauf des Lebens* (The Circle of Life). The author is a physiologist, but no chemist. He writes well and popularly, but Liebig's theories are not much injured by his disquisitions.

— *Land und See Bilder aus der Gegenwart* (Land and Sea Pictures of the Present Time), is a volume of translations from the *Household Words*, embracing articles on America and Australia.

—OTTO SCHMIDT is the author of a *History of the Thirty Years' War*, written for the benefit of the universal German nation, to warn the same against the evils of dissension, and the necessity of patience and tolerance. Mr. Schmidt might have preached his sermon on a shorter theme than one thirty years long.

—The readers of Goethe's Autobiography must preserve a sort of affection for the old German province of *Elsass*, now the French department of *Alsace*, whose great glory is the Strasburg Cathedral, and whose people are a happy mixture of the Teutonic and Gallic elements of character. Goethe loved to be among them, and would have been delighted with AUGUST STÖBER's *Sagen des Elsass* (Traditions of Alsace), just published at St. Gallen. These traditions are gathered with infinite industry from the mouths of the people, from old chronicles and other reliable sources, and are very pleasant reading even to those who have no local interest in the beautiful country to which they belong.

—Those who wish to study the rise and progress of Secret Societies, and especially of Masonry, will find a most authentic and satisfactory work in the *Geschicte der Frei-Maurerei in Frankolich* (History of Free Masonry in France), by Prof. KLOSS of Darmstadt. It is based on authentic documents of every kind, and casts great light upon the formation and development of the order in every country of Europe, as well as in France.

—A volume which musicians ought to read is F. CHRYSANDER's *Ueber die Molltonart in der Volksgesängen und über das Oratorium* (On the minor mode in music of popular origin, and on the Oratorio). It is a learned and instructive work, though it does not demonstrate all its propositions, as for instance, that the minor mode in popular songs, is derived from the music of the early Christian church, while the fact is that barbarous nations which never heard of Christianity, delight in the use of the minor key.

—The booksellers' advertisements announce the publication of *Des Negers Ira Aldridge Leben und Künstler-Laufbahn* (Life and Artistic Career of the Negro Ira Aldridge), with his portrait and fac-simile. Mr. Aldridge is a tragic actor, whose playing of Shakspeare's characters, such as Othello and Macbeth, has been astonishing to the Germans. They hold him to be one of the first tragedians of the age. This book is designed to make the public acquainted with the facts of his personal professional history.

—A volume more charming and welcome to poetic readers could not be named than the *Lieder des Mirza Schaffy* (Songs of Mirza Schaffy), of which a second edition has just made its appearance at Berlin, with several poems not given in the first. Mirza Schaffy is a poet of the Caucasus, a man of very delicate fancy and genial wisdom, whose songs — fit to be named with those of Hafiz — are rendered into elegant German by BODENSTEDT, the historian and traveller, and printed in a neat and convenient little volume.

—A characteristic publication is the *Deutsche Hauschronik* (German House-Chronicles), issued monthly at Munich, and now in its second year. It is a sort of historical and ethnographic popular miscellany, consisting of memorable scenes from history, descriptions of life in an-

cient times, among the Germans especially, sketches of eminent characters, pictures of society in foreign countries, and particularly in those which are remote and strange, written often in the shape of stories, and all illustrated with an abundance of excellent wood-cuts. In fact it would be difficult to find a publication, which, in an artistic point of view, is superior to the *Haus Chronik*, and its literary merits are scarcely less remarkable. Some of the best writers of Southern Germany contribute to its pages.

—In FREDERIC GERSTACKER's two volumes of American travel, just published at Stüttgart, a great deal of valuable information upon the political and natural mysteries of South America, is given in a very pleasant way. The traveller landed at Rio Janeiro, and after having explored the vicinity of the Brazilian capital, went to Buenos Ayres. His pictures of life on the pampas, are as fresh and vivid as pen could make them. Next he crossed the continent to Chili, and from there went to California. His adventures in Brazil, the Argentine Confederation, and Chili, are narrated with as much spirit as he carried into the acting of them; while his observations on men and manners are marked by shrewdness, tolerance, and good sense. The second volume relates to California exclusively, as it was two years ago, and can, therefore, have but little present interest for American readers. His further travels among the islands of the South Sea, in Australia, and in Java, will afford the material for several future volumes, which we shall look for with interest.

BELGIUM.—The novelty we have here to notice is Belgian in origin only by accident, and we are not aware that Belgium itself ever produced any thing half so original. But inasmuch as the pamphlet now before us bears the imprint of Brussels on its title-page, we will not refuse to the dominions of King Leopold the honor of having produced it. It is written in French, and entitled, *Reply to certain Journals relative to the affairs of Turkey;* the authors are RUSTEM EFFENDI, and SEID BEY, two Turkish officers temporarily on a Government mission at Liege; and we can truly say that if there are many as clever writers in the Ottoman Empire, its literature should at once be made an object of general study. The present pamphlet is not unworthy to be placed with Montesquieu's *Persian Letters*, which indeed, it somewhat resembles in style and spirit. Turkey could hardly have abler or more earnest defenders against the imputations of religious intolerance and oppression of her Christian subjects, lately cast upon her with bitterness by Austrian and other writers. The idea of intolerance as attributed to the Mussulmans is shown to be a mere prejudice from the beginning. Jerusalem and Constantinople were conquered by them, without any constraint being put on the faith or worship of the Christian inhabitants. "A Belgian traveller told us," say our Turkish pamphleteers, "that he had seen in Constantinople what he could not have seen in Paris, a Catholic procession passing through the streets, and the crowd reverently making place for it. So much is every form of religion respected among the Turks, and so universal is the tolerance of the nation." "As, on our journey hither, we came through Smyrna, a great festival was being celebrated there by the Catholics, and the Turkish Pacha, on the invitation of the *Ladies of the Order of Providence*, was present at the examination of the young girls, pupils in their seminary, and listened with interest, and even crowned those who gained prizes. On our ships of war we have often seen, at one end the Greek sailors with their pope going through with their prayers, while at the other end, the Mussulman sailors were worshipping God after the manner of their faith. In contrast to this, the poor Irish who die for England's fame and power on the burning sands of India, are to this day denied the consolations of their church. If you would see intolerance, go to the countries of Christian Europe, or to the Greek Christians in Turkey, especially to the robber-horde of Montenegro. It is they who invented for Catholic Christians the epithet of 'Frank-dog,' which, like every thing else that is bad, has been attributed to the Turks. But the worst of all intolerance is at Jerusalem, where Greeks and Latins fight and squabble about the Holy Sepulchre, and the Turkish authorities, with the greatest impartiality and imperturbable patience, endeavor only to keep the peace between them."

MUSIC.

When Ole Bull was at the height of his success in this country, M. Vieuxtemps arrived. "Now," said the wise men, "we shall see what good playing is." M. Vieuxtemps did play, with all his well-earned European fame behind him; but unhappily, very few listeners before him. At the Park Theatre he played to half-empty benches, while Ole Bull was nightly filling the Tabernacle with an enthusiastic crowd. It was impossible to deny the excellence of M. Vieuxtemps. If at dinner the conversation

fell upon that gentleman, all the musical connoisseurs said that it was fortunate we had, at last, a really fine performer. His position in Paris and among foreign critics was ably discussed and justified. The musical connoisseurs were enchanted with his bowing, and with many other excellencies for which they knew the proper technical terms; and after dinner they repaired in a body to—Ole Bull's concert. M. Vieuxtemps never kindled any popular enthusiasm. He was irreproachably good, —true, delicate, classical, finished, and, as a few asserted with acrimony, free from clap-trap. Yet M. Vieuxtemps failed, while Ole Bull's first visit to the country is an era in our musical annals.

We are strongly reminded of these facts of nine years since, by the relative positions of Alboni and Sontag; except that every thing is reversed with them. This time it is the Vieuxtemps style that bears the palm;—it is the elegant cultivation, the classical purity, the elaborate finish to which we are all paying homage, and for which we thronged Niblo's for the thirty opera-nights of Lent. While we write (very early in Alboni's season), Sontag is the success, and Alboni the failure. With that rare voice, and cultivation none the less exquisite because it does not challenge attention before the voice itself; with a fresh *bonhommie* of manner quite as attractive as the elaborate artificiality of Madame Sontag, and certainly with no less, if very different, dramatic power; with Salvi, the best tenor we have had, and Marini, on the whole the best basso, and Rovere, a genuine, extravagant Italian *buffo*, and the brave Beneventano, with exuberant voice, and exhaustless good-humor and accuracy;—with all this imperial front to conquer success, Alboni has failed. "'Tis sad," cried Paul Pry.

We have recently heard it stated that she never "drew." The audience might be delighted, and single songs produce great enthusiasm, but it was spasmodic, not continuous. Neither in London, nor Paris, nor Madrid, did Alboni "draw," said "our intelligent informant." It is not quite true, as we remember in Paris. There Alboni was a sure card. The houses were always full, if not crowded: but none of her impersonations made a mark,—as personations. Alboni never "created" parts. The engravers and designers never issued prints of M'lle Alboni as this or that; or if they did so, it was a very limited circle that knew of those pictures and felt any special propriety in them. Grisi's *Norma* was a subject universally recognized like Rachel's *Phedre*, or Mrs. Siddons' *Lady Macbeth*. So with Madame Garcia as *Fides* in *Le Prophète*. These singers and actresses were identified with those rôles. But the delicious contralto was equally at home every where. She took all parts, and sang the songs in them delightfully, transposing the music if it lay out of her range, and not caring to raise an eyelid in the way of dramatic action. And the voice was so satisfactory, that the acting was suffered to pass. The general conclusion was that if large masses of animate matter could sing in this way, it was the height of ingratitude to expect them to move, also. As we said in a former article, several of the best critics longed to see Alboni break out of this apathy, and assert her full power. Hector Berlioz, especially, believed that she was an actress, if only she would choose to discover the fact. But she never did choose. She went from London to Madrid,—indolent, tropical, luxuriant,—refreshing England, France and Spain with ample libations of that cool, fresh, musical voice.

Alboni made a mistake in her first concerts in New-York, and it seems as if she were not to recover from that unfortunate prestige. When she sang at the Broadway Theatre, we certainly thought she had done so; but it was temporary only. It was the novelty of hearing a great voice in its prime at one of our theatres. There had been no such opportunity since Malibran, who sang at the Park Theatre before the days of this generation of theatre-goers. The Broadway was thronged every opera-night for a fortnight or more. Then the Prima Donna went to Boston, where she had good success—for the same reason, perhaps; then to Philadelphia, where, we are told, she failed, possibly on account of miserable support. Meanwhile Sontag was serenely triumphant at Niblo's. It was fortunately Lent, and society, as usual during that period of mortification, was stagnant. The opera, therefore, took the place of all other dissipations. Every body went to the opera, because they were sure of pleasant companions, of pleasant singing, of Sontag, Badiali, and Eckert's orchestra. Moreover, the Prima Donna was a countess. It was "a nice thing" to assist at an entertainment where a "real lady" performed. Had we not met her at dinner? Was not her fate romantic? Was she not the most perfect singer, actress, countess, that ever was known? Beside, we had had no opera all winter, and were ready, during the husks of Lent, for any kind of succulence. In fact the opera-season of Madame Sontag was managed as well as all the rest of her career (excepting the ridiculous quarrel with the Albion),

and, as we heartily hope, was eminently successful. Somehow the house was always full: excepting two or three very stormy evenings, there were no seats to spare. It is not our province to inquire by what means this array of auditors was uniformly secured; whether it was anxiety to pay two dollars, and one dollar, to hear her, or willingness to accept tickets for that purpose, that filled the house. The house was nightly full. If some of the tickets were given away, it was a good investment. The public is gregarious. If the head sheep jumps over a stick, we all piously follow on, and jump over in good order and regular succession. Madame Sontag herself did not falter. Once only, we believe, was the course of the opera interrupted, although during much of the time the Prima Donna was a serious sufferer. We have in previous articles sufficiently described the mitigated raptures we all experienced. But she closed her season with *La Sonnambula*, before "an overflowing house;"—and was lost amid the shower of bouquets at the close. After the second act she was recalled four times, by the unmistakable unanimity of the house. Sontag's last night was an ovation.

Upon all this brilliant success came the "Grand Combination Italian Opera,"—uniting Alboni and her tenor and basso, to Max Maretzek, with Steffanone, Salvi, and Marini. It was a fine promise, and the eyes of those who were skeptical of Sontag's success, until she succeeded, began to twinkle and enlarge again. Now, said they—unconsciously repeating the Vieuxtemps-iana of nine years since—now we shall see what good singing is. Our preferences have been already expressed. In the very glowing crisis of Sontag's triumph, we had declared that one rich song of Alboni's would please us more than a whole opera by the countess; and, in our weakness and eager assurance, judging from Alboni's success at the Broadway, in January, with so miserable a setting, we dreamed of a triumph at Niblo's, in April, with an unequalled *troupe*, so resplendent, that even jaded Parisian feuilletonists might lay down their pens before it, crying, "*pyramidale*."

Unhappily, we omitted several facts from our programme of probabilities. Lent was over. We had done eating fish, and might fall upon the patés again. That was an immense distraction to opera going. Then we had enjoyed thirty nights of opera, and were a little bit cloyed. Then it was a Countess's opera,—which was much. Then we had all heard Alboni in her rôles at the Broadway. Then Salvi was very uncertain, and evidently *passé*. Marini was no favorite, although a valuable basso; Rovere was a true Buffo; but we were too serious to appreciate the caricature,—Benjaminventano was not Badiali,—San Giovanni labored under a want of voice,—Signor Arditi and his orchestra were not so well drilled as Herr Eckert and his,—all these facts were recklessly left out of our consideration. We abandoned ourselves to unbridled anticipations. The trumpets were blown, the evening arrived, the curtain rose, and *Don Pasquale* commenced.

Don Pasquale was mistake No. 1. It was necessary to make a very great hit the first evening. If the triumph did not extinguish the prestige of Sontag's career upon the same boards, the battle was half lost. To secure that triumph, an opera should have been selected in which Alboni had a great deal to do,—a great many positive *scenas* to sing, arias in which she could have displayed her voice and her cultivation in the most brilliant manner, —some opera whose melodies were familiar to the audience, that they might have hung upon the notes in happy comparison with all who had sung them before,—an opera of interest and action also, and elaborated in orchestra and chorus to the last degree of care,—that first stroke was infinitely more important than the management seems to have been aware. It is sadly true that Alboni lost the trick. The house was full, but not as crowded as upon many of Sontag's nights. Perhaps it was a "paying" house. We trust it was. But it should have been an immense throng. The opera itself is one of Donizetti's buffo trifles. There is pretty music in it, but as it is sung without costume or scenic effect, and as there is not the slightest interest in the story, every thing depends upon the singing and the humorous acting.

At the best, when we have seen Grisi, Lablache and Ronconi in *Don Pasquale*, it was pleasant enough, and pretty enough, but no more. On this occasion "enough" was much too little. Alboni sang as well as ever she sang; but the old languid nonchalance had returned. The impression she gave of *Norina* is the true impression of the character as we conceive it, an impudent, simple baggage; not a fine lady, for fine ladies never consent to that kind of intrigue. But this was not fully developed. It seemed, as usual, as if she were too lazy to complete the personation.

Marini, upon whom, as *Don Pasquale*, falls so much of the weight of the piece, is the most serious buffo, the most solemn basso, we remember to have seen. He is

dry and hard. There is no geniality in his expression, no humor in his action. He seemed to be trying to be funny against his will; and the only laughable point in his performance was his coming forward with that rueful countenance, the head slightly bent, and the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand raised, to take part in the trio. *Don Pasquale*, like *Don Bartolo* in the *Barber of Seville*, is the creation of the Italian opera buffo, and exists nowhere else. He is essentially a caricature, an extravagance, a butt, and, so it be done with fun, there is scarcely any thing he does, which can be condemned as excessive. Lablache understands this, because nature intended him to play *Don Pasquale*. Lablache is "a tun of a man," and he drowns all his auditors in a tun of fun. It is indescribable. It is broad, and long, if you choose. It lies in movements, in expressions, in tones, it is every where, and every where very funny. Lablache always leaves his audience in such excellent humor, that, whatever has been done, the evening seems delightful. Marini has no idea of fun. It flies before him. His *Leporello* is not Mozart's *Leporello*, as we discovered last year, and his *Don Pasquale* is not Donizetti's. He was even badly stuffed. His corpulence was all one way. Salvi did admirably, as usual. He sang carefully and exquisitely, and the serenade was a beautiful performance. Beneventano has too fine a voice, too great a willingness to oblige, is always too accurate in his music, to allow us to find fault with him. In fact we never wish to do so. His merits are so eminent, and his demerits so obvious, that it would be useless. Beneventano—and his opponents will not deny it—always does all that one man can do to prevent the opera from falling dead. In the *Barbière* how manfully he struggled, with Rovere, to bear it up against a small house, and the universal feeling of disappointment and failure.

Don Pasquale was not a brilliant success. Alboni sang superbly. That was agreed before we went. But when every man asked himself, is this, on the whole, so superior to what we have just had; the instinctive reply, despite the unquestioned superiority of Alboni to Sontag, was, no. There was something wanting. We have, perhaps, already indicated some of the reasons of this want. The fact itself was too evident. Immediately after the first evening Signor Salvi fell ill. The operas were changed, the evening also, in one instance; and one evening the house was closed.

We are hoping, while we write, that it may not be too late to repair the disastrous fortunes of the day. Our opinion of the relative merits of the singers remains unchanged. But other things than a fine voice and exquisite singing are essential to operatic success.

And will an opera-house secure that success? We hope so, since, at last, determined that Boston shall not monopolize all the musical glory, New-York has subscribed $150,000 to build an opera-house. It is to be situated at the corner of Fourteenth street and Irving Place. Now it is comparatively easy to build a good house; but to have a good opera—that gives us pause. We have always believed that if Mr. Barnum should undertake the management it would succeed. Of course we all join in the chorus of humbug; but we shall never be tired of repeating that Jenny Lind was a very agreeable humbug, and that Mr. Barnum probably found the humbug of two or three hundred thousand dollars equally agreeable; nor have we found any person who regrets the money expended at those memorable concerts. Mr. Barnum is our candidate for manager of the new opera-house. We boldly spread that banner to the breeze. He understands what our public wants, and how to gratify that want. He has no foreign antecedents. He is not bullied by the remembrance that they manage so in London, and so in Naples, and so in St. Petersburgh. He comprehends that, with us, the opera need not necessarily be the luxury of the few, but the recreation of the many. We shall watch the experiment, and record its progress with great interest. Mr. Lumley has evacuated "Her Majesty's," and stage appointments, wardrobes, &c., have just been sold at auction. The great operas in Paris, Berlin, Madrid, and St. Petersburgh, feed upon the state treasury. There is scarcely an independent, money-making opera in the world. Perhaps it is "the mission" of New York to show that some things may be done at the corner of Fourteenth-street and Irving Place which are impossible in the Haymarket, at the *Académie Royale*, and *Unter den Linden*. We certainly hope so. But it will require very cunning management.

The rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society and of Eisfeld's Quartette Concerts, are pleasant occasions for studying the fine German works. The Philharmonic have been hard at work upon the great symphony of Schuman's, which they played at their last concert. It is a work more skilful and elaborate, than interesting. It has passages of great power and beauty, which quite vindicate the claim of the composer to a high rank; but they alter-

nate with commonplace movements. The mere fact of elaborately learned treatment (however interesting and pleasing to the amateur, who, himself versed in music, traces the nimble mastery of difficulties in a composition), is nothing to the public. The very greatest works, in every kind, are those that every man who runs can read. We cannot, of course, require that the work of every master should be the greatest; nor can he, on the other hand, require us to like, or even appreciate, what we cannot read. This we say, not so much in reference to the particular symphony in question, as to the critics who complain that the public are continually crying out for more. If you do not propose to feed the public, you may justly complain of their importunity; but, if you do offer to feed the public, they certainly are entitled to a voice in the matter. Signor Donizetti, if you please, thinks fit to devote many years of patient study to music, and then to write sixty-nine operas, which it is his unquestioned privilege to do. He may score his operas carefully, he may superintend rehearsals, and alter and adapt; may struggle with a thousand managerial difficulties and conquer them,—*viva* Donizetti!—but what then? All this is no reason that we should like his operas, or be silenced when we find his instrumentation thin, his melody scarce and feeble, his dramatic conception false, by the assertions of severe critics, that it takes a great deal of talent, patience, and hard study to write and score a poor opera. *Tant pis.* Mozart's melodies came to him in the night, and he jumped out of bed to jot them down. And now a fascinated public jumps out of bed to listen, whenever its daughters are serenaded by the same strains. It was not hard work for Mozart to write Don Giovanni, nor for Michael Angelo to design St. Peter's. It is never very hard to do a thing well, although all the labor of all the years would never enable a man to do it.

We say this, because we observe in some valuable musical criticisms in the *Tribune*, an occasional disposition to quarrel with the public for not supporting that which costs a great outlay of time, talent, and money. And if there be any dangerous creed, it is, that true excellence in art can possibly be achieved without original power in the artist, although he took the prize at all the academies.

Madame Sontag continues her triumphal career at Philadelphia, wending southward. In Boston, orchestral and chamber concerts charm the town. We remark nothing especially new there. But we observe that *Dwight's Journal of Music*, published in Boston, has commenced its second year, and we commend it unreservedly to our readers, as a record of all the interesting events in the world of music, and indeed of the other arts, with the most valuable and just criticisms from its accomplished editor upon local musical matters, and translations from all the most striking contemporary works concerning music and musicians. In the first volume it published the Life of Chopin, by Liszt—a work of singular and unique interest. It keeps us informed, also, of Wagner and Schuman, and the other continental leaders in the revolution of music, which now interests Germany. It is a weekly mirror of the musical world.

NOTE ON "OLD IRONSIDES."

☞ Our introductory note to "Old Ironsides," by Cooper, is not strictly correct; or at least does not give the whole particulars in relation to its composition. We learn since the article was in print that the narrative was commenced by Mr. Cooper several years before his death, and the MS. appears to have been written at considerable intervals since—how lately, we are not informed. Although it was solicited and expected for publication during his life, it was withheld for the purpose of adding dates and facts, and probably, also, of ascertaining the truth of several doubtful passages, among which are the mutinous conduct at Malaga, p. 484—the reasons for the slow sailing of the vessels, p. 485—the passage between Hull and Malcolm, p. 486—and the change of stowage in the Constitution by Harraden, p. 487; most of which, on subsequent information, it is believed, would have been omitted. In the scene between Preble and the English captain, p. 478, and in the affair of the deserters from the Constitution and the Havannah, p. 486, corrections and additional particulars of interest will hereafter be published. After Mr. Cooper's death, the MS. was found incomplete and without his usual revision. It was intended as a supplement to his volume of "Lives of Naval Officers," and except his additions to the Naval History, now in press, is his only unpublished work of which we are informed.

The portion of the article in our present number was prematurely printed from an uncorrected *copy* of the original MS. which contained several errors. Some few mistakes of the press will be apparent to any reader: other more important errors of fact are mentioned in the following *errata:*

Page 474, 2d column, 25th line, for "Charlestown Neck," read "Boston."
" 477, 2d column, [illegible] line, after "her," insert "as a French vessel."
" 480, 2d column, 7th line, for "twenty-four," read "thirty."
" " 2d column, 17th line, from bottom, for "forty-five," read "fifteen."
" 481, 1st column, 4th line, omit the sentence "The nearer a vessel," &c.
" 483, 1st column, 23d line, for "Constitution," read "squadron."
" 484, 1st column, 26th line from bottom, for "Wasp," read "Hornet."
" " 1st column, 16th line from bottom, for "Gibraltar," read "Malaga."
" 485, 1st column, 1st line, after "Boston," and 12th line after "port," read "except Hampton Roads."
" 1st column, 20th line, for "point," read "port."
" " 1st column, 4th line from bottom, for "Old Waggoner," read "Old Waggon."
" " 2d column, 10th and 11th lines, omit names of "Morgan" and "Wadsworth."